

~ Savage Winds ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: I know who they'll remind ya of. But they're all mine! Here's the jargon.

Violence/sex between two women/and everything else that's normally in my stories. So if you're not 18, go the Hell away until ya are!

Any complaints send them ta Hecate3366@frontiernet.net. Thanks to Lesia and Ri for proof reading my warped meanderings, I couldn't do this with out ya!

Savage Winds

By Larisa

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Dust swirled up around the hooves of the exhausted mule, his legs wobbled with the effort to pull the loaded down wagon behind him. His pulling partner had died the month before from the harsh elements they had no protection from. Mirages played across the area in front of the small caravan of wagons, fewer now than when they had started out from the Far East nine months ago. 20 families had the hopes of making a new start in the West, dreams of homesteads in the wild country, of being free from the city. Now their biggest fear was the harsh life that was before them. They were soft city people when they started, now they had witnessed death from all sorts of ailments including slow starvation and dehydration. At each small homesteading, they lost more friends who "just couldn't go on". So now that they were at the top part of Kentucky only five families were left and they knew they wouldn't make it all the way to their destination.

The lead wagon came to a sudden halt when the lone mule buckled and fell with a groan; his lathered sides heaved once then grew still. An older man dressed in ragged clothes and sweat stained felt hat dropped down from the wagon seat. Kneeling beside the dead mule, he wiped the sweat and grit from his brow, tears of frustration coursed down his cheeks leaving trails through the encrusted dirt. It had been his idea to bring his family West to make a better life like so many others had and now they would never make it. He went back to his small family who waited patiently for him; he could see the exhaustion on their gaunt faces. There was nothing he could do but ask the other families if they could split up between the wagons to complete their journey.

His wife five years younger than his own 50 years gazed down at him, her green eyes bloodshot from the long hours of blowing dirt and the bright sunlight. He gave her a small smile, and then looked to his daughters hoping that they didn't see his fear.

"I'll see if the others will help us, maybe we can still make it if we split up between the wagons and only take the stuff that we'll need." He watched as tears formed in the women's eyes, they would have to leave all of their treasured possessions behind.

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Rebecca walked beside the last wagon of one of the other families; the Radclyfes had five small

children so there was no place for her to ride in the wagon except to hang off the back. Her few possessions were carried in an old canvas bag that was strapped across her chest. Her feet were killing her, dirt and stones came through the holes in the bottom of her worn out boots. Brushing her long blonde hair off her face she looked to the horizon, squinting her eyes to see better she noticed movement up ahead. She stopped to let the wagon go past. She never had the time to warn the others before the riders came tearing across the field towards them. Screams permeated the still air as the Indian braves galloped their pony's right towards them. The men from the wagons took up their rifles and fired taking down very few braves before their arrows knocked them from where they stood. Woman and children screamed as they tried to hide in the wagons, mules fought against their harnesses when the Indians circled them. In this barren land mule meat was a precious thing to a starving Indian brave and his tribe.

Rebecca ran for the wagon that held her mother and sister, she dodged the arrows and horses of the braves. Before she could reach the wagon, she felt a sharp burning feeling come through her back and out her chest. She fell to her knees, shocked to see blood staining her light green dress. Touching the arrow that stuck from her body, she looked up to see the terrified look on her mothers face. She reached out her hand towards her for help, as she staggered to her feet she felt an explosion slam into her side knocking her to the ground. She fell to her back and lay watching the swirling of dust as her vision faded to black.

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Smoke rose from the open field to the West in great gray plumes, the smell of wood and flesh wafted on the air as the dark rider on a raven black El Paso Fino galloped closer. Burning wagons sat like torches for the dead that lay naked upon the hard earth with what little possessions that had not been burned or taken. Buckskin boots kicked up dust with each step as she looked at the hoof marks on the ground; pale blue eyes searched the surrounding area for those responsible for the deaths of these people. Her long black hair whipping around her face from the wind caused by the fires. A body lay at a distance away from her with an arrow sticking from his chest; she looked closer at the feathers on the shaft. Pulling it free from the body, she stuck it in her own quiver. Checking each body that lay on the ground as she was about to leave she noticed one laying under part of a tarp that had come off a wagon. She kicked it up with her foot and was about to leave when she saw the movement of the bruised back. Leaning down she rolled the small body over and pushed the tangled blonde hair off of a dirt-covered cheek. She could feel the warm breath touching her fingers where she held them beneath a small nose. She whistled for her horse and then looked for something to wrap the small woman in. All she found were bits and pieces of scorched clothes and blankets. She walked up to her horse, stripped the buffalo robe off her Spanish saddle, and used it to wrap the woman in.

