

~ Semper Fi ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: This is a fictional story all the characters are mine. The areas this story takes place in are actual places, and I have tried to give you the best description possible to give the feeling of actually being there. All the characters are fictional and are not meant to represent anyone in the Marine Corps.

Violence: Yes, there is a little more than what you see in the show.

Sex: Yep and lots of it, and I will never tell what actually went on behind closed doors in the barracks but you all can use your imaginations. (Wicked little beasts)

Language: Yes, I've used the Military terms I used while serving my time in the Corps and everyday language Marines use whether male or female.

Comments: Send all comments to Hecate3366@frontiernet.net

Semper Fi

By Larisa.

Hecate3366@frontiernet.net

As she pulled off of us Rt. 1 Officer Candidate Brennen Magdoon gazed up at the arch above the entrance to Quantico Marine Corps Base. The words "Crossroads of the Marine Corps" was boldly telling her that her life was about to change. Glancing to her right was the Iwo Jima monument. Pride burst in her chest as tears came to her eyes; for her entire life, she was groomed for this moment, when she would join the ranks of the proudest warriors in the world.

Remembering her dreams of dress blues and crossed swords was interrupted by a horn blaring behind her. Shifting her old rusted Toyota Corolla into gear, she headed to the guard shack; handing her orders to the Corporal, she was given directions to the receiving center at OCS {Officer Candidate School}. The ride through main side brought a smile to her face as she saw both Marines in uniform and civilian cloths. No matter the dress, you could tell they were Marines. They walked with pride knowing they are the best. The world can sleep at night because the Marines will be there to make them safe. Passing the air wing, she seen fire trucks and Marines running around in their bright yellow gear trying to extinguish 55 gallons drums filled with what she supposed was oil and fuel. Crossing the small bridge, she went over the railroad tracks. The Cpl. said it was the first building she would see dead center after crossing the tracks. It sure didn't look like much she thought. It was just a small white building with a scarlet and gold sign out front saying Headquarters. Oh well she thought. Walking through the front door, she came to a long bar that had a small room behind where a Marine in Charlie's sat watching a small TV. Clearing her throat, she got his attention, when he came before her, she noticed that his uniform was rumpled and his eyes were bloodshot.

"You're an early one." He said. "Most of you candies {slang for Candidate} don't show up until the last day. I need your orders and all your other paper work, then I'll call over to the barracks and have someone come pick you up."

A half hour later, she was being led through a rickety screen door into an open squad bay. Racks were lined up on both walls, mattresses were rolled up at one end with linen and a faded green blanket on the other. She felt like she had just traveled back in time to the Vietnam era. This was nothing like the movies where everything was spit shine and everything new.

The female Sergeant showed her to a rack at the front of the squad bay. "You can take this one here for the time being; once everyone else gets here your DI's will assign racks and bunkies. {Female candie who you are paired with} So far, you're the only one here, so I'll show you around. By the way, I'm Sgt. Jacklynn Cormack; I'll be one of your instructors. I teach uniform code and military justice or UCMJ any questions." Looking at the papers in her hand. "Candidate Magdoon?"

"What can I do to occupy myself until everyone else gets here, I just don't want to sit around here and do nothing."

"Well you can run the obstacle course, or I can give you some manuals to study. You've got almost 10 days before anyone else gets here to do what ever. Why are you here so early anyways?"

"I ahhh, had no where else to go."

"OK, well I'll leave you to it, if you need anything I'll be at the building next door. Just come in the front, I'm the duty Officer today so I'll be there until 0700 tomorrow."

Brennan slid her suitcase under her rack and not knowing what to do; she tried to do the required hospital quarters with the linen and blanket. Having finished, she prided herself on having a tight rack.

Back on main side, the female barracks were divided into two sections. One side was for enlisted from ranks Private to Sgt. and from first to third deck. The other side was both male and female Noncommissioned Officers or NCOs. The third floor was where all the dykes lived thanks to the BEQ manager {basic enlisted quarters} Staff Sergeant Wilkins. That was the party floor whether gay or not, that's where you went if you wanted to get fried. And that's just what room 333 was doing.

"Danny, what the hell are you doing, you're getting beer all over the floor!"

The dark haired woman grinned, golden eyes half lidded trying to focus. "It's called shot gunning, sees ya pokes this little hole in the bottom, then ya pops the top, and it shoots down your throat. One of the demo {demolitions} guys showed me, cool ain't it?"

"Oh ya, are you gonna swab my deck now?"

"Come on Ronnie." She whined to the tall ebony haired woman whose crystal blue eye's drilled into her. "We all know your one of those compulsive cleaners, right guys!" Five other women agreed with her all throwing beer and chips in the air.

"All right all you drunk ass bitches outta here, and I will see you Danny, on the parade deck at 0600."

Groans could be heard around the room. Danny stood up swaying, giving a snap and pop salute, she slurred. "Aye Aye Gunnery Sergeant Flaherty!" Blue eyes rolled as 6ft of Drill Instructor herded the drunks out of her room. Grabbing a broom and swab, she started cleaning her room as she listened to Melissa Etheridge on her CD player.

"She will be hurting big time tomorrow, and I will definitely make it worse!"

All of Brennan's 5'4" in height was straining to try and get over the wall, taking a running start, she jumped just to slam into the wooden slats. Her long blond hair dripping with sweat, dirt and grass stains covered her small body. Sitting down at the base of the wall, she took a needed rest. Leaning back, she closed her eyes. Breathing deeply, she tried to catch her breath. Then she heard someone coming towards her but was too tired to move. All of a sudden, three women in PT gear came running towards her, they seemed to fly over the wall without even touching it. Jumping up, she looked up at the 6-foot wall. "Son of a bitch, how did they do that?"

Danny and Jack continued on, while Ronnie hung back, she decided to run back to the wall. Coming around the far side, she stood on Brennan's blind side.

"It's up there a ways ain't little one?"

Brennan jumped three foot in the air at the sound of the voice; green eyes stared up into laughing blue ones.

"Jump that high again and you just may make it next time." She laughed as she put her hand on the little blonde's shoulder and took off at a trot.

"I ain't little! She yelled to empty air. I'm vertically challenged!"

Brennan jogged back to the barracks to shower and change for chow. Being the only candy there, she ate with the enlisted. Sitting at a table towards the rear of the chow hall, she read one of the training manuals Sgt. Cormack had given her. Promising her self that she would have all this stuff memorized before the others got there.

The three DI's came into the chow hall, after getting their trays, they headed for the rear table that was reserved for the DI's. As Jack went past Brennan, she stopped.

"Hitting the books already Magdoon?"

Brennan looked up into her kind brown eyes. "I figured I would try and get a head start, thanks for the books."

"Anytime, and keep trying that wall. You'll get it, I did so did Danny."

Brennan smiled at her, once she left, Brennan looked over at their table. Seeing the DI that had called her "Little one", she was amazed, that women should be on the cover of a magazine not running around in camies.

Ronnie gave Jack a look of utter confusion. "You know her?"

"She's one of the new candies, I gave her some manuals to study. I don't think she's gonna make some of the pt {physical training} she's so little!"

Danny held out her hands in a groping motion. "I'll help her up over that wall and all the other walls I know of." Licking her lips in a seductive way.

Ronnie reached over grabbing Danny's tongue, she growled in her ear. "Keep your hands and tongue to yourself, remember that big word fraternization?" Letting her tongue go with a yank. "Jack better keep her in control or in the rack for a few hours before she gets her ass in the CO's office, again!"

"Oowwww." Danny yelped. "That was my ass you just pinched Jack!"

"Sure was, knock off the bullshit, we don't need scuttlebutt {rumors} started! The Captain can't cover for us much more!"

Brennan's mind was reeling with the information in the guidebook for marines, looking at the pictures of different ways to carry a Marine, she knew there was no way she could do the fireman's carry. She couldn't imagine having someone thrown up over her shoulder! Hopefully she would never have to do it.

Every morning she tried to get up early even reveille didn't pierce her dead to the world sleep. She did continue to pt every morning, running the course and performing the exercises at each point. But that damn wall kept beating her as well as the swing rope over the quigley pit, gods that stuff was gross. On occasion, she just sat back and watched the DI's run the course. They made it seem so easy, she wanted so bad to ask one of them for help, but her pride just wouldn't let her. She had to do this all on her own or not at all!

Days later, she was awoken up by loud voices in the squad bay, opening one eye she seen a handful of women dropping their personnel items on the deck next to racks. Boisterous laughing at one in particular, a thin muscular woman with dark hair and brown eyes was the butt of their jokes. Picking her stuff up, she moved across the bay and dropped everything with a bang next to Brennan's rack.

"Stupid bitche's, I hope they get foot rot of the mouth!"

Brennan stretched and crawled out of her rack, blurry eyes making out the woman. "Something wrong?" She asked.

"No, their just assholes, you know rich college brats, their so high and mighty with their majors in tennis and sex education! Sorry, they just piss me off!"

"Well, we all have to have college education's to be here. By the way my name is Brennan Magdoon." She held out her hand to the other woman.

"Sorry, I'm Cpl. Lisa James, nice to meet you."

"Cpl." Brennan responded with a questioning look.

"Yeah, I'm enlisted, I went to college on my free time so that I could attend OCS, and it's the only way I could do it. My parents couldn't afford to send me to college, so I did it on my own." She shrugged her shoulders.

Brennan smiled at her. "You should be proud of yourself, and don't let those brats bother you." Her eyes twinkled. "It looks like were in the same boat. Hey we've got some time you want ta go grab some chow before all hell breaks loose around here?"

All that day women filtered into the barracks, the noise and confusion came to end at lights out. Snoring and grumbles were heard through out the night and into the wee hours of the morning. Brennan didn't hear any of this, not even when the lights came on and metal garbage cans came crashing to the deck at 0300 the next morning. Women flew out of the racks hitting the floor before they knew what happened. "**Get out of those racks!**" Yelled one of the DI's. "**Get in front and get your slumping asses at attention, now!**" Two of the DI's walked down the along the front of the shaking women, while the Senior DI stood at the front of the squad bay watching with a blank expression on her face. Noticing one woman still in the rack, she glided across the deck, leaning over she whispered in her ear.

"OK princess, rise and shine." Brennan groaned and covered her head with her blanket. Growling deep in her throat the SDI grabbed the blanket and yanked it off of her.

"**Get out of that rack!!**" She yelled right in her ear. Brennan's heart beat out of her chest, jumping out of the rack, she stumbled to stand in front of it.

"Now that I have everyone's attention." She glared at Brennan. "I am GySgt Flaherty, your senior drill Instructor. I am everything you will ever need while you are here. So forget your boyfriends, mommy and daddy they can't help you here! Your other drill instructors are Sgt.'s Cormack and Poninski. You will answer with yes or no ma'am. Am I understood?" A small murmur was heard, raising her voice to ear penetrating volume, she yelled "**I can't heearrrr you!!!!**" The Candidates came back with a yell of "Yes ma'am!"

"You have five minutes to get dressed and back in front of your racks, then you will stand at

attention until further orders are given, do you understand?" She bellowed.

"Yes ma'am!"

65 Candidates were half-assed marched towards the chow hall, a majority of them bebopped and wandered out of formation. The DI's yelled the entire time and it was only a 2-minute walk to the chow hall from their barracks. After all of them had been fed the slop the cooks called food, they were marched to a Quonset hut filled with tables and enlisted Marines in their Charlie's. {tan dress shirt and green trousers} They were lined up single file outside the door. Ten at a time were ushered into have all their paperwork completed. Brennan was in front of her new bunkie Candidate James, who carried her SRB {Service record book} under her arm unlike the others whose OQR's {Officer Qualification book} were piled up on the first table. Standing before one of the female clerks, Brennan was completing her SGLI {servicemen's group life insurance} she came to the space for beneficiary, a stricken look came over her face.

"Excuse me ma'am, the Candidate has no living relatives, what should the Candidate put in this area?"

Pulling a list out the clerk handed it to her. "You can pick one of these organizations if you want."

Scanning the list, she picked the Women's Rape Organization. Handing it back, she moved on to the next table. Lisa stood at attention before the clerk keeping her eyes to the front. Looking over the form the clerk eyes started to tear up.

"Lisa." She whispered. Why'd ya put my name on here?"

"The Candidate..." Lisa interrupted.

"At ease, now tell me."

"You're all I have that's why, in the case I drop dead on the course at least you'll be able to keep our house."

"Don't even think about that, your gonna make it, and I'll see you once you get liberty in a month."

They were now marched to the parade deck to be loaded into a cattle car that was to take them to main side to get their uniforms at cash sales. Once again they were lined up in single file outside the doors, as they walked through Marines handed them their initial uniforms of cami's, covers,(hats) boots, oxfords and dress uniforms both wool and poly. Their dress whites and blues would come later in their training. Brennan looked at the cami's she was handed, even thou they were xsml short, she would still be swimming in them. The whole day was march here march there, her head was spinning as well as her stomach growling. One of the hard things was not being able to eat when she was hungry.

The platoon of worn out women were herded to their first encounter with the OCS Executive Officer. With them standing at parade rest on the parade deck, they listened to him go on for over an hour. With the heat at its highest, Brennan felt as if she was going to melt, she could feel the asphalt getting soft under her combat boots. She swore her soles were now embedded in the tar, with eyes forward, she couldn't see what was going on behind her. All she heard was what sounded like heavy bags hitting the ground. It wasn't until they were marched off to the barracks, that she noticed that around 12 women were missing. She later found out, that they had dropped in formation from the heat. Even though all of them were in just their unbloused cami trousers, green T-shirts and cami cover, some of them couldn't handle the heat of the Virginia spring weather. Thank the Gods, she was from West Virginia where the weather was the same.

Three weeks had gone by with Brennan being awakened by the sound of yelling in her ear by the tall SDI, and having the others in her platoon glare at her every time she answered a question in class. It wasn't her fault they were all so dense. Sgt. Cormack paid special attention to her in class and that didn't go over too well with the others either. Lisa helped her with her uniforms and taught her how to use surgical cotton to shine her boots and oxfords. Between the two of them, they were the most squared away in K company. Today they were to learn how to use the pugle sticks. Sgt. Poninski would be their instructor, the short stocky Marine had a look that reminded her of a sociopath. She was brutal in the sparing, never pulling a hit, and she grinned evilly every time she dropped someone to the ground. Brennan stood before her while the others practiced moves with each other. Since there was an odd number of women left, even with the DOR's {drop on request} and medical releases, Brennan was often paired up with one of the DI's. Taken a wide footed stance, Brennan held her pugle stick out a chest height. Sgt. Poninski swung an overhead strike, which Brennan blocked. After numerous hits and misses from Brennan, the Sgt. dropped her.

Sgt. Poninski held out her hand "You did good, keep it up and maybe one day I'll be the one being helped up." The smile she gave Brennan came from her eyes as well.

Ronnie, Jack and Danny were sitting in the e-club at the back table nursing beers and relaxing after a full day of making Candidates miserable.

"Ronnie, how many do you think are gonna drop this week after you start teaching them self defense? Remember the last time you threw that one kid down so hard, we thought she would end up in a body cast." Danny slammed her hand on the table and flopped it around like a dead fish.

"She deserved it. The little bitch and her fancy karate moves that she most likely learned off of karate kid movies, it's not my fault she was a prissy rich girl who couldn't take a little pain."

"I see your point." Jack replied. "What do you think of Magdoon and James? You know their

real close together with scores in the company."

Ronnie pondered the question, she knew James. Being prior enlisted, gave her an advantage with the training. But Magdoon was something else, she noticed how the others kinda pushed her to the side and ignored her. She would make it a point to go over to student admin and look at her OQR. Maybe there would be some answers there as to why she was being treated like a leper. She knew all too well as to how that felt being 6ft tall at the age of 12 and never wanting to play those girly games. Instead, she played war games and football with the boys. From a young age, she knew she would wear dress blues and proved it by being Molly Marine upon graduation at Paris Island 12 years before.

It was the day before they would have their first weekend of liberty, and Ronnie had planned it so that she would start their self-defense training today so they would be nice and sore for the weekend. She enjoyed ruining their first weekends, after all the enlisted don't get liberties until the day before they graduate and they can't leave the base. Where these Candidates get turned loose on the poor civilians, their cocky attitudes needed dampened.

After a grueling 2 mile forced double-time march in full deuce gear {full Alice pack} including steel pot, {helmet} the Candidates were marched to the training grounds outside the barracks. Dropping their gear to the ground, they then paired off with their bunkies with the exception of Brennan, who still was the odd one out. She had lost her former bunkie Lisa to the rack beside her along time ago.

Ronnie stood in front of platoon. "Paaarrrraaaaaa rest." She bellowed. Walking along the ranks with her cover just above her dark eyebrows, crystal blue gleamed out from the darkness the bill provided. Stopping in front of some of the women to intimidate, she told them what the reason of hand-to-hand combat was for. "There maybe a time when you are at close quarters and unable to use your rifle, that is why we teach you to kill with your hands. Although women at this time are not directly in the combat area, we still teach you incase you come in contact with the enemy."

Showing the candies by having them watch her and Danny do the different holds that can be applied to an enemy. Jack walked through the ranks correcting some of them, while Brennan stood alone and watched. Ronnie sent Danny off to help Jack while she went to instruct Brennan. Removing her cover, she placed it along with her cami Jacket on the ground beside Brennan's gear. Brennan stood at parade rest with her eyes forward. Ronnie stepped in front of her, looking down she noticed that the small woman's hair was actually a strawberry blond color, perfect eyebrows above green eyes surrounded by dark lashes. *"What the hell am I doing?"* She thought to herself. *"I'm drooling over her like a bitch in heat!"*

"Candidate Magdoon." She said.

Keeping her eyes forward she answered. "Yes ma'am!"

"You can eyeball me Candidate, I need you to see what I'm doing." Brennan looked into the

bluest eyes she had ever seen, a warm jolt went right to her heart and her mind shut down.

"Magdoon, did you hear me?" Ronnie was grinning at the look on the woman's face, knowing that her military bearing just fell to the wayside when green eyes met hers.

"No ma'am, the Candidate did not hear the GYSGT."

"I want you to use the two handed grab, sweep my leg and drop me, then hold the killing strike. I wanna live to collect my retirement."

Brennan's eyes twinkled with laughter at what her SDI slipped on to the end of her instructions. "Yes ma'am." Turning her hands so that her thumbs were towards the ground, she grasped Ronnie's T-shirt then twisted her hands upward. Holding tight, she stepped forward to Ronnie's right hip, swinging her right leg, she caught her behind her knees while pushing with her hands. When Ronnie hit the ground, Brennan was straddling her and held the heel of her hand in front of her nose. If she was to complete the move, the septum bone would push forward up into the brain killing instantly. She looked down to see her right hand resting on Ronnie's breast, feeling the warmth under her hand she didn't want to move.

"Can I get up now Magdoon?" She questioned.

"Aahhh, yes ma'am." She stammered.

"Now it's my turn." In a heartbeat, Brennan was on her back with Ronnie straddling her. Giving her a lopsided grin, she whispered in a deep voice. "Never knew what hit you did ya?" Her palms were tingling where they rested on Brennan's breasts. Her body was screaming one thing and her brain another. *"I'm gonna die, my blood pressure is gonna kill me, and just from copping a feel!"* Brennan's heart was rattling her ribcage, she could feel how hard her nipples had become just from and innocent touch.

Helping her to her feet, Ronnie called the platoon back to attention then to at ease. They had started to put their gear on when Brennan's cover fell down over her eyes and nose. A scent of shampoo and sweat wafted to her nose, taking a deep breath she inhaled. Butterflies flew around in her belly and chest. *"I'm going crazy, that's it, nuttier than a fruitcake!"*

She found her cover, and then approached Ronnie with her cover and cami Jacket. Fingers touched for a brief instant sending little shock waves up their arms, their eyes locked on to each other to be broken by Jack calling Ronnie's name.

"Gunny, its chow time with or without gear?"

"Without, that place is too small as it is with all the bullet heads in there. {bullet heads are the males, they wear helmet liners painted silver to keep the sun from frying their microscopic brains.}

Brennan sat on her footlocker polishing her boots when Lisa came up to her dressed in Levi's and

T-shirt, pulling the spare footlocker out, she sat down across from her. "Going any where this weekend Brennan?"

"No, I'm just gonna hang around here, maybe go to the movies or something."

"If you want I'm meeting some friends tonight at a bar in DC, you can come with us. It's just a small place, nice and quiet, we just sit around and run our jaws."

"I'm not really into the bar scene, it's like going to a meat market."

"Ohh come on, where I go you don't have to worry about being pawed or hit on, just give it a try. You can follow me up that way you can leave early if you want. Better yet we can go together, I've already got a ride home."

"Home?" She asked. "Your going home this weekend, you know were on Cinderella curfew right?"

Lisa leaned in close to her. "Don't say anything to anybody, I have a house in Stafford county, it's about 15 minutes outside of the back gate from TBS. {the basic school} I never told anyone here, but I was stationed at main side at Headquarters Company. Better that those prissy bitches don't know anything about where I was stationed.

"Don't worry, your secret is safe with me, when were you leaving?" Brennan asked.

"As soon as you throw on some Levi's and shoes, were a bunch of slobs so what you where doesn't matter."

