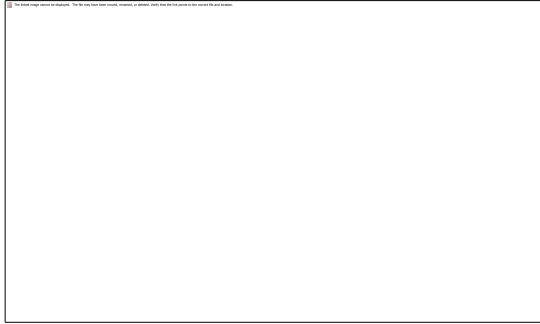


~ Reason of Insanity ~

by Larisa



Disclaimer: Yeahyeahyeah, I know all about this and so does everyone else.

Violence: Yep

Sex: Not me but my characters get plenty.

The age thing: If you ain't old enough and wear footy PJ's, go away until you look good in a skimpy

teddy!

Thanks to Lesia, Ri, Maggie, Thorie and to WebWarrior and Bardeyes.

Reason of Insanity

By Larisa

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The Judge slammed his gavel down on his desk half a dozen times to bring order to the courtroom. This had been one of the worst mass murder cases he had in a long time; the defendant Albert J. Johnston had gone into the building where his wife worked, carrying two fully loaded Berettas. The second he came through the front door, he opened fire on the people in the lobby and the joining hallway. He killed nine people before he got to his wife's office, when he entered her office, he emptied the remaining bullets into her body and left before the police got there.

It took the police four hours to track him down and apprehend him by use of tazers. Two of the police officers were injured in the process and were taken to the hospital with broken bones, cuts, and bruises. After the fight Johnston was handcuffed and shackled for his ride to the county lock-up. Now the day of his sentencing, the jury had finished reading a not guilty by reason of insanity. Judge Harris knew that the public and surviving family members would be out for blood. He didn't blame them for one second, he would love to flip the switch on the electric chair and fry the asshole for what he had done. His only hope was that Johnston would never see the light of day of the free world.

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Six months later, the Special Prosecuting Attorney Sylvie Jonis, Judge Harris and Psychiatrist Blade Williams sat in his chambers looking over reports and records from the state mental institution along with a couple of letters from a widow of a former patient.

"Something is going on in there and I don't like it one bit." Sylvie eyed the Judge. "I bust my ass in the court room and the defendants get off because of that asshole head shrinker saying they're a head case and now they're released after a miracle cure?" She blushed when she looked to Dr. Williams. "Sorry Blade, nothing against you, it's just not right what's going on. Now, we have a patient who ends up swinging from the light fixture in his room; two days later the joint checking account that he and his wife had is emptied without her knowledge, and his treating shrinker ends up dead as well?" She ran her fingers through her curly blonde hair and looked to the Judge. "What is going on in there?"

Dr. Williams slid a folder across the desk to the Judge. "What have the police said about this Dr. Chism; is it a suicide or something else?"

"So far it's just a suicide, death by overdose. They found two empty sleeping pill bottles beside him; they belonged to his late wife who died from cancer a few years ago."

Pale blue eyes drilled into the Judge's deep brown orbs and then skipped over to hazel. "You two want me to go in there and do what, find out what's going on?"

The Judge cracked a small smile and nodded his head. "We've got four patients that were committed after they were sentenced guilty for reason of insanity; each one was responsible for heinous crimes that took lives. What's worse is that over the last two years, they've been released. Now we have one dead doctor and his patient that spends money from the grave. And one Albert J. Johnston that has gone missing from the nut house."

Blade leaned back in her chair and looked between Jonis and Harris. "I'm not a cop, I'm a head shrinker; can't you get the FBI or some other agency in there?"

Jonis placed her small hand on Blade's forearm, her hazel eyes pleaded with Blade. "You're the only one that has the medical knowledge and can tell if these people are really crazy or something else is going on in there. Besides, we all know that you can kick ass if you have to." She grinned up into narrowed blue eyes.

"Blade, no one knows you around here; you've never been on the witness stand as an expert and I know that none of the patients have ever been hunted down by the FBI. So that means you can go in there and be a fresh new face..."

"And snoop around and possibly be locked up with the most dangerous person in the place." She dropped her head, took a deep breath and replied. "OK, but if I so much as get spit on, I'm coming after you two! I hate being around crazy people, that's why I went into profiling." Brushing her dark bangs out of her eyes, she gave them an evil grin. "After this is over with, you two owe me big time; I want a bottle of Remy Martin so I can drink myself stupid."

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The psychiatric nurses flipped the lights on in the hallways and prepared for the beginning of

Hell. Those who were stupid enough to work the dayshift hours had to put up with the well-rested nuts. After sometimes ten hours or more of sleep, they were a rowdy bunch to control. The only good ones were the ones who were confined because of being dangerous, or the ones in a different world that they just sat and stared off into oblivion. Dr. Blade Williams just happened to be the new kid on the block and got stuck with dayshift. She ran her new ID badge through the reader on the door and heard the click of the lock. Walking to the next set of doors, she repeated the process and was finally in the lower lobby of the four-story building that housed all types of mentally disturbed patients. She walked up to a plexi glass enclosed work area and showed her badge to the black male nurse inside. "I'm Dr. Williams; I'm here to see Freddie."

"That's me, Dr. Williams; I'll buzz you through the side door there." She heard the buzz, and then the lock click open before her; opening the door, she stepped into the area that opened up into the general ward. Freddie was a huge man that stood a good six inches taller than her own six foot. He held out a huge paw and gave her a firm handshake. "Boy am I glad to have you here." He gave her a toothy grin. "Since Dr. Chism passed away I've been the only one upstairs that can write out scripts for meds."

"What about the other RN's around here or the doctors?"

He gave her a deep laugh and clapped her on her shoulder. "You couldn't pay them enough to go upstairs, that's where all the real nuts are. The other two floors are the rich people who need a vacation from reality and the Alzheimer sufferers. We got everything else upstairs; now don't get me wrong, not all of them are dangerous. We have your typical Alien Abductees, Pharos, Queens, Presidents, Martin Luther King, Elvis, Jimmy Hendrix, Batman, and my favorite one of all, my little baby Sweetpea." He opened the door for Blade and waited until she walked ahead of him. "I'll give you the basic run down on the ones we have up there and then you can look over their files when you get a chance."

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She followed alongside of Freddie and stopped outside a closed door with a screen-covered window. "This one here we don't go in unless there's three or four of us."

"What's the problem with..." She looked through the small window and seen a thin bleach blonde woman with crazed brown eyes rocking in a corner of the padded room.

"Classic paranoid Schizophrenic with both audio and TV reception."

A dark brow rose over a pale blue eye. "TV reception?"

"Yeah, she says that she gets messages through the TV." He grinned at Blade. "When she's being good, I run the TV antennae wire in there for her to hold. Damndest thing is, we get different channels when she holds it, and it's great during football season."

They continued down the hall to another room where a man was standing in front of the window combing his pompadour. "Let me guess, this is the King." Freddie nodded his head and tapped a

rhythm on the door, the King started to sing *Don't be cruel* in perfect imitation of Elvis. "He ain't bad, sounds just like Elvis." She watched the man dance around his padded room and wondered about all the others. "How many live concerts do you have up here in a week?"

"A week? Try everyday, just wait until you see Momma Cass and Elvis do their duet."

Blade rolled her eyes and followed after Freddie, they stopped outside of the main TV and game room. Various patients were roaming around in trances or playing with the TV remotes trying to turn each other on or off with them. Freddie's dark bushy brows drew down over his nose when he noticed that a certain someone was missing. "Now where is she this time?"

"Where's who and does this person disappear often?"

"My little Sweetpea, she likes to hide but only when she's gotten into something."

"Tell me about her; what's the general diagnosis on her?"

"Antisocial at times, loud outbursts, mischievous, possible multiple personality syndrome; you name it, she shows it." He grinned down at Blade. "But she's my little Sweetpea; she reminds me of my daughters when they were four and five." He closed the door to the TV room and led Blade down to the last room on the right. "This is her room but I have no idea where she's hiding, if you want to start on one side, I'll take the other and first one who finds her gives a yell."

"How will I know if I find her?"

"Easy, she's only about five foot four and will smack you with her stuffed Snoopy."

"Ooohh OK, that helps." She ran a hand through her bangs and sighed. "Good thing I had brains enough to wear old clothes." She pulled on the collar of her sweatshirt and pushed the sleeves up before opening the door to one of the rooms. Looking into each corner, she then stepped all the way in and looked under the bed and in the wardrobe. When she found nothing, she went on to the next room and did the same. Ten rooms later, she was beginning to believe in Alien abductions since she nor had Freddie found his Sweetpea. Then she thought to herself. "*Maybe he's really a patient and Sweetpea's a figment of his imagination.*" Opening the last door, she stepped in, looked around but was not prepared for the body that jumped on to her back, wrapped an arm around her eyes, legs around her waist and started beating her with a stuffed Snoopy. She staggered from the squirming weight and made it out into the hallway.

"FREDDIE!" She yelled and stumbled head first into the wall. "God damn, will you get off me!" She tried to free the arm from her head and found that the little person had Herculean strength.

"Sweetpea, let go of Dr. Williams!" He took one look at her face and knew where she had been and what she had gotten into. "Come on Sweetpea, I've got a Snicker bar in my lunch for you." Green eyes pinned the tall black man where he stood, she tilted her head to the side and gave him an impish grin before sliding down off Blade's back. Loping over to him, she took his hand and looked to where Blade was leaning against the wall gasping for air. Sweetpea held up her

raggedy Snoopy at her and swung him by his ears trying to hit her in the head. Blade ducked and stuck her tongue out at her. *"That was real mature Blade."* She said to herself.

"Be nice, Sweetpea." He ruffled her messy short blonde hair. "Go wash the chocolate off your face and hands and I'll get your candy bar." He smiled when she made a wide berth of Blade and loped sideways down the hall swinging her Snoopy by his ears.

"That is your little baby Sweetpea?" Blade wiped the chocolate from her neck and noticed that she had a small chocolate handprint over her left breast.

"That was her; I forgot to tell you that she climbs like a spider monkey and is like Rocky the flying squirrel. She's usually not this wired but one of the patients got a care package yesterday and she found it."

"Don't tell me, chocolate makes her hyperactive." Blade tried to untangle her hair from the chocolate mess and gave up on it. Freddie laughed and placed a hand on Blade's shoulder.

"If you have a piece of chocolate, she'll find you before you can take the next breath. She's like a little blood hound when it comes to junk food."

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Freddie took Blade to the office she would be using to both work on cases and treat patients. It was actually two rooms, one larger with a couch and a couple of chairs in it and a coffee table. The office part was barren of anything except for the desk and a metal filing cabinet.

"It's not much but around here we normally only have maybe twenty patients at any given time." He handed her a new set of keys to the doors and a hospital pager. "Before I forget, your first patient today that you'll have is Sweetpea." Blade rolled her eyes and ran a hand across her face.

"Just great, should I have candy to keep her from beating me with Snoopy?"

"Ohh she knows if she causes trouble for the doctor, that she won't get any candy. I keep Hershey kisses in the top desk drawer for after she's done." He pulled the drawer open to show the candy and then pulled a thick file from the filling cabinet. "This is hers; it's up to the day before Dr. Chism died."

"You're more than a psychiatric nurse aren't you?"

"Well, Dr. Chism couldn't handle all the work he had so I kinda filled in as his secretary. I've kept the files now going on 23 years and been on this floor for almost 26." He saw the quizzical look on her face and gave her a loud chuckle. "And no I'm not a patient here, although my wife and kids threaten to make me stay here permanently sometimes. If you need me, just dial star 32 and it'll page me."

"Thanks Freddie, you've been a great help this morning." She watched as the giant of a man left

the small office and closed the door. Taking a seat in the uncomfortable desk chair, she almost flipped backwards when she leaned back. Grabbing the edge of the desk and cussing like a sailor, she got out of the chair and saw nuts and bolts lying on the floor. "My first day and already someone's trying to kill me!" Pulling her cell phone off her belt, she dialed Jonis' number and waited for her to pick up.

"When I'm done here you will owe me two bottles of Martin!"

"What's the matter Blade; it can't be that bad, you've only been there two hours."

"Two hours too long! I've got chocolate in my hair, all over my shirt and I got jumped by Sweetpea!" She looked down at her chair and decided that maybe the couch in the other room was safer. "Not only that, I was almost killed when I sat down in my desk chair, someone took the bolts out of it."

"What is a Sweetpea, and are you done whining Blade?"

"One of my patients, and yeah, thanks for letting rant your ears off. Any ideas where I should start?"

"Search through the files on the names that I gave you and see if there's any clinical changes from the time the patient got there to their release date. And I want to know about the dead guy, you know if he was unstable before hand or this was a complete surprise."

"As soon as I find anything I'll call you and let Harris know he's paying for all the chocolate I need to survive in this place."

"What the Hell do you need chocolate for?"

"That little monster Sweetpea, it's the bribery system with her." She hung up the phone and then went to get Sweetpea's file, from the size of it, she thought that the woman had been there most of her life. Flipping open the file, she looked at the mug shot of the little monster. The green eyes were dark with gold flecks mixed in, what got her was the blankness that stared out at her. "Hello any one in there? Let's see what your problem is Sweetpea."

Porter, Quentin T.

DOB 1972 Female, Caucasian.

No living relatives.

Patient was checked in by the Leesburg county police department for disorderly conduct after escaping from a nearby halfway house for the mentally challenged. Patient has a long history of violent outbursts that drop into an antisocial period that have lasted as long as two months where she refuses to allow anyone near her. At an early period in her stay here, she barricaded herself and one other patient in the lounge area and broke into the candy machines. She escaped the lounge area by crawling through the air conditioning vent and back into the group area where she sold or traded the candy to the other patients. Orderlies who injected her with a strong

tranquilizer and strapped her down to her bed finally subdued her.

At this time, I know that she has possibly two or three different personalities and maybe more with longer treatments of both counseling and drug treatment. Dr. Randolph has offered to try shock treatments to get the brain waves back into alignment. I have discouraged this after what happened the last time.

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Blade skipped to the last few pages to see what Dr. Chism had covered with her before his death. She would take the files home with her and read them all there where she could relax and absorb more.

Sept. 23 2002

Quentin shows no change in her behavior, it has been months since she has been here and she has yet to speak except in a guttural language to me. I know she speaks because the other patients have told me this. We cannot keep her locked in her room either, she can be tied down or put in a straight jacket and can still manage to get free. The night nursing staff found her on the second floor watching TV with the security guard.

"Just lovely, she's a regular Houdini." Closing the folder, she closed her eyes and leaned back into the couch.

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Sweetpea snuck close to the door to Blades office and peeked between the door and the door jam, easing the door open; she stepped into the room and crept in front of Blade. She tilted her head to the side and raised one side of her upper lip to show a sharp canine tooth. Gripping Snoopy by his ear, she swung him over her head and brought the stuffed dog down on Blades head. When pale blue eyes opened, she jumped up on top of the couch and hit her again.

"You rotten little monster!" Blade yelled and ducked her head and felt Snoopy bounce off the back of her neck, she scurried to the floor on her hands and knees and tried to get behind Sweetpea. "You just wait until I catch you!" She jumped up, reached for the small woman and fell over the back of the couch to land on the cushions. Sweetpea took the opportunity to pounce on her back and beat her over the head with Snoopy making grunting sounds with each hit. Blade pulled herself to the side of the couch and fell off onto the floor, rising up to her knees; she sat up and tried to dislodge Sweetpea from her back. All it did was make her hold on around her neck and choke her. "Quentin get off me!" The battering stopped for a whole second before Blade let out a loud yell when sharp little teeth bit her ear. "That's it, you're a dead woman!" Blade fell backwards and smashed Sweetpea to the floor, breaking the hold on her neck, she pinned both of her arms to the floor and straddled her trim hips.

Blade narrowed her eyes, her dark brows dipped over her straight nose and she growled close to Sweetpea' face. "Are you insane? Well that's a stupid question since we're in a nut house!" She

jerked her head back and grimaced when Sweetpea tried to lick her. "I'm gonna rip Snoopy's head off if you don't stop beating me with him."

Sweetpea flexed her legs and pushed her hips upward into Blade. "Who's your daddy?" She yelled loud enough to make Blade cringe. "Gimme candy!" Her feet made little squeaking noises each time a foot hit the tile floor when she kicked.

"I'll give you candy if you behave and not until then, now I'm going to let you up and if you even touch Snoopy, I'm ripping his head off! Got me?"

She whined in a pitiful voice and pouted. "Gimmeeee candy." Blade let her off the floor and noticed that she was in pink footy PJ's with little bunnies all over them. Rolling her eyes, she went into her office and grabbed a handful of Hershey kisses. When she went back into the room, she found Sweetpea perched on the back of one of the chairs with Snoopy hanging from one ear out of her mouth.

"For the love of Gods why me?" She held out a piece of candy and watched a blonde head tilt sideways; she moved the candy back and forth and watched green eyes follow it. "Cute Blade tease the monster, you're such an adult." She tossed the candy into the air and watched a small hand snag it. Sweetpea took the foil off and mumbled before eating it with Snoopy's ear still in her mouth. Blade shivered at the sight and stood behind the couch where she would be safe from an aerial attack. A wicked gleam came to blue eyes; Blade unwrapped a candy, held it out to Sweetpea and tossed it in the air. She chuckled when she caught it in her mouth and tried it again. "Can you roll over and beg to? Never mind, how about if we just sit here and stare at each other for a while?"

That's exactly what they did, Blade would turn her head one way and Sweetpea would turn hers the opposite. It came down to them making faces at each other until Freddie knocked on her door. She pointed a finger at her and ordered. "You stay right there or no more candy."

"Hey Doc, is Sweetpea behaving for you?"

"Ohh yeah," She looked over her shoulder into crossed green eyes. "She's been a perfect little something. Did you need something?"

"No I was just checking on her, I have some things to return to the other patients. Someone was busy last night with their sticky fingers."

"You mean we have a kleptomaniac up here too?"

"Yep, and she wears footy PJ's." He gave Blade a grin and went down the hallway. She turned back and saw that Sweetpea was wiggling her chocolate covered fingers at her and grunting.

"And why should I give you more?"

"Sweetpea good." She nodded her head and gave Blade the weirdest smile she had ever seen on a

human; it reminded her of Clyde the orangutan.

"For all of five minutes," She couldn't help but give in when a bottom lip stuck out and a blonde head dropped down. "Gods I'm a wimp, she pulled another candy from her pocket and tossed it to her. "Come on let's go for a walk." She grabbed a white lab coat from a hanger near the door, pulled it on and put the Hershey kisses in the pocket. Standing by the door, she held out her hand to Sweetpea and was surprised when she grabbed a hold of her index finger. She hopped down the hallway beside Blade as she walked, she wished she had a cameraman there so she could show Jonis and Judge Harris what she experienced on her first day. While walking down the hallway, they encountered some of the other patients. Blade had to keep pulling Sweetpea away because she tried to kick a few of them. "Behave or no candy, God I need some coffee." She moaned, felt her finger being tugged on and then Sweetpea pulling her towards a closed door. When she opened the door, she found that it was a small kitchen with a coffee pot on a counter. "Just what I need," She looked down into twinkling green eyes and asked. "Do you drink coffee?" Sweetpea shook her head, hopped over to the refrigerator, and pulled out a Hi-C box.

With coffee and juice in hand, they continued their walk until Sweetpea stopped and growled at an older man in a bathrobe. Blade was about to say something to her when the man flashed them and yelled. "IT'S ALL MINE MINEMINEMINE MY DICK!" He closed his robe and walked away grumbling about ungrateful woman folk. The next person they saw was a younger man who kept licking the air like a lizard, Blade steered clear of him and found that Sweetpea would have none of it. She waited for the man's tongue to stick out and tried to grab it. He let out a scream and ran from her.

"Well this is a first; it took me a whole month to get her to take my hand." Freddie came from the TV room with his arms full of confiscated items from Sweetpea's room.

