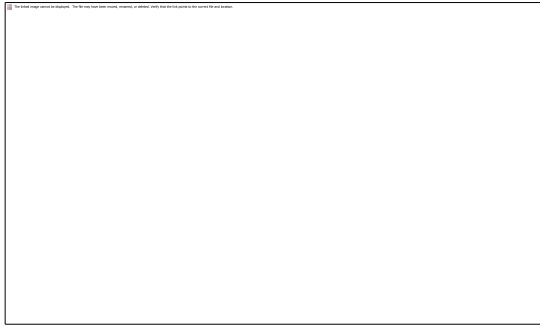


~ Rogue Warrior ~

by Larisa



Disclaimer: Yeah I know and so should you after all of this time.

Sex, bad language, etc: Yada yada yada, ain't old enough go watch Nemo, don't like how my peoples speak or act, go ta Hell.

Rogue Warrior

By Larisa

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Turner Holliman turned up the radio in her Honda Prelude to cover up the squealing sound that was coming from her engine. She only had another five miles before she would turn off Rt. 51 and then another mile before she was home, she knew what the problem was but couldn't do anything about it until she got to the garage right across from her house. The temperature gage was nearing the red line and she prayed that she made it before her car over heated. Singing along to *Faith Hills* CD *Cry* at the top of her lungs, she almost missed the loud hissing noise coming from her car. What caught her attention was the steam rolling from under the hood. She pulled over to the edge of the road and beat on the steering wheel.

"Damn it to Hell and back, stupid God damn piece of shit car!" She beat on the steering wheel until her hands hurt. "You're not even PAID OFF YET!" She pulled the latch for the hood, got out and slammed the door with a yell. "ASSHOLE!" Pushing the hood up, she jumped back when the steam rushed out at her. Covering her face with her arm, she waved her hand over the engine thinking that it would help. "You are such a nitwit Turner, what the Hell is that gonna do?" She walked to the passenger's side, ran her hands through her wind blown blonde hair and leaned against the fender, she would have to wait until it cooled down enough to do anything. Cars and trucks passed her by as she stood digging her toe in the soft limestone dust of the roads edge, her dirty white cross trainers leaving little lines with each swipe. Stuffing her hands deep into the pockets of her faded Levi's, she tilted her head back and let the sun shine down on her face. Her dark brows furrowed when she heard an engine revving and then catcalls coming from behind her car. Opening one eye, she saw a pick-up truck with four guys in it stop behind her car.

"Just great, I get the incestuous redneck rescue crew, where's all the axe murderers when ya need

them?" Pretending that they weren't there fell into a black hole when she gagged from the fetid breath blowing across her neck.

"Need a man babe; I got just the equipment you need?"

"No, I don't need any help," She held up her cell phone and waved it in front of his face. "I called someone all ready, they should be here shortly."

"Well, me and my boys will keep you company until your friend gets here." He moved closer to her and ran a dirty hand down her arm; she moved away and gave him a narrowed look.

"I don't need your company or anyone else's, and when my friend gets here..."

One of the other men laughed at her and spit tobacco juice near her feet. "What some big old dyke gonna come and rescue you?"

"Yeah, that damn rainbow sticker across your trunk gets us all hot and hard enough to crack walnuts."

"You have two seconds to leave me alone or I hit the speed dial for 911." Her phone was ripped out of her hand and tossed to one of the other men. "You son of a..."

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The low rumble of the tow trucks engine was a comforting sound to the tall women who drove it for sometimes fourteen hours a day. Cranking up the stereo, she felt the bass vibrate against her body from where the six speakers came at her from all directions. When she had bought the new CD by *Faith Hill*, she had been surprised by the different styles of music on it. Her favorite was the first cut called *Free*. In perfect pitch, she sang loud enough to drown out Faith.

I had it tough when I was a little kid
It didn't matter what I thought
Didn't matter what I did
I felt the doubt for what I lacked right from the start
It did a number on my head but could never touch my heart

She stopped singing when she saw the car sitting along side the road ahead of her and then the men harassing a small woman. Down shifting, she tried to slow down enough to be able to stop. Shooting past the car, she flipped on the emergency lights across the roof, slammed on her brakes and yanked the tow truck off the road. Shifting into reverse, she looked through the back window and backed up to the front of the car. A small smirk came to her lips when she saw the pink triangle on the front license plate.

"Ohh a family member in need of help." She swung down out of the cab and sauntered over to where the small group was standing around the car. Pushing her way through the men, she stepped up close to the small blonde, pulled her against her body and captured her lips in a

passionate kiss. When she released the smaller woman, she was breathless and grinning like an idiot.

"Sorry baby, I got caught in traffic." She turned and looked over the top of her dark Raybans, her ice blue eyes burned with fierceness. "Ya'll got two seconds ta get lost," She pulled a long screwdriver from a cargo pocket and spun it between her fingers. "Before I make some new holes in your bodies." The men didn't utter a word as they ran back to their truck and tore away from them with flying gravel. "Sorry about kissing you like that...I ahhh...didn't know what else to do." She backed up from Turner and shrugged her shoulders. "Are you OK?"

Turner nodded her head and fell back against her car. "Aaahh yeah...it's...I'm..." The tall woman smiled and held up a hand.

"Let me take a look at your car and see what the problem is." Turner watched with wide eyes as her rescuer leaned over the fender and inspected her cars engine. Never would she have believed anything like this would happen to her, she could feel her heart racing in her chest.

"Water pump...I need a new one." She mumbled and then stepped closer to the other woman.

"Not only that, you need new belts and a lower radiator hose."

"Just great," She ran her hands across her face and cursed under her breath.

"Let me see what I have in my truck, I keep spare parts for emergencies."

"Hey what's your name?" Turner yelled to her.

She looked over the tops of her sunglasses and smiled. "Rogue."

Turner felt her heart flip flop and butterflies take flight in her stomach from just one look into crystal blue eyes. She nodded her head and took a deep breath. "Thank you for earlier, I'm Turner." Clapping a hand over her heart, she watched as Rogue searched through one of the side compartments on her tow truck. *"One kiss from a tall blue eyed stranger and your toast."* Rogue came back with her hands full of parts and tools; she placed everything on the ground and then bent over the engine. Turner stepped closer and watched the large grease stained hands take parts off her car. An hour later, Rogue filled up the radiator and signaled for Turner to start her car. She watched for leaks and smiled when she found none, closing the hood; she picked up her tools and put them back in her truck. She was about to get in when she felt a hand touch her upper arm.

"Wait, how much do I owe you?"

"You already paid me for my services." She swung up into her truck and looked down into confused green eyes.

"No I didn't, how..." She stopped when a long finger pressed against her lips.

"The kiss was payment, take care Turner." She closed her door, waved and pulled away. Turner stood there in complete shock; she shook her head and mumbled under her breath.

"Unfuckingbelievable." A smile came to her face when she saw the license plate read Rogue and across the back of the black tow truck were the words Rogue Warrior in silver. "I will repay you some how Rogue Warrior and that's a promise." She got into her car and drove home with a huge smile on her face.

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Turner flipped on the TV, kicked off her cross trainers and dropped down onto her worn couch. Dropping her head back against it, she let out a deep breath and felt her lips pull into a smile. She ran her fingertips across her lips and could swear that they still tingled after an hour. "How are you going to find her?" She tapped a finger against her lips and tried to think of whom to call. Smacking herself on the forehead, she got up and went into the kitchen to search through the phone book. Finding the listings for all the junkyards, garages and tow truck companies, she decided to just run across the street to the gas station and ask them if they knew who the Rogue Warrior really was.

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Rogue checked her Palm Pilot for any messages she had received while fixing Turner's car, she saw that she had two new entries on her repo list. One was for Winchester Virginia and the other was Hagerstown Maryland. "Couldn't get them any farther apart could ya." She took the next exit to Winchester, pulled the map from the compartment between her seats and started searching for the street she needed. Seeing the area that she would have to venture into, she pulled her Berretta from a side console along with her shoulder harness. "Damn bad part of town, assholes want to see me get shot half a dozen times." Swinging up a side street, she crept towards the cluster of apartment buildings and searched the parking lots for the 2002 Silver Dodge Viper. It was never a good idea to go cruising through parking lots looking for the cars she used binoculars to do her searching. When she spotted the car, she simply backed up to it, hit the EZ-lift and took off like a bat out of Hell until she was a safe distance away.

"OK where did you hide it?" She mumbled to herself and then stopped her search when she saw a car sitting in a corner spot with a car cover concealing it. "That's really stupid, why not just put a huge sign on it saying I'm expensive." She shifted her truck into gear and took off at a good pace on the opposite side of where the car was parked. Slamming the brakes on, she backed up over the curb, went across the grass and slid the EZ-Lift under the Viper. The entire time she was watching for anyone in the area taking notice of her. Out of the corner of her eye she saw a group of black men coming her way at a dead run. Hitting the locking wings on the lift, she pulled out with the Viper trailing behind her. "Dumb fuckers, should pay your damn car payment!" She laughed as they ran behind her; she shifted and took off leaving them in the dust. Waiting until she was a couple miles away and in an area where other people surrounded her, she got out of her truck and hooked the Viper up so that she wouldn't lose it in transit to the bank that had placed the repossession on it. Getting back in her truck, she cranked up her stereo and sang along

with Faith Hill.

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"Ohh come on Brian, you've got to know who she is." Turner dropped down on the small couch inside the gas station office and waved her hands trying to describe Rogue's tow truck. "Huge jet black tow truck, purple and blue stripes down the side, Rogue Warrior on the back in silver letters."

The young man shook his head at her and smirked. "I have a huge truck you can see."

"More like a matchbox truck get your ass out there and clean up the oil you spilled on the floor." An older woman wearing grease stained work clothes and boots dropped down into the chair behind the messy desk. Pulling an old tobacco pipe from its holder, she tapped in Captain Black and lit it with a match. "Damn kid thinks he's Gods gift to anything with a crack." She puffed until the air above her head was a crown of the aromatic smoke. "Whatcha looking for Turner?"

"A big black tow truck with the words Rogue Warrior in silver across the back."

The older woman's eyes squinted from the smoke. "What for, we got a truck if ya need a tow."

"Nope, no tow job, she already fixed my car along side the road. I broke down on my way from the Mall and this woman in the truck I described stopped, rescued me from some assholes and fixed my car for nothing!" She felt the blush running up her face from just thinking of the kiss she had experienced. "I want to repay her some how, come on Betty, someone has to know who she is."

"She could be one of those independent ones, they work for contracts. Ya know repos; cars broke down along side the interstates and such."

"Great, so that means she could be anywhere and there's no way of contacting her." She thought a second and grinned. "She had West Virginia plates that spelled out Rogue, maybe I could..."

"Break into the DMV, hold them at gun point for her name? Haaa! I'll send ya Twinkies once a week and dance at your jail house wedding."

She shivered and rolled her green eyes at her friend. "There's got to be a way to find her, she replaced a lot of parts on my car and wouldn't let me pay her anything. She just waved and drove away."

"You could always go back out there, throw the hood up on your car and see if she rescues you again."

"And possible be kidnapped by Daryl, Daryl and Daryl. No thank you, I'll just drive around and check out some garages on my way to work."

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Rogue pulled into the parking lot of Valley National Bank, backed the Viper into a corner spot near the building and then disconnected from it. After parking her truck, she went in and went down the short hallway towards the Loan Officer's small office. She lunged through the door, vaulted over the back of the chair at the front of the desk and gave the grey haired loan officer a huge toothy grin.

"Hey ya Barbie, got some money for me?" She slid her paperwork across the desk and watched as Barbie looked at the paper.

"Rogue what in the Hell do you think this place is a bank?" She wrote out a check and handed it over to Rogue. "Any problems getting the car?" She leaned back in her chair and wiggled her brows at her friend.

"Nah, but the owner and his buddies did get some exercise. They chased me for about a half mile or so."

"Well at least you didn't get shot at this time nor have them sick dogs on you."

"I'm still sore from that damn mutt taking a piece outta my ass, who knew that Cocker Spaniels would bite?" She shrugged her shoulders, tucked the check into her pocket and got up from the chair. "Thanks for the check Barbie, I'll get that other car and if it's not too late when I get it, I'll drop it off next to the Viper." She gave the older woman a wave and left the office. A grin came to her face when she thought of Turner; she couldn't get the small blonde out of her head and wished she had taken down her license plate number. "Then again, how many people with the first name Turner could there be?" She whistled the last song she had heard on her radio and pushed through the bank doors to the parking lot. Once near her truck, she opened a side compartment, pulled out a can of Starbucks Double shot Cappuccino, and crawled into her truck. "Nothing like a little caffeine boost." Popping it open, she slammed it and then tossed the can into the small garbage can that was full of candy wrappers and take out bags. "Off to Hagerstown!" She shot one arm out the window and cranked up her stereo to blasting.

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"Either sit your behind down or I'll toss you off the bus WITHOUT STOPPING FIRST!" Turner dodged the spit wad that came flying towards her head; she slammed the school buses brakes on, slammed it into park, grabbed something from beside her seat and wound up like a major league baseball player. The handful of soaking wet paper smacked the high school student square in his face; he let out a yell and tried to clear the wet mess from his eyes. "Next time I'll dump the whole bucket on your head, KNOCK IT OFF!" She sat back down and pulled the bus back onto the road grumbling under her breath and hearing the kids behind her snicker. "Rotten damn bastard, rip his arms off and beat him to death." She had six more stops to make before heading back to the bus garage and then to her second job, she wished that she could quit the other one but that money was paying for her car. She said her mantra for the rest of the routes and all the way back to the bus garage. "I hate kids, feed them to snakes, I hate kids, feed them to snakes!"

Parking her bus, she opened the doors and ran to her car, she had ten minutes to get to her other job and knew that if she didn't break the land record, she'd be late and in big trouble. Tearing out of the parking lot, she hung a right and headed up Flowing Springs Road towards where the Elementary School was. Ignoring the stop sign by doing a California stop, she buzzed through the horse crossing area and tore up the rest of the road until she parked her car in the 7-11 parking lot. She had just grabbed her hat, orange vest and flag when the first kids came to the crosswalk. Holding the flag out to stop them at the curb, she pointed a finger at an oncoming car and snarled. "Stop or else!" Doing the same to the other side, she waited until the coast was clear before waving the kids across. She had just stepped up onto the curb when one of the waiting cars tried to run her over. "ASSHOLE!"

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Rogue came down Rt. 9 towards Ranson on her way to Hagerstown, she knew that she should have gone the other direction because of school letting out but it was already too late to turn around because she would run into the same thing in the opposite direction. Tapping on her steering wheel to the Dixie Chicks, she eased up as the traffic moved. From a distance, she could see what she considered re-life trolls. Small children jumped around the crosswalk area and ran in circles in the parking lot of the 7-11. Turning the radio down, she heard someone screaming and yelling and then an orange flag came flying up over the vehicles in front of her heading right for her windshield. She ducked and heard it smack against the glass and heard the windshield crack.

"Son of a BITCH!" She jumped out of her truck, grabbed the flag and stomped alongside the parked cars. She swore that she would shove the flag in the nearest orifice of the person who threw it. Stopping behind the crossing guard, she dropped her voice and growled. "Bend over so I can shove this up your ASS!"

Turner's back stiffened at the familiar voice; she slapped her hands over her face and turned slowly. She peeked from between her fingers and felt ice form in her veins; the feral look on Rogue's face was a death sentence. "You won't hurt me to bad will you Rogue?" She eased her hands down and looked up into steel colored eyes. Rogue waved the flag in front of Turner and snarled.

"You scared the shit outta me and broke my windshield."

Turner slapped her hands back over her face and groaned. "I'll pay for your windshield; just let me know how much it is."

"Ohh you'll do better than that, you're gonna help me put a new one in." She handed back the flag and ran back to her truck amongst the blaring horns and yells of 'what's the hold up?' Turner felt her face blazing; she wanted to find Rogue but never thought it would happen this soon or with her cracking her windshield.

"I'm a dead woman!" She hurried out of the road and watched as Rogue pulled her truck next to her car. She spun around and pointed to the kids on the other side of the street. "Don't you move

or I'll let the beast in that tow truck eat you!" She cringed when she heard Rogue yell at her.

"I HEARD THAT!" Rogue chuckled at the way Turner threw her hands up to protect her head. Her anger had dissipated when she realized who had broken her windshield, now she thought it was hilarious. "The Fates work in mysterious ways."

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Turner kept looking over her shoulder to where Rogue was sitting in her truck, she had noticed that she was drinking from a half-gallon milk jug and eating something. She moaned when she thought of how long it had been since she had eaten, her stomach felt hollow and was beginning to ache. To take her mind off her hunger pains, she chanted her mantra for this job; 'Asshole drivers go to Hell.' Looking at her watch and then to the group of kids coming her way, she wondered how many more were straggling on the school grounds and whether she would be able to last without stealing one of their lunch boxes.