They were in DC down by the naval yard heading towards some out of the way bar named JD's. Brennan had never been down here before, so she had no idea where she was. She was just following Lisa's directions. Pulling down an alley, they came to the end where there was a small parking lot, half a dozen cars where already parked there. But it was still early most of them where still at work and wouldn't get there until later. Getting out of her antique Toyota, they headed for the door that was nondescript with only JD's in silver letters. Soft music could be heard coming from inside along with laughing. Lisa opened the door for Brennan and ushered her in. Her eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, making out the women sitting at the bar and the small tables at the back. The dance floor was not large but it was raised about 2foot off the floor directly across from the bar. Mirrors covered the wall giving it the appearance of a much larger room. Following Lisa over to one of the tables, she was surprised to see her pick up one of the woman there and give her a very deep passionate kiss. Her eyes were still huge when Lisa looked at her.

"Brennan, I want you to meet my wife Lori, Lori this is Brennan."

She stood there in awe, her brain kept telling her that Lori looked very familiar. "Wait a minute, you were at our processing, you did the SGLI's."

"She's good Lisa, yep that was me. I have to tell you something that my other half probably forgot." Lisa gave an impish grin. "The marines you see here." She waved her arm around. "You don't see here, understand."

"No problem, I don't see a thing. Lisa, you could have told me we were coming to this kinda bar."

"And ruin your coming out surprise!" Lisa retorted

"Huhhh, ya lost me, coming out of where?" Brennan asked.

"You west by god hillbillies, the closet girlfriend, the minute I seen you my gaydar went off the scale, not to mention the looks you give old gunny!"

Brennan blushed right to her hairline. "You noticed that, I thought I hid it pretty well."

"Never mind get yourself a beer or something and come join us, then I'll introduce you to the rest of the bull dykes."

Brennan was having the time of her life, never had she gone to a bar where she didn't have to beat off advances or listen to lewd comments. It was just like sitting around at a friend's house. Lisa was right, all they did was run their jaws. And mostly about what was going on at base, most of these women were from Quantico or Fort Belvoir the Army base. She was starting to get a little buzzed from the beer, which she didn't normally drink but really didn't care, she was having fun. She felt a hand come down on her shoulder, looking over she saw Lori pointing to the door. Brennan's jaw dropped open. In walked three women in black leather, pants, jacket and gloves. She couldn't see who they were because they had on black motorcycle helmets with tinted shields. The first one took off her helmet to show a toothy grin, Brennan could only get out "By the gods!"

Lisa leaned over her shoulder and whispered in her ear. "You ain't seen nothing yet girlfriend, just wait!"

The three women strode up to the table, two of them were shaking hands and giving hugs to their friends while the third stood in the back watching. She still hadn't taken off her helmet, Brennan felt her hands start to sweat and a fire burning in her body. Just looking at the leather-clad women made her hot, she could care less what was under the helmet. She heard Lisa yell "Hey cuz, come on take the pot off your dense head!" Bending over at the waist, she pulled the helmet off tossing back long ebony hair as she straightened up. Brennan almost had a heart attack as she meet crystal blue eyes looking back at her. Her jaw almost dropped to the tabletop, Lisa shook her shoulder. "Nothin like having your DI's being dykes huh?" She laughed at Brennan's expression.

"Now's your chance, my cousin Ronnie is single, and by the way she's looking at you she is most definitely interested. I just wish we weren't related if ya know what I mean!" Lisa winced as a hand smacked her up along side the head. "I heard that, you can always sleep on the couch

tonight!" Lori threatened.

Ronnie raised her left eyebrow and pointed a finger at Lisa giving her the motion to come hither. Leaning close to Brennan's ear, she whispered. "I just love that look, she's hot ain't she?" All Brennan could do was nod her head.

"What is she doing here?" Ronnie hissed to Lisa. "Are you crazy, all we need is for this to get out and all our careers are gone!"

"Don't worry, she's one of us. Gods Ron are you that blind? Look at her, she hasn't taken her eyes off of you!"

"It's probably because her SDI and DI's are in a bar full of dykes!"

"Get real Ron. I seen how you acted when you where teaching her self defense, I was tempted to go and get you guys some pillows and blankets!"

"That bad huh?"

"Yeahhh, the grass is scorched from you guys. Now come on over and stop being so dense oh great DI warrior."

As they moved towards the table, Lisa swore she was going to have to get Brennan a droll cup if she didn't close her mouth. Pulling her seat out, she pushed Ronnie down into it as she sat on Lori's lap. Yelling to the bartender, she ordered Ronnie a Jack and coke and more beers for the rest of them.

"So Brennan." She whispered close to her ear, her warm breath moving the hairs on the small blondes neck. "Why the Marines? I read your OQR. You could have gotten a job with one of the best law firms around since you graduated number one in your class?"

Coming out of her trance at the sound of her name. Before she even knew what she was saying, she had both feet in her mouth.

"Ma'am, the candid..." Two fingers from a large tanned hand covered her lips. "Stop, my name is Ronnie, not ma'am. Away from base I don't answer to it, all right?" Brennan nodded her head, when the fingers disappeared, her lips still tingled from the contact.

"OK." With hesitation. "Ronnie, I wanted to work for the judge advocates office to help woman keep their rights, to put it simply. I want to nail men's hides to the wall for sexual harassment, rape, discrimination, sexual preference and what ever else they try to pull."

"You have high hopes don't you? The military will never change its views on gays."

"Maybe not but the other things they do to females could be changed! Why did you join?"

Someone with your looks could be on covers of magazines?" A pink blush would have been seen if not for the darkness of the bar.

Ronnie's eyebrows hid in her hairline. "Thanks, I think. I joined so that I could knock the hell out of male Marines in the e-club, plus it's kind of a family tradition." Finishing her drink, she asked for a coke, when out at the bars her limit was one drink.

"Mine to, daddy was a Master Gunnery Sergeant."

Ronnie's eyebrow went up again. "Was?" She questioned. "Did he retire?"

"Nope." Slamming her beer, she looked at Ronnie with hooded eyes. "He ate his 45 when my mom died."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..." She was stopped by a small hand touching her arm.

"It happened along time ago, don't worry about it." Her head started to drop, she tried to keep from falling out of her chair by holding on to Ronnie's arm.

"Brennan, did you drive here?"

"Yep, sure did, cars somewhere, piece of shit rust buckets." Her head was now bobbing up and down. Getting Lisa's attention Ronnie asked if she was able to drive. Getting a yes, she searched Brennan's pockets for her keys. After finding them in her front pocket, she slid her hand in feeling her leg muscles flex. She held her hand still. When she pulled her hand out with the keys, she heard Brennan groan. Tossing the keys to Lisa, she told her they would get her car later.

"Where ya gonna be? She asked Ronnie.

"At home, I'll see ya later." Picking Brennan up, she carried her outside. Walking to the three bikes sitting in the parking lot, she balanced Brennan with one leg while she removed her spare helmet from her 72 Harley Sportster. Sitting her in front of her on the bike, she put both of their helmets on. Within minutes, they were flying at 70mph down I95 South towards base. Taking the RT1 Woodbridge/Triangle exit, she turned heading towards Stafford. Taking Rt671, she hit the back roads. Turning off onto a gravel road, she soon pulled up to an old log cabin house. Around back was a ramp that went up onto the porch. Parking her bike, she opened the back door to the small kitchen. Going into the door on her right, she put Brennan on her twin bed. She flipped on the bedside light. After she had pulled off Brennan's shoes and socks, she looked at her skintight Levi's and decided those had to come off to. "No sense in having seam lines embedded in your legs. Right Ronnie you just want to get her naked!" She whispered to her self. She almost lost it when she saw that her underwear had Taz with a lawnmower centered right below the waistband heading down. Covering her with the quilt, Ronnie went into the kitchen to lock the door. Flipping the bathroom light on, she went back to her bedroom. After hanging up her leathers, she donned a large T-shirt and crawled into bed beside the snoring Brennan. Rolling Brennan on her side, Ronnie rolled over so that they were back to back. She laid watching the clocks minutes click by, it had been years since she shared her bed with someone. She was just about to get up

and go on the couch when she felt a small warm body snuggle up against her. One arm went around her waist and a small hand worked its way up so that it was resting between her breasts. *"I'll never get any sleep now!"* She thought to herself, but sleep did claim her.

Nature screamed at Brennan in the wee hours. Forcing her eyes open, she was lost but a familiar scent came to her nose. Rising up on one elbow, she looked down onto Ronnie's peaceful face. A small smile came to her lips, seeing the light in the bathroom, she gently got out of bed. When she returned, Ronnie had rolled over onto her back. Crawling over her, she laid against the wall facing her, she fell asleep watching Ronnie.

At 0600, Ronnie woke to a heaviness on her chest. Opening one eye, she saw the top of a blond head resting on her chest. Their legs were entwined together to where it was hard to say whose legs were whose. Easing out from under her, she heard Brennan groan as she buried her head into the pillow. Ronnie was sitting at the kitchen table when Brennan came out in her Taz underwear, unable to stop, she burst out laughing.

"What's so funny!"

With tears coming down her cheeks, Ronnie pointed to Taz. A pink blush covered Brennan's neck and face. "They were a gag gift from a friend, she didn't think I would wear them." Sitting down across from Ronnie, she rubbed her face scrubbing the sleep from her eyes. Leaning back in her chair, Ronnie grabbed a cup and the coffee pot. Filling it, she placed it in front of her along with a can of canned milk and the sugar.

"Here have some high test, guaranteed to put hair on your chest."

Uncovering her eyes, she looked at the dark coffee in the cup. "Ohh yea, just what I need a hairy chest." After fixing her coffee, she took a small sip and grimaced. "Gods you're right, this stuff is awful!"

Ronnie was grinning from ear to ear. "You know the stuff out of the c-rats {war rations} that's been left over since Vietnam?"

Her cheeks filled with coffee Brennan's eyebrows lifted to her hairline, she swallowed hard to get rid of it.

"Aaghhh, you're kidding right?" Swirling the sludge in the cup. "Well maybe not!"

"Yep, domestication is not one of my many skills, me and Poni let Jack make the coffee."

"Who's Poni and Jack?" She questioned.

"Oh I forgot, you candies only know ranks and last names. Sgt. Danny Poni-nski, and Sgt. Jacklynn Cormack but we just call her Jack."

"Ok, I got it." A slight blush colored her face. "Ohhm, how did I get here, where's my car and

where the hell are we?"

"All that without taken a breath! Me, Lisa and Stafford. how's that?" She replied with a lopsided grin.

"Boy you speak with complete sentences don't you?"

"Sarcasm, I like it! OK, you passed out last night in the bar, I gave Lisa your keys so she has your car and this is my little hidden secret out in no mans land, where only about 15 minutes outside the back gate to TBS."

Memories flooded her mind. "You brought me here on a motorcycle?" Fear showed plainly in her green eyes. "They scare the hell out of me, I can't believe I rode that thing."

"Welllll, I wouldn't consider what you did as riding, come on get dressed I'm hungry and all I have here is c-rats."

Brennan groaned but not as loud as her stomach did, when she came out of the bathroom, Ronnie had her leathers back on. With her back to her, Brennan was able to notice how the tight leather clung to tight muscles of her body. A fire raged in her at the thought of running her hands up those long legs. Shaking her head to bring herself back, she mumbled to herself. "Hands off." Ronnie's exceptional hearing picked up her words, hiding her grin, she turned to see a Goddess before her. With the soft light of the early morning coming in behind her, it threw a glowing halo around her. A sigh came to Ronnie's lips before she could stop it, clearing her throat for cover, she asked in a primal voice. "Ya ready?"

"More than you think, I mean ya!" Answered Brennan.

Brennan was on the bitch pad of the midnight blue hog, she had a death grip on the handles along side the seat. Ronnie could feel the tension of the body behind her. Letting go of the handle bars, she untangled Brennan's fingers and put them on her waist. With in moments, she felt Brennan relax when she wrapped her arms around her waist and leaned into the soft worn leather Jacket. They tore down RT1 heading towards Spotsylvania Virginia, with in 15 minutes Ronnie was pulling into a parking lot of a roadside diner. It looked like a log cabin, warm and rustic, picnic tables stood out front under the overhang. To the side of the cabin were 55gal. barrels sitting on their sides, the scent of hickory smoke could be smelled in the air.

"Gods that smells good, what is it?" She asked.

Ronnie gave her that lopsided smile. "BBQ ribs, they slow cook them all day, they melt in your mouth like butter, but they won't be done until lunch time, so were stuck with the usual breakfast."

"Can we come back here for lunch?" Batting her green eyes at Ronnie. "Pleeeeeeasssse, oh gunny warrior!"

"Gunny warrior huh! Ok, on our way back!" She put her hands on Brennan's shoulders and propelled her through the door. Chucky the owner was standing behind the bar, upon seeing Ronnie and the small blond he waved. "You're usual Ronnie?"

"Make that two would ya, and make one of them double portions, she may be little but there's a monster in her stomach that keeps making noise!"

Sitting back in her chair Brennan rubbed her stomach. "I'm stuffed, I've never had grits before, they ain't bad."

"I could tell after you ate mine, you up for a ride?"

"Where we going." She asked.

"One of my favorite places, you'll see when we get there."

Back on the road they headed out one of the old highways, Brennan watched the tree covered roadside, they passed grave markers every so often. Ronnie took a sharp turn leaning the bike almost on it's side. Cutting up through some trees she came out into a field over looking civil war cannons, trenches could still be seen crossing the field. Getting off the bike, Brennan's legs were a little stiff, she felt like she had been riding a horse.

"What is this place?"

"It's Chancellorsville, one of the battles of Spotsylvania was fought here. I come here to.. I don't know feel." Closing her blue eyes, she spoke softly. "I can feel the battle, hear the cries of men, it's almost like I was here at one time, sounds crazy doesn't?"

Brennan covered Ronnie's upper arm with her hands, leaning against her side, she rested her head against the sun-warmed leather. "No you're not crazy, I feel it to, it's like deja'vu." Hand in hand, they walked the fields in comfortably silence.

"It's getting late, you want me to take you to get your car?" She hoped she said no, she didn't want their day together to end. Brennan looked into the blue eyes seeing a warmth there that she would love to curl up in forever. "Ahh, not really." Looking down she whispered. "I would like to spend some more time with you if it's all right?"

Ronnie pulled her close. "More than you know little one, more than you know, come on lets go get some ribs to go."

Sitting out on the porch, Ronnie watched Brennan eat the last of the ribs. BBQ sauce covered her fingers and face, tossing her a wet rag so she could clean up, Ronnie sat back in her chair grinning.

"You need a bib little one." Taking the rag from her hand, Ronnie leaned over to wipe the sauce from her cheeks. Tilting Brennan's face up she examined her work. Misty green eyes watched

her, with a hesitant hand, Brennan caressed a high cheekbone. Brushing back dark hair at her temple, she ran her fingers through the dark tresses to end at the back of her neck.

"You are so beautiful." She whispered as she brought her lips closer, softly pressing their lips together, she felt a bolt of lightning pierce her heart. A small groan rumbled in her chest when she felt Ronnie's lips part beneath hers. She tasted a tanginess on her lips, deepening the kiss, their tongues danced in an erotic motion. Brennan's world crashed around her. Ronnie pulled her tight against her chest, their breaths mingled, flames lashed between Ronnie's thighs. Breaking the kiss Ronnie pulled back.

"Come on lets go inside." Brennan, gasping for air tried to stand on unstable legs. Following Ronnie into the living room, she watched her turn on the TV and put a movie in the VCR. Sitting on the couch, she asked what they were gonna watch.

"You'll see, don't move, I'll be back in a second." She came back in the room with a pillow off the bed and two cans of coke, pulling a wooden crate in front of the couch to use as a table, she laid down with her head on the pillow. "Come here little one." Brennan stretched out against her resting her head on Ronnie's shoulder. Hitting the play button they watched as Richard Gere stood in front of a curtained window. "Ronnie, what is this?" Chuckling at the confused look on her face. "Guess."

"Oooooo, American gigolo?"

"Nooo."

"Aahhh, pretty woman?"

"Not!"

"OK, I give up, what is it?" She asked while leaning up on one arm.

"Officer and a gentleman. You've never seen it have you?"

"Nope." Giving her an impish grin.

"Well you may have some flash backs, but let me warn you. I'm worse than Lou Gosset would ever dream of being. I have many skills in the training area!" Trailing her hands up the backs of Brennan's thighs to cup her tight rear.

"Wellllll, I need lots of instruction gunny." Proving her point by nipping the soft skin on Ronnie's neck.

"I think your doing just fine!" Capturing soft lips, she pulled her tongue into her mouth and sucked on it. Brennan ran her hands up under Ronnie's shirt feeling warm soft skin under her fingers. Kneading firm breasts, she brought a moan from deep in Ronnie's throat. Pulling Brennan's legs around her waist, Ronnie carried her into the bedroom. Laying her on the bed, she

straddled her hips. "Think you can handle some intense training methods Candidate Magdoon?" .

"Yes ma'am gunny Flaherty!" She said as she pulled Ronnie down to her lips.

Ronnie slowly ran her hands up under Brennan's shirt to cup her breasts, running her fingertips across hardened nipples causing Brennan's back to arch towards her. "This has to come off." She groaned pulling on the t-shirt, moments went past as they disrobed each other. Fingertips glided over warm skin sending chills through their bodies. Ronnie was on all fours above Brennan gazing into her passion filled eyes. "We shouldn't be doing this, we could both be kicked out of the Corps." Pain showed in Brennan's eyes. Wrapping her arms and legs around Ronnie, she pulled herself up to touch their foreheads together.

"Then I guess we had better make sure no one finds out!" Stealing her breath with a kiss, Brennan clung to her until they collapsed together. Their sweat dampened skin slid against each other when Ronnie moved down to kiss taught nipples. Sucking on one while she rolled the other between thumb and forefinger, brought low moans from Brennan. Running her hands up tight back muscles to dark tresses, she pulled Ronnie's head to her chest then gently pushed her head downward. Ronnie knew what she wanted, but she was in no hurry. She wanted to drag this out even though she could feel her juices running down the insides of her thighs. It had been a long time since she had been with someone and she didn't know how long she could control herself but she was going to try.

Brennan's mind was spinning, she never thought something like this would ever happen to her. The beautiful woman assaulting her body was more than she could ask for. Her body throbbed and screamed for more. "Ronnie, oh Gods, grrrr." Her hips thrust up against Ronnie when she felt light kisses on her stomach. A warm tongue circled her naval dipping into tease. Ronnie could smell the scent of Brennan's arousal, lightly running her fingers through soft blond curls, she followed with her lips.

"Ronnie, please I want....ohhh Gods!!" Raising her head, Ronnie looked into misty green eyes.

"Whatcha want, tell me?" With the tip of her tongue, she teased the swollen nub.

"Grrrrr... lick me!" Sliding her tongue between wet lips, Ronnie groaned.

"Gods you're so wet!" Hips came up to meet her tongue, pushing in as far as she could, she growled. Pulling out, she pushed back in to feel muscles pulse. Flicking her finger against the swollen nub, she felt the muscles in Brennan's thighs tighten. Her heels pushed into the bed, with one last thrust of her hips sent her over the edge screaming Ronnie's name.

"By the Gods Ronnie!" She moaned with every ripple, Ronnie crawled up her body to lay on her side, placing kisses on her shoulder. "Ronnie, I want to make love to you, but I've never....." Ronnie placed a soft kiss on her lips, tasting herself, she deepened the kiss. Sliding her thigh between Ronnie's legs. She pushed up feeling the wetness on her skin, she moaned into Ronnie's mouth. Rolling her onto her back, she trailed her tongue down her chin to her throat, nipping the soft skin at her pulse point she sucked. She worked her hand between their bodies, her fingers

finding her lovers wetness she let out a deep moan as the juices covered her fingers. Ronnie groaned and her body trembled, Brennan brought her wet fingers to her lips and licked them clean. Ronnie's eyes were half lidded showing passion filled orbs.

Brennan couldn't wait, sliding down, she eased tanned thighs apart. Biting the skin over one hip, she got a yelp from Ronnie. Continuing to bite the insides of each thigh close to her destination, she watched as swollen lips flexed each time releasing sweet nectar to flow out. Dragging her tongue up, she lapped at the sweet nectar. Ronnie's hips pushed against her face. "Bre, aaagghhhh, I want to feel you in me." With two fingers, Brennan teased around the entrance. "Breee....your killing me!" Brennan grinned up at her, as she flicked her tongue against the bundle of nerves as she pushed her fingers in. Ronnie moaned and ground her hips matching the rhythm of fingers and tongue.

"Cum for me Ron!" She growled against her lover's mound. Ronnie's back arched pushing her shoulders into the bed, with a battle cry, she drenched Brennan in her sweet nectar. Brennan continued to lick the flowing juices until she was pulled up on a heaving chest. Pressing her very wet mound against dark wet curls, Brennan ground her hips. Grabbing her ass Ronnie pulled her in tight against her. Within seconds they both came, screaming each other's names.