"I think it's either all the candy in my pocket or the threat to rip Snoopy's head off if she didn't behave." She looked down and watched green eyes roll in opposite directions.

"Who knows with Sweetpea," He wiggled his brows at the small woman. "You bit her didn't you?" Sweetpea ducked her head and hid behind Blade.

"How did you know she bit me?"

"Easy, you have dried blood running down your neck from your ear. I forgot to warn you about her sharp little teeth. I caught the little imp using a fingernail file to sharpen her canines."

"Ohh it just gets better doesn't it?" At that moment, an older woman came out of her room singing at the top of her lungs.

"Sweetpea and Doc sitting in a tree K-i-s-s-i-n-g, first comes petting, then comes sex...hey Freddie what rhymes with sex?"

"Don't know mama, why don't you go ask Elvis."

She nodded her wild mop of gray hair and walked down the hall trying to find a word that rhymed.

"I take it that was Mama Cass?" She jumped when she felt a hand come up between her legs; she looked down at a very innocent face but knew it could only be the little monster beside her. "And this is the village grabby hands isn't she?"

"Yep, that's her. What ever anyone says, she'll do it."

"Ohh great, just what we need is her acting out truth or dare." She looked to Freddie and asked. "Does she pay any attention to us talking about her with her standing here?"

"As far as I know, no, only if you say her name."

"I didn't get to read her complete file yet, how long has she been here?"

"Ohh about six months or so, they brought her in on the late shift one night and brought her up here after she beat the Hell out of an orderly downstairs."

"WHO'S YOUR DADDDDY?" Sweetpea yelled and then looked up into wide blue eyes.

"That's her favorite saying so be prepared for it being yelled all the time." He shook his head at Blade and went down the hallway to replace the stolen items in his arms. "And watch your keys and wallet to, she's a pick pocket." He yelled from down the hall.

"Is there anything you can't do Sweetpea?"

A blonde head tilted to the side and then shook. "Heeere kittykittykitty!" Blade jumped when she was grabbed between the legs again.

"Stop that you little pervert." She pulled her back down the hallway towards the TV room, she wanted to see more of how the other patients acted around each other and maybe she would be lucky enough to find one who would answer some questions about Johnston.

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She sat down on the couch in the TV room and observed the patients around her, she noticed one man who was reading the morning newspaper and took a chance that he was somewhat stable. She moved to the edge of the cushion and spoke to him. "Excuse me sir, I'm Dr. Williams, how are you this morning?"

"Damn DOW is done and only four people have been murdered in the last 24 hours! What's wrong with the killers these days! I killed that many in two minutes with a FORK!" He threw the paper down and stormed from the room.

"OK, that went well." She rubbed her temples and felt a warm body drop down behind her on the

couch, she was about to look over her shoulder when she felt a hand go in her pocket and then a hoarse voice whisper. "Who's your daddy?"

"Are you stealing candy out of my pocket Sweetpea?"

"Mooooo milk the cow!" She reached for Blade's breast and snickered when her hand was grabbed at the last second.

"Do you grab everyone or just me?" Blade looked up at a young dark haired woman in a straight jacket.

"She only grabs women; she's a lesbo grabby hands." She uncrossed her arms and waved the long sleeves at Sweetpea. "One of the reasons I wear this, so little pervert there can't grab my nipples." Blade grinned inside, finally a nut who seems sort of normal. She held out her hand to the woman.

"I'm Dr. Blade Williams, what's your name?"

"Dana the fire starter."

"OK Dana, what can you tell me about Al Johnston?"

Dana sat down on the couch next to her and eyed her closely. "Besides the fact that he tried to get all the weak ones to do stupid stuff?"

"What do you mean stupid stuff?"

"How about if we go talk in your office, there's two many ears around here." She stood up and went towards the door, stopped and yelled. "Anyone says a word and I'll set your ass on fire tonight!" Patients bounced off each other trying to hide from her.

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With Sweetpea attached to her index finger, Blade followed Dana down the hall to her office. She didn't think it would be this easy finding someone who would talk to her. Once the door was closed, they sat down on the couch next to each other with the exception of Sweetpea who squeezed behind Blade. "Sweetpea, why do you have to sit back there?"

"You should feel lucky, as long as she's near you, the rest of the crazies will leave you alone." Dana held up a hand to stop the question that she knew Blade was going to ask. "I'm here because I like to play with fire, literally. I was sent here for torching a tire dump. So no I'm not a nut case like some of the others."

"But this facility is for lifers; shouldn't you be in an outpatient program?"

Dana laughed and shook her head. "I probably would have but my lawyer pissed me off during

my trial so I set his pant leg on fire in the courtroom."

"Hell they should have given you a damn award for that." She shivered when Sweetpea ran her fingernails down her back. "So what about Johnston?"

"Think of all the childish things that little boys will do to make a system crash in on its self, flushing things down the toilets, pulling the fire alarms that are now disconnected because of him. Food fights in the cafeteria, mass mayhem when lights went out and trying to get Sweetpea to run naked down the halls."

"How soon after he got here did this start?"

"About four months after he had that weak ass Chism convinced that he was a born again Christian. Then Dr. Randolph got into the picture and had him transferred to the floor below us. That's when he escaped this place for good."

Blade was curious as to why Dana was giving her so much information. "Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because he's dangerous and not insane like he was found in the court of law."

"What exactly do you know about the court hearing?"

"Just what I saw on TV," She leaned closer to Blade. "The head shrinker on the stand spends more time in court than he does in an office. He's been in the hot seat 152 times in the last year and all the defendants get sent to a handful of institutions where he's on the board."

Something occurred to Blade, it was a feeling in her gut that Dana was not your everyday arsonist. "What did you do for a profession before you came here?"

She laughed and wiggled a dark brow at her. "Would you believe I'm a Yale schooled Lawyer?"

"And you let some other lawyer represent you in court?"

"I had no choice, I was barred and the judge refused to let me represent myself." She grinned. "He was still pissed over me torching his Mercedes in the parking lot."

Blade forgot about Sweetpea being behind her and leaned back, she jumped when a small hand pinched her ass. "Sorry Sweetpea, would you be willing to help me out here and talk to a friend of mine?"

Dana's eyes glimmered, she had an idea that Dr. Williams was about to come clean with the reason she was there. "So you got tired of profiling huh?"

"What...how did..."

"I prosecuted some of the people you profiled, I recognized your name the minute you introduced yourself. So why are you really here?"

"I'm trying to solve the release of four dangerous patients, Dr. Chism' and his patients death and Johnston's escape for Judge Harris and SPA Jonis. Will you tell Sylvie Jonis what you know?" She felt Sweetpea press closer to her and lay her head on her shoulder.

"Sure, I'll tell them what I know but you have to keep Randolph away from me, he knows who I am and I don't need shock treatment."

Her eyes narrowed at the information. "Shock treatment isn't used anymore, it was found to do more harm than good."

"Tell that to some of the people around here that get it at least once a week. Especially the blonde bitch locked in her room down the hall, she's his pet."

Blade looked at her watch and saw that it was close to lunchtime. "It's almost lunch time, where is your cafeteria?"

"At the very end of the hall, it's just a large room with tables in it. They bring the food up from downstairs in the elevator and then we serve ourselves."

"Why don't you take Sweetpea with you to lunch and I'm going to get a hold of Sylvie so she can start some stuff going on the outside." She gave Dana a small smile. "I'll see what I can do about getting you out of here."

Dana gave her a bright smile. "That would be cool, I've been here for two years and no one gives a damn about me." She held out a hand to Sweetpea. "Come on Q lets go steal some food." Blade moved closer to the edge of the couch and felt a hand in her pocket.

"Go on take the rest of the candy with you." She watched as Sweetpea took Dana's dangling sleeve and hopped of the couch to skip beside the taller woman. Getting up, she went into her office to pull all the files on the patients and brought them back out to the coffee table near the couch. An hour later, she had read through four of them and wondered why two of the four were being held in the institution and not as out patients. She got on her cell phone and called Jonis.

"I need you to check on some court cases for me."

"What no hello or anything first?"

"Hello Sylvie, I need some help."

"That's better, now what am I looking for?"

"I've got a lawyer here by the name of Dana Shelton who was convicted of starting a fire two years ago. She shouldn't even be here; she's not nuts and has offered to help us with what's really

going on in here." She read off some other names to her and waited.

"You've got a lawyer in the nut house? How in the Hell did she end up there?"

"She said she was forced to use a public defender by the judge, she also said that the head shrinker that got Johnston put here is on the board to other institutions and spends a lot of time in court. Is there some way you can find out what cases he was used for?"

"Yeah, I'll check on that as soon as I get off the phone, now what about Johnston?"

"He convinced Chism that he was a born again Christian, caused all kinds of problems from the sidelines and finally got moved from the top floor to a lower less critical ward by a Dr. Randolph. I don't know how the other wards are set up as far as security goes but I'll find out."

"Once I find out anything, I'll give you a call at home; will you be there by seven?"

"Yeah, if not I'll give you a call by eight. Thanks Sylvie." She hung up the phone and went back to reading her files.

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Dana pushed an overweight man out of her way and grabbed two plates from the serving unit while Sweetpea grabbed cartons of milk from the milk crate on the floor. Elbowing her way through and snapping her teeth at slower patients finally got her out the door and down the hallway to Dana's room. She jumped on Dana's bed, put the milk on the nightstand table and waited for her tall friend.

"Dumbass bastards act like they haven't eaten in years!" Using her foot, she closed her door, and then dropped down in the center of her bed with the plates in her hand.

"What kind of slop we got today?" Sweetpea asked and took the offered plate from Dana. "EEWW! Breaded mystery meat, I really think this is the missing patients in disguise." She stabbed the meat with her plastic fork and held it up for inspection. "That looks like the missing Tim's tattoo!" She wiggled it at Dana and chuckled when she grimaced.

"Stop it Q, I have to eat this shit or I'll starve to death. Or maybe I'll put on footy PJ's and hang all over that gorgeous doc like you do for candy." She tapped Sweetpea on her knee and winked at her. "You looked awful comfy on the couch with her."

"Sooo ya jealous or what?" She tilted her head to the side in curiosity. "I think she's hot and maybe family."

"Ohh so that's why you didn't torture her for weeks before getting all cozy."

"Nooo, I just got the feeling that she's not here as a replacement and I was right."

"So does this mean no more Sweetpea antics?"

"Haa! Like I'd give up all the fun I have, not in this life time." She chuckled at all the stuff she got away with. "Who's your daddy?"

Dana shook her head and finished eating her food before asking the number one question of the day. "Are we still on for the night?"

"Yep, I gotta get in the office and make copies of the files."

"I hate the idea of you sneaking around, what happens if you get caught?"

"I beat the Hell out of who ever with Snoopy, which reminds me." She pulled her Snoopy onto her lap, pulled back a Velcro patch on the bottom, dumped out six pills and put them inside the empty milk carton. "Just think how much money Medicare just lost on those pills." She smashed the carton and put in on the empty dish.

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The clock showed it was five o'clock and time for Blade to head home, she grabbed up the files she hadn't yet read, turned the lights off and locked her office door behind her. She stood in the hallway and noticed that no patients were walking around.

"God this place is too damn quiet for me." She walked down the hall towards the small room that Freddie used while on duty and found him reading the newspaper. "See you tomorrow Freddie, I'm heading out so I can get caught up on the files."

"OK Doc, everyone's been given their meds so alls quiet for a while." He gave her a bright smile and a wave of a hand. "See you tomorrow morning and it's gonna be busy as Hell because we have group counseling for the crazies."

"Ohh great all of them in a room together." She growled as she cleared the doorway and headed down the hallway. For a reason unknown to her, she went to Sweetpea's room and stood inside the doorway. She felt her heart flutter at the sight of the small woman in her footy PJ's curled in a fetal position with her thumb in her mouth. She crept closer, reached down, smoothed back her soft messy hair and let her fingers trail across her cheek. Doing something that surprised her; she leaned over and placed a soft kiss on her temple. "*I feel like a pedophile, she's just a little kid in a woman's body.*" She said to herself and left the room quietly never seeing the green eye open and watch her hunched shoulders disappear into the hallway.

Sweetpea ran her fingers over her temple and sighed. "Who's your daddy?"

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Blade had her living room floor covered with folders arranged by prognosis; she looked over the mess, leaned back against her couch and sipped her beer. On a note pad, she had written down

the patients that had been sent to the institution by the courtroom shrink Dr. Donald C. Summers. Using the information that she had gotten from Sylvie, she had a complete list of all the people he had sent to the place she was now working. She was shocked that the number was 43 in the last year and that only ten of them were still there. She would have to talk to Dana and find out where the others were, she wished that she could talk to Dr. Randolph but knew that he would be all-professional towards her. Unless she could somehow get in on his little game but that meant harming innocent people and she couldn't do that. Rubbing her tired eyes, she got up from the floor and went into her bedroom. Stripping out of her clothes, she headed to the shower to try and ease the tense muscles from her neck and back. It had been a long day for her, both emotionally and physically. She knew she was sore in places from her wrestling match with Sweetpea. A smile came to her face when she thought of the little monster, she couldn't deny that the woman was cute and if she wasn't a little nutty and in an institution, she would not think twice about asking her out. She looked in the mirror at her pierced ear from a sharp tooth and groaned. Any other time someone chewing on her ear would have been an instant turn on but not this time, now the grabbing part got to her the second time around. "I can't believe she did that, she's defiantly not shy about where she grabs either." She could still feel fingertips hitting her in a sensitive spot. "Maybe I should make it a cold shower?"

After her shower, she pulled on a baggy extra large T-shirt and crawled between the flannel sheets on her waterbed. Turning on the lamp on her nightstand, she picked up a novel by *Faye Kellerman* and found the page where she had left off. One of her weaknesses was reading murder mysteries, as if she didn't get enough of that in her profession.

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Sweetpea pulled down the grate for the air conditioning over her bed, jumped and grabbed the edge and pulled herself into the two-foot wide duct. She felt like a rat at times when she used the duct system to get around the institution un-seen. They had yet been able to keep her from escaping at night; they just never expected her to be able to wiggle out of restraints. She made her way down the duct by pulling herself along on her belly until she came to the section where it was more or less a free fall for six foot. That was the one part she hated and was the trickiest to not make any noise that would alert the night watchman or nurses. Gripping the sides of the duct with her toes, she used her hands on either side of her to walk down the duct. At the bottom, she scrunched herself as small as possible and crawled along until she came to a grate. Peeking into the room below, she knew she had a ways to go before she came to Dr. Randolph's office. Counting the grates, she stopped above the office and listened for any sounds from below. Pulling a small screwdriver from inside her sleeve, she pried the grate open and dropped down into the office. Going over to the filing cabinet, she used the lock picks she had with her to open the simple lock and then searched for the files she needed to copy. The last place she needed to search was the desk, opening the locks, she searched until she found what she needed. After covering the copy machine with a throw blanket she found in the outer room, she opened the front cover and pulled the wire off the counter mechanism. 45 minutes later, she had what she needed, putting everything back the way she had found it and then making sure that the grate was back in place, she unzipped her footy PJ's and rolled the papers around her legs above her ankles. When she was done, she slipped out of the office and skipped down the hallway towards the door that would take her upstairs to her floor. She didn't have to worry about it being locked because

the security guard on that floor was lazy and never locked it.

She Ran up the steps to the next floor and tapped three times on the door, seconds later, it opened and she and Dana walked back down the hallway of their floor hand in hand.

"Who's your daddy?" Sweetpea said and then swung their hands back and forth. "Santa Claus came to see Doc and the Grinch stole Christmas."

"Is that right, well lets go play Easter Bunny and leave a huge egg on the pretty Docs desk."

They stopped outside of Blade's office and waited to see if the head nightshift nurse made an appearance. When it was clear that he was watching *Conan O'Brien* with the other nurses, Sweetpea used her lock picks to open the door. Dana waited in the hallway while Sweetpea put her stash on Blade's desk. When she came back out, she crawled on Dana's back and let her take her back to her room.

Sweetpea sang in a whisper close to Dana's ear. "Here comes Peter cotton tail hopping down the illegal trail, hippty hopping all the way to jail!"

"I hope it's a long painful hop down that trail, here ya go Q." She stopped outside her door and slapped hands with her little friend. "I can't wait to see Blade's face in the morning." She grinned down at Sweetpea before going back to her own room.

"Me neither Big D, me neither." She whispered once she was in her room.

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Wearing faded Levis and a black T-shirt with the Tomb Raider across the front, Blade opened the door to the fourth floor. What she saw were patients running down the hallway screaming bloody murder. "Day two in Hell, I wonder what's got them riled this morning?" She went towards the TV room where everyone had run from and stopped dead in her tracks. "Ohh my Gods, I don't fucking believe her." She mumbled under her breath. Sweetpea was standing on top of the TV dressed in lime green footy PJ's with silver spaceships all over them, in her hand was a phaser pistol made of tin foil and on her head was silver tinfoil antennae's. What Blade found amazing was her green face and hands; she walked over to her and grinned. "Come on down off the TV Sweetpea and I'll take you to my leader."

"No intelligent life forms." She held her arms out to Blade, and waited for her to get closer.

"You want me to help you down?" She wasn't ready for Sweetpea to jump on her, she stumbled backward until Sweetpea was wrapped around her body and she had her balance.

Sweetpea buried her face against Blade's neck; she inhaled the scent of her cologne, recognized the scent of Obsession for men and grinned.

"Who's your daddy?" She mumbled and held on tighter as Blade walked down the hallway

looking for Freddie. When she found him, he gave out a loud burst of laughter.

"Looks like you got a Klingon there Doc."

"Complete with green face, what did she use to get it that way?"

"Most likely some little imp got into the art supplies." He moved around and tried to look at Sweetpea's face but couldn't see her for her hiding against Blade's neck. He ran a finger across her hand and nodded his head. "Yep, she got into the paints, it'll come off with soap and water. I take it that you found her standing on the TV?"

"Yep, and armed with a phaser pistol."

"She does that when the others won't let her watch the cartoons, you want me to take her and get her cleaned up?"

"No I'll do it, I'll take her to my office so that the others will calm down before we have our little get together." She carried Sweetpea down the hallway to her office and unlocked the door. Setting her down on the counter in the bathroom, she found a washrag and towel and began to wash the paint first from Sweetpea's face and then her hands. "You know Sweetpea; there are easier ways to watch the cartoons." She wiped her face dry and checked to make sure that she hadn't missed any paint. Running her fingers through the messy blonde hair, she tried to get some of the horns down but they refused and stuck back up. "So much for that, guess it's just your style." She looked into green eyes and saw a slight flicker and then nothing. "All done Sweetpea, let's go get some coffee and then we'll come back here and you can have some candy."

"Gimme candy now."

"Nope, later, did you have breakfast yet?"

"Green eggs and ham gimme candy."

Blade rolled her eyes and pulled a Hershey bar from her pocket. "OK, now we go to get me some coffee." She took Sweetpea's hand and led her from her office and down to the room with the coffee pot; she couldn't help but snicker when she saw heads popping out of rooms to check for the little green alien. After getting her coffee and Sweetpea her juice box, they went back to her office so that she could get things ready for the counseling session. The second she looked on her desk, she saw something that hadn't been there when she left the night before. Thinking that maybe Freddie had left the papers for her, she knew better, when she saw the chocolate lip marks on the bottom of the page. She looked to Sweetpea and saw a goofy grin covering her face. "You're going to have to show me how you get doors open; I always lock myself out of my car." She picked up the papers and started to look through them. "How in the world did you get these?"

"You wanted information, you got it." Dana said as she came into the office and closed the door behind her. "Those should be all the files you need to make a case against Randolph." She took a

seat in a chair next to Sweetpea. "I see you got all the paint off her." She wrapped an arm around the smaller woman and gave her a small hug. "I told you to just take all the remotes and put the cartoons on."

Sweetpea rolled her eyes to opposite sides and grumbled to Dana. "Too many fruit loops."