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A fire burned next to a small stream in the lower part of the State of Ohio. Silver eyes roasted a rabbit over the fire, she watched as the flames licked at the dripping fat, trading glances between her supper and the small bundle sleeping on the other side. She had cleaned up the woman as best she could and dressed her wounds. The arrow that had come through her back didn't hit any

vitals areas but it would be very sore. Using herbs from her supplies, she made a poultice for the area that she had sewn with sinew. It would keep it from getting infected and keep the swelling down as well. The blonde hadn't stirred yet and Silver eyes were worried that she may never wake up. It wouldn't be the first time that she found someone and had them die hours later. She hoped this time was different, something about the blonde made her want to do all she could to save her.

She pulled the meat from the fire and sat it upon a burlap bag to cool; she looked over to where the blonde lay on the buffalo robe. She saw her eyes start to flutter, moving slowly she leaned over her and touched her cheek. Lightning struck her heart when she saw sea green eyes look up at her.

Rebecca couldn't move or speak a syllable; the most beautiful blue eyes she had ever seen looked down at her from below finely arched black brows. Her heart thumped in her chest, not from fright but from recognition. She knew these eyes but she did not know from where.

Silver pulled a water bladder over, pouring some in her hand to moisten the dry lips of the woman. Lifting her head she offered her more water from her cupped hand. Soft fingers wrapped around her wrist pulling her hand closer, the woman drank greedily.

Her voice rough from not speaking for a long time Silver told her in her native tongue "to take it easy." Rebecca gave her a confused look; she didn't understand what she had said but the timber of her voice soothed her. Silver had to think of the English words that she hadn't used except for the brief contact she had with white traders.

"Can you sit up?" She asked with a slight accent.

"Maybe if you help me." Rebecca looked around the small camp searching with bloodshot eyes. "Where am I and where are the others?"

Silver leaned her up against her saddle and recovered her with the buffalo robe; Rebecca gasped when she realized that she was laying in front of a total stranger totally naked.

"Where's my clothes?" She asked as she pulled the robe up under her chin. She hissed from the pain that shoot through her body from all of her injuries. Tears welled in her eyes when she remembered what had happened before she blacked out.

"They're all dead aren't they? Those savages killed everybody!" She tried to pull away when she realized that the woman in front of her was an Indian. She stared into the crystal blue eyes; the connection arced between them. She knew deep in her heart that this women wasn't dangerous to her.

"I'm sorry; you were the only one that survived the attack. I looked for others but it was to late."

Rebecca broke down into sobs; she covered her face with her hands as her body shook. Her minded reeled with the thought of being all alone in a strange place with nowhere to go.

Silver didn't know what to do; she had never comforted anyone before. She placed her large tanned hand on the smaller woman's shoulder and was shocked when she fell into her arms and wept. She felt her tears soaking into her buckskin shirt and a small hand clasping the fringe that hung on the front yolk. Unknowingly she started to hum an old tribal song into the small ear by her lips and felt the smaller form start to relax into a deep sleep. Her supper forgotten she sat and held the sleeping woman until she fell asleep to dream of green eyes.

Rebecca woke to find her head rested upon a buckskin covered shoulder, the fringe tickling her nose. Her fingers wrapped around the same fringe and tucked beneath her chin. Raising her eyes up, she caught the high tanned cheekbones of her human pillow. The raven black hair hung in a small braid from behind her small right ear; wisps of hair blew slightly around her brow with the morning breeze. Rebecca reached up her small hand to brush the black hair off her cheek and jumped when crystal blue eyes opened. White teeth showed behind a crooked grin, Rebecca couldn't