

# ~ Mender Of Souls ~

by Larisa

**Disclaimer:** You guys know the deal, yeah they resemble the Duo. These women are all from my wicked little brain. If same sex relationships give you the creeps, go read some Blues Clues or something. If you're not old enough, then go read Blues Clues! Violence plays a part in this story, if it bothers you close your eyes when you come to that part. Other than these things, it's my normal filthy language but not bad. E-mail is appreciated.

Thanks for Lesia and Ri for letting me use them as sounding boards.

## Mender of Souls

By Larisa

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Isabeau De La Croix rushed down the long hallway, dodging patients and orderlies as she made her way to the front doors of the city hospital. Pushing the door open, she smacked into a hard body. Hands reached out to steady her back on to her feet.

"Hold on there Beau. What's the big rush?" A stoic looking woman asked as she gazed down with caramel colored eyes.

"I wanna get out of here before anything else happens." Beau wiped the errant wisps of her short blonde hair off her forehead.

"Step in to my office." She was led by her small hand to the side of the building. "Now tell me what happened today that you're in such a damn big hurry."

"Kenny. What usually happens when I'm here?"

Kenny rolled her eyes and stared at the sky, running her hands through her long messy dark hair she sighed.

"Let's see...Mrs. Carmichael came in and says she has the newest disease that's on the market?"

Beau slapped her on her upper arm. "You just won a cookie." Sighing deep in her chest, she collapsed against the wall of the hospital. "This week she has Anthrax. She found white powder on her housecoat after opening her mail. So I sent the Cops over to collect anything that may have been contaminated so that we could run tests on it. Take a guess of what they brought me."

One caramel colored eye closed as Kenny thought. "Uuhhmm...a pound of cocaine?"

"Nope, two pounds of huge powered donuts! She was wolfing them down while she was looking

at her mail."

Kenny started laughing so hard that tears flowed down her cheeks.

"It's not funny! She came in screaming that she had Anthrax and was dieing. All the patients in the ER started running for the hills thinking that they had contracted Anthrax just by being in the same room with her."

"So what did you do?" She asked with a toothy grin on her face.

"I gave her a shot and knocked her fat ass out. Now I'll probably get sued and end up a town Doc in some backwoods hellhole giving enemas to some farmers pet cow."

Kenny patted her on her shoulder and gave her a smile. "Don't worry about it; I'll take care of her for ya." She rubbed her hands together and gave an evil laugh. "I'll tell her that we flushed the Anthrax out with AFTA."

Beau looked at her with total confusion. "AFTA?"

Kenny grinned. "It's what the cleaners use to get gum off the floors."

"Ohhh Gods. You're a sick bitch!"

"Yeah but ya love me anyway." She gave her small friend a hug then ushered her towards the parking lot. "Now go home and vegetate. I'll give you a call later and let you know how the procedure went."

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Beau pulled her old Corolla out onto the street and headed west to the small neighborhood where her house was. She had grown up in Martinsburg West Virginia and after Medical school had returned to work in city hospital. She wanted to contribute something back to the community after all that it had done for her. At an early age, she had become an orphan when her parents were killed one night returning home after dropping her off at her Grandmothers house. Their car had slid off the road during a fierce snowstorm. Going down the embankment next to the bridge heading into Frederick Maryland the car flipped over onto its roof and crashed though the thin ice of the Potomac River.

From that day on, she lived with her Grandmother. After graduating Valor Victorian and with the help of grants and scholarships, she was able to go to one of the best colleges around. She graduated top of her class from UCLA Medical School. Now at the age of 32 she had everything she ever wanted, except for someone to share her heart and soul.

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Throwing her white lab coat on the floor near the couch, she fell face first into the soft cushions. Stretching her body, she groaned deep in her chest from the ache in her lower back. Hearing the

sound of nails coming towards the couch she leaned her head over the edge to see her Guinea pig looking up at her.

"How did you get out of your cage?" She reached down to pick up the tri-colored pig. "I swear I don't know why I bother to have a cage for you if you keep getting out." Small eyes looked at her as a nose twitched back and forth. "Are you hungry or did you get in to your bag of food again?" Swinging her feet over the edge of the couch, she forced her tired body to move. Making her way to her office she saw small green pellets scattered all over the floor. "I knew you'd get into your food again. From now on it goes in the closet." She held the furry little animal up to her nose. "I knew I should have gotten a cat." She put her on the floor then started to clean up the spilt food. "Abigail, what is my shoe doing under the desk? Please tell me that you didn't chew on it again?" Shaking her head, she sighed. "Not only do I talk to myself but I'm talking to a furry rodent!"

After cleaning up the mess, she stripped out of her clothes and headed for the shower. Letting the hot water run down her back she moaned as it worked the stiffness from her tired muscles. She stood under the spray until the water turned cold. Dressing in her oversized terry cloth robe, she padded to the kitchen to make a pot of coffee. She looked down when she heard Abby making her whistling noise at her feet.

"What, can't you find something to get in to?" She bent down and picked up Abby then dropped her into the pocket of her robe. "Now stay in there or I'll put you back in your cage."

"Do you always talk to your robe?" A voice said from behind her causing her to jump two foot in the air. Spinning to face the intruder, green eyes went from wide with fright to seething glare.

"I should kick you in your ass!" She yelled at her smirking cousin. "I knew I shouldn't have given you a key." She dropped down into a kitchen chair then motioned for her cousin to join her. "All right Jeri, what are you doing here, aren't you supposed to be at work?"

Jeri pushed back her long curly blonde hair and chuckled at her pissed off cousin. "I stopped by to see my other half and Kenny said that you had a rough day. So, I thought that maybe I'd come over and make it worse." She gave her a toothy grin and winked at her.

"I swear between you and Kendra you'll have me nuts and locked up in a rubber room!"

"That's what family's for. We're going out tonight and wanted to know if you wanted to come along."

"Jeri. You know I don't go out, plus I'm on call tonight and every time I even go to the grocery store I get paged."

"Kenny has taken care of that. She Uuhhhh...called in a favor from one of the other Doctors. So that means you're free to go out with us."

"But Jeri." She whined and gave her best puppy dog look.

"Nope. It ain't gonna work with me. Now go get dressed so that we can get to the bar before it

gets to crowded and my boss calls me in to work."

Green eyes narrowed and looked into hazel. "You mean we're going to your bar?"  
"Where else do we get free drinks?"

"Ohhh alright. Just give me a few minutes and hold Abby for me."

She handed her guinea pig to Jeri and grinned at the raised eyebrow she received.

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They walked in to the dark smoky bar. The music was pounding in to their bodies making them almost stutter step towards the bartender. Jeri leaned over the bar and grabbed them two Buds from the cooler. Twisting the tops off, she handed one to Beau then led her to a corner table.

"I still don't know why I agreed to come here with you." She yelled in to Jeri's ear. "I always go home with a headache and deaf afterwards."

Jeri leaned in to her and yelled back in her small ear. "Because I won you over with my charm, just take some aspirins when you get home."

Beau scanned the room to see couples drinking and dancing close together. She hated coming in to straight bars because of the fact that every man in the room thought it his duty to come up and use tired old lines on her. She saw one man in particular that kept giving her the "Look." She leaned in to Jeri to share her observations.

"If that guy comes over here I'm gonna give him a piece of my mind."

Jeri looked to where Beau's eyes had traveled; she knew the guy and prayed that her cousin did exactly as she said. The guy was a royal pain in the ass and thought he was every woman's dream. She caught out of the corner of her eye her cousin's mouth dropping open and her gasp.

"Who is that?" She asked as a very tall dark figure walked behind the man.

"That's our cooler the Widow maker. Why?" She asked with a wiggle of her brows.

"Damn!" She clutched her chest and fell into Jeri's side. "You never told me about her!" She pinched her cousin's side.

"Forget it Shorty, she's the type that loves 'em and then buries them in her basement."

A horrid look came over her face at the news. "You're kidding right?"

"In all the time that she's worked here, she's maybe said three words to anyone. Hell, she won't even take off her sunglasses inside!" She chuckled at the raised russet eyebrow of her cousin. "I saw her with a woman one time and then nothing. Including the woman ever coming back and

she was a regular!"

"Ohhh. So you're telling me that she's probably straight and I should just forget about it?"

"Yep. But I will tell you that we have a little bet going on, that who ever can get her to either take off her glasses or say more than three words gets the pot."

Beau's interest was caught; she leveled a gaze at Jeri and lunged for the idea of winning the pot.

"So, how much is in the pot and what will it cost me to get in?"

Jeri laughed and smacked the tabletop. "You're priceless, you know that? It's a ten spot to get in and the pots up to \$1500.00."

Beau pulled a ten from her pocket and handed it to Jeri. "Count me in. Now what are the rules?"

"You can't pick a fight with her and no hands on her person. Not like you'd survive the encounter anyway."

"Ok, sounds good to me." She looked to the tall dark figure that was still standing behind the man. A brilliant smile came to her face when she thought of being the conqueror of the Widow maker. The smile vanished as soon as she saw the man coming towards their table. "Ohhh shit!" She yelled then tried to find a place to hide.

"What did you do now?" Jeri asked with a glare.

"I think he thought that I was smiling at him so now he's coming over here!" She pointed to the swaggering grinning fool. "I'm running and I'm gonna hide until Kenny gets here." She shot from the table and weaved her way through the patrons until she came to where the bathrooms were. Ducking inside she breathed a sigh of relief that she had escaped. Then chuckled when she realized that Jeri was left to beat the guy away. She knew her cousin could handle him; after all, she was the bartender and could just get him tossed out or killed by the Widow maker.

After relieving herself, she peeked out into the bar and saw that Kenny had arrived and was know escorting the man towards the door. Just as she came out of the door a group of rowdy men rushed her and made her bounce off the wall and into a very hard body. If not for the strong hand, grabbing her she would have fallen to the floor. She forced out a thank you then looked up in to a pair of dark sunglasses. Her thought patterns vanished at the sight of high cheekbones and dark flowing hair. Gulping, she tried to say something but her mouth would not work beyond hanging open.

"Uuhhm...Th...I really...shit." She stuttered then almost fell over when a dark head nodded at her. Giving a half smile, she straightened her shirt and stumbled back to the table to a chuckling couple.

"I see you've met the Widow." Kenny said in between her chuckles. "Scary isn't she?"

"She's sooo damn tall! I think I've got a cramp in my neck!"

"You're just short." Jeri informed her, and then ducked the slap coming towards her head. "Well you are!"

"I may be five foot four but I can knock you on your ass." She grinned evilly.

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A set of eyes watched from behind a pair of dark sunglasses. The cooler could see the small blonde sitting at the table with Jeri and her wife Kendra or Kenny as everyone called the stoic brunette. By her own rule she never paid any attention to the women that came to the bar but for some reason the little blonde changed that. The second she grabbed a hold of her, she felt tingles rush up her arm and loop around her fluttering heart. Never had that happened before to her. She did not know why it happened but it did not matter one bit, the blond was off limits.

"Keep your mind out of the gutter Chauncey; she's way out of your league." The Widow thought to her self. She continued to watch the small blonde until a fight took her from her normal post.

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Beau looked to the far wall and slumped in her chair when she did not see the Widow standing there. She couldn't explain the way her body reacted to just a single touch but she would give anything for it to happen again.

"Add another one to the list!" Jeri said as she watched Beau slid in her chair and sigh. "Thought it would be easy to win that pot huh?"

"She's amazing! But off limits to me, even if it was possible to have something with anyone I couldn't. My life is too hectic and I don't have the time to make a relationship work."

Kenny leaned forward over the table and pointed at her. "If you would stay away from the hospital on your days off, just maybe you could have a life."

"I go there because I get so bored when I'm at ho..." Sighing she gave them each a look of amusement. "OK. I know I'm screwed up, but what else am I supposed to do with my time?"

Jeri chuckled at her while Kenny shoved her in her shoulder. "Try going out and seeing some people besides patients." Kenny said. "You know it won't kill you if you just happen to go out on a date every once in a while."

"With who? I mean that I haven't exactly come out and told every one I know that I'm a lesbian." Dropping her head into her hand's she thought of how uneventful her life really was outside of the hospital. It had been years since she had been on a date and that had turned in to a nightmare! The woman turned out to be an S&M freak and wanted to tie her to her bedroom wall and use

kitchen utensils on her.

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Chauncey sometimes hated her job so much that she wanted to disappear and hide on an island somewhere and never have to worry about working again. And this was one of those nights; she was in the parking lot after a patron had told her about the fight outside. She was up against seven pissed off drunks. Her bouncers were all lying on the ground around her moaning and groaning after being beat with baseball bats and crowbars. Looking at the men, she picked out the one who seemed to be in charge.

"What in the Hell is the problem out here?" She growled in a deep panther sounding voice. "You know you just caused the bars hospital insurance to go up?"

"So the fuck what, you ugly fucking dyke!" The ringleader yelled back at her. "We come here every night and can't even pick up women with out having a bouncer jump to her rescue." He slapped the baseball bat in the palm of his hand and snarled at her. "So we're gonna change that right now." He looked at the bouncers lying around him. "Seems that you're the only one left."

Chauncey nodded her head at him. "Yep, seems that way. I don't need them anyway." Before she could prepare her self, she felt a blow land against her ribcage. She pulled a breath between her teeth, a searing pain jabbed her and right then she knew that some of her ribs had been broken. Grabbing her side, she glared at the man who had hit her.

"Now I'm pissed!" She dropped and swung out one leg and caught the man in his knee, she head a loud pop and a crack then his scream pierce the night air as he fell to the ground with a shattered knee.

"One down six to go." She kept in a crouched position and eyed the men. "Who's next?" They all charged her; she rolled to her back and brought her right leg to her chest. When the first one was close enough, she jacked out her leg and shot him backward to land on his back, where he lay gasping for air. Blocking a blow aimed at her head with her forearm, she rolled towards the man, threw a scissor lock around his legs, and brought him down next to her. With a blow to the back of his neck, she knocked him out. The odds were looking better but she was hurt. Scrambling to her feet she picked up a baseball bat and dodged an incoming blow aimed at her ribs. Swinging a backhand blow she caught the man in his lower back, when he dropped she slammed him across his shoulders. Flinging the bat at a charging man, she took out both of his knees with one shot.

"Seems to me that you're the last one standing big mouth!" She eyed the ringleader. "Come on show me what a big man you are." She watched him turn and run towards the parking lot. "Ohhh no you don't!" She picked up a crowbar and flung it at him it caught him in the backs of his legs and knocked him to the ground. She made her way over to him, grabbed him by the front of his shirt, and punched him in the jaw so hard that she heard the sound of his jaw breaking.

"Fucking asshole!" She dropped him with a thud back on to the ground. Checking each of her men, she then pulled her cell phone from where it was clipped to the back of her belt.

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Beau had just risen from the table and was about to head home when she heard the siren of an ambulance over the loud music. She looked to Jeri and Kenny and motioned them to come with her.

They went through the front door and saw all the men lying on the ground.

"Ohhh shit, what the hell happened here?" She asked the first person who came close to her.

"The usual, someone opens his mouth and gets the shit kicked out of him." A paramedic said as he helped put a bouncer on a stretcher. Pulling her keys from her pocket, she ran to her car and retrieved her black bag from the trunk. Pulling her stethoscope out she hung it around her neck and picked a man that was not being treated yet. Kenny came over to her and helped her stabilize the bouncer's broken shoulder by tying his arm down to his waist.

"Ok, now I can see a bunch of men lying around, but what I can't figure out is which one of them called the ambulance?" Beau commented as she looked into caramel colored eyes.

"They ain't all unconscious." She pointed to a tall dark figure that was speaking with a police officer.

Beau snorted. "Come on Kenny, you're not telling me that she took out the bad guys."

"Yep, one of the bad guys woke up and said he's pressing assault charges against her for breaking his leg. He was bragging that he and his buddies had taken care of the bouncers when she showed up."

Beau's eyes grew large as she looked back to where Chauncey was still talking. Shaking her head with amazement at the wreckage, she had done all by herself.

"Did she get hurt?"

"She'd never say if she had. She takes care of all her injury's, says she doesn't like or trust Doctors." She gave Beau a huge toothy grin. "She's never seen you in your white lab coat and scrubs."

"You're a dog!" She hit her in her stomach. "You're kidding right, about her not liking doctors and all?"

"Nope, she stitched up her face in the bathroom one night. Took 12 stitches to close the knife gash on her cheek. Neatest damn stitches I ever seen, small and close together. Barely left a scar at all."

"She wouldn't even ask you to do it?"



"I offered but she said that she could handle it. I do get her new suture kits and stuff from the hospital. That way at least she's using sterile stuff."

Beau watched as Chauncey walked back in to the bar, she couldn't believe the woman would go so far as to stitch her own wounds.

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When her alarm went off, she felt like she had just dropped into bed. With gritty eye, she searched and then slapped at the snooze bar. "Five more minutes, that's all I need." She grumbled. An hour went by with her alarm blasting, she jerked awake, rolled over, and saw that she was late for rounds. Stumbling out of bed, she tripped over her shoes and half fell to the floor before regaining her balance. After pulling on a pair of wrinkled scrubs, she grabbed her keys and ran for the door barefoot.

"Son of a bitch!" Running back to her bedroom, she grabbed her shoes and again tried to leave. "Damn it to Hell! Where the fuck is my badge?" She asked herself while searching her living room. Yanking it off her lab coat, she was finally able to make it out the door.

She went running through the ER doors with her tennis shoes in her hand, ducking in to one of the supply rooms she grabbed a clean lab coat and shrugged it on as she went towards the nurse's desk.

"Late again Doc Beau, what was it this time?"

Beau tried to catch her breath and get her shoes on before her boss caught her. "I was at the bar last night for that call, I didn't get done until early this morning." The head nurse looked at her over her reading glasses.