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Rogue watched Turner rub her stomach and then chew on the end of her orange flag, shaking her head with a low sigh; she got out of her truck and went into 7-11. Looking at all the food turning green under the plastic hood where they kept the hotdogs and sausages, she cringed and went where they kept the fresh sandwiches. Grabbing a cold cut sub, chips and a bottle of Coke, she paid for them and went out to where Turner was eyeing up a kids lunch bag.

"Gonna swipe his left overs?"

Turner looked up with guilty eyes in to sparkling blue; a small grin came to her face and then a loud roar from her stomach.

"At this point I'd chew on his arm, I haven't eaten today."

"Well, this should save you from having to eat soggy PB&J or a troll." She handed her the bag and chuckled at the way Turner tore the plastic wrap from the sandwich and stuffed the chips inside the pocket on her hooded sweatshirt.

Talking around a full mouth, she said. "Thanks, as soon as I'm done here I'll give you the money for this."

"I don't want your money, when will you be done?"

"I have another hour before they should all be gone from the school grounds, on the dashboard of my car is a business card with my phone number and address on it. You don't have to wait around for me if you have something better to do."

"Nothing that I can't do in the morning, I'll wait for you to get done." She took the wrapper from Turner's small hand along with the empty chip bag and went back to her truck. She had never

seen anyone eat so fast in her life, except a litter of puppies.

Turner couldn't figure out why Rogue would sit and wait, unless the tall woman didn't trust her where the windshield was concerned. She really couldn't blame her; a lot of people gave out false information just to get away without paying for damages. She was far from being one of those people; her conscience would nag at her for eternity if she thought of doing anything like that. What she found amazing was all that the woman had done for her in one day and now she went and bought her something to eat. "Why did she and how did she know?" She asked herself and then looked over to see Rogue leaning back against her seat and possibly sleeping. She took a long drink of her Coke and then ushered more kids across the busy street. Twenty-five minutes later, one of the parents waved at her and told her that the school was clear. She gave her a bright smile and a wave before going over to Rogue's truck. She stepped up on the running board, gazed at the calm face and then shook her shoulder.

"Hey wake up...all the brats are gone." She watched as a blue eye appeared from the corner of the sunglasses and felt her heart rate pick up.

"How many did you toss in front of speeding cars?"

"None, but tomorrow is a new day. What did you have planed for me?" She was a little leery of what she would say.

"I just need your help for about ten minutes or so when I replace my windshield. Do you have the time to help me?"

"Yep, I'm really sorry about that, I was trying to hit the asshole who was telling all the waiting cars what he wanted to do to me. I ahh..."

"Missed big time," Rogue removed her sunglasses, rubbed her eyes and gave Turner a lecherous grin. "So what did he say?"

Turner shrugged her shoulders and gave Rogue a raised eyebrow. "The usual, 'I'll show you the difference between a strap-on and a real man.' Stupid assholes yell at me everyday, I should be used to it by now."

"Or you should have better aim." She grinned and then straightened up in her seat. "How about if you follow me to the garage, then when we're done you can take off or hang out, your choice."

"I'm right behind ya; just don't break any land speed records, my poor car has already done that twice already today."

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Turner looked around at all the open fields as she followed Rogue, she knew where she was but she had no idea where Rogue was taking her. There was nothing but apple orchards and old barns. Slowing, she turned right onto a dirt road and followed the dust cloud until they stopped

outside of a huge weathered barn. From the looks of the building, it had to be close to two hundred years old. Rogue jumped down from her truck, pointed to a space beside the big double doors and then opened the doors so that she could pull her truck inside. After parking her car, Turner looked around and became worried that there was not another soul in sight.

"Hey don't worry, I'm not an axe murderer or anything, a little perverted but nothing dangerous." She wiggled her dark brows at Turner and waved a hand. "Come on; let's get this over with so I can make supper." Turner walked slowly into the barn and couldn't believe what was before her eyes. The inside was like walking into a garage bay, a large heavy-duty truck lift sat to one side flanked by large rollaway tool chests, air compressor tanks, car-painting equipment and anything else you would need to fix cars or trucks. She blinked her eyes when Rogue flipped on the rest of the fluorescent lights, it made the place look as if it was high noon.

"My Gods, from the outside you would never know this was..."

"A full service backyard mechanics dream?" Rogue went over to a bulky lump covered with a tarp; she pulled it off to show four new windshields. "In my line of work, it's cheaper to fix the damage myself than have someone else do it."

Turner stepped closer and looked at the new windshields then connected with blue eyes. "What can happen towing cars?"

"I just don't tow cars, I'm the repoman."

"You repo cars for the banks? Ohh shit, guess I better make sure to make my car payments or you'll be coming for mine huh?" She stepped aside when Rogue lifted the windshield up and carried it over to a stand next to the side of her truck. "What do you need me to do?"

"Hold my tools for the moment and as soon as I have the trim off, I'll tell ya what ta do."

"OK, but when you need a tool, better describe it 'cuz I only know screwdrivers and duct tape."

"Ohh a true West Virginia mechanic." She shot Turner a grin and started removing the chrome trim from around her windshield. Turner watched as the muscles rippled in the thick forearms and fingers worked at breaking the seal. She was still spellbound when Rogue pulled a thin metal tool from her hand.

"Sorry I was lost in La La land; ya know that looks kinda easy. I can't believe what they charge to put in new windshields."

Rogue looked over her shoulder and winked. "What's 300% mark-up to a person who can't get their car inspected until they get it replaced."

"Never thought of it that way, damn thieves' getcha every time." She backed up when Rogue stepped down off the small footstool she had been standing on.

"OK, As soon as I put the suction cups on, I'll need you to get inside the truck and gently push on the windshield."

Twenty minutes later, the new windshield was in, sealed and taped, all it needed was to cure and it was as good as new. Rogue put her tools away and waved a hand at Turner. "Come on I'm starving, let's go eat."

"Uhhmm...", She turned in a circle and raised her hands out to the sides. "All I see is a massive garage, where are we gonna eat?"

"Up there." Rogue pointed to the ceiling and then walked to the far corner and pulled down a set of stairs. "Come on, I swear I won't chain you up and make you a kitchen bitch."

A light laugh erupted from Turner. "A kitchen bitch I will never be, my stove screams if I get too close to it."

"Then I guess it's a good thing that I can cook." She started up the stairs and waited for Turner to follow.

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Turner stopped and looked around the barns loft, she was more impressed than when she stepped into the bottom half. The walls were off-white stucco with framed pictures of nature scenes hanging at different heights. The wood floors shone with wax all the way to where the kitchen was. The slate blue and white tile floor sparkled beneath the chandelier that hung over a butcher-block table. Copper pots and pans hung from the rough-cut beams and clanged when Rogue pulled down what she needed. She looked to her right and saw a field stone fireplace with a cream-colored couch, loveseat and recliner sitting around a pine coffee table. She walked into the kitchen area and watched Rogue slice potatoes with a huge knife.

"The bathrooms over in my bedroom if you want to get cleaned up."

"Thanks, this place is amazing," She looked at the handmade cabinets mixed in with the modern appliances. "Who did all the remodeling for you?"

"That would be me," she looked up from her slicing and grinned. "I like my privacy and having some ham fisted guys come in and invade it made me learn real quick how to do a lot of things on my own. You want something to drink; I have beer, wine, milk and coke?"

"I'll get it after I wash my hands, which way to your bed?" She felt her face flush and tried to hide it by turning in a circle.

"There's a door next to the fireplace, the light switch is on the wall." She watched Turner walk across the living room and grinned at how she was trying to take everything in at once. Going to the freezer, she pulled out a large family steak and placed it in the sink. She shook her head when she realized that Turner was the only one to ever be in her house. She didn't have friends except

for Barbie, never went out anywhere but to repo cars. To put it simply, she had no life. She looked up from preparing the steak to see Turner coming back her way.

"Ya know what I still can't wrap my brain around, the fact that I met you accidentally, you saved my ass from those creeps, fixed my car, I broke your windshield and now you're cooking us supper. I planed all day on how I would re-pay you for helping me if I found you again." She leaned up against where Rogue was placing the steak in the broiler pan and raised an eyebrow at her. "And after all this I don't even know your last name or if Rogue really is your first name."

"It's Shadowski and yep it really is."

She held out her hand. "I'm Turner Holliman, undomesticated, non-mechanical, scary bus driver and crossing guard."

Rogue started laughing and had to wipe the tears from her eyes. "You're a bus driver?"

"Yep, and the most feared at that." She crossed her arms over her chest and gave Rogue her best glare. Rogue stepped up to her so that Turner had to tilt her head back to look into her twinkling eyes.

"I bet the kids are taller than you."

"Are you calling me short? I'll have you know that I can duck spitballs and nail whoever's doing it without looking in my rearview mirror."

"So you throw spitballs back at them?"

"Ohh not just spitballs, I throw mushballs. Nice sloppy disgustingly wet mushballs." She grinned and let out a yelp when Rogue picked her up and sat her down on the counter.

"And throw orange flags at mouthy men." She placed the broiler pan in the oven, put the potatoes on to cook and then opened the refrigerator. "What do ya want to drink?"

"Coke will work, is there anything I can do, set the table, clean up, worship you like a Goddess?" Rogue turned with an eyebrow buried in her dark bangs. "I said that last part out loud didn't I?" She ran a hand across her heated face.

"Well, I've never been worshiped but I'll give it a try." She popped the Cokes open and handed one to a blushing Turner. "Since you know where I live, where do you live?"

"Shenandoah Junction, I rent a small house back behind the High School, makes it nice for my trip to work in the wee hours of the morning." She looked around again and waved a hand. "Why a barn, I mean it's beautiful but people usually don't live in them?"

"I inherited the farm after my grandma died, there used to be a house up front but it was in such bad shape that I had it torn down. This structure was sound because of it being made of oak, so

rather than spending money to build a house, I decided to be abnormal and live in here."

"How long have you lived here?" She still couldn't get over the fact that she was in a barn.

"Going on 25 years, not all of that time is living in the barn; I lived in the house with my grandma. She was a stubborn old woman who wouldn't let me do any repairs on the house." Stirring the potatoes, she went over to the freezer and pulled out a bag of carrot slices. "Reach behind you and pull out one of those Pyrex bowls."

"Do you always cook like this? I usually eat out or have sandwiches."

"Not all the time, I do my share of keeping Macdonald's and Burger King in business; I sometimes spend fourteen hours searching for repos. What about you and your two jobs, I thought buss drivers made good money?"

"Ohh I make good money, but what I make goes to pay off my moms debts, after she died I found out that she had a second mortgage on her house along with other bills. I inherited all those and now I work three jobs to try and stay ahead of...you." She gave Rogue a grin and jumped down from the counter. "When I have spare time, I do some editing for the publishing company in Hagerstown."

Rogue checked on the steak, marinated it and then checked the potatoes and carrots. "If you set the table, I'll get the food ready, plates are next to where you got the bowl down and the forks are in the drawer behind you."

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After they had eaten and Turner cleaned up the kitchen, she checked her watch and saw how late it was. She still had to finish an editing job before she went to bed that night. Hating that she had to leave, she tried to convince herself that she didn't need any sleep but her wide yawn convinced her otherwise. She stood up from the table where they had drunk almost a whole pot of coffee and ran a hand through her hair.

"I better get going, thank you for everything today and if you're not busy tomorrow night I'd like to take you out for supper."

Rogue put the cups in the dishwasher and turned to look at the small blonde. "Actually I have a car to pick up tomorrow night," She saw the crestfallen look that came over Turner and grinned. "But I was thinking that if you went with me we could stop afterwards. I'll pick you up at home if you give me your address." After writing down her address, Turner walked slowly to the stairs and stopped. "I'll see you tomorrow at about four o'clock?"

Rogue stopped close to her and nodded her head, feeling like a teenager, she stepped closer and placed a chaste kiss upon Turner's lips. "See you tomorrow, drive careful on your way home." She felt her heart sink when Turner jogged down the stairs, for the first time that she could remember, she didn't want to be alone.

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Turner pulled into her driveway and looked at her tiny three-room house, at one time it was a slave quarters and hadn't changed much since then with the exception of modern appliances and running water. What she paid in rent was the same as most people paid for an apartment in town but she liked living away from all the noise and traffic. Opening her front door, she was met with chilled musty air. She had tried everything to get rid of the musty smell of the place but it was impossible, it was always cold because of the concrete floor that she had thrown area rugs over. Getting a long fireplace match, she lit the small kerosene heater in the living room/bedroom area and then went to make a pot of coffee to help keep her from freezing. It may only be the beginning of November, but it was more like mid December in Antarctica in her small home. Pulling the zipper up on her hooded sweatshirt, she rubbed her hands together over the Mr. Coffee pot. Her thoughts went back to Rogue and the warm comfortable home she had. Upon their first meeting, she would never have thought that the woman was the domestic wonder she turned out to be. "And you're such a loser Turner, Mr. Coffee is as close as you get to cooking." Going to her small twin bed, she pulled a blanket off it and wrapped it around her body to try and keep warm. She knew that Rogue was probably sitting in front of a roaring fire right now drinking a sweet wine. "And you're gonna sit in front of your kerosene heater, drinking coffee and trying to edit a story without your eyeballs falling out." She sat down in an old threadbare chair with a cup of coffee in front of her heater and read over the story she was editing. Twenty minutes later, the coffee forgotten, the papers clutched to her chest and a deep snore rattling from her chest as she dreamed of Rogue's warm arms wrapped around her.

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Rogue lay looking up at the rough-cut beams of her bedroom ceiling, the flames from the fireplace flickering across the pale yellow walls and the crystal that hung from the dream catcher over her bed. She trailed her fingers across her lips and thought of the soft kiss she had given Turner. What she felt was more emotion from the chaste kiss than when she had kissed her with passion. Rolling onto her side, she pulled her pillow to her chest and stared at the wall until sleep claimed her.

It was 0400 when Rogue cruised through the parking lot of a factory in Hagerstown Maryland; she was looking for the repo she hadn't picked up the night before. After making three trips around the parking lot, she spotted the Chevy Blazer off in a corner of the lot. Pulling up to it, she dropped the EZ-Lift and slid it up under the trucks frame, got out and chained it down and was out of the parking lot just as the midnight shift was coming through the front doors. Taking off at a good clip, she wanted to be far enough away from the place in case the owner took chase. It had happened before and the man had caused a three-car accident trying to catch her to get his car back. Getting on RT 70, she headed back to Frederick, Maryland and followed Rt. 340 all the way into Charlestown. She stopped off at MacDonald's for breakfast and then went into Ranson to the bank. She pulled in, placed the Blazer beside the Viper, and then went into see Barbie.

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"Got your Blazer outside," She dropped down into the chair and gave Barbie a huge grin. "Are you feeling generous today?"

Barbie looked up at her and shook her head. "Nope so just forget it, on second thought you look a little different today. What do you want besides money?"

"Damn you're good! Can you run a check on someone's finances for me, it's a friend and I want to help without her knowing it."

"You want to do what? I've never known you to want to help anyone before." She leaned back in her chair and raised an eyebrow. "What kind of friend is this?"

Rogue looked down at her stained hands then shyly up at Barbie. "Just a friend, she's working three jobs to pay off her deceased mothers debts. I wanna help her out."

"What's her name and I'll see what I can find out." A few minutes later, Barbie waved her behind her desk and pointed to her monitor. "Even working three jobs, it'll take her at least 50 or 60 years to pay this off, what's killing her is the interest rates. Figure she's got a second mortgage of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars plus these combined credit card debts that she took out a personal loan to pay and it comes to almost one hundred and ninety five thousand dollars." She spun her chair around and looked at Rogue. "Nothing like a mother's gift to her only child huh?"

"Take the money out of my savings account and pay it off." Barbie's eyes grew huge behind her glasses, her mouth worked a couple times and the only thing that came out was a choking sound.

"P...pay...it off? Rogue I know you make good money but...,"

"I'm richer than Bill Gates; money doesn't mean anything to me Barbie. I give money to every children's charity that I can think of and still make more on the interest than I will ever use in two or three lifetimes." She wrote her savings account number on a scrap of paper and handed it to her friend. "Can you have the money she sends in put into an account?"

"How about I set it up that her loan has been purchased by your company and send her a new coupon book with the payments lower, then I'll put that money into a savings account, send you the statement and you can give them to her, that way...,"

"I get to see her throw a huge fit and try and beat the Hell outta me?" She grinned at Barbie and pointed to the screen. "She pays \$1700.00 dollars a month for this loan, that's roughly her whole months pay from driving bus, her other job pays for her car, rent and other things."

"She lives on practically nothing then. My kids will never have to worry about this ever happening to them."

"My grandma felt the same way, that's why I'm filthy rich today."