Running her fingers through damp hair, Brennan looked into love filled silvery blue eyes. "I love you Ronnie." Tears trickled down Ronnie's cheeks. "I love you to Bre." A deep sleep claimed them as they slept entwined together.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Sunday morning came busting through the bedroom as a loud yell. "**Outta that rack Marines, now!!!!**" Then as a body crawling on top of them, Ronnie pulled the pillow over their heads, all that could be heard was a mumble. Yanking the pillow away, Lisa grinned at the huge hickey on her cousin's neck.

"I told you before cuz." Poking her hickey. "Ya gotta feed them at least once a day!"

Ronnie opened one eye. "You never clarified what I was suppose to feed them."

Lisa looked down at Brennan. "Whad ya do put her in a coma, she didn't even flinch when I yelled!"

"No, but I was close to one! Whisper little Princess in her ear and see what happens."

Lisa leaned over to Brennan's ear and whispered like Ronnie had said. Before she knew what hit her, Lisa was on her back laying across her cousin and Brennan was at the foot of the bed standing at attention. "Bre, wake up." Her eyes finally focused on the rough timbered walls, turning around about to say a smartass remark, her mouth froze open at the sight of Lisa giving her a toothy grin and a wave.

Ronnie sighed. "We have company Princess." Placing her hands on her naked hips.

"So I see." Replied Bre as Lisa laughed.

"And you know what I see?" A smirk on her lips. "Hickeys!" A pillow was pushed over her head. Ronnie pushed her off and got out of bed, leaning over, she sorted through their discarded cloths for something to put on.

"Whatta ass!" Lisa moaned. Brennan reached over and ran her hand up Ronnie's thigh to her ass.

"Yep, and it's all mine, you incestuous leech!" Ronnie groaned at the contact.

"Breee, unless your into exhibitionism you better watch those hands?" Finding their shirts across the room, she held Brennan's out to her only to be left holding it as hers was snatched away by her lover. "Hey, what am I suppose to wear?" She asked.

"You can wear mine mighty warrior!" Holding Bre's shirt up in front of her she looked down to see the bottom of it come to her naval.

"You'd like that wouldn't you! and you." Pointing to Lisa. You're enjoying this aren't you?" Cocking an eyebrow.

"Ooooh immensely." Lisa groaned with a seductive voice.

Lisa pulled Bre into the kitchen with her to look for coffee and to embarrass her cousin some more, in a voice loud enough for Ronnie to hear. "You know Brennan I have a life size poster of her in my room."

"You do!"

"Yep, in a leather skirt like thingie at that!" Seeing Ronnie come into the kitchen. "Right Xena!"

"Ok, Joxer, don't mind her she's nuts, you know to much SCI-FI channel, she's got Poni and Jack thinking their my Amazon warriors."

"Hey, I'm not the one who named my bike Argo, or has a big X in the middle of a chakram painted on my gas tank, and here's the best part Brennan, guess what her license plate says?"

"Xena?"

"You get a cookie!"

"One question guys, who's Xena?" Brennan asked.

Two mouths fell open, Lisa looked at Brennan then back to Ronnie. "She ddddoesn't know who the Warrior Princess is! Oooohhhh myyyy Goods!" She wailed as she collapsed to the floor

gripping Ronnie's leg. "Oh mighty Warrior Princess, you must save my old bunkie, the rainbow people will put her in the **straight** stocks for not knowing our poster girl!"

"I told you she was nuts! get up bonehead!"

"I still have no idea who this person is!"

Ronnie rolled her eyes. "OK, Lisa get the tapes, I'll get the coffee and Princess you get the poogie bait {junk food} from in the pantry."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

The three of them sat in the living room watching Xena. Every time the Warrior Princess was shown, Lisa moaned and got pelted with a cookie. "Oooohhhh my Gods!" Brennan screeched. Two voices yelled "What" in unison. "That look she just gave that scumbag!" Ronnie looked at her with the raised eyebrow. "What look?" Brennan's mouth dropped open when she looked at Ronnie. "That look! Lisa your right she does look like her!"

A smug look on her face. "Told ya, hey Ron you know who she reminds me of?" Pointing to Brennan. "Gabrielle! Yep but she's got to pass the test first."

A worried look came over Brennan's face. "What test?" She asked.

"The AB test, let me see your ABS of steel!" Cookies bounced off of her head. "OK, ok I give." Looking to the TV, Xena had just walked out of the water with a seductive look on her face. Lisa moaned again. "Gotta go guys, I hear my wife calling, oh Bre, your cars out back, later!"

Bre snuggled up to Ronnie. "Well Warrior Princess, will you do your battle cry for me?"

"That all depends on what you do to me!"

Ronnie laid exhausted with her little princess laying across her with a grin from ear to ear. "So you can do that yell!"

"I have many skills!" Looking to her clock on the dresser, she figured in her head how long before they had to be back on base. "You hungry, boy that's a stupid question! We've got enough time to get something to eat and get back to base before your curfew!"

"I don't wanna go back, I wanna stay right here with you!"

Rolling over and pinning Bre, Ronnie buried her face against her neck. "I don't want you to go either but think of it this way, we get to see each other everyday and we have our weekends. It's only a few more months before you get your commission, then we have a few months before you have to report to TBS."

@ @

Ronnie parked her bike at the back of the barracks while Brennan parked her car in the Candidates lot. Each went through a different door, Brennan went to her rack while Ronnie went to the DI hut where Poni was on duty.

"OK Ronnie, what happened? I want all the dirty details!"

"Poni, I am not telling you anything!"

"Ya don't have to, I can see the hickey on your neck, got em anywhere's else Warrior Princess?"

Getting up from their desk she rounded it to come nose to chest with Ronnie, eyeballing her SDI she grinned at her. "You look like shit, no sleep huh?"

"Ya know what Poni, pay backs are a bitch, where's Jack?" She asked.

"I left her in bed, tied up!"

Brennan was in the head brushing her teeth when Lisa snuck up behind her. "Well Princess, did ya have fun with the Ronald?"

"Ronold ho?" She looked up into the mirror. "You know my cousin Ronald." She winked at her.

"Wou ave no hidea." Rinsing her mouth, she spit. "How many more days till Friday?"

"Too many, you guys going out on Friday?"

"I don't know, I know what I would like to do!"

"Oh your hooked, and bad, have you seen our SDI?"

Catching on to the meaning, she nodded her head. "What happens in the morning, how am I suppose to act?" She whispered.

"Play it like nothing ever happened, it goes both ways. Come on it's almost lights out."

@ @

During the middle of the night in between the fire watch {Candidate on barracks duty} Ronnie walked the dark squad bay, pushing footlockers under racks; she stepped beside Brennan's rack, checking around to see she wasn't being watched. She brushed Brennan's bangs from her face then went back into the DI hut.

Poni was crashed out on one of the racks snoring, rolling her over on her side, Ronnie muttered "Damn Amazon." As she pulled the blanket up to her shoulders. Taking the other rack, she laid down and starred at the ceiling till sleep came. The lights flipped on, the noise of scurrying bodies could be heard as they jumped in front of their racks with the exception of one. Ronnie leaned over and whispered. "Princess, rise and shine." All she got was a sigh. "Magdoon, now!" Eyes popped open to see blue eyes beneath a smoky bear hat. "Oh shit!" She never seen the grin as she jumped in front of her rack.

"You got five minutes to muster for chow, now move!"

Jack sided up to Ronnie. "You make me hot when you yell like that! Nice hickey ya got there, how many she got? Oh destroyer of virgins."

"I can't believe I've have put up with you and Poni since boot camp, and she has plenty!"

"You dog! Guess we better get these babies to chow!"

"Times up ladies, line up!" Ronnie moved to the end of the squad bay while Poni and Jack walked on either side yelling at them to hurry up.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

The platoon was in formation on the parade deck in their pt gear. The DI's were split up two on the sides and one at the rear. Ronnie gave them the preparatory command. **"Platoon...forward march!** Once they got out on the road, they were given the double time march command. Ronnie jogged beside Brennan. Glancing at her, she started calling cadence.

Mamma mamma can't you see

What the Marine Corps done to me

Use to drive a Cadillac

Now I'm humpin my own pack

Brennan looked over at Ronnie and grinned and received a wink in return.

Wo wo wo wo,

Wo wo (pause) wo wo

Wo wo wo yeah

Wo wo (pause) wo wo

Took away my fancy jeans

Now I wear cami greens

Use to date a beauty queen

Now I date an M-16

Took away my fancy jeans

Now I wear cami greens.

Me and Superman, had a fight

**I hit him in the head with kryptonite
I hit him so hard I busted his brain
Now I'm dating Lois lane
Well me and Batman had one to
So I hit him with my left shoe
Right in the temple with my left heel
Now I'm driving the Bat mobile!**

After five miles of double timing the Candidates were worn out along with Ronnie's voice, Brennan's legs were burning and her feet were killing her. She could feel the blisters on her heels burning. They had run every morning but never 5 miles, something was up.

Days went by with the Candidates falling into their racks exhausted, the DI's didn't fair much better. Sgt.'s Poninski and Cormack looked like hell, all they could do was get back to the barracks shower and collapse together in their rack, their sex life was suffering. Ronnie had a feral look to her 24 hours a day, Poni and Jack were tempted to give her a blanket party {a good beating} except they knew they would be the ones to end up in a sickbay in body casts. But today they would get a little break, going by their training schedule they were to train the Candidates first aid and CPR. They were praying Ronnie didn't injure someone to have something to work with. They weren't worried so much for the women, it was the guys who would have to run for their lives. Ronnie was notorious for beating the hell out of them while on field maneuvers, not to mention what she did to the e-club with the guys' bodies. Sickbay moved to the parade deck when she went on a rampage, which was at least once a month. Her discipline page went from page 11 to 11e, if not for their Captain being one of them and hating men, she would have been busted down in rank.

The Candidates were standing at ease in the field behind the barracks, with the grass was still damp from the night before. The platoon was split up into 3 groups to make training easier, each DI instructed them on basic first aid, and when it came to CPR, they split them up into couples. Going into detail as to what to do if a drowning happened. Ronnie stepped before Brennan, having her lay on the wet ground, she demonstrated to the others about clearing the air passageway. Propping the neck up and how to find the proper placement of their hands to press on the body so as not to break any ribs.

"Now I want everyone to watch what I am doing, and copy it on your bunkie. Place the heel of your hand below the breast bone." Running her hands up Brennan's stomach she splayed her fingers so that they were touching the bottom of her breasts, flames showed in her blue eyes removing the coldness that had been there for the last couple of days. "Without pressing I want you to count to 15, those are the number of compression's to be given, then moving to the head you hold them under their neck. Clamping the nose close give them 3 breaths, then resume compression's. When the individual has started breathing on their own or help has arrived is when you stop. Now try it after completing it twice, switch positions. Brennan's heart beat out of her chest at the feral grin on her lover's face. Ronnie brushed her fingers under heaving breasts,

her counting was more like one, instead of one thru fifteen for the compression's. Turning her back to everyone, she moved to Brennan's head. Watching her, Brennan felt fear and arousal course through her body. Leaning over her lover, Ronnie lingered and fell deeply into misty green eyes.

"Princess." She whispered. "Relax."

Pressing their lips together gently at first, it then became a deep passion starved war of tongues. Breaking the kiss, they were both in need of CPR from lack of air. Looking down at a flushed face Ronnie grinned. "Did I do all right?"

"Nope, I think you better try again!"

Ronnie did her quick count then ravaged Brennan's mouth again. Breaking the kiss. She asked on her performance.

"Nope." Brennan giggled. "Let me show you how to give life stealing CPR!"

Switching positions Brennan now attacked Ronnie's lips. The second time around Brennan sucked Ronnie's tongue into her mouth pulling a small groan from her chest. Lisa who was sitting by heard, giving Brennan a swift kick in the ass to break them apart. Crawling to her weak legs, Ronnie called the platoon to attention and released them, which surprised everyone. Poni and Jack approached her afterwards. Her face flushed and her breathing ragged. She yelped. "What!"

"Now we know why you've been trying to kill everyone?" Poni retorted. "Sexual frustration, ya think, Jack?"

"Oohhh yeahhh!!! Ya think we could get away with what she just pulled?"

"Not a chance!"

"Will you two Amazons stop acting like I'm not here!"

"Ya know Poni, I think the old Warrior here knocked off one of the Candies just so she could have her little princess all to herself!"

"Must have been that body they found in the ditch on the way to main side!"

"All right jarheads, I'm going to run the course, see ya later."

The Sgt.'s were hiding out in their truck waiting for Ronnie to start the course, within minutes she came running by in full deuce gear including the old bullet proof vest that after 10 minutes felt like it weighed 200lbs. "She's finally gone off the deep end Jack, come on we better track her in case she passes out." Giving Ronnie a couple of minutes head start, they headed off into the woods to keep an eye on her.

An hour later after the Sgt.'s had the shit scared out of them by Ronnie sneaking up behind them and jumping on them. They decided to go back to their truck and wait.

"Jack where is she? She should have come out by now, how many times can she run the course?"

"I got a bad feeling, something's not right Poni, you get the Princess. I'm gonna start back by the air wing gym and work my way back, you two split up and walk from this end."

Poni grabbed Brennan and Lisa from the barracks, figuring Lisa knew the course as well as her and Jack. She could start from down by the Demo platoons Quonset hut and work her way from that end, once they all met up they would have covered a shape similar to a large triangle. On either side of the trail that the course was on was all kinds of drop off's, Quigley pits, ravines and a scummy pond covered in duckweed not to mention the copper heads and cotton mouths lurking around. Brennan took off through the trees, her heart pounding out off her chest from worry over her lover's disappearance.

Ronnie was running down one of the paths that was no longer used because of it's dangerous ravines that could only be crossed by running across a downed log over them. She had made it across two of them and was on the last one before she would cut back over to join the main trail that would bring her back to the beginning. Half way across, she heard the cracking of wood. Taking one more step, she felt the log break, throwing her body to the other half she clung for life. Pulling herself along the log and mentally kicking herself for wearing all the damn gear. She had almost made it to the other side, when the ropes holding the log to the other side rotten from never being replaced in years gave. Ronnie's end started to drop the 12foot into the ravine, with almost 250lbs excess weight on her body, she could do nothing but fall and pray to the gods she survived. As she dropped, all she thought of were misty green eyes. She yelled her lover's name as she dropped to the rock strewn ground below.

Brennan and Poni were about 25 foot apart 3/4 of the way up the trail when Poni heard a loud crack penetrate the air, stopping, she listen further. It was hard to tell just where the sound came from, a few minutes later, she heard what she thought was Brennan's name being yelled. Brennan's breath caught in her chest when she heard her name, running towards the direction it came from she came upon the ravine. Looking down, she could just make out cami's beneath part of a huge log. "Ronniiiiie!!!!!" Sliding down the loose dirt, she crawled over to her lover. "Ronnie, oh gods answer me, Ronnie." She cried. Removing the steel helmet covering her lovers head, she noticed the long cut above her dark eyebrow, blood flowed down her temple to collect in her dark hair. Her right cheek and eye were an ugly color and swelling. Tears flowed down her cheeks. "Oooohhh Gooodddss don't take her!" Throwing her head back, she screamed for Poni.

Poni was heading towards where she had last seen Brennan when she heard her name screamed, running like the hounds of Hell were behind her, she came to the ravine. Seeing them down there, she launched off of the edge, landing just a few feet from them.

"Damn you to Tartarus Ronnie!" Checking for a pulse, she found one but it was thready. Brennan cradling her lover's head in her lap pleaded with Poni to do something. Standing up, she

looked at where the log lay across her friends stomach. "I can't lift this by myself, I need help." Getting up, she crawled to the edge of the ravine, sending out a whistle that pierced the air. Brennan's head popped up, flash's of a forgotten past shot through her brain. Seconds later another call was heard, then another one answering back. Sliding back down to her friends, Poni looked into the tear-filled eyes.

"I know what those whistles meant Poni, I remember."

Poni knelt down behind Brennan, pulling her against her chest, she rested her chin on top of her head. "It just keeps repeating itself doesn't it Princess?"

"What seemed like a lifetime went by before Lisa dropped down to join them. with Lisa's help, Poni was able to lift the log off of Ronnie, seconds later they heard a horn blaring in the distance.

"That's Jack, she's come up the fire break."

Brennan was unbuckling Ronnie's gear while the other two went to get the backboard from the truck and help Jack with the first aid gear they kept there. Once she was on the backboard and out of the ravine, Poni and Lisa went to retrieve her gear.

"Dite's tits." Poni groaned. "What has she got in this pack?" Opening the flap, she pulled out 4 sand bags. "Look at what the idiot has in here Lisa, I told you guys she was nuts!" Lugging everything up they took off towards Stafford with Jack driving, Poni up front, Lisa and Brennan in the back keeping Ronnie from moving around.

"Aren't we going to the hospital?" Questioned Brennan.

"Nope." Replied Lisa. "We can handle this, she gives us good practice.... all the time!"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

They had her in bed and Lisa was checking her for internal injuries when a tall dark haired women with silvery blue eyes came into the room. "How bad this time?" She asked. "Hey Aunt M, no worse than when she decided to play evil Kneivel on the Amtrak trails." Pulling a quilt over her cousin Lisa gave her aunt a hug. "Come on lets go see the others."

Entering the kitchen Lisa and her aunt found Poni raiding the refrigerator and Jack comforting Brennan.

"Hey Melissa, how's it going, wanna beer!"

"Nothing phases you does it Poni? Jack how do you put up with her?"

"Well the last time was let me see." Jack grinned. "Bondage, keeps her busy for awhile, oh Brennan this is Captain Melissa Wilkins, mine and Poni's CO, and Ronnie's mother."

Brennan's mouth dropped open. "Your CO, and Ronnie's mother, oh Gods I'm in trouble right?"

"No, far from it, I'm your savior."

"My savior, I don't understand."

"Aaaahhh don't worry, she's one of us not to mention your CO's main squeeze."

"Well Jack." Melissa laughed. "Your woman sure has a way with words, something's never change."

"Brennan, go see your woman, and don't worry I'll take care of everything with your CO." Jack touched her shoulder. "Go on."

She sat on a wooden crate beside their bed holding Ronnie's hand, a few hours had gone by and Ronnie was still unconscious. Everyone had gone except Lisa, who said she would hang around a little longer, since just living 2 minutes down the driveway from Ronnie. She would wait until Lori got home then return to base in the morning. Brennan had dozed off with her head on the edge of the mattress, she jerked awake when she felt her fingers being squeezed. "Bre?"

"Ronnie, Gods you had me scared, how are you feeling? Don't you ever do anything like that again or I'll kick you into the next lifetime." Grabbing a glass of water, she eased Ronnie up so she could drink.

"Why aren't you on base, oh Gods my chest hurts."

"Your mother said she would take care of everything, why didn't you tell me your mother was your CO?"

"It's top secret, only 5 people know, well 6 counting you, come here." Moving over, she pulled her lover on to the bed beside her. "I love you Bre!" Kissing her neck Brennan replied. "Back at ya, Lisa told me that if you hadn't had that flack jacket on your chest would have been crushed, and that the sand bags in your pack broke your fall and Poni wants to kick your ass!"

"Ha ha ha, ooowww...I feel like a truck hit me, and I can't see a damn thing out of my eye."

Smoothing the hair from her forehead, Brennan placed a soft kiss to her lover's bruised and swollen cheek. "Lisa had to put 12 stitches above you eyebrow, and you have one hell of a black eye, can I ask you something?"

"Yeah, anything!"

"What were you doing?"

"Aaahhmmm, working off frustration!"

"Did it work?"

"Nope, now it's worse and I'm too sore to do anything about it!"

"Well, we'll see what we can do about that later, right now you need some rest."

Brennan got up from their bed moving across the room, she stopped at the sound of her name.
"Bre, don't leave me!"

"I'll never leave you, I looked for you too long to do that!"

@ @

Saturday found one bruised, frustrated and pissed off gunny polishing the chrome on her hog while her princess straddled the bitch pad. "Do you have to sit like that?"

"Like what?" An innocent look on her face.

"Like that!" Pointing to her spread legs. "You trying to kill me?"

"Oohhh, you mean sitting here like this." Spreading her legs wider. "With no underwear on?"

"That's funny princess, no what would be even funnier?"

"Nope, what?"

"This!" Ronnie turned the garden hose on her, Bre took off running with Ronnie behind her.
"Come back, I think you need cooled off some more!" She rounded the corner of the house to find Bre with the hose crimped in her hand. "No fair Bre, you get me all hot and now you won't let me work it off by drowning you!"

"I could think of drowning in a much more enjoyable way, oh horny warrior of mine." Dropping the hose Bre walked up to Ronnie and straddled her muscular thigh, sliding from her knee up, she grabbed her ass. "I think you've suffered enough for the CPR training and trying to be Xena in the ravine, but first you have to catch me!" Ronnie found her straddling her bike once again. "That was too easy Bre!" Brennan pulled off the old shirt of Ronnie's and tossed it at her. "I now why the guys call it a bitch pad, but can you get me off without starting up the bike?"

Pressing up against her lover, she ran her tongue across her top lip, flicking it lightly with the very tip. Dragging her short nails down the bare skin of her back causing chills to travel up her spine, and then to knead her ass. Ronnie pulled her up tight against her grinding hips. Her tongue slipped inside her ear then around the outside. Brennan felt flames settle between her thighs being fed further with each thrust of hips, moving her hands in between them; she undid Ronnie's Levi's. Sliding them down along with her boxer shorts, their wet curls met. Ronnie growled into

her ear with the contact. Small fingers slipped between her nether lips to collect her juices After licking her fingers, Bre whispered in Ronnie's ear. "Wanna earn your scuba pin?"