"And how did you know about the call, you were off last night?"

"I Uuhhhh...was there with Doc Kenny and Jeri." Giving a small grin and a wink, she eased the head nurse's concern. "No Margie, I was not drunk, nor did I start the fight. I'm too damn old for that behavior."

Margie snorted at her. "I remember a time when you would have been in the thick of it!"

"Not no more I leave that up to Jeri and Kenny." She wiggled her fingers at Margie. "Can't hurt the hands that earn me the big bucks."

Margie handed her a bunch of charts with a flourish. "Speaking of big bucks, you had better get on your rounds before the boss catches you."

After completing her rounds, she caught up with Kenny in the doctor's lounge. Kenny was sitting at a small table, pen in her hand and a cookie sticking out of her mouth. It would have been quite

normal if she were not sound asleep.

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Chauncey tried to stretch, instead a low moaning rumbled from between her lips. Her ribs were screaming from the abuse that they had received the night before. Running her fingers across swollen flesh, she tried to crane a stiff neck to see the damages. She felt like a Mack truck had run her over half a dozen times then came back to ensure the job had been done. "I'm getting to damn old for this shit." Her 36-year old body was feeling 136 this late morning. "Guess there will be no 5 mile run this morning. I'll be lucky if I can get out of bed!" She mumbled to her self. Rolling her head to the side, she suddenly became blind. Searching the pillow beside her, she found the short sparse wiry hair of her Chihuahua General Chester Puller. She had named her that because the two-pound dog thought that she was a huge ferocious Bulldog. She strutted around the house with an attitude of a Marine and made sure that Chauncey knew she was there by grabbing her pant leg and shaking it for all she was worth. She was greeted by a high piercing growl and a snap, and then her finger was grabbed between toothless jaws.

"You rotten little shit! See if I make you any scrambled eggs for breakfast." She rolled over and climbed out of bed with some difficulty. Walking naked to the bathroom, she opened the bathroom cabinet and pulled out a bottle of aspirins. Throwing four into her mouth, she then drank right from the faucet.

"Come on Chester, time for you to go out and harass tree rats." Opening the door, she let her dog out then stepped out on to the deck. Taking a deep breath of the morning air was a mistake when sharp pains shot through her body.

"Dumb ass, that wasn't to smart now was it?" She grumbled to herself.

Two hours later after eating breakfast and binding her ribs, she sat on her couch reading the newspaper. She read the same paragraph three times and still didn't know what it said. Tossing the paper on to the coffee table, she rubbed her eyes and gave out a long sigh. Soft green eyes and a small smile kept replaying in her minds eye. A smile came to her face when she remembered the stuttering little blond. Warmth enveloped her heart when she remembered how it had felt to touch her ever so briefly. She knew that the bar was running a contest to see who could break through the wall that she built around herself; she also knew that out of everyone who tried, the little blond could be the one to do it.

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Beau stepped tiredly in to the room of the last patient of her morning rounds; she had her eyes cast down scanning the patients chart. She looked up when she heard a deep male voice speak to her.

"About time you got here, I've been waiting all morning for a pretty nurse to come in and give me my sponge bath."

Green eyes narrowed at the lecherous grin on the face of the man that she had avoided at the bar the night before. Her temper flared but she held it in check.

"Good morning, I'm Dr. De La Croix. How are you feeling?"

"Very dirty." He licked his lips then whipped the sheet off his body.

"As soon as I finish looking at your leg I'll send in our prettiest nurse to take care of your sponge bath." She covered him back up and then checked for swelling and the sutures from where his kneecap had been repaired. Her mistake was turning her back to him while checking his leg; she jumped when he grabbed her ass.

"I suggest that you keep your hands to yourself."

"But that's what your ass is for. Now how about you climb on up here and check out my other leg."

Boiling point reached, she grabbed the control for both the bed and the traction arm that supported his leg. Hitting buttons simultaneously, she watched as the bed dropped him backwards and the traction arm raised his leg at a very uncomfortable angle. He screamed bloody murder and continued to curse her as she left him the way he was.

"Chauvinistic bastard, hope all three of your legs fall off." She stomped down the hall to the head nurses desk; she dropped the files down on to the top of a huge pile with a loud slap.

"Margie, can you send Terry down to room 14. The patient wants the prettiest nurse we have to give him a sponge bath."

Brown eyes looked at her with amusement. "I see you've met the pervert."

"More than once I'm afraid." She told her about how she had avoided him the night before and what he had done to her while in his room. "Right now he's wishing that Dr. Kevorkian would visit him and take him from his pain!"

"What did you do this time?" Margie asked not really wanting to know but curious of what the little blonde spitfire had done.

"I adjusted his traction arm and bed for him."

"So you're telling me that he's just about hanging from his broken leg?"

"You got it!" She grinned evilly. "One of these days I'm gonna go too far and get fired."

"And who would do all the delicate surgery's in this damn place?"

Green eyes twinkled. "Kenny, she's an excellent surgeon."

"Yeah if you don't mind huge hands reaching in to your chest, yanking your heart out and saying. "Ohhh did you need this?"

"Hell, he was only a med student. He's lucky it wasn't really his heart that I held out to him." Kenny said from where she stood behind Beau. "He never fell asleep in the surgery room again."

"That's because he never came back after you did that!" Margie remarked then handed her a stack of phone messages.

"Ohhh goody, hate calls just for me." She stuffed them in to the pocket of her lab coat. What's all the screaming coming from room 14?"

Margie filled her in on what Beau had done to the pervert. "She wants me to send our very pretty nurse Terry down to give him a sponge bath."

Kenny raised an eyebrow at Beau and smirked. "Terry, pretty?" She burst out laughing when she pictured a six-foot five, 300lb black man with a baldhead as pretty. "You've out done me in the evil department.

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With Kenny assisting her in a gall bladder removal, Beau handed her the marker to draw the incision while she checked the chart and x-ray one last time. When she returned to the patient, she shook her head at Kenny's doodles on the woman's body.

"Kenny. What in the name of the God is that?" She pointed to a symbol drawn on patient's chest.

"That's the little thing they stamp on breast implants." She grinned at Beau. "You can't tell me her tits are real, they're to perfect!" She reached down, thumped one with her finger, and watched, as it didn't budge one iota. "See, the damn things are fake!"

Beau just shook her head at her, she never knew what to expect of her best friend. "You're a sick bitch, now lets yank her gall bladder so I can get something to eat."

"How about fresh gallbladder with fried onions and garlic?"

"Nah, I'm waiting until tomorrow when we do the liver transplant."

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Beau left Kenny to close up; removing her soiled scrubs, she dropped them into a clothes bin outside of the surgery room and wandered into the adjoining locker room in her sports bra and boxers. She wouldn't have looked to weird if she didn't have her sneakers on with two different colored stripes on the top of her sweat shocks.

"You really need a woman in your life." Kenny said from where she leaned against the

doorframe. "Maybe she'd make sure you left the house with matching clothes."

Green eyes twinkled at her. "I want a woman that will keep me out of my clothes." Pulling a fresh scrub shirt over her head, she then sighed as she thought of her lonely nights and days. "I'll settle for a maid to do my laundry and find all my missing socks." Dropping down on to a bench, she rubbed her temples. "I'm so glad that I'm done for the day. I need a beer."

"Good cuz, Jeri gets off work in three hours and then again later tonight. Wanna come?" Kenny asked with wiggling brows.

"How does she put up with you?" Beau asked with a soft snort.

"Whips, chains and handcuffs baby."

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Beau dropped on to a stool at the bar and watched Jeri serve the local redneck drunks. She chuckled when Jeri slapped an offending hand that reached for her breast.

"I'll cut the damn thing off!" She growled when he tried it again. "Better yet buddy; I'll let my wife rip your dick off with my bottle opener!"

"Gotcha babe can't blame a man for tryin." He winked at her and left the bar to the chuckles of the men around him.

"Hey gorgeous, how about sex on the beach?"

Jeri turned and gave a raised eyebrow at the low throaty voice asking for the mixed drink. "If we did that, we'd both be locked up for incest." She slid a Bud across the bar to Beau. "Anyway sex on the beach by your self ain't no fun. You gotta get a woman first!"

"Damn! And here I thought you got one when you ordered the drink." She took a drink of her beer and winced as it hit her empty stomach. "Got any food around here? I'm starved."

Jeri reached under the bar, and pulled out a paper bag and dropped it in front of Beau.

"Kenny made my lunch for me before she left for the hospital. You're welcome to it."

Beau pulled a large sandwich from the bag and burst out laughing at the heart shaped sandwich.

"Jeri, does she always make your sandwiches look like this?" She wiggled her brows at her.

"Yeah, why?" Hazel colored eyes narrowed at Beau. "She's not as stoic as she wants everyone to believe."

Beau sobered and smiled sadly. "I think it's sweet. She really loves you." She took a small bite

and choked it down, she would never have thought of someone doing something so small and to have it mean so much.

Jeri saw moisture form in her cousin's eyes. "Hey, come on now Beau." Jeri rested a hand on her cousin's arm. "Someday some woman will do the same thing for you."

"I doubt that." She said in a low pained voice.

"Yeah, well I know you're wrong." She tilted her head to where The Widow was watching from across the room. "This isn't the first time that I've seen her look over here at you since you came in." She kept Beau from turning her head by a light squeeze to her arm. "I think you may have woken the beast from a deep sleep." She straightened as she watched The Widow come towards them.

Beau felt the fine hairs on the back of her neck stand up, she knew that someone was coming up behind her. She almost fell off the stool when she saw who it was.

Chauncey looked down at the half-eaten heart shaped sandwich that Beau was eating, she quirked an eyebrow but kept the smile hidden behind the hand that her chin rested in. Without a word spoken, Jeri placed a carton of chocolate milk in front of her then returned to the other patrons. Glancing back over her shoulder she watched as Beau raised the sandwich to her mouth and cast a glance sideways at The Widow. She was hoping that maybe just something would happen between them.

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Chauncey kept glancing sideways as Beau ate. It was obvious to her that the small blonde had someone in her life that took the time to make her sandwich in such a heartfelt shape. Her heart plopped to land at her feet with this knowledge.

"You're always a day late and a dollar short Chauncey." She said to herself. "Get over it and move on." She made a left-handed toss at the garbage can across the room and watched as the empty milk carton swooshed inside. She was just about to get up from the stool when Beau finished eating and spoke.

Beau placed the remains of Jeri's lunch back under the bar. Wiping her mouth with her sleeve, she then patted her stomach and groaned.

"Jeri, tell Kenny to put some mustard on it next time." Taking a swig of her now warm beer, she grimaced. "Eeww that was gross." She shivered and slid the almost full bottle down to her cousin. "Gimme the hard stuff gorgeous."

Jeri tossed her a pint of milk and grinned when she saw the look on Chauncey's face. "Careful with that stuff Beau, I don't wanna have to pick you up from the floor later."

Beau grinned around the carton. "Yeah, I may OD on calcium."

Chauncey pushed herself up from the bar and did her best not to grin with the newfound information about the true owner of the sandwich. She felt lightness about her and knew it was her heart flying around her chest. What had her puzzled was why? Taking her normal place at the back of the bar, she stood with her arms crossed over her breasts. It was hard to tell that she was even there since she was dressed in all black. Numerous times, she was bumped into and growled at the stumbling idiot. Any other time she would have thrown the person out the door just for touching her, but tonight she didn't want to miss one minute of being able to watch the blonde. One dark brow raised above the frames of her sunglasses when Beau got on the dance floor with Kenny. The way they were dancing was not the way to be dancing in a straight bar, but she changed her mind when her blood pressure shot through the roof. For the first time that night, she went outside to get some air and to cool off.

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Beau was feeling no pain; she was off call for the night and had her share of beers and shots of Jaugermeister. She and Kenny moved against each other like they normally did when they all went to the gay bars and didn't give a damn what anyone thought that they were doing it here. They both heard the men groaning as they ground against each other and knew that plenty of blood pressures were raised sky high. It made them both act worse than they normally would.

When the song ended, they stumbled back to the bar under the gazes of the men and a cocked eyebrow of Jeri.

"You two are sooo bad!" She said when they fell laughing in to each other.

"Ahh come on baby." Kenny growled deeply. "I'll make it up to you tonight." She wiggled her tongue between her index and middle finger and received a bar towel tossed over her head.

"Stop it or I'll drag your drunk ass to the back room."

"Can we use the deep sink sprayer again? It works better than the shower massager."

During the conversation, Beau's head swung back and forth until she couldn't handle it any more. Covering her ears, she made her way to the bathroom to try and clear her head of the buzzing and walk off some of the alcohol.

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Chauncey was making her rounds through the parking lot like she did every night. She always checked to make sure that no one was passed out behind the wheel of their vehicle and would wake up later to drive home. In the cases that she did find someone like that, she would take their keys and call them a cab. Just before she was to the door she saw one man stumbling to his car, she intercepted him and steered him to lean against the side for support then took his keys from him. After making sure, that he was not going to fall over she went back inside and called him a cab. It was after she hung up the phone that she felt the hair on the back of her neck stand up.

Turning her head, she watched as the small blonde came up to her. Tilting her head, sideways Beau grinned up at her and slurred her sentence.

"Have any teefhs?" She wobbled, as she got closer and tried to examine the tall women's closed lips. "Ya never smiles, sooo must not haves any teefhs."

It took all of Chauncey's will power not to crack a grin at the comical woman with the bloodshot emerald green eyes. Taking the small blondes arm, she led her back over to the bar where Kenny was drinking a cup of coffee. She motioned to Jeri to bring one over for Beau as well, then went back to check on the man outside. Once she was through the door a small snort escaped her parted lips as she thought of what Beau had said.

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"What did you say to her Beau?" Jeri asked as she placed a cup of coffee heavy on cream and sugar in front of her intoxicated cousin.

"If she had any teefhs." Green eyes blinked as she tried to clear her blurred vision. "I wink she's toofwess."

Jeri laughed at her. "And I know you're drunk. You're staying with me and the studmeister tonight; I'll take you home in the morning."

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Chauncey watched as Jeri guided Beau to her car and paced her in to the backseat. Then she came out a few minutes later with her half sober wife and put her in the passenger seat. She was thankful that Beau had someone to watch out for her but saddened in a way that she would not be the one to call a cab for her or take her home herself. She slapped herself mentally for even thinking of the idea as she climbed in to her old beat up Chevy truck. On the way home, she thought of how empty her life was with the exception of Chester. She also knew that she had chosen to live this way and couldn't put the blame anywhere but where it belonged.

After showering and crawling into bed she lay back on what little bit of pillow that Chester left her and chuckled as she thought of how bad Beau and Kenny were both going to feel in the morning.

"Ohhh are they gonna feel like shit." She grinned to herself as she rolled onto her side and looked into the sleepy brown eyes of Chester. "She's beautiful Chesty; she's short with blonde hair and the most expressive green eyes you've ever seen. I could fall for her in a heartbeat." She rubbed her tired eyes and became silent for a few minutes. "She'd never go for a loser like me, hell I'm a bouncer at a bar. I beat people up for a living and have nothing to offer anyone." Placing a hand on Chester's side, she closed her eyes and drifted off to a restless sleep.

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The next morning Beau groaned when Jeri came into the spare bedroom and opened the blinds.

"I'm dying!" She pulled the pillow over her face to block out the morning sun. "Please...just hold the pillow over my face."

"Not a chance short stuff, come on get up and take a shower." She yanked the pillow off Beau's face and grinned evilly at her. "We have work to do and you're helping us."

"Huh? What work?" She asked from behind her hands that were trying to block the sun.

"Kenny volunteered us to help build new shelves in the back room of the bar. We're going in to the bar in three hours to try and get some of it done before we open tonight." Jeri said as she sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Kenny volunteered us?" She pinched her cousin's thigh. "I think you did it."

"Hey that hurt!" She slapped the offending fingers. "All right, I volunteered Kenny and she volunteered you, so that adds up to us. Now get you little ass outta bed before I call her in here to help you."

"Mean old bitch." She grumbled as she rolled out of the bed. "I'll get ya both later." She mumbled on her way to the bathroom.

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Beau had on a leather tool belt with three pouches, 10-penny nails jingling around in one of the pouches and a tape measure and other odds and ends in the others. On the one side hung a framing hammer and T-square, if not for the Band-Aids on most of her fingers she would have looked like a construction worker. She stood back with her arms crossed over her chest and watched Kenny use the power saw to trim one of the boards that would be a lower shelf.

"Beau, would ya hold this nail so I can get this started?" Jeri asked around the mouth full of nails.

"Nah ahh! Look at my fingers" She wiggled them in front of her cousin. "You couldn't ht the end of a nail if it was ten foot wide!"

She cast her an evil glare. "Hey, I only smashed one of your fingers. You and Kenny did the rest."

Raising one russet brow, she returned the look. "How am I supposed to do surgery with no fingers?" She caught movement out of the corner of her eye and ducked just in time to avoid the 2x6x6 coming for her head. "Kenny! For the umpteenth time, watch what you're doing with those damn boards!"

"What? I missed your head." She swung around and caught Beau in her crotch. Beau's jaw

dropped open, she bent at the waist and rested her hands on her thighs trying to catch the breath that was no where to be found. In a split second, she toppled over to lay on her side and gasp for air.

"Beau, you OK?" Jeri asked while trying not to laugh at her cousin's impersonation of a fish. "Good thing you don't have a sex life, cuz that would ruin it right there."

"Fuck you!" Beau wheezed in a high-pitched voice. "I think it's broke!" She whined as she placed her hands between her legs and rolled on the floor in agony.

"I can go get the Widow to come in and kiss it for ya." Kenny said as she jumped out of the way of a foot coming for her own private parts.