Blade watched the interaction between the two women; she was beginning to wonder about Sweetpea's diagnosis. Something just wasn't right about it or her; she went over the file in her head and saw all kinds of mistakes. As close to a diagnosis for Sweetpea as she could get would be possibly schizophrenia, then again she didn't show all the signs that went along with it. Scratching a reminder on a scrap of paper on her desk, she had just finished when her door opened and a man walked in wearing an expensive suit, perfect hair and very cold and unemotional eyes. He stopped in the center of Blade's office and looked at each woman until his eyes stopped on Sweetpea. She let out a low keening noise, jumped from her chair and launched herself across Blades desk and into her lap. She wrapped her arms around her neck and refused to let go.

"I've been looking for you Quentin; it's time to have your meds changed." The man advanced towards her and stopped at Blade's commanding voice.

"Excuse me but just who in the Hell are you and what right do you have to change the meds." Dana came around the desk and stood closely behind her, Dana ran her fingers through Sweetpea's hair trying to calm her small friend who really was afraid of the man.

He gave her a glare. "Patients are not allowed in this office, so if you don't want me to get the orderlies in here to take care of you, I suggest you leave now."

Blade's temper went through the roof she hated egotistical men. She stood up with Sweetpea still wrapped around her, she turned and handed her off to Dana and then went to stand before the smaller man. "For your information whoever you are, I'm Dr. Blade Williams and no one will touch my patients but me."

He crossed his arms over his chest and gave her the once over. "Excuse my mistake, I was not told that they had already replaced Dr. Chism. I was informed that Quentin had caused a disturbance up here a short while ago and needed to be restrained."

"What she does is of no concern to you and as you can see, I have everything under control. Now for my earlier question, who are you?" She leaned down towards him and held him in place with steel colored eyes, she was trying her best not to grab him by his throat and throw him out of her office.

"BASTARD MOTHER FUCKER GIVES SHOCKS...BAD MAN!" Sweetpea burst out and then became quiet again.

"She needs to be medicated Dr. Williams and for future reference, I'm Dr. Randolph the chief psychologist of this institution and I can change your orders if I wish to." He turned and walked

from her office with the air of superiority.

"Don't push me or you'll see who the real psychotic is around here!" She yelled at his back and then turned to the other two women. "I really hate that man!" She walked back over to them and ran a hand down Sweetpea's back. "Sweetpea has he ever given you shock treatment?" Her answer was a nodding blonde head and a whimper. "Fucking bastard!"

"I told you he was bad, now can you and Jonis do something about him?"

"I hope so, from what she told me last night, there are 33 patients missing from this place. She pulled a folded piece of paper from her back pocket and handed it to Dana. "Come on Sweetpea let go of Dana so she can look at the paper. Sweetpea let go of Dana with one arm and looped the other around Blade's neck for balance until she was sitting in the center of her desk. "Do you recognize any of those names?"

"All of them give me a minute and I'll tell you where they went." She looked at the paper, took a pen from the desktop and started writing beside each name. When she was finished, she brought her golden eyes up to met pale blue. "There are a lot of nut cases running loose or down on the other two floors." She handed the paper back to Blade and gave the pen to Sweetpea who stuck it up her nose. Blade just shook her head and went back to looking over the list. "And you won't find their files up here; most likely they're the ones Sweetpea got last night."

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Blade and Freddie were in the TV room with all the patients that have group counseling, Blade had her head resting on one hand and using the other to try and release the tension in her neck muscles. She could not believe how the place turned into romper room in a matter of seconds. Elvis was shaking his pelvis in front of the flasher, Mama Cass was serenading a man in his 90's, the alien abductees were all huddled under a card table with tin foil draping over the edges and Dana was laughing hysterically as Freddie tried to get Sweetpea down off a book shelf.

"It is possible to become nuts after spending time with them." Blade mumbled to herself and watched as her toes started tapping to the song Mama was singing. "They owe me three bottles of Remy Martin and are going to pay for my visit to the Betty Ford center."

"Come on Sweetpea, come down from up there."

"Nope! Bad man coming, shock me!"

"There's no bad man coming for you, so just come down so we can finish up the meeting."

"NonononononoNO! Save me!" She screamed at Blade and waved her arms. "Save meeee pretty Doc!"

Blade looked up at her and couldn't help but smile, the look on Sweetpea's face pierced her heart. "OK, I'm coming just hold on." She got up from the couch and held her arms out to Sweetpea.

"Jump Sweetpea I'll catch you." Dana covered her eyes and prayed for someone to give Sweetpea wings or Blade a strong back. She knew all too well what the little flying squirrel was going to do. Sweetpea flapped her arms, crowed like a rooster and jumped off the seven-foot tall bookcase into Blade's open arms. All the wind went out of Blade as she hit the floor on her back and lay there with Sweetpea sitting on top of her. "I think I'm dead, Sweetpea ya gotta get off me I can't breathe." Sweetpea covered her body with her own and buried her face between her breasts.

Snuggling closer to Blade, she mumbled. "Mama's milk."

Blade dragged in a breath between clenched teeth, what the little monster was doing to her was causing her entire body to go on alert. Tingles ran from her hardened nipples right down to her clenching center. "*Ohh this is sooo not right.*" She thought and felt a shudder of arousal run its course through her body.

"OK Sweetpea, time to save the Doc." Dana reached down, patted Sweetpea on her head, and then lifted her off Blade. "I've got some candy left in my room, go get it." Little feet slapped on the tile floors of the TV room and disappeared down the hall; Dana offered Blade a hand up and then gave her a wicked grin. "I think you have a new pet, any other time Freddie would have had no problem with getting her down." Mama Cass leaned over Blade's shoulder and started to sing.

"Love is in the air, everywhere you turn around!" Mama waved her hands to get the others to sing with her, Blade had to cover her ears as half a dozen off key singers sang.

Freddie yelled close to her and then busted up laughing at the blush that overcame her face. "Sweetpea looooooves the Doc!"

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"You have to do something; she could ruin everything we've been working on!" Dr. Randolph paced in his office with the phone clutched to his ear. "I went up there to take care of that problem patient Quentin Porter; we have to get rid of her and that fire starter Dana." He broke the pen he had in half when Dr. Summers told him to calm down.

"Go up there at night and take out the fire starter, once she's gone, it'll be easier to get rid of Porter. Take Dana down to the basement and lock her in the holding cell down there, make sure you give her enough drugs to kill her. I don't want another screw-up like the last time; I had to liquefy those sleeping pills and force it down Chism's throat."

"Don't worry about it; I won't screw this one up." He hung up the phone and dropped down behind his desk. "You'll have a little accident trying to escape."

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Blade sat with Sylvie at a small Deli a few miles from where she lived in Bunker Hill, she had called her to show her the files that Sweetpea had stolen from Dr. Randolph's office. Sylvie

matched them to the list she had with her of missing patients and shook her head.

"So all these people were moved to the lower floors and then they disappeared from the institution." She looked up into cloudy blue eyes and wondered what Blade was thinking. "What's on your mind Blade?"

"What if Dr. Randolph and Summers' are working together, they're getting money from the state for care of the convicted patients, so are they turning them loose or doing away with them?"

"We would know if they were killing them, they would have to get rid of the bodies somehow and having numerous suicides would be questioned."

"My brain is taking off in so many directions about what's going on in that place and then Randolph scaring the Hell out of Sweetpea."

"Do I see some kind of interest in this Sweetpea on your part other than Doctor/patient stuff?"

Blade's eyes went wide; she shook her head and then dropped her eyes to the tabletop. "There's something about her, it's hard to describe but I get the feeling that there's something going on in her head besides psychosis. You should see her Sylvie, she wears footy PJ's and her hair is always messed up into little horns all over her head." She tried to wipe the grin from her lips but failed horrible when Sylvie gave her a knowing look.

"Uhh huh and a certain Doctor is going to get herself in trouble if she doesn't start thinking of what she's doing. She's a nut case Blade and your patient; you could loose your license if anything comes of this infatuation."

"It's not an infatuation, its...ohh Hell I don't know what it is I feel." She dropped her head into her hands and took a deep breath.

Sylvie put her hand on Blade's shoulder and gave it a slight squeeze. "You had better back off with the feelings."

"Easy for you to say, you're not the one she grabs and crawls all over. I sit down; she sits on my lap or crawls behind me. Can you run a check on her through the computer and see if anything comes up besides her being arrested?"

"Against my better judgment I'll do it, you just keep your hands to yourself and the Sweetpea off your lap."

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With the TV on low and the stereo on just loud enough to drown out the news, Blade read over the remaining files that Sweetpea had stolen. Every one of the patients so far had Dr. Randolph's name as acting physician. The only problem she saw was the difference between what the patients first diagnosis was and what it changed to once they left Chism' care. It was a miracle

cure when they left the top floor. "Just fucking amazing, I wish I was a super headshrinker like him." She tossed the papers on her coffee table, climbed up on her couch and laid down. "All right Blade, no more playing with the monster, keep your mind on the job at hand, not her hands on you." She pulled a throw pillow over her face and groaned. "Easy to say hard to do when she can get me aroused with just a touch." She pulled a throw blanket off the back of the couch and covered up with it intending to watch TV, not fall asleep dreaming of Sweetpea doing obscene things to her with her tin foil phaser.

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Dr. Randolph and one of his orderlies came up the back stairs to the top floor; he used his key to open the door. They checked to make sure that the lights were off before sneaking down the hall towards Dana's room. Dr. Randolph pulled the syringe from his pocket and checked the dosage. "As soon as we get her, you take her downstairs and lock her in one of the cells. Make sure that you give her that shot I gave you, it'll take her out completely and all it will show is an overdose of the meds she's already on." The orderly nodded his head and opened the door to Dana's room; he moved quickly to her bed and clapped a hand over her mouth and an arm across her chest to hold her down for Dr. Randolph. He had to put all of his weight on her; he had no idea that she was that strong. A few seconds later, she was unconscious; he picked her up, threw her over his shoulder and left the room to head to the basement. Dr. Randolph walked the hallways to make sure that they hadn't been seen, when it was clear that they had gone un-observed, he went back to his office.

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Everything was normal that morning at the institution, Freddie made his way down the hallway to the small lounge to put on a fresh pot of coffee before going to turn the lights on in the TV room and the hallway. He stopped when he saw a slipper lying in the hall and picked it up. Placing it on the small table in the room, he soon forgot about it when the sound of mumbling, grumbling and singing came to his ears telling him that the natives were awake and would be going for breakfast down the hall. A bright smile came to his face when he thought of Dr. Williams and Sweetpea, the small woman latched on to the tall doctor as soon as she hit the floor and was like a leech until she left for the day. Never had he seen Sweetpea act like that towards anyone so quickly, she never really made any close friends except for Dana but that came after a battle of wills and a truce. He was still smiling when a scared Sweetpea came charging into the room and took his hand.

"Dana gone! Dana Gone!" She turned and paled when she saw the slipper sitting on the table. "Dana's!" She took the slipper and pulled on Freddie's hand.

"Wait Sweetpea what do you mean she's gone?" He didn't get another word out as she dragged him to Dana's room. The blankets were on the floor along with her pillow and the clothes she had worn the day before.

"Took her!"

"Who took her Sweetpea, are you sure she's not in the head?"

"Looked, bad man took her!" Tears welled in her green eyes; Freddie pulled her against his large body and walked her out of the room.

"We have to wait until Blade gets here and see what she says."

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Dana moaned and tried to move, she felt like each limb weighed tons and her tongue was swollen twice the size. The most she could do was roll her eyes to where she could see a light shining through the small window on the door. Panic set in when she remembered what had happened to her, she knew that she was not on her floor or any other floor for that matter. The sounds were all different, soft moans, groans came to her sharp ears, and then the low male voices from a short distance off that were coming closer. When the door opened and two men walked in all she could do was blink her eyes and struggle against the numbness in her body.

The man who stood by the door spoke in a deep voice, what he said made Dana's panic grow. "Give her the shot and let's go out and get some thing to eat, damn Randolph dragged me in here four hours early."

"Alright already, ya been bitchin fer the last hour." The other man rolled Dana towards the wall and jabbed her with the needle in her hip. Pulling the syringe out, he dropped it in his pocket and left the room. "What a damn waste, why does he want all these people dead anyway?"

"Probably because he's a psychotic, she's lucky; he could have tortured her like all the others." They closed the door and left Dana lying on the small cot. Her mind wrapped around what the men had said. *"He is killing them, but torturing them first, just fucking great. I finally get the answer to the mystery and I can't tell anyone."* She closed her eyes and waited for the shot to steal her last breath from her body.

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Sweetpea was pacing the hallway where Blade would enter the floor through the stairwell door. She had no idea what time it was or how long she had been pacing, she was about to run down the hall and check with Freddie when she heard the click of the lock and the door being pulled open. She pushed it open the rest of the way and grabbed Blade's hand.

"Dana gone! Hafta help now!" Sweetpea pulled her down the hall towards her office.

"Hold on Sweetpea, what do you mean Dana's gone, where's Freddie." She pulled the small woman around, placed her hands on her muscular shoulders and looked into panic filled green eyes. "When did this happen?"

"Freddie said wait for you, bad man take her."

Pale blue eyes turned a steel color; jaws clenched and worked teeth together to make a horrible grinding noise. "OK, come on lets go to my office, I'll call downstairs to that son of a bitch and give him the fucking riot act." Taking Sweetpea's hand, she rushed them down the hall at a fast jog. When she came to her door, she found it unlocked and looked to Sweetpea. "Did you unlock this?"

"Nope, maybe Freddie." Blade looked around her office and found nothing unusual or anything out of place. She went to her phone and then thought. "I don't have the phone numbers down there." She pulled Sweetpea over and pushed her down in her desk chair. "You stay here, I'm going downstairs to look for Dana, and if I'm not back in an hour you have Freddie call this number." She wrote down Sylvie's phone number on a pad and pointed to it. "She's a friend of mine, you have him call her and let her know where I went." She leaned forward, placed a soft kiss on Sweetpea's forehead, and left her office. Sweetpea pulled a pen from a desk drawer, wrote beneath the phone number a quick note to Freddie, and signed Blade's name. She then searched through the desk drawers to find anything of use and went back to her room to prepare for the worst.

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Blade opened the door to the floor below hers and went in search of an orderly or doctor, she was beyond upset and was down right pissed that one of her patients had been removed from her floor with out her consent. Looking in all the rooms on her way to what she hoped was the nurses station, she saw patients sitting on their beds starring out into space. No matter what their mental problems were, not all of them should have been cationic. She stopped at the half-open door and listened to the voices from with in, she pushed it open and saw two male orderlies eating breakfast and drinking coffee.

"I'm Dr. Williams from upstairs; I'm looking for the doctor on this floor."

One of the men looked at her and shook his head. "We don't have our own doctor; Dr. Randolph treats these people when he has time."

"OK, then can either of you tell me if one of my patients was brought down here last night? I came in this morning and she's been removed from her room."

The older of the two men gave his partner a silent message to keep his mouth shut. "Nope, no one came down here last night, the midnight crew would have told us and it would be in the log book."

She had seen the look that passed between the two men and knew they were covering something up. "Fine then I'll just check every single room in this damn place until I find her." She stomped from the room and started checking rooms on her way to the opposite door at the end of the hallway. One of the men got on the phone, called Dr. Randolph at home, and hung up seconds later with his orders.

"Come on, he wants us to take care of her like the other one." The two men left the room and

looked down the hallway; Blade was just now four doors towards the end and close to the door that would take her to the next floor. They turned in the opposite direction and went down the stairs; they would wait for her at the next level and take her to the basement from there.

"Which ever one of us gets her, we take her downstairs, just lock her up and leave the shot to that psychotic."

The younger man nodded his head and went through the door to walk towards the other end where he would wait in case Blade came down that set of stairs. He rubbed his hands together trying to hide the trembling, when he took the job as an orderly, he never thought it would include kidnapping and murder. However, he was stuck know and the only way out of it was to die.

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Sweetpea ran down the hallway looking for Freddie, she knew he had to be somewhere close by. She found him in the room where the abductees were hiding under the bed.

"Ohh come on now, the mother ship did not come here last night and take Dana away." He was on his hands and knees looking into four pairs of terrified eyes.

"We saw them, came in the night and carried her out of here."

"Who did you see and where did they take her?"

"The grays, they vanished through the door that no one uses." Freddie looked up when Sweetpea waved the paper in front of his eyes.

"What's this?" He read the note and groaned. "OK Sweetpea, I'm going to call her now, I don't like this one bit. You go hide somewhere because I'm about to set this place loose and hope that it distracts Randolph for a while." He left the room and jogged down to his small room to use the phone. Sweetpea sprinted back to Blade's office, closed and locked the door behind her. She picked up the phone and made a call too, after a few brief words, she hung up and waited for Hell day to begin.

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Blade's temper was close to erupting; she had checked every room on the third floor and not found Dana yet. That only left the first floor where all the Alzheimer patients stayed. She opened the door and went down the flight of stairs, when she reached the bottom; she caught movement out of the corner of her eye. She turned and brought up her arm to block but not well enough to keep the short blackjack from catching her in the back of her head. She dropped to her knees and was caught before she could fall all the way.

"God damn if you don't weigh a ton!" The older man laced his arms under Blade's and dragged her down the stairs to the basement level. At the bottom, he dropped her to the floor so that he

could get the door unlocked and then dragged her by one arm to the nearest cell. Once she was inside, he closed and locked it before going in search of the other guys that worked down there and his partner from the upstairs.

Dana heard the cell door next to her close with a heavy thud; she waited until she heard the footsteps move away and then slid from the cot. What ever they had given her had wore off and the other shot that was meant to kill her only killed her driver's license in her nylon wallet. She prayed that she had time enough to escape before they came to dispose of her supposed dead body. At the top of the seven foot wall was a narrow window that ran the length of the wall, it was only screen to allow for ventilation purposes. She stood on the cot, grabbed the edge of the wall and pulled herself up so that she could look into the next cell. All she could see was a bare arm and dark hair; it was the bracelet that told her who the person was. Blade wore an ornate 1 1/2 inch wide sterling silver bracelet with turquoise settings. She knew that she couldn't yell her name and most likely Blade was unconscious any way. She hoped that someone would miss the doctor and call for help; she was depending on one person in particular.

"Come on Sweetpea, I know you'll figure it out." She dropped back down on her cot and lay down in the exact position that she had been after her last shot.

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"She did what? I can't believe her!" Sylvie yelled on her end. "If she doesn't show up in another hour, call me back and I'll come out there and talk to this Dr. Randolph."

"Yes ma'am, if she's not back in an hour, I'm turning all the crazies loose. With them running all over I can search for them on all the floors and not be noticed."

"They can't get outside can they?"

"No ma'am, that takes a badge to get the doors open."

"OK, I'll wait here for your call."

"Yes ma'am, one hour and I'll call." He hung up the phone and went towards Blade's office; he knocked on the door and called for Sweetpea. "Come on Sweetpea I know you're in there." He stepped back when the door opened and bright green eyes looked up at him. "I'm turning the crazies loose soon, you stay in here and I'll look for Dana and the Doc."

"Okay dokay! No Red Baron?" She looked up with a pout.

"No Red Baron, you and him stay in here where it's safe, now lock the door Sweetpea." He pulled the door closed and heard the lock click home. "I hope you stay in there." He mumbled to himself before going down the hallway.

Sweetpea crawled up on Blade's desk and pulled the grate down, grabbing the edge; she pulled herself up and started crawling down the duct to the drop off that would take her to the next

floor. She had to get down to the basement and this was the easiest way, she had no idea if her hunch was right but she would take a chance.

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Dana was getting more nervous by the second; she kept hearing a loud screeching noise, hissing and then a loud thumping noise afterward. It reminded her of the old coal furnace in her apartment building. Terror squeezed her heart; she now knew how they got rid of the bodies. Flipping the cot over, she saw the thick wire supports that held her weight. Looking to the door, she started pulling on one of the wires until her hands were bleeding and sore. When it finally came free, she dragged the cot over, wrapped the wire around the door handle and then to the other wires. They wouldn't be able to get her door open with the cot across it. She sat down in a far corner and waited.