More growling was heard from her lover. Lips and tongue worked their way frantically down her body to her wet blond curls, Ronnie placed Bre's legs over her shoulders, burying her face, she licked with the flat of her tongue. Brennan leaned back bracing herself on the seat, her hips grinding against a probing tongue. Ronnie pushed her tongue in feeling quivering muscles.

"Ronnie, growl ooohhh.... please....growl!"

Feeling the vibration against her, she came covering her lovers chin with warm juices that continued to flow with each contraction. Spent she fell forward over Ronnie's back. Easing her down to the grass, they lay entangled in Ronnie's Levi's.

"Do I get my scuba pin princess?"

"Oooohhh yeeaaaahh!!! Plus any other medal you want!"

"There is one I don't have yet." Wiggling her eyebrows. "My red wings."

"Red wings? I don't think I've.....oh Gods Ron, your sick!"

Brennan pulled herself in to a sitting position, turning around she started to pull the tangled Levi's off of her lover's feet, before she had both feet free, she felt fingers slid inside her.

"Rooooonniee, your bad...baadd warrior!" Ronnie used Bre's thighs to pull herself down to meet her fingers. Teasing with her tongue, she brought her princess back up to the edge. Bending over Bre sucked a very swollen nub into her mouth, keeping in rhythm with each other, Ronnie came first followed by her lover, when the war cry vibrated against her swollen lips. Rolling off to the grass Bre laid there completely spent. They cuddled against each other and watched the stars come across the night sky.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Jack and Poni found a party to crash in triangle, it was being held by one of the female MP's. Her house was packed with women, the bathtub was filled with ice and every kind of beer in Virginia. Bottles of liqueur were in the sink chilling in ice and on the kitchen table was a huge punch bowl with some purple stuff in it. Right next to a half-eaten watermelon which rumor has it drank half a gallon of Everclear. Cloths where piled up in the middle of the floor in the living room, some woman ran around naked but the rest were covered in every color of bed sheet they could find. The partiers decided it as time to invade triangle. 25 stormed down the streets yelling toga toga, hail Caesar. They had gotten about a mile up RT1 when they heard sirens, then saw blue lights flashing on dark green cruisers. "Oooohhh shit Pons, heres they comes, gottsa runs for it!" Hiking up her toga Jack took off with Poni behind her. Charging at a stumbling gait, they headed for the woods. Stopping to catch their breath Jack looked at her lover. "Pons, whats waz that's purple stuff?" One of Poni's eye's wouldn't stay open. "Thinks it's mojo." She slurred.

"Tastes like kool aide." They made it to the side gate, which was closed every night at dark. Looking through the guard shack window at the phone inside Jack sighed. "Knows what wover, cants drive, MP's wooking for Romans." Poni gave her a lopsided toothy grin. Reaching inside the top of her toga, she pulled out her K-Bar and waved it in the air with an unsteady hand. "Tit-bar!" Jacks mouth fell open, Poni jimmied the door open, grabbing the phone she dialed with great difficulty with her one blurry eye. When the phone was answered, all she could get out was. "We's drunk gets us sides gate."

20 minutes later a 4x4 truck pulled up to find two toga clad jarheads leaning against each other and the shack passed out.

"Damn Amazons." Mumbled Lisa tossing them in the back, she knew she couldn't take them back to the barracks. There was no way she could get them up the back stairs to their room and no way in Tartarus was she gonna go right through the front doors and ask the duty for help. Nope only one place for them. She laughed all the way down the road.

Climbing out of the truck, she got in back, putting her head between her friends, she whispered in their ears. "Amazons, were being attacked by men, hurry in the hut, go." Two quick slaps woke them up. "Jack.. Mens...hut..." Grabbing her lover's hand, she pulled her out of the back of the bed. Stumbling through the door Lisa counted to ten, when she heard screams and a war cry, she jumped in her truck she fled home.

"Son of a bitch, Poni get off me, you simple bitch! uuuggghhh!!! Jaaaacccck....stop biting me!!! Ronnie and Bre were pinned under them, within seconds four women were tangled in sheets. The whole mass rolled on to the floor. Bre got loose, crawling across the heap of rolling bodies, she hit the light on. Jumping back onto the pile, she started pulling on arms and legs sinking her teeth in to a limb here and there. Ronnie had Poni and Jack in headlocks while Bre still rolled around now tangled with the sheets. When a leg moved in front of her, she grabbed it and sunk her teeth in only to hear her lover scream "Breeennaan!!!!!" A blond head popped up. "Sorry baby!"

Two unconscious jarheads lay on the floor, throwing a blanket over them, Ronnie climbed back into bed. "Come on Princess, Roman orgies get me hot!"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Standing at the stove fixing eggs Ronnie sang at the top of her lungs in a rich alto. "From the walls of Brennan's pussy, to the firmness of her ass, I will lick my lovers nipples in the air, on land and sea. First I.... Oooowwww!" She spun around to find Brennan holding the flipper, which had seconds earlier made contact with her bare ass.

"That's funny, new version of the Marine Corps hymn oh demented warrior of mine?"

"Uuuhhmm, yep, you like?" She asked giving her toothiest grin.

"You scare me sometimes Ronnie." Looking under her lovers arm at the eggs burning in the frying pan, she snatched the pan off the stove. "These ones are for the coma patients, they

deserve all this grease and burnt stuff, why don't you go wake them up." Kissing the top of a blond head, Ronnie grabbed a pot and metal spoon. "Back in a minute." With a raised eyebrow, Brennan turned to watch her leave.

Banging on the pot Ronnie yelled. "Rise and shine Amazons rise and shine!"

"Oooohhhh my head, please tell me I'm dead!"

"Not even close Jack!" Ronnie grabbed Poni's ear. "Come on Caesar, time to get up breakfast is almost done!"

Two moaning women crawled across the floor heading towards the kitchen. they sat with their heads buried in their arms. Ronnie sat across from them. "How'd you guys get here anyway?"

Jack mumbled from the table. "I don't know but I think someone dragged us under an Amtrak, my whole body hurts!"

Poni threw her leg up on the table to examine the tender flesh on the inside of her thigh. "Jack did you bite me?"

Brennan bit one side of her bottom lip as she dropped her head.

"Aahhh no that would be me, sorry Poni!"

"You could have gone a little higher ya know. Oooowwwoooww! that's my ear."

"Keep it up Poni and I'll be wearing it with my dog tags!"

"Hey Ronnie did I ever tell you what Jack likes me to do with her dog tags? She.....yeeeeoooooww... hey that was my hair!"

"No one will know it's missing down there!"

"See what you started princess?" Ronnie chuckled.

"Oooohhh no, I'm not taking the blame for your jarheads, their all yours, sweetheart!"

@ @ @ @ @ @

Trouble brewed in the field, never caring what anyone said about her, Ronnie became quite livid at what was being said about her lover by the grunts in the field. Sitting by the fire in the middle of their bivouac (by the way this is Greek for camp) Ronnie ground her teeth so hard her jaws hurt, muscles stressed tight like bowstrings, she could hardly contain her fury! All the candidates were in their shelter halves, which formed a circled perimeter around the fire. Off a distance

where the grunts who would help train the women on field maneuvers the following day. Having escorted them on their march to TBS, the men had a lengthy time to eyeball the young women, one in particular caught their lecherous eyes.

"Man, Hernandez what I wouldn't do to spend some time with that little blond in a fox hole on a cold night, just looking at her put me at full mast!" The scumbag grabbed his crotch for emphasis.

Ronnie's blood pressure was climbing by the second.

"Well you know what they say about WAM'S {wide ass marines, I hate this term} they swing the wrong way, Vanderson."

"Well one night with me and I'd make a real woman out of her, I'd fuck her till she couldn't walk!"

"Sounds like operation D to me, and ya know once it gets dark and all the gunfire nobody can hear a damn thing, whadya say to a good old grunt exercise?"

"You're on, but rank takes top."

Ronnie was walking around the fire headed in their direction when Poni stepped in front of her. "No Ron, let them go, their not worth your career, their just running their jaws. Come on it's my watch now go get some sleep!" Ronnie shook her head then turned towards where her shelter half sat next to Poni and Jacks. Grabbing her mummy bag, she slipped out the back flap and walked behind the other shelter halves. She found Brennan's and laid out her bag so that she blocked the rear flap. She knew that with Poni at the front and her at the back, no one would get to her lover.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

The candidates sat on the metal bleachers listening to the male instructors explain how booby traps worked, the proper throwing of grenades and what to do if one falls in your foxhole. Having received their M-16's the week before, he told showed them the proper way of moving through the trees with it, to many Marines had been injured by their own rifle on maneuvers.

Pitch darkness came bringing with it a ferocious SDI, stalking through the trees as the tracer rounds flew over her head from M50, M-16 and mortars. She was pissed at herself for losing Brennan in the mock war, there where to many sets of cami's running through the trees. Bodies jumping in and out of foxholes to scurrying seconds later to another one. They were working their way to the other side of the trees, in full combat gear, it was hard to tell male from female. And with all the grease paint on their faces, their features were disfigured further. Poni and Jack where out there somewhere trying to keep an eye out for trouble, but with so many bodies running around it was hard to do anything. Ronnie took to the trees hoping she would be able to see more when the phosphorus flares went up illuminating the area below.

Brennan had been separated from the others when her night vision was lost for a few seconds from one of the flares going off close to her. Waiting for her eyes to return to normal, she stayed where she was. Rubbing her eyes to get the burning to stop from all the smoke floating through the air, she never seen the two bodies in cami netting come up behind her. A hand covered her mouth roughly while an arm went under her arms and around her ankles. She struggled against them, kicking her legs trying to break free but it was useless, who ever they were, they knew what they were doing. Dragging her off into the trees, she couldn't tell in which direction they were going. She was thrown to the ground and straddled by one while the other tied her hands to a tree. She felt her belt being ripped off her body, she tried to scream but the hand clamped down hard. Bringing her knee up, she hit him in the back throwing him on her. "You stupid bitch!" He brought his hand back punching her in the mouth splitting her lip, lights danced before her eyes from the pain. Then darkness started to claim her until she felt the knife cut through her webbed harness belt, cami jacket and T-shirt. And then nicking her skin as it came towards her throat. Blood ran down between her breasts. The one who had tied her arms was now tearing her cami trousers off her.

"Hold the bitches legs, cuz if she kicks me again I'm gonna snap her neck.

"Oooohhh fuck!" Poni took off running in the direction of the unmistakable war cry. Running past Jack on her way, she grabbed her monkey harness straps and jerked her to her feet. "Come on there's trouble!"

The full force of enraged warrior hit Vanderson broadside, knocking the air from his lungs. Hernandez shocked at what had just happened froze, cold icy eyes bore right threw him, his eardrums pierced by a scream like none ever heard before. He was lifted by his throat and slammed into a tree knocking him out cold. Vanderson staggered to his feet rubbing his ribs, he gulped air, moving to the whimpering body on the ground. He kicked her in the side of her face then her ribs suffered the same, kneeling on her chest, he punched her only to be grabbed around the throat and thrown to the ground.

Poni and Jack burst through the trees to see Ronnie pounding a body into the ground, the screams coming from her sent chills up their spines, rage was an understatement for what was going through Ronnie's mind. Poni jumped her, knocking her off the body. Even with her bulk, Poni struggled to hold her down. Catching the feral insane look on her friends face she shivered.

"Ronnie stop, for Gods sake it's me, you gotta stop now!"

The red haze of rage cleared from her head as she looked into camel colored eyes.

"Breeeennaaaan!"

Jack knelt beside an unconscious Brennan, running her hands across her cheek her hand came away wet and sticky. "Oooohhh Gods!" Tears flowed unchecked down her cheeks "Ponnii... go get help!" Ronnie crawled to her lover, seeing her trousers around her knees, she tried to pull them up while Jack cut the ropes holding her hands to the tree. A white flare went up above them as it drifted closer, Ronnie seen a dark trail pooling on Brennan's stomach. Dipping her fingers in it, she felt that it was warm and sticky. A wail came from deep in her chest, taking 10 years off Jack's life. She picked Brennan up in her arms and cradled her head to her chest, tears poured down her face. Jack sat in front of them with her arms around Ronnie rocking them as they cried.

All they heard was a commotion coming through the trees.

"Get the fuck outta my way you stupid asshole!"

"You heard her move your ass or I will!" Yelled Poni.

Lisa and Poni dropped down beside their friends, but where pushed to the side as Corpsman tried to pull Brennan from Ronnie's arms.

"Get away from her!" Ronnie pushed the squid {navy personnel} away. Jack pulled the men aside "Give us the stretcher we'll get her to the ambulance, you take care of the scum over there!" Pointing to Hernandez and Vanderson.

Looking on the ground behind her, Poni saw the unconscious Marine. As she stepped back, she ground the heel of her combat boot in his groin. Feeling the flesh give beneath her heel, she growled with a sound close to pleasure. Lisa grabbed her and pulled her away. "Come on Poni, we gotta get her out of here." Pointing to Ronnie. "Before she starts killing!"

Three female Marines sat in the waiting room at the hospital on main side, as one paced back and forth wearing the floor tiles away. Their gear was piled against the wall except for the K-Bar slapping the palm of Ronnie's hand. Capt. Wilkins came running down the hall at break neck speed, seeing her daughter, she stopped before her. Taking the knife from her hand, she tossed it to Poni. Cupping her daughters face, she watched as the walls crumpled behind her eyes. Pulling

her in to a fierce hug, she felt the flood gates release into choking sobs, sinking to the floor, she held her until she fell asleep.

Hours later, a doctor ushered a threatening Ronnie to the ICU area. Brennan lay in a hospital bed with tubes running out of her arms, stitches could be seen in her lip and cheek. And a bright white bandage was wrapped around her head with blood seeping through. Fresh tears pooled in Ronnie's eyes at the sight of her lover.

"Gunny, you can't stay to long, she needs..."

Ronnie spun on him growling through clenched teeth.

"I....aahhhhh."

The scared doctor returned to the waiting room to find four vicious women. Three of them still in green face paint and one with silver intense eyes glaring at him. The silvered eyed one came towards him making him step back trapping himself against the bulkhead.

"Now tell me how she is or I'll turn that Marine you took to see her loose on this hospital, got that."

"Go mom!" The others yelled.

"OK ok, she has a concussion from what we can tell it was from a kick, she has the imprint of a combat boot to her temple. We put 14 stitches in the side of her head, 22 in her cheek and six on the inside of her lip and four outside, nine between her breasts that where from when her cloths where cut off. Three of her ribs were broke, and she has numerous cuts and bruises. She is heavily medicated and sleeping. We will know more of her head injure in the morning.

Jack stepped forward. "Was she?"

"No! She was not violated!" Sighs of relief were heard.

"What about the assholes that did it to her." Poni asked. "Are they alive?"

"One of them is at the brig sickbay with a concussion, the other one aahhmm... is still in surgery having reconstructive surgery on his face, and we are waiting for a urologist." Lisa elbowed a smirking Poni. "To get here from Bethesda Naval Hospital for the rest of the reconstructive surgery." He cleared his throat and smiled at them. "He deserved worse than he got!"

"Thank you doctor, how long before we can see her." Capt. Wilkins asked.

"Not until tomorrow morning, I must go now to check on other patients."

The Capt. turned to her daughter's friends and her niece, looking at the floor she shook her head.

"I can't help Ronnie with this, those Marines are going to press charges against her, this is going to be one huge mess. The NIS and CID are going to investigate this because of the injuries and with it being an attempted rape."

"We understand." Jack replied. "Is there anything we can do in her defense?"

"Just tell the investigators what you know, then we wait and see. I'm gonna go see Ronnie, you guys get back to the barracks, everyone was pulled out of the field and are back at OCS."

Ronnie looking like hell, had tried to wipe the grease paint off her face. She stopped after finding she had burns from when the tracer round had hit her helmet dropping bits of the phosphorous onto her skin. Her eyebrow had been opened again from a branch or when she hit Vanderson. She had no idea, in her rage, she felt no pain. Sitting on a chair next to the bed, she held Brennan's small hand in hers. Her mother stood in the doorway watching, her heart went out to her stoic daughter whom very seldom showed any emotion. Seeing her now, she understood just how deeply her feelings were for this little blond, and because of it, it may be the end of their careers in the Corps.

Standing to the side Capt. Wilkins gazed down at Brennan's sleeping form, while running her hand through her daughter's dark tresses.

"The doctor said she'll be fine, she just needs to rest."

Ronnie broke contact with her lover's face to look up at her mother. "Ma she wasn't...." Tears pooled in her eyes as she looked to the bruises covering Brennan.

"No Ronnie she wasn't, you kept that from happening. I don't need to tell you what is going to happen to you for what you did to those Marines. This is more serious than any of the other times, the one guy will be disfigured for the rest of his abnormal life. Not to mention, he'll be squatting to piss from now on." Ronnie's eyebrows drew together with this news, not remembering much of the beating she gave him.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Brennan was released from the hospital 5 days later, pissed beyond words. Two days after she had awoke the MP's came and took Ronnie away, when Jack and Poni came to see her, they told her that she had been put on barracks restriction to await the investigation and the hearing before the judge advocate. Brennan had been put on light duty until her ribs healed, and was able to finish her training. But that didn't help the fact that Ronnie was being held in her room on main side and she was at OCS.

She was bouncing off the walls and Lisa was at a loss as to what to do for her friend, Poni and Jack gave her messages from Ronnie, but it still didn't help the fact that she wanted to be with

Ronnie.

She couldn't stand it anymore, being stuck in her room was killing her. If not for the fact that every hour up until 2100, she had to trek across the back of the barracks to H&SBn to check in with the duty. She knew she would have beat someone into a pulp to break the boredom. She got letters from Brennan via Poni and Jack everyday and in just a short time, they were worn enough from reading to look like they belonged in the Smithsonian. While she was down stairs, her ma showed up to tell her that NIS and CID had interviewed the two male marines about the night in the field. And where going to be seeing Lisa, Poni and Jack the next day, so she was to plan on being next. After her ma left, she headed over to check in with the duty.

Poni and Jack pulled to the back of the barracks. Parking their truck, they took off running to the basement door. Scouting the area for anyone in the laundry room, they ran down the dark area that led to the back stairs that led to the NCO quarters. At each landing, they checked the hallway for Marines until they reached the third floor. Poni went through the hatch first, running down to the next one, she stood watch, when the area was clear they sprinted down the hall. With her tit-bar, Poni slipped the lock.

"Pon you scare me with that thing, why do you have to carry it there?" Her lover asked.

"What else am I suppose ta do with all this cleavage?"

"How come I've never found it there when, you know, we ahh?"

"Because, ya always go lower first, gives me time ta toss it!"

Jack blushed red, she just couldn't help where her mind went first when it came to her lover!

"OK Pons, I got it, lets go before she gets back and beats us to death." As they went down towards their room, they ran into Ronnie. "Hey Ron, done with the assholes for the night, you know with checking in?" Questioned Jack.

Ronnie gave them a funny look, they were up to no good, she just knew it. Poni never could keep a poker face around her.

"Yeah, I'm done until tomorrow morning, why don't you come on down to my room and well hang out for awhile?"

"Ahhhhh, we'd." looking to Poni. "Aaahhh like to but we have laundry to do, yeah that's it, you know Poni the pig, she won't wash cloths, so she wears my underwear!" Jack gave her a raised eyebrow.

"Like I." A stern look from Jack. "Just love her thongs, yep that's it, makes me feel close to her

all day long, yep sure does.....you know Ron she....owowowow!!!! That's my tit!"

"Yep sure is, well Ron gotta go see ya!"

Ronnie shook her head as she walked down the hall, she could still hear her friends as they went. "Poni one of these days, thongs? You no damn well I don't wear thongs!"

"Oh, well that must have been....Yeow! Just kidding sweetheart, I would love to see you in one of those little thongs, a nice black leather one, oh boy makes my blood boil just thinking about it, will ya?"

"Will I what?" Poni gave her a pleading look. "Ya know wear one for me?" Coming to their door Jack pushed her in. "Would ya settle for nothin for now?" As the door closed an Amazon war cry was heard.

Ronnie talked to herself on her walk down the hall. "They sure are sick bitches, leather thongs really!" A huge grin covered her face at the thought of her top drawer full of leather thongs. She walked into her now dark room, feeling something amiss, she crouched. Seeing movement on her rack, she pounced, fully intending to kill who ever was there. With her fist raised ready to pound, she heard her name whispered. Flipping the light on, she gazed down into misty green eyes. "Oh gods, Bre I'm sorry, I didn't know!" Pulling her close, she kissed her neck. "How did you get in here?" Realization hit. "Ooohh no they didn't?!" Kissing the soft lips of her lover, she whispered in her ear. "Remind me to thank them in the morning."

@ @ @ @ @ @

Cami's flew through the air caused by Jack's impatient hands, holding Poni's foot in her hands, she pulled on her boot. With all her strength she tugged, Poni put her other foot on her lover's ass and pushed, the boot came free sending Jack through the air to land on her stomach across their rack. A yell was heard from outside from someone down below. Poni crawled on top of Jack's back, pushing blond curly hair out of the way, she nuzzled soft skin. "What was that yell?" She mumbled against her lovers skin.

"Ya know your boot, well it kinda went out the window!" Raising her head, she glanced at the opened window. "Oh well, what's another one!" Pulling Jack's T-shirt up over her shoulders trapping her arms. Poni ran her tongue up her lover's spine, nipping her skin across muscled shoulders, causing the body below her squirm. She pushed her naked hips against a cami covered tight ass and moaned. Sliding her hands down along Jack's ribs, she reached her web belt, pulling it free she then undid the buttons and pulled trousers and underwear down around tanned thighs. Jack could feel the wet curls of her lover when she ground her hips. Pulling heated skin into her mouth Poni sucked at the back of her neck, rolling Jack over with out breaking contact, she continued to assault her lovers skin. "Aaahhh....harder Pon!"

While Poni squeezed firm breasts in her strong hands, she sucked harder. Kicking her legs free of her trousers, Jack wrapped her legs around thrusting hips. She felt a strange sensation in the side

of her neck and face but ignored it, wrapping her fingers in dark hair, she forced Poni to let go, and received a growl for it. After pulling her lover's lips to her, she nipped a full lower lip. Running her tongue across white teeth Jack gained entrance. Her kiss deepened plunging her tongue inside as one hand found wet swollen lips. Slipping three fingers inside, she swallowed a moan from Poni. Bracing her hand against her own aroused lips, she pushed up to Poni. Locked together, they thrust as one. Ragged breathing and moans could be heard from the lover's as they pushed each other higher towards the heavens. Within seconds, they were overcome by thunderous orgasms. Screaming was heard through out the third deck. All that was heard from room 333 was laughing from a dark SDI and her blond princess.

Between ragged breaths Jack kissed Poni's lips." It's never been that intense before!" Camel colored eyes crinkled at the edges. "I never thought of ya in a leather thong before!"

"Guess I'll have to get one then!"

"Can we do somethin else I've been dreamin about doin ta little Jack, huh baby, can I huh huh?"

Jack groaned. "That all depends, is it gross and disgusting?"

"Me!" In a shocked voice she squeaked. "Gross and disgusting, I'm aahhh...a sheepish grin formed on her face. "Guilty!" reaching into their nightstand, she pulled out a jar of blackberry jelly, showing it to a groaning Jack she pleaded. "Pleeease baby, I promise afterwards we can shower and aahhh try out our new pulsating shower head!"

"You dirty dog, but only if I get to use this!" Leaning under the bed Jack pulled out a can of whipped cream. She was answered by a war cry.

Ronnie and Brennan lay in the very uncomfortable rack, with their added weight the center bar kept digging into their lower backs, so they tossed the paper-thin mattresses on the floor along with the blankets and pillows.

Brennan rolled over putting her chin on Ronnie's chest. "I never asked you about that night, how did you know it was me that they had?" Ronnie was silent for a while trying to put into words how she had felt that night.

"It's hard to explain, it was like something inside was screaming, I felt...pain....anger. All sorts of things went through me, it's weird."

"What's going to happen with all this, I mean with us, I don't want to loose you! If they discharge you then what."

"Don't worry about it ok, let me ask you something, what do you think of leather thongs?"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

The courtroom came to attention as the Judge came from his quarters, taking his seat he groaned at having to sit in the hard wooden chair. The Trial had been just as bad for the four Marines, the outcome could mean their careers and jail time for some. The two Male Marines stood together with their lawyer who was a chauvinistic prick and let it be known that the two Marines he was fighting for did no harm to the Officer Candidate. The Judge had to have Ronnie escorted from the courtroom numerous times and fined her for contempt of court because of her outbursts. She now stood with her mother and her attorney waiting for the rulings. After handing down the findings of guilty of attempted rape, aggravated assault and the jail sentences for the male Marines, the judge cleared the courtroom of everyone and turned to Ronnie.

"GySgt Flaherty, I was shocked to say the least when I looked at your SRB. And surprised that you have never lost a stripe before this time for you actions against other personnel of this base. You have quite a history with violence, but this time I can see what provoked such vicious attack and I don't blame you one bit. But I can not let it go lightly this time, I'm gonna do something I have never done before I gonna give you a choice." The Judge searched through some papers on his desk, looking down at her, he removed his glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Now you have a choice of losing 2 stripes, busting you down to Sgt. along with six months of pay or what I would do myself." He paused and looked to her mother. "Retire." Ronnie groaned at the thought of retirement or being a junior Sgt. Two sets of silvery blue eyes looked back at him. "You can make your decision and let the clerk know, but make a wise choice about it." He disappeared from the room leaving a defeated looking Ronnie and her mother standing in silence.

"Ma what am I gonna do, the Corps is all I know?"

"Do you really want to walk around this dam base as a Sgt. after spending all these years as a GySgt, and have to take orders from people with less time in grade than you have in the head?"

Tears were forming in Ronnie's blue eyes and it wasn't the thought of being a Sgt.

"No but what else do I have?"

"Go for your other dream and leave these asshole male Marines behind you. What you did you should have gotten a God dam medal not busted in rank or retired! The Corps has not changed for us like the rest of the world has, you were doing your job and all these assholes can think of is to keep it a secret from the outside world and away from the Pentagon! If you were a man, they would have named the barracks after you and given you an award and medal. But you made them look bad, so take them for all you can get and go on with your life."

Danny and Jack were in their office when Ronnie came in out of uniform with an empty box in her hands.

"I guess this is it?"

All three of them had tears in their eyes as they hugged. "I'm going to miss you guys!"

"What are you gonna do?" Danny asked her.

"They owe me 240 days of leave so I'm gonna sell it back and then travel for a while until I can think of what to do with the rest of my life."

Jacked wiped the tears from her cheeks, her hazel eyes looked in to the blue eyes of her long time friend. "What about Brennan, does she know?"

Ronnie dropped down in to the office chair and covered her face with her hands. "I haven't told her anything, I don't want to ruin graduation for her, and I'm not officially discharged until Friday so I can still change my mind if I want to."

Ronnie stayed away from the barracks after that it, was to painful. She had packed up everything she had on base, moved it to her house, and just waited until Friday when her heart would be broken in to thousands of pieces along with Brennan's.

Bre was at a loss and Ronnie had been very distant from her for days. Now with graduation in 8 hours and counting, her nerves were gone. The bleachers were full that covered one side of the parade deck, the company came from two different directions, cadence could be heard but one company seem sluggish in its marching and that included its to drill instructors. Poni was calling cadence like she was marching straight into hell. Brennan had tears trickling down her cheeks, she felt hurt that her lover wouldn't be there to see her graduate. The Platoon had just come around the first corner of the student administration's building when they heard the low rumble of their SDI's voice take over cadence. Brennan turned her head to see her lover in full dress blues, her red and gold gunnery Sgt. stripes and hash marks showing brilliantly in the noon sun and her gold emblems sparkled like her silvery blue eyes. Ronnie and Brennan exchanged smiles.

The company stood at attention on the parade, at the last word from their company commander, screams pierced the air as covers were thrown into the sky. Parent's hugged their daughters as well as boyfriends and friends, it was the day they had all worked so hard to reach. Brennan searched the crowd for Ronnie, she found her off to the side with Danny and Jack. She threw caution to the wind and ran and launched herself into her lovers arms, their friends surrounded them to block the exchange from view.

"Guys hit the office!" Whispered Danny.

Brennan took off first with Ronnie following a few minutes later. The office was in dark when Ronnie walked in, she could feel her lover's presence. Closing the door, she pulled her from the chair she sat in, hugging her close she murmured into her ear.

"I Love you and I will never forget you."

Brennan had pulled back and with pain filled eyes.

"What do you mean, where you going?"

Ronnie kissed her trembling lips. "They retired me as of today." Choking sobs over took Brennan.

"They can't, I need you don't leave me please!"

" I have to, I wish it could stay but I can't."

"NO!" Sobbing in to Ronnie's chest, she pleaded with her lover. "I'll give up my commission we'll go somewhere and start over, please don't leave me!"

"You'll be ok, Jack, Danny and Lisa will be here you, go on with your dream. You'll make one hell of a lawyer." She kissed her one last time to show how much she loved her and placed in her hand her gold emblems and solid gold Gunnery Sgt. Chevron's. "I will always love you!" Then she was gone, Danny and Jack found Brennan sobbing in their Office. "Take me to her house, I have to see her."

"She won't be there, she was all packed and was leaving after graduation."

They helped her out of the office and took her to Lisa's house where they all sat around depressed.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ronnie got out to her Harley and found a Officers sword and belt strapped to her handlebars, unsheathing the sword, she caressed her lover's initials on the top of the blade. Tears spilled from her eyes as she spoke.

" I will always love you Brennan."

[Continued In Part 2](#)

[The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive](#)

~ Semper Fi ~
by Larisa

Disclaimer: This is a fictional story all the characters are mine. The areas this story takes place in are actual places, and I have tried to give you the best description possible to give the feeling of actually being there. All the characters are fictional and are not meant to represent anyone in the Marine Corps.

Violence: Yes, there is a little more than what you see in the show.

Sex: Yep and lots of it, and I will never tell what actually went on behind closed doors in the barracks but you all can use your imaginations. (Wicked little beasts)

Language: Yes, I've used the Military terms I used while serving my time in the Corps and everyday language Marines use whether male or female.

Comments: Send all comments to Hecate3366@frontiernet.net

Semper Fi

By Larisa.

Hecate3366@frontiernet.net

Part 2

With their normal leave before they would go to TBS, time passed slowly for Brennan after graduation. Some of the women went home while others took a much-needed vacation away from base. Brennan either sat in her room in the officers' quarters or she spent time with Lisa and Laurie, on occasion Jack and Danny came over to relay that they had no news of Ronnie and that no one had heard from her, not even her mother. After weeks of not even a postcard, Brennan gave up and vowed to herself that she would never love anyone again. Her heart ached and she wanted to stay that way to remind her it was her fault Ronnie had to give up her career and if she had done what she was trained to do. And not let herself get separated, then none of this would have happened. It was a nightmare she lived with every day for so long that it became her constant companion. She lost a lot of weight and never seemed to sleep, Lisa continued to worry about her friend.

"Brennan come on let's go to the chow hall, you need to eat and you look like shit, if Ronnie could see you right now she would kill me and read you the riot act!"

Brennan's eyes narrowed at her friend, if looks could kill Laura would be weeping over her grave by now!

"Don't tell me what Ronnie would do, she couldn't even stick around after graduation! No she had run off and forget about all of us, so don't mention her name to me again!"

She got up off rack and slammed out of the hatch. Lisa was at a loss as to what to do, she wished she knew where Ronnie was at so she could pound some sense into her head.

"Stupid jarhead I hope where ever you are your three times as miserable as Brennan!" Lisa then left the barracks to make a visit to her Aunt to find out if maybe she had heard from Ronnie.

Brennan sat in her car in Ronnie's driveway, the grass had become knee high with neglect, she just stared at the dark windows and remembered the love she shared behind those walls. She

broke down and sobbed until she fell in to a fitful slumber and dreamed of a dark shape watching her from the shadows. She could never get close enough to see who it was. The lightest of the dark shadows moved soundlessly through the trees watching the young woman sitting in the car crying.

"Poor thing so much pain for one so young." The words were whispered on the night air as the un-kept person went back into the shadows to disappear.

@ @

Ronnie sat on her bike right outside colonial Beach, her long hair whipped in the wind as she stood and looked out on the Chesapeake Bay. Her World War Two overcoat wrapped around her legs letting the cold air bite in to her legs through her faded Levi's. Tears coursed down cheeks as her heart ached for little blonde she knew she had hurt and would never receive forgiveness for leaving. But she knew if she had stayed, Brennan would never have gone on with her career, she would have risked it all for an old gunny and Ronnie couldn't let her do that. Ronnie felt lucky that she had been given a choice and retirement agreed with her. If she had been busted to a Sergeant, it would have kept her and Brennan in danger of getting a dishonorable discharge for fraternization or worse. The risk was the same for Brennan, but the job Ronnie had now, no one cared either way. At first the guys hit on her until they found out she was a retired drill instructor. Then they just backed off. Her partner laughed every time she came in the office because the men spun around in their chairs and went back to work. Big John her partner was around five-foot- five and 140 lbs and even though being one of the senior guys at work, he had no choice when he was told he would be training her. That got him harassed at work, but he and Ronnie hit it off at the get go. Their sense of humor was the same, warped, demented and full of double meanings and often times it had everyone wondering what the were up to.

Jack and Danny had spent the weekend with Lisa and Laurie, the four of them were trying to figure out what to do about Brennan.

" I just don't know Jack, I have no idea where Ronnie's at and we've got a week before we graduate. I don't know what Brennan's plans are as far as stations go, she is number-one in class. She will have her choice of duty stations, hell she could go to Headquarters Marine Corp's and work with the legal up there."

Lisa gave them a small smile. " I'll be on Main side and working with legal and the MP's and all other goofballs." Laurie wrapped her arms around her wife's neck.

"Go on tell them, stop being so modest."

Danny gave her a narrowed look. "You're holding out on us!"

Well actually I'm No. 2 in the class and main side begged me to come work there, they asked Brennan to."

Danny got a big old Grin on her face. "Ya know Lisa you're my favorite best buddy in the whole

green machine, I've got these speeding tickets you see."

Lisa smacked her a good one and finished her sentence for her friend. "And I'm gonna pay every single one of them , yes in dede just like everyone else, yep sure am!"

"Oohh Lisa you're no fun!"

The four of them talked into the wee hours while Brennan drove all around in her beat up little car. She had been doing that a lot lately and visiting the places her and Ronnie used to go to. It just seemed so unreal that she was alone.

Ronnie walked into her and Big John's little cubicle, she had no sooner sat down when her boss poked his head in and told her to find John and meet in his office and 15 minutes. After finding him in his other hang out the vestibule with all the candy machines, shaking the hell out of one of them because it wouldn't give him his M&M's. Ronnie tipped the machine with one hand and slammed it into the wall, half the candy bars in the machine fell into the tray, John's eyes twinkled up at her.

"I just love a butch woman!" As the to two of them walked through the main office John tossed candy to the guys and put the rest in his desk drawer. They spent an hour with their boss and were not happy when they came out. "Oh oohh Moldy and Scuzzy don't look too happy." One of the other guys yelled.

"Why should we be, we have to find out what your true species is jocko." Big John said as he walked past the pear shaped man. "What do you think a fruit or a veggie Ron?"

" I'd say invertebrate. I seen something like him crawling on the beach, I think they call them see slugs!"

It was the day of Brandon and Lisa's graduation they stood in their formation until the last word was given. It was deja'vu, the only thing missing was Ronnie. Tears clouded Brennan eyes as she walked off the parade deck to head back to room to pack. She had decided to take Lisa up on her offer to stay with her and Laurie until she found some place to live since she did not want to live in the BOQ's. She and Lisa had the weekend off and then they would start work on Main side on Monday for the base prosecutor's office.

"OK Ron we seen it, now let's go my little woman has the BBQ ribs waiting on me."

"Like you need them? Your getting to the point were your dress shirt looks like it's going to spit buttons out at me!"

He looked down at this thickly muscled chest and flat stomach. "You should talk, if your tits hang down any lower you'll be able to put them in your pockets to keep them warm!" They grinned at each other and jumped in to John dark blue Ford Taurus. Brennan was bored even though the house was full of celebrating Jarheads, she just didn't feel part of it. She was only one without a date or spouse, so she decided to go to main side to check-in early to her Commanding

Officer. She almost hit the floor when she walked into the office and Ronnie's mother sat behind the desk.

"Captain? Aahh I am in the right office aren't I?" She looked at the placard on the door

"Yep your in the right place, surprised to see me?" She asked.

"Well, yeah, but I thought you were Ronnie's CO."

"I was but I decided to come back to my primary MOS. You know, I'm a Yale schooled lawyer, I figured you and Lisa would need some help with these men. So I just happened to fall into my old job and you can call me Major now." She grinned.

Brennan congratulated her on her new job promotion, she wanted so badly to ask about Ronnie but didn't.

" I have a case for you already for Monday, so I'll give it to you then."

"Well, I'm kinda bored, can I have it now, I can work over the weekend on it. Maybe do some research if needed."

Brennan left with a box full of file folders on her new case, she hadn't even asked what it was about. She was sitting on her bedroom floor buried in papers when Lisa came in.

"What in the hell is that?"

"My new case for Monday."

"You already went into the office?"

"I got bored you never guess who or boss is?"

"Go-ahead ruin my day and who is it?"

"Major Mom!"

"Your kidding! Ooh this is going to be fun!" She laughed. " My Aunt gets to boss me around for the rest of my life! The amazons are going to love this! So what's your case about?" She asked as she took the only open spot on the bed not covered by papers.

"Serial rapist/murderer, so far there are no suspects, these are just copies of the investigations. The newest one is an officer's daughter found on the railroad tracks two weeks ago and autopsies say it's death by strangulation. This one's a big one, I don't know why mom gave it to me? I don't know where to start?"

"Don't look of me, I'm as lost as you are!"

"Well I do know that FBI is involved as of Monday, of course there would be since some Officers daughter is dead and the hell with the rest of us." Lisa put her hand on Brennan's shoulder.

"I think you just answered your own question about why mom gave the case to you." Brennan sat there and realized Lisa was right. Now was her chance to show who should be punished for crimes against women and how long they go way for. She was still pissed about the sentencing of the men who attacked her. She wished she could have been the one to mutilate the bastards instead of Poni and Ronnie. She remembered Poni arguing with Ronnie about taking the blame for what she did and Ronnie telling her it was better in her eyes to let one career be ruined than two and to leave it alone and go on. Ronnie had given up everything for two people and never ask for anything in return. But it didn't matter because it had been a year and no one had heard from her.

Brennan was sitting in the majors office discussing her new case and waiting for the FBI agents to get there, neither one of them had been given any names of whom the agency was sending. All they had been told was that they would be there to 1300 to meet with everyone involved.

John walked down the hallway with Ronnie behind him mumbling something about his suit looking like something out of the little boys section at Walmart-Mart. He came before an open door and turned to her.

"At least my clothes don't come from Mafia R-US, you and your hit man look."

She wore an Italian cut black suit with pale blue shirt and dark blue tie with a black horizontal stripe and a pair of spit shined cowboy boots. Ronnie tipped her Raybans down and smiled at big John.

He knocked on the door and walked in to see the back of an office chair and the back of a Marine.

"Hello I'm Agent John O'Reilly of the FBI."

The chair spun around as the Major stood, she towered over Big John.

"Jeez is their height requirement for the Marines or what?" Ronnie turned from looking at the brass placard on office door to pale silvery blue eyes.

"Hi Ma long time no see."

"Ronnie I should beat the shit out of you!" Her mother said with a deep growl. Blue eyes smiled at her.

"You tried that for years but you never could catch me." Big John was at a loss, his mouth hung open as his head turned from the Major to his partner like he was watching a tennis match.

Close it John I've seen your toothless mouth before." Walking around her mom's desk, she approached the Marine who still had not turned around, she placed her hand on the small shoulder and spoke with her deep silky voice.

"Brennan?"

Brennan turned, her green eyes filled with tears as she looked up into the face of the only woman she had ever loved. All the pain and anger broke free at that moment. Rage took over, she slapped Ronnie in the face hard enough to split her bottom lip.

"You fucking bitch!"

The Major ushered Big John from her office and closed the door. "Lets get some coffee and let those to have at it for lets say the next 24 hours." John was shocked at his partner, first for who her mother was then for letting a little blonde hit her.

"Ahh Major what did I just see in their?"

"Ooohh that, just my kid getting her ass kicked! And she deserves it to she's been MIA for over a year now."

John laughed as it went down the hall. "That's funny she's been at the FBI academy for...SHIT, a year now!" He looked at the Major "Do you think Blondie in there will leave me a anything to kick around when she's done? I can't believe she was right here and never told you!" Who's the blond anyway?"

"You'll have to ask Ron about that, I don't discuss my kids personal life."

"Oohh never mind, I know who she is, Ron talks of a lot after some Jose Cuervo." He grinned up at the Major. "My wife hates the silent types and J.C. will loosen anybody's tongue."

Ronnie just stood there looking at Brennan with guilt-filled eyes tearing up. "Why did you leave me? I loved you and you just disappeared off the face of the earth! Did I mean so little to you that not even a phone call or card would be thought of?" Her face bright red with anger, she threw clenched hands around beating the air with each word. "I HATE you Ronnie, I hate you with all my heart!" Ronnie tried to pull Brennan in to her arms, the small fists beat on her chest with each word of hate. After a few minutes, Brennan collapsed in to her arms sobbing but still telling Ron she hated her. Along with cheap kidney punches to go with the words. Ronnie just about fell, over when she saw the two most precious women in her life in the same room. It was the sight of Brennan that all most killed her. To see her lover after being gone so long, refusing to even face her. But she didn't blame her one bit after what she had done. She knew she had hurt her, but didn't know to what degree. Tears streamed down her face, then the floodgates opened. Racking sobs over took her stoic demeanor. Brennan had worked her hands up under Ronnie's suit jacket to find hard warm flesh under her dress shirt, she tried to pull herself so close as to try to merge their bodies into one.

"I love you Brennan!" Ronnie placed a soft kiss on her neck. "I've missed you so much, I'm sorry please forgive me!"

Brennan pulled back to see the hurt in Ronnie's swollen blue eyes and then the love that poured from them.

"I love you Ronnie, don't you ever leave me again!" They shared a gentle kiss that developed quickly into a kiss to make up for all the lost time. Brennan broke the kiss to gaze at her lover, noticing the small lines now at the corners of her eyes and the silver at her temples that her fingers were running through.

"Civilian life is aging me." She said giving a small smile

"I'll still think you're beautiful when you're all silver. Here I am hanging all over you and I don't even know if your single?"

"That all depends on if you are Brennan?" Brennan gave her a soft kiss. "With that settled lets get out of here I think mom will give us this one indiscretion."

Big John and the Major returned to find her office empty. "Kids I tell ya I'm glad my daughter's already married and has a family lives in Texas! With Ronnie as a daughter Major, I'm surprise your not in the loony bin by now."

"Well believe me I've come close. Well, I guess First Lieutenant Magdoon will brief Ronnie, then you two can compare notes, then we will see what happens."

"Aye aye ma'am!" He grinned as he popped off a salute. "Retired First Sergeant third MarDiv."

"GODS we're every where aren't we?"

"Yep ain't it great?" John replied.

When they got to Lisa's no one was home, before the front door had closed they were halfway up the steps undressing each other as they went. Leaving a trail of cloths the whole way. Inside Brennan's bedroom, they came face-to-face, standing in their underwear. Brennan's eyes started to tear up from looking at her lover. walking into outstretched arms they hugged for what seemed eternity until hands started to explore flesh untouched for so long. Ronnie removed the barriers between them by stripping Brennan the rest of the way, then her own T-shirt and boxers followed, being deftly removed by small hands. The same hands that lead her to the bed and threw her down. Brennan completely covered her lover's body with kisses to work her way back to soft lips. She teased Ronnie's bottom lip with her tongue at first then her teeth, until she pulled it into her mouth. Ronnie flipped them over, taking control of the kiss, she drank deeply of her lovers mouth. Sliding her tongue beside Brennan's she swallowed the moans she caused when she caressed a her firm breast with her callused hand. Kissing her way down, she stopped at each

hipbone leaving a kiss and worked her way down to the insides of each thigh, placing kisses closer and closer to her destination. Brennan was thrashing on the bed, her body being tortured from the wait.

"Ronnie, stop teasing me, I'm dying here!" She begged.

The grin on Ronnie's face soon disappeared with her first taste of her lover after so long brought tears to her eyes. It wasn't until this second, that she knew how much she loved her lieutenant and how stupid and selfish she had then by denying them a life together, if that's what Bre wanted.

Brennan felt her lovers tongue slip between her nether lips tasting her juices. As she moved up to circle her enlarged clit. that one touch sent her over. "Rooonnie!" Tremors hit her from deep inside crashing all through her body to leave her limp and wasted in her lover's arms, tears ran down both their cheeks and mingling where their faces were buried in each other's necks.

"I've missed you so much Bre!" She pulled away to look into lovers eyes. "I'm sorry, at the time I thought just leaving was the best but now I know I was wrong."

Brennan wiped the tears from Ronnie's face. "Its over and in the past and you will never get away from me again!" She pushed Ronnie back on the bed and loved her slowly all the way down her body until she was lying between her muscular thighs. Running her tongue up each side of the area between her thigh and nether lips. As she moved closer each time, until she teased her engorged clit with her tongue, pulling it between her lips she lightly sucked until she felt Ronnie's hips keep rhythm. She pulled on it with her teeth and felt shock waves shoot through her lover's body. Pushing two fingers deep inside her, she brought her to another climax and heard her name echoed off the walls. Cuddling together, they fell asleep in the only place they ever wanted to be in each other's arms.

Laurie unlocked the front door, Lisa, Danny and Jack carried bags of groceries in, everyone piled into each other when Laurie stopped dead in her tracks. Bending over, she picked up a black suit jacket, then holding it out in front of her she showed it to the others. "This does not belong to Brennan."

The four of them picked up the trail of discarded clothing, Jack put the dress shirt to her nose. "Who ever he is, he wears Drakar cologne."

Brennan was on her back with the blankets pulled up to her neck one arm was flung out to the side and the other one was flung across the warm body cuddled against her stomach. After listening for noises, Lisa opened the bedroom door slowly to see Brennan asleep. They crept in and Danny picked up the tank top off the floor along with the silk boxers, she showed Lisa who stood leaning over the bed. She whispered in Brennan's ear.

"Bre who's the guy?"

Bre mumbled something so Danny took over, pulling her little finger from her mouth, she stuck

it in to Bre's ear and pulled out making a popping sound. Bre grabbed her ear as her eyes flew open, her voice thickened with sleep, she croaked.

"WHAT!"

"Who's the guy?"

"GO AWAY PONI!" Came from under the blanket. Four shocked faces looked at the huge lump under the covers, an evil grin came to Poni face. Grabbing the covers, she whipped them off the bed to reveal Ronnie wrapped around Bre's body. "By the GODS Ronnie you bitch!" Yelled Poni at the top of her lungs. Jack did her war cry and screamed for the Amazons to attack. Six bodies rolled around the bed with Danny yelling her usual about group sex. After minutes of wrestling, they all calmed down to one big heap of bodies. Lisa tapped Brennan on her forehead and gave her the cocked eyebrow look.

"We thought you became a trader and had some man up here!"

"Why would you think that?" She asked them.

"Because we found men's clothes all the way up the steps." She bent down and pick up the jacket and a black wallet fell out, flipping it open, she saw a gold badge with FBI across it and Ronnie's ID card on the other side.

"Wholly shit guys Ronnie's Fucking Bureau of Investigation's!" Poni went nose to nose with her friend. "What were you investigating under the blankets in here Special Agent?" Her eyes twinkled and with her trademark grin, she answered. "Kinky sex and the women and who enjoy it." Brennan's face was beet red. "Can we get dressed now or is everybody gonna sleep with us?"

Brennan covered her face. "I can't believe I just said that."

"Oooohhh I thought she'd never ask!" Poni latched onto Ronnie's leg. "Ronnie's allll mine!"

Jack leaned into her wife and grabbed her by her ear and gave her something to think about.

"You know the term in intensive care? Well that's where you'll be if you don't get up off Ronnie!" Poni looked to see green eyes glaring at her.

"Just kidding Bre." She started to crawl on her hands and knees backwards off the bed.

"Gods your easy Poni." Bre laughed. Poni looked to her wife.

"Am I easy?" Jack slid her hand up between Poni's legs and rubbed her groin, she moaned and fell face first into the bed. "Does that answer your question?"

The kitchen was overflowing with laughter as the group sat drinking Foster's beer and throwing popcorn down the front of Jack's shirt, they knew they would pay when she woke up. But they didn't care they were all happy that Ronnie was home and back with Bre. Their family was once

again complete.

@@@@@@@@@

Ronnie told them about her training for the FBI. Brennan smacked her for not telling her that she was one credit away from graduating from college. Her reply was.

"You never asked?"

"Is it going to be a problem which both of you working on the same case?" Lisa looked down at her fingers peeling label from her beer bottle.

"No I think you'll feel a little easier, after all we'll have plenty of bedside chats to discuss strategies trying to catch this asshole." The week was spent gathering information and going over all the old records, Ronnie sat at her desk with folders piled all across the front. Big John could hardly see her.

"Got anything yet?" He asked.

"Yeah eyestrain and a headache! John nothing matches with these women, they all look different, they had nothing in common, there different places no connection with friends some are depends or military. They don't belong to any group, nothing. I think he just goes out and grabs someone, and the MO is all the same. Death by strangulation all cloths are quartered and are placed neatly beside the body with their shoes at the bottom. It reminds me of J O B (junk on the bunk USMC inspection) the way everything is laid out, we could be looking for a military person or someone who is a dependent.

"What did the profiler say?" He asked.

"Call Clarice Starling." John chuckled at her. "To bad it's not Hannibal Lector, maybe we could give some good Pate`."

"You eat that stuff?" John wiggled his eyebrows oh I eat many things but one thing I really enjoy." John leaned close to her and Lowed his voice. "Something with real whipped cream all over it."

Ronnie's mind fell in the gutter. "*Brennan covered with whipped cream and me licking it off a little at a time, bringing moans and whimpers from my lovers lips right up until she screams my name.*" Ronnie pulled on the collar of her shirt which had gotten tight all of a sudden and a certain other area of her body that was throbbing.

"And can't you just feel those big old chunks just swimming around in your mouth covered with cream?" Ronnie's face paled with the mention of chunks. John was loving it and the look of complete ecstasy on his face as he smacked his lips, he watched the green pallor go up her neck. "And the flavor as they melt in your mouth!"

"John that is the most disgusting mental picture you have done yet."

"What you don't like pineapple and whipped cream?"

Ronnie's jaw dropped open, she groaned as she leaned back in her chair.

"BASTARD!"

"Gotcha you fell right in the gutter! But I like your picture to, Brennan covered with whipped cream eating pineapple chunks." Ronnie couldn't help but laugh at her partner and the true love of his life, food! She was amazed at how fast he threw her mind into the gutter with his little play on word games.

"OK ...lets just focus on the last one and work our way back." After few hours went by with both of them writing notes down, then John tossed his papers in front of her.

"Tell me what you don't see?" Ronnie read the report again, her eyebrows arched up at him.
"OK, I don't see it." Ronnie sat there looking at him like he was nuts. "John stop beating around the bush and come out with it."

"No pictures." She looked at him. "How would you like your funeral?" John searched through the records. "Where is the toxicology records?"

"Not back yet, figure we've got four homicides in one month, it takes three to four weeks to get the tests back."

"Shit we're screwed Ronnie!" John groaned.

@ @

Brennan and Ronnie were at her house cleaning of all the cobwebs from the corners and doing a general field day of the place so Ronnie could move her stuff from the FBI Academy back into her own house. Ronnie was in the bedroom putting clean sheets on the bed when Brennan came in and noticed the shadow type boxes on the one wall. Getting closer, she saw that one was all of Ronnie's ribbons on one side and chevrons made of solid gold from private first-class to GySgt on the other. The middle was empty, the box above the smaller one held an officer's sword and scabbard, tears came to Brennan's eyes as she remembered putting her sword on the handlebars of Ronnie's Harley.

"You kept it!" Ronnie stepped up behind her and enfolded her in a warm embrace.

"Of course I did, I will always cherish that sword and I never got to thank you for it." She turned Bre in her arms and kissed her softly, looking back to the wall, Bre asked about the empty spot.

"That's where my discharge certificate is supposed to be."

"Supposed to be?" Brie questioned. "I never got it." She shrugged her shoulders and pulled Bre back in to her arms. Bre slipped away and ran off after giving Ronnie a quick kiss. She came back 10 minutes later carrying a photo envelope that she handed to her lover. Ronnie opened it and pulled out a certificate of Honorable Discharge signed by the Commandant of the Marine Corps. Tears came to Ronnie's eyes as she looked over the certificate in her hand. Bre took down the box and together they filled the blank space. Ronnie cupped her lover's face in her hands looking deep into sea green eyes she thanked her with a loving kiss.

"Where did you get that from Bre? I was retired with a general discharge not an Honorable."

"I know, but when yours came, Jack gave it to me and I kind of went off, and ended up at the Pentagon in the Commandants office."

"You what! My Gods you could have ended up in the brig! Why did you do that?"

"Cuz you deserved more and after I told the old dog the whole story he made a phone call and five minutes later his clerk came and handed him that. He signed it and said he was sorry that the Corps had lost such a brave Marine because of some assholes and their views on WM's."

"You are unbelievable you know that?"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ronnie sat at her desk with papers all over the place, with creases across her forehead, she rubbed her eyes. "Something's missing, this can't be all there was at the crime scene." She grabbed the phone.

"Legal department, Lieutenant Magdoon can I help you?"

"What are you wearing?" A deep voice asked.

A smile broke out on Brennan's face. "A pair of handcuffs and nothing else."

"What kind of cuffs?"

"Oohh I think there some MPs if I'm not mistaken."

"What!"

"Hi honey, want to do me for lunch?" Brennan asked.

Ronnie's soft chuckles could be heard over the phone. "Do I get the same offer for supper?"

Leaning back in her chair she put her feet up on the desk and thanked who ever for the private office since she was in a skirt and knew the feet on the desk was in no shape or form ladylike.

"All that depends on how well you cook for lunch."

"Just wait and see, anyway I got a question about the case, why don't I have any crime scene pictures and the inventory sheet of the collected evidence on any of the cases?"

Brennan returned to a more normal sitting position. "I don't know let me look in my files." She came back a few minutes later to the phone. "Ronnie I don't have any either, now this can't be an oversight, all four cases with the same paper were missing?"

"No something's wrong, who were the investigating officers? I'm missing that paperwork to."

"Tell you what honey I'll get everything over here copied and I'll bring it home with me at lunch time."

"Ok, but I know that I'll be too busy to look at them!"

Ronnie laid with her back propped against pillows looking through the case files, her brows gathered over the bridge of her nose in concentration, the deep growl that rose from her chest woke Brennan from sleep. She turned her head from its resting place on her lover's stomach to see flashing blue eyes, her lover's name came out as a croak.

"Ron what's wrong?" Ronnie dropped the file over the side of the bed with a thwack.

"Part of all the reports are missing, someone's covering it up!"

Bre crawled up her lover's body, taking her place in strong arms, and tucking her head under Ronnie's chin, she mumbled for her to get some sleep. The next morning Major Mom sat behind her desk reading the latest Playboy issue. Her feet were crossed at the ankles and resting in the center of her desk when Brennan walked in.

"Major can I speak to you?" A blush went from her neck to her hairline when Bre saw what the Major was reading.

"Would you look at this shit!" She turned the centerfold so Bre could see it. "She ain't no real blond!" Bre couldn't help but notice since the major's finger was pointing out the area to her. "They should make the bitches shave if they ain't gonna dye everything!" Bre caught herself paying too much attention to the picture.

"Uhm.... ahh.. yeah your right they should shave.... I mean.... never mind." Seeing an image of her shaving Ronnie flashed through her head, she was brought out of her fantasy by the Major hitting her on the head with the magazine. A sheepish grin came over her face.

"Sorry, who do I speak to about the reports on the case I'm working on?"

"The Investigating Officers, why?"

"Well that's the problem; I don't know who they are." After explaining, what her and Ronnie found, the Major made a phone call then sent Brennan to the MP shop where she was given a run-around until she was standing in front of one of NIS guys.

"Are you Tom Ashford?" She asked the tall sandy hair man who was standing there stripping her clothes off with his eyes.

"Yeah, what do you want?" Bre was taken back by his lack of respect.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ronnie threw all files in her backpack and headed out the door, passing John, she yelled over her shoulder that she was going to see her mom. She found her Ma in the same position that Bre had earlier except she was laughing so hard tears came to her eyes. The magazine was yanked from her hands and the centerfold was pulled out again.

"What the fuck! The phony bitch." Ronnie pulled the picture closer to eyes. "There's enough silicone in there to make a set tires for my truck and she's not even a real blond!" Ma grinned at her daughter.

"Is Bre?" Ronnie lowered the magazine and gave her Ma "The Look."

"Ain't you the lucky one." Ma replied.

Ronnie grinned at her. "Speaking of the real deal, where is my woman?"

"She's over at the MP shop chasing down paperwork and the Investigating Officer's on her case.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Brennan's blood pressure was skyrocketing fast. "And I don't give a damn if your the fucking Adjutant General, you're not getting any of my files, so just haul your ass out of my office. You split tales have no business in a man's world! The only thing you're good for is laying on your back!"

Brennan was just about to jump over the desk at him when a hand came down on her shoulder stopping her. In two quick strides, Ronnie had Ashford by his throat and on his back across his desk. Silvery blue eyes bore into his shocked brown eyes.

"You need to show some respect to women, not to mention an officer! So what ever she was asking for I suggest you give it to her or I'll let her tear you apart!"

Ashford pointed to a stack of folders on top of his filing cabinet, Brie grabbed them then stood in the hallway waiting for Ronnie. Ashford clutched his throat and glared at Ronnie's back.

"Fucking Dyke I'll report you!" Ronnie turned around and flashed a toothy grin.

"Go right ahead, the names Agent Xeronin Flaherty, and I'm sure your CO will be thrilled with what I have to tell him." After they left Ashford grabbed his phone, when the other party picked up he whispered into the handset. "We got a problem, I need to see you ASAP!"

Ronnie and Brennan were in Brennan's office, still shaky after what happened in Ashford's office Ronnie pulled close the door then pulled Bre into her arms and held her.

"You ok?"

"I am now, Gods I wanted to punch the shit out of him! I've never had anyone talk to me like that!"

"He's a first-class chauvinistic dick, I should send Poni over to rough him up." Ronnie felt the chuckles coming from her small lover.

"I can see it now Amazon Recon Patrol." Brennan pulled back a little to gaze up her lover, when a wicked grin came over her face to match flashing green eyes.

"Xeronin?" Bre questioned. Ronnie closed her eyes and groaned.

"Uhm...well... shit! Don't you dare tell anybody!" She pleaded.

"It's better than what I thought it would be." Bre stepped back a few steps to be on the safe side.

"Veronica."

"Try being called Xero, does wonders for little kids ego. Thank the Gods I was already this tall at twelve and could intimidate all the trolls." Brennan planted her hands on her hips giving Ronnie her rendition of 'The look', she growled.

"So I'm a troll?" Ronnie's eyes grew wide her mouth opened but nothing came out. Brie stepped up to her and poked her in the chest. "Am I?" She asked again.

"But your my little cuddly BEAUTIFUL troll!" Ronnie prayed that she had just pulled her foot from her mouth.

"You're lucky I love you so much, otherwise I'd tell Poni what your real full name is."

"She knows, but she also knows that I'd tell everybody her middle name." Ronnie grinned evilly.

"Do tell."

"Nope!"

A gleam came to green eyes. "I'll tell her what you like to do on the Harley."

"Ooohhh shit, all right it's Danettella Esmeralda Poninski."

"Gods have mercy, what the hell were her parents thinking?"

"Now you know why she's so whacked, you ready go home?"

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

Ashford sat in his car on a dirt road in Dumfries waiting, within moments headlights cut across his windshield blinding him. He got out of his car and waited for the black car to stop, the driver's side window came down and a cell phone was handed out. "Sir we have a problem the FBI is now involved in the case and prosecuting Attorney has my files." Ashford wiped the sweat from his face with a nervous hand as he listened. "No Sir the files have been doctored up, but if they start asking too many questions someone's bound open their mouth. Yes Sir, I'll take care of it." Ashford handed the phone back to the driver and waited until the car was gone.

"Spooky ass son of bitch."

@@@@@@@@

Ronnie and Brie drove their vehicles towards home trying to keep the relationship a secret from the Corps. Brie always parked her car at Lisa's and walked to Ronnie's house. Ronnie pulled the truck in the drive and leaned out the window.

"If you don't see my truck don't worry I'm loaning it out."

"Ok I'll see you in a little bit." Bre said her hellos to her housemates then went to her room to change out of her uniform. When she started changing, she flipped open one of the folders she had gotten from Ashford. Scanning the report and finding it weird that it was so short; she looked at the bottom where the names of the Investigating Officer's always signed. She grabbed the paper. "What hell!" Half undressed, she spread the folders out on her bed, so engrossed in the papers; she never heard the noise behind her. All she felt was the weight of a body crushing her into the mattress.

"Take off your clothes!" Bre panted.

"You vile, perverted, uncouth pig!"

"Gods your sooo sexy when you talk mean."

"Ronnie I HATE when you sneak up on me like that! How'd you get in here anyway?" Ronnie grinned.

"Through the window." Bre rolled over on her back but stayed under her lover.

"Ya know we do have doors you could use."

"Yep, but this is more fun, kinda like playing cat burglar."

"What'd ya do shimmy up the drainpipe?"

"Oh I have many skills but pipes ain't one of them. Well, not that kind of pipe. I thought you were coming over?"

"I was but I got sidetracked when I started looking at the fictitious signatures for Investigating Officer's."

"How do you know their phony?"

"Because." Bre grabbed one and showed it to Ronnie. "Cagney and Lacey went off the air years ago that's why."

"What?" She looked at the signature. "Motherfucker! What about the rest of them?"

Bre squirmed on the bed. "Let's see, we have Starskey and Hutch, Andy Griffith, Barney Fife and the last one is Joe Friday and Perry Mason." Bre's eyebrow cocked at her lover. "Any questions?"

"That's it he's a dead man, I'm gonna beat the living shit out of that son of a bitchin Ashford, he's gotta be the one behind all this, but what is he covering up?"

"But how are we could find out who the real officers were on this case and all the other ones?"

Ronnie closed her eyes and leaned back. "Only thing we can do is check with the EMT's who showed up on the scene and see if their records have the Investigating Officers names and if they don't have them, then will check the coroners office."

Bre wrapped her arms around Ronnie's neck and pulled her head down to rest on her chest.

"I don't like any of this, there's just something to weird about."

Ashford sat alongside the dark road hidden in the dark watching Ronnie's house, he ducked down in the seat when he saw her truck pull out on to the road. He waited until the truck was half a mile down the road before he started his car and began to follow. He knew the road that they were on was deserted with just a few farmhouses that sat far away from the road, And at one area, they would come to a small bridge that went over a creek that was at least 30 ft. below. As they got closer to that area, he sped up until he was right on the truck's bumper, ramming it from behind he tried to push it off the road, all he accomplished was making it swerve.

John panicked; he wasn't paying attention to his surroundings, so when the truck was hit from behind he wasn't ready for it. Over correcting the slide, the truck was put into, left him broadside across the road. The car behind him slammed in to him and pushed him off the edge of the bridge causing the truck to fall and land on the passenger side in the creek bed. John was bounced around in the truck. The seat belt holding him in the seat but with the impact, he was jerked so hard this head cracked the window knocking him into unconsciousness. Ashford stopped his car, got out, and looked down at the truck, not wanting to risk being caught in that area he quickly jumped back in his car and took off in the opposite direction.

John didn't know how long he was out, but the first thing he noticed was the scent of gasoline inside the truck's cab. His left arm was numb and he could feel warmth running down the side of his face from his temple. His right leg had sharp pains shooting through it along with his ribs where the seat belt pressed in to him. With the position of the truck on it side, he was hanging by the seat belt. He tried unlocking the seat belt but it wouldn't release. Trying to get his hand in his pocket to get his pocketknife out, he couldn't get his hand inside his pocket. He started jerking on the seat belt, but it did no good, panicking, he knew he had to get out of the cab before the truck caught on fire and exploded. Feeling around floor and the passenger seat, he tried to find something sharp; he felt the handle of a knife wedged between the smashed door and the seat. Pulling as hard as he could, he finally got the knife loose. After cutting the seat belt, he fell towards passenger door, sharp pains shot through his body from the impact. He tried to get his bearings back and find a way out of the truck but with the darkness of night, it was hard to see anything. Feeling around with his hand and finding the windshield missing, he pulled himself clear of the truck and started crawling away from it. Reaching in his jacket pocket, he found his cell phone. Hitting the speed dial he called Ronnie's house but got no answer, he then dialed Lisa's house.

"Hello."

His voice filled with pain he managed to ask for Brennan.

"She's upstairs hold on a minute." Lisa pounded on Brennan's door. " Brennan you have a phone call."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know, I think its John, Ronnie's partner?"

"Ok hold on a minute I'll grab it in here."

Brennan and answered the phone but could barely hear John talking, she quickly handed the phone to Ronnie who kept calling his name.

"John where are you?" All she could make out was truck and creek. Her face paled and her hands started

to shake, she got up off the bed and started to go out the door but was stopped by Brennan grabbing her arm.

"What's wrong Ronnie?"

"I don't know, its John something about truck in the creek. I've got to go check it out."

"You're not going alone, I'm going with you!"

"No you're staying here!"

"No, no, no! I am going with you, I don't care what you say, and you might need help!"

Ronnie gave in she knew it was useless to argue with Brennan. She waited for Brennan to change clothes then they ran down the steps. Lisa and Laurie watched them run past; they knew something was wrong so they went out the door after them.

"Ronnie what's wrong?" Lisa asked.

"I don't know but something's wrong with John, I have to find out what happened."

"Come on we'll take my truck." The four of them piled in to her truck and headed off down the road. Lisa asked Ronnie where John was headed with her truck, she told her that he was using it to get lumber so he could build something in his house. They knew that there was only one creek in that area so that's the direction that they headed. Being the paranoid type, Ronnie kept checking behind them to make sure no one was following them. Laurie sat in the back with Brennan wondering what the two of them had gotten themselves into this time. Lisa came up on the bridge slowly scanning the area to see if she could see Ronnie's truck. When she stopped, they got out and Lisa grabbed a flashlight from the glove compartment and started shining it on the road and at the edges. That's when she saw the skid marks. She called to Ronnie and they followed the skid marks to the edge of the bridge, that's when they seen her truck lying on its side down below. They ran to the end of the bridge and started to climb down the embankment to get to the truck. At the bottom, they started calling John's name, they got no answer, and then Brennan found him lying about 20 ft. from where the truck was. She yelled to Ronnie that she had found him and that they needed an ambulance.

Ashford pulled his cell phone from his pocket and hit the speed dial. "Sir it's done, she's been taking care of, now the only one that's left is that Lt. but I think I can just scare her away from the case since she doesn't have her dyke to stick up for her." Ashford shut off his phone and put it back in his pocket. He drove to the mall in Spotsylvania where he had stolen the car he was driving. He parked it amongst the rest of the vehicles then walked to the opposite side of the mall to retrieve his own car and head home.

The small group was in the waiting room at the hospital waiting to hear of John's condition. It had taken the fire department and Sheriffs Department over an hour to get him up the embankment because of his injuries and now he was in surgery repairing his broken leg and arm.

Ronnie had called his wife and she was on her way. Ronnie paced the floor mumbling under her breath that it was all her fault, she knew from the skid marks on the road that John had been forced off the bridge and that whoever had done it, thought that she was driving. Brennan tried to calm her lover down but the faraway look in Ronnie eyes kept her seated. At this point, no words would get through to her. Brennan would just have to wait, she knew once they found out his condition she would be able to talk some sense into Ronnie. For now, she would let her pace.

An hour later, John's Doctor came into the waiting room and gave them a report of the procedures that were carried out in the operating room. They were told that John was in ICU and they would have to wait until morning to see him because of the extensive repairs they had done to stop internal bleeding and repair the broken bones in his arm and leg. And that for them to go home and get some rest. Ronnie and Brennan lay in bed but Ronnie couldn't sleep, she laid and stared at the ceiling and stroked the blond head that was resting on her chest. She started to get up but small arms clutched her closer keeping her from moving. Exhaustion finally hit her and she drifted into sleep. Ronnie sat at John's desk searching through the file folders that she found stashed in the bottom desk drawer, she was looking for the tiniest of clues to push her in the direction of the person who tried to kill her or the reason why. Her biggest worry was Brennan, that if anything ever happened to Brennan, she didn't know if she would be able to control herself. She couldn't sit in office anymore, she had to get out and do something. Leaving the office, she got in to John's car and headed towards base to Brennan's office.

She replayed over in her mind everything that had happened since they got on the case. They had barely talked to anybody except for the parents of the victims, it was basically just desk work. Still mulling the information over her brain, she hadn't realized that she had gotten to Brennan's office until she heard her lover call her name. Coming out of her stupor, she blinked at her lover. Brennan smiled at her from behind her desk.

"Where were you just now?" She asked.

Ronnie rubbed her eyes and trying to ease the stress from them. "I was just thinking and trying to come up with a reason why somebody would want me dead? Do you wanna go get some lunch?"

Brennan grinned at her. "You need ask?" Grabbing her cover out of her in box Brennan started following Ronnie out of her office. Stepping close to her, she grabbed Ronnie's ass as she stepped past her as she went out the door. Whispering just loud enough for Ronnie to hear her, she asked if they would have time for dessert?"

"That all depends on where you wanna have lunch?"

"I know this nice little place out in the middle of nowhere, are you game for it?"

Brennan was answered and with a grin. They had just gotten into John's car when Ashford was

pulling into the parking lot, he did a double take when he seen Ronnie driving.

"Son of a bitch!" He slammed on the brakes to avoid sideswiping another car in the parking lot. He reached in his pocket and grabbed his cell phone, hitting the speed dial he broke the news to the party on the other end. "It wasn't her last night, she's still alive!" Jerking the phone from his ear so that his hearing would not be damaged from the yelling. He spoke into the phone from arms length away. "Sir I'll take care of it tonight. I promise I'll make sure it's her this time." With that, he hung up the phone. Thinking out loud to himself. "I should have just gone in there and shot both of them, well this time there will be no mistake!" Circling the parking lot, he went back out knowing this called for certain items. He had to go get them and prepare for that night.

Ronnie and Brennan just barely made it through the front door before Brennan had her pinned up against the wall.

"I say we skip the lunch thing and get right to the desert!" She received a growl as her hands moved from Ronnie's hips up her chest to tangle in long black hair. Pulling Ronnie's head down, their lips connected in a fierce kiss. Pulling Ronnie away from the wall, Brennan walked her backwards towards the couch. Without losing contact, she pushed her down across the cushions. Bre broke the kiss, her lips trailed across Ronnie's jaw to her neck while at the same time her fingers undid the buttons of her shirt. Surprised at finding bare flesh beneath her fingers she brought her head up to find blue eyes.

"You have truly shocked me! No bra, no t-shirt, I can just imagine what was going on in your brain all day!"

"Oohhh just in the same place it always is, the gutter." Ronnie started undoing the buttons on Brennan's Cami jacket.

"Oohh no this is my dessert, you can have yours later." Pinning Ronnie's hands over her head, Brennan attacked her lips once more. Then moved her way downward. Ronnie's heart skipped a beat as Brennan straddled her hips, Brennan whispered in to her lover's mouth.

"No touching!" She received a groan from Ronnie. After releasing her hands, she started caressing her breasts. Nimble fingers brought nipples to hardened peaks as soft lips worked their way down her throat with her teeth slightly nipping a flesh. Ronnie felt warm fingers slid down her stomach towards her belt. All was forgotten when one of her nipples was sucked into a warm mouth. Bre undid Ronnie's belt and zipper on her trousers without loosing contact with her lovers flesh. Running her fingers under the waistband, she played with soft dark curls. Teasing the lips they covered, moans came from her lover along with small thrusts of her hips hinting at more than just a teasing touch was wanted. Bre moved up to kiss Ron deeply, stealing her breath, their tongues tangled and dual together. Ron broke the kiss when she felt a finger slip inside her. Gasping she fell back on the couch, her hips bucked upwards.

Moving downward, Bre sucked the soft skin of her lover's breast into her mouth, nipping with her teeth. She heard the groan come from Ronnie's chest, sucking hard once more; she released the skin to see a dark bruise left behind. Grinning at her mark of possession, she worked her way down leaving butterfly kisses in her wake. Ronnie was going crazy with the assault on her body,

every nerve ending was screaming. She never felt her trousers or boots being taken off. All she felt was the soft blonde hair cascading over her thighs and the tongue licking her throbbing nether lips. Her thighs flexed and tightened lifting both of them up off the couch, Bre's tongue slipped between her lips, tasting the sweet juices flowing out with each heartbeat. Hanging on to thrusting hips; she captured the swollen nub of nerve endings between her lips and flicked it with her tongue.

"Bre...oooohhhh Gods...inside meee!!!! Two fingers slipped back inside of her, thrusting with the time of her rising hips. Bre sucked hard on her clit sending Ronnie over with a war cry. Licking the last of the juices away, she raised her head from between Ronnie's trembling thighs. Her lips and chin glistening, she crawled up her lover's exhausted body. Blue eyes watched her from half-closed lids, a feral look on her face as she lifted Bre up to straddle her hips. Pulling the webbed belt loose she pulled the front of her Cami trousers open. Bre stood up and let her trousers fall around her ankles. Kicking them off one leg, she started on the other but was pulled back down by Ronnie. Lifting her up by her hips, she pulled her over her mouth, burying her face between her lover's thighs, she licked hungrily at the juices that covered her lips.

With one hand on the back of the couch for balance, she caressed her own breasts, pinching her nipple between her fingers brought her closer to the edge as she pumped her center into her lover's mouth. Ronnie opened her eyes and watched her lover, she was already aroused but this caused her nether lips to twitch. Sliding two fingers in to Bre from behind, she felt her lover's walls clamp down on them, pumping deeply into her, she felt the muscles tighten and then all stilled as Bre went over the edge taking them both with her. Juices flowed over Ronnie's fingers and between her own thighs. Bre fell forward over her and then moved back down to lay on her chest and bury her face in Ronnie's damp hair. Their bodies trembled with aftershocks, wrapping her arms around Bre; they fell in to a deep sleep.

A pounding on the door woke Ronnie, not being able to move because of her lover wrapped around her body, she yelled for who ever was there to go the hell away. The door burst open to show Poni and Jack standing there with amused looks on their faces.

"Think they need help?" Poni asked.

"Maybe an IV or something." Jack chuckled.

Jack stood beside the couch and poked Ronnie in her shoulder. "You lover are in deep shit with Mom, she's been calling all over Hell looking for Brennan!"

"Oh shit." She groaned. "What time is it?"

"Try 1700, Mom thinks you two have been kidnapped! She knew you guys went to lunch but didn't expect to not hear from either one of you two all day."

Poni stood at the opposite end of the couch with a stupid grin on her face which changed to a guilty one as soon as two sets of eyes trapped her. "Very nice!" She replied. "Gotta

camera?" She heard growls and ran for the kitchen as a snapping Jack came after her.

"Princess, time to get up." All she got was a mumble, a wicked grin came over her face. SMACK!

"Hey what was that for?" Bre asked. Ronnie gave her a soft kiss then rolled them over. "For flashing Poni."

"Huh, Poni I didn't flash Poni, I haven't seen her in a couple of days." Her ears picked up some noise and before she knew it, Poni was hurdling over the couch to stand on the other side ready to run if needed. Bre groaned and pulled a pillow over her head.

"Yeah ya did." Ronnie got up and covered Bre with the blanket off the back of the couch, then headed to the kitchen to use the phone to call her Mom. Jack came flying over the couch and tackled Poni, they rolled on the floor until they ended up at the side of the couch. Bre leaned over to look down at them.

"Having fun?" Poni looked up at her grinning. "I had fun earlier just watching!"

Jack growled and bit Poni in the side of her neck. "Aaahhhhh, Gods have mercy Jack, I love it when your rough!" They continued to roll around on the floor moaning and groaning. Bre crawled over the back of the couch and joined Ronnie in the kitchen. She was holding the phone away from her ear, her face scrunched up with one eye closed at the yelling coming over the phone. Bre grinned at her lover and sat on her lap; she took the phone and winced when she put it to her ear.

"Mom calm down, OK OK, I know... well we....yes Ma'am...No....ok...we will, bye." She hung up the phone and looked at her lover. "Uh oh, she is NOT a happy camper!"

Ronnie chuckled. "But I am, so who cares?"

"Mom says we need to get beepers." Ronnie grinned at her. "The kind with the vibrating things in them?" She asked. Bre cocked her eyebrow.

"We'd have to get a lot of batteries wouldn't we?" A loud yell came from the living room just as Ronnie was about to answer her.

"Guess we better stay in here for a while, besides I'm hungry."

The four of them were sitting in the living room watching TV when gunshots came through the front window of the living room, Ronnie rolled over on to Bre taking them both to the floor. Poni and Jack crawled towards the kitchen.

"Go with them and stay low." Ronnie whispered. Just as she was getting up to grab her gun from the coffee table a shot whizzed past her head to take out the lamp on the end table throwing the room in to darkness. She scrambled to the far corner of the room and pulled a corner of the

carpeting up to reveal a hidden door, pulling it up she dropped down in to the blackness below. The three of them searched the kitchen for weapons to defend themselves against who ever was outside trying to use them as target practice. Ronnie emerged from the crawl space door at the back of the house and ran for the sheltering shadows of the trees. She waited for the shooter to give away their position so she could get to them before he shot one of her friends or her lover. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a small glimmer of steel from the side of the house near the living room. Creeping out of the trees, she ran to the opposite side of the house and waited. The shooter looked into the darkness, the night goggles giving everything a green cast, he raised the rifle up to his cheek and was about to take a shot at the body he saw huddled by the door frame to one of the rooms, when he heard a sound behind him. He pulled the trigger and spun trying to take out the person behind him.

Ronnie was about to bring her gun down on the shooters head when she heard the shot and then a cry of pain come from inside the house. She froze with the raised pistol over her head and never saw the barrel swing towards her. A searing pain went through her head as she crashed to the ground landing on one of the landscaping ties at the front of her house. The wind was knocked out of her. All she could do was lay there and gasp.

Two bodies fought on the ground; the rifle had been lost when the body crashed through the bay window and hit him. Ashford fought for his life, when he saw the knife blade flash past his face, he then felt the blade slam into his shoulder, and he screamed at the burning and lashed out with his fist connecting with a solid punch. The body over him fell to the side allowing him to get up and run for his car that was hidden down the road.

Bre ran to Ronnie's side in time to see him running for the road, she picked up the pistol and fired off six shots at the running figure, she didn't know if she hit anything and didn't care, all that concerned her was Ronnie. Jack groaned from the ground beside a still gasping Ronnie. Holding her jaw, she laid the other one on her friends shoulder. "You all right?"

"Yeah, except for the ribs that I think are broken and the dent in my head." She looked up at her friend then over to where Bre was standing with her pistol in her hand.

"Bre?" Hearing her lover's voice, she came out of her trance, spinning around; she dropped to her lover's side.

"Are you all right? When I seen you on the ground I thought you were..." Tears ran down her cheeks to be wiped away by Ronnie's fingers.

"I'm ok." Looking around she didn't see Poni. "Where's Poni?"

"I'm right here, is everyone ok?" Limping, she came over to join her friends and lover. "I could use some loving care here ya know."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Poni was leaning over the kitchen table with her pants around her ankles.

"Mother fuck that hurts Ronnie!" She screamed.

"I can't help it, if your ass wasn't so big, the bullet would have missed and I wouldn't be doing this!"

Poni growled at her and winced with each pull of the needle. "Sweety, is my ass big?" She asked Jack.

"No it's perfect and as soon as I can move my jaw I'll kiss your boo boo and make it better." This brought a big grin to Poni's face.

"You promise?" SMACK! "Oooowww...Ronnie!"

"You're all done."

"But your not." Bre said as she came over to Ronnie with bandages.

"I'm OK really; I think they're just bruised." Bre ran her hand along her ribcage and got a gasp for her answer.

"Right, now take off your shirt!"

"In front of them?" She gasped at her lover.

"Like they haven't seen EVERYTHING before!"

Ronnie removed her shirt and growled at a grinning Poni. "Stop it!"

"Oh but it's ok to play with my ass?"

After everyone was all bandaged up, they went into the living room to try and straighten it up. "Ron, ya have any ideas as to why someone wants us all dead?" Jack asked.

"Nope, but I'm gonna find out."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ashford slumped in the kitchen chair after pressing a towel to his throbbing shoulder; he hadn't even realized that the knife was still sticking out of his shoulder until he was half way home. And now, with his body relaxing, he felt the pain in his leg. Ripping his pant leg open, he saw the huge exit hole in the front of his thigh and knew that a smaller one was in the back. He knew that he couldn't go to the hospital because they would call the police and there would be questions as to how he managed to be both stabbed and shot. So the best he Could, do was to patch himself up and hope he didn't get any infections from the wounds.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ronnie told their story to her Mom as they all stood around the Major's office, no answers were known but the Major promised that she would send out her feelers and see if she could find out anything. Ronnie followed Bre to her office and took the chair across from her desk.

"I don't want you out wondering around by yourself, if you have to leave have one of the MP's or Mom go with you, and I will be by after I see John to pick you up."

"Yes Ma'am!" Bre gave her a salute. "Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere, now go see John." Ronnie leaned over the desk and gave her a kiss. "I'll be back."

Ashford limped in to his office and collapsed in to his chair, his legged hurt like a bitch and every time he moved his right arm sharp pains shot all the way to the tips of his fingers.

"Fucking Bitch's, I'll kill all of them next time!"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ronnie was staying with Lisa and Laurie until she could get the glazier out to fix all the windows in her house, since the shooting everyone was packing a pistol with the exception of Bre, she hated guns and convinced Ronnie that there was no way in hell she was going to carry one. Ronnie finally gave up and took her lovers word that she would not go anywhere with out one of them being with her.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

She had just finished her shift at 24-hour restaurant and was getting in her car when she felt someone come up behind her, before she could turn she was hit in the back of her head and her unconscious body was pushed across the seat to sit slumped against the passenger window. Her car pulled from the lot and headed towards the back gate to Quantico.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

John had been released from the hospital and put on leave until he was 100%, his wife was relieved that he would be out of the dangerous part of his job, he still insisted on doing some of the paper work from home to help Ronnie as much as he could. After a week, his wife wished he was back at work, he was driving her crazy. He whined 22 hours out of 24 about the pain, he was in or he was thirsty, hungry, bored or that his now favorite soap opera was interrupted by some political bullshit and now he would never know what happened between the two soon to be lovers.

"Nice boxers little man." Ronnie laughed as John tried to cover himself with a Soap Opera digest.

"My savior, oh mighty Warrior Princess, would ya get me a beer?"

"How about ya get off your lazy spreading ass and get me one?"

John gave her a pouting look and laughed at her raised eyebrow. "Ohh all right, I tell ya I slave all day in this house and all I asked for is a lousy beer." He got up and grabbed his crutches, before he was out of the living room he yelled to Ronnie ta clue him in to what was going ta happen on his soap so he wouldn't miss anything. John came hobbling back in with a beer under each arm and trying not to wipe out at the same time as he hurried in to the living room. "What'd I miss?"

"How the hell am I supposed ta know, I don't watch these sappy things."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Brennan was in her office tipped back in her chair feet on her desk sound asleep, she never heard when the person crept in and made their way to the front of her desk. All she heard was a click. Her eyes shot open, she was just about to scream when she caught camel colored eyes smiling back at her.

"Damn ya caught me!" Poni sat down in the chair across from Bre's desk.

"What was that click I heard?" A mischievous grin covered Poni's face as she held up a ruler. "And what is that for?" She questioned her.

"Uhhhhhmm, would ya believe I was measuring somethin? Bre's eyebrow shot up at her.

"Nope, well...How about I was gonna scratch somethin?"

Then Bre noticed that Poni was looking at her legs crossed at her ankles and that her skirt had rose up on her thighs.

"Uhh huh sure ya were!" Bre swung her legs down off her desk as fast as she could, but by the look on Poni's face, it wasn't fast enough. "You are such a dog Poni! Where's Jack?"

"She's at the Commissary getting somethin for supper."

"And your here because?"

"She won't let me go with her cuz I run off with the cart and run people over and sneak all kinds of poggie bait in it when she's not looking?" She gave Bre a big toothy grin. "You and Ronnie still over at Lisa's?"

"Until they get all the windows fixed."

"Good cuz were cooking over there tonight, so if you're done we can get outta here."

They were just walking out of her office when the phone rang, Bre answered it and within two-seconds, she went pure white. Poni rushed to her side and helped her sit down in her chair.

"What's wrong, is it Ronnie?"

"No they found another body, this one's out near the rifle range. Can you take me out there after I call Ronnie?"

Ronnie answered her cell phone and was out the door without saying a word to John, kicking her Harley sideways; she skipped it across John's front yard throwing up grass as she jumped it over the curb and on to the road. She was 15 minutes away from the crime scene but only half that if she cut through the trees and got up on to Rt. 1 and hit the side roads. She got there at the same time Bre and Poni did. The MP's had the area all roped off with crime scene tape, the photographers were just walking away when they approached. Bre walked up to them and gave them instructions that she was to get the pictures before anyone else did.

"You two stay here, I'm gonna take a look." Ronnie told them as she walked past.

Bre leaned into Poni and whispered. "I hate when she plays the protector like that, makes me feel like I'm a little innocent kid, I can handle anything she can. I've seen lots of horrible stuff!"

Poni just looked at her as if she had gone nuts. "Come on Poni, I wanna see what's going on over there."

"Are ya sure about this?" She squeaked as she was dragged behind Bre. "I really don't think they need us over there!"

"Here and I thought you were this big bad Amazonian bitch Poni?"

"I am except when it comes ta dead gross things!"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ronnie was bent over the body of the young woman taking notes in her little black notebook. She scribbled continuously until she heard retching coming from behind her.

"Gods Bre!"

Poni was holding Bre around her waist and trying to get her away from the crime scene while trying not to toss her cookies right along with her. Ronnie finished up with her notes and then talked to the investigating officers before she went over to where Bre and Poni were both hunched over in the weeds.

"Cute guys." She leaned over their shoulders and looked at the ground. "Poni you still eating those nasty animal crackers?" She got a smack in the stomach for her try at lighting the moment. "Let's get outta here." She walked between the two pale faced cookie tossers holding them both up.

"Ya know Ronnie it's Bre's fault I got sick, I'm one of those sympathetic thrower uppers." Just before they got to their vehicles; Ashford pulled up and got out of his car, limping and holding his one arm close to his stomach. Ronnie couldn't help herself; she walked up to him and hit him in his shoulder.

"Come ta see the new handy work have ya?" She asked him. "You don't look so good, maybe you ought ta skip this one, go home get some rest?"

"Get the fuck out of my way!"

"Ya kiss your wife with that filthy mouth of yours?" Ashford pushed past her hitting his sore shoulder against her.

"Fuck you!"

"No thanks, you've got unwanted parts!" She joined Bre and Poni and continued to watch Ashford as he made his way over to the ambulance where they had just put the gurney in with the latest victim on it.

"Ron what's wrong?" Asked Bre.

"I don't know Ashford seems in kinda bad shape." She filed away the information to reevaluate later.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ashford looked at the crime scene and noticed that the cloths of the victim were folded in quarters and placed next to where the body had been. Everything was just like all the other murders, he swore under his breath then hobbled off to his car. Pulling his cell phone out, he made the call. "We have another one sir you have to do something I can't keep covering this stuff up."

"You will cover them up, because there will be no where you can hide that the FBI won't find you and make you pay for what you did in the past!"

Ashford's complexion was pale when he hung up the phone. He had made mistakes in the past but the biggest one was not getting here before that Dyke and her groupies. There was one thing he could do that would take care of them that would get them thrown off the case and save his life in the process; he would take care of that tonight if it killed him.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

When Ronnie and Bre came downstairs after taking their shower, they found Poni laying on the couch whining about how shaken up she was from seeing the dead body and that she needed Jack to take care of her. Ronnie busted up laughing, then in between snorts she told Jack that Poni had tossed her cookies because Bre had thrown up on her boots. Poni shot her an evil glare.

"Thanks Ronnie, you bitch!"

"No problem Pons."

Jack glared down at her wife. "You're cut off, ya hear me CUT OFF!"

Poni jumped up off the couch and chased after Jack pleading with her not to cut her off, that she was just kidding. "Please baby, don't cut me off, I'll do anything! I'll even wear that little black French maid's uniform!"

Jack gave Ronnie a high five as she passed her in the kitchen on her way out to check the steaks on the grill.

"Works every time!" She whispered.

"Wanna clue me in here Ron?"

"Oh, well everyone knows about Poni and her sympathetic way, so we set her up." She grinned at Bre.

"You are dangerous!" Bre whispered in her ear.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

When Ronnie got to her office, she found an envelope on her desk. Dumping it out, she found a plastic evidence bag with small lapel or tiepin in it of an Italian flag. She opened the file that came with it and found where it was logged in as evidence found at the crime scene. She knew that after reading the reports they got from Ashford that at all the others no such object was found. She knew that this was probably something that had been left out of all the other reports or taken before anyone knew about it. She had one more thing to check to confirm her suspicions. Picking up the phone, she called the coroners office and spoke with the coroner who had performed the autopsy that morning.

There were self-defense wounds on the victim's body along with tissues under her fingernails and a lot of blood on her hands that did not match hers. Ronnie was now convinced that Ashford was involved.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Brennan was at her desk signing off on vouchers when the Major walked in to her office carrying two manila folders in her hand.

"I found these on my desk this morning. One of them is the crime scene photos from last night." Bre reached for them to have the Major hold them back from her. "The other one I want copies made of certain pictures for my personal use."

Bre's eyebrows hid in her hairline. "Ma'am that sounds kinda gross."

"Not when ya see them it won't be, oh and it came with a letter that I am ignoring for personal reasons also."

Bre opened the said folder and was horrified at some of them. "Oh my Gods!" Her face turned ten shades of red. "You seen these, of course you did, that was a stupid question. Did the letter say who sent them?"

"No, the person just wanted me to know what kind of Marines I had in my Command, who ever it is needs to get a life."

Bre shuffled through the pictures of her and Ronnie making love and stopped suddenly. Turning the picture upside down, she looked up at the Major. "I didn't know you could do that!" Looking closer at the others, she started laughing. "Copies of these ones."

The Major grinned at her. "Ooohhh yeah, I have a personal use for these ones, paybacks are a bitch! I hope who ever took these enjoyed themselves."

@ @ @ @ @

On her way to Lisa's, Ronnie tried to figure out how she would get Ashford's blood type to compare to the autopsies. At Lisa's, she found Bre in the kitchen with her and Laura giggling over pictures.

"Wanna share the fun?" Bre wiped tears from her eyes as she handed a picture to her lover.

"What the hell, I didn't know ya could do that!" She turned the picture every which way. "I gotta tell Poni that it's against the law, for someone with legs like hers ta wear a French maid's uniform. Where'd these come from?"

"Someone sent them to your mom." Replied Bre.

"Ohh Gods, probably trying ta get them in trouble."

"Those aren't the only one's you buff thing you." Lisa informed her.

"I don't think I can handle seeing anymore of Poni's legs." Her eyes shot open at the pictures of her and Bre. "These are from last night!"

"Yep, who ever took them must be part monkey 'cuz they had to be up in one of the trees to get them."

Ronnie took all the pictures of them and stuffed them in the envelope, then in to her coat. "What are you doing?" Bre asked her. "I'm gonna put them somewhere safe."

"I was gonna put them in the family album." Bre snickered at the horrified look on her lovers face.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

John called a few days later he had gone over all the reports and compiled all the evidence together.

"Ronnie that pin that was found at the scene, I've seen one somewhere before but for the life of me I can't remember where! I'm gonna get on the web tonight and see if I can't track one down."

"Check with Govt. type stuff, ya know like Senators, Congressman, things like that, I have this feeling that it's connected somehow."

"Will do, anything else?"

"Do you have a scanner for your PC?"

"Yeah why?"

"I'll come over tomorrow and fill ya in." Ronnie hung up the phone, grinned until her boss yelled her name and told her to get her ass in his office. Groaning she got up and ignored the comments, she received from the guys in the office.

She left her bosses office with a look on her face that could plant half of the guys in her office six foot under. Before she could get two steps out of the office, she heard her boss tell her that it went no further than his office.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Jack booted up her PC and checked her e-mail and found one from some porno site with an attachment to it, the picture came up on the screen of her and Poni. Across the top was written. "Can ya teach us this position? Love ya, the Nation."

Her scream could pierce eardrums. Poni came running in to the room and just about fell over when she saw the picture. "Son of a bitch! Where the hell did that come from?" Poni asked her lover.

"Ronnie, but where and how is what I want ta know."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ronnie sat staring at the crime scene photos, she had just about given up when she saw the small pin under the victims fingers of her right hand that was lying over her left breast as if she was saying the pledge of allegiance.

Brennan was walking in her building in her PT gear when Ashford came up behind her.

"So Lt. Magdoon when's your Court Marshal?"

Bre spun around to face him. "What are you talking about?"

"Well, I figured after those pictures went to your CO that you would be up for a court marshal. Or haven't they told you yet?"

"You son of a bitch!" Bre went at him with all the pent up rage she had buried for years. She slammed him against the wall and pummeled his face and chest with her small fists. Ashford swung catching her in the side of her face slicing her cheek open with his ring. She wiped her cheek with her fingers and seen the blood covering them, a war cry tore from her chest, she dropped down sweeping his legs from under him, with the contact she heard a loud crack like a stick breaking. When he went down, she continued to kick him in his ribs. Hands grabbed her and pulled her off of him, she fought trying to break free. All she saw was red. The ringing in her ears from the punch kept her from hearing her lover's voice. Ronnie wrestled with her, dragging her down the hall to her Ma's office.

"Bre stop, it's me!" Bre collapsed in Ronnie's arms sobbing. They sat on the office floor until the Major came in.

"Ronnie what happened?" Brennan looked up at the Major with red-rimmed eyes.

"I lost it Mom. I don't know why it happened?" Tears slipped over and ran down her cheeks, burying her face in Ronnie's chest she started sobbing again.

"They took Ashford to the hospital, they think his one leg is broken, you'll love this part, when they cut his pant leg open they found a bullet wound that was infected, the Paramedic says it's over a week old. Sound familiar?"

"That night we were shot at, Bre fired my pistol at the person, there's only one way ta find out if it was him and that's if he has a knife wound in his shoulder, compliments of Jack." Ronnie's thoughts wandered for a minute. "I know it's him! The other day when I seen him he was carrying his arm all stiff!" Picking Bre up, she carried her out the door. "Ma call Poni, tell her ta meet me at Lisa's."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Please Bre just stay her with Lisa and Laura, we'll be back as soon as we find out something. Call me on my cell phone as soon as Jack gets home." Ronnie kissed her then went to find Poni.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Poni was on the phone in the kitchen trying to find Jack, she had a worried look on her face when Ronnie walked in. "I don't like this Ron she should have been here three hours ago! I called everywhere. Our truck is still in the parking lot at OCS, one of the guys seen her head towards the gym, I called there and they said she never showed up."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Jack woke to find herself in the dark with her hands tied behind her back and the rope attached to the ropes on her ankles. The back of her head was pounding along with the right side of her face. All she could remember was cutting through the trees to get to the gym, then nothing. She struggled with her bindings only to make them tighter and pull on the rope that was around her neck. Lights came on and blinded her for a minute until her eyes could adjust.

"You're awake Mommy, good now we can play just like we use to!"

Jack tried to talk but her throat was dry. She was dragged across the floor to a concrete sarcophagus; her binds were cut and retied to the handles after her cloths were removed. Now completely naked, she lay in front of the un-kept woman.

"I know you." Jack forced past her dry throat. "You DOR'd from the 13 series!" Putrid breath assaulted her.

"And it was your entire fault Mommy; I never was good enough at anything! She screamed. "And now you're going to pay for all those years you beat me and defiled me! Rough hands grabbed Jack's face jerking her to look into the crazed brown eyes of the former Candidate Callis.

"You keep coming back, no matter how many times I kill you! I killed you in Italy and you followed me here! This is the last time. I know what I have to do this time!"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ronnie and Poni tore down the back roads of base heading for the parking lot of OCS. Poni was screaming and slapping Ronnie on her back the whole way. Ronnie skidded to a stop at Jacks truck, Poni stumbled off of her Harley.

"Are you fucking nuts? You could have killed us, 120mph on those roads on the back of a Hog!"

"Chill Pons, you go check the office I'll go check the gym, and then we'll meet back here and go see Ashford."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Brennan was pacing in front of the TV, driving Lisa and Laura nuts.

"Bre will you sit down, they'll be all right and Jack will show up, she probably is over at the E club with some of the DI's having a beer."

"She would have called if she was gonna be late. Where's my car keys? I'm going to the hospital to see Ronnie."

"I don't think that's a good...OK, OK Lisa come on we'll take her over there then we'll all go look for Jack."

@ @

Jack was left alone. Callis went to get her preparations for her ritual. Jack continued to struggle with the ropes, she had the ones at her ankles loosened enough that she could slip her feet out of them, and now all she had to do was get the ones on her wrists done.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Poni hung on to Ronnie for dear life. She had given up on screaming because all it did was make Ronnie go faster. They pulled right up to the emergency doors blocking it completely. Heading to the Nurses desk Ronnie flipped her wallet open to show her badge. "Ashford's room where is it?"

"Visiting hours are over you have to...."

"I don't give a dam! His room NOW!"

"314, he's in 314"

On the way up Ronnie ducked into one of the open storage rooms and stuffed items in her pocket.

"What are you doing? Let's go Ron!"

"Ready, come on!" Ronnie grabbed a jug of blue stuff as they ran past a cleaning cart, taking the stairs two at a time they busted through the door to run down the halls looking for 314. Poni slid past Ronnie when she went in to 314. Ashford was laying in a bed with his broken leg in traction. His eyes grew wide when he saw them come in, he reached for the buzzer to call a nurse but had it ripped from his hands.

"Get out before I yell for a nurse!"

"Ooohh you don't want ta do that, cuz you see we're just here ta have a nice little chat." Ronnie sat down on the edge near his broken leg, leaning on it enough to cause him to gasp.

"I'm not telling you anything!"

Poni's face was red with rage. "Let me have a chat with this asshole!"

"You see Ashford we're on to your little game. I'll make a deal with you, you tell us who's killing these women and maybe she'll let you live!" She pointed to Poni

"Fuck you!"

Poni hand me that jug, tough guy here wants ta play!" Ashford's eyes bulged at the jug; his panic grew when Ronnie pulled a 20cc syringe out of her pocket and filled it up with the blue all-purpose cleaner.

"Here ya go Poni since it's your wife that's missing I'll let you do the honors." She held out the plastic IV lines to Poni. "Now, tell us or ya get ta turn this pretty blue color in lets see." She reached over and turned the drip on his IV so that it dripped faster. "Really, really fast!" Ashford tried to move up in his bed to get away from Poni.

"I told you..."

"Do it Poni!"

Poni pushed the needle into the IV line. "Shit! OK, OK the Aquia Harbor Cemetery, the old tomb, check there!" Poni handed the syringe to Ronnie who just looked at it, then jammed it into the IV and pushed the plunger home.

"What are you doing?" Ashford screamed!

"I never said I wouldn't kill you, I said Poni wouldn't. Later!"

They left his room with him screaming for a nurse. "Ronnie, I can't believe you did that! He's gonna tell them you did it and then your gonna go ta jail!"

Ronnie just laughed as they ran down the hall. "Only if you go ta jail for turning piss green. I had his catheter tube in my hand!"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Bre, Lisa and Laura ran up to the emergency doors just as Ronnie and Poni were coming out. Bre jumped into her lovers arms.

"Did you find Jack?"

"No, but I think she's been taken by that Psycho, Go to Ma, tell her and have the Police meet us

at the Aquia harbor Cemetery on RT1." They turned when they heard yelling and saw the hospital security guards coming towards them.

"Ronnie?"

"Go now before they get here!"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Callis was standing naked at the foot of the sarcophagus, her shoulder length blond hair as wild as her brown eyes. In her hands was a Marine Corps Officers dress sword. "I sharpened this all by myself, You, see Mommy I killed you all the other times by ramming a broom handle inside you, basically fucking you to death. But for some reason, I think you enjoyed it as much as when you use to do it to me, and that's why you keep coming back! But this time I'm gonna cut you in to tiny little itty bitty pieces!"

"I'm not your mother you insane bitch!"

"Yes you are, you gave birth to me and you made me what I am today! Aren't you proud? I'm just like you Mommy!"

Callis stepped closer to Jack with the sword raised over her head. Before she could bring it down Jack kicked out with one of her feet sending Callis back against the wall. "You bitch!" Callis got up and grabbed Jack's ankles, holding them down, she tightened the ropes. "I'm not gonna be nice anymore Mommy, I'm gonna kill you slowly now!" Jack started yelling at the top of her lungs hoping that someone would hear her.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Ronnie was breaking the sound barrier weaving in and out of cars the whole way down RT1, at one point she went off the side of the road to pass slower cars. All Poni could do was pray they didn't die before they got to the cemetery.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Callis took the sword and made a cut across Jack's left breast, blood ran down across her ribs to puddle beneath her. "All the other times Mommy, you screamed when I fucked you and you know what? The louder you screamed the wetter I got! With your last breath I would have one hell of a climax. But now, I don't feel anything, why?" She screamed.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Brennan was in-between her friends flying behind the police and MP cars towards the cemetery. The Major had stopped off at the base quarters to pick up John.

"Major I tried calling Ronnie, that pin she has is a Diplomats tie pin, they all wear them to

signify which country they represent. And if that belongs to a diplomat there's not a damn thing we can do to them!"

Ronnie slid her bike sideways launching both of them off, stumbling they ran towards the back of the cemetery jumping over tombstones as they went.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Callis cut the other side of Jack's breast and watched her blood run, dozens of cuts covered Jack's body. Her face was ashen from blood loss. She didn't know how much longer she could hold on. The last thought she had before everything went black was of her wife Poni.

Callis screamed horribly, raising the sword above her head, she was bringing it down at Jack's neck when she was slammed into the wall of the tomb. The sword slipped from her fingers. Ronnie picked her up by her throat and slammed her fist into her face knocking her out. Poni cut the ropes from Jack's wrists and ankles, grabbing her clothes she covered her up. In the distance they could hear the sirens coming and knew that everything was over. Poni picked up the sword, noticing that it was covered with blood. She started to walk towards Callis when Ronnie stopped her.

"Poni no, we stopped her, let the Police handle it from here."

"But look what she did...she was gonna kill Jack!"

All they heard was a blood-curdling scream and then Ronnie was on top of Poni on the ground, Callis was lying across Ronnie's back laughing.

"It's over, you win Mommy!" Her brown eyes clouded over, blood ran from her mouth then she dropped her head on Ronnie's back.

Bre ran into the tomb to find them that way. "Ronnie! All my Gods!!"

"I'm all right just get her off me."

The coroner took Callis' body away and Poni went with Jack in the Ambulance to the hospital. John told Ronnie and Bre about the information he found out on the pin. They were just leaving when the Major's cell phone rang.

"It seems that Ashford had the green piss scared out of him." Ronnie grinned at everyone. "He gave up the story of how he came to be the cover up guy for all the murders and get this. Callis is the daughter of the Italian Diplomat over at the Embassy. They came here because of her little problem over there in Europe. Ashford was part of the FBI detail over there investigating the crimes when he sort of got caught buying narcotics from an undercover Narcotics Officer. Who just happens to be related to Diplomat Callis. So, Ashford works out a deal that he will keep the investigation from getting his daughter if they forget that he was buying drugs. Now case closed"

"He really fucked up when he took pot shots at us that night, not to mention pissing off my little

woman."

"I think this calls for a celebration." Bre looked up in to crystal blue eyes.

"And Ronnie's buying!"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Weeks later Jack was fully recovered from her injuries, she, Poni and the rest of the gang including Mom and her lover were at Ronnie and Bre's to attend their joining. They all stood in their dress blues in the traditional two ranks as Ronnie and Bre came down the center of them. Every one of them smacked Bre on the ass with their sword bringing squeals from her. Once at the end they jumped on Ronnie's Hog and rode off in to the sunset.

The end

Semper Fi

By Larisa

Hecate3366@frontiernet.net

[The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive](#)