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Turner cursed under her breath, called on curses known and some she made up along the way and sent them all to the rotten snot-slinging trolls on her bus. She looked into the wide rearview mirror and screamed at the top of her lungs. "KNOCK IT OFF!" A chorus of "Go to Hell!" Was thrown back at her, she weaved the bus back and forth and the chorus turned to screams of fear. "NOW KNOCK IT OFF OR I'LL FLIP US!" She mumbled under her breath and kept looking into the rearview mirror. "God damn rotten uncivilized barbarians!" It was 0700 in the morning, 36 degrees and they had every single window plus the front door open because some troll set off stink bombs. Tears flowed from her eyes and her throat burned from the sulfur smell, she hoped that she would be able to get them to school without throwing them one by one over the bridge and into the river. The only problem she saw was getting a ticket for littering and being taken to court by the EPA for polluting the river. If there was ever a thought in her head about having children of her own, it was squashed the first week driving a school bus. To get even for the Hell the kids put her through, she flipped the switch for the PA system, turned on her portable CD player and blasted the soundtrack from *Xena Warrior Princess*. She laughed hysterically as the kids covered their ears and screamed for her to turn it off. She was bouncing in the seat as she whipped the bus around the corner and up to the front doors of the school. She waved and gave each and every one of them an insane smile and a manic laugh when they ran off the bus. "Damn they're gonna put me in an early grave." She dropped her head down on the steering wheel and laughed until tears flowed from her eyes. She looked up and let out a loud howl that had the straggling kids running for the school. "I'm NOT insane, I'm very normal, I don't talk to myself...well, on occasion I do but who gives a rat's ass?" She pulled her bus out of the parking lot and headed to the bus garage for her normal hour-long nap.

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Spider-man, Spider-man Does whatever a spider can. Spins a web, any size, Catches thieves, just like flies. Look out! Here comes the Spider-man!
Is he strong? Listen, Bud! He's got radioactive blood. Can he swing from a thread? Take a look overhead. Hey there, there goes the Spider-man!
In the chill of night, At the scene of the crime, Like a streak of light, He arrives just in time.
Spider-man, Spider-man, Friendly neighborhood Spider-man. Wealth and fame, he's ignored, Action is his reward.

Rogue looked out her window and grinned at the young woman who had been watching her sing to herself. She did it all the time and forgot that some people thought you were strange. She finished the last part of the song and laid on the horn as she pulled away from the light.

To him, life is a great big bang-up, Wherever there's a hang-up, You'll find the Spider-man!

"Now how many people actually know all the words to the greatest comic Hero's theme song huh?" It was a little after noon when she pulled into the Truck stop café, having been on the road for hours, she felt her stomach starting to ache. Going into the small café, she took a seat at the

bar and waited for the waitress to pour her a cup of coffee.

"Hey ya Rogue, out hunting all ready?"

"Yep, got one all ready, two more to go and I'm done for the day." She looked at the menu and pointed to the picture. "How come the food always looks so good on the menu and then when you get it, it looks..."

"Like it should be dumped in the nearest garbage can?"

"Yeah, why is that?"

"Cuz our cook sucks and can only make two things that are worth eating. So what will it be, the normal three eggs hard as rocks and the sides or the special, road kill flambé?"

"Hard as rock eggs, I don't even want to know what the special is. I may have been the one to run it over." Pulling a newspaper over in front of her, she read the front-page news and then went straight to the comics. She never bought a paper because it never had anything in it that she cared about. After eating her breakfast, she paid her bill and left with a heavy feeling in her stomach. Once in her truck, she opened the glove compartment, pulled out the giant size bottle of Roloids, and downed six of them. "Shit is gonna clog my arteries and they'll need a jack hammer to clear them." Picking up the paper from Barbie, she looked at the next car to be picked up and grinned. At least once a month she picked up a vehicle from there. She also knew that the man wouldn't be home until a little after four. "Ohh goody, I have hours to kill and not a damn thing to do." Placing the paper on her clipboard, she pulled out of the parking lot and headed home.

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Rogue pulled all kinds of lunchmeats from the crisper drawer and a loaf of homemade sour dough bread from the breadbox. Slicing thick pieces of the bread, she made two thick ham, turkey, bacon, cheese and lettuce sandwiches with all the condiments. Wrapping them up, she grabbed a couple bags of Doritos's, 2 cans of Coke and her thermal lunchbox. Packing the food up along with junk food and paper towels, she went back out to her truck and drove to the bus garage to surprise Turner with lunch. She still hadn't thought of a way to tell her about her loan being paid off. She knew that some people wouldn't look at what she had done as being helpful but as bragging about their wealth. She would just have to wait until Turner found out and see how she took it.

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Carrying her pillow and blanket to the back of the bus, Turner dropped down onto the long backseat, covered up and buried her face in her pillow. Everyday for the past five years, she had been taking a nap after her first run. If she didn't, she would find herself nodding off for the next run, which was something she didn't need to happen. Pulling the blanket up to her chin, she took a deep breath and closed her eyes. A couple minutes later, she thought she felt the bus weave slightly and then the hair on the back of her neck stood up. Peeking down the aisle, she saw long legs coming towards her and then picked up the scent of Obsession. Closing her eyes, she pulled her knees closer to her chest and jumped when a hand brushed across her cheek.

"What else have you done in the backseat of a bus?" Rogue asked as she dropped down into a squat in front of Turner.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" She opened one green eye and peered into crystal blue. "What are you doing here?"

"I brought us lunch but it can wait until after your nap."

"OK, but would you do something for me," She wrapped one arm around Rogue's neck and pulled her closer. "Keep me warm?" Rogue crawled up on the seat and pulled Turner on top of her; she put one arm around her back and held her close while Turner buried her face against her neck.

"Anything you want, it's yours." Rogue closed her eyes and felt Turner's heart beating against her chest; her slow breaths caressing her neck and then nothing as she drifted off to sleep with Turner.

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"Ohh now come on Turner, none of that on the bus!" An older man covered his face and bounced off the seats as he moved away from the two cuddling women. Turner opened an eye and snorted.

"Believe me Ed; I wouldn't do anything on this bus like what you're thinking." She pushed her face back into the warmth of Rogue's neck and whimpered when she felt her shift under her.

"Guess we've been busted huh?" Rogue's deep gravelly voice sent tingles down Turner's spine.

"Just the bus mechanic, he's used to finding me sleeping on the bus..."

"Just not with someone else huh?"

"Nope, this is a first, guess it's time to get up."

They moved apart unwillingly and stumbled from the bus to find Ed leaning against the side of the bus. He glanced up and then down to his feet.

"Next time put a do not disturb sign out or something."

"I was only taking my normal nap and using Rogue as a heating pad." She took Rogue's hand and pulled her towards the large garage that they used to work on the buses. "I need a cup of sludge and the little boy's room."

Rogue rolled her eyes and shook her head. "I hope you don't use the urinal."

Turner stopped mid-step and leaned close to Rogue. "I tried once; it was hard and very messy." She grinned at the shocked look on Rogue's face and laughed. "If you repeat it I'll deny every word and say that it was you doing it."

"Well, you wouldn't be far off on that one." She gave Turner a smug look. "Ya just have ta know how ta do it." She shrugged her shoulders and jumped when a foot connected with her ass.

"Please don't say another word, my teeth are floating and thinking about it makes it worse." She walked faster and pushed through the side door, pulled Rogue down the hallway and just about took the bathroom door off its hinges. "Guard the door." Rogue looked around and saw that the only thing in the bathroom was a urinal, sink and a toilet. She spun around and faced the door when Turner started to unfasten her Levis.

She was trying to ignore the fact that her face was burning from embarrassment and that she was getting turned on just thinking about what Turner was doing a few feet away. "What do you do when no ones here to guard the door?"

"I have a 2x4 in the corner to block the door with, why are you facing the door?" She tilted her head and gazed at Rogue's dark head with curiosity.

"Uhhmm...to give you...privacy?" She covered her face with her hands and took a deep calming breath.

Turner lowered her voice to a deep growl. "Look at me Rogue." She chuckled when her friend turned with her face covered completely with her large hands. "What do you do in a public bathroom?" She finished, flushed the toilet, redressed and stepped in front of Rogue.

"I wait until everyone leaves."

Green eyes went wide. "You what, you can't be that modest."

"Ohh yes I can...and I..." she mumbled her last words so that Turner couldn't hear her. She reached up, pulled Rogue's hands from her face and leaned into her body.

"Did you say you hyperventilate and pass out if someone sees you naked?" Rogue nodded her head and looked everywhere but into twinkling green eyes. "So taking you to my favorite nudist beach is out huh?" She pressed closer to Rogue, went up on her toes and planted a kiss on her lips. "Come on, I'm hungry." They left the bathroom with Rogue's face still an unhealthy red and went back to the bus to get the lunch she had brought.

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Rogue pressed her knees tighter together and tried to concentrate on eating her sandwich, it wasn't working with Turner's moaning and groaning with each bite she took. Her rolling her green eyes and licking her lips almost had Rogue sprawled out on the floor in a coma. She didn't know how much more she could take before she started to hyperventilate and then pass out.

Turner was having the time of her life teasing the Hell out of her tall friend. Never would she have guessed that Rogue was modest, she wondered if she was virginal as well. She wiggled her brows, licked mayonnaise from her thumb, and almost choked on her sandwich when blue eyes shot wide and her face blushed red. It was hard to believe that after the kiss she had laid on her with their first encounter, she would have thought that Rogue was an experienced person who had no issues.

"Rogue what would you do if I flashed you right now?"

"Choke on my food, fall over and turn blue from lack of oxygen."

"Guess I better not do that since I'm not trained in the Heimlich or CPR." She finished her sandwich and tossed her trash in the bag. "What have you got planned for the next two hours?"

"I have a car to pick up not too far from here and then nothing until you get off work."

Turner crawled across the back seat that they were both sitting on opposite each other and crawled up to straddle Rogue's thighs. "Give ya a choice here, one, we go get the car, or two, we stay here and make out." She lightly nipped Rogue's chin and then licked upward to trace her full bottom lip. "What will it be?" Continuing to tease Rogue's lips, she slipped her tongue part way into her mouth and withdrew. "Go or stay?" She growled before capturing Rogue's mouth in a heated kiss that had them moaning and sinking down into the seat. Hands traveled under clothes to caress silky skin, blunt nails trailed down flesh leaving red lines behind and dented flesh from

clutching hands. Turner pulled away and looked into stormy blue eyes.

Rogue moaned deeply before moving out from under Turner. "Go...get car..." She dropped her head to rest on the back of the seat in front of her and took deep breaths to calm her raging blood. "What did you do to me?" She tried to move and felt how weak her legs were; never before had anyone made her so weak with just a kiss. She knew that she was in a world of trouble and her tough persona was going to suffer.

"That was only a taste of what I could do to you." She trailed a hand down Rogue's back to end with a light grab of her ass. "I'll show you more later." She picked up the bag of trash and waited for Rogue to follow behind her with jerky steps.

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They pulled up in Rogue's tow truck in front of an old farmhouse with goats and pigs running free around the large front yard. Rogue gave Turner a grin, climbed down from the tall cab, and ran around to help her smaller friend down. "Nice place huh?"

Turner rolled her green eyes and snorted at her. "Ohh yeah, a real pleasure to walk through the yard. I can only imagine what the inside looks like." She grabbed Rogue's hand when a mountain of a man stepped out onto the porch and gave them a dangerous look. His long flowing black beard ran clear up his cheeks only leaving his bright blue eyes and nose visible, tipping back the brim of his dirty baseball hat he shot Rogue a grin and waved to her.

"Hey little sis, come to get my car?"

Turner yanked on Rogue's hand to get her attention. "Is he related to you?"

"That's my brother Buddy." She winked at Turner and pulled her towards the man who was close to 6'7". "That's the third car this year Buddy, why don't you just buy one with all your moldy money so I don't have to keep coming out here and taking them?" She was picked up in a bear hug and held against her brother's chest.

"How else am I supposed to see my baby sister?" He put her down after placing a kiss on her cheek and leaving her face red with whisker burn. "Who's your little friend?" He held out a huge paw of a hand to Turner and took hers with a gentleness that was unexpected.

"Turner this is my brother Buddy, Buddy this is my friend Turner. Be nice you huge beast or she'll knock the Hell outta ya."

He gave a huge belly laugh and wrapped an arm around Rogue's neck. "More like you'll whoop my ass for looking at her wrong. Come on inside and I'll get ya the keys." Turner gave Rogue a

terrified look that vanished with Rogue's bright smile. When they stepped through the door, Turner almost fell over; the entire hallway floor was a creamy marble with pale gray walls trimmed in a light rose border. She stopped and pulled her shoes off to place them next to Rogue's boots and Buddy's tennis shoes. The house was nowhere what she expected neither was the middle-aged woman who greeted them in the cozy kitchen down the hall.

"Where have you been hiding, Rogue?" The small stocky woman with flaming red hair shot through with white asked as she pulled Rogue into a hug. "Do we have to come over to your barn and drag you out? Now sit down and let me get you some coffee." She turned to Turner, pulled her into a hug, and kissed her cheek. "You two little one." She pointed to the huge kitchen chairs and went over to get coffee cups for the three of them. "So Buddy tells me you're Rogue's girlfriend." Rogue rolled her eyes at her sister in-law and held out Turner's chair for her.

"Come on Maggie, I know damn well that Buddy didn't say a damn word to you. You're going by that funny sense you have again..."

"And with one look at you two I know it was right." She put cups in front of them then sat on the other side of the table to give them both the once over. "Ohh so this is a very recent thing between you two, new love how romantic." She laughed at the flushed color on Rogue's face. "Get over it Ski, I've known you way too long not to know what's rattling around in that head of yours and it's about damn time you old hermit."

"Hey I'm not old...yeah I am, ain't I?" She dropped her chin onto her clenched fist and looked at Turner. "Do ya like older women?"

Green eyes sparkled at her. "Depends on how old you are?"

"Is 35 too old or should I go out and rescue an old woman in a wheelchair to date?"

"Believe me I'm not far behind you, we're both old as far as everyone else thinks, especially those damn trolls I drive around."

"Not much difference between trolls and Ski there." Maggie said and then gave Rogue a grin. "The Gods know how evil she can be, ain't that right Blacksheep?"

"Hey, I had Buddy's help in a lot of stuff we did at grandmas, most of the time it was his idea to begin with. I just made sure it came to fruit and got my ass beat for it too."

Turner watched the banter between the two of them with a lopsided grin on her face; she was seeing more facets of her friend. She had no idea that Rogue had any relatives and with the more they spoke she saw how close they really were. What surprised her was when Buddy came into the kitchen and placed a loving kiss on his wife's cheek. At first look of the huge man, she would have taken him for someone who would rip her limb for limb only to find out that he was a big teddy bear.

"Buddy I still think you should just buy a car." Rogue said as she put the keys to his car in her jacket pocket.

"I think of it this way, it's like leasing a new car every few months. I call it the West Virginia cheapskate leasing plan." He winked at her. "Besides, it puts money in your pocket, not like you need it or anything." He gave her a crooked smile and then glanced at Turner. "Then again, you have Turner to spend your moldy money on." They all spoke for an hour before Turner reminded Rogue that she had to get back to the bus garage for her final troll run. She thanked Maggie and Buddy for their hospitality and promised to drag Rogue over more often. The two women went out to the tow truck to find that Buddy had already hooked his car up behind it. Rogue opened the passenger door and waited for Turner to climb in, she found a foot against the door panel and then a leg wrapped around her waist.

"So Ski, you're the black sheep of the family." She pulled her tall friend closer to her and wrapped her arms around her neck. "I like bad girls." She captured Rogue's lips in a deep searing kiss that had Rogue falling forward to press her into the trucks seat. When they came apart, all either one of them could do was pant for air. Rogue looked with hooded eyes down into sultry green. "Baaa."

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With the last kid dropped off at home, Turner drove back to the garage got her car and took off towards home. She was glad that she had the day off from being the crossing guard so that she could get home, shower and change before Rogue showed up. She was looking forward to being with her tall friend for the rest of the day and hopefully the night as well. She didn't want to force anything on her but she had the feeling that Rogue wouldn't object to more of what they had already done. Pushing open her front door, she started shedding her clothes on the way to the shower. Fifteen minutes later, she came from the shower with a towel wrapped around her head and ran to her small chest of drawers. Searching through it, she pulled out a thick sweatshirt and then went to her drawer for a pair of old faded Levis, socks and a wife beater. After dressing, she ran around looking for her old boots, and then she saw that it was five minutes to four.

"Damndamndamn!" She slid on her knees to look under her small bed and was half-way under when she heard a knock on her door. "IT'S OPEN!" She looked out from the end and saw Rogue's boots in front of her. "Hi ya, I'll be out as soon as I find my boots." She looked up into pale blue eyes when her bed was lifted up. "Well that makes it easier." She grabbed her boots and moved out of the way. "Two seconds and I'll be ready."

"No hurry, we've got plenty of time to get out to where I have to get the car." She bent down,

picked Turner up under her arms, and put a lip lock on her that left Turner seeing stars. "Fairs fair, Turner." She put her down on her feet and smirked at her. Turner blinked her eyes a few times and then nodded her head; she took a deep breath, grabbed her leather jacket and followed Rogue out the door. She could feel the dampness soaking through her silk boxers and hoped that she would be able to not attack Rogue on the way to where ever they were going. She blamed herself for the horniness she was now suffering from; she had started it after all.