"Bite me studless." Beau groaned as she made it up to her feet. "I'm going to make sure that something isn't gonna fall off later." She stumbled out of the back room and was very thankful that they were the only ones in the place. She would have been ten shades of red if she had to go to the bathroom with everyone watching her hold her privates as she skimmed against the wall for support. What she didn't know nor see was the dark figure sitting at a corner table watching her.

"Shit! I need to wear a damn athletic cup around those two." She grumbled to herself. A low moan escaped her lips when she straightened up to pull the bathroom door open.

A small smile came to Chauncey's lips at the sight of the small blonde; it became a look of worry when she noticed the pain showing clearly on her face. She was about to get up to check on her when Kenny and Jeri came from the backroom bickering.

"You stay right were you are." Jeri pointed a finger at her wife. "I'll go check on her, knowing you you'll end up knocking her out or something with the door."

"That only happened once; she's so damn short I didn't see her." Kenny couldn't help but chuckle at the memory of her knocking Beau out cold by hitting her with the door to the locker room at the hospital.

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Jeri opened the door to the bathroom slowly and peeked in to find Beau curled up on the floor. Stepping to her side, she placed a hand on her shoulder.

"You OK?" Jeri asked softly.

"Only if not having a sex life from now on counts as OK." Rolling over on to her back she looked up with pain filled eyes at her grinning cousin. "What are you grinning at?"

"Oohh...nothing." She flinched at the look she received. "OK, just think of all the fun you could have being healed of your injuries."

"Pervert!" Beau made a halfhearted swipe at her cousin. "But your right. Now help me up before I get to stiff to move." She closed her eyes and groaned. "That's impossible now, it's broke! It'll never get stiff again." Beau moaned deeper as she was helped to her feet. "Gods! Kenny made me impotent!"

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After a few hours of smashing her fingers and dodging boards, Beau went home to get ready for work, she only had to make nightly rounds for one of the other doctors and then she was done until the next day. She walked stiffly through the hallways in agony from where her pants were touching her sore private areas. She was just about to wrap up the night when they had an emergency page come over the PA system for her to come to the ER.

"What have we got coming in?" She asked the head nurse on duty.

"Gun shot wound to the stomach, stats are coming across now. The ambulance is three minutes out and we have OR number two ready for you."

"OK, I'll get ready. Page me when they get here." She took off at a slow jog towards the elevator that would take her to the OR theater. Two hours later after removing a good portion of the mans bowel, lower intestine, she striped out of her soiled scrubs and jumped in to the shower. Once finished she dressed in her street clothes of faded Levi's and white dress shirt and headed to the bar to let Kenny know that she would be turning the patient over to her in the morning.

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Chauncey made her usual pass through the parking lot looking for drunks. She noticed the small beat up Toyota Corolla pull in to the parking lot and Beau get out and make her way to the door of the bar. A grin came to her face when she noticed that the small blonde was walking stiffly up the steps.

"Still sore I see, an ice bag would do you wonders of good." She spoke softly to herself then continued her patrol.

Beau searched the dark smoke ridden place for Kenny and Jeri. She found them at the end of the bar in a discussion with another woman. Right away Beau had a bad feeling as she watched the woman beat the air around them with her hand gestures. She knew she herself got carried away with hand gestures when she was making a point, but this woman looked like she was swatting at mosquitoes. She cringed when a high piercing laugh reached her ears, right off she knew that she would not be staying long if the woman was to remain in the area. Stepping up beside Kenny she whispered in to her ear that she needed to speak with her concerning work. Kenny nodded her head then excused herself from her wife and the irritating woman.

"How can you stand to be in the same state with that laugh of hers?" Beau asked with a serious tone to her voice.

"Huh?" Kenny asked with a confused look on her face.

"I said." Beau gave her a funny look then turned her head to the side and saw a piece of napkin stuck in her ear. "Never mind."

They went to the bathroom where it was a little more peaceful so that Beau could tell her about the patient. After a few minutes, they changed the subject to other than work.

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Chauncey was heading back to the bar when out of the corner of her eye she saw a dark car turn on its parking lights, she squinted her eyes trying to see what the driver was doing. Stepping closer to be able to see better she stopped dead in her tracks when the high beams blinded her. Taking her sunglasses off, she stuck them into the collar of her shirt and stepped closer to the car. She knew that she had made a mistake the second she heard the engine revve up and the tires spin gravel all over the parking lot. She took off running towards the bar but slipped in the gravel and lost her footing; pushing off the ground with one hand, she tried to regain her balance. From out of the corner of her eye, she saw the car was only feet away from her; she jumped up and tried to throw her body over the car closest to her. All she felt was the biting pain shot through her body as the front of the car hit her and then an excruciating pain as her head hit the windshield as she rolled over the roof and off to the hard ground. Laying there, she gasped for air for a few seconds before she tried to move, the sound of the car coming back towards her made her mind reel with the consequences of not moving. Rolling to her side, she wedged her body up under the rear end of a car and waited for the other to pass her by. After numerous minutes passed with no one looking for her, she eased her battered body out and half crawled to the door. Pulling herself up by the handrail, she made it inside to safety, shaking her head to try and clear her vision sent shock waves through her head. A low moan escaped her lips as she used the wall for support of her weakened body. She took a few minutes to just lean against it and not move for fear of passing out.

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Beau pulled her cousin close to her so that they were nose-to-nose, green eyes flashed in to hazel. "Jeri, don't you even think of setting me up with that...that hyena of a woman! I'd have to kill you after hearing her laugh!"

"Don't look now but here she comes." Jeri whispered only loud enough for Beau to hear.

"That's it! I'm hiding until she leaves! Tell her I have Herpes or something and had to go take my medication!" She ducked behind a grinning Kenny and made her way to the bathroom for however long it would take the woman to leave. She looked to the place where the Widow always stood and was disappointed to not see her standing there. She wondered if she was in the bathroom, then hoped that she wasn't. She didn't know if her heart could take being so close to the woman after Jeri had told her of what she had said to the woman in her drunken stupor. Taking a deep breath, she pushed open the bathroom door and was relieved to not see her in

there. After taking care of her business, she was just going to stand against the wall and wait for a few moments. But changed her mind when she heard moaning coming from one of the stalls. Looking down to the bottom of the door she saw a pair of black pumps facing her and another pair facing away. She covered her mouth to stifle the laugh she was sure to release at what was going on in a straight bar. The moaning was having an effect on her that she couldn't handle, she quickly left the bathroom and ran right into a solid form outside of the door. Saying a quick sorry, she didn't pay attention to the low moan that came from the Widow but made her way back over to the bar in a hurry. Wiping the sweat from her brow she dropped down on to a bar stool next to Kenny and sighed in relief.

"What's wrong Beau?" Kenny asked when she saw that Beau was sweating and her face was a high pink color.

"Nothing, just two women screwing in a bathroom stall."

Kenny raised an eyebrow at her and leaned back on her stool to look closer at her friend.

"And you high tailed it out of there? You're such a chicken shit." She grabbed her shirtsleeve and gave her a gentle shake; looking down at the wetness on her fingers, she turned them to get a closer look. Her face showed concern as she looked at both Jeri and Beau.

"Beau, you have blood on your shirt."

Beau looked down at her sleeve and the side and front of her shirt to see that it was stained with blood.

"It's not mine...Ohhh Gods!" She turned her head towards the back wall and saw the Widow leaning against the wall sideways.

"What?" Kenny asked a bit too loud.

"I bumped in to the Widow on my way out of the bathroom; it's her blood all over me!" She jumped down from her stool and pushed her way through the patrons to get to the Widow.

Jeri and Kenny looked to each other and said in unison. "Shit!" Jeri sprung over the bar and followed right behind her wife as they went towards where Beau was headed.

Beau came to stand right in front of the Widow; she reached up a hand to her face and felt its clamminess. She could see a large purple bruise forming along her cheekbone and temple. She saw a trail of blood making its way down her face to soak into her collar; reaching her hand towards her hairline, she pushed dark hair back to see a large gash beneath the hair.

"Hey...can you hear me?" She asked the tall dark woman whose eyes were hidden behind her glasses. "You're hurt, let me help you." A dark head moved from side to side, she then tried to move away from Beau. She sucked in a ragged breath between her teeth then started coughing; blood ran down her lips and chin to drip onto her chest.

"Ohhh fuck!" Beau exclaimed as she looked for Jeri and Kenny. Putting an arm around the tall woman's waist, she felt the warm fluid soaking into her shirtsleeve. "You have to go to the hospital." She whispered to the woman and was shocked when she heard a deep rumbling growl come from her. "Don't fuck with me, you're going if I have to knock your ass out and carry you there."

Eyes narrowed behind the dark lenses of her glasses. She bared her teeth and growled again to only start coughing; more blood came to her mouth with each breath. She reached out a hand towards the wall to steady herself but found no purchase. She felt her body turning and then the peacefulness of the dark enveloped her.

Off balance, Beau tried to catch her to only end up being dragged to the floor by the dead weight of the taller woman. She felt the air rush from her lungs as she hit the floor hard. Pulling herself from under the weight, she moved so that the dark head was resting in her lap. Removing the sunglasses and lifting one eyelid, she saw only white. Checking for a pulse, she found it weak. She felt a body drop down behind her and recognized the large hands of Kenny reaching over her shoulder.

"Shit! Stay here with her, I'll get a couple of the guys to carry her out to my car and we'll get her to the hospital." Beau nodded to her as she jumped up and ran for the nearest bouncers. Jeri pulled her bar towel from her pocket and started to wipe the blood from the Widow's face; a look of worry creased her forehead as she looked down at the unconscious woman.

"Jeri she has internal bleeding, we have to hurry!"

"I'll go get the car, don't worry she's stubborn as they get."

Using the towel, Beau wiped the blood that was running down the side of the Widow's face. "You may be a stubborn one but I'm worse."

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Kenny drove like a maniac the whole way to City hospital, Beau was in the back seat with the Widow's head resting in her lap. She braced one hand on the back of the front seat and the other across the tall woman's chest as they made the sharp turn in to the drive and headed to the front doors of the ER. Before the car had come to a complete stop, Kenny was out and bursting through the doors and yelling orders for nurses and a gurney to be brought outside. She then grabbed a phone and ordered an OR to be prepped. She made it back outside in time to help them lift the unconscious woman on to the gurney.

"Baby can you give them her information while we get her in to OR?"

"Yeah but I need her wallet." Jeri said as she looked down at the bruised and bloody face.

Beau reached under her and searched her back pockets until she found what Jeri needed.

Handing her the black leather wallet she then helped push the gurney in to the ER and over to the elevator.

"Are we all set?" She yelled to one of the nurses and received a nod and the OR number.

"What surgeon do you want in there?" The nurse asked her.

"Kenny and I will take care of this, just get the others ready."

"OK, I'll take her up. You two go get ready and we'll see you there."

Kenny gave Jeri a quick kiss and told her to call the bar and let them know what was going on and to see if the Widow had anyone they needed to contact. Taking off at a sprint down the hall after Beau, she caught up with her at the stairwell where they ran up the two floors to the locker room to change into scrubs and gowns.

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Walking into the OR theater, Beau looked down at the bruised face and felt her insides shiver. Walking over to the wall where the X-rays were hanging she sighed when she noticed that four ribs were broke and one of them had punctured one of the woman's lungs. She knew that there had to be more damage that the x-rays were not showing but she would find out soon enough when she went in to repair the damage.

"Kenny, this is going to be a very long night." She said as she shook her head at the X-rays.

"Beau you have got to look at this." Kenny said as she looked over the top of her mask. "Some of theses bruises on her ribcage are a couple days old; I think she got hurt during that fight in the parking lot the other night." She pulled the sheet back to reveal an unusual mark on her left hip. "This looks like an imprint from a hood ornament."

"Shit! Someone must have run her down in the parking lot!" Beau glanced up with worry clearly showing in her eyes. She nodded her head to one of the attending nurses giving her a silent message to call the police.

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Three hours later and completely exhausted Kenny and Beau collapsed on to the benches in the locker room. They looked up when the door opened to see Jeri standing there.

"Is she going to be OK?" She asked as tears flowed from her eyes. Kenny opened her arms to her wife and pulled her close to her body for comfort.

"We sutured her head and the gash on her side, repaired her ribs, re-inflated her left lung, sutured her spleen and had to remove one of her kidneys. We also put her left arm and leg in casts." Beau said in a soft voice. "Now all we can do is wait and see what happens. Why don't you two go

home and get some sleep, I'll stay here and keep an eye on her for a while." They were about to put up a fight when Beau raised her hand. "Don't fight me on this; I'll call if anything happens. I promise."

She gave them both hugs and promised once again to call if there were any changes. Once they had left, she went to the ICU Unit to sit beside the Widows bed and wait. She glanced down at the manila envelope laying on the nightstand, opening it up; she pulled the black wallet out and opened it up. Looking down at the name, she grinned.

"So you have a real name besides The Widow Maker, Chauncey Saint Sebastian." She glanced at the bandaged head and sighed. I had hoped that we could meet in a nice quiet atmosphere but I didn't mean this quiet." She held the worn wallet between her hands and leaned back in the chair to wait. Within moments, her eyes drifted close and she joined her patient in sleep.

Beau awoke with a start as the loud beeping infiltrated her slumber, wiping her eyes she looked around and realized it was the heart monitor that was making all the noise. Jumping to her stiff legs, she leaned over Chauncey and checked the leads to the monitor. In a split second, her wrist was caught in a death grip by a strong hand. She yelped as her wrist was being crushed and her fingers went numb. Reaching with her other hand, she tried to break the hold Chauncey had on her.

"Let go you're hurting me." She pleaded as tears rushed to her eyes from the pain. A low rumble came to her ears as the grip eased up on her wrist, using her free hand she wiped the dark hair away from Chauncey's eyes. "Come on wake up Chauncey, you have to let go of my wrist." She watched as bruised eye lids started to flutter open. "Come on you can do it, wake up Chauncey." She looked up when she saw a nurse come rushing in to the room. "It's OK, she's waking up. I'll take care of her." The nurse nodded then retreated from the room.

Running her fingers down the high cheekbone, she continued to coax Chauncey to wake.

"Chauncey, come on I know you can do it." She was about to say more when a pair of ice blue eyes captured her own, she froze in mid movement. "Gods have mercy." She whispered and clutched her free hand to her chest. She was speechless as Chauncey continued to look at her.

"Uuuhmmm...you're safe now. I won't hurt you but can you let go of my wrist? I can't feel my fingers."

Blue eyes traveled down to where she had the small blondes wrist captured in her hand. She released the small wrist then tried to move in the bed, a low keening noise sounding like a wounded animal came from her parted lips with the effort.

"Don't move; you were broken up pretty bad." Beau placed her hands on Chauncey's shoulders to keep her from moving. She watched as a pink tongue licked dry lips. "Hold on a minute and I'll get you some ice chips." She was still un-nerved from the ice blue eyes looking at her, she could swear that they saw straight to her soul and stole some of her very essence. With trembling fingers, she placed ice chips between the dry lips. "Take it slow, I don't want you choking."



After a few minutes, Chauncey tried to speak but only a low gravelly, sound came from her lips.

"What? I can't hear you." Beau said as she leaned closer. She was shocked when a hand went behind her head and pulled her closer to Chauncey's lips.

"I have to go home, Chester all alone."

Beau eased back from the warm breath that was caressing her ear. "You have to stay here. You were hit by a car, if you haven't noticed; you have more plaster on you than the walls."

Chauncey narrowed her bloodshot eyes, bared her teeth and growled.

"So you do have teeth." Beau smiled at her. "I was wondering about that."

"Chester at home."

Beau was at a loss, she didn't know what to do about this Chester person. She hated the sensitive chat things, the fact was she sucked at them and was not looking forward to giving one to this Chester. She rubbed her face and gave in against her better judgment.

"Where do you live, I'll go tell Chester where you are." She grinned when she received a deep growl. "I sure hope Chester speaks more than you do." She felt her heart sink at the thought of Chauncey having a man in her life, but it was her duty as a doctor to inform the family of her patient's condition. "Where do you live?" Chauncey shook her head no and gave another growl. "Doesn't matter, I have your wallet so that means that I have your address to." She stuck her tongue out at Chauncey and chuckled at the startled look on the dark woman's face. "I'm going to give you something for the pain; it'll make you sleep also. Because for some reason unknown to me, I have this feeling that the second I leave this room you're going to try and get up." She pulled a syringe from her pocket and injected it into the IV shunt in Chauncey's hand. "Now don't worry about anything, I'll go see Chester and come back to check on you in a little while." Watching as Chauncey bared her teeth again and tried to growl at her before sleep over took her. Reaching up, Beau smoothed the lines on Chauncey's forehead before she left the room. Her heart heavy with what she had to do, she left the hospital and searched for her car that Jeri had followed them in.

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She pulled into the driveway of an older ranch style house; she didn't see any other car in the drive so she hoped that Chester was home. She walked up to the door and rang the doorbell, no one answered but she could hear barking coming from inside. She walked around the back and knocked on what she assumed to be the kitchen door. Again nothing but the barking of a dog. She tried the door handle and found it unlocked.

"You sure are a trusting soul Chauncey." She jumped when she felt the bottom of her scrubs being yanked on by the ugliest dog she had ever seen. "Uuhhmm...hello! Anyone home?" She

yelled hoping that if Chester was home he wouldn't shot her for trespassing. "Hello...Chester?" She looked down when the little dog stopped shaking her leg. "Chester?" She looked around at the sparsely furnished kitchen. "Are you here?" She was amazed when the little dog started to howl and spin in circles. "You're Chester?" She kneeled down on the floor and pulled the little tornado onto her lap so she could look at the dog tag hanging from a spiked leather collar. "General Chester Puller." A wide smile lit up her face. "So you're not a man." She lifted the dog up and chuckled at the toothless mouth howling. "You're not even a male; your momma is a sick woman. Giving you a boy's name. Well, come on Chester, you're going home with me."

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Beau pulled into Jeri's driveway and before she could get all the way out of the car, both Jeri and Kenny were running out the door.

"How is she, is she gonna make it?" Jeri asked all in one breathe.

"Yeah, she's fine. But I have a house guest now." She grinned and motioned for them to look in her car. "Chauncey had me worried, she tried to leave the hospital because of Chester there being at home alone."

"Damn that's an ugly dog!" Kenny said as she shivered. "I took her for a person that would have a pit bull or Neo Mastiff. Not a hairless Taco bell dog." She jumped back when Chester snarled at her and showed her toothless gums. "He needs dentures."

"She, it's a girl."

"Oohh...well she needs dentures. You wanna come in and have something to eat? We just made supper."

"Nah, I have to get back to let Chauncey know that Chester's OK."

"Beau, you have to eat. It's been hours since you've eaten or slept." Jeri said as she placed a hand on her shoulder.

"I know. As soon as I check in on her I'll head home."

"You had better or I'll come over there and kick your ass."

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Beau snuck up the stairs to the floor that Chauncey was on; she pulled her lab coat closed in front before she stepped in to the hallway. Looking both ways, she ran down the hall and ducked in to Chauncey's room. After closing the door she looked down to find her patient sound asleep.

"Your momma's still sleeping, how about if we just sit down and wait for her to wake up."

Chauncey forced her swollen eyes to open; she turned her head to the side when she heard a soft snore coming from beside her bed. Blinking to clear her vision, she saw that the little blonde was sitting in the chair sound asleep. She tried to reach out with her left hand to wake her but found it weighed a ton from the cast that reached from her upper arm to her fingers.

"Hey...wake up." She forced out from her dry throat. "Hey shrimp!" She gave up on trying to wake her by speaking; instead, she pulled the pillow from behind her head and tossed it at her head.

"Five more minutes Ma...tired." Beau mumbled then snuggled further down in to the chair. Chauncey smiled at the small blonde's mumbled words, her eyes grew wide when she saw a little baldhead poke out from the white lab coat. "Chester! Come here baby." She called to her dog in a low voice. Chester worked her way free of the small hands holding her in place; she jumped the short distance to the bed and crawled on to her owner's chest. She wiggled all over Chauncey and grinned. "My poor baby, momma's here."

Green eyes opened and watched as Chauncey held the little dog to her chest and placed a kiss on its little baldhead.

"You know I broke half a dozen rules bringing her here."

"Thank you." Was all Chauncey said before she buried her face against her dog. But before she escaped, Beau saw the tears in her ice blue eyes, she felt her heart do a back flip at the emotion that the stoic woman showed her dog. She then knew that Chauncey had no one in her life but Chester and felt saddened by the fact.

Leaning forward Beau whispered close to Chauncey's ear. "I'm going to check your chart and then I'll be back to check your sutures."

She looked back over her shoulder from the door and wiped the tears from her cheeks. "No one should be alone." She said to herself.

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20 minutes later Beau returned to find Chauncey asleep with Chester laying on the pillow beside her head. A smile came to her face when the little dog's tail beat on the pillow and brown eyes regarded her.

"I'm going to check on your momma now, so no barking." Reaching forward she petted the little baldhead then she pushed dark hair off Chauncey's forehead to check the ugly bruising that covered a good portion of her face. Speaking in a whisper, she looked into Chester's little rat like face. "Your momma's a beautiful woman even with the nasty bruises, but don't you tell her I said that. She'd toss me in the nearest dumpster." Placing her stethoscope in her ears, she pushed Chauncey's gown down far enough to place the end against her chest. She listened for a minute or so then turned her attention back to Chester. One blue eye opened part way to see the small blonde leaning over her chest and speaking in a hushed whisper. "She may act all tough but she

doesn't scare me one bit."

"Bullshit!" Chauncey whispered in to the end of the stethoscope and watched when Beau came three foot off the floor and ended up laying across her chest. Looking up into smiling blue eyes, all thoughts left her as she was once again held in her place.

"Is not bullshit, as long as you're stuck in plaster with half a dozen tubes sticking out of you, plus a catheter."

"Wanna bet?" Chauncey dared the small blond doctor.

Beau's green eyes grew wide at the thought of the long fingered hand grabbing her by her throat and throttling her. "Uuuuhhhmm...I changed my mind, you're still scary as hell." She got back to her feet, took a deep calming breath and forced her body to stop trembling from both fear and the closeness of the other woman.

"I want my chart." Chauncey demanded with cold eyes.

"Why? It just notes and stuff that I've written along with everyone else that's checked on you."

"Because I want it." She drilled Beau with her eyes. "Now!"

Green eyes narrowed at fierce blue, Beau's dander was up and she wasn't going to give in easily. "And if I don't, then what?"

"After I get it myself, I'll stuff you in the nearest hamper."

"Haa! Like you can get up and chase me!" Beau moved away from the bed when she saw Chauncey sit up and begin to slip her legs over the edge of the bed. "Stop! It took me and Kenny hours to put you back together!"

Blue eyes opened wide at the information that she had just heard. Shaking her head, she winched when a sharp pain shot through her temple. "You let that bear pawed Amazon put her hands in my body!?"

"Of course I did. She's one of our best surgeons." Beau grabbed the chart off the foot of the bed and handed it to Chauncey. "Here, now get back in bed before you pull something loose." She watched as Chauncey flipped through the pages until she came to the actual surgical procedures page. Blue eyes narrowed and a dark head shook slowly.

"You took one of my kidneys, why?"

"It was badly damaged, I think that when you were hit by the car the windshield wiper punctured your side and went straight through in to your kidney."

"How did you come to that conclusion?" Chauncey asked.

"Well...there was black rubber like material inside of you and this." She pulled a small metal clip that held wiper blades on the arms out of her pocket and handed it to Chauncey. "I didn't want to have to rush you back to the OR if your kidney failed from the damage."

"What are my fluid outputs right now?" She cocked an eyebrow at Beau.

"More than enough to show that your remaining kidney is functioning normally. I see no problem at this point." Beau stepped closer to the bed and gazed down at the chart.

"If you kept this?" She held up the small clip. "Then what did you do with my kidney?"

"Ohh that! It's in my refrigerator at home, I'm making kidney stew this weekend. Want some?"

"Please tell me that you're a real surgeon and not the coroner."

Beau chuckled at the pleading look on the woman's face. "Don't worry; formaldehyde makes me nauseous. Plus the dead people sitting up on the tables freaks me. Now let me check the rest of my cross stitching, I'm getting pretty good at it ya know."

Chauncey's eyes rolled as she dropped her head back onto her pillow.

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Beau opened her door and let Chester down on the floor, with in two seconds the little dog was chasing Abigail through the house. She heard high piercing whistles then a yelp. Chester came tearing back in to the living room with her tail tucked between her legs.

"Found out she has teeth huh?" Beau said as she went towards her kitchen. "Soo what do you want for supper? You can't eat anything that you need teeth to chew, so what's your momma feed you?" She searched her refrigerator and came up empty of ideas. "Maybe I should have asked her before I left huh?" After having soup and a sandwich, Beau and her crew of rodents laid on the couch and watched re-runs of Alley McBeal. Before it was over, soft snores filled the dark living room.

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After calling information to get her shrimpy little doctors address, Chauncey checked to make sure that all was quiet in the hospital corridor before she made her move. She used the wires to her heart monitor to pull the machine closer, she flipped the switch off and removed the wires and the sticky patches from her chest. In less than five minutes, she had removed all the tubes and IV's from her body including the catheter. Slipping from her bed, she used the edge of it to steady herself until she could regain her equilibrium. She knew that she would have to steal some scrubs or take a chance on escaping from the hospital buck-naked. Which, with the temperature being in the low 30's was not a good idea? Grabbing a corner of the bed she eased her way to the door, after checking the hallway she took her chance and quietly made her way to the nearest

supply room.

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The night shift nurse was halfway down with her rounds when she came to Chauncey's room to check her vitals. Opening the door, she left the ceiling light off and used her penlight to scan over the bed. Blinking her eyes twice she looked at the empty bed, then checked to make sure she was in the right room. Flipping the overhead light on she grabbed the chart off the foot of the bed and checked the name.

"Ohh shit!" She cursed as she ran from the room and down the hall to her desk, hitting speed dial she paced the floor as the phone rang seven times before a sleepy voice answered. "Doc Beau, we have a problem here in ICU with one of your patients."

Beau sat up on the couch and rubbed her eyes as she listened to the nurse. "Which one?"

"Sebastian."

Green eyes shot open at the mention of Chauncey's name. She jumped from the couch and looked for her shoes. "What's wrong?" She yelled over the phone while pulling her shoes on then cursed when she noticed that they were on the wrong feet.

"Well...it seems that she's missing." The nurse held the phone away from her ear when Beau screamed "What!"

"I just came from her room and she's not there."

"Damn her to hell! Call security and have them search the hospital. I'll be there in five minutes." She dropped the phone on the floor and ran for her door. The entire time she was driving, she cursed like a sailor right up until she came running through the ER doors. Running up the two flights of stairs to the ICU unit, Beau was slightly out of breath when she reached Chauncey's room. Looking around she noticed that all the IV's and such were laying on the bed.

"TLL KILL HER!" She yelled as she ran from the room and down to the nurse's desk. "Anything yet?" She asked with an irritated look plastered on her face.

"No Doc Beau, and we've searched this entire floor. Security is on the first floor right now checking."

"Son of a bitch!" She took off for the first floor to help look for her patient. By the time she got down, she was out of breath and sweating through her T-shirt.

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Chauncey looked both ways before she stepped in to the hallway, grabbing a stethoscope off a gurney she draped it around her neck and raised the surgical mask up over her face. She had

gotten lucky with the first room she had entered and was now wearing full surgical scrubs and gown. She had slipped booties over her feet to help hide her cast and now had a lab coat over her arm to hide that cast as well. Following the colored lines on the floor, she found her way to the front doors of the ER. Stepping up to, the large red button she pushed it and watched the doors slid open.

"Damn I'm good." She whispered to herself. Hobbling out the door, she scanned each direction before she walked towards the parking lot. A huge grin came to her masked face when she seen Beau's car sitting right in front of her with the engine still running.

"Thanks Shrimpy, couldn't of had better timing." She slipped in behind the wheel and almost got stuck. "Damn short people!" She slid the seat all the way back before she swung her cast inside. "Giving a loud yell she pulled from the lot and headed to Beau's house to get Chester.

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Beau was mad as hell, she had searched every floor with security and did not find Chauncey. Leaning against a wall, she rubbed her face and let her head drop back to rest while she tried to think of what to do next.

"All right dumb ass! She would have headed home if she got out of here!" Running for the door, she came to a screeching halt when she found her car gone. "SON OF A BITCH!!!" She jumped up and down and screamed bloody murder until one of the security guards came out to see what all the noise was about.

"Doc Beau, is something the matter?"

"OOOHHH YOU CAN SAY THAT! MY CARS BEEN STOLEN!"

The guard rubbed his forehead as he looked at the pissed off doctor. "You want me to call the police?"

"No, just drive me home."

"But your car?"

"A mental patient stole it!" She braced her hands on her hips as she locked eyes with him. "Now take me home before I steal YOUR car!"

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Chauncey pulled in to Beau's drive and cut the engine, she looked to see that no lights were on except for a blue flashing hue that was the TV. Easing herself from the car, she painfully made her way to the front door. She was in a lot of pain and had begun to sweat right through the heavy surgical gown she wore. Leaning up against the door with her forehead, she took a deep breath and almost passed out from the pain in her chest.

"Come on Chauncey you can do this." She said to herself, and then opened the door to complete silence with the exception of the TV. Using the walls for support, she went through Beau's house looking for Chester. She leaned against the door jam to what had to be the shrimp's bedroom. Flipping the light on she saw Chester and a guinea pig sleeping on Beau's pillow.

"You little trader!" Chauncey whispered.

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Before the security guard could stop his car, Beau was jumping out and running towards her front door. She flung it opened and took off to her bedroom, she knew Chauncey was in there because she could see the light from outside. She burst through the door to find her stubborn patient sitting on the edge of her bed petting her guinea pig.

"You Neanderthal asshole! What the hell do you think your doing!?" She screamed at the grinning woman.

"Playing with your hairball."

She stood in the center of the room with her hands planted on her hips, her brows drawn down over her nose, she looked from under them with flashing green eyes. "You escaped from the hospital, stole my car! Not to mention you broke in to my house and now your molesting my hairball!"

A dark brow rose over a mischievous blue eye. "I molest with my tongue not my fingers. Besides I've never had carnal knowledge of a guinea pig."

Beau closed the distance between them to two foot. "Well, you're not going to get the chance now because you're going back to the hospital!"

"No I'm not! I'm taking Chester and I'm going home."

"Like hell you are! Now get up or I call Kenny and Jeri and they help me take you back!"

"Don't think so!"

"Well, think so because you're going, now get up!" She reached for Chauncey's arm and found out what a big mistake that was when a shin came up between her legs and hit her already bruised crotch. All the air in her lungs rushed forward as she bent over at the waist and groaned.

"That's twice this week!" She said in a Minnie mouse voice.

"Sorry Shrimp, but I have to go now. Put some ice on that bruise."

Through tear-filled eyes, Beau watched Chauncey force herself up from her bed.



"Don't think so!" Beau wheezed.

Chauncey laughed at her and threw her head back in pain. "Shit that hurts!"

"So will this!" In a flash, Beau jammed a syringe into Chauncey's thigh then fell to the floor holding her privates for the second time that week. Chauncey looked down at the syringe still sticking out of her leg with amazement.

"You're a sneaky little shrimp." She growled. "What did you..." Was all she said before she passed out and fell backwards across Beau's bed."

"Works better than mace." She rolled to her knees and pulled the syringe from Chauncey's thigh. Crawling to the phone by her bed she called the hospital to let them know that they could stop looking for Chauncey and that she would take care of matters in the morning. She then called Jeri and Kenny and told them what the Neanderthal had done. When she was finished talking to them she crawled to the kitchen to get a bag of ice.

After dropping the ice bag down the front of her pants and breathing heavy for five minutes, she made her way back to her bedroom. Shaking her head at Chauncey, she then striped her of the surgical gown, moved her to the center of the bed and checked to make sure that she hadn't pulled any of her sutures out in her escape. Getting extra pillows from her closet, she piled them under Chauncey's left leg to try and get the swelling down.

"You need this more than I do." She pulled the half-melted bag of ice from her pants and placed it on Chauncey's swollen leg. "Damn you have a gorgeous body, shame that I may have to strap it to my bed." A wicked grin came to her face at the idea. "Boy would that be a dream come true!" She chuckled to herself then pulled the blankets up to cover Chauncey. "Sweet dreams, hope you have a headache in the morning from the tranquilizer."

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A low groan rolled from the back of Chauncey's throat, cracking her eyes open to mere slits she took in her surroundings. Confused, she turned her throbbing head to the side to see a pair of caramel colored eyes twinkling down at her.

"Morning sunshine; how's the head?" Kenny asked with amusement clearly evident in her voice. "Hope you're not allergic to leather or being short stuffs sex slave." She gave out a great bellow of laughter as she held her stomach and stumbled from Beau's room. Jeri and Beau looked up from where they were sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee when Kenny came in wiping tears from her eyes.

"Your sex slaves awake." She said in a singsong fashion. "Will you tape it for us?" She wiggled her eyebrows seductively at her best friend.

"You need help Kenny." Beau got up from the table and carried a cup of coffee in to her

bedroom for her prisoner. She grinned at the helpless body lying on her bed. "Morning, how's the body feeling?"

"Like I've been tied to a bed!" Chauncey growled. "You can't do this to me!"

"Ohh but I already have, ain't it fun?" Green eyes twinkled with amusement. "It'll be just five or six weeks, that's really not that long ya know." She chuckled at the fierce look pale eyes gave her. "Can't get me now, no low blows for you." She sat on the edge of the bed and offered the cup of coffee to Chauncey.

"Now what? Ya going to poison me with arsenic?" A blue eye narrowed as she tried to sniff at the coffee.

"Hell, why waste the rat poison. My cooking will kill you quicker." Smiling she held the cup up to dry lips. "Come on, the coffees actually good. Jeri made it."

With hesitation, Chauncey took a sip of the coffee and sighed at the rich sweetened flavor.

"You know if you hadn't pulled such an asinine stunt last night you wouldn't be tied to my bed. But, the good thing is." She let Chauncey's mind race in empty space before she continued. "Your virtue is safe with me; it seems that I'm impotent!" She came nose to nose with Chauncey. "Thanks! Between you and Kenny I'll never have sex again!" She picked up a riding crop from the nightstand and tapped Chauncey on the nose with it. "Doesn't mean that I can't have any fun with you though." She left the room howling with glee after the shocked look that came across Chauncey's face. She walked in to the kitchen slapping the crop in her hand, an evil grin on her face as she high fived her cousin and Kenny.

"I love this!" She dropped in to her chair with an extremely pleased look on her face. "I think it's time we send in Chester." She wiggled her eyebrows at them then laughed at the look of horror that was sure to cross Chauncey's face. Jeri put Chester on the floor and told her to go see her momma. The little dog went tearing down the hall barking and the next thing the heard was a loud "NO!" The three of them crept down the hall and peeked into the room to see Chauncey staring with wide blue eyes at her puffball of a dog. Chester seemed to have grown a lot of fuzzy hair over night and now looked like a demented poodle. Except for her little baldhead that had, a pink Christmas bow stuck to it.

"Rogaine, for when your man or beast goes bald. Works over night or your money back." Beau said from the doorway.

"What did you do to my dog? She looks...UGLY!"

"Ugly? Hell she was ugly before." Beau sat on the edge of the bed and grinned down at Chauncey. "Now tell me you're not having fun. I know we are."

Blue eyes narrowed at all three of them, a low growl rumbled from her throat as she snapped her teeth at Beau.

"Keep snapping at Beau like that and she'll hump your leg." Kenny said from where she was hiding behind her wife. "It's been years since she's been laid."

Flashing green eyes swung in her direction making her flinch. "It's the truth, can't deny it short stuff."

"Shut up Kendra! You can be tied down next to her ya know!"

"Ohh hell, Jeri does that to me twice a week."

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Beau walked to the small cubicle that she and Kenny used for their office, she was about to start on her paper work when the head of surgery came in and looked over her shoulder. Dr. Bertkins was an older man with thick glasses and no chin. To look at him he made you think of an old turtle. She hated when he wouldn't say anything but humph at her notes.

"Stuff looks like it's written in Greek, how am I supposed to read it?" He asked as he pointed to the squiggly little marks all over the paper.

"You're not supposed to know what it says until I do my reports; this is top secret stuff ya know." She cast a grin over her shoulder and then went back to work.

"I wanted to ask you about that patient escaping last night. She was one of yours wasn't she?"

She groaned inside, she had hoped that he wouldn't find out about Chauncey's little escapade last night. And now she was going to have to come up with a reasonable explanation as to why she was at her house and not back in the hospital.

"Sir...Ms. Sebastian had an anxiety attack last night...because has this tremendous fear of hospitals. She ended up at my house...looking for me." She took a deep breath and tried to compose her features into something that the head of surgery would believe. She watched as his eyes narrowed behind his thick glasses.

"Sebastian...Sebastian, that name sounds familiar to me." He caressed his jaw with one finger. "Anyway...how is she doing now?"

Beau held back a smile and a burst of laughter that was dying to come out as she pictured six foot of pissed off Chauncey strapped to her bed.

"Fine sir...she's very comfortable and I have a nurse there with her."

"Good. Now I want a full report of this on my desk before you leave. We can't have a patient suing us."

"Yes sir...I mean, no we don't need a lawsuit..." As soon as he left, she dropped her head down on her small desk and burst out laughing.

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"Pink or black?" Jeri asked as she held up the each pair of crotch-less panties for Chauncey to look at.

"Why are you asking me?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Because I can't ask the one I'm wearing them for, that wouldn't be any kind of a surprise."

Letting a breath leak from between parted lips, Chauncey rolled her eyes. "Black, it's more mysterious." She leveled a gaze at Jeri. "Which one is the surprise for?"

Jeri's eyes grew in size. "Which one? What do you mean which one? The Studmeister of course." Jeri came closer to the bed. "You don't think that..." She saw a wicked grin grace Chauncey's lips. "Eeeww no way! That's gross! Beau's my cousin for god's sake!" She started laughing at the startled look on Chauncey's face. "You didn't know?"

"How could I? I mean you three seem so close and all."

Jeri sobered and sat down on the bed beside Chauncey. "If I take the straps off you're not going to bust me over the head and escape are you?"

"Not unless you start modeling under things, then I can't guarantee what I'll do."

A bright smile came to Jeri's face. "Deal. Now what do you know about Beau?"

"Nothing at all except that she's a stubborn little shrimp that carries around a syringe of tranquilizer."

Jeri took a deep breath and sighed. She didn't know how much she should tell about Beau. "You have to promise me that what I say you can never ever repeat."

"I give you my word. And I never go back on a promise, ever."

Jeri gave Chauncey a brief summary of Beau's life before and after her parents died. "Beau's lived a solitary life for the last five years; she had a rather bad date that turned her in to a nun."

"No date can be that bad!" Chauncey said with a gleam in her eye.

"If you don't mind being tied to a wall and having a nut case come at you with an electric beater with a huge dildo attached to it as bad."

Chauncey busted up laughing and then moaning as pain shot through her chest and side.

"Just what in the hell is so funny and why isn't she strapped down?" Beau asked from the doorway.

Jeri wiped tears from her eyes and grinned. "We were going to get nasty but you interrupted."

"Impossible, you're all ready nasty." She dropped her hand down on to Jeri's shoulder and leaned over to look in to Chauncey's clear blue eyes. "No funny stuff!" She pointed a finger at her.

"As long as you stay out of the kitchen I'll behave myself." Chauncey said with a saucy grin.

Beau glared at Jeri then smacked her in the head. "You told her about my bad date didn't you?"

"Uuhhmm..."

Beau dropped to the floor and buried her head on the bed next to Chauncey's side. "Please! Make this be a BAD NIGHTMARE!"

"I was talking about your horrid cooking." Chauncey said to try and save Jeri.

"I didn't tell her that you threw out your electric beater because it gave you nightmares." Jeri said then broke down in to hysterical laughter.

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Jeri left to go to work, which left Beau nervous at being left alone with Chauncey. She found her palms sweating with just one look in to those blue eyes. Wiping them on her scrubs, she stuttered for a second before asking Chauncey if she was hungry or needed anything.

"You're not going to cook are you?" She said with a mischievous grin.

"Are you trying to drive me insane?" Beau asked as she looked at Chauncey from under her russet brows.

"You got it. Is it working?"

"AAHHH!!!!!!" Beau screamed and threw her hands in the air. Running her fingers through her hair, she left it sticking up so that it looked like she had horns. "That's ok, I can handle being insane." Green eyes narrowed to drill in to blue. "Because I'm taking you with me!" She gave out an insane laugh and skipped from her bedroom leaving a starring Cooler with a hanging jaw. She closed her mouth to let the wicked grin form on her face, blue eyes flashed as she slipped her legs over the edge of the bed.

"I'm insane! I have to be, I have this strange woman in my bed that takes my breath away with one glance and all I can think of doing is giving her a tranquillizer so that I can watch her sleep without having a coronary in the process! And now I'm cooking for her and hoping that I don't

give us food poisoning."

"We can order out?" Chauncey said from the doorway.

Beau flipped the noodles in the air and spun around. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Ohh..."

"Never mind, I don't want to know." Her face colored a deep red as she wondered how much she had heard. "Since I just threw the noodles all over the kitchen, ordering out would be a good idea." One brow rose over a green eye. "What are you doing out of bed anyway?"

"If I'm on my back I prefer to have something being done to me."

Beau slapped her hands over her face and took a deep breath to calm her raging thoughts. Letting her hands slid down her face she peeked over her fingertips. "Tell me something?"

"Depends on what ya want?" Chauncey purred.

"Stop that! Anyway, why do you act so different at the bar?"

"That's part of my job; if I'm not a cold hearted bitch then the men will act like animals." She eased down in to a chair and sighed. "Anyway, I'm not there to be nice or look for women to fawn all over."

"I can see the fawning interrupting your job, but the sunglasses and the not talking. Do you know that they have a pool going at the bar?" Chauncey's deep laugh sent chills down Beau's spine; she rubbed her arms to still the goose bumps that had formed.

"I don't need to talk to my crew, they know what their jobs are and the sunglasses are so that I can watch people and they not know it. And yeah I do." She tilted her head to the side and winked at Beau. "So did you win the pot?"

"I'm not going to tell the guys." Beau smacked her forehead and groaned. "I forgot something! The police are coming tomorrow to ask you about your accident. They have a picture of your...Uuhhmm."

"My ass?" She grinned at a flushed Beau.

"Yeah...you have an impression of the Impala symbol on your..."

"Does it look good?" She asked.

"Uuhhmm...what do you want to eat?" Her face turned a bright red from the thoughts that ran through her mind. "For supper?"

Chauncey quirked a dark eyebrow at her and chuckled. She stood to her full six foot and looked down the V of Beau's scrubs. "How about we order Chicken from the Deli? I love breasts." She left the little doctor standing in the kitchen with her mouth hanging open.

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[Continued in Part 2...](#)

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## ~ Mender Of Souls ~

by Larisa

**Disclaimer:** You guys know the deal, yeah they resemble the Duo. These women are all from my wicked little brain. If same sex relationships give you the creeps, go read some Blues Clues or something. If you're not old enough, then go read Blues Clues! Violence plays a part in this story, if it bothers you close your eyes when you come to that part. Other than these things, it's my normal filthy language but not bad. E-mail is appreciated.

Thanks for Lesia and Ri for letting me use them as sounding boards.

**Mender of Souls**

By Larisa

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### Part 2

Chauncey lay on the couch with her leg propped over the back; she was ignoring the throbbing and the itching that had her to the point of finding a sharp implement to cut the damn cast off. While Beau was in the shower, she had found a metal coat hanger and was running it down in to the cast on her arm trying to relieve some of the itching. Her head was resting on the arm of the couch with her eyes closed; she was in heaven as she hit a spot on her arm that had been driving her crazy all day. A low moan escaped her parted lips and sent chills down a peeping Beau's spine. She crept forward and smacked Chauncey's fingers.

"Stop that before you get an infection in there."

One blue eye opened to glare at her, a deep growl rumbled from deep in her chest. "It itches! And if I don't do this I'm gonna cut it off!" Pulling the coat hanger out she tried to get it inside of the cast on her leg, she just knew that she had hair 6 inches long covering her entire leg including the top of her foot.

"Chauncey, I'm gonna tie your hands together!" Beau snarled as she grabbed the coat hanger from her hand.

"How bad were the breaks anyway?" She asked as she laced her fingers together on her stomach.

She gave her a wicked grin. "Bad enough that you needed casts."

"Smartass! Now how bad, compound, fracture, clean break, what?"

"Both clean breaks. You got lucky that you didn't break your hip or have more damage done."

"Just great! She pouted at Beau, who gave her a compassionate smile.

"I have cast covers if you want to take a shower."

Blue eyes lit up at the thought of feeling clean, she knew that she had blood in her hair and it made her feel gross. "One problem with that, I can't wash my hair and it really needs it."

Beau blushed at the thought of seeing Chauncey in her bathtub, granted she had all ready seen her completely naked. But this was totally different, in the OR she was Doctor Beau. At home, she was just Beau and she didn't know if she could slip into her professional role here. Chauncey watched emotions flash across green eyes; she knew that Beau was battling herself.

"Please Shrimpy, help me?" She pleaded.

Taking a deep breath, she let it out slowly. "OK. I'll wash your hair but you wash the rest."

Chauncey gave her a heart-warming smile. "Thank you."

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Beau sat on the floor behind Chauncey; she poured warm water over her head to wet her hair. She was having problems concentrating on what she was doing, just the feel of the long dark hair falling through her fingers had her body throbbing. Pouring Ocean Breeze scented shampoo in to her hand and being careful to not hit the sutured area at Chauncey's temple, she gently worked the lather in to dark tresses. She heard a soft sigh come from Chauncey as she massaged her scalp. Looking over a muscled shoulder, she watched the water lap at firm breasts with each rise of her chest.

Chauncey was in heaven; she had never had her hair washed by anyone and now knew what a huge mistake that had been. She felt tingles run down her body as Beau's fingernails softly scratched her scalp. She moaned when she felt water being poured over her head to rinse the soap free. She had no idea why this little blonde had such an effect on her but she wasn't about to miss one second of it. Out of reflex, she grabbed Beau's small hand and brought it to her lips for a lingering kiss.



"Thank you." She replied softly as she looked to her side to see a blushing blonde.

"You're welcome. I'll leave you to finish up here, just give a yell when you're done and I'll help you get out of the tub." She turned her eyes from Chauncey's gorgeous body for fear of her seeing the emotions reflecting in her eyes.

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Standing in the hall with her back against the wall, Beau took deep calming breathes. It was more than lust that was coursing through her; the tall Cooler was crawling in to her heart at a rapid speed. Going in to her bedroom, she striped the bed and replaced the linens with fresh ones. She had just finished with the pillows when she heard her name being called. Grabbing a large towel, she made her way to the bathroom. Taking Chauncey's good arm she placed it over her shoulder and then braced herself so that she could help the taller woman out of the tub. Minutes later and both of them breathless from the exertion, Beau decided that next time Chauncey would take a shower.

"I have a large T-Shirt and Boxers that you can sleep in, it'll be more comfortable than a hospital gown." Beau said as she wrapped the towel around Chauncey.

"OK, you know I've never asked anyone for help before."

Beau smiled at her. "I know, Kenny told me all about you suturing yourself up in the bathroom. Where did you learn to do that?" She ran a fingertip down a high cheekbone where a faint white line that showed against tanned skin.

"I read a lot?" She gave a crooked grin.

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Beau was stretched out on the couch with her Guinea pig lying on her chest softly snoring. She couldn't get the visions of a tall dark and extremely gorgeous woman out of her head. Her heart hammered in her chest as she pictured firm breasts being caressed by the bath water and wishing it were her hands doing the caressing.

"Come off it Beau, your not her type. She most likely goes for femmes with high heels and fancy dresses. And your wardrobe is scrubs and not much else.

Chauncey was doing the same thing as she laid inhaling Beau's scent from her pillow. "What do ya think Chester? Is she the sweetest little thing you ever saw? A bright smile came to her face when she thought of Beau blushing as she wrapped the towel around her body. She closed her eyes and buried her face in to the pillow, breathing in the soft scent she drifted off to sleep thinking of soft green emerald eyes.

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A sound penetrated Beau's sleep; she rolled over and fell off the couch to land in a heap on the floor. Rubbing her eyes, she squinted up to see that it was still dark outside. Dropping her head back on the floor she was about to doze off when she heard the sound again. It was a soft moan that came to her ears; panic brought her to full alert. She jumped up on un-steady feet and made her way to her bedroom, without turning the light on she felt her way to her bed. Leaning forward she placed a hand on Chauncey's shoulder and found her T-shirt soaked with sweat. Running her hand up the back of her neck, she felt the feverish skin beneath her fingers.

"Shit." She whispered as she felt more of the fevered skin. Leaving Chauncey the way she was, she went to her bathroom and brought out the bag she kept in there. Pulling out a 100cc bottle of antibiotic, she filled a syringe with 3cc's and bared Chauncey's hip. After injecting her she went to get a cold cloth to place on her head and a pan of alcohol and water to bath her with.

Easing the T-shirt off her fevered torso, Beau was careful when she came to the sutured area of her side. She noticed an inflamed area around the end of the incision. She knew that an infection had started and was causing the fever. She ran her fingertips around the inflamed area and watched as blue eyes peeked open to watch her.

"It's infected isn't it?" Chauncey asked with a low gravelly voice.

Green eyes locked with blue, Beau ran her fingers down a sweat-covered cheek and nodded her head. "I gave you a shot, I need to start an IV and add more antibiotics to it along with some saline."

"Help me up." Chauncey said as she struggled to sit.

Worried green eyes looked at her. "No you just stay where you're at."

"Listen Shrimpy, it's my body and I want to see. Now help me up." Her blue eyes battled with green and Beau gave in at the end. She helped the taller woman sit up in the bed and almost fell over when Chauncey asked for a pair of forceps and a syringe of saline.

"What are you going to do?" Beau asked with a deep voice.

"Fix it." Eyes locked in battle. "Help me or I get up and do it myself."

Searching through her bag she pulled out what Chauncey had asked for. "You stubborn Neanderthal! I can't believe I'm letting you do this, I'm a doctor and you're...INSANE!" Watching as Chauncey snipped the last suture, then pushed the forceps in to the incision almost made her pass out.

"I'm a doctor and a surgeon and this is making me squeamish!" Beau said to her self. "Are you like one of those backyard mechanics?"

Blue eyes smiled up at her. "Yep, need your chassis over hauled?" Pain shot through her eyes when she pushed the syringe in to the incision and flushed it with the saline solution. Beau held a

square of gauze up to the area and watched as a thick fluid poured out along with a small flake of what appeared to be chrome.

"For the love of Gods, I can't believe I missed this!" Tears came to her green eyes when she realized that her incompetence was the reason why Chauncey was sick with fever. "I'm so sorry Chauncey, it's all my fault." Her tears flowed down her cheeks as she began to softly sob.

"It's not your fault, anyone could have missed it." Wiping the tears from Beau's face with her fingertips, she felt a warmth fill her heart. Placing her right hand behind Beau's head she pulled her to her chest and comforted the devastated little doctor. "I'm ok don't worry." She placed a kiss to the blonde crown of disheveled hair. Beau wrapped her arms around Chauncey and sobbed. "I'm sorry." She mumbled as her sobs continued until she fell asleep still holding on to a confused Cooler.

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Beau's eyes squinted open at the sound of the doorbell being rung continuously. She rolled over to come up against a warm body, her eyes widened at the sight of firm breasts right in front of her. "Ohh Gods." She whispered to her self. Then was brought out of her fantasy by the doorbell. "Shit." She said aloud as she crawled over Chauncey's still sleeping form.

Standing on her tiptoes she looked through the peephole to see a uniformed officer standing on the doorstep. She opened the door with a forced smile on her face.

"Good morning, you're here to speak with Ms. Sebastian?"

"Yes Doctor De La Croix. It'll only be for a couple of minutes." The officer gave her a small smile as he stepped through the door.

"Just a minute, let me wake her." She ran her fingers through her sleep-tousled hair trying to put it in to some sort of order. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes she came up against a warm body. Looking up in to sleepy blue eyes she offered a small shy smile.

"There's a police officer here to see you." She said in a small voice.

Chauncey cupped Beau's cheek in her hand and looked down in to the shy green eyes. "I heard him, give me a few minutes and I'll be out. OK?"

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The three of them sat in the kitchen drinking coffee while the officer took notes on what Chauncey could remember from the night before. The officer's disappointment showed on his face when all Chauncey could remember was that it was a dark colored car that had hit her and taken off.

"OK, Ms. Sebastian, I'll be back at a later time to see if you remember anything else about that

night." He stood to leave when he heard Chauncey say something about checking repair shops for the car.

"Ma'am why would we do that?" He asked with curiosity.

"For the simple fact that I wiped out the windshield and the front grill with my body." Her eyes changed to an ice blue as they drilled in to the young officer. "I became quite intimate with the windshield wiper and lost a kidney because of it. I want this asshole found!" Beau straightened in her chair at the sudden change in her. She watched the transformation to the Widow maker happen in a matter of seconds and knew that she never wanted to come up against that side of Chauncey.

"Yes Ma'am well check in to that." He put his notebook in his shirt pocket and left the house on his own. Beau's green eyes wide with fright looked directly at Chauncey, her heart slammed in her chest until she saw the corners of pink lips lift at the corners and ice blue eyes turn to a deep blue full of warmth and humor.

She chuckled. "I hope he has an extra uniform to change in to."

Beau took a deep breath, and let it seep through her parted lips, placing her hand over her heart. "I know you had me scared."

Before Beau left for the hospital, she made sure that Chauncey had everything she needed at arms length of the couch. Chauncey had refused to stay in bed and Beau was not about to argue with her. One encounter with the Widow was all she wanted for the rest of her life. Approaching the door she saw Chauncey holding up a paper bag.

"Your lunch; can't have you eating that hospital slop."

Beau blushed and walked slowly to where Chauncey was sitting on the couch. "You made me lunch? You didn't have to do that. Thank you." She pulled the bag to her chest and stood looking down in to smiling blue eyes. "Well...I guess I should get going." She turned half way then back, leaning down she placed a chaste kiss on Chauncey's cheek before she jogged to the front door and left.

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Beau dropped down at the lunchroom table beside Kenny and grinned at her. "Hey Studmeister you look a little rough this morning." She remarked as she looked in to the blood shot eyes of her friend. "Jeri's got cramps, so she makes me suffer by staying up with her."

"Poor baby." She pouted then broke out in to a huge smile.

"What the hell are you so happy about?" She grumbled after a huge yawn. "Finally get laid?"

Beau smacked her in her shoulder and told her to keep it down. "No. She made me lunch." Her

face took on a somber look.

"What? You finally have a woman to make you lunch, why the doom and gloom look?"

Beau told her about the infection and the flake of chrome that Chauncey flushed from the incision.

"I told you she took care of all her injuries. I guess we should feel lucky that she didn't toss us out of the OR and remove her own kidney."

A wicked grin came over Beau's face at the thought of Chauncey trying to perform her own surgery. "That would have been something." She pulled out her sandwich and gawked at the thickness of it. "Damn! I think she used half a cow on this thing!" She took a huge bite, her eyes grew wide as she struggled to bite through the contents and then narrowed. Kenny snorted at the faces Beau was making while she struggled.

"What's the matter short stuff?"

Beau gave up and put the sandwich on the table. Lifting the bread up she searched through the meat until she came to the slice of cheese. A low growl rumbled in her chest.

"I guess this is paybacks?" She held the cheese up that was still in the plastic wrapper, a note could be seen placed in the center that read.

"Chester hates wiglets!"

Kenny burst out laughing and had to cover her mouth to keep from spraying Beau with Pepsi. "She's good! I would have never thought of doing that!" Kenny remarked once she regained control. "Oohh don't look now but here comes Bertkins." Beau sighed and dropped her head.

"Doctor De La Croix, how's your in home patient doing?" He asked as he pushed his glasses back up his nose.

"Fine Sir, she's up and moving around a little."

"Good to hear it. Now what is her first name, you left that out of your report?"

"It's Chauncey Sebastian." She answered sheepishly.

"Chauncey Sebastian. I know that name but I can't remember where I've heard it." He then left mumbling Chauncey's name to himself.

Kenny snorted at him and whispered to Beau. "Maybe it was the info commercial on 'Do your own brain surgery in the comfort of your own home.'" Kenny sobered at the look Beau gave her. "Anyway...how's home life? Any interesting developments?"

"Like what? She's healing and is trying to drive me insane."

Snorting at Beau she remarked. "That should be a short trip!"

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Jeri struggled with the grocery bags in her arms; she used her hip, wall and thigh for support to free a hand to get the door opened. Just as she reached for the door handle the door was pulled open to reveal six foot of amused Cooler standing there.

"Need some help?"

"Do I! Can you teach Beau how to grocery shop?" Handing a bag to Chauncey, Jeri made her way to the kitchen. "Short stuff is lost when it comes to shopping for anything!" Placing her bags on the kitchen table she looked to see Chauncey doing the same. "Wait a minute here! Where's your casts?"

Blue eyes twinkled at her and a cocky grin graced her lips. "Funniest thing, the damn things just fell right off while I was napping." She lowered her voice and scanned the room before speaking. "I think the Guinea pig did it."

"Beau's going to have a royal Amazon fit with you." Opening the refrigerator she started putting things away. "She may be little, but get her temper going and she can open the gates of Hell."

"Demon spawn Huh?" Chauncey said while putting the canned goods away. "No problem for a Neanderthal asshole as she calls me." Chuckling to herself caught Jeri's attention.

"What's so funny?"

"Ohh just that she's going to be kinda mad at me when she gets home anyway. I made her lunch and I left the wrapper on the slice of cheese in the middle of her sandwich."

Hazel eyes twinkled with amusement. "Sounds like love to me."

Chauncey smiled back and shook her head. "Yeah, the sweet love of revenge." Her thoughts were running in ten different directions from the words that Jeri had said. Beau had defiantly worked her way through a small crack in her armor but she did not know what the feelings were that she was having. Love was something that she had never thought much about at any time. It was always her work that kept her from having any relationships, and then her will to be the best made her cold and unapproachable. That alone kept people at a distance and her only connection with the human world were the ones her job brought her in contact with.

"Hello! Earth to Chauncey!" Jeri yelled from across the kitchen. "Anyone home in there?"

"I was just thinking. When's Shrimpy supposed to be home?"

"No telling, her and Kenny have a complicated appendix/tumor removal to do this afternoon. Plus rounds afterwards, why?"

"I was going to cook supper and didn't want to make it and then have it drying out before she got home."

Jeri hid a grin by burying her head in the refrigerator. "So, whatcha gonna make?"

"Since you did her shopping and brought her a rump roast, I thought I'd make that."

"Sounds good to me, need any help?" She asked with a wiggle of her eyebrows. "I'm good at slicing and dicing. And I know all her favorites."

"I feel that there's something behind this offer." She said with a curious look.

"Ass kissing is the point I'm hinting at. Short stuff will eat just about anything, except plastic."

"Gotcha." Chauncey placed what she needed on the table and repeated to herself. "No plastic."

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"Kenny I need a clamp here it's seeping." Green eyes squinted from behind the face shield; they had run into some complications while removing the inflamed appendix. Beau was just about done when they found a perforation in the bowel. "Got it! OK, guys lets staple this one and get home."

They threw their soiled scrubs in to the biohazard container and walked out of the room with huge grins on their faces. "One more hour and we're outta here!" Kenny yelled as they took off running towards the locker room in their sports bras and silk boxers. Sliding across the floor in their socks, they slammed in to the door when it was opened by Dr. Bertkins. Kenny hit the floor and Beau landed on top of her holding her nose.

"Not again!" Beau mumbled from behind her hand.

"Ooww! My ass is broke!" Kenny whined from under Beau.

"Doctors, horse play is not for the hospital. I suggest you two get dressed and continue your work in a more adult fashion." Dr. Bertkins looked down at the two stunned women. "I think you will find this most interesting Dr. De La Croix." He dropped a manila envelope on to her heaving chest then walked away leaving them on the floor in a heap.

"Am I bleeding?" Beau asked after rolling off Kenny.

"Yep, and your nose is swelling."

Beau pulled her hands away and saw her own blood covering her palm. "Oohh Gods..." Kenny

picked up the now unconscious Beau and carried her in to the locker room to put her on the couch. After placing an ice bag on her face she kissed her forehead.

"Sweet dreams short stuff."

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Kenny returned 45 minutes later to find Beau moaning and trying to pull her scrubs on.

"Easy short stuff before you fall over." Kenny placed a steadying hand on her shoulder and helped her get her scrubs on. "I did our rounds and now I'm taking you home so that your Neanderthal can take care of you."

Beau gave her a hug and thanked her for doing her rounds. She tossed the manila envelope in to her locker and let Kenny help her out of the room. "Does it look really bad?"

"Uuhhhh...no worse than the last time. But I think it's broke this time." She looked at the swollen eyes and nose of her friend. "I think you should let me reset it."

"Nuh ahh!!!!!" She said as she covered her face with her hands. "It'll be OK...after a bottle of aspirins."

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Kenny opened the door for Beau and helped her sit down on the couch, she was just about to look for Chauncey when Chester and Abigail came tearing in to the room. A wide grin split her face when she saw Abigail with an afro hairstyle.

"Some ones been busy." She sniffed the air and moaned. "And cooking!"

Beau leaned over the back of the couch and whined. "I can't smell anything!" Pouting at Kenny with what would normally be her sad puppy look but now looked like a few rounds with Mike Tyson. "What's it smell like?"

"Roast, carrots, potatoes, onions, fresh bread and apple turn-over."

"You can smell all that?" Beau questioned.

"Nope, I can see it sitting on the table." She lowered her voice so that only Beau could hear her. "She's a keeper!" Placing a kiss on the little blonde's forehead she ran for the door. "Gotta get home to my wife, it's naughty nurse night."

Chauncey walked out from the bathroom with her hair still wet from her shower, with one look at Beau's face she hurried over to the couch and took her face between her hands.

"Who the hell did this to you Shrimpy?" Anger and then concern raged across her eyes. "Where's



Kenny? I'll kick her ass if she did this."

"Wasn't Kenny, Dr. Bertkins nailed us both with the locker room door. "My fault." She moaned as a thumping began in her forehead. "This really sucks!"

"Well, the door did a good job. It's broke." In a split second she snapped Beau's nose back in align. "There ya go, all fixed."

"OOWWW!!!!!! I can't believe you did that!" She fell back on the couch.

"Why didn't Kenny fix it?" Chauncey asked as she sat next to her on the couch.

"Wouldn't let her." She wiped her eyes and tried to sniff the air. "Kenny said you cooked."

"Are you hungry? It's ready." She took Beau's hand and helped her off the couch. She let out a yelp when she felt a foot connect with her ass. "What was that for?"

"My sandwich." She looked at Chauncey and let out a yell. "Where the Hell are your casts!?"

"Never mind about that, lets eat before it gets cold."

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Beau had just finished her third turnover when she heard Abigail whistle from under the table, she leaned over and started laughing.

"You're so cute." She gazed across the table at a snickering Chauncey. "Nice one, so are we even now?"

"Yep." Picking up their dishes she went to the sink and started to wash them.

"No you don't, you cooked I'll clean up." Beau pulled Chauncey's hands from the soapy water; a tingling raced up her fingers and looped her heart. She glanced to their joined hands then into smoldering blue eyes. "I...uhmm." She broke their gaze and held hands to start washing the dishes. "Can at least share the kitchen duties while you're here." She didn't know what just happened between them but she so wanted to kiss the taller woman. "Is there anything you need from your house, I can go by there tomorrow and pick stuff up for you."

"I could use some clothes and I'd like to get my truck from the bar. That is if it's still in one piece." She leaned her back against the kitchen counter and watched a nervous little blond wash their dishes. She knew what would have happened if Beau hadn't pulled back and she also knew that she wanted it just as much. She decided to change the subject and put the little blonde at ease.

"So how did the appendix surgery go today?"

A blonde head swung her way. "How did you...Oohh wait it's grocery day. Jeri told you."

"Yep. So what happened?" Chauncey watched as a proud smile came over Beau's face.

"It started out OK, but after we removed the tumor that had branched out in to the appendix and part of the colon and small intestine, we started to remove the appendix. Part of the colon had adhered to the appendix and when we removed it, it tore a small perforation in to the wall. I ended up having to cut some of the colon away and splice it back together."

"What are the chances of the bowel re-adhering to it's self or other organs in the future?"

"I don't know, I'm hoping that this was a freak thing caused by the tumor and that the patient won't have any more problems." She stopped what she was doing and looked questioningly at Chauncey. "Wait a minute here, what do you know about adhesions of the bowel and such?"

"I told you I read a lot." She gave Beau a smile that reached right down and squeezed the little blonde's heart. "So tell me, what were the patient's symptoms?"

"Ohh the normal, slight fever, nausea, constipation and lower ab pain at McBurney's point. We had a little bit of rebound and psoas sign."

"What about abscesses in the peritoneal cavity and were there any signs or peritonitis?"

Beau gave her a studied look; she just shook her head and smiled. "Ever think of reading something more interesting like fan-fiction of the internet?"

"Yeah, been there done that. They write to slow and leave you hanging off cliffs. So what else did you find besides the adhesion and the carcinoid tumor?"

"No to the other stuff and not much, But I wish I had a shop vac in there to perform liposuction on the 50 extra pounds of lard that I had to dig through to get to the appendix." Placing the washed dishes in the strainer she turned to Chauncey. "Wanna watch some TV and have a few beers? I could use one to maybe numb my throbbing nose."

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They sat at opposite ends of the couch; beer bottles littered the coffee table along with the remains of the apple turnovers. Chauncey looked over to see Beau's mouth opened and her snoring loudly. Stretching out on her back she reached over and pulled Beau down to lay beside her on the couch. Slipping an arm under a blonde head she wrapped the other across her waist. With in minutes she joined the little blonde in slumber.

Beau felt a warmth surrounding her body and was confused by it. She brought a hand up and felt her swollen eyes and nose and moaned when a pain shot through her head. She knew that it would hurt due to the swelling of the septum and pressure on the nasal passages but she didn't know it would be this bad. Dropping her hand down she felt a warm softness under her fingers,

running her hand down she knew what she was feeling but couldn't seem to stop the exploration of a firm breast. She felt a nipple harden under her palm and grinned at what she thought she was getting away with.

"What's your prognosis Doc Shrimpy, is it real or silicone?"

"Uuhhmm...sorry...I didn't...shit!" She dropped her head back down then moaned when she hit her nose.

"It's OK, I can't think of a better way to be woken." Placing two fingers beneath Beau's chin, she lifted her face and cringed. "You're not going in to work today."

"I have to, I have rounds to make and patients to check on." She blinked her eyes a couple times but just couldn't seem to get them open. "Could be a little problem since I seem to have misplaced my eyeballs."

"Exactly what I'm talking about. Now if you'd let go of my tit, I'll go get breakfast started." She watched a dark blush color Beau's face when she moved her hand from her breast. She leaned forward and placed a kiss on her forehead and shocked herself. "Just stay right here, I'll bring it out when it's done."

Beau sunk back on the couch and sighed. She couldn't believe that she had been feeling up Chauncey and is still living. Then the gentle unexpected kiss on her forehead. She ran her fingers across the spot and smiled. She continued to lay on the couch dreaming of a tall dark Cooler when a thought hit her. "Chauncey? Would you like to help me with my rounds today?"

"Help you? How am I supposed to help you with rounds, I'm not a doctor." She said from the kitchen.

"Maybe not but you can read the charts for me, since I'm blind as a bat."

Chauncey's body startled to tremble at the thought of going to the hospital with Beau, she didn't know if she could do it. She was standing with her back to the door of the kitchen and staring out the window when she felt arms come around from behind her. A warm rush traveled through her body and warmed every fiber of her being.

"Please come with me, just for an hour or so till I can get someone else to take over for a few days." Beau squeezed lightly so as not to hurt Chauncey's injuries. She continued to beg and plead until she felt Chauncey's body shake with held back laughter. "Tell me your not crying because you'll be seen with my horrid face." Chauncey turned within her arms and looked down at the swollen face.

"It's not horrid exactly, it's just a little unusual." She laughed when Beau pouted. "That doesn't help any, yes I'll go with you."

"Thank you! I'd kiss you but I can't see your face." She skipped from the kitchen with a bounce

in her step until she bounced off the door jam. "Damn that hurt!" She rubbed her shoulder and then continued on her way.

Chauncey chuckled at the antics of the little blonde, then sobered when she thought of what she was about to do. "What have I gotten myself in to?" She rubbed her face and then grinned when she realized that she would be spending the entire day with a beautiful shrimpy blonde. "I can do this. I can forget the past and not spaz out in the hospital." She took a deep breath and followed after Beau.

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Kenny did a double take when Chauncey and Beau walked in to the locker room. Then she cringed at the swollen face of her friend.

"Gods Beau, what are you doing here in your condition? You should have stayed home, I would have checked on your patients when I did my own."

"I know you would but I wanted to get some things from my locker and arrange for a few days off. Plus I begged and pleaded for Chauncey to help me with my rounds." She reached out and searched for Chauncey's hand. "She's my seeing eye Neanderthal."

"You know Chauncey, you're wrapped." Kenny said as she came nose to chest with the taller woman. "Yep, right around her short little finger. My condolences." She gave out a burst of laughter as she left the room. They could still hear here as she got further down the hall.

"Tell me something Shrimp, do you really like her?"

"Yeah why?"

"Damn, and I was going to find a hamper to stuff her in." She pulled Beau through the door to start her rounds.

Beau was amazed at the medical knowledge that Chauncey had, numerous times she asked why she had done one procedure when another would have been easier and worked in the same way. Or suggested a much more extreme antibiotic treatment rather than a more time consuming one that would take longer to get the desired effects. They finished the last patient and were on their way to the locker room when Dr. Bertkins intercepted them.

"Dr. De La Croix, I was wondering when you would show up today." He took one look at her face and snickered. "Why did you come in, my God woman you could throw the patients in to arrest with that face."

"You certainly know how to give out compliments to build a girls ego." She self-consciously ran her finger across her nose. "Dr. Bertkins I'd like to introduce you to Chauncey Sebastian, she's been my eyes today."

Dr. Bertkins studied the tall dark woman before him, he looked above his glasses and a bright smile came to his face. "I'm very honored to meet you Dr. Sebastian."

Beau felt Chauncey quiver beside her when Dr. Bertkins used the title of doctor when he addressed her.

"Oohh she's not a doctor, she's a bouncer at the bar."

"I'm not mistaking Dr. De La Croix. This is Dr. Chauncey Saint Sebastian MD, top heart surgeon from St Johns Hospital. I just read her research paper on Myocardial ischemic disorders." He completely ignored the shocked look on Beau's face and the grey complexion that now covered Chauncey.

"I was especially interested in what you said about Paroxysmal Supraventricular Tachycardia."

Beau came out of her shocked state and interrupted Dr. Bertkins. "Excuse me sir but we really must be going, perhaps you can continue your discussion with DR. Sebastian at a later time." She never gave him a chance to say a word as she yanked Chauncey towards the locker room. Once inside she pushed her up against the wall and tried to look her in the eye.

"You're a heart surgeon!?! Why didn't you tell me!?" She turned from Chauncey and flung her hands in the air and stomped around the room. "Here I am trying to impress you with my medical knowledge and my heroic feats in the operating room and your one of the countries leading heart surgeons! How could you let me act like such an egotistical ass?!" She came right up against Chauncey's chest and leaned in to her. "Why didn't you tell me?" That's when she noticed the terrified look on Chauncey's face and her entire body trembling. "Ohh Gods, Chauncey are you all right?" Chauncey's eyes rolled back in her head and she slipped down the wall, Beau caught her before she landed on the floor and struggled to get her in a sitting position. Making sure that she wouldn't fall over, she ran for the intercom and paged Kenny.

"What's the problem?" Kenny asked as she peeked her head in to the locker room. "Tell me you didn't knock her out." She said when she saw her kneeling in front of Chauncey.

"She just passed out on me, help me get her on the couch. I think she had an anxiety attack or something." After they had her on the couch Beau checked her vital signs and looked at Kenny with a panic-stricken expression on her face. "Kenny there's something wrong, I can't find her heart beat!" She felt for a pulse at the side of her neck and then her wrist. Tears poured from her eyes as she panicked.

"Beau calm down and get the hell outta the way!" Kenny placed the stethoscope over Chauncey's chest and moved it back and forth and then stopped. She looked up into Beau's tear stained face. "Do you love her?"

"What the hell has that got to do with her not having a heart beat!"

"Just answer me, do you love her?"

"Yes damn it!" She dropped to her knees and buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

"Short stuff, get up here and listen." Kenny dragged her beside Chauncey and placed the stethoscope in her ears. "Her hearts on the wrong side of her chest."

Beau looked at Kenny and saw her nod her head. "Your Neanderthal's a medical mystery." She waved an ammonia capsule under Chauncey's nose and watched as her blue eyes blinked open and then a long fingered hand swipe at the awful smelling stuff. Before Chauncey could say a word, she was attacked by a hysterical blonde. Beau wrapped her arms around her neck and sobbed against her. Chauncey couldn't understand a word she was saying so she looked to a grinning Kenny.

"She thought you were dead. She didn't know that your heart's on the wrong side." Mouthing her last words to Chauncey she said. "She loves you." Then left the room.

Chauncey wrapped her arms around Beau and let the tears trail down her cheeks. With just knowing that the little blonde loved her, she felt the walls around her heart shatter in to thousands of pieces.

"Shrimpy lets go home." She whispered against Beau's small ear. She watched as a tear stained face rose from where it had been buried against the side of her neck. Wiping away the last of the tears, she gave her a small smile. "Let's get out of here, we need to have a talk." She pulled Beau down and placed a lingering kiss on her forehead.

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They lay on Beau's bed, propped up against the headboard with pillows. The lights were off with the glow of scented candles their only light. Chauncey took Beau's hands in her own and ran her fingers across the smaller ones, she loved the feel of the soft nimble fingers entwined with her own. "I stopped practicing medicine a few years ago due to an accident that tore my perfect world apart." She glanced sideways to see Beau watching her. "In all the years of doing heart surgery I never lost a patient, I couldn't lose a patient because I was perfect, I was higher than any God ever known to the human race. And then one horrible night it all came crashing down on top of me, reality smacked me so hard that I gave up everything that I had worked for because I finally seen that I wasn't perfect. I was human just like everyone else, so I did something that I never thought I would do, I ran."

Tears filled her eyes and flowed down her cheeks to drip off her strong jaw. She took a deep breathe and tried to smile at Beau. Her body started to tremble as memories flooded her mind. She felt Beau's strong arms wrap around her and pull her down to comfort her against her chest.

"It happened one night after I had just finished a triple by pass on an elderly man. I was on my way home when all of a sudden head lights blinded me and I lost control of my car."

The sound of squealing tires and tearing metal shattered the silent night, flames shot up from

where the two vehicles were fussed together. Chauncey moaned as she righted herself from where she had landed on the passenger's side of her small sports car. Pulling her body through the window, she stumbled to the other car to find a young woman slumped behind the wheel. Checking for vital signs she found a very weak pulse and on further examination she found that the woman's chest had a very large gash where the steel band that decorated the steering wheel had broken and punctured the woman's chest. Running back to her car she pulled her cell phone from her briefcase and called 911, then returned to the woman. Tearing the door open she carefully removed the woman from the car and carried her to a safe distance. As soon as she placed her on the ground both cars exploded in to flames.

Ripping the woman's shirt open she saw that the steel band had broken the breastbone and penetrated the chest cavity. Blood was spurting with each weak heartbeat, there was nothing she could do, she had lost her medical bag when her car exploded and had nothing to help the woman. She sat with her hands pressing over the wound and waited for the ambulance to arrive, what seemed like hours went by before she heard the sirens and then the lights of the approaching rescue squad. She ran to the edge of the road and flagged them down, within minutes she was in the back of the ambulance yelling orders to the paramedics as she used rib spreaders and opened the woman's chest. Reaching in with sponges she tried to see where the damage was, a grin came to her face when she saw that the superior vena cava had been severed by the steel band. This was a simple thing for her to fix, she had done thousands of them and could do them while sleeping. She ordered the paramedic to get her the instruments she needed to fix what she considered a simple problem.

Before she could start the resection of the SVC, they lost all vitals and the woman flat lined. They hung IV's and Chauncey started open heart massage. To no avail she was never able to get a heartbeat back; she continued to do the massage even as they rolled the gurney in to the hospital. When the other surgeons approached the table she went ballistic and refused to give up even after the woman was pronounced dead. Finally the chief surgeon tackled her and had a nurse inject a tranquilizer. She woke later to find herself strapped to a bed in the ICU unit.

"Being my stupid holier than thou self, I didn't know that I had sustained a potential paralyzing injury. I had three cracked vertebrae in my neck and two ruptured discs in my lower back." She wiped the tears from her face as she looked up into slit green eyes. "I spent six months in a hall in the hospital after they repaired my back, I had a lot of time to do some heavy thinking. The first time I went back in to the OR for a simple bypass procedure, as soon as I cracked the chest open I freaked and then passed out on the patient. I was put on mandatory leave and had to see the hospital shrink. I never saw the shrink and I've never been back to the hospital since. I can't do it anymore." She broke down sobbing against Beau's chest.

Beau held her tighter and whispered loving comforting words in to her ear; she rocked her back and forth in a soothing motion until she felt the deep even breathes of sleep. She went over everything that Chauncey had said to her and could see where the God complex would play a huge part in Chauncey's life. She remembered when she told her grandmother that she wanted to be a doctor, the long talks they had and how her grandmother had drilled in to her head that no matter what, she was just a human and if a patient died it was God's will and had nothing to do with her. That if she gave 110% of herself then the other 90% was the God's to give. A small

smile came to her face when she thought of how wise her grandmother was, she was a no holds barred type of woman and didn't hesitate to put someone in her place. She wished that she was here now to give Chauncey a good talking to. Resting her head on top of a dark head she closed her eyes and let sleep claim her.

Chauncey snuggled her face further in to the softness below her, she could feel the soft thump of a heartbeat, and a small smile graced her lips. The soft scent of Beau and her Jovan cologne filled her lungs, her heart did back flips when she remembered what Kenny had told her the night before. A soft moan came to her ears and then a small hand came down to smooth her hair and then rest on her cheek.

Green eyes opened a bit and took in the dark head resting on her left breast while a long fingered hand lay across the right. Her heart filled with over flowing love for this strong woman.

"I love you Dr Sebastian" She whispered close to the sleeping woman's ear. "With all my heart."

Tears flowed from blue eyes when she heard Beau's declaration with her own ears. Lifting her face up to look in to green eyes, she saw all the love the small woman had in her heart. Coming up on one elbow, she moved closer to soft pink lips. She hesitated for long moments and was about to pull away when she felt a small hand come behind her neck and pull her down. With the first touch of their lips, a feeling of electricity coursed through their bodies. Chauncey deepened the kiss and moaned when she felt Beau's tongue slid along hers. When the kiss broke they were both breathless, tears flowed from their eyes as their eyes locked.

"I love you Dr. De La Croix." Lowering her head Chauncey captured soft lips and stole Beau's breath away. Small hands moved down a long muscular back and worked their way under clothing to feel soft warm skin beneath her fingertips. She brought her hands around to cup full firm breasts and heard a low moan come from Chauncey. The kiss broke, Beau lifted Chauncey's shirt over her head and tossed the shirt to the floor. Taking Chauncey's breasts in her small hands she brought her lips to place a kiss over each breast. Rolling Chauncey over on to her back she straddled her hips and brought her head down to place a lingering kiss over the place where Chauncey's heart beat. Taking her scrub shirt from the bottom she went to pull it over her head but was stopped by strong hands covering hers.

"Let me." Chauncey said in a deep purring voice that sent shivers down Beau's spine. Chauncey sat up and removed the shirt, then brought her lips to the center of Beau's chest and kissed every inch of her warm skin. Running her fingers down a small ribcage she brought them back up to graze across rose-colored nipples and grinned when Beau moaned deep in her chest. Bringing her lips back to her chest, she kissed her way up to Beau's neck. Pulling the soft skin between her lips, she sucked gently. Beau moaned and pulled Chauncey's head tighter to her neck, she arched her back when she felt the tingles rush through her body to settle at her center. Bringing her legs around to wrap around Chauncey's waist she pressed her hips downward and moaned when her throbbing center made contact with Chauncey.

Releasing Beau's neck, Chauncey pulled back enough to look in to passion filled green eyes. She pulled her closer so that their breasts touched and sent an electrical charge through them. Rolling



them over she lay with her hips between Beau's thighs, kissing her way down her body she stopped when she came to the drawstring tie of her scrubs. Using her teeth, she pulled the tie free and worked the scrubs down slim hips. Running her hands up silky soft legs she moaned deeply when she came to Beau's neatly trimmed patch of blonde blond curls. Looking in to soft green eyes, she crawled her way up to place soft kisses upon her lips. Beau worked Chauncey's sweats down her hips, then used her feet to push them off long legs. Wrapping her thighs around a trim waist she pulled Chauncey down to her and groaned when she felt hard abs press in to her center. Rolling her hips she pressed her engorged clitoris against the warm skin as she kissed Chauncey deeply. Hands explored unknown flesh, memorizing each curve and texture. Chauncey moved her way down Beau's body with her lips, kissing and sucking each inch of skin until she came to soft curls. Rubbing her chin through the curls she grinned when Beau moaned and thrust her hips upward against her. She breathed in the scent of her lover's arousal and felt her mouth water. Slowly she brought her tongue down for her first taste of nectar, slipping her tongue down further, she felt Beau's center spasm against her tongue.

Beau's fingers tangled in long silky dark hair, pushing Chauncey's head down further she thrust her hips upward and wrapped a leg across a strong back. Her body tightened at the first touch of the warm tongue of her lover, she could feel her orgasm getting closer with each lick of Chauncey's tongue. She gasped when she felt herself opened and a warm tongue plunged in to her center.

Chauncey worked her tongue in and out of with the same rhythm that her thumb was performing on Beau's pulsing Clitoris. Her own body was reaching the pinnacle at a great speed; she could feel the wetness flowing from her throbbing center and the clenching of her muscles. Using every bit of will power she put her own release on the back burner and concentrated on pleasing her lover. Beaus shortened breathes reached her ears along with the soft moans that escaped her parted lips. Slipping two fingers in to Beau she took her hardened clitoris between her lips and sucked. Flicking her tongue across the very tip, she knew that Beau was close to going over.

"Don't...stop...aahh Gods..." Beau moaned as her fingers dug in to Chauncey's back and the mattress. A wave rushed from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, her back arched off the bed as the strongest orgasm she had ever had claimed her. She screamed out her release by yelling. "SAINT SEBASTIAN!"

Chauncey's body was wracked by an earth shattering orgasm when she felt Beau's center grip her fingers and spasm. Her back arched and hips thrust against the mattress. When her name was screamed out she went back over the edge as another orgasm tore through her body. When her mind cleared of the bright white light, she tipped her fingers up and hit a hardened spot within Beau. Torrents of juices flowed over her fingers and hand as Beau's second orgasm shook her body. Long minutes after their bodies had calmed, Chauncey crawled her way up to lay beside Beau and pull her in to her arms. Tears flowed down her cheeks as she cried, she felt gentle fingertips wipe the tears from her face and then soft lips claim her own. A feeling of completeness surrounded them as they held each other close.

"I love you Saint Sebastian."

Chauncey gave her a sweet smile then kissed her lips gently. "Shrimpy, I'm no Saint."

"You're my Saint and that's all that counts." She ran her fingers across pink lips and gazed in to dark blue eyes. "You are my heart."

Chauncey pulled her head to her chest and held her as they both cried silent tears of happiness. He empty feelings that they had both lived with was gone and replaced with a burning feeling that filled their hearts. Embraced tightly in each other's arms, they let slumber claim them.

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They woke hours later with a hunger neither could deny nor quench. After making love for another two hours, Chauncey rolled from the bed leaving Beau sound asleep. She stood beneath the shower spray and let it beat across her back. She leaned her head back and let the water wash down her face, dragging her hands across her eyes and down her face to linger on her neck, she felt a tenderness at the front. Turning the water off, she climbed from the shower and looked in the mirror. A huge grin came to her face when she saw the huge hickey that Beau had left.

"Little Shrimp has got some teeth on her." She towed off and walked to the bedroom naked. Pulling a pair of sweats and T-Shirt from Beau's dresser, she put on a show for the green eyes she knew were watching her. "Like what you see?" She purred from across the room.

"Ohh yeah! Whatcha doing outta bed?" She asked as she stretched and yawned.

"I thought that while you were sleeping that I'd run home and get some clothes and check my mail." She sauntered over to the bed and bent down to place a lingering kiss on Beau's lips. "Wanna come...with?" She asked with a glimmer in her eye. "I can make it worth you while." She ran a finger down Beau's nose and grinned. "My healing technique did wonders for the swelling."

"Excuse me?" Beau coughed out. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"The swellings gone down in your face, can hardly notice except for the little bit of bruising."

"Right. I don't believe you."

"Go look, I ain't lying about it."

Green eyes narrowed at her, Beau crawled from the bed and padded to the bathroom. She looked back over her shoulder to see intense blue eyes watching her. "I get it now! You just wanted to see my ass!"

An evil wicked grin came across Chauncey's face; she nodded her head and continued to devour her lover with her eyes.

"You got that part of it right."

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Chauncey had changed clothes; she now wore her traditional black Levi's and T-shirt. She pulled a black leather jacket over the top of it and picked up the backpack that she had thrown some clothes in. Dropping her glasses down over her eyes, she gave Beau an ear-splitting grin.

"I'm baaaack!" She purred close to her ear. "Let's go to the bar and turn some heads."

"That I can defiantly do with this face." She pouted and received a kiss for her troubles.

"You're beautiful to me and that's all that counts."

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Beau walked in to the bar and headed right over to where Jeri and Kenny were standing talking to the hyena woman. Beau shook her head and prepared herself for the whiny voice.

"Hey guys, ya miss me?" She asked as she climbed up in to Kenny's lap and kissed her cheek."

"Damn Beau, Kenny told me that your nose was broke but I didn't think you'd look like a raccoon."

"Gee thanks Jeri. I never have to worry about getting a big head around you."

Jeri leaned up on to the bar and came eye to eye with Beau. "So where's your Neanderthal?"

Hyena woman became all ears; she had hoped that she had a chance with the gorgeous doctor. That is why she was torturing herself by hanging around the un-couth Kendra. She wondered whom this Neanderthal was that the doctor was waiting for.

"She's checking on her truck, she wanted to make sure it was still in one piece."

"She didn't have to worry; ever since she got run over we've had off duty cops out there." Jeri pulled herself up on the bar and pulled Beau's shirt collar to the side. A huge grin came to her lips; she then let out a howl that took ten years off Beau's life.

"What the hell Jeri!?"

"It's about damn time short stuff, is she good?" She wiggled her brows at her and then looked up when she saw a tall shadow come through the door. "There's your woman, better get off my wives lap before Neanderthal kills her."

Beau climbed down and turned to watch Chauncey saunter across the room, her heart beat a staccato as she caught the slight grin on her lips. Chauncey made sure that every one knew she was back, the first drunk that touched her, she tossed out the door. From then on, the crowd

parted like the red sea for her. She scanned the crowd and found a small blond watching her from across the room. Each time someone got in her way she let out a growl until the coast was clear all the way, to where Beau stood. She knew that all eyes were on her as she walked to the bar, it was common knowledge that she never left the back wall except for to break up a fight. She was enjoying the hell out of this and would give everyone a coronary. She came toe to toe with Beau, bending down at the waist she wrapped her arms around Beau and picked her up. Beau wrapped her legs around her lover's waist and laced her hands behind her neck. Their eyes locked and held, Chauncey leaned forward and captured her lover's lips in a breath-stealing kiss. When it broke, Beau was gasping for air and clinging to Chauncey's neck for dear life. She dropped her head down and buried her face against her lover's neck.

"Well I guess that answers that question!" Hyena woman huffed then left the bar to go stomping away. Kenny started snickering until it became an all out gut busting laugh. Everyone around her gave her funny looks and moved a distance away.

"Kenny it's not funny!" Jeri said as she smacked her in the shoulder with her bar towel. Then started laughing herself when she noticed all the jaws dropped around the bar. She almost fell on the floor when Chauncey went up to the DJ and spoke in to his ear. The next song he played was *Shameless* by *Garth Brooks*. She pulled Beau in to her arms and held her close, she pulled back to look in to tear filled green eyes and sang to her.

Chauncey wiped the tears from her lover's face and gave her a smile that made her heart stop. "I am ya know, shameless." She kissed her softly then led her to the bar where she lifted her up to sit on the edge. Moving in between her legs, she wrapped her arms around her waist and rested her head against her breasts. She stood there until Jeri smacked her in the shoulder.

"It's about time you big bone head! You two belong together."

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The entire night they clung to each other, one set of eyes were continuously watching the once cold and distant Cooler, amazed that the little doctor could change her in such a short period. He had hoped that she would remain cold, unfeeling, and alone for what she had done. He watched them as they left the bar hand in hand.

"I will make you pay for what you did to my life." He mumbled under his breath.

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Beau had Chauncey's cloths off before they could even get to the bedroom. She pushed her back on to the couch then dropped down between her thighs, placing them up on her shoulders; she nipped the tender flesh until she came to dark curls. Taking a deep breathe she exhaled against throbbing flesh and grinned when a gasp came from her lover's lips. Tilting her head to the side, she began to French kiss her lover's center; long fingers tangled in her short hair and pressed her closer. Moaning deep in her chest caused Chauncey to thrust her hips in to her. Mere minutes later Chauncey was screaming her release, her head fell back on the couch as she gasped for air.

Beau with a huge grin on her face stripped out of her clothes and climbed on to her lover's lap to straddle her thighs. Taking a nipple between her lips she sucked until it became hard, she rolled the other between her fingers and felt Chauncey's hips thrust beneath her. Her surprise came when she felt two fingers enter her, she ground down on them and thrust forward. She could feel her climax fast approaching. Chauncey raised her hips and thrust against her own hand; pulling Beau's face to her, she captured her lips and kissed her deeply.

Beau broke the kiss, bucked against her lover, and then sent them both over the edge in to oblivion. They collapsed against each other, gasping for air Chauncey started to chuckle until it became a snorting laugh.

"Hey! What's so funny?" Beau gave her a smack on her head and gave her best glare. "That's the last time I take advantage of you!"

Chauncey sobered as she looked into the flaming green eyes. "Sorry Shrimpy...it's just that...no one has ever done this to me."

"Done what?"

"You know...rip my clothes off, throw me down and flip my world on end."

"I did that?" A huge toothy grin came over Beau's face. "Good! Now let's see if I can make you walk funny for a week."

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Beau stumbled in to the locker room and looked at an equally tired Kenny. "Hey Studmeister, can we go home now?"

"I wish! I'm beat, my ass hurts, my legs feel like they ran the Boston Marathon and I never want to see another beer keg for the rest of my life!" She dropped down on to a bench with a loud groan.

"You guys and your rough sex, I tell ya it'll kill you one of these days."

"I never said I had sex last night. It was carrying all those damn full kegs of beer that almost killed me!" She rubbed her shoulder and groaned some more. "I've been carrying those things ever since Chauncey got hurt, I don't know how she can do it night after night."

"Easy, she's my Neanderthal."

"Uuhh huh and what condition is she in today?"

"Still sleeping and later she'll find out that she's not as flexible as she thought she was." She left Kenny with her mouth hanging open as she walked out laughing evilly.

During Beau's rounds, she had a feeling of anticipation; she rushed from patient to patient trying to get done so that she could get home and changed. She was to meet Chauncey at the bar that night and then go out for a late supper. She kept checking her watch only to see that one whole minute had passed.

"Chauncey had finished talking to one of the off duty officers that was staking out the parking lot. She was glad to see that the owner of the bar was taking the attack on her seriously and preventing others from being injured or worse as well. She pulled the door open to the bar and was surprised when the men smiled at her and slapped her on the back. Never before had they accepted her for the lifestyle she led, until Beau entered her life. She looked over to where Kenny was standing guard over her wife but did not see her lover; she checked her watch and realized that Beau still had an hour before she would be getting off work. Sighing she took her place against the wall to watch the activities around her.

Beau did not bother going home to change; she left from the hospital in her scrubs and drove right over to the bar. Slamming her car door closed she took off at a sprint towards the bars door; she jumped through as a man came out and just about knocked him over. Squinting her eye's she scanned the room for her lover and found her in her usual place. Taking a deep calming breath, she sauntered up to stand in front of her.

"Got any teeth?" She asked with a serious look on her face.

"Wanna feel them Shrimpy?" A brilliant smile came to Chauncey's face that almost sent Beau to the floor.

"You keep smiling at me like that and you'll have to perform CPR on me."

"I'll perform any way you want."

Beau wiggled her eyebrows at her and then licked her lips. "Really?" She purred.

"Come on let me buy you chocolate milk." Chauncey took her hand and led her over to where Kenny was. Bending down, she gave Beau a passion filled kiss that left her lover gripping the edge of the bar to keep from falling over.

The night flew past quickly, before they knew it the lights had come on and the last of the patrons were ushered out the door by Chauncey's crew. She had finished setting new kegs in place early so that they could leave as soon as the place was empty. She stood with Beau at her side waiting for Kenny and Jeri to join them. They had plans on going to Denny's for something to eat before heading home. She didn't know if she could stand to sit in a restaurant for to long considering Beau kept running her hand up the inside of her thigh. Kenny came towards them dragging Jeri behind her. A huge grin came to her face when she saw where Beau's hand was.

"Come on short stuff, no kinky stuff until you two get home."

They walked in to the parking lot to find only a handful of cars still sitting around. They had

decided earlier that they would take Beau's car and then swing back by to collect the others. Kenny kept trying to climb on Jeri's back to get her to carry her to the car. In the process, she was using Beau's shoulder to hike herself up. The four of them looked like a group of drunks as they pushed and shoved each other. They never paid attention to the lone figure watching them from over the roof of a dark Impala.

"Come on Baby just carry me to the car. If you do, I'll let you have your way with me."

"Kenny I have my way no matter what." Jeri said as she kicked her wife in her ass. Some how Beau had gotten caught in between the two of them. She was trying to wrap her arms around their necks and head but then when a loud crack split the air. Kenny fell in to her and moaned, another crack sounded and the next thing she knew they were all in a heap on the ground and Chauncey was telling them to stay down. The next instant more cracks were heard and yelling. Chauncey came to her feet and looked to where the off duty officer was flipping a man over on the ground. He looked up when he saw her and asked if every one was OK.

"I think so, is he dead?"

"Yes ma'am."

Chauncey turned when she heard Beau's scream of "NO!" She dropped down to see Beau's scrub shirt and hands covered with blood. Panic struck her chest; she went immediately to her lover and checked her for wounds.

"Chauncey its Jeri, she's been shot!" Tears flowed down Beau's face as she pressed her hands over her cousin's chest. Blood soaked her shirt and seeped from between Beau's fingers. Chauncey looked at Kenny who was still lying on the ground; she flipped her over to see the upper right side of her shirt stained with blood.

"FUCK!" Chauncey jumped up and screamed for the officer to call for an ambulance. She dropped down next to Beau and told her to check on Kenny. She tore Jeri's shirt down the middle and groaned when she saw the bullet hole over her left breast. Ripping the rest of her shirt off, she made a pressure bandage and held it over the wound. She looked to see that Beau was doing the same with Kenny.

"How is she?" She said controlling her voice.

"It went right through her shoulder, where the fuck is the ambulance!"

Chauncey could see the fear in her eyes; she tried to communicate with her through her eyes alone. "They're on the way, they'll be ok. I promise."

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It was like was like a replay of the past for Chauncey, she was straddling Jeri's hips as the paramedics pushed them through the ER.

Dr. Bertkins came jogging up to the gurney and recognized Jeri. "OR number two is all ready, take her right up." He then saw that Beau was jogging beside the other gurney that held his other surgeon. "Beau what the hell happened?"

"Someone at the bar tried to kill us!" She let the nurses take Kenny in to the elevator. "What OR is Jeri going to?"

"Number two. Can you do this Beau?" He looked down in to stormy green eyes.

"I want Sebastian in there with me!"

"Beau, she's not on the..."

"I DON'T GIVE A FUCK! SHE'S THE BEST AND JERI'S ONLY CHANCE!"

"OK, you convince her." He shook his head then took the stairs to the OR that Kenny was being taken to. Beau ran down the hallway towards the other stairs, once she was on the second floor she burst through the door to the scrub room and found Chauncey sitting up against the wall. She dropped down to eye level and lifted her lovers face up to hers. Locking eyes with her, she saw that she was lost in her own world.

"I need you Chauncey, Jeri needs you."

Blue eyes focused and took in the pleading green eyes. "I can't Beau, I can't go in there." Tears filled her eyes and her entire body started to shake.

"Don't give me that shit! Now get your ass up and get scrubbed! You are going in there with me and we are going to save Jeri's life! NOW MOVE IT!" She pulled Chauncey to her feet, pulled her sweaty T-shirt off, and handed her a pair of scrubs. "I'm going to scrub and I expect you right beside me in two seconds!" She went over to the sink and started scrubbing with the antibacterial soap; she glanced to her side and saw that Chauncey was pulling a pair of scrub bottoms on and a pair of bootees. A small smile came to her face when her lover came to scrub beside her.

"We can do this." She whispered loud enough for Chauncey to hear her.

Once they were both gowned and gloved, the nurses pulled the shields down in front of their eyes and backed up from where Jeri was lying on the OR table. Out of habit, Chauncey checked the X-rays and then the vitals. She glanced over to Beau and a small nervous smile came to her blue eyes.

"We can do this, you're opening. I'll assist." Beau watched as her lover took a deep breath and nodded.

"OK, let's go."



They stood across the table from each other; Beau looked in to Chauncey's eyes and nodded.

"OK people, I need suction as soon as I open." She made the first incision and called for the rib spreaders, she reached out a hand and as soon as the instrument was placed in her hand, she saw her hand start to shake. The next second she felt a small hand touch her lower back.

"I'm right here with you."

She took a deep breath to steady her rapid heartbeat. "We have any music in here?"

"Yes Doctor, what kind do you want?" One of the nurses asked.

"Beethoven's fifth piano concerto."

Beau gave her an amused look then went back to see long nimble fingers working magic. Chauncey had the rib spreaders in place; she pointed to where she wanted the suction and saw that it was Beau who answered her call. As soon as the area was clear, they could see that the bullet had nicked the aorta.

"30 silk, forceps and slip a sponge in there. Beau see if you can find that damn bullet." She stepped away from the table and searched the instrument tray for what she needed.

"I got it Chauncey; it was lodged in the ribcage. I cauterized the area and it's clean."

"Good, now lets get this fixed so she can kick Kenny's ass."

Beau watched as Chauncey used a pair of bent forceps to suture the aorta. She was confused by the way she was tying the sutures off and asked what they were called.

"Oohh I call them, I can't tie a knot knot."

"Huh? You're kidding right?"

"Nope, I was twenty before I could tie my shoes so..."

Beau smiled and shook her head at her lover's weird sense of humor.

"What's our vitals say?" Chauncey asked as she looked up but continued to suture.

"We're good, she's steady and holding."

"Hang another bag of plasma and let's get her outta here." She turned to Beau, handed her the forceps and stepped aside.

"OK Shrimpy, lets see your cross stitching."

Beau made sure that nothing that wasn't supposed to be in Jeri's chest was removed; she removed the rib spreaders, and started closing. She tied the last suture off when the fifth concerto ended.

"Damn we're good!" Chauncey said as she wrapped an arm around her lover and walked them from the OR. "Let's go check on Kenny." As soon as they took off their soiled gowns, Beau launched herself in to her lover's arms.

"Thank you. I couldn't have operated on her alone."

"Bullshit, I couldn't have done it alone. You're my strength." They held on to each other for long minutes until Dr. Bertkins came in to the room.

"Doctors, there's a pissed off surgeon down the hall that wants some news."

"Yes sir, going there right now." Beau answered as she took her lover's hand.

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They walked into the room to find Kenny fighting with the nurse, she was trying to put her own IV in and the nurse was holding above her head. Doc Kenny, I refuse to let you do this. Now behave yourself or I'll jab you in the ass!"

"Jab her in the ass anyway, she deserves it." Beau said from behind the nurse. "I'll take care of it, go ahead and take a break."

"Thanks Doc Beau." She said as she stuck her tongue out at Kenny.

"All right you two, how's my wife and don't lie to me!" Her caramel colored eyes drilled in to both of them.

"She should be going in to recovery as we speak. The bullet nicked her aorta and lodged in the ribcage."

"So you fixed her?" Kenny looked to Beau.

"Nope, my Neanderthal did." She smiled proudly up at her lover. "I've never seen anything like it in my entire life. She sutures without looking!"

"WHAT!" Kenny yelled.

"I won't tell you that she can't tie her shoes either."

Kenny fell back in the bed and groaned. "I'm going to kill you both!" She closed her eyes and fell apart. Beau sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her in to her arms.

"She had the top heart surgeon from St. Johns working on her. She's going to be fine."

In between her sobs Kenny asked her who the surgeon was.

"Doctor Chauncey Saint Sebastian MD."

She pulled back to look Beau in the eye. "You're not kidding are you?"

"Nope." She grinned down at her. "Think you can get in a chair?"

"I can do the Boston marathon if I have to."

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The three of them sat in Jeri's room waiting for her to wake up, Chauncey kept an eye on Kenny to make sure she wasn't over taxing herself. She refused to take the bed next to her wife; she wanted to be right next to her when she woke up. Beau was cuddled up in her lap sound asleep, her soft snores and snorts were endearing to Chauncey and she couldn't help but smile every time Beau mumbled something in her sleep. The officer who had shot the gunmen had come to give Chauncey his identity and to report that he was also the one who had run her down in the parking lot. The second he said the name her heart leapt in her chest, he was the husband of the woman that she had tried to save years ago. They had confiscated newspaper articles and other incriminating evidence that he had been stalking her for a long time.

She felt a closure now, she was free from the past and it all was because of a stubborn little blond and a gunman who wanted her dead. She would never look back; she had a future now with the most important person in the world. She was brought from her meandering s when she heard a soft moan come from Jeri; she nudged Beau and nodded her head in Jeri's direction. Beau climbed stiffly from her lovers lap and took a spot next to her cousin's bed.

"Hey gorgeous, how do you feel?"

Blurry hazel eyes looked up at her, a small smile came to her face when she saw that it was Beau.

"Like someone jumped up and down on my chest." She ran her fingers across the breathing tube in her nose. "Do I have to have this?"

Beau looked to her lover and saw her nod her head no. "I'll take it out for you, but you're going to wear an oxygen mask."

"OK, where's Kenny? Is she OK?"

Beau smiled down at her worried cousin and pointed to where Kenny was sound asleep in her wheel chair.

"I told you two about that rough sex."

"Beau what happened?"

Chauncey stepped closer to the bed and took Jeri's hand. "Some asshole shot at us. The bullet went through the back of Kenny's shoulder and hit you in your chest. We had to do open heart surgery to repair your aorta."

Beau smacked her lover in the stomach and glared at her. "No we about it. Chauncey repaired your heart; I just stood there in awe."

Jeri gave a quizzical look at both of them. "You let the Cooler operate on me?!"

Beau told her the same thing that she had told her wife and couldn't help but laugh when Jeri's mouth feel open.

"Damn! I can't get much luckier than having three surgeons in the family."

"There you juveniles are!" Dr. Bertkins said from the doorway. "Dr. De La Croix, about that envelope I gave you the other day. Have you even looked at it?"

Beau's face turned a pink color, she had forgotten all about it with everything that had happened. "No Sir I haven't, I promise I'll look at it tonight when we get home."

"No need, I just happen to have a copy here with me. I should have given it to Dr. Sebastian to begin with." He handed Chauncey the papers and stood with his arms crossed over his chest. "I need an answer with in the next five minutes."

Chauncey looked at him with wide eyes. "Sir?"

"I'm offering you a job, to head the surgical unit. I'm retiring in..." He looked at his watch then back to her. "Four minutes."

Chauncey looked at the papers then to her lover. "Beau?" Green eyes filled with tears as Beau realized what was happening. Chauncey moved in front of her lover, she leaned down and gave her a sweet kiss. Her eyes misted as she saw all the love showing in a pair of emerald green eyes.

"Two minutes Dr. Sebastian."

She turned to face Dr. Bertkins, taking a deep breathe she said. "Yes."

"Good. Here's the key to your office. I'll be by tomorrow at 0530 to get you started then I'm off to Florida, nude beaches and college coeds."

Beau launched herself in to her lover's arms and sobbed.

"Why the tears Shrimpy?"

"Because now I have to answer to a Neanderthal!" She pulled back and kissed her lover deeply.  
"I love you boss lady."

"Hey this ain't fair!" Kenny said from just waking up. "What did I miss?"

"A whole lot Studmeister, a whole lot!" Jeri remarked.

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Three months later the four of them were back in the bar in what was now their usual place. Jeri gave up her job to go back to college and get her OR nursing degree and Chauncey went full throttle in to turning City hospital in to one of the leading surgical institutes in West Virginia. She made Beau her wife along with promoting her to assistant head surgeon and Kenny to head up the ER. After selling all three of their houses they combined the money and bought one huge house that they shared. When not working they sat on the back deck and gazed out at part of the 100 acres of woods and open fields and looked to the future.

The end.

Mender of Souls

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