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Freddie called Sylvie and informed her that Blade had not come back yet and that he was turning the crazies loose to start his search. He agreed to meet her at the front door in an hour and they would continue their search together with the help of two police officers. After he hung up, he stood in the hallway and yelled to run and be free. He waited until he saw some of the patients and waved to them to follow. He went to the door to the stairs, opened it and blocked it so that it wouldn't close. He went all the way down to the first floor doing the same thing until the place was in complete chaos.

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Sweetpea lay close to the grate and watched as the men below went running towards what she figured was the door to the stairs. Hopefully, Freddie had done what he said he was going to do and they were going to contain the loose nuts. Using the heel of her hand, she hit the grate and watched it drop to the concrete floor below. Dropping her head down, she looked around the basement for any remaining people before maneuvering in the duct and dropping to the floor below. What she saw was around twenty cells with thick metal doors, the small windows were well above her head and she would have to jump to see through each one.

"Son of a bitch, I would be a foot two short for this." She went to the first door, jumped up a few times before giving up, and called Dana's name instead.

"Sweetpea is that you?" Dana said through the small window and then seen her friend come running towards her. "Can you get this door unlocked?"

"No problem just give me a second." She pulled out her lock picks and went to work on the lock. "I've just about got it."

"Let me get my booby trap undone on this side, I think Blades in the cell right next to this one."

A solid click and Sweetpea had the door unlocked; she jumped up and down and connected eyes

with Dana. "Did you say Blades down here?"

"Yeah, the cell to your left, open it."

Dana finished unblocking the door and pushed it open, she stepped out and saw the cell door next to hers open. She stepped in and found Sweetpea with Blade's head in her lap. "She's unconscious, how are we going to get her out of here?"

"Can you get the freight elevator working and I'll carry her."

Sweetpea looked up at Dana with worried eyes. "You got any change on you?"

"Nope but what about Blade?" Sweetpea pushed her hand into Blade's pockets and pulled out a handful of change.

"Here hold this for me while I get out of my PJ's." Dana's eyes went wide; she didn't want to see her friend running around naked. That was one thing wouldn't go unnoticed.

"Q you can't do...ohhh you have clothes on underneath." A wide grin came to her face when she saw the faded Levis and T-shirt.

"What did you think I didn't have any other clothes?" She winked at Dana and threw her PJ's on the floor. "OK, I'm gonna go work in the elevator, you get Doc."

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Freddie stood back, watched all the patients from all three floors run around, and have a Hell of a time playing. It was like a three-ring circus or a sci-fi convention. The abductees were having an in-depth conversation with a small group that looked like a crew from the Starship Enterprise. Mama Cass and Elvis were singing Don Ho songs to a group of Alzheimer patients and all the others were just running around. He kept an eye on the front doors for someone who looked like a lawyer, he never thought to ask Sylvie what she looked like but the sight of the two uniform police officers gave her away quickly. He opened the door and took her hand.

"I'm Freddie ma'am; I didn't get a chance to search anywhere. The likely place is the basement but I don't have a key to the doors and the elevator won't go down there without a key."

"Just great," She ran a hand down her neck and looked to the officers. "Anyone of you have anything in your cruisers to get a door open?" They both shook their heads at her. "OK lets see what we can do, maybe we can find someone with a key to those doors."

"Dr. Randolph is the only one that I know of that would have a key and he's not here."

"He will be once someone calls and tells him what's going on here." She watched as the flasher stepped up behind Freddie and whipped his coat open at her. "Hey buddy, go use a dick pump and then come and see me." She pushed him out of her way and walked towards one of the doors

that she assumed led to the basement.

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Sweetpea pulled the electrical cover off the wall inside the elevator and looked at the wiring. Taking a penny, she started using it to jump across the connections looking for the right one to get the elevator to move. A couple of times she sent a little jolt through her fingers and sparks to the floor. With the last set of wires, she heard the motor start and then die when she removed the penny. Pulling a useless wire free, she connected it to one of the screws and waited for Dana.

"You owe me Q; she weighs a fucking ton and I'm not my normal butch carrying card self today." She panted and then leaned against the wall of the elevator. "Are we set Q 'The real McGyver' Porter?"

"All set, simple ass wiring system." She hit the wire to the connection she had found, hit the number one button and grinned when it rose to the next floor. When it stopped, she looked at the doors and cursed. "Damn I forgot all about that." She touched the wire to all the connections and finally found the one to open the door. Their eyes grew huge at the mass confusion before them, patients were running everywhere. "Ohh shit how do we get out of here now?"

"I'll go to the front doors; you go steal someone's badge so we can get out of here."

"Ohh great dipshit Dana." She pulled Blade's badge from her shirt and waved it in front of Dana.

"What do ya want from me, geez I spent most of the night with my body numb." She hefted Blade to a better position on her shoulder and staggered towards the front door with Sweetpea leading the way. Out of the corner of her eye, Sweetpea saw Freddie and some cops near the basement door. She tapped Dana on her arm and pointed. "I'm going to tell Freddie that we have Blade."

"I'll be right here on the floor under her body when you're done." Dana sunk to her knees and collapsed under Blade's weight.

Sweetpea ran past people, crawled over their backs, in between their legs and finally got to Freddie. However, it was the woman who caught her eye first; her hazel eyes and honey colored curly hair struck something in her. She reached out and touched her arm. "We found Blade but she's hurt, Dana has her by the front door." Freddie looked down at Sweetpea in total shock, he had never heard her use that many words before. "Well come on before someone finds out that they're no longer in the basement." She turned and pulled Sylvie behind her to the front door where Dana was stuck under Blade's body. Sylvie motioned to the officers who picked Blade up between them and waited for Sweetpea to open the front door with Blades badge. The seven of them went out the front door and to the cars that were parked right out in front.

"Put her in the backseat of my car and I'll take her to the hospital." She pointed to Dana and Sweetpea. "You two come with me that way it'll be safe." She turned to Freddie and took his large hand in hers. "Thank you for all you've done."

"No problem ma'am, it was my pleasure. I like Doc Blade even though I've only known her a few days." He pulled Sweetpea into a hug and shook Dana's hand. "Take care of Doc and each other you two."

"Don't worry Freddie, we'll be back to visit you." Sweetpea said, then crawled into the back seat and placed Blade's head in her lap. Dana got into the front seat and couldn't stop looking at the woman next to her.

"Don't I know you from somewhere?" She said and then thought of how asinine it sounded.

"If you're Dana then you know me from beating my ass in court." Sylvie turned and gave her a bright grin. "I was off my game that day; otherwise you wouldn't have won that case."

"Ohh I love cocky women!" Dana chuckled and then sunk back against the door so she could talk to Sylvie and drool over her. Sweetpea sat in the back seat running her fingers through Blade's long dark hair, that was when she found the large lump on the back of her head and the matted hair from the cut.

"Hey guys, I think she may have a concussion, I just found a knot on her head the size of a golf ball. Maybe we should just take her home and put some ice on her head."

Sylvie looked in the rearview mirror and shook her head. "It's too risky, she may..."

"Be killed by one of Randolph's or Summers flunkies when he finds out where she is. I have a safe house near by; we can go there until all this is cleared up."

Sylvie looked at her with narrowed eyes. "Just who are you anyway?"

"I'm Sweetpea." She gave Sylvie and Dana a goofy grin and went back to caressing Blade's face with her fingertips. "Head up towards West Virginia, then take Rt. 50, when we get closer I'll tell you where to go."

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Blade woke up with her head pounding and nauseous, she opened one eye and looked around the dimly lit room and saw that the light was coming from a bathroom. Crawling from the comfortable bed, she stumbled to the toilet and dropped down onto her knees and wretched. When she was finished, she was too weak to move so she just sat there with her forehead resting on the cold seat.

Sweetpea heard the retching noise from the kitchen where the three of them had been talking and drinking coffee. She left the table and headed to her bedroom to check on Blade, she found her sitting on the floor and shivering from cold sweats. Sweetpea laid a hand on her back and rubbed small comforting circles.

"Let me help you up, you want something to drink?"

Blade turned her head and moaned when the hammers beat behind her eyes, she didn't expect to see Sweetpea and a small grin came to her face.

"A toothbrush would be good and maybe some tea." She shivered and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

"OK, just sit there a minute and let me get you a toothbrush." She flushed the toilet and then found a new toothbrush in the medicine cabinet. When she was ready, she helped Blade to her feet and kept a hand on her back while she brushed her teeth. Wrapping an arm around her waist, she helped her to the kitchen and then to a chair at the table. Blade looked across the table into twinkling hazel eyes.

"Hey ya Sylvester, I see ya came to my rescue."

"Nope, I was just the getaway driver. You have these two to thank not me." Blade held out a hand to Dana and frowned when her hand wasn't accepted.

"Nope, I just carried your heavy ass." Dana looked to a smirking Sweetpea and nodded her head. "Q did everything; she busted me out then got you out of your cell. How's your head?"

"Sweetpea I thought I told you to stay in my office."

"Sorry but I don't like taking orders, and if I had, you two would have been crispy by now." She put a cup of chamomile tea in front of Blade and took the seat next to her.

"What do you mean crispy and how did you find us?"

"I took my special route by way of the heating ducts and Dana figured out that they dispose of the bodies that Randolph tortures to death by using the furnace."

Blade turned a pale green, got up from her chair and ran back to the bathroom. "Guess I should have phrased that differently huh?" She went after Blade and left Sylvie and Dana looking at each other. Dana gave Sylvie a toothy grin and pointed towards the hallway.

"I'd say Q has a thing for the Doc." She leaned on the table with one elbow and gave Sylvie a sultry look. "What about you, do you and Doc have something going on?" Sylvie's eyebrow rose over a twinkling eye, she let out a bark of laughter and then sobered.

"She's not my type; she's too tall and analyzes everything I say. So no we don't have anything going on." She moved to imitate Dana and gave her a smoldering once over. "Are you really a fire bug?"

Dana's voice dropped an octave as she moved closer to Sylvie. "Ohh I start fires but not the kind

I've been accused of." She brought their noses together and whispered. "Doing anything later?"

"Maybe putting out a bush fire." She brought their lips together for a gentle kiss and pulled away to look into dark golden eyes before she kissed her deeply.

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Sweetpea placed a cold cloth on Blade's neck and rubbed her shoulders gently. "Sorry about what I said, I wasn't thinking." She rested her head against Blade's back. "Maybe you should lie down for a while; I'll bring you an ice pack for your head." She lifted her head and ran her hands down Blade's arms.

"I think that would be a good idea, I feel horrible." She moaned deeply when she felt warm hands run down her arms and then rest on her hips. "Maybe some aspirins to dull the hammers in my head." *And a morphine drip to numb the throbbing between my legs.*

"There are some sweats and a T-shirt on the bed, go ahead and change while I get the ice pack." She got up from the floor and went into the kitchen; she stopped inside the door and cleared her throat. "Excuse me but this is a sex free room, if you're gonna devour each other there's better places." She tapped Dana on her head. "Like your bedroom Dana."

Their kiss broke and Sylvie gave Dana a confused look. "You live here?"

"Well yeah, at least when I'm not locked in a nut ward."

"We both live here and if you two don't get out of my kitchen I'm gonna throw cold water on you two." She went to the freezer, pulled out a cold pack, turned the water on and used the sprayer to chase the two women out. "Teach you to not believe me." She chuckled on her way back to her bedroom and let out a long sigh when she found Blade lying back on the bed with her T-shirt off. She set the ice pack on the nightstand, removed Blade's shoes then her Levis before she swung her legs onto the bed, fighting to get a clean T-shirt on her, she turned her onto her side. Running her fingers across the back of her head, she found the lump and put the ice pack against it. "You really shouldn't be sleeping but you look so tired." She ran her fingertips across a high cheekbone and sighed. After setting her alarm clock to go off in two hours, she moved up behind her, lay down and kept the ice pack on Blade's head. Minutes later, her eyes fluttered closed and she drifted off to sleep deeply for the first time in months.

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Two hours later the alarm clock went off and Blade ended up hanging from the ceiling from her fingernails. She rolled over and came face to face with Sweetpea. Blinking her eyes a few times, the sight never changed. Reaching over her slumbering body, she hit the alarm off and lay back down to stare into the peaceful face of the little imp. She remembered only certain things, the rest was foggy and she wasn't sure if it was a dream or not. She ran a finger across the moist pink lips and smiled when Sweetpea moaned and her brows twitched. She continued to terrorize her until sleepy green eyes opened and gazed into hers.

"Where am I?" Blade asked with a thick voice.

"My bed."

A dark brow rose over a pale blue eye. "And how did I get in your bed?"

"You fell under my seductive spell and followed me home."

"Uhh huh and did I enjoy what ever you did to me?"

A cocky smirk covered Sweetpea's face; she wiggled one brow and rolled from her bed. "If I did something to you, you would still be screaming my name, or you'd be in a coma."

"Cocky little shit," She sat up and swung her legs over the edge of the bed, she watched Sweetpea stretch and heard her back crack. "You're not really crazy are you?"

"Ohh I'm crazy alright, just not certifiable. Are you hungry, I'm starving to death?" She handed Blade her Levis and left her bedroom. Blade chuckled and groaned when she felt a twinge in her head.

"Damn but it feels like I got kicked in the head by a mule." She ran her fingers over her head and felt the lump. "Wonder how I got this?" She dropped her Levis on the bed, wandered out of the bedroom, and followed the sound of rattling pots and pans. Slight glimpses of the day were coming back to her and she remembered that Dana and Sylvie had been here earlier. "Sweetpea where's Dana and Sylvie, they were here weren't they?"

"Ohh they're still here and noisy ass Hell!" She pointed through the kitchen door. "Step out there and listen close and you'll hear them, I'm tempted to put the hose through Dana's bedroom window and hose them down." Blade's eyebrows buried themselves in her bangs, her body shook in a silent laugh and then she shocked the Hell out of Sweetpea by moaning loudly.

"Ohh Gods yes...yes...Ohh Gods DANA!" She busted up laughing and came into the kitchen. "That was relieving for me how about you?" She grinned at a shocked and flustered Sweetpea. "So are you going to tell me how I got here and how in the Hell I got this knot on my head that hurts like Hell?"

"I had to club you over the head to get you in my bed." She deadpanned and then pulled frozen beef patties from the freezer.

"I've been known to be hard to get but never that hard to get." She tilted her head back and moaned when a throbbing pain hit her. "So do I still call you Sweetpea or Quentin?"

"Dana calls me Q, so what ever makes you feel comfortable is fine with me."

"OK Q, so if you're not really a nut, then why were you locked up?" She took the offered Coke

from Q and popped it open.

"I had to find a way to build a case against Summers and get my boss out of the Klink."

"Your boss, who's your boss?"

"I'm an investigator for the Berkley County Prosecutors office; in short I work for Dana." Blade felt her jaw drop open.

"Ohh for Christ sakes, you were a plant in the institution just like I was. But why didn't your office just go the easy way and have the trial against Dana overturned?"

"Because I was set up and we needed proof that the judge is in on all the bullshit at the institution." Dana dropped down into a chair and caught the Coke that Q tossed her.

"So you're not a fire starter, Sweetpea's not a nut and I think my heads gonna explode." She rubbed the area between her eyes before looking back at Dana. "So why the Hell did they kidnap me, where do I fit in with all of this?"

"The only thing I can think of," Q dropped into a chair beside Blade. "is that you were going to look for Dana and that made you a risk to finding out about what's going on down in the basement." She took a drink of Blade's Coke and put it back in front of her before getting out of her chair to check on the hamburgers. "Hopefully the authorities are at the place right now shutting it down, once they have it contained then Randolph and Summers will be brought up on charges for murder, kidnapping, neglect and what ever else Sylvie and Dana can come up with."

Blade tilted her head sideways and watched Q flip the hamburgers and place cheese on them. "So for six months you played a crazy, and that's why you were sneaking around the place at night so you could get into the files and turn them over to your office? How did you get them out of there?"

Dana started laughing and snorted when Q gave her a sharp look. "Come on Q its funny what you did." She leaned closer to Blade. "Once a week, she would put the papers in a pair of her footy PJ's and whip them out a window near the parking lot. One of the people from our office would pick them up and take them back to the office. So now we have six months worth of files to use against the assholes and as soon as they search the basement they'll have enough evidence to put them away for more years than they have on this planet."

"Ohh yes we will." Sylvie wandered into the kitchen with her hair tangled and sheet marks across her cheek and neck. Wrapping an arm around Dana's neck, she dropped down onto her lap and gave her a gentle kiss. "Then we can work on getting the bar to give back all your privileges so you can go back to putting bad guys away. I figure with enough testimonies against all of them then it should be easy to get the charges and everything completely dropped and your record destroyed." She looked over to Blade and winked. "Since I just happen to know a very good head shrinker that will give you a clean bill of health."

"How do you know I won't say you're both nut cases and run off with all the Remy Martin you and the Judge owe me? Plus, how do we clear Dana of the arson charges?"

"We have to get a hold of the judge's daughter; she set the fires and then blamed me for them." Dana took a deep breath and looked to Q. "We can do that can't we, get that bitch and make her testify against her father so that I can be cleared of all this shit?"

"As soon as we find her, she's probably starting forest fires in California or Seattle." Q set plates in front of everyone with cheeseburgers, fries and fresh coleslaw. "Maybe if you're really good, Sylvie will represent you in court and throw all the alibis and proof of innocence at the jury's feet." Sylvie looked between Q and Dana.

"What's she talking about?"

"My attorney refused to use any of the information Q got to prove my innocence, he said it was conflict of interest and he would get his own information. He didn't do shit except cut a deal with the prosecuting attorney and have me locked up. I spent two years in that damn place and the only person who helped me was Q, little did I know she was going to pull her own scam and get locked up with me."

Q gave her a big grin and tossed a fry at her. "Come on you enjoyed it, how many other patients caused as many problems as me?" Blade looked out of the corner of her eye at Q and shook her head.

"I was only there a couple of days; I can only imagine what you did in six months." She felt warm breath fall across her ear and neck and then a deep sultry voice whispered in her ear. "Who's your daddy?" Blade shivered and glanced sideways into dark emerald green eyes. "Did you do that to everyone?"

"Nope, I just picked on you." She ran a hand up Blade's bare thigh and cupped her burning sex through her underwear, she let out a low growl when Blade stiffened in her chair and whimpered.

Dana snorted and gave Blade a small grin. "She's still Sweetpea the grabby hand little pervert and if you look in her dresser you'll find footy PJ's with the Smurfs on them among other hidden treasures." She stuck her tongue out at Q and went back to eating.

"In my drawers again I see."

"I ain't never been in your drawers, you're too short and insane for me. It's the case of batteries in the closet that clued me in on what you have hidden in that bedroom and I know it's not the energizer bunny or a giant flash light."

Blade was amazed that not even a blush came over Q's face and all she did was shrug her shoulder's and continue to eat like there was no tomorrow.

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Dr. Randolph ignored the crazies running through the place and went to the top floor, he checked both ways before going to his pet's room and looking in to see her sitting in the corner rocking and talking to herself. Pulling his keys from his pocket, he unlocked the door and went over to her.

"Good afternoon Bambi, would you like to go for a walk?" He unlocked the chain from the steel ring in the floor and pulled her up to her feet. Unbuckling the straps at the back of her straight jacket, he had it completely off in a matter of minutes and then led her by her hand out of the room and towards the elevator. He had taken her downstairs numerous times but had no idea how she would act outside. He fingered the syringe in his pocket and grinned a little. If she became too hard to handle, he would just inject her and have a calm little kitten in her place. After five years of giving her shock treatments and experimental drugs, he knew her better than he did the other patients. None of the others were as notorious as she was though; she had killed her own family and then killed another 64 when she burned down the apartment building to hide her crime. She wouldn't have been caught if she didn't stand and laugh hysterically when occupants with their bodies in flames jumped from the 15th story of the building. He had used his own version of Pavlov's dog experiment with her. When she saw fire, she would scream and try to put it out; her reward was no more shocks to her tender areas. Now she was a shell of her former insane self but still had some tendencies to be violent.

"We're going to have some fun Bambi, I have some problems that you can take care of for me and have fun doing it." He used his keys and opened the fire door that led to the parking lot where his car was. As soon as he was on the road, police cruisers flew past him with their lights flashing. "Just in time to escape the Calvary." He laughed hysterically and looked over at the blank look on the bleach blonde's face. "Lighten up Bambi; you'll never have to worry about being locked up ever again."

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Dr. Summers threw clothes and other needed articles in a small carry on bag and then pulled his London trench coat from the hook near the door to his house. He had been informed by one of the institutions orderlies that the place was under seizure by the police and was being completely locked down. He knew he had to get out of the area because it was only a few hours before they found the patients in the basement and would be coming for him. He ran out to his older model Mercedes, threw the bag into the back and climbed in behind the wheel. The screech of tires on pavement made him look behind him to see Dr. Randolph waving at him from his open window. He got out of his car and walked back to see what Randolph needed, as soon as he looked into the car, he saw Bambi point a Berretti at him and then all went black. Randolph pulled away from the curb and sped off down the street. Dr. Summers' body lay trembling in the curb and then stilled as his body caught up with his now destroyed brain. Blood trailed from the hole in his forehead to puddle around his messy hair.

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Dana grabbed the phone from the kitchen wall and growled under her breath, after a few terse

words she hung it up and slammed her hand on the door jam. "That was the Detective on the case, Dr. Randolph hasn't been found yet and that psycho bleach blonde is missing."

Q shot up from her chair and started to pace the area behind Blade, she ran her fingers through her hair messing up even more than it had been. "He's got her, that's his little pet." She jogged from the kitchen and headed for the room they used as an office, she hit her PC on and waited for it to boot up. When it was done, she logged onto her ISP and went into the files at their office. Finding what she needed, she downloaded the file and then printed it up. Taking it with her back to the kitchen, as she read a page she handed it to Blade. "Do you think he reprogrammed her to do his bidding?"

Blade read the last page, she knew that her face was pale and could feel the clamminess of her palms. Rubbing her eyes, she looked to Sylvie. "We had better get a hold of the judge and tell him what's going on, if what I just read is right, he has a killing machine in his control." Sylvie used the phone in the kitchen and alerted the judge of the circumstances with Randolph and the patient he had taken from the institution; she also told him that she would be working with the Loudon County Prosecutors Office on the shared case. After she was finished, she looked to Blade and spoke in a strained tone.

"Will he come after you guys?"

"I think he might," Blade looked to both Q and Dana. "Does anyone know about this place?"

"Nope, it's not under either one of our names." Q stated as she pulled a six-pack of beer from the refrigerator. "It's in my grandma's name, she lives in Pensacola Florida."

"So if we all stay here we'll be safe?"

"Yep, I wasn't kidding when I said it was a safe house." She took Blade's hand and led her to the closet near the front door; she opened the smaller door and showed her the electronics inside. "The White House doesn't even have this kind of security, I have camera's all around the outside perimeter that not only scan the area every 30 seconds but will activate by motion sensor. The second the perimeter is breached, night vision lights click on in the cameras and light the place up like its noon. All the doors and windows have highly sensitive sensors in them and send out a 120 volt shock when it's set from inside the house."

"And what if you forget and touch the door knob; you get fried by your own system?"

"No," She chuckled and smacked Blade in her shoulder. "There's a keypad by the door that you punch the code in and it deactivates the stun."

She gave Q a big grin. "Guess you don't worry about door to door salesmen or the Jehovah's huh."

"Not since we took out the entire Girl Scout troop a couple years ago. It took us months to eat all those cookies; I never want to see another thin mint for the rest of my life."

"Aahh and here I was gonna get you a lifetime supply for Christmas." Blade covered her head in preparation for the blow and jerked when fingers got her ribs instead.

"Now pay attention," She pulled Blade's hands down from her head. "The codes easy to remember, it's 3366." She pressed the code and watched as red lights blinked on the control panel, she hit the code again and the red was replaced with green. "See it's easy."

"Until someone puts an eye out." She gave Q a toothy grin, messed up her hair and went back to the kitchen.

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[Continued In Part 2](#)

[The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive](#)

~ Reason of Insanity ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: Yeahyeahyeah, I know all about this and so does everyone else.

Violence: Yep

Sex: Not me but my characters get plenty.

The age thing: If you ain't old enough and wear footy PJ's, go away until you look good in a skimpy teddy!

Thanks to Lesia, Ri, Maggie, Thorie and to WebWarrior and Bardeyes.

Reason of Insanity

By Larisa

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Part 2

After taking a hot shower and putting on a pair of clean boxers and T-shirt, Blade felt almost human. She dropped down onto the couch and started watching reruns of *Stargate SG.1* with Dana and Sylvie. When she heard the unmistakable sound of feet scuffing the floor, she looked over her shoulder and saw Q coming her way in a pair of footy PJ's with the Smurfs all over them.

"There's the Sweetpea I remember, my little spider monkey." *Did I just sound very possessive to my own ears?* She felt a blush work its way up her face and set her ears on fire. Sweetpea

crawled over the back of the couch and forced her way between Blade and the back of the couch.

"Still nice and comfy or should I crawl on your lap and put you in a death lock like I did in your office the other day?"

"Ohh this is just fine, nice and comfy, your knees do wonders for my lower back pain." She wiggled around and heard Q grunt behind her. "How ya doing Sweetpea?"

Her voice was high and reedy making her sound like a little person from the *Wizard of Oz*. "Ohh just fine." Blade moved forward, placed an arm around Q's neck and pulled her forward and onto her lap. "Just don't bit me, my ears still sore from those sharp teeth of yours." She looked sideways at an amused Sylvie and replied. "What?" She lifted Q's foot up and pointed to her covered feet. "Look footies."

"Blade I think you spent too much time at that place, your brains gone soft or something else has. Not to mention you could be a pedophile from the way you drool over Sweetpea dressed in footy PJ's." Sylvie raised an eyebrow at her friend and gave her a lopsided smile.

"Shut up Sylvester or I'll tell Dana about your leather fetish."

Dana's head spun so fast to look at her lover that she got dizzy. "Wanna see my full length black calf skin trench coat?" Dana took Sylvie's hand and dragged her off the couch. Blade rolled her eyes and snorted.

"So much for peace and quiet and its all because of my big ohh my..." She slapped a hand over her mouth and moaned.

"What's your problem Blade Runner?" Q poked her in her chest and then followed her eyes to the TV. "What?"

"Please jump my bones Major Carter."

It was Q's turn to roll her eyes. "Ohh please, she's butch and a blonde." Blade leaned back from Q and gave her a raised eyebrow.

"And you're..." She waved a hand at Q.

"And that's exactly the reason." She rolled off Blade's lap, flipped on the couch and rested her head on Blade's bare thigh. "Now be quiet so I can drool over Janet and your leg." She pushed on the tight muscle until Blade groaned and settled down to watch TV. Blade was ready to scream bloody murder or throw Q on the floor and pounce on her. She had no idea what was going on with the program they were watching, the small fingers that were floating over the sensitive skin at the back of her knee distracted her. With each light touch, she felt her center clench and knew that she was soaking wet from arousal. Her jaws ached from clenching her teeth to keep her moaning from rolling from her throat, and her knuckles were white from gripping the couch cushions.

Q felt the muscles in Blade's leg jump every time she touched the soft skin and the muscles in her stomach tense and release. She knew if she flipped over and faced Blade, she would be able to pick up the scent of arousal. When the credits rolled past on the TV, she stretched her body out on the couch and then got up.

"I'm going to bed; you can either sleep here on the couch or sleep with me, your choice." She wiggled an eyebrow at a flushed Blade and then loped towards her bedroom. Crawling into bed, she wiggled around until she was comfortable and groaned when her PJ's rode up and hit a sensitive area. Getting out of bed, she unzipped her PJ's, stepped out of them and tossed them on the floor before getting back under the covers. She felt like her body was going to engulf into flames and knew that Blade had to be just as bad if not in worse condition. She rolled onto her side, brought her knees up, cupped her swollen sex with her hands and moaned into her pillow. *"You screwed yourself Sweetpea, got all hot and bothered and now ya can't do a damn thing about it...or can I?"*

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Blade let her head fall back on the couch and moaned long and deep, she took a deep breath and felt her stomach flutter along with the southern region of her anatomy. Moving around on the couch, she felt the wetness of her boxers against her skin and moaned again. "Now what are you going to do Blade, you can't very well go and get in bed with her in your condition." She mumbled to herself and covered her face with trembling hands. "Like if you take care of this problem she would get you right back to the same point with just one touch. Face it you are sooo screwed! And now you're talking to yourself and thinking of doing something completely unlike you." She looked around the dark living room and listened for any noises other than the normal things like the hum of the refrigerator in the kitchen. Sliding off the couch, she got up and walked towards the hallway as if she were bowlegged. When she heard no sounds, she crept back to the couch and sat back down. Slipping closer to the edge, she ran a hand under the waistband of her boxers and held back the moan when she felt her swollen flesh against her fingers and the copious amount of her arousal coating her skin. She dug her heels into the carpet when her hips thrust upward after sliding her fingers through her folds. She knew that it wouldn't take long to relieve herself and started sliding her fingers across her throbbing clit.

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Q pressed her fingers tighter against herself and moaned into her pillow, pulling one hand out from between her thighs, she pulled her pillow tighter to her face at the same time she slipped two fingers deep inside of herself and thrust her hips against her hand. Her soft grunts were muffled by her pillow, as was her panting when her climax came closer. She felt her muscles start to flutter and then clench tightly around her fingers, her back arched when her climax shuddered through her bathing her hand in warm juices. She rolled over onto her back and panted into her pillow waiting for the last of the tremors to subside. Tossing her pillow on the floor, she laid breathing heavy and wiping the sweat from her face.

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Her head was thrown back against the couch, her legs straining and one hand gripped the arm of the couch to the point of her fingers going numb. A soft grunt came from Blade's lips when her orgasm washed through her, her center still throbbed and twitched from the small insignificant release she had given herself. Dropping her weight back onto the couch, she whimpered from the uncomfortable fullness between her thighs. "Fuck...I'm useless...to myself." She forced out between her panting breaths. "Ice pack or bust myself in the head with something heavy." She got up off the couch and waddled towards the bathroom, she stopped when she saw the light under the door and heard soft moans coming from inside. She pressed her hands over her ears and crept down the hall to Q's room, if she was quiet, she could get in and out without disturbing the sleeping woman.

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Q stood in her bathroom with the light off and an ice-cold washrag held against her aching sex. What she hoped would release some of the tension she was feeling did nothing but make it worse, her mind kept playing over what she had been doing to Blade earlier that night. She tossed the washrag into the sink, covered her face with her hands and stepped into a warm body. Large hands came down onto her shoulders and kept her from falling backwards; she peeked through her fingers and saw only the white of a T-shirt.

"Q are you OK, you're all sweaty?"

Q dropped her hands and gazed up into dark blue eyes, a low whimpering escaped her lips when warm hands ran down her shoulders and arms to stop at her hands.

"No and it's all your fault I'm like this." She took Blade's larger hand in hers and pulled her towards her bed. When she stopped, she ran her hands up Blade's chest and wrapped her arm around her neck. She searched the taller woman's face for any kind of resistance and found none. Pulling her closer, she brought their lips to a breath apart before pressing them together for a soft lingering kiss. She never expected Blade to push her back on the bed and crawl on top of her. She cupped Blade's face in her hands and gave her a pained look before pulling her down for a hungry kiss. Their tongues dueled, teeth clashed and flames roared through their already painfully aroused bodies. When the kiss broke, Blade looked down into lust-filled eyes and moaned as she fell over onto her side. "Do you have any idea what you do to me?" Her hips jerked when her center let her know that it was still there and wanted some attention.

Taking the bottom of the T-shirt and pulling it up over Blade's head, she tossed it to the floor. "Ohh I can imagine." Q ran a hand up Blade's thigh and under the leg of her boxers, a long deep guttural noise rattled in her chest when her fingers found warm skin covered in slick juices. She got to her knees and pushed the boxers down trim hips until they were at Blade's knees. She quickly disposed of the wet boxers before she dropped her head and ran a warm wet tongue up the inside of Blade's thigh. She felt Blade's hips thrust and a soft mewling come from her. "You're so wet." She dropped her head and started to lick the juices from Blade's thighs and outer lips.

"It hurts Q...please..." She spread her knees further apart and gasped when she felt Q's tongue slip between her folds. Moving her one hand to Q's thigh, she gripped the inside of her leg and moaned when she felt the wetness coating her skin. She rolled onto her side and pushed Q onto hers, lifting her leg up and placing it over her shoulder; she buried her face between her thighs and greedily licked her juices. Rolling over so that she was above her lover, Blade slipped one arm under a thigh and slipped two fingers deep into Q's twitching center. With slow thrusts, she pushed her closer to the edge and felt her own climax coming closer. Her hips thrust downward and she growled against her lover when she felt fingers fill her. Mimicking each other's movements, Blade was the first to reach the pinnacle and fall over with a loud yell against her lover's center. The vibration sent Q after her and they thrust and trembled against each other until exhaustion dropped Blade over onto her side where she laid gasping and shuddering with the remains of a powerful orgasm. Q rolled over and crawled to lay sprawled across Blade's chest, she kissed the sweat-dampened skin between firm breasts and worked her way up until she came to parted lips. Placing soft kisses at the corners of her mouth, she brought their lips together for a tender kiss. She pulled back, looked into exhausted eyes, and smiled.

"Who's your daddy?" She whispered to her lover and then buried her face against her neck.

"You are Sweetpea, you are." Blade wrapped her arms around the warm body and drifted off to sleep.

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During the early morning hours, they rolled to face each other and ended up tangled together so that Q had her head resting on Blade's shoulder and tucked under her chin. Their arms and legs thrown over and wrapped around each other brought their bodies so close that they seemed as if they were Siamese twins. Dana crept into the room and over to the couple who were laying with their heads at the foot of the bed. A lopsided grin covered her face when she realized exactly what they had been doing to end up all tangled in the blankets and naked. Leaning close to Q's ear, she whispered.

"Rise and shine stud muffin, the office called."

Q snuggled closer to her lover and mumbled. "I quit."

"Right and give up your gun and shiny badge."

A green eye opened and blinked a few times before focusing on Dana. "What do they want?"

"Your cute little ass in the office by 9:00."

"What time is it now?"

"Five thirty."

"You woke me up at 5:30 in the morning for work at 9:00?"

"They woke me up so I'm returning the favor. Nailed Doc huh?"

"Shut up Dan and go amuse yourself with Sylvie." She pressed her face deeper into Blade and sighed. "Shoot you with my gun."

Dana left the room snickering, she couldn't wait to tell Sylvie about them. She skipped down the hall, threw her bedroom door open and launched herself onto her lover's snoring body.

A blue eye opened, a low moan and then Blade was looking around the room, wondering why it looked so different and why her neck felt wet. A low moan came from her again when sharp teeth pulled on the delicate flesh over her pulse point. She wiggled her fingers against the warm body and knew exactly what happened the night before. Her heart raced and she was ready to bolt from embarrassment.

"Don't you dare move." A gravelly voice said close to her ear. "I'm nice and comfortable and warm."

"Sweetpea?"

"Who else would be chewing on you?" She leaned up onto one elbow and looked down into Blade's red face.

"About last night, I...we..."

Q gave her a lingering look. "Yes we did and I don't regret one second of it, I hope you feel the same." She searched wide blue eyes and smiled. "I've never seen you blush like this before, what's wrong?"

"I've never just jumped anyone like I did you last night, I just don't do things like that..."

"Blade Runner, I pulled you to my bed, I instigated it not you." She dipped her head down and licked the hollow of Blade's throat before kissing her way up to moist lips. She moaned when she felt Blade's tongue slip between her lips and search out her mouth, when the kiss broke they were both breathing heavy and flushed. Blade dropped her arm over her eyes and groaned deeply in her chest.

"I did a lot of things last night that's not like me."

Q crawled on top of her lover and rested her chin between her breasts. "Really, like what would they be?"

"I can't tell you...it's just something I can't..."

"Ohh let me guess," She pondered her thoughts for a few moments while watching Blade's face turn a deeper red. "Would it be you trying to get yourself off?" She chuckled when Blade

covered her face with both hands, grumbled, and groaned. "What was that you said?" She pulled herself up so that she was even with her and pulled her hands away from her beet red face.

"I said it didn't work."

"So if I got you all hot and bothered right now, you would suffer for eternity?"

"You don't have to try; I'm already that way...never woke up wet before." She covered her face again then opted for using a pillow.

"So I can take the credit for this and feed my Neanderthal ego?" She slipped a hand down between them and felt the juices covering Blade's nether lips. "You are so wet." She played in the wetness and felt Blade's hips twitch upwards against her, slipping a finger between her folds, she circled her center and then dipped her finger inside before withdrawing completely. Blade gasped and her body pushed upwards for more contact. "Sorry lover but I have to go." She rolled out of bed and went to the bathroom leaving a frustrated Blade to whimper into her pillow.

"Sweetpea you can't do this to me." She whimpered and rolled into a fetal position on the bed, her sex twitching and screaming at her. She rolled onto her back, crossed her ankles and started a mantra of nonsense to take her mind of her condition.

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Q had a huge grin plastered across her face as she sat down on the toilet, it disappeared and her jaw dropped when she wiped herself and felt how wet she was. "Makes two of us Blade, Gods we're a mess together." She flushed the toilet and ran right into a stumbling Blade at the door. She placed her hands on Blade's chest to keep her from falling and then did something that made Blade almost sink to her knees. Dropping her head, she captured a hardened nipple between her lips and sucked greedily.

"Sweetpea if you don't stop I'm gonna pass out." She braced her hands on the door jam and rested her head on her lover's shoulder. She sighed with relief when Q released her nipple and let her go into the bathroom.

"Don't be too long or I'll start without you." She crawled up onto the bed and lay sprawled out on her stomach waiting for Blade to come back to bed.

Blade closed her eyes and whimpered some more. "I've become a whimpering idiot in a few hours." She finished, left the bathroom and felt her knees go weak at the sight before her. She could see her lover's arousal from across the room and felt her mouth water, with weak legs; she walked to the bed and crawled up between Q's opened thighs. Running her hands from ankle to tight rear, she moaned when Q pressed her hips down into the mattress. Covering her body with her own, she dropped her head down to rest beside Q's and whispered in her ear.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Q turned her head and came nose to nose with Blade. "Not until I looked into your eyes."

"Was that before or after you beat me up with Snoopy?" She grinned and placed a soft kiss on Q's nose.

"That was my caveman attempt to seduce you, did it work?"

"Uhhmm...no, I think the grabbing did it to me," She placed soft kisses on moist lips and finished her sentence. "I've been wet since that day." She brought their lips together in a slow exploring kiss that rekindled the flames of desire. Soft touches and butterfly kisses over heated flesh had Q moaning when Blade worked her way down her body and stopped at her apex. Q spread her knees wider and offered all that she was to her lover. Blade dipped her tongue into the juices that flowed from her lover's center and growled when she felt the soft twitch against her tongue. Using her thumb, she brushed back the hood covering Q's clit and flicked the tip hard enough to bring Q's hips up off the bed. Making slow figure 8's around it had her thrashing on the bed and begging.

"I need to...feel you...in me." She pleaded with a thick voice and arched her back when Blade's tongue entered her. She felt the warm muscle slid in and out, then stop all together, and then start to make broad strokes on her throbbing clit, her stomach tensed and the muscles in her thighs as her climax moved through her body. "Blade...I'm coming!" She rasped out, clutched the bedcovers and screamed Blade's name as a powerful orgasm shook her body. She felt her lover turn her head, place her mouth over her center, and lick the streams of her juices that gushed from her. Bright lights flashed before her eyes as another orgasm followed on the tails of the first, she gasped and felt her entire body arch off the bed and shudder its release. Her chest rattled as she sucked air into her lungs and her sweat-drenched body dropped onto the bed. Blade crawled up her body, straddled her hips, wrapped her arms around her and rested her head on her chest. Q had enough energy to wrap her arms around her lover's back before she dropped into calm blackness.

"Poor Sweetpea, even poorer me since my clit is turning blue." She thought of pressing down into her lover to relieve some of her discomfort but thought better of it when she felt Q take a deep breath and run her fingers down her back. She shivered when those soft fingers turned to blunt nails that were dragged up and down her sweaty flesh before digging into her rear. With a deep moan and a thrusting of her hips, Blade brought her head up and looked in to flaming green eyes.

"I'm baaack!" She said with a raspy voice. "I'm going to make you scream until the neighbor's call 911." She brought her hands up between them and pinched Blade's hardened nipples; her back arched and she whimpered. She never realized just how sensitive her breasts were until Q touched her. Wet lips and tongue bathed the heated flesh of her breasts and sent her blood racing to her center.

"Do that again...and it's over."

"Don't think so Blade Runner." She wiggled between Blade's legs until she was looking up at her

wet swollen sex, never had she seen someone get so excited just from foreplay. She dragged a fingertip down one lip and up the other and felt, her mouth go dry when muscles flexed and juices seeped out from her lover's center. Using one hand, she spread the wet lips apart and ran her fingers through the wetness. Brushing her finger across a dark red clit, she moaned when Blade's center opened and more juices flowed. She reached up with her tongue, licked away the offering and heard Blade gasp, and then let out a loud yell as her climax ripped through her. Q watched as her center went into spasms, juices poured from her with each contraction drawing Q upward to lick and suck greedily.

Blade couldn't breathe, she had dropped on to her hands with her head hanging down, her long hair stuck to her sweaty face kept her from seeing her lover between her legs. Her center was still quivering and ripples rolled through her stomach with her last orgasm. Unable to move, she prayed that her arms didn't give out and drop her on her face. With a breathless voice, she called out. "Sweetpea?"

Q scooted out from under her, kneeled behind her and lay across her back. "I'm right here." She whispered and placed soft kisses between the muscular shoulders. Pulling them both over to their sides, she wrapped her body around Blade's back and held her tightly. She had never really been this touchy with any of her other lovers but Blade brought something out in her that made her want to have constant contact. She kissed the warm shoulder in front of her and caressed the soft silky skin of Blade's stomach before crawling over her lover's body to face her. She brushed back the damp bangs from her eyes and looked into the clear blue orbs. Kissing her lips softly, she ran her fingertips across her bottom lip and sighed.

Blade ran her fingers through the damp blonde hair at Q's temple and smiled when it just went back to looking like little horns. She brought their lips together for a deep lingering kiss, when they pulled apart, she leaned her forehead against Q's and whispered in a hoarse voice and staggering her words. "Sweetpea what are we...I mean I..." A deep growl rumbled in her chest, she rolled her eyes and took a deep breath. "To think I'm a doctor who is supposed to be able to hold a conversation." She cupped Q's face in one hand and gazed down into her twinkling eyes. "You think it's funny that I trip all over my tongue?"

"I think you're cute when you get all flustered, shows you're imperfect like the rest of us."

"I never said I was perfect, I'm far from it in all counts."

"When's the last time you looked in a mirror Dr. Williams?"

"Yesterday sometime, why have I grown horns or something?"

"Nooo, you're beautiful;" She brought their lips together for a soft kiss. "Heart stopping beautiful and your eyes make me want to cling to you." She pulled back and gazed deeply into the clear blue eyes. "Of cloudless skies and heavens gates, a day to die, to accept my fate, for one kiss, I surly miss, for chance to gaze, in my loves eyes." She watched the tears that flowed from Blade's eyes and kissed each one away with soft lips. "I love you Blade." She felt her body engulfed in strong arms and then heard Blade's soft sobs near her ear. *Man, what did you do this time?* She

asked herself. Long minutes went by before Blade calmed and pulled back to look with tear-reddened eyes into Q's pain filled misty orbs.

"I knew this would happen one day, I would fall for a woman with so many facets that she would keep me on my toes. Never did I think she would be wearing footy PJ's, armed with Snoopy and be able to floor me with words." She ran a fingertip below Q's eye to wipe away a tear. "I love you Quentin." She brought their lips together for a passion-filled kiss, pouring her heart and soul into her lover and felt her melt into her embrace. They lay curled and clinging to each other absorbing the feelings of love and contentment until Dana flung the door open and pointed to Q.

"Come on stud muffin, you have 40 minutes to get your little ass in gear for work." She wiggled her fingers at Blade and ran laughing down the hallway to the kitchen.

"I really hate her sometimes." She dropped her head down onto Blade's chest and whimpered. "I have to get up and go into the office," She raised her head up and looked into sleepy blue eyes. "Go back to sleep and I'll be home in a little while." She kissed Blade one last time before untangling herself from her lover's limbs. She let out a long deep moan when she looked down at Blade's sculptured body and fought with herself. "I hate it hateit!" She dragged her feet towards her bathroom and disappeared into the darkness. Blade pulled Q's pillow to her chest, wrapped her arms around it and drifted off to sleep with Q's soft scent drifting around her.

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Q stood beneath the hot water and sighed, she had no idea where the sappiness had come from earlier. "Such a mushy little twerp you've turned into." She turned the shower off and stepped out to shiver in the chilled air. "Lesson number one, turn the damn heat on today or turn your tits blue." She grabbed a thick towel, wrapped it around herself and went into her bedroom to stand beside her bed and watch Blade sleep. A goofy grin came across her face when Blade mumbled and brought her thumb up to her mouth to suck. Slapping herself in the forehead, she went to her closet and searched for clothes to wear into the office. Grabbing her usual attire for work, she then searched through her closet and growled. Stomping out of her room she went to Dana's and found her leather jacket lying across her messy bed. "I'll kill her if it smells like a bitch in heat." She examined her black leather duster on her way back to her bedroom and found that it had survived Dana's sex-o-rama unscathed. Pulling it on, she sat on the edge of the bed, pulled her black Nam boots on, and felt a warm hand brush across the back of her neck. Turning her head, she saw that Blade was wide-awake and watching her.

"Sweetpea can you take me home later, I really need to get some clothes and check my office for messages?"

Q leaned back against Blade and placed a soft kiss to her lips. "Let me check with my bosses about you going home or to your office, I want to make sure that asshole Randolph doesn't know where you live, OK?" She kissed her again before getting up from the bed and going towards her bedroom door, she stopped when she heard Blade moan and turned around to look at her. "What?" She looked down to make sure her fly was closed.

"Come over here for a second."

"Blade Runner I'm gonna be late."

"No you won't, just come here." Blade swung her legs over the edge of the bed and met her half way. She pulled the coat open and ran a finger across the gold badge on Q's belt. "You're not any kind of investigator; you're the Lieutenant of Investigations."

"Yeah well, I don't like to brag about what I really am." She cupped Blade's face with both hands and brought her down for a steamy kiss, when she released her, they were both breathing heavy. "Just like a certain FBI profiler I know." She kissed her one last time before leaving her bedroom. Blade ran a hand down her face and gawked at her leather-coated lover as she walked out of sight, a loud sigh came from her as she thought of Sylvie. "I'm just as bad as her." She went into the bathroom and turned the shower on, she needed to get cleaned up and get her mind on what needed to be done about Randolph and Summers.

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Q walked into her office, shucked her duster and dropped in on her worn leather chair. She looked around and groaned when she saw the stacks of folders, memos and other paperwork that had collected on her desk in the last six months. She couldn't know why the Hell someone couldn't sign off on some of the stuff, like the lazy chief who never did his job. "I bet the lazy bastard can tell me the best take-out places with-in 20 miles of the station but not what's going on around here." She moved the stacks from her desk to the table by the window and then booted up her PC before going to the conference room for the meeting. She walked into the room and rolled her eyes when she saw the chief sitting at the head of the table with BBQ sauce staining his shirt and chin.

"Have a seat Porter and let's get this over with, Detective Canter fill Porter in on what's happened in the last couple of days." He dropped a bag from Boudean's BBQ on the table, pulled out a piece of jerked beef, and started chomping away on it while Canter spoke. The thin gaunt man stood and slid a paper across the table to Q; she scanned it and then looked up at him with narrowed eyes.

"Summers is dead, and no one saw a damn thing?"

"No ma'am, one of his neighbors found him when she was going to work, so far all we have from the ME is that it was a .9 mm bullet and a single shot to the head." He shrugged his shoulders and dropped back into his seat. "Could have been a drive by but I doubt it with what's happened at the Institution."

She rubbed her chin and looked to her other detectives. "Find Randolph and I want to know if Dr. Williams place of residence or office is in any files including the court house and I want that information ASAP. Check with Quantico and see if they have the same information; if they do then I want an undercover cop out there to check for B&E." She pointed to a female detective who raised her hand. "Go."

"What about Dana?"

"She's under protection right now and if anyone tries to get to her they'll end up in the morgue by her hand." She could picture Sylvie and Dana ripping someone's head off for interrupting their sex-o-rama. She knew that the detective only asked because she had a crush on her housemate. She looked around the table and then ended the meeting without the chief's input; he was too busy licking the BBQ sauce off the paper bag in front of him. Q returned to her office and was about to start on her report when a wired detective rushed in, dropped a small animal carrier on her desk and fled to the hallway.

"Jack get back here!" She yelled and got up from her desk; she caught the small jumpy woman in the hallway and pinned her with one hand on her throat. "What did you do to my baby?"

"Not a damn thing Q, that cats insane! She chewed up all my furniture and my dogs seeing a headshrinker twice a week because of stress." She wiggled free of her bosses hand and ran down the hall to the squad room.

"My baby wouldn't hurt anyone." She cracked her knuckles and went to check on her cat, she looked into the carrier and saw the huge orange eyes surrounded by long fluffy white hair. "What's the matter Munchkin was Jack mean to you?" The feline hissed and showed her small white teeth to her mistress and then stuck a foot through the cage to swipe at her. "Mama's pretty baby, you want out?" A loud keening howl came from the small cat as it stuck both feet through the doors and swiped at her hand. When the door was open, the white furball jumped out and ran around Q's office attacking anything that didn't move, papers flew all over the place, the garbage can was knocked over, Q was knocked into her chair until finally the cat was on top of the filing cabinet washing its paws. "OK, I can tell you hate being locked up, you should try a nut house some time." She straightened her desk and started signing off on reports hoping to get done before the next century.

"Boss I have that information you needed on Dr. Williams." One of her detectives handed her a computer printout and then left her office after seeing the cat eyeing him up. She read down the list, picked up her phone and asked for a secure line out. Dialing home, she waited until the line was picked up.

"Bartholomew Holmes residence can I help you?"

"Dan is Blade awake?"

"Yep, she's in our office playing on the internet; let me go get your sex slave."

A huge grin came to Q's face when she thought of the beautiful woman she had left in her bed earlier that morning. She felt her heart speed up when she heard Blade's deep throaty voice in the background and then moaned when she purred into the phone.

"Sweetpea?"

"Gods woman do that again and I'll have to change my boxers." She slid down into her chair and threw her feet up on the edge of her desk.

Blade dropped her voice an octave and purred again. *"Do what, I didn't do anything?"*

"Ohh yes you did and you just did it again, you have the sexiest damn voice, makes me wet just hearing it." She took a deep breath and tried to arrange her thoughts. "Anyway, how many houses do you own?"

"Just one why...ohh wait you ran a check on me and found about fifteen or sixteen different places didn't you?" She chuckled at the grumbling coming from her lover. "I did that so no one would know where I lived, guess it worked huh?"

"You can say that, so, where you live isn't on here?"

"Not unless you have an address for Shannondale on there."

Q looked over the addresses and then double-checked. "Nope, but you have half a dozen of them in Pennsylvania. Ever really lived there?"

"Nope, but if anyone was to go to those addresses they'd meet some released sex offenders."

"You can't do that Blade Runner, that's against the law!"

"There's no law against putting down a wrong address Sweetpea. Anyway, those smucks deserve to be harassed after what they did, there's no cure for sexual predators except the electric chair."

"You are a mean, wicked and evil woman; can I help flip the switch?"

"You can have more fun flipping my switch when you get home."

"Geez Blade, I'm gonna have to go crawl in the refrigerator if you keep that up!" She squirmed in her chair and let out a low rumbling moan when she felt the dampness in her boxers. She dropped her voice and growled into the phone. "I'll be home in an hour, you better be ready to not leave the bedroom for a dozen hours."

"I'll be waiting, and Sweetpea, I found your toys." She hung up leaving a slack jawed Q shivering in her chair.

"Ohh my Gods, she's gonna kill me." A wicked smirk came over her face as she thought of how she would die. Hurrying through the most important reports, she tossed them in her out box, put Munchkin in her carrier after fighting with her and ran from her office at breakneck speed. She stopped at one of the detectives desks, had him run a check for information on Randolph's car, issue an APB on it and canceled the search of Blade's residence, she made sure that she would not be called unless it was a dire emergency and the entire police force was dead and in a drawer

in the ME's basement. He nodded his head and jumped back when Munchkin growled at him.

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Blade couldn't hold back the laugh that was bubbling in her chest when she hung up the phone with Q. She could imagine what her face looked like when she had said that she had found her toys. She did have them but only after a trouble making Dana showed her where they were, her reason behind it was to get even with Q for something that she had done while they were locked up. Blade could only imagine what her little Sweetpea had done to her. Checking the food she was fixing for supper, she then pulled a bottle of Black and Tan from the refrigerator and dropped down onto one of the stools by the kitchen bar. Dana and Sylvie were out getting movies for the night and promised to pick up Q's favorite one so they could retire to the bedroom and watch it in there while Dana and Sylvie watched what Blade could only assume to be a nasty title followed by six X's in the living room. Her ears twitched at the sound of squealing tires, the thud of a door slamming and then her name yelled throughout the house. A grin came to her face when she heard footsteps pounding on the floor and then a leather clad Q launching herself into her arms. The impact of Q's body took her backwards onto the counter where she was pinned down and her lips taken in a hungry kiss.

Q broke the kiss and started to nip the soft flesh of her lover's neck against her wishes, she had been thinking of nothing but ripping Blade's clothes off and having her way with her.

"Sweetpea we have to stop." She grabbed her ears and pushed her away from her. "I promise as soon as supper is over you can do anything you want to me."

"Gimme nooow." She whimpered and gave Blade a pout.

"No Sweetpea later, we can even play with your toys if you want."

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Q was in the kitchen looking in the garbage can when Blade came in with dirty plates and silverware; she took one look at her lover and shook her head. "Sweetpea what are you looking for?" Q jumped, spun around and blushed.

"I was...uhhmm..." She waved at the garbage and mumbled.

"She was looking for the take out boxes from Shu Chen's restaurant. Weren't cha Sweetpea, I told her that you slaved in here for hours making that orange chicken with the fried rice and snow peas but." Dana shrugged her shoulders at Blade. "Ohh I put the you know what on the bed for you guys." She put the dishes she had in her hand in the dishwasher and left a fidgeting Q to stare at her bare toes.

"So you thought I couldn't cook so I cheated," She advanced towards Q with narrowed blue eyes. Grabbing her by the front of her black T-shirt, she pulled her up against her body and whispered in her ear. "I have many skills and just maybe I'll show you some tonight." She jumped when

something grabbed a hold of her leg and bit her. "What the Hell!" She looked down into huge orange eyes and hissed. "Sweetpea, what the Hell kind of cat is that?"

"That's my baby Munchkin, she pulled a rawhide chew from her pocket and gave it to her cat and watched her run in a zig-zag from the kitchen.

"Baby, what happened to the rest of its legs, it looks like one of the wiener dogs."

"She's Persian and Munchkin, ya know those shorty cats. But don't tell her she's a cat, I have her thinking she's an ugly dog." She wrapped her arms around her lover's neck and nuzzled Blade's throat. "Can we go play now?" Blade swept her up in her arms and carried her to the bedroom; she put her down to her feet in front of the bathroom and gave her a quick kiss. "Go get ready and I'll get the toys." She winked at her before pushing her into the darkened room, picked up the movie from the bed; and held back the laughter that wanted to escape when she saw what the movie was. Putting it in the DVD player, she turned on the TV, striped out of her clothes, sprawled across the bed in a seductive pose, and waited for her lover.

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Q striped out of her clothes, took the fastest shower in her life, ran into the bedroom, and jumped on the bed still dripping wet. Blade gave her a raised eyebrow look and snorted.

"Where's the toy where's the toy?" Q bounced up and down on the bed waving her arms.

"Settle down Sweetpea, first we have a movie to watch, I'm sure it will get your juices flowing for play time with the toy." She hit the remote button and waited for the movie to start, when the title came up, Q looked at her and grinned.

"You got Monsters Inc!" She bounced up and down on the bed then tackled Blade. "Love you Blade Runner, gimme candy!"

"How about if I give you the toy?" She reached under a pillow, pulled out a stuffed Mike doll, and handed it to Q.

"You found my Mike Wazowski dolly." She clutched him to her chest and kissed Blade before she leaned back against her and watched her favorite movie. Before the credits rolled past, both women were sound asleep with Munchkin sitting on the headboard of the bed watching them.

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A loud yell echoed through out the house and brought Blade's shooting head up from where it rested on her lover's stomach. 'Ohh mama!' was screamed again and then silence until Blade's scream of 'Fuck me!' had Q rolling out of the bed and on to the floor. She looked over the edge of the bed with blurry eyes and saw Blade trying to shred the blankets with her fingers. "Baby what's...Munchkin stop it!" She crawled onto the bed and tried to get her cat off of Blade's ass. Munchkin growled and hissed at her and bit Blade's left ass cheek.

Between gritted teeth, Blade begged, pleaded and ordered in a tight voice. "Sweetpea, get her off or she's breakfast!"

Q panicked and looked around the bedroom for something to get Munchkin's attention; she saw a little green arm sticking out from under Blade's body. She pulled on it and waved Mike Wazowski at her cat. "Look Munchkin, its little Mike!" She waved it and threw it across the room, her cat let go of Blade, ran across the room, grabbed Mike and dragged him from the room. Running her hand across her lover's lower back, she leaned down and placed soft kisses against the soft strip of hair that ran up Blade's back. "Sorry baby, just stay here and let me get something for the scratches." Blade looked over her shoulder with a raised eyebrow.

"Scratches...more like punctures wounds! That cats INSANE!" She ran a hand across her ass and moaned when she hit the spot where sharp little teeth had bit her. "Damn thing should be in an institution." She dropped her head onto the bed when she heard chuckles coming from the bathroom.

"This may sting a little bit." Q used cotton balls soaked in peroxide to wipe the wounds and smirked when Blade whimpered into the blankets. "Such a big baby you are Blade Runner." She placed kisses on the firm flesh and worked her way up so that she was covering Blade's body and nipping at the tender flesh at the nape of her neck. Pressing her hips into her lover's lower back, she moaned when her sensitive clit rubbed against warm skin.

Blade shuddered when she felt Q's wetness paint her skin and felt her own juices slip from between her folds. Rolling over so that she was below her lover, she pulled her down for a slow exploring kiss. Caressing the firm breasts in both hands, she groaned into Q's mouth when she felt her nipples harden beneath her palms. Slowly hands caressed and legs tangled so that they were moving against each other. Soft moans and panting breathes came from them as they traveled closer to a shared climax, Blade ran a hand down across Q's rear to slip between her folds and enter her. Seconds later, Q pressed her center against Blade's thigh and shuddered out her release with a deep growling moan of 'Who's your daddy?' Her hot juices pouring from her center to coat Blade's thigh sent her over the edge with something unintelligible yelled into Q's shoulder. They lay in each other's arms exchanging caresses and tender kisses until they fell asleep.

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Sylvie stomped down the hall to Q and Blade's bedroom, her hair tangled, eyes fierce and a scowl across her lips. She swung her arm up over her head and brought down her shirt across Q's back, she continued to beat her and Blade until two sets of eyes fluttered open and looked at her.

"Sylvie...what are...doing?" Blade asked as she rolled over and looked at her friend.

"Trying to take out my frustrations, that cat is going to be stuffed and sitting on a shelf in my office!" She held out her shredded blouse and threw it over Q's head before she stomped back out of the room.

"Uuhh ohh, I think we're in trouble." They said in unison before getting out of bed, a frightened look came over Q's face when she heard a loud high pierced wail come from the kitchen. She took off running towards the sound with Blade following. Dana was standing with her arms crossed over her chest with a satisfied look on her face.

"How do ya like that ya little psycho!" She looked over her shoulder and saw blazing green eyes drilling into her. "Morning Q, sleep well?" Her eyes grew wide, she jumped and ran from the kitchen when Q raised her hands in the shape of claws and hissed at her. Blade looked down under the table and snickered.

"Guess that takes care of that..." She looked into blazing eyes and backed towards the kitchen door. "I think I'll go...take a shower." She spun and ran down the hall towards their bedroom.

"What did she do to you Munchkin, come ta mama." She crawled under the table and narrowed her eyes at her cat. "What the Hell *did* she do to ya?" Munchkin meowed, hissed and tried to walk towards Q, the only problem was her feet were sticking to the floor because of all the duct tape on the bottoms, her biting habit was taken care of by the plastic milk jug cut so that it was funnel shaped and taped so that it wouldn't fall off her head. "I swear she makes you worse by doing stuff like this, should put a chastity belt on her when she's sleeping." She pulled Munchkin into her arms and ran a hand down her back trying to calm her. When she went into the bedroom, she caught Blade just stepping out of the bathroom, her eyes traveled over the sculptured body. "I think I've become a nymphomaniac." She dropped Munchkin on the floor and ran her hands down Blade's chest then sunk into her warm body.

"Nah, I just think you're a sex fiend." She kissed the top of Q's head and hugged her tightly. "Can we go to my house today; I really need to get some clothes."

"As soon as I get out of the shower," She looked up into pale blue eyes and took a deep breath. "Will you stay here with me?" Her answer was a tender kiss and another hug.

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Randolph waited in his car while Bambi seduced some answers out of one of the police officers standing guard outside of the institution. He had tried to find out where Dr. Williams, Dana and Sweetpea lived, all he found were total blanks and more than enough addresses on Williams than he wanted to check. Knowing how stupid the police were, he knew that his patient would be able to get the information out of one of them. He watched as the bleach blonde dressed in a skintight black leather mini skirt, tank top and stiletto heels came back towards the car with a blank look on her face. He glanced back to the officer and shook his head when the man grabbed at his crotch and walked around the corner of the building. Bambi slid into the seat and looked straight out the windshield, with her monotone voice she drooled. "Dr. Williams, Sylvia Jonis, prosecuting attorney."

He gave her an indifferent look and started his car. "Prosecuting attorney huh? Well, let's see if we can find this Jonis person." Pulling his car out on to the road, he headed towards town

thinking of how the prosecuting attorney was involved with Dr. Williams. "Time to make a trip over to the court house and find out about this attorney."

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Blade opened her back door and peeked inside before entering; Q gave her a strange look and followed. Continuing to act like the boogiemer was going to jump out at her, Blade crept through her house until she let out a yell and fell over the back of the couch to the floor. Q pulled her Berretta, ran into the living room and drew her pistol around the room.

"Blade Runner what the Hell is going on?" She walked slowly to where Blade was lying on the floor pulling at her belt and the buttons on the fatigue pants she wore. "If you wanted to get naked all you had to do was ask and I would have done it for you."

"Haa, funny, rotten damn rat!" She pushed her pants to her ankles, dragged one foot out of them and grabbed the sable colored furball from inside her pant leg. "I hate when you do that!"

"You have a ferret, I pictured you as a parrot type person, ya know someone to teach psycho babble to." She ran a finger across the small creature's head and snorted when it sneezed at her. "What's its name?"

"Ivan the terrible, damn things nuts, I have the first attack ferret in the known world." She put him down on the floor and watched him run with an arched back making funny little noises. "You had better not have gotten into my underwear drawer!" She yelled after him and then tried to pull her pants up.

"I'll help you with those." Q dropped to her knees and ran her fingers up the insides of her lover's thighs. "Gone commando on me Blade Runner." She brushed her fingers through the short-cropped curls at Blade's apex and heard her moan. Licking her lips, she looked into hooded blue eyes before burying her face between her lover's thighs. Blade spread her legs, gripped the back of the couch with her hands and closed her eyes. She knew that Q would bring her release quickly and was still amazed that she could become so aroused with just a look from the small blonde. She felt the fire start at her chest and roar downward to her center; she lifted her hips, cried out her release and felt her nectar flow out of her center. The sounds her lover was making while drinking her offering gave her another orgasm as strong as the first. When she had nothing more to give, she collapsed back onto the couch and panted for air. Q crawled up her body with her lips and chin glistening; she stopped when she saw the smoldering look in her lover's eyes and knew she was in for a world of hurt. She was pulled up to lie on Blade's chest and have her face licked clean. The thought alone of what her lover had done made her juices flow from her twitching center.

"Drop your pants Sweetpea...I have plans for you." She helped small fingers unbutton the 501's, pushed them down trim hips and to the floor to join hers. Gripping Q's hips, she moved her so that her knees were on either side of her head and her glistening center was in front of her. Spreading her folds, she plunged her tongue inside and brushed her thumb across the swollen nub. Her tongue was seized by strong muscles and pulled deeper when Q's orgasm tossed her

into the abyss with a loud yell. Blade slipped her little finger inside her lover's tight opening and felt her body stiffen, waiting for her to relax, she eased her finger in and out until Q was grinding against her.

Q had never had anyone stimulate every part of her nether region as Blade was now doing, being completely filled when Blade slipped two fingers inside her center and twisted them. She panted and clutched the back of the couch and screamed her release when her clit was sucked between wet lips. Her head dropped and she waited for her vision to clear, she moaned when one last ripple grabbed her and then Blade lowered her to lie beside her on the couch. Blade ran her hands up and down her back in a soothing way until her breathing became normal.

Q gazed lovingly into sleepy blue eyes. "Baby are we oversexed yet?"

"Not for a couple centuries, love you Sweetpea."

"Love you too, who's your daddy?" She added and heard Blade chuckle, she buried her face in long silky hair and surrendered to sleep. Blade had figured out that her lover's little saying meant a whole world of things, but when she whispered those words, it was an endearment straight from her heart. She wrapped her arms tighter around the smaller woman and joined her in sleep.

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Sylvie had just gotten out of her car and walked into the courthouse when Randolph and his pet pulled into the parking lot. She knew she was taking a chance by coming into work but there were things that she had to do that no one else could handle. One of them was clearing her lover of all charges brought against her two years ago. Her first priority was to have one of the investigators try and find Dana's old flame, she needed to bring her in and have her put under the third degree. One face came to her when she thought of who would interrogate the woman; she knew that Q would not have a problem with it. Her heels clicked as she walked down the hallway and to the stairs, taking the stairs to the second floor, she stopped and looked behind her. It was not often but at times of danger, the hair on the back of her neck would stand up to alert her as it was doing now. Patting the front pocket of her suit trousers, she felt her office keys and made her way down to her door. She looked back one more time and saw a blonde coming up the steps towards her.

"Excuse me but I'm looking for Sylvia Jonis in regards to a Dr. Williams." Bambi came to stand in front of Sylvie and gave her a strange look.

"Can I ask why you're looking for either one of those women?" Sylvie noticed the vacant look and was on edge.

"I was at the institution earlier today and was turned away by an officer when I tried to get in to see my mother. He gave me those two names."

"I'm Jonis but I have no idea who Dr. Williams is, what do you need from me?"

"Just a favor is all." Bambi bared her teeth, bellowed out a primal growl, and pulled her Berretta from behind her back. "Say hello to Hades for me!" She pulled the trigger, watched Sylvie fly back against her door and then sink to the floor. Calmly putting her gun back, she walked back towards the steps, past the people rushing to see what had happened and out the door. She got into Randolph's car and reported. "She doesn't know Williams, two down, four to go."

"You were supposed to rough her up, torture her for information and then shot her."

Bambi turned and pinned Randolph with her insane eyes. "She didn't know anything." She turned back and looked out the windshield at the scenery that was drifting by.

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Blade had just finished pulling on a pair of faded Levis when her cell phone went off, she picked it up and saw the judges number coming across the small screen.

"Williams."

"Blade, Sylvie was just rushed to the hospital..."

"What do you mean she was rushed to the hospital, she's at Dana's?"

"No, she came into work and someone shot her."

Blade felt all the blood in her body turn to ice, she sunk to her knees and grabbed onto the bed for support. "How bad is she...she's not..."

"No she's not dead but it's serious."

"I'm on my way." She sat on the floor and didn't move until Q came in to the room from the shower.

"Blade what are you doing...what happened?" She knew by the pallor of her lover's face that something had happened. She dropped to her knees in front of her and cupped Blade's face between her hands. "Blade tell me."

"Call Dana, Sylvie's been shot." She handed Q her phone and then dropped down to put her head in her lover's lap.

"Shot...but she's with...fuck!" She dialed home and waited for Dana to answer the phone, she didn't even let her finish what she was saying before she told her to get over to the hospital because of an emergency. She hung up the phone and then dropped her head down to rest on Blade's back. "Come on Blade, we have to get over there."

"What have I done Sweetpea...this is my fault."

"Bullshit Blade Runner, this isn't your fault, this is that damn Randolph's. Now come on and get your ass up." She pushed Blade up, kissed her lips and then got up to get dressed. She knew one thing; she was going to get Randolph and his killing machine. If she didn't kill them on sight, she would make sure that they never saw the light of day again.

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Blade and Q ran up to the front doors of the ER and met the judge and a handful of officers standing in the waiting area. She immediately pulled him aside for a private conversation; he looked beside her and raised an eyebrow at Q.

"Blade I want you to introduce me to your friend?"

"Sorry, this is Lt. Quentin Porter. Q this is Judge Harris."

The judge cocked his head sideways as he looked down at Q. "Your name sounds familiar," He looked to Blade and saw the blush working up her neck.

"Sir she's Sweetpea from the institution, I didn't know at the time who she really was..."

"Later Blade, right now Sylvie's in the OR, the bad news is the bullet hit her in the chest, but the good news is she had her badge and ID hanging around her neck. The bullet hit her badge, deflected and glanced off her ribcage before going through her upper thigh."

Q wrapped an arm around her lover's waist when she saw that she was starting to sway on her feet. Caressing her forearm through her leather jacket, she went up on her toes to whisper in her ear.

Q looked to the Judge and asked in a calm voice. "Sir can we go up and wait near the OR?"

"Yes, and after she's out of surgery I'll have a guard posted outside her door."

Q looked to the doors of the ER and saw Dana burst through them and come running their way. "Sir your guard dog just arrived, no one will get past Dana."

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The three women sat in chairs in the waiting room on the surgical floor, Dana was silent and if not for the tears running down her face, one would have thought she was a statue. Blade sat with her head resting on Q's shoulder watching the door to the OR. Q nudged Dana when she saw a doctor push through the door; he looked around and then saw the three expectant faces looking at him.

"Are you friends or family of Ms. Jonis?"

Dana jumped to her feet and grabbed the doctor's hand. "Is she going to be alright?"

"Uhhmm who are you to my patient, I have to speak to family members."

Her golden eyes flashed to a copper color, she growled between her teeth and leaned in closer to the man. "I'm her wife, now how is she?"

The doctor not wanting to get into the hospitals policies spoke to her. "Every thing is fine; I removed the shrapnel from her chest, closed up the wounds on her ribcage and thigh. She should be in the ICU in the next ten minutes. But I can't let anyone in to see..." He jumped back when two gold shields were flashed in his face. "You can see her for a little while but that's it." He turned and fled down the hall to the safety of the doctor's lounge. Blade started to chuckle when Q wrestled the badge from Dana's hands.

"What are you doing with my spare badge?"

"How do you think I get to the head of the line at the coffee shop?" She grinned at her small friend and then sighed with relief. "Let's go find out what room she's going in." She took off down the hall at a fast pace leaving the other two behind. Blade stood up and enfolded Q in her arms.

"Thank you for being the strong one, I've never been good when it comes to something like this."

"It's OK baby," She wrapped her arms around her lover's neck and kissed her softly. "You were strong for me in the nut ward."

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Dana sat in a chair beside Sylvie's bed, their fingers laced together and Dana's head resting on her upper arm. Nurses had come in and tried to remove her and found that they would rather be thrown in a dark pit filled with rattlesnakes. To make it worse, the patient had two other guard dogs that looked twice as mean in the room. Q snuggled closer to Blade's chest and yawned, they had been at the hospital for seven hours and were exhausted. She ran her fingers through her lover's long hair and pulled her down so she could whisper in her ear.

"Let's go home and get some sleep, we'll come back in the morning and bring Dana breakfast." Blade stood up and put Q on her feet, she walked over to the bed and placed a soft kiss on Sylvie's forehead before running her hand across Dana's cheek.

"We'll be back in the morning OK?" She watched Dana nod her head and Q kiss Sylvie and then Dana before they left the room.

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They held hands as they walked from the room and took the elevator down to the ER; neither one of them spoke but chose comfortable silence as they made their way to Q's Crown Victoria. Q opened Blade's door and waited for her to get in before closing it, she went to her side and found

the door opened. Slipping inside, she pulled the door closed but didn't start the car, she turned and faced Blade and felt tears fill her eyes. Her time for being strong passed as soon as they walked through the ER doors. The police lieutenant was gone and Sweetpea made her re-appearance. She scooted across the seat, fell into Blade's arms and sobbed. They sat for a while and just cried for all that had happened in a few short hours.

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Blade dragged a scruffy Dana from Sylvie's room so that Q could question her without Dana going ballistic. She had her in a headlock after she tried to run back down the hallway to her lover.

"All right bonehead, knock it off or I'll jab ya in the ass with what ever syringe I can find laying around here."

"But my baby...", She pinched Blade on her ass, wiggled and ended up on the floor tangled with Blade's body.

"You have two seconds to knock it off before I do the first frontal lobotomy of my career." She clenched her thighs tighter around Dana's stomach and heard her gasp. "I wrestled in college so don't even try and get loose!" Blade arched her back and brought Dana up onto her shoulders for a perfect pin.

Dana's voice came out strained and up four or five octaves. "OK...give...gotta piss!" Blade quickly released her and pulled her to her feet.

"Now behave, I'll be right here when you get done so no funny stuff." She watched as Dana ran to the bathroom down the hall and chuckled. "Worse than Sweetpea." A smile came to her face when she thought of her fiery little lover. She leaned against the wall and waited for Dana to finish in the bathroom, she grinned when she came through the door with a relieved look on her face and wiping her face with a wet paper towel.

"Took a whore bath but I don't think it worked." Dana pulled the front of her damp T-shirt away from her skin. "Think I can use the showers here?"

Blade wrapped an arm over her shoulder and gave her a brief hug. "Can't see why not, since you're a vagrant and all."

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Q took a seat in the chair next to Sylvie's bed; taking her hand in hers, she waited for her hazel eyes to flutter open. "Hey there Sylvie, feel like shit huh?" She grinned when Sylvie rolled her eyes at her.

"That's an understatement, more like I got shot with a damn cannon. Could you..." She pointed at the cup sitting on the small table and sighed when the cool water soothed her dry throat. "Are

you going to get that crazy ass bitch?"

"Most defiantly, I just need to have a positive ID on her." She pulled a mug shot from her pocket and held it up for Sylvie to see. "Is this the bitch that shot you?"

"That's her, she said that she talked to a cop at the institution, she was looking for Blade." Sylvie gripped her hand and caused Q to flinch. "You have to protect Blade; don't let anything happen to her." She took a deep breath and blinked back the tears that filled her eyes. "She's my best friend; I can't lose her to some psycho."

Q wiped at the tears in her own eyes and nodded her head. "Don't worry; I won't let anything happen to Blade." She looked down to where she was holding Sylvie's hand. "It would kill me if anything happened to her."

"You love her that much?"

"More than I can even put into words," She snorted and then smiled at Sylvie. "Did she tell you that I beat her up in the institution the first day she was there?"

"Ohh yeah, I owed her a bottle of Remy Martin for her taking the job and then after she met you, the number increased every day. I probably owe her a couple cases by now." She sobered and gave Q a hesitant look before she glanced out the window of her room. "I jumped all over her for what she was beginning to feel for you, it's not a good thing when a doctor falls for a patient let alone one who's locked in an institution." She looked back to Q with twinkling eyes. "Now I don't know what's worse, you running down hallways in footy PJ's swinging a snoopy or with a shield and gun."

Q busted up laughing at the picture of her trying to arrest someone in her smurf PJ's. "I think me just trying to haul someone in while in my PJ's would get me locked up for good." She patted Sylvie's hand and stood up. "Get some rest; I'm going to get a couple hundred cops on this. Don't worry; I'll get that bitch and Randolph." When she reached the hallway, she couldn't help but laugh at her lover and Dana. Dana was struggling to walk down the hallway with Blade standing in front of her with her hands braced on her shoulders. The squeak of Blade's tennis shoes causing Q to cover her ears and the grunting making her shudder in arousal.

"Blade Runner, you can let Dana the dimwitted Amazon back in the room, I'm all done with Sylvie." She caught her lover as Dana gave out a yell and ghosted out of her grasp.

Panting and leaning over to catch her breath, Blade tilted her head at an angle and looked up into laughing green eyes. "Damn she's strong...wrestled in the hallway earlier...but it's like...trying to stop...a train."

Q ran her hand up and down her lover's back. "I'd act the same way if you were in that bed, but I'd just shoot who ever got in my way." She wrapped an arm around Blade's neck and crawled on her back. "Gonna carry me to my car Stud?"

Blade stood up, put her arms under Q's knees and walked down the hall to the elevator. "Ya know this looks kinda funny?" She yelped when the tip of her ear was nipped.

"Could make it look worse and hump you right here in the hallway."

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Early the next morning, Randolph pulled his car up in front of the Judge's house and waited for Bambi to get out, he watched her jog around and disappear around the back side. He had told her to go in through the French doors at the back of the house, down the hallway to the first door on the right. It was where the Judge's den/office was and when at home, he was always in there. Taking the next turn onto a side street, he waited for his pet to do her job and then meet him at the specified spot. Once the other person involved was out of the picture, then it would only leave three people to get rid of not counting Bambi. He checked his watch and was getting ready to just leave her there when he saw her jogging towards him. She slid into the car looked at him briefly before staring straight ahead.

"Done." Was all she said before she went into her own world. Randolph took off down the road and headed in the opposite direction; he had chosen a motel not too far from the judge's house and placed it under a fictitious name. Once every thing was finished, he had a nice little cottage in England waiting for him and a new job as head of the psychiatric ward in Wales.

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Q and Blade pulled up in front of the institution, got out of her car and walked towards the officers guarding the door. Q gave each one of them a glare before pulling the picture of Bambi from her pocket. She went up to the first one and showed it to him.

"Was she around here yesterday?" He looked down at the picture and then pointed to the other officer.

"I didn't talk to her but he did." He stepped back when Q growled and Blade tried to set him on fire with a steady stare. Q stuck the picture so close to the other officers face that his eyes crossed.

"You talked to this woman yesterday, what did you tell her?"

"She was looking for some doctor, I told her to check with Sylvie Jonis."

"You stupid asshole! You got Jonis shot yesterday, weren't you told to not speak to anyone to have them contact the Investigation Division?"

"My Sgt. didn't tell us anything in briefing, and the woman said she needed the doctor because of a family member inside.

Blade laid a hand on Q's shoulder to calm her down. "Lt. Porter, we have to remember that

Bambi is under Randolph's manipulation. He probably told her exactly what to say when she got up here." She stepped closer to the officer. "What was she driving?"

"She wasn't at least not that I saw, she walked towards the parking lot afterwards."

"Come on Lt. Porter, we still have Randolph's house to check on." Blade took her pissed off lover's hand and pulled her away before she beat the Hell out of the cop. An hour later, they pulled into the driveway of Randolph's house and met the detective that was taking care of the scene. He handed over all the phone bills and other papers that he had found in the house and shrugged his shoulders.

"The place is clean and from as far as I can see, he hasn't been here in a week or so. He may be holed up in some hotel or something under a different name."

"Has anyone went out with his picture, you know like show them to the clerks at the hotels?"

"Yes Lt. we have and nothing, we even searched for his car but that turned out to be a waste since it's in his garage."

Q pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed in frustration, everything was coming up blank as far as finding Randolph. Then it came to her of what he may have done, she pulled another copy of Bambi's picture from her pocket and handed it to him. "Take this and make up more flyers, go back to all the hotels and see if she's been seen."

They got into her car and sat for a few minutes just staring out of the windshield. She turned to Blade and shook her head. "This is going to drive me into the nut ward, it's like he's invisible." She pulled her vibrating cell phone from her pocket and barked into it.

"Who? Ohh for the love of the Gods! Did anyone see or hear anything?" Blade listened to the one sided conversation and knew that something had happened. She placed a hand on Q's thigh and moved her fingers in small circles. "We'll be right there and don't let anyone leave the area, I want all the roads around there shut down." She clicked the phone closed and dropped her head back against the seat. "We've got another dead body, this time it's a judge."

"It wouldn't happen to be the judge that was hearing cases for Summers would it?" She groaned when Q nodded her head.

"One shot through the forehead just like Summers, Sylvie is so damn lucky." She mumbled the last part hoping that Blade didn't hear her.

"Yeah she is, wonder why Bambi shot her in the chest?"

"I have no idea but I'm glad she did, it would have killed Dana to loose her." She flipped the siren on and tossed a top hat on the roof. Tearing out onto the road she broke the land speed record and made it to the judge's house before the ME's or CSI did. Waving her badge at the officer's near the door, they backed up after seeing the hardened look on the women's faces. Q

saw officers' standing down the long hallway outside of what she assumed was where the body was. Making sure to not touch anything, she and Blade stopped outside of the door. "Anyone else been in here since the body was found?"

"No ma'am, except for when I checked to see if he was alive." He looked over his shoulder and could only see slippers. "It's not pretty ma'am, the back of his head is all over the place."

"I've seen worse believe me." She walked into the room and felt the hairs on the back of her neck raise up, looking down at the position of the body and the blood splatters, she knew that he had been caught unaware. Just guessing, she figured that Bambi had come up behind him and shot him as he turned. "As soon as CSI gets here, tell them I want a full report in my little hands ASAP." The officer nodded his head as she walked past him.

"Blade just witnessed another facet of her lover, the disconnected Lt. that could look at the horrors of a heinous crime and not flinch. She knew that the mind could block out certain things for a time but they came back when the subconscious mind took over. She wondered if Q had nightmares from what she saw from her working hours.

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Randolph saw the dark Crown Victoria go past him as he came back from getting something to eat; he looked in his side mirror and thought that the woman driving looked familiar. He turned into a parking lot and followed the car until it stopped outside of the police department. Slouching down in the seat, he watched as the doors opened and his face broke out into a grin. "So Quentin, you're were not as you seemed while in the institution, and I see that you have Dr. Williams with you. My life just became easier and yours just took a turn for the gates of Hell." He waited until they were inside before going back to the hotel to retrieve Bambi. They would wait and follow the women and take care of both of them at the same time, and then it was only a matter of time before he was rid of his pet and on the next plane to England.

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Q opened the file from the CSI; it was report on what they had found in the institutions basement. Besides numerous fingerprints that they had matched with the help of the FBI at Quantico, they had bone fragments and other objects that survived the flames of the furnace. It took heat of over 2000 degrees to be able to burn bone and even then, some of the smaller pieces were left in the ashes along with certain metals such as gold. They would have to get all the dental records of the patients to find who had gold crowns or teeth to be able to identify who would have been disposed of in this manner. She looked over the list of names of the patients that had still been locked in the cells and didn't see Johnston's name. Glancing at the arrest report of all the orderlies that were involved in Randolph's little party, she was happy to not see Freddy's name among them.

"I hope the son of a bitch was burned in the furnace." Q said in a quiet voice that attracted Blade's attention.

"Who Sweetpea?" She asked while leaning over her lover's shoulder to look at the list.

"Johnston, I hope he's dead and burned up." She looked up into her lover's eyes and blushed. "I've never been known for my tact or playing nice with others, after all the bullshit he pulled he deserved the fucking chair."

Blade gripped her lover's shoulders. "I know he did, there's lots of them in jail that deserve the chair but our bleeding heart society thinks that they can be reformed."

"We should lock them or one of their kids in a cell with a mass murderer or child molester and see if they still think that way."

"Maybe we can start a home care foundation, adopt a serial killer or pedophile. Make him a family member and a valued citizen, you'll be the talk of the neighborhood and you can brag at parties that your daughter got knocked up by the FBI's Most Wanted Poster Boy."

An evil grin came to Q's face with her next words. "I think the Governor should take about a dozen of them, he has a big house and lots of money to keep them fat and happy." Q leaned back against her lover's body and sighed, she had a tension headache and being in the office did nothing for it. "Let's get out of here, my heads killing me. We'll get some Take-out and go see Sylvia and Dana." She felt Blade place a soft kiss on her head before she pulled her chair back and helped her up. "First I need to stop by the supply cage, I need a new speed loader and case and a new vest."

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"Tell me again why I have to wear this thing?" Blade tapped her Kevlar covered chest.

Q walked up, bumped chests with her and tapped her on her nose. "Because I want to spend the rest of my life with you, that's why." Blade cupped her face and leaned down for a soft kiss, when they came apart, a small smile covered her face.

"Was that your way of asking me to marry you?" She raised an eyebrow when Q gave her a bright smile.

"Yeah that would be what I'm asking you," She looked around at where they were and snorted. "I am such a romantic, asking you to marry me while standing in a parking lot."

"Sweetpea, we could be standing in a sewer and it would be romantic." She wrapped her arms around her and pulled her close to her body, resting their foreheads together she whispered her next words. "Yes Sweetpea." They came together in a kiss to rival all others, if any passer by were bothered by it, the sight of Q's pistol on her hip changed their minds.

Q broke the kiss, leaned into Blade and gasped for air. Tangling her finger's in her lover's hair, she laced her fingers behind Blade's neck and pulled her down so that she could whisper in her ear. "We get food, see the guys and spend the next 24 hours in bed." Blade pulled her head up,

gave her a toothy grin with a wiggle of her dark brows and ushered her to the car.

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After spending a good majority of the night and morning in bed, Blade and Q went to the hospital to visit with Sylvie and take Dana clean clothes. Q parked her car in the ER parking lot and ran around to let Blade out and retrieve the bags from the back seat. She jumped when Blade goosed her and took one of the bags from her hand.

"Sweetpea you don't have to run around the car to open the door for me."

"Ohh yes I do, I'm a gentleman and if I don't a lighting bolt will come down and fry my ass, so just get over it." She gave Blade a quick kiss and loped to the door with Blade shaking her head as she followed. Dana was sitting clear across the room pouting, her golden eyes watching Sylvie the entire time as she read the newspaper.

"Please sweetness?"

"Nope, you stay over there, you reek!"

"Do not, I took a shower."

"And put dirty clothes back on!"

"I wasn't about to go nekkid, there's an orderly who keeps looking at me funny."

"Probably from the permanent wrinkles and sweat stains in your clothes."

"He keeps looking at my ass."

"I doubt that Dan, no one is interested in your hairy ass except Sylvie." Q tossed her a gym bag and raised an eyebrow when she got up and danced around the room. "Guess she's happy." Q said in a whisper only loud enough for Blade to hear.

"Either that or she's cracking up." Blade whispered back.

"You're both right," Sylvie said from across the room. "I wouldn't let her come over here because her clothes reeked. So what did ya bring me?" She wiggled her fingers at the bag in Blade's hand.

"Taco Bell, we got your favorite chicken burrito supreme and cinnamon crisps." She handed the bag to Sylvie and stepped back when Dana came running into the room and crawled up onto the bed with her lover.

"I don't reek anymore." She snuggled against Sylvie's side and tried to steal the cinnamon crisp from her fingers.

Q took a seat on Blade's lap and looked to her two friends. "This is what we have so far." She told then everything that the CSI unit had come across, the arrest reports on all the institutions personal and about not being able to find Randolph and his pet killer Bambi. Sylvie dropped her head back into her pillow and absorbed all the information and then shook her head, she knew what she was thinking was dangerous and knew that neither one of her friends was going to like what she said.

"Randolph is picking off every body who knew what he was doing," She raised her head and looked at Blade. "You're on his list, if you want him; you have to become the target for Bambi" Q shook her head, her temper flared to life and turned her face a deep red.

"Ohh nooo you're not Blade, we can get him without you becoming his next victim. All we have to do is find the hotel they've been staying in and go get them."

Blade gave her a tight hug and kissed the crown of her head. "We've already tried that, maybe if we go to the media and tell them that we know who the killers are and show pictures of them, someone will turn them in?"

Q shook her head at her. "The Chief has already said no go on that, he..."

"Guys, most likely he's already been following you and is bidding his time," Dana rolled from the bed and started to pace the floor. "He went to each person he had Bambi kill, that means he's trying to find you two. Has anyone taken notice of a lurking person at the scenes?"

Q slapped her forehead for not thinking of that. "Shit! I didn't even think of him or Bambi being at the scenes. I wonder if any of the reporters got pictures when they were there?"

"Should be easy enough to find out?" Blade said and looked to Sylvie and Dana. "You two are safe here, they have a cop outside and one at the doors to the stairs."

"Who needs them, I have Dana here, she can throw her dirty clothes at them and incapacitate them for weeks just by the stench."

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Randolph and Bambi sat in his car outside the hospital waiting for Blade and Q to come out. He had planed to block them in and then have Bambi shot both women at the same time. Looking at the silent woman beside him, he spoke in a commanding tone. "As soon as they get into the car, I want you to shot the driver and then take out the passenger. Is that clear?"

Bambi slowly turned her head and pinned him with her insane brown eyes, a feeling of absolute hatred crossed behind the blank orbs and sent a chill up his spine. Once the two women were dead, he would shot her and leave her body behind. She would take the full impact of all the deaths and he would be free to leave the country before they figured out what had really happened.

"Yes I understand." She turned back to gaze out the windshield while Randolph watched for Q and Blade. Images from the past ran through her mind, of Randolph leaning over her and placing electrodes to her bare flesh. Her body jerked with a flash of pain, she turned her head to look at the man who had caused all of it. Her teeth bore in a snarl and a low growl rumbled in her chest. "I understand everything must end right here." She pulled a knife from her boot and shoved it between his ribs and twisted the blade, a scrapping sound was followed Randolph's scream of pain.

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Q held Blade's hand as they walked from the hospital and across the street to where the car was parked. Lost in their own thoughts, neither one of them paid attention to the car sitting down from them. Q opened the passenger door for her lover and then got in on her side, turning the key, she put the car into reverse and started to back out. The squeal of rubber and then the sound of a cars horn made Blade look to where the sound was coming from. On instinct alone, she grabbed Q and yanked her across the car and up against her body, seconds later the other car slammed into them and shoved them across the parking lot. With the car still being in reverse, it slammed into the car behind them and threw the two women to the floor. A low groan came from Q as she crawled up from the floor and pulled Blade with her. She ducked her head when a bullet tore through her car right where her head had been.

"Ohh shit baby, I think we're in trouble here." Blade reached for the door handle and pushed it open. "We have to get out of here." She tried to push Q out and found her hand grabbed.

"You stay right beside the car and out of sight; I'll take care of this."

"Bullshit...", She ducked when more bullets tore threw the car. "We both take care of this." She shoved Q out the door and then followed her to only pull her away from the car. "Q what are you..."

"Take this and cover me." Q handed her the shotgun that she had pulled from under the seat. "Just pump it and pull the trigger." She pulled her Berretta, brought it up over the fender of the car, and returned fire. Blade pumped the shotgun, aimed at the passenger side of the other car and pulled the trigger. When the glass evaporated from the car, they could only see Randolph slumped behind the wheel. "Where is she?" Q whispered as she scanned the inside of the other car. When bullets ricocheted off the hood of her car, she dropped down behind it and looked to Blade. "She's in the backseat using Randolph as a shield. You draw her fire while I run to the side and take her out."

"Ohh no you aren't!" Blade grabbed her upper arm and pulled her closer. "We're staying right here and waiting for back up." She dropped closer to the ground and swore under her breath when bullets flew overhead, Q's yelp of pain drew her eyes to her lover. "Q are you alright?"

"Yeah, except for the hole in my shoulder, I'm peachy." She looked with shock-filled eyes at Blade, passed out and then fell over to land across her. "Sweetpea!" Blade yelled and then checked the wound in her lover's shoulder. With the sight of blood covering her hand, a low

primitive howl tore from her chest. Pumping a new shell into the shotgun, she eased Q onto the ground, crept to the back of her car and aimed at Randolph's. She fired continuously at his car until she was right beside it, aiming at Bambi; she pulled the trigger and heard a click. "Just what I need!" She dropped to the ground when Bambi aimed her gun at her and fired. Scurrying across the ground, she made it back to Q and took the gun from her slack hand, checking for bullets, she grabbed a speed load and reloaded it before crawling towards the other car again. Leaning back against the door, she took a deep breath and jumped up to point the gun at Bambi who was slumped over in the seat. Not paying attention the entire time except for her heart pounding in her ears, Blade was surprised to see flashing red and blue lights and two officers pointing their guns at her.

"Drop it lady and lace your hands on top of your head!" One of the officers yelled at her while the other made his way over to her.

"Lt. Porter's been shot! She's lying beside her car!"

"BLADE!" She turned her head when she heard Dana yelling as she came running towards her. "Will you assholes stop playing with yourselves and out your pea shooters away!" Dana pushed past the officers and pulled Blade over to where Q was coming around. "Damn it Q, you just had to get shot huh?" Dana said as she helped Blade pick up the smaller woman. "Take her inside; I'll handle the keystone cops." She jabbed the nearest officer in the chest and growled at him. "Where the Hell were you when Randolph was trying to kill my friends?"

"Just who the Hell are you lady and you're screwing up our crime scene!" Dana let out a loud burst of laughter and then flashed the gold shield in his face. "I'm your superior in every way imaginable to man and God. Now get this scene under control and report to me when the CSI team gets here, I'll send out the ME when I find him." She watched as both officers just stood there looking at her. "MOVE IT!" She chuckled inside as they jumped and started to control the crowd that was gathering, she went back into the hospital to find her friends and return Q's shield.

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"I hated being in that place and having strange people poke and prod me." Q whined as she dragged Blade down the hospital hallway, she was still wearing the hospital gown and had a white bandage covering the bullet wound. No matter what Blade or anyone else said about her waiting until they sutured her, she held her hands over her ears and started singing at the top of her lungs. Now she was escaping with her ass hanging out the back of her gown.

"Sweetpea you have got to at least put your clothes back on!" Blade yanked her back against her body and tried to hold onto the squirming blonde. "I don't like the idea of everyone seeing your ass." She gasped when Q grabbed her between her legs and massaged her through her levis.

Q whispered in a sultry voice that sent shivers down Blade's back. "Let's find a nice little supply closet and have some naughty sex." Without waiting for Blade to answer, she went to the nearest door, pulled it open and pushed her lover inside. Closing the door with her foot, she pushed

Blade up against the wall, unzipped her Levis and pushed them down around her ankles. "Just the thought of you toting a gun around got me all hot and bothered." She slipped her hand between Blade's legs and played in her wetness. "A little excited are we?" She raised an eyebrow at her gasping lover.

"What do you expect...I was walking...ohh Gods!" She gasped out when two fingers slipped inside her. "Bare ass...wanted to...bite it." She felt her knees give out and she slipped to the floor.

"You can do that later baby...after you catch me." Q gave her a quick kiss, opened the door and ran out.

"Ohh Sweetpea...you are...going to GET IT!" She yelled the last words while she struggled to her feet and tried to get her pants back up. "Can't believe she did this to me!" She took a deep breath, ducked her head into the hallway and saw a handful of nurses and orderlies running towards the hospital's front doors. "Ohh what have you done in a matter of seconds?"

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Q was running around the outside of the hospital with nurses and orderlies chasing her, she would let them get close then dodge out of their way and run in the opposite direction. The entire time screaming, "I'm the Red Baron." and pretending she was an airplane. Dana stepped up behind Blade and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"I guess Sweetpea's back in full force."

"Ohh you could say that, I just hope they don't lock her up." Blade turned to look into golden eyes. "Any idea of why she's doing this?"

"Easy, she hates doctors and hospitals; this is her way of showing them whose boss." She looked into pale blue eyes. "You're a head shrinker, how come you don't know this?"

"I don't analyze her because it would put me on a couch in a shrinker's office." She looked back and saw that Q was now totally naked except for the bandage and her socks. "Ohh my Gods! She's gonna get locked in a jail cell if I don't stop her." She stepped forward and whistled through her fingers, everyone's head spun in her direction and then watched as Q went sprinting up to her and jumped into her arms.

"WHO'S YOUR DADDY?"

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Two weeks later, after confirming that Johnston had been one of the victims of Randolph's sick game and disposed of by being stuck inside a lead box in the basement of the institution, having died from suffocation during a deprivation test. The woman who claimed that her dead husband had stolen all her money had been found out as to losing the money herself gambling in Atlantic city and was now in a holding cell awaiting arraignment. Q and Blade were sitting in the

backyard of Blade's house when Sylvie and Dana walked around from the front; they took one look at their friends and busted out laughing.

"You are sooo wrapped Blade." Sylvie said as she took in her friend's appearance.

"I learned a long time ago, don't argue with Sweetpea." She pulled the tinfoil hat off her head and raised her bloodshot blue eyes to their friends. "You're lucky you weren't here earlier, she found an alternative use for the plastic sheeting I had in the garage." She ran her fingers; through the messy blonde hair of her sleeping lover. "I'll need about 50 gallons of degreaser to get the olive oil off the kitchen floor, soo what brings you guys here?"

"Guess asking to borrow some Olive oil is out of the question?" Dana grumbled and felt an elbow in her ribs.

"We wanted to let you know that you are cleared of everything that happened during the shooting, even though you did hit Bambi with a shotgun blast, that's not what killed her. It was one of Q's rounds that took out her left ventricle; the doc's were amazed that she had lived long enough to keep on shooting. And that Dana has been cleared of all charges, her record tossed and everything about the stay at the institution destroyed where it concerned Q's notorious record of being a terrorist."

"God you work fast, so now everything is all cleared up except for my Sweetpea's tickets for indecent exposure?"

"Yep, good thing that the CSI searched the judge's house otherwise I would have had to take everything into court. They found a ledger in his safe that listed everything that he and the other doctors were up to, including having Dana put away."

"Told them I didn't do anything, but noooo! I was just a firebug who wanted to roast marshmallows over a flaming Mercedes. The bad thing about all this is I lost my previous job, the really bad news is...Sylvie's my new boss." She ducked the hand that came near her head and snorted. "The bennies are that I get to hide under my boss's desk and not get in trouble for it."

"Any job openings with you guys?" Q had woke from her nap and asked from where she was snuggled against her lover's body. "My boss went ballistic over my streaking at the hospital and fired me, even after solving the missing Johnston and the institution scheme." Dana pulled an envelope from her pocket and handed it to Q.

"Take a look at that, we pulled some strings but we didn't know if it would work for ya." Q opened the envelope, pulled the letter out and grinned at them.

"What kind of strings did you pull guys?"

"The judge just happened to mention your boss's name in his ledger; we approached him with a choice. Either retire and give you back your position or we make a trip to the courtroom and charge him with being an accomplice. So, you have your job back and I've taken the lead

prosecuting attorney position here. So yep, you will be working for us."

"Hey what about me, what am I gonna do?" Blade whined.

"Blade Runner, you work out of your office here for who ever needs you, plus since you're domesticated you get to take care of me." Q nipped the soft flesh of her lover's neck and grinned at her low moan. "That will keep you busy for the rest of our lives and then some."

"You ain't kidding." She picked up Q's hand, placed a kiss over the solid gold band, and placed it against her chest. "Can I still claim reason of insanity?"

The End

Reason of Insanity

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