Rogue opened the passenger door for Turner, helped her in and then shook her one leg to rearrange her tight Levis from where they were hitting a now sensitive spot on her lower anatomy. A low moan rumbled in her chest when all it did was make it worse. "*You're such an idiot Ski.*" Climbing up into her cab, she winked at a flustered Turner. "Ready to kick some ass?"

Turner narrowed her eyes, squirmed in her seat and growled. "Yeah, yours for starters." She rolled the window down and stuck her head out.

"Ohh baby can't wait." She backed out of the driveway with Turner hanging out the window like a dog.

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They parked the tow truck at the end of the long gravel drive and looked for the Impala that Rogue was to pick up; pale blue eyes scanned the tree line looking for the car and then came to an old two-car garage.

"Well ole mighty warrior, where's the car?"

Rogue lifted a dark brow at Turner and grinned. "Probably in the garage my little sidekick."

"There ya go again with the height factor," she pinched Rogue's thigh and jumped when a large hand tried to pay her back in the same fashion. "So how are we going to get it if it's in the garage?"

"Easy, I toss you threw a window, you open the door and we steal it."

"And what about your truck...Hey wait a minute, why do I have to go through a window?"

"Easy you're smaller that's why."

"Ohh great, I get chucked through a window in a strange garage to steal a car, some freak comes out and fills my ass with rock salt. What a lovely date you've brought me out on." She rolled her eyes at the huge grin on Rogue's face. "Be glad that I sorta like you, be very glad!" She added in a deep growl.

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They ran to the side of the garage where two small windows were, Rogue used a screwdriver to force the window open and then braced it with a stick. Lifting Turner up, she held onto her as she dropped down inside the garage.

"What color is it; there are two of them in here?"

"Burgundy with tan interior, start it and then hit the door opener."

Turner looked through the window of the car and then opened the door. Her eyes grew huge as a huge black and tan head poked over the back seat and growled at her with huge white teeth.

"OHH SHIT!" She jumped back and ran around the car with the bullmastiff on her heels.

"ROGUE!"

"Get on the roof...get on the roof!" Rogue yelled to her and tried to get through the window.

"SONOFABITCH!" She couldn't force her wide shoulders through the window, looking to the garage doors; she ran out front and tried to break the handle off.

Turner watched as the dog tried to jump up on the car but couldn't gain purchase. Crawling to the opposite side of the roof, she clicked her tongue and waited for the huge beast to run over. When he did, she pushed herself backwards to the ground, jumped in the car and slammed the door just as the dog hit the window. She stuck her tongue out at him and waved. She pulled the keys from her pocket, started the car and then found the garage door remote clipped to the visor. "Ohh boy, I hope you can run fast Rogue." She hit the button and watched as the door lifted upward, the look on Rogue's face was priceless. She had been squatting in front of the door and was now half crouched with her eyes shot wide. Turner saw her mouth the words. 'Fuck me!' Before she turned and started sprinting towards her truck, she had no idea that Rogue could run so fast but it wasn't fast enough for something with four legs. The mastiff easily caught her before she made it to her truck. Turner tore out of the garage with the intention of saving her friend, as she got closer, she saw Rogue spin away from the dog. What brought a wicked grin to her face was the fact that Rogue was now without most of her Levis. She jumped in the back of her truck and climbed through the rear window while the dog shook her Levis for all it was worth.

Turner followed the huge black tow truck a few miles away to a parking lot. She turned the car off and jumped out to check on Rogue, when she got up on the side runner, she looked in at the red-faced sweating woman.

"Are you all right, I didn't know what else to do." She let out a yelp when Rogue pulled her through the window and onto her lap.

"Ohh I'm just fine, a little naked but just fine." She captured Turner's lips and kissed her with so much intensity that Turner fell over onto the seat gasping for breath after the kiss ended. "Let's get out of here so I can have you take a look at my ass." She went to get out of the truck and felt a hand on her bare thigh.

"Stay...I'll do it...," She looked down at Rogue's deeply tanned flesh and moaned.

"But you don't know how to hook the car up."

"I'll learn real fast, you're not gonna show your...assets to anyone but me." She gave Rogue a narrowed look before she got out of the truck. Rogue didn't know how to take the last comment; she looked in her side view mirror and saw the hungry look on Turner's face when she looked at her in the mirror. After Rogue yelled instructions out the window on how to hook the car up, Turner crawled back into the truck with more grease on her body than on any part of the car or truck. She gave Rogue a dirty look and wiped her dirty hands on her Levis.

"You look cute all greasy." Rogue said after she wiped a smudge from her chin. "We just need to drop this off at the bank and pick up the check from Barbie."

"OK, but I'll go in and get the check after I unhook the car." She crossed her arms over her chest and gave Rogue a commanding look when she opened her mouth.

"You really don't want anyone to see my ass do you?"

"Nope, it's mine and I'm the only one who can see it."

Rogue felt a warmness envelop her heart with the words, she had no idea that Turner was possessive about her or why she felt that way in such a short period. "Can I ask you something?" She cast a quick glance at the small blond.

"Yeah and if I feel like it I may even answer."

Her blue eyes twinkled when she looked over into narrowed green that had one brow raised over a left eye. "Am I off the market?"

"You went off the market right after I took out your windshield."

"I did? Wow, I had no idea." She raised her own brow at Turner. "Must have been my sweet charming way I approached you afterwards huh?"

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Turner strolled into the bank and went into Barbie's office; she was not expecting the older woman sitting behind the desk. From the name, she expected a blond bombshell with her cleavage showing. She felt herself grin and wiped it from her face just as Barbie looked up at her.

"Can I help you miss?"

"I'm Turner, Rogue's girlfriend. We just dropped off the Impala out front."

"Ohh, where's Rogue at?"

"In the truck, we ahh...she had some trouble with a dog."

Barbie chuckled and then started laughing so hard that she had tears running from under her glasses. "She lost her pants again didn't she?"

Turner gave her a confused look and nodded her head. "Yeah how did you know?"

"It's not the first time, last time she walked in here with her back against the wall. I tease her every chance I get." She stood up and offered her hand to Turner. "I'm Barbie Shadowski, that rotten brat's aunt."

"She has relatives all over the place; I met Buddy and Maggie today when we picked up his car. Just wait until I get back out there."

"Here's her check and make sure you tell her I said she has a cute ass." She busted out laughing at the evil look on Turner's face.

"Ohh I'll tell her all right, I just love it when she turns bright red." She folded the check, winked at Barbie and waved. "Nice meeting you Aunt Barbie." She trotted out of the bank and jumped up into the cab with a growl. "Your aunt is your bank connection?"

"Yeah and?"

She gave her a bright smile and snorted. "She says you have a cute ass." Unfolding the check, she glanced at it, went to hand it to Rogue, and changed her mind to look at it again. "\$1500.00 for picking up cars?"

"Yep, not to shabby considering what I go through on a normal day of work."

"Rogue, this is a months pay for me driving bus!"

"You get ¾'s of that check for helping me today."

"I can't take your money."

"Yes you can...,"

"No I can't, it's not right...,"

Rogue turned in her seat and grimaced when she stuck to the seat. "Tell ya what, let me take you out for supper and we'll discuss this like two immature adults."

"OK, but were going home first so you can change." A small smile came to her face when she thought of what she had said.

"Home it is." Rogue wiggled her brows at her and licked her lips. "You just wanna see my ass."

Turner nodded her head and thought of what else she wanted to see, she couldn't believe the way she was thinking and felt her face burn with some of the thoughts that raced through her head.

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Rogue pulled up to her barn and got out of the cab to feel the ice cold air take a bite out of her bare flesh, she reached behind and tried to pull what was left of her Levi's over the exposed skin. Grumbling under her breath, she started towards the side door and looked over her shoulder to see Turner grinning wickedly at her.

"Those were my favorite Levi's, God damn dog."

"The ones ya have on right now are my favorites." She watched Rogue's ass as she walked to the door and unlocked it, her fingers itched to reach out and caress the smooth flesh but she restrained herself and enjoyed the view. "You always go commando?"

"Only when my pants are too tight." She stopped quickly and felt Turner run into her back. "You go first or I may end up falling up the steps."

"You're no fun Rogue." She walked around her tall friend and headed up the steps to the upstairs living area. "How about we stay in tonight, I don't really feel like going out and putting up with morons in a restaurant."

"It's up to you; I've got plenty of food here that I can fix." She walked to her bedroom and then stopped to watch Turner drop down onto the couch. "I'm gonna take a quick shower and take care of the bites on my ass and leg."

A concerned look crossed Turner's face; she got off the couch and approached Rogue. "Did he really bite you; I thought he just got your pant leg?"

"From the way my leg feels and the way the material is sticking to me I'd say he got a good bite in before I got away."

"Ohh shit, shouldn't we go over to the hospital and have it looked at, what if he has rabies' or

something?"

"Nope, if he does, I'll just walk around and drool all over you and everything else. Go have a seat I'll be done in a couple minutes."

"Ohh no you don't, this is serious and I'm gonna see how bad it is." She put her hands on Rogue's back and pushed her towards the bathroom.

"I can do this by myself, I've done it before." She felt her heart beat faster in her chest with the thought of Turner seeing her so exposed and vulnerable.

"Calm down Rogue, your ass is not the first one I've seen." She turned her and pushed her against the sink counter. "I won't hurt you honest; I just want to make sure you don't need stitches or anything." She brushed the dark bangs back from a flushed and sweating forehead, she noticed that Rogue was starting to breathe erratically and was glassy eyed. "Let's get you over to your bed so you can sit down, you don't look to good."

"Don't feel too good either." She felt Turner wrap an arm around her waist and guide her towards her bed, the next thing she knew; she was seeing the pale blue carpeting. Turner had pushed her head down between her knees and was rubbing her back in calming circles.

"Rogue lie back on the bed and let me take your boots off." She eased her back and saw the terrified look on the older woman's face. "What happened that you're taking this so bad?" She pulled her boots off and then lay down beside her to caress her face with gentle fingertips.

"My body's ugly...too tall...always teased." She stuttered while trying to control her breathing.

Turner felt anger brewing, she would love to get a hold of the idiots and knock the Hell out of them. "From what I've seen, there's nothing wrong with you." She pulled her leather jacket off, tossed it on the floor and then worked Rogue's off her as well. "I'm going to get your pants off you, just lay there and concentrate on breathing." She unbuttoned and then unzipped Rogue's Levis while keeping eye contact with her the entire time. Easing off the bed, she grabbed the pant legs and pulled them off Rogue and heard her let out a deep groan. She had forgotten about the dog bite on her leg and knew that it was most likely bleeding again. "Roll over so I can see your leg."

"Don't want you to look." She brought her hands down to cover the dark patch of cropped curls and closed her eyes tightly. Turner lay beside her and rested her head on her strong shoulder.

"Rogue there is nothing wrong with your body." She ran a hand up under her shirt and caressed the soft skin of her stomach. "Who ever told you that was a lying sack of shit." She tilted her head up and looked at the sweating face. "Look at me Rogue." She said with a gentle voice.

Removing her hand from where it lay on the taught stomach, she brushed her fingertips across parted lips. "I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, what every one else thinks doesn't matter." She watched as Rogue opened her eyes and looked down at her. "Let me help

you."

"You need your eyes checked, I'm too tall and I have scars."

"I love tall women and scars add character." She sat up on the bed and unbuttoned the flannel shirt that Rogue was wearing; she pushed the shirtfront to the sides of Rogue's body and ran her hands under the T-shirt she was wearing. She gazed up to find pale blue eyes half lidded and filled with doubt. Turner slid off the bed, took one of Rogue's large hands and pulled her to her feet. "I want to see you." She said softly before pushing the flannel shirt off Rogue's shoulders and then pulling the T-shirt over her head. When Rogue was in all her glory, she took one-step back to gaze at the tanned muscular body before her. Tears filled her eyes from the sight of the numerous scars covering her friend's body. Fine white lines crossed her stomach and ribcage and she could tell that they traveled across her back as well. She stepped closer, ran her fingertips across the scars, and then placed her lips to them. The entire time she could hear the ragged breathing from Rogue. Wrapping her arms around her waist, she pulled Rogue closer and hugged her tightly.

"You're a beautiful woman Rogue; you have nothing to be ashamed of."

"Then why the tears?" She asked from where she had her face buried against a warm neck.

"For the pain you went through." She ran her hands across Rogue's back and massaged the tight muscles beneath her hands. "Come on lets get you in the shower so I can take a look at your dog bite. Leading Rogue into the bathroom, she turned the water on and held the shower door for her. "Where's some peroxide and stuff?"

"There's a first aide kit under the sink, I'll be out in a few minutes." She stepped into the shower and pulled the door closed, as soon as she was by herself, she felt the tears cascade down her face with the water. For so many years, she had hid from the emotional and physical scars thinking if she didn't see them then they weren't there. Knowing how so many people viewed physical imperfections, she never became intimate with anyone for fear of repulsing them. Turner showed her nothing but concern and accepted her for what was under the marred flesh. Thinking of the gentle soul who was preparing medicines for her care, she started to wash the days grime from her hair and body. When she was finished, she dried off and pulled her terry cloth robe on and went into her bedroom to find Turner striped down to her wife beater and boxers. Her face glowed from being washed and her hair was wet at her temples. She looked up with a small smile on her face and patted the bed beside her.

"Come over here and lay on your stomach so I can look at your leg."

"You don't have to do this, it'll be OK."

"Will you stop arguing with me and roll over?" She sighed, grabbed one of Rogue's legs and flipped her over on the bed. To keep her from escaping, she straddled her, sat down on her tight rear and flipped the robe off her thighs. "Now stop squirming or else." She looked at the dark ugly bruise with the deep scratches across the tanned flesh and winced; she knew the area had to

be tender and would feel worse in the morning. Pouring peroxide on a cotton ball, she squeezed it over the scratches and felt Rogue tighten her rear under her. She held back the moan that wanted to rush forth when her center clenched with the movement and concentrated on what she was doing. After covering the area with antibiotic, she placed a wide bandage over it and ran her fingers across to make sure it stayed. She heard the low moan come from Rogue and grinned. "All done, I'll come over in the morning and check it to make sure you don't have a line running up your leg."

Rogue rolled over and watched as Turner cleaned up the stuff she had used. "You're leaving...I thought...never mind I'll see you in the morning." She pulled her pillow under her head and buried her face in it. Turner threw the trash away and sat down beside Rogue, she ran her fingers through the wet hair at her temple and watched the pulse point throb in her neck. She wanted to press her lips to the spot and feel the blood coursing through the tall woman's body. "It's late and you need your sleep."

"How are you getting home since you're half naked?" She peeked out with one eye.

"That's right you picked me up and I have no idea why I took my clothes off, guess with being covered in grease." She dropped her head into her hands and sighed. "Can I use your shower, I feel like I was rolling around in a ditch?"

"What ever I have is yours." Rogue ran her hand down Turner's back and let it rest on her hip. "There's clean towels in there and anything else you need."

"Thanks, I'll be done in a few minutes and then I'm taking over your couch."

Rogue rolled over onto her back and groaned when Turner left for her shower. "That's what you think." She striped out of her robe, tossed it on the foot of the bed and crawled between the cover's. Flipping off the bedside light, she waited for Turner to come from the shower.

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Turner let the hot water roll down across her sore shoulders and moaned when she felt the tight muscles loosening up. She was an active person but running from huge dogs, crawling on top of cars and every thing else she had done that day had taken a toll on her. She yawned and felt her jaw crack and her eyes water. Turning off the water, she grabbed a towel and stepped out of the shower to finish drying off. Remembering that she had nothing to sleep in, she hung up the wet towel and quietly stepped out into Rogue's bedroom. She waited for her eyes to adjust to the darkness and made her way to the door.

"Turner come here a minute."

She froze and looked over her shoulder to see Rogue's pale eyes flashing in the dim light. With hesitant steps, she went over to the side of the bed and felt a warm hand encircle her wrist.

"Come to bed Turner." She moved over and pulled Turner down into the warm sheets, once the smaller woman was laying down, she spooned up against her back and rested her head on the pillow next to her. "Thank you Turner." She wrapped an arm around her stomach, pulled her closer to her body and drifted off to sleep.

Turner was in a state of shock and arousal; she had never thought that Rogue would pull her into her bed or want to sleep wrapped around her. She ran her fingers down Rogue's forearm and entwined their fingers together, taking a deep breath, she relaxed and drifted off to sleep.

Turner woke the next morning with a cold draft sending shivers up her spine, she reached behind her for the blankets and found them missing. Opening one eye, she found out why they were missing and why her front was so warm. She was lying on Rogue's back with her head resting between her shoulder blades. Lifting her head, she saw that Rogue had both her arms under her pillow, moving off her, she looked down to see pale white stripes crisscrossing the tanned flesh of a muscular back and shoulders. Tears came to her eyes as she ran a fingertip across a scar, never had she seen anything like what was before her. She could never imagine the pain Rogue must have endured while being whipped. Pressing her lips to a scar, she felt Rogue move beneath her.

"Turner?" Her voice was soft and husky with sleep.

"Go back to sleep, it's early yet."

"What're doin'?"

"Freezing my ass off, where are the blankets?"

"You're crying, I can feel your tears on my back, why?"

"Because I hurt...I hurt for you..." Soft sobs tore at her throat as she ran her fingers across the scars. "Why?" She moved to the side as Rogue rolled over to look into her tear-filled eyes.

"Because I was bad, I disobeyed someone and I paid for it with my hide."

Turner shook her head and sobbed harder; she dropped her head down onto Rogue's shoulder, wrapped her arms around her and hugged her tightly. "It happened a long time ago baby, there's no more pain." Turner raised her head and looked into soft blue eyes.

"Who did it...please tell me, I need to understand?"

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"Come on Rogue, I know you want to do this." The small brunette whispered close to her friend's ear. "I can feel your heartbeat pounding and I know what else is pounding." Her hand slipped down Rogue's flat stomach to cup her sex and squeeze, Rogue gasped and felt her hips thrust forward.

"We can't do this here Deb, what if we get caught?" Blue eyes flicked around the barn they were standing in with fright. "My grandma is home and she might..." Her lips were captured and she moaned when a warm tongue thrust into her mouth. All sense of where they were disappeared when her libido announced itself. She felt her body being pulled down towards the soft straw on the barns floor and then the sound of the barn door slamming against the wall broke them apart. She turned her head and squinted at the body silhouetted in the doorway and her heart slammed into her chest.

"ROGUE!" She struggled to her feet and pushed the smaller woman behind her.

"Dad, what are you..." Her words were strangled off when his large hand clamped around her throat, she felt her feet leave the ground as she was carried by her throat across the barn.

"No daughter of mine will be a pervert!" Her father screamed in her reddened face, he threw her against the barn wall and pulled down a rope from a shelf. Before she could move, he tied one wrist to a beam, spun her face first into the wall and tied the other hand the same way.

"Please Dad don't do this!" She begged and pleaded with the angry man. "I'll never do it again...I promise..." She let out a loud scream when the whip took its first bite out of her flesh, she screamed each time until her body was numb from the pain and then darkness claimed her. She woke lying on her stomach on a soft bed and felt a cold cloth wiping at her brow, she moaned and opened one eye to see her grandma leaning over her. She tried to speak but her throat was dry and raw.

"It's OK, you're safe now, and you'll never have to worry about him again."

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Turner wiped the tears from Rogue's face and placed a soft kiss on her temple, looking down into pain-filled eyes caused her heart to break. "What happened to him?"

"Grandma came running from the house when she heard me screaming, she ran him through with a pitchfork."

Turner's eyes grew wide with the news, she knew that she would have done the same thing and nodded.

"Was he her son and what happened afterward?"

"No, he was an abusive asshole who killed my mother years before. He managed to threaten a hooker into giving him an alibi, so he got off Scot-free for murder. My grandma called Buddy and he came and buried the body somewhere. To this day only he knows where it's buried.

"I'm so sorry Rogue; I didn't mean to make you relive that." She pressed a kiss to one of the scars across Rogue's left breast and then rested her face against the warm flesh. "I pray he's still burning in Hell for what he did." She raised her eyes and leaned in closer to press a soft kiss on Rogue's moist lips. Pulling back, she buried her face against her neck and felt their tears mingling together. Emotional exhaustion lured them into a deep sleep for the remainder of the morning.

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Rogue was dressed in an old faded T-shirt and silk boxers; she slid her bare feet across the cold tiled floor and cursed under her breath for not putting her slippers on. Flipping the hash browns over in the frying pan, she hit the bread down in the toaster while putting the eggs on plates. She went over everything that had happened the night before and this morning. She had never told anyone about her past and the death of her father; for some reason, she trusted Turner. A warm feeling filled her heart when she thought of the small blond sleeping in her bed, dropping her head down onto the table; she took in a deep breath before finishing with their breakfast. "What are you gonna do now Ski, you've never been in this territory before?" Picking up the tray laden down with breakfast, she went towards her bedroom and the sleeping Turner. Placing the tray on the nightstand, she moved to sit on the side of the bed and try to wake Turner. Brushing back her tangled hair from her brow, she trailed her fingers across a soft cheek and felt her warm breath caress her wrist. "You could break me in a heart beat." She whispered to herself and then saw eyelids flutter open to show blurry green eyes.

"Morning Turner, I have breakfast ready."

Turner rolled over, placed her head on Rogue's thigh and wrapped an arm around her waist. Garbled words came from her lips and then a deep snore indicated that she was asleep again. A low snort came from Rogue; she had no idea of how to wake Turner. A wide smirk came to her face; she ran a fingernail down Turner's bare back and watched the goose flesh rise on her tanned skin. Seeing the pale flesh of Turner's rear, she pinched her and heard a soft moan vibrate against her thigh. "Come on Turner, foods getting cold." Nothing but a low snore came from the small woman. "Aaahh man this is impossible!" She slid her arms under Turner's body, flipped her over onto the bed and lay down on top of her. Nuzzling Turner's warm neck, she bit down on the soft flesh and sucked.

Turner moaned and brought her arms up to wrap around Rogue's wide back, moving her head to the side she offered more of her neck. She whimpered when Rogue stopped and looked down into her eyes.

"Gods you're hard to wake up, I thought you were going to sleep for the rest of the day."

"After what you just did to me I'd rather do something else for the rest of the day." She pulled Rogue down for a soft kiss and then sniffed the air. "I smell food, you cooked breakfast?"

"That's what I've been trying to get into your comatose brain for the last few minutes." She lifted Turner up into the bed, leaned her against the headboard before putting the tray across her lap. "Let me go get you a towel and the OJ and I'll be back in a minute." She sprang from the bed and ran from the room with more energy than she had felt in a long time, Turner shook her head, grinned and gave out a deep sigh when she ran her fingers against the spot on her neck.

"Bet I have a hickey there now." A wide grin covered her face when she thought about it; she would never have expected Rogue to wake her up by sucking on her neck. She picked up a piece of bacon and chewed slowly to enjoy the salty taste.

Rogue froze in the doorway, the low moan coming Turner went right to her center making it clinch and throb. She felt her knees getting weak and knew that she had better get her mind on a safer ground. Going to the side of the bed, she handed a towel and a glass of OJ to Turner before going to the other side and joining her. The entire time they ate, Rogue felt her arousal growing with the soft moans and groans coming from Turner as she ate.

Turner knew damn well what she was doing to her friend, she could see her pulse point throb in her neck and the flushed skin of her face. She knew from before that Rogue became aroused from noises but this time, Turner was able to throw physical contact in the mix. She kept running her toes up the tall woman's ankle and calf. Placing her dish on the nightstand, she rolled to her side and pressed against Rogue's side.

"That was good, now I need a nap." She wrapped her arm around Rogue, snuggled her face into her side and tried not to laugh when Rogue shuddered and took a deep rasping breath. Rogue placed her dish on the tray and more or less dropped it onto the floor with a clatter. With her movement, she felt the wetness of her silk boxers move against her heated nether lips. A low whimper escaped her lips when her clit twitched and more of her juices flowed from her. Glancing down at Turner, she decided right there that she wanted more from the small woman. Moving down in the bed, she rolled to her side and took in the calm peaceful face. Trailing a fingertip across the dark finely arched brow, she twitched when a green eye opened. Before she could back out, she leaned forward, placed a tentative kiss on soft lips, and moaned when Turner parted her lips. She kept her eyes closed after the kiss ended and breathed deeply through her nose.

"Do you want this Rogue?" Turner asked with a low soft voice.

"More than anything in my life," She opened her eyes to gaze into dark green. "I trust you

Turner..." Placing a soft gentle kiss on her lips; she sighed when fingers ran through her hair. "Make love to me Turner." Slowly Turner moved closer to her and rolled her to her back, gently she ran her hands up under her T-shirt and caressed the soft warm flesh while keeping eye contact. Straddling Rogue's hips, she pushed the shirt up and placed butterfly kisses to the exposed flesh. Taking her time to touch and kiss each pale scar that peppered the tan flesh, she heard the panting breaths and rapid heartbeat of her lover. Easing the shirt off Rogue, she tossed it to the floor and took in the sight of firm round breasts with their hard nipples. Bringing her hands down across the strong pectoral muscles, she traveled back up to massage strong shoulders. Bringing their lips together in a loving kiss, she pulled back and looked into dark sultry blue eyes. "I'll only go as far as you want, just tell me and I'll stop."

"I want everything, I want you Turner." She said before pulling Turner to her for a deep passion filled kiss that left them both weak with need. Turner placed kisses across Rogue's cheeks and worked her way to her neck, licking the salty flesh, she moaned when strong hands gripped her hips and pulled her closer. Pressing downward, she painted her lover's tight stomach with her juices and heard Rogue gasp. Nipping the skin before her, she sucked until Rogue was whimpering and pushing her hips against her. Moving her lips to Rogue's ear, she whispered to her. "I'm in love with you Rogue." Tears filled her eyes to trail down her cheeks and drip onto her lover's body; she lifted her head and looked into tear filled blue eyes. "I love you Rogue Shadowski, with all my heart." They kissed slowly, determined to show what was in their hearts and souls. Turner loved every inch of flesh with her lips and tongue; she paused before teasing hardened nipples with the tip of her tongue. Cupping her lover's breasts, she ran her tongue in the valley between and grinned when Rogue whimpered and pulled her head closer. "You are so beautiful, so soft, I am blessed." She moved further down Rogue's body leaving kisses in her wake. When she stopped at the silk boxers Rogue still wore, she inhaled her arousal and moaned deeply. Moving between her lover's thighs, she placed kisses on the wet silk, Rogue thrust against her and groaned. Slipping her fingers under the waistband, she eased them down trembling thighs and tossed them to the floor. Rogue sat up in the bed and pulled Turner to her, she kissed her deeply, exploring her mouth with her tongue and then sucking on the warm wet muscle until they broke for air. Her arousal flowed from between her swollen nether lips to soak into the sheets; she gasped when small fingers brushed through her curls and explored her wetness. Falling back on the bed, she opened her thighs wider and cried out when she felt lips touch her womanhood for the first time.

Spreading swollen lips with her fingers, Turner licked her lover's labia slowly of intoxicating juices and moaned when Rogue thrust against her. Taking her time to explore the silky wet flesh, she stopped and circled the pulsing center with the tip of her tongue. Pushing forward, she felt tight muscles flutter and juices flow forth to cover her chin. A deep moan came from both woman and then whimpers from Rogue when Turner licked and sucked on her engorged clit. She felt her body tensing and a fire roar through her veins and set her on fire, she thrust her hips against her lover's mouth and cried out with her first orgasm. No sooner had the tremors tamed than she felt Turner slip a finger part way inside her still twitching center.

"Ohh Gods baby...don't stop!" She sat up and tried to force Turner to go deeper. Grabbing onto her lover's shoulder's, she dug her fingers into her flesh and sobbed out her declaration. "I love you Turner...please."

Turner ran her tongue across her lover's center and then flicked the tip across the area between her center and clit. Slipping her finger in and out with a slow pace, she brought Rogue back up to the pinnacle before using the flat of her tongue on her clit. When she felt her going over the edge, she pushed her finger all the way in and felt the virginal wall tear. Rogue gasped and cried out with the pain and then screamed her release as a soul searing orgasm over took her and tossed her into space. Her juices shot out and covered her lover's lips and chin to drip into the sheets. Turner thrust her hips into the bed and cried out with her own climax, with each spasm her juices flowed from her and soaked the sheets and the insides of her thighs. Breathless and exhausted, she crawled up her lover's body and collapsed on top of her heaving body. Moments later, Rogue wrapped her legs around her lover and pressed up into her, she moaned at the slickness she felt and rolled her hips slowly.

"What are you doing Rogue?"

"Don't know but it feels good." She took her time kissing Turner until she felt her pressing down into her and whimpering each time their clits rubbed against each other. Her head fell back, she gasped and cried out as she climaxed against Rogue and felt her lover's womanhood pulse against her. Rogue's head fell back, the muscles in her neck bulged when her juices poured from her with her orgasm. Exhausted, she fell back into the bed and held onto her lover as they drifted off to sleep. Each time they awoke, they made slow fulfilling love until the evening came and went and the sun touched their bodies in the early morning.

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Rogue had wrapped herself around her smaller lover and was lying on her arm.

"Uhhggg...Rogue...help." Turner tried to squeeze out from under her sleeping lover and gave up when a leg dropped over hers and held her in place. Closing her eyes, she tried to go back to sleep but the pain in her arm was killing her. Turning her head, she latched onto a muscular shoulder with her teeth and bit down. When nothing happened, she moved her mouth to her lover's neck and bit down harder. A low moan vibrated against her and a pale blue eye peeked at her. "Whatsamatter?" She mumbled and rolled over onto her back.

"Nothin go back to sleep." Turner slid from bed and ran to the bathroom, after relieving herself; she went back into the bedroom and looked down at the tall dark woman who held her heart and soul. Pulling the blankets from where they were strewn across the foot of the bed, she noticed the spots of blood on the sheets and smeared on the insides of her lover's thighs. Thinking that her period had started, she was about to wake her when she remembered that it was not the reason for the blood. Her face blushed and she was thrown between feeling special for the gift that she had been given and a rat for taking it. Sighing, she went into the bathroom and brought back a wet washrag and a towel. She knew that Rogue was out for the count and probably wouldn't even flinch at the warm rag going over her thighs. Gently, she cleaned the stained flesh until she was

satisfied and tossed the washrag through the bathroom door and into the sink. She was about to go get breakfast started when she felt a hand creep up her side and caress her soft curls.

"Come back to bed."

"Have you been awake all this time?" Turner hoped not.

"Uhh huh and you're gonna pay for what ya did to me."

"What I did... I just cleaned you up a bit." She was pulled across Rogue's body; her lips were captured in a soul-searing kiss and left breathless to stare into aroused blue eyes. A low moan came from her when her hand was placed between her lover's thighs and she felt the abundance of moisture there.

"That's what ya did, got me all wet." A deep moan rattled her; she thrust her hips up into Turner's hand and whimpered when it was removed. "Hey I need you!"

"Later lover, I'm starving to death." She wiggled free of Rogue and went out to the kitchen to raid the refrigerator. She heard bare feet hitting the tile floor and then a warm body press against her.

"Ya can eat me."

"Ohh I will believe me, what I need now is energy food." She chuckled deeply when Rogue whimpered and thrust against her. "Behave or I'll take you right here in the kitchen."

"Would ya really?" She nipped at the soft skin at the nape of Turner's neck and felt her shiver. "The tables nice and sturdy or even the kitchen counter." She pressed her hips against her lover and ran her hands down to roam through cinnamon shaded curls. Turner turned in her arms, captured her lips and kissed her. Moving Rogue backwards, she pushed stuff out of her way and then pushed Rogue down onto the kitchen table and crawled on top of her. Releasing her lips, she nipped at a strong chin and growled. Hands roamed across warm skin, lips brushed against each other taking passions higher. Low moans and gasps came from them as they moved against each other. Rogue braced her heels on the edge of the table and pressed herself upward into her lover's body. Pulling Turner's head down to her, she kissed her deeply and whimpered her release into her mouth. Tremors rolled through her making her buck against Turner, a low moan and then juices gushing against her center sent her back over the edge. Gasping for air and clinging to each other, Turner and Rogue started to chuckle and then break out into laughter. "I can't believe what we did on the table." Turner looked at all the stuff that they had knocked onto the floor in their passion.

"But we have so many other places to try."

"Not until we've had food to eat." She dropped her head down onto her lover's shoulder and sighed when a horrible growl came from her stomach.

"OK, that horrible beast in your stomach just convinced me that I need to feed you."

Rogue fixed them hamburgers and French fries for their meal that they ate in the bedroom watching TV, Turner looked around the room and then to her lover. "Maybe we should just put the bed in the kitchen; it'd be easier than hauling all the dishes back."

Rogue looked around her and nodded her head. "Looks like it huh?" She got up out of bed and carried some of the dishes to the kitchen, Turner followed and stopped to take in the sight of her lover bending over the dishwasher. Pulling in a deep breath, she tried to control her libido and not jump her lover. "Here's the rest of them." She placed them on the counter and stepped back to watch Rogue's muscles flex in her thighs and rear. The moan that came from her was low and sultry; Rogue looked over her shoulder into dark green eyes and winked. "Like whatcha see?"

"Ohh for the love of Gods hurry up." She ran for the bedroom knowing that her lover would be along within seconds. The rest of the day and night was spent in every conceivable position and area until they dropped from exhaustion.

Turner rolled over with a low moan; she opened one eye to see Rogue clenching her teeth when she tried to get out of bed.

"Gods I hurt all over." She whimpered and fell back into the pillows. "Thought I was in good shape but last night proved me wrong." She rolled over with a groan and wrapped her arms around Turner. "What day is it?"

"I have no idea." Turner rolled over and grabbed her watch off the nightstand. "Mickey says it's Sunday, Gods I have ta work tomorrow."

"So do I...I think." Taking a deep breath, she heaved herself up out of the bed and walked on stiff legs to the bathroom. Turning the water on as hot as she could stand it, she stepped in and let out a low rumbling moan. A deeper moan came from her when small hands massaged her shoulders and worked their way down her back. "Can we just lay around the house today and recover from the Olympic sex team trials?"

"I really need to get home." She felt Rogue tense and reworded her phrase. "I don't have any clean clothes and my car's there."

"I'll run you home," she turned and pulled Turner closer. She rested their foreheads together, closed her eyes and dug up the courage to ask. "Will you come back with me?"

Turner ran her hands up her lover's back and hugged her tighter, for all the tough façade that Rogue tossed around, she really wasn't so tough. The loneliness poured off of her and made Turner feel sadness encompass her heart. She had to admit to herself that she didn't want to be anywhere but with the tall tow truck driver. For the first time in her life, she felt like she belonged somewhere.

"It'll only take me about five minutes to get some clothes, I don't have too many of them to choose between." She felt the breath that Rogue had been holding released and her body relax into her. "Now my car...I don't even know if it'll start as cold as it is outside."

"If it won't, I'll get it started for ya."

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Turner threw all her clothes into a small trash bag, grabbed her car keys and met Rogue outside where she was trying to get her car started.

"Fuel line freeze up," she looked into narrowed eyes. "I've got some dry gas in the side compartment but I don't think that's gonna do it."

"So what do I do now?"

"I'll drive you into work in the morning and then I'll pull the fuel lines off and clear them."

"You don't have to do all that Rogue, you've done so much for me already."

Rogue pulled her into her arms and rested her head on top of hers. "I like doing things for you, help me hook your car up and I'll put it in the barn tonight. That should thaw out the fuel lines and make it easier." Pulling her thin coat tighter around her, Turner leaned a hip against her car and looked up into pale blue eyes.

"Can I ask you something and not get you pissed off at me?"

Rogue scratched her head and raised an eyebrow. "Is there some reason that would cause me to get mad, say a husband and ten kids in another state?" Turner shook her head and chuckled.

"Nope, no man, thank the Gods and no kids." She looked to the ground and spoke quickly hoping that her bravery lasted. "Whenyousaidyoulovedmewasitbecauseweweremakinglove?"

Rogue stepped closer and pulled Turner against her body, kissing her gently, she lifted her chin so that she could look directly into worried green eyes. "I meant every thing I said, I'm in love with you Turner Holliman. Come home with me...forever."

"And leave this gorgeous mansion behind?" She took Rogue's hand and dragged her to the tow truck. "To Hell with Tara, the blue bellies can have her."

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Turner looked like a lunatic, she had a huge goofy smile plastered on her face and nothing the trolls on the bus could do could ruin her morning. Rogue had brought her breakfast in bed, made her a lunch and a thermos of coffee and then drove her into work. She pulled Rogue's leather sheepskin coat tighter around her and picked up Rogue's scent and her cologne. Just thinking of her lover made her heart seize and her blood pound in her veins, she didn't know what she had done in her life to deserve Rogue, but she would thank them time and again. She flinched when a huge spitball splattered on her windshield and just kept on driving with her goofy smile.

Rogue sat in her tow truck and day dreamed of a small blond with green eyes. A goofy smile on her face, she paid no attention to the horns blaring behind her. Hitting the gas, she peeled away from the light and took the next turn in the road. She had called the bus garage earlier and found out what Turner's route would be. Pulling her truck into a gas station, she grabbed a small bag filled with donuts, jumped out and ran across the street to wait with the kids. They each gave her a strange look but forgot about her when they went back to teasing each other. She watched one boy pushing a small tow headed girl around and calling her nasty names. Her temper raised its head and she grabbed him by the back of his jacket.

"Knock it off or I'll throw you in front of a truck!"

"Who the Hell are you, and let me go or I'll have my dad beat you up!" He tried to wiggle free of her hand and let out a yelp when she picked him up and held him five feet off the ground.

She snarled and bared her teeth at him, in a low raspy voice she said. "I already beat your dad up, every single day in school until we graduated!" She had no idea who the kid's dad was and had never beaten anyone up in school but it seemed like the thing to say. She looked up the street when she heard the kids yelling and pushing each other for a better position in line. "Hey knock it off ya rotten trolls!" They shut up, turned and gawked at the feral look on her face. "One more twitch and I'll feed all of you to my pit-bull!" They filed onto the bus in complete silence except for the kid dangling from her hand. She stepped up onto the bus and winked at Turner. "Brought ya a snack Ms. Bus driver, can I sit in the front seat?"

Turner's eyebrows were raised to her hairline; she took in her tall lover and the kid dangling in mid air. "I've been staying away from troll meat, what else ya got?" Rogue blushed when she realized that she was still holding onto the kid.

"You ever touch someone smaller than you again and I'll beat your father up again...got me?" He nodded his head and ran to back of the bus after she put him down. "Brought ya some donuts to go with your coffee." She handed Turner the bag, pulled the door closed and held onto the pole at the front of the bus. "Ready when you are baby."

"You're riding along with me?"

"Yep, I have to make my quota this month for scaring kids."

The kids at the very back of the bus started whispering amongst themselves, snickered and then a barrage of spitballs flew towards the front of the bus. Turner being used to it, ducked and kept on driving. Rogue on the other hand had no tolerance for childish games and roared. Every kid dropped down into their seats and peeked over the back of the seats in front of them. She walked to the back of the bus and pointed fingers at them.

"You will all stay on the bus once we get to school, if you try and sneak off, I will chase you down!" She went halfway towards the front, spun around, and scared the Hell out of them again with a loud bark.

Turner had been watching by way of the rearview mirror, when her lover stopped beside her, she snickered. "You sure do have a way with trolls Rogue Warrior."

"I'd liked to beat the Hell outta their parents for raising animals."

Turner handed her a donut and grinned. "You and me both baby, you and me both."

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Turner and Rogue sat in the front seat eating donuts and drinking from Turner's thermos, while Rogue used the broom to poke a kid in his ass.

"Ya missed some right there." She pointed a finger at a far corner of the windshield. "I want this bus looking like it just rolled out of the factory!" She chanced a quick glance at Turner and grinned, in a soft whisper close to Turner's ear, she said. "This is fun, think I can be a teacher?"

"Either teach gym class or be a drill instructor?"

"I was thinking more of Sex Ed; I can recruit more that way." She jerked in her seat when a small hand cupped her sex.

"Ohh I don't think the school system is prepared for your idea of show and tell."

"Are you ready for my show and tell?"

"Always, only one little problem," She glanced at the kids scrubbing the bus. "We have trolls all around us."

"All right you rotten little scum sucking creeps OUT!" She waved a hand and growled at them as

they ran by. "Tomorrow you're gonna wash and wax!" She let out a loud howl and watched the kids' trip all over each other to get into the school. Pulling the door closed, she used her belt to keep it from being opened. "OK, let's play show and tell." She grabbed Turner's hand and pulled her to the back of the bus.

"Boy have I created a monster, what's gotten into you...me...us?"

Rogue dropped down onto the seat and pulled Turner on top of her. "I've got a one topic mind and it revolves around you." She pulled Turner's head down for a deep lustful kiss; they parted with heavy breathing and half-lidded eyes. Rogue rolled over and pinned Turner beneath her, unbuttoning the heavy coat, she ran her hands up under her lover's flannel shirt. "I've been thinking of you all morning." She brought their lips together in a soft kiss, taking her time to lick and suck on a bottom lip before sliding her tongue into Turner's warm mouth. With hands caressing, lips, and tongues tasting warm flesh, their shared arousal was rising close to its crescendo. Deft fingers unfastened Turner's Levis; she stopped when a small hand grabbed her wrist.

"I need to feel you baby...please." Rogue begged and proceeded when Turner wrapped both her arms around her neck and pulled her lips to hers. Her fingers slipped past the waistband of silk boxers, through wet curls and stopped in the abundant juices of her very aroused lover. "Gods you're so wet." She mumbled against Turner's lips and groaned when her fingers slipped between swollen nether lips. She felt her own juices flow from her and soak her boxers, straddling one of Turner's thighs; she pushed down and gasped at the feeling.

"Please Rogue...so close," Turner thrust her hips upward and whimpered. "Make me come." She pumped her hips against her lover's hand and captured swollen lips in a deep consuming kiss. Moving faster against each other, they grunted and cried out their releases into each other's mouths. Rogue dropped her face into Turner's neck and panted for breath, her hips still twitching with each spasm to her center.

Turner struggled with the dead weight of her lover, pushing on her shoulder to get her attention she mumbled against her ear. "Rogue roll over...need something." Rogue fell over onto her back and almost hit the floor. Turner arranged her so that she was sitting and pulled her Levis down her legs and off one foot.

"Baby what are ya...oohh Gods!" She clutched the seats edge with fingers and thrust her hips upward into her lover's eager mouth. Turner felt her clit twitch as her lover's juices flowed over her lips, sliding her hands down her pants; she rubbed her clit in time with her tongue. Moaning against Rogue took her lover over the edge and her as well in dizzying climaxes. Her head jerked up from where it was resting against a muscular thigh when a pounding noise came from the front of the bus.

"Goddamnasshole," Turner mumbled as she got up off her knees. "Why does he have to check the damn bus everyday?"

"He's gonna know Turner," Rogue pulled her boxers and Levis up and stumbled on weak legs to

stand in front of her lover. "He's gonna smell us and know what we've been doing." Turner cupped her lover's face between her hands and pulled her down for a lingering kiss.

"He can get his jollies, report me; I don't give a damn as long as I have you." The pounding moved up the bus and then a hand started knocking on the windows. "Guess we better open the door huh?"

"Yeah and run like Hell." Rogue tossed in and then jumped when Turner sprayed her with a can of reuzit pine scent and then sprayed the entire way to the front of the bus. "Gee thanks baby now I smell like a Christmas tree."

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Turner stopped and picked up her mail on her way home, tossing it on the seat beside her in Rogue's tow truck, she noticed an envelope from the bank. At the next red light she came to, she opened it and felt heat flooding her face. "They sold my damn loan; how the Hell can they do that?" She tossed the letter on the seat and tore away from the light with a squeal of tires. "They'll probably up my damn payment and the interest rates and I'll be dead and gone and still not have it paid off!" Her temper was at its highest peak when she pulled into the garage, jumping down out of the cab with the letter in her hand, she stomped over to Rogue and waved it at her. "Look at this, someone bought my loan!" Rogue took the paper and scanned over it with a critical eye; she grinned and handed it back to her lover.

"It looks pretty good ta me, the payments and everything have been reduced by half." She handed it back to a confused Turner. "Ya didn't read all of it did ya," she pointed to the breakdown and smirked. "See, they cut everything in half and by reducing the interest rate, you save money and the payoff time is less." Turner walked towards the stairs mumbling under her breath and shaking her head.

"This has got to be too good to be true, something's not right here." She ran up the stairs and then into the room where Rogue's computer was, logging on to the ISP, she waited for it to connect. Typing in the name of the company that bought her loan, she found substantial information on the company. The amount of money they gave to charities had her head spinning but she couldn't figure out why they had bought her loan. What baffled her more was that there was no mention of the owners name or where they were based? "Why the mystery...unless you're dirty and have all kinds of stuff to hide. My luck you're some kind of Columbian drug cartel and using my money in a laundering scam, I'll have to call my bank and see what they know about this." She picked up the phone and called her bank, as soon as it was answered, she was put on hold. "Just great, you take my money, stick me on hold and make me listen to KC and the Sunshine band!" Minutes later, she was humming to the tune and tapping on the desktop. With the sound of a bank teller's voice, she jumped and had to think of why she had called.

"Can you tell me anything about my loan that was recently purchased by Magnus Enterprises?"

"That's a company out of Charleston, WV; we don't have any information on it besides what I just told you, is there anything else I can help with today?"

"What's the balance on my checking account, I have to make sure I have enough to make this payment?"

"As of yesterday, your account balance is \$1100.39."

Turner ran her fingers through her hair and groaned she knew that there was too much money in her account. "The last check I wrote was 6719, has that cleared yet?" She hung up after she was told that it had cleared, she still couldn't figure out why she had so much money. By her calculations, it should have been less than a hundred dollars until payday on Friday.

"What's wrong Turner?" Rogue asked from where she was standing behind her.

"I think my checking account is screwed up, I have too much money in it. There's a big difference between what I have figured and what the bank has."

Rogue sat down on the corner of the desk and took Turner's hand in hers, she knew that Turner would worry about this and stress out over it. She took a deep breath and rubbed her thumb over small knuckles. "About that loan...I bought it." She looked up at the gasp that came from her lover, she knew she should have discussed it with her first but her impulsive nature didn't think of that.

"You bought my loan, why?" She stood up, paced the floor in front of Rogue, and shot glares at her at each turn. "Am I some kind of charity case like all the others?"

"No of course not, I just hated the thought of you having to work so hard to pay off that loan. That company is notorious for high interest rates, I wanted to help you." She dropped her head and walked slowly from the room.

Turner stopped and covered her face with her hands; she shook her head and groaned. "What have I done this time, can I accept her help and not feel bought?" Dropping down into the chair, she let her head fall to the desk. "What am I gonna do and why didn't she tell me?" Knowing what she had to do, she went in search of Rogue, after an hour, she found her sitting out in the back field watching the clouds. "Rogue I'm sorry for what I said...it's just that no one has ever done anything like that before. I'll pay the loan back and I'm still going to pay the original amount."

"I don't want your money Turner, the reason your checking account is over is because I set it up that way, you also have a savings account at my bank. My Aunt puts your payments in it when you send them in." She turned to see the shocked look on her lover's face. "I love you Turner and

you're not a charity case. I have more money than I could ever spend, please let me do this."

"I feel bought and I don't like it, can you understand that? I have always taken care of myself, never depended on anyone for what I wanted or needed and then you come along." She dropped down to her knees beside Rogue and grabbed her hand. "It's hard for me to digest that you did this, I have nothing to give you but my heart and soul." Rogue sat up and brought their hands up to her lips, placing a soft kiss to the top of Turner's hand, she then looked deeply into her eyes.

"Money and possessions mean nothing to me; I'm just a tow truck driver, the same as I was yesterday or the day before. The only thing that I want is your love, nothing more." She brought their hands to her chest and held them there over her heart. "I fell in love with a bus driver/crossing guard, if it would make you happy, I would give all of my money away in a heartbeat."

Turner knew she was fighting a losing battle, knowing that Rogue had money; she thought she would see her differently but she didn't. She was the same person who lived in a barn and drove a tow truck for a living. "Why do you work if you don't have to?"

"My grandma lived on just a pension for years up until she died, she taught me that what's important in life is how you live it. I tried being the rich bitch and couldn't do it, it takes away from life. Money is all glamorous and sparkly when flaunted, but the people it attracts are one-dimensional. I wanted more than what money could buy, so I bought my tow-truck and started to make a life of my own. I want to share that life with you Turner."

Turner felt tears trail down her cheeks, looking into ice blue eyes made her ache deep inside. "What are you asking me Rogue?"

"Something that I've never asked anyone else, will you marry me Turner."

"Why would I want to marry you?" She knew she was playing with fire but she really didn't care at this point.

Rogue raised an eyebrow, bit at her bottom lip and remained silent while she thought of some reasons. "I'm kinda good looking, my sense of humor is OK, I'm sorta good in bed and I can fix your car."

A wicked grin came over Turner's face; she growled deeply and pushed Rogue onto her back. "I'd have to be insane to turn down a woman who can fix my car."

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"How am I supposed to get the grass stains off my ass?" Turner looked back over her shoulder

and down at her green ass and then up into twinkling blue eyes.

"Why worry about it, I'm the only one who's gonna know or see. I'm the one who has green legs and forearms." She wrapped her arms around her lover's waist from behind and kissed the back of her neck. "Those stains were worth every second of bliss, even the loss of wildlife out there is worth it."

"What about your favorite socks, I think a critter ran off with them?"

"They can have them and anything else I have because I have you."

"Not right now you don't, we have a car to pick up. But once we get home, you can do anything you want with me." She pried unwilling hands from around her and ran off to the bathroom. Rogue shook her head and went after her lover, she could care less about the car that they were supposed to pick up, they could do that the next day. What she wanted to do right now was relax in the bathtub with Turner, have a nice supper and cuddle on the couch for the rest of the night.

"Turner wait I don't wanna go anywhere!" She whined and walked into the bathroom. "I just wanna stay in tonight, besides it's gotten colder out there and it looks like snow." She prayed for a few feet of the white stuff, if it got too bad that meant that they would close the schools and Turner could stay home with her. She grinned when she thought of how her life had been over the years; she always sat all alone and watched the snowfall past the windows. Now she would have someone to share that with. "Pray for a snowstorm Baby, I don't wanna go looking for that damn car." She stepped into the shower behind Turner and dropped her chin down onto her shoulder. "I want six feet of snow so that they cancel school." Turner turned in her arms and brushed her wet hair back from her high cheekbones.

"I hate driving the bus in snow, the damn ass end slides everywhere and it scares the shit outta me."

"You could always quit and work with me; I need someone to save me when the dogs chase me and throw beer out to the rednecks."

"And what if I wanna drive the tow truck?" Rogue grinned and wiggled an eyebrow.

"OK, you drive and I'll throw beer at the rednecks." She pressed a kiss to her wet lips and blinked the water from her eyes. "So does this mean you're gonna quit your jobs?"

"Hell yeah, I hate those rotten damn brats. I can make more editing manuscripts and books anyways. It's easier on my nerves to, no screaming banshees or spit wads hitting me in the back of my head." She grabbed the bath sponge, soaped it and started washing Rogue's chest. "Might even sit down and write the novel I've always promised myself that I'd write." Rogue closed her eyes and took a shaky breath when small hands massaged her breasts.

"Anything you want to do is fine with me; I'll back you all the way. Even if you just wanna stay home and do nothing." She moaned and reached out to the wall to keep her balance. "Ohh Hell I

may not survive what you're doing to me." She leaned back against the shower wall and let Turner take total control.

Rogue rolled over and slapped at the alarm clock, she opened one eye, looked towards the windows at the top of the wall, and groaned. It was still dark out and the room was cold, she hadn't started a fire the night before and the furnace was set to 65 degrees. She eased from bed, stumbled to the wood burning stove and went about getting it started. She shivered from the cold and after the fire was going she crawled back in bed to snuggle against Turner. Not five minutes later the alarm clock went off again, growling, she slapped at it and heard it hit the floor with a thunk. "Is it dead?" Turner asked and rolled over to press into her chest.

"Hope so, it's too early to get up." She mumbled and wrapped her arms around Turner. "You're gonna get up and leave me here all alone ain't cha?"

"Yep unless there's a few hundred foot of snow out there," She moaned and rolled away from Rogue. "Hate this shit...it's always cold on that damn bus." She sat on the edge of the bed and rubbed the sleep from her eyes before getting up. She stumbled into the bathroom, took care of her needs and then went out to the kitchen to start coffee. She wouldn't have time to eat so she grabbed some bread to make toast. She looked up and gave Rogue a tired smile when she came stumbling out of the bedroom in a robe.

"Go get dressed and I'll make you a quick breakfast."

"I don't have..."

"Yes you will," She gave her a quick kiss and went to the refrigerator. "I'm good at quick meals, now go get dressed, it'll be done when you get back." She got out what she needed and then started on her version of egg mcmuffins, a few minutes later, she had two wrapped in foil and a thermos filled with coffee. She filled a coffee cup and sat down at the table to wait for Turner to come out. A wide grin came to her face when Turner came from the bedroom with one of her sweatshirts on and trying to stomp her feet into her heavy boots.

"I need to get a winter coat that I don't freeze in," she grabbed hers from where it lay across the couch and went to pull it on. "Damn feathers all fell out of it or something."

"Take my sheepskin coat, I don't need it and it'll keep you warm." Rogue got up from the table and took her coat down from the wall peg. "That way I won't be worrying that you're frozen to the driver's seat in your bus." Turner stepped into the coat and pulled it around her, turning back around; she wrapped her arms around Rogue and rested her head on her chest.

"It may sound weird but I'll miss you," she looked up into clear blue eyes and sighed. "I love you Rogue Warrior." She gave her a heart-stopping kiss and pulled back when they parted. "I better

get going before I'm late."

"Don't forget your breakfast and coffee and I'll stop by and take you to lunch, I hope you like Greek."

"I'll eat anything that doesn't move on my plate." She gave her a quick kiss and went down the stairs with her thermos under her arm and her sandwiches in a paper bag. Rogue went back into the kitchen and picked up her coffee cup, she listened for the sound of Turner's car starting and smiled. She had tuned it up when she fixed the fuel lines and made sure that the antifreeze was the proper mixture. With that done, she felt better about her driving in the cold weather. Looking to the microwave, she groaned at what time it was but figured if she got started early with the daily repos, she would be done quicker and be able to spend more time with Turner.

Turner came out of the bus garage office stuffing a paper in her pocket; she had turned in her resignation and would finish out the week. It felt strange to be doing that, she had always had at least two jobs since she turned eighteen. Now she would have one after she quit the crossing guard job, she didn't count riding around with Rogue as work. It was a greedy thing; she would be with her lover all day and not have to share her with anyone else. Her heart sped up with the thought of what they had done the night before and brought a blush to her face. "Some strong hands on you Rogue and your long fingers," She groaned from the wetness that came with the thoughts of what Rogue's hands could do to her. "Damn but that's cold!" She walked faster towards her bus when the cold air hit the dampness of her Levis. "Pray for snow, pray for lots of snow!" She looked to the grey skies and knew that they would be seeing some of the white fluffy stuff soon. Maybe she would be lucky enough and it would start as she was picking the kids up and they would call her on the radio and tell her to take them all back home because they closed the schools.

Rogue looked to the sky through her windshield and cursed, it had been snowing for the last two hours and it was coming down hard. The roads were a mess and she had yet to see a snowplow or salt truck, she was worried about Turner since they had closed the schools early. She pulled off the side of the road and headed back in the direction she had come, she had a bad feeling and she was never wrong when she had it. There was something wrong and she wouldn't feel easy until she found Turner. She tried to remember her entire bus route and groaned when she thought of her driving across the Rt. 9 Mountain; it was bad on a dry road and snow made it deadly. Grabbing her radio microphone, she changed the channel and called the bus garage.

"Has Turner gotten back in yet?"

"No were waiting for her, she should have been in already."

"What about calling her on the radio, have you tried that?"

"We can't, her radio's not working. It was on the list to be fixed today but they had to go back out before we could get to it."

"Damn it to Hell and back!" Rogue yelled and slapped a hand on the steering wheel. "Is she on her usual route and are there chains on her bus?"

"Yeah it's her usual route, we didn't get the chains on her bus but she knows how to put them on." Rogue lost it, she had never heard of such incompetence in her life.

"Do you people do anything there besides sit on your fat asses?!"

"We..."

"Forget it I'll find her and you better hope that she's OK." She hung up the microphone and turned down the road that would take her to the middle of Turner's route. She looked both directions and turned up the road where she hoped Turner wasn't, it was the worst part of the road and she hoped that she had gotten down it before the road conditions had worsened.

Turner came to hearing the kids screaming her name and shaking her, she opened her eyes and groaned from the pounding in her head. She looked around and saw nothing but white and a flash of blue where the 4x4 truck that had cut her off lay on its side. She tried to get out of the seat and cried out from the pain in her legs. "Is every one OK, any one hurt?" She asked in a rough voice and tried to turn her head to look at the kids.

"We're OK but we think the bus is hanging over the bridge," The boy who Rogue had terrorized said and pointed to the truck. "That guy took off a few minutes ago, we yelled but he just looked and then took off." He started to stutter and then cleared his throat. "What do ya want us to do?"

"Get out and get to a safe place, wave someone down if you can." She groaned and tried to move in the seat. "Does anyone have a cell phone?"

"We tried to use one but we can't get a signal..."

"When you get out try again, call 911 and tell them where we are." She watched him nod his head and then walk slowly to the back of the bus. She shivered when the back door opened and then realized that with each kid that was getting off, the bus tipped forward. "I'm gonna die on this fucking bus...oohh God Rogue, I'm gonna die." She tried to pull her legs free and knew it was useless, the steel dash had her pinned. "Fucking asshole with a truck...I hope someone ran

your ass over up the road." She reached a hand up, wiped a hand across the left side of her face, and pulled it away to see it covered in blood. "Just fucking great, maybe I'll bleed to death and not feel the bus going over the bridge and into the river?" She closed her eyes and prayed for someone to come to her rescue.

Rogue hit her brakes and turned out of the slide her truck went into, out of nowhere, a man ran across in front of her and down towards some houses. She took a deep breath and tried to steady her now trembling hands. "Mother fucker!" She down shifted her truck and felt the chains dig into the snow and ice; she was a mile away from the worst part of the road. Off in the distance and through the blowing snow, she saw yellow and red taillights, her worst fear was there. Shifting into low four-wheel drive, she drove up the steep hill and stopped a distance behind the bus. Yelling over the sound of the wind, she heard and then saw a boy running towards her from the opposite direction. "Where's Turner?" She grabbed him as he slid towards her and kept him from falling. "Where's Turner?"

"She's in the bus...we couldn't get her out!" She nodded her head and pointed to her truck. "Use my radio, just key the mic and the yell for help. Someone at the bus garage should answer." He nodded his head and trudged through the snow towards her truck; she grabbed the back door to the bus, yanked it open and heard Turner yell.

"Don't come on here...it's tipping forward!"

"Turner don't move!"

"Rogue...it's gonna go over the edge!" She yelled back and moaned from the pain in her legs.

"Not if I can help it, just don't move!" She ran to her truck, grabbed the large hook attached to the wench cable and pulled it to the tow hooks on the bus. After making sure that it was hooked on that it wouldn't come loose, she ran back and hit the wench motor on. When the cable was tight, she got in her truck and looked over to the shivering boy. "Did you call them?"

"They're sending someone out...can you help Turner?"

"I'll die trying to get her out, now hold on." She shifted her truck into reverse, eased the clutch out and hit the gas pedal. She heard the chains bite into the ice below her tires and then felt it grab, the truck moved back slowly and then the bus started to move towards them. She knew that she was running out of room and could only hope that the bus was far enough away from the edge that Turner was safe. She climbed out and looked up to the boy. "Man the radio, if they call back, talk to them." He nodded and held his hands in front of the heat ducts. "Where are the other kids?"

"There's a house down there, everyone went there. There's no people but it was better than being

outside." She knew what he was talking about; along the river were summerhouses. The owners closed them up during the winter months and only used them on the weekends during the summer time.

"I'm going to get Turner; you stay here no matter what." She went to the side compartment and pulled out a bag of tools and a crow bar, she didn't know what she would need but it was better to have everything than to have to run back and forth. On her way, she eased the cable up and then unhooked it from the bus. If the bus started to move, she didn't want her truck going with it. She slid a tire wedge in front of the busses back tire and then ran up to the front of it. Taking a heavy chain from inside her tool bag, she looped it through what was left of the heavy steel guardrail and then to the bumper of the bus. She hoped that it would hold if anything happened, she then ran to the back and crawled onto the bus.

"Go away...it's gonna fall."

"Not if I have anything to do about it." Rogue said in a breathless voice and stopped beside her lover. "I'm gonna get you out of here baby." She brushed back Turner's bangs and pressed a kiss to her cold cheek. "What's keeping you from moving?"

"The dash panels...steel box on left has my leg pinned..." She turned her head and gave Rogue a weak smile. "Fucked this up royally didn't I...I love you Rogue." Blue eyes held hers and then looked down to where the metal and steel from the bus tangled around Turner's legs.

"You can tell me all night long after I get you out of here." She pulled switches on until the dash lights brightened, pulling a flashlight from her bag; she dropped to her knees and looked under the dash. What she saw made her insides run cold, the steering column had broken the front of the driver's seat and had Turner pinned with the wheel. The other parts were on top of her feet and thighs, the main thing was to get the steering wheel off her. "Baby I'm gonna have to use a torch and cut the steering wheel, it might get hot."

"Good...freezing..." Her teeth chattered and her eyes became glassy with both cold and shock.

"Stay with me baby, talk to me." She pulled a small portable cutting torch from her bag, adjusted the knobs and then used her lighter to start it. "Close you eyes baby and tell me about this tiny little accident."

"Damn truck...cut me off..." She chattered and then moaned when Rogue bumped her right leg. "Driver left us...kids?"

"They're safe; they broke into someone's summerhouse." She got up from the floor, grabbed a rope from her bag and looked for a way to tie the steering wheel. Looking up to the ceiling, she saw old brackets from where a radio had hung. Checking for its strength, she then tied the rope to it and then to the steering wheel. "OK Turner, I'm gonna cut the steering wheel off down by your legs, once that's done I'm gonna move it out of the way and then get you out of here."

"Too long...no time..."

"Ohh we have plenty of time, I'm fast." She turned up the torch to where it would cut through steel plates and dropped down to the floor. The heat that came from the small torch had the paint on the floor bubbling along with the rubber on her lover's boots. When she was halfway through the column, she turned the torch off and pushed it away from the seat and her lover. She yelled out from both the heat and from the strain of bending the steel. Shaking her hands trying to get her blistering hot gloves off, she swore when she saw the blisters on her palms. Ignoring the pain, she sat back and placed her feet on the mangled metal, grabbed the pole by Turner's seat and pushed. The creaking combined with her yell brought Turner around.

"What's all the noise...feet hot?"

"That's just me baby, almost done here." She moved and placed her feet against another piece of twisted metal and pushed. When she was done, she ran her hands around her lover's legs and found that she was now free of the dash. "OK baby lets get outta here I'm freezing my ass off." She slipped her arms under Turner and lifted her as gently as she could, making her way to the back of the bus seemed to take hours. Her adrenaline was waning and the pain in her hands was bringing tears to her eyes. She eased down on the floor and slipped to the snowy ground, she blinked her eyes and then saw the flashing lights of her truck. She walked up to the driver's side door, was thankful that the boy had thought to turn the top lights on. He kneeled on the seat, helped her get Turner into the truck, and then held onto her while Rogue got in. "Lets get out of here...it's not safe." She chattered and flipped the heat on high. "Where's the bus garage?"

"I don't know no ones come by here at all." He said and turned to look out the back window. "Maybe they got stuck somewhere...MOVE!" He yelled and pointed to the bright lights and flashing yellow lights coming towards them. Rogue shifted the truck into first, and felt the low gear dig into the snow. She cursed and floored the gas pedal to have the truck not move anywhere but just shudder in place, she knew that she had dug the tires in deep pulling the bus and didn't know if she would be able to get it out before they got hit.

"Motherfuckingsonofabitch!" She took it out of low four-wheel drive, kicked it in to high and floored it. The back end swung out and then they were moving towards the edge of the bridge, she flinched when she heard metal tearing. Then she hit the steering wheel when her truck slammed into the guardrail and then a loud bang when it hit the concrete. The snowplow went past and then the entire bridge shook when it hit the school bus. Rogue slammed her truck into reverse, looked out the back window and got off the bridge. She didn't want to be on it if it decided to fall into the river with the bus. What surprised her was that the snowplow never stopped even after hitting the bus and the truck. She grabbed her radio mic, changed the channel to the State Police, called in the accidents and let them know where the other kids were. She looked over to her lover and felt her heart slam in her chest, pulling a u-turn; she took off down the road and headed towards the hospital. "We'll call your parents once we get to the hospital, go in the glove box and pull out that light in there. It should have a red lens on it, open the window and put it on the roof for me."

"So everyone can see that we're not a snowplow?"

"Yep, now hold on the roads getting rougher." She grabbed her seatbelt pulled it out and handed it to the boy. "Fasten this on the other side of Turner and put yours on," She tapped the brakes when the road disappeared in front of her and sighed when the wind blew the snow away from her windshield. "What's your name?"

"It's Robby, is Turner gonna be OK?"

"Sure she is," She reached across her chest, felt her lover's face and was relieved that her skin was warm. "We'll all be better as soon as we get to the hospital; do you know anyone who lives on the other side of the bridge that you can call?"

"A couple of the kids I know live close to it, I can call their houses."

"That's what we need, and then maybe they can get the other kids in case the police can't get down there." It took them 40 minutes to go the five miles to the hospital; she pulled up to the ER doors and climbed down. Robby unfastened the seatbelt, helped her get Turner out of the truck and then ran into the hospital to get her help. When she got inside, she couldn't believe how desolate the place was. She could have heard a pin drop and wondered if anyone was there. Robby came running down the hallway with a nurse and doctor in tow, he gave her a bright smile and then stood to the side.

"This is my Aunt Pam, she'll help you. I'm gonna go make those phone calls."

"Thanks for all your help Robby."

"Sure no problem, I hope Turner gets better." He walked with them to an exam room and then went with the nurse to the doctor's lounge.

Rogue placed Turner on the exam bed and groaned when she straightened back up, the pain in her back screamed with each breath. "I have to go move my truck..."

"Go ahead; I'm going to take a look at your friend. When you come back, I'll have the nurse look at you hands for you." Rogue took a shuddering breath and nodded her head; she limped down the hallway and went out the doors into the cold. She climbed with difficulty into her truck and whimpered when she tried to move.

"This sucks and Turner's gonna be really pissed at me." She parked her truck, climbed out and limped all the way to the ER doors. Once inside, she went over to the exam room where Turner was and found her way blocked.

"You'll have to wait the doctor is examining her." A nurse said and tried to keep her from going in. "If you'll come with me I'll..."

"Take care of my hands in the same room," She pushed the curtain back and stepped in just as the doctor and another nurse removed Turner's pants. "Check her feet; I had to use a torch to cut her out of the school bus."

"You can't be in here..."

"Either I stay with my wife or I beat the Hell outta everyone in this hospital." She said in a raspy voice and snarled when the nurse raised a hand at her. "It's been a bad day, I almost lost my wife, there's a bus load of kids in a summerhouse on the other side of the bridge and no one seems ta give a fuck! So don't push me!" The doctor waved at the nurse and then pointed to the curtain that separated the two exam rooms.

"Pull that curtain back and have a seat on the bed and she'll take a look at your hands and back. Did you call the police about the accidents and the kids?" She groaned trying to get onto the bed and nodded her head.

"I called the State Police, Robby called the bus garage and now he's calling the parents of some of the kids. Hopefully, someone will go get them before they get hypothermia. And just maybe they'll find the son of a bitch in the snowplow; he hit the school bus and sent it off the bridge!" When Turner moaned, she went to slide off the bed and stopped when the doctor pointed a finger at her.

"Stay right there and let me take care of her," she looked at the nurse. "Call X-ray and have them take a chest and a set of her legs, I'm going for the sonogram machine." She pulled her gloves off and left the exam area.

"What's the sonogram for...", She flinched when the nurse helped her remove her coat and outer shirt. "It's her legs and...oohh shit, the steering wheel was against her chest." She tried to get down from the bed and stopped when a sharp pain ripped through her back.

"We just want to make sure that she's not bleeding internally." She left Rogue and went over to help the other nurse set up the IV's and get warm blankets on Turner; she checked her feet and saw how red they were. "How did you say you got her out of the bus?"

"I used a portable cutting torch; I had it on my tow truck." She looked down at her blistered hands and then held them up. "I had it hot enough to blister the paint on the floor, did I burn her feet?"

"Nope but I think you kept her from getting frostbite," She checked Turner's hands and saw that they were pink. "She's coming around a little, what's her name?"

"Turner...just take care of her, I can wait." She watched her lover blink her eyes a few times and then open them to stare around her, she sighed with relief when she turned her head and gave her a small smile.

"My warrior...you got me out before my bus went in the drink."

"Yep but I couldn't save your bus, it's in the river." She got off the bed and hoped that she didn't see her clench her jaw. "Do your legs hurt...I tried not to hurt you." She took Turner's hand and

placed a kiss to her knuckles.

"I'm OK, they really hurt but it's not bad." She blinked her eyes and felt darkness closing in on her. "Rogue..."

"She's all right, it's from the cold and shock." The doctor said and then stepped back when the x-ray tech rolled in the portable x-ray machine. "I'll need you to get back on your bed so we can take her x-rays and I can do some other tests. But don't you move because you're next," She looked over her shoulder and into tired blue eyes. "You're backs killing you isn't it?"

"I'll be OK, just take care of Turner." She lay back on the bed and held back her whimper from pain.

Rogue looked over from the chair she was sitting in against doctor's orders and brushed her thumb across her lover's knuckles. It had been three hours and Turner was still sleeping, she was beginning to get worried when she heard a deep snore come from her and then she rolled to her side. Keeping a hold of her hand, she pressed her lips to her palm and rested her cheek against it. "I love you Turner." She whispered and closed her eyes.

"Come up here and keep me warm." A soft voice said and then a small hand pulled on Rogue's larger one. "Take your boots off first." Rogue lifted her head and looked into her lover's sleepy green eyes.

"Don't have 'em on, they're still drying out." She eased out of the chair, bit back a curse and tried to ease into the bed. "Help...I can't get my leg up."

"You hurt yourself getting me out of the bus." Rogue moaned when Turner pulled her into the bed and wrapped an arm around her waist.

"I strained my lower back moving some of the stuff that had you trapped, I'll be OK in a few days." She rolled her head to the side and looked into her lover's eyes. How do you feel, I was so worried?"

"A little sore, I guess I'm OK, a little tired though." She held Rogue tighter and buried her face in her long hair. "Go to sleep, we'll feel better later."

Hours later Turner was watching the news reports about how many accidents had occurred because of the sudden snowstorm. She turned the volume up when a reporter was shown standing on the bridge where her bus had been.

"This is the site of a three vehicle accident, early yesterday afternoon. According to a bunch of school children who took shelter in a summerhouse, their bus driver was cut off by a 4x4 truck,

the driver from that truck left the scene after escaping from his mangled vehicle. The children had no choice but to leave their trapped driver in the bus after she told them to leave. Minutes later, a tow truck driver rescued her and took her to the hospital along with one of the children who had stayed by the bus. To make their day even worse, while in the tow truck, a snowplow hit them and then hit the bus sending it and the other truck over the edge and into the river. It took crews five hours this morning to retrieve the school bus from the river, using cranes from Courtney's junk yard."

The scene changed to a State Trooper pulling a man from the backseat of his cruiser while a Ranson Police Officer pulled a man from the another cruiser. *"What you are seeing now are the two men responsible for hitting those vehicles, they stole the snowplow earlier that day from the Department of Highways. They were apprehended plowing the Wal-Mart parking lot, no one would have complained except they plowed all the cars right through the side of the store. This is Jenny Boyd with the local news."*

"Son of a bitch, that's the assholes who were hassling me that day." She said and then saw that Rogue was awake and watching the news with her. "That's them isn't it?"

"Yep, guess they got what was coming to them." She lifted her head from where it had rested on her lover's chest and looked into her emerald green eyes. "I'm so glad that I followed my gut and went searching for you."

"I'm glad you did to and I'm gonna sue someone, I didn't have a radio and the chains were rusted into three pieces, they were useless."

Rogue went up onto one elbow and ran a finger across her lips.

"That's why I went searching for you, I called them and they said you hadn't gotten back yet and then I found out that you didn't have a radio. I didn't know about the chains though and I owe a big thanks to Robby, he saw the snowplow coming up behind us."

"I see you two are wide awake are you ready to get out of here and go home?" Their doctor asked as she came into the room with Turner's charts. "I know one thing; you are one lucky woman to come away from that accident with just bruises. I saw the news where they showed what was left of your bus and then I saw the mess your tow truck in the parking lot is in." She sat down on the other bed and looked at both of them. "You're both lucky as hell and must have some guardian angels." Turner hugged Rogue to her and gave her a soft kiss on her temple.

"No guardian angel for me I have the Rogue Warrior."

"Well from what my nephew Robby told me, if you hadn't come along he didn't know what he was going to do." She chuckled softly and winked at Rogue. "He told me about you grabbing him up at the bus stop after he terrorized that little girl; he said he'll never do that again. He said from that day on, he's been protecting the little kids." She shrugged her shoulders, signed the release papers and got up from the bed. "Maybe he'll become a cop when he gets older."

"I hope so; the ones we got now suck." Rogue said and eased from the bed with difficulty. "I wonder how many hours it took them to find the school bus, ya know it's tough to see that big yellow thing in the snow."

"Or the fact that part of the bridge is missing." Turner added and got out of the bed after her. She pulled up her hospital gown to her upper thighs and groaned at the multi-colored bruises covering her thighs. "This is pretty; do ya have any that match mine?" Rogue held out her hands and wiggled her fingers.

"I got some nasty blisters and I don't know what my back looks like, do pulled and strained muscles bruise?"

"I don't know but I know what to do about them, ya know nice long hot bathes and then a back rub with hot oil..."

"Hold that thought, any more and we'll get ourselves arrested for indecent use of a hospital bed." She helped her lover get dressed and then helped her to get into the very unwanted and unneeded wheelchair. "I bet it would be more comfortable than what we did in the back of the bus, warmer too."

"Ohh please don't even remind me about the last time, I swear I can still smell that pine scent stuff on my coat." She pushed her from the room and down the hallway towards the elevator. "Ya know the only reason I got to stay all night with you is because I threw a fit and told them that we're married." She waited for Turner to yell, all she heard was a low snort and then a soft chuckle.

"I know all about that, I heard some of it when we first got here. I kept going in and out for a while and then early this morning when the nurse came to check on us she thought we looked so cute all curled around each other." She leaned her head back and looked up with twinkling eyes. "She said we reminded her of her ferrets, it's not often that we get compared to critters."

"Says you, I get called a female dog all the time and they're critters." She looked down at her right hand when Turner kept pulling on her little finger. "What are you doing Turner?"

"Trying to steal your pinky ring, we can't look convincing if I don't have a wedding ring now can we?" Rogue felt her face heat up, she hadn't even thought of a ring. In fact, she forgot that she even wore a pinky ring. She wiggled her finger and grinned up at her. "Look at that, it fits perfectly."

"Baby I'll buy you a real ring as soon as we're able to get to a jewelry store."

"I don't want one, I like this one." She rolled the silver band made of Celtic knots around her finger.

"But Turner, it's made of sterling silver, don't you want a gold one?"

"It could be made of plastic and it would mean the same thing because it's yours." She reached over her shoulder and held onto the tips of her fingers. "Ya know it's a good thing I turned in my resignation yesterday, think they would have fired me for the bridge thing."

"Uuhhmmm... I think there might have been a small problem with that," She pushed her from the elevator and up to the front doors. "Wait here and I'll go get the truck."

"Ohh Warrior of mine, how about if you wait here and I'll get the truck, I know your back is killing you." She got up out of the chair and dangled the truck keys from her fingers. "Besides, I got the keys." She pointed to the wheel chair and helped Rogue sit down; she then looked around the parking lot and saw the tow truck. Jogging over on stiff legs, she stopped and felt her jaw drop open. The whole back quarter panel, part of the door and front fender were missing. "Holy God damn, hope she has good insurance." She pulled the door open and winced from the horrible noise the torn metal made. "Ohh I'm so glad she's sitting down, I know she didn't pay too much attention to her truck." When she got it started and pulled out of the parking lot, she held a hand over her one ear and used her shoulder to cover the other one, there was a horrible noise coming from the front end and it made her teeth ache. Rogue heard the noise and stood up from the wheel chair; she dropped her head and ran her nails across her scalp. She knew that there was a problem right after the snowplow hit them but didn't care, getting Turner to the hospital over shadowed everything else. "Uuhhmm Rogue, I think we got a big problem here. Do ya think we'll make it home?"

"We should," She walked over and tried to bend over. "Baby can you look under here and tell me what you see?" Turner came down from the truck, dropped down to squat near the front tire and looked up at her lover.

"What exactly am I looking for?"

"I think the control arm is wrecked, it's at the bottom of the front axel. Just look for mangled steel and hanging parts."

"I don't know about that part but the shock absorber is toast and part of the inside of the fender is squashed awful close to the top part of it." Rogue groaned, walked to the front of the truck and groaned again, when she didn't see the hook to the wench.

"Just great, I dragged the wench cable all the way here."

"Rogue, I was gonna say that there's a cable under here and it's all tangled around everything." She got up and went around to the front of the truck. "Did they give you any pain pills for your back?"

"I didn't want 'em, I can handle the pain." Turner took her by her arm and walked her around to the passenger side. "Right and I'm first runner up for Miss America, get in there and I'm gonna pull back in the parking lot and see if I can't get the cable untangled."

"I was gonna use it to pull the fender out some, I lost all my other tools on the road and in your

bus." She crawled up into the truck and wiped the sweat from her face. "My guns in the side compartment can ya get it and shot me in the head?"

"Ohh I don't think so, I kinda like having you around, and who will cook for me if I shot you?" She got up behind the wheel, leaned over and placed a lingering kiss to her lips. "Don't worry baby, once I get the truck fixed we'll go home and I'll work on your back."

Rogue growled at Turner and then let out a loud whimper when she tried to get up off the couch, it had been a week and she still couldn't get around with out crawling on her hands and knees. Turner had laid down the law and called the gym teacher from the school, the woman was a trained chiropractor and physical therapist. If any one could ease the pain in her lover, it was her. "Turner I don't need no chiropractor and you do good with the massages and I don't want no other woman touching me!" Turner rubbed her hands together and stopped to stand in front of her.

"Oh believe me there Warrior, Monica is a hotty and she's the only one besides you that I'd want touching me." She turned when she heard a car horn and got a wicked ass grin on her face. "I'll be right back and don't you go and hide in the bedroom because we will come in there and get you."

"Ain't fucking fair, I can't even move so that I can run and hide." She pulled her pillow over her head and whimpered; she had never been in so much pain before. It hurt to breath and sneezing almost killed her. A few minutes later, Turner came into the living room, pulled the pillow from her face and leaned over to pry an eye open.

"Come on Rogue you can't be that big of a chicken."

"Oh yes I can, just put me on my car dolly and push me down the steps. After I get down stairs I'll be fine."

"Ohh that would be better than anything I can do for ya," Rogue tilted her head so that she could see around Turner, looked at Monica and back to her lover with a raised eyebrow. "A body cast would do wonders."

"I told my stubborn wife here that you're a hotty and ya know she didn't go for it?"

"You did huh," The 66 year-old woman looked down at her knee high yellow rubber boots and laughed deeply. "My husband would die laughing if he heard hotty and my name in the same sentence." She pulled off her gloves and then her oversized down coat to show a portly shape covered in an old sweater with *Minnie Mouse* on the front. "OK Rogue, I've seen your records from the hospital and I saw your x-rays. What you have is not only a severe muscle strain but you have a slipped disc, now once I get that disc back in, most of your pain will disappear." She

nodded her head at Turner and then to a stubborn looking Rogue. "I need you to lay on your side and bring your top leg over the edge of the couch. Turner you keep her from rolling to far forward." She stepped in front of the couch, adjusted Rogue's legs and then held them in place with her knee. "Now take a deep breath and then let it out for me. "As soon as she let the breath out, Monica twist popped her back and grinned at the loud pop and Rogue's yell. "Sounds like we got it back in," She rolled her to her stomach and ran her hands down her back. "Perfect alignment, how's the pain?"

"It's almost gone..." She rolled over and sat up on the couch. "That's why I hurt so bad?"

"Yep, those nasty little discs pinch all kinds of nerve endings when they get out of alignment." She took her hand and helped her to stand up. "Bend over at the waist slowly and stop if you feel any pain at all." Rogue bent over, touched her toes and came back up. "Looks like another miracle cure to me, where's my beer Turner?"

Monica had stayed for their simple supper of hamburgers and homes fries, and then left them with a threat that if they needed her to call no matter what time day or night or she'd kick both their asses. After the first shower that she could enjoy by standing up, Rogue sat down on the edge of her bed and looked over to her lover, she tapped the papers she was reading and waited for her to put them down. "How come they never told us at the hospital that I had a slipped disc, I could have really hurt myself more not knowing that and then ta let me suffer in pain?" Turner pulled her back on the bed and rested her chin on her shoulder.

"That's why I called Monica; I knew that there had to be something wrong. Are you glad I called her?"

"Of course I am, a whole week without sex. Just thinking about it was painful and knowing I couldn't have any was twice as painful." She rolled to her side and pulled Turner against her body. "So we have a whole week to make up for and I wanna start right now."

"And what about fixing your truck, Barbie called and said that she's got loads of cars and no one stupid like you to pick 'em up?" She rested her forehead against her lover's and tried to look into her eyes. "I know it can be dangerous but why did she say you were stupid?"

"Because I take all the toughest jobs, the worst places to go are the ones I go to and..." She saw the stubborn look on Turner's face and knew that she would be changing her ways as of that moment. "But now I'll take the easy ones and..."

"WE'LL be going and picking up cars no matter where they are; with two of us it'll be safer."

"Guess I'll be mounting a fifty caliber machine gun on the roof then, that's only way we'll be safe in some of the places."

Rogue gave out a victory yell when Turner handed her the torque wrench and rolled out from under the tow truck on the car dolly, she raised a greasy hand and let Rogue pull her to her feet. "That was the last bolt Warrior, two long weeks of hard work and we're finally done." She wrapped her arms around her neck and gave her a long deep kiss, when she pulled back, she grinned. "I may not be able to boil water yet but I can put a transmission in a tow truck," She tried to wipe the grease from Rogue's face and made it worse. "Pretty good at body work too."

"Ohh you're better than pretty good, what you did to my body last night proves that. What do ya say we get cleaned up, go into town for lunch and stop by and see Barbie?"

"You just wanna show off the new paint job, and the other extras we put on."

"Of course and my new mechanic, where would I be without your help and moral support?"

"Keep on pouring it on and I'll need hip waiters, come on Rogue let's go get cleaned up, I'm hungry." Rogue watched her go towards the stairs and gave her truck one last look before following, as she came to the stairs, she look back again and felt a wide smile come to her face. They painted the truck the same color as before but Turner had made the silver and purple stripes wrap around the truck and then painted their names on the doors. What made her heart warm and thump in her chest was what it now said across the back of the truck. In silver letters, it read 'Turner's Rogue Warrior.'

"I lost my heart, soul and truck all in one fell swoop to a bus driver." She ran up the stairs at Turner's call and decided right then that they were staying in and celebrating their accomplishment with a long soak in the bathtub and a bottle of wine. As far as she was cared, the world could wait until springtime to see them again.

The End
Rogue Warrior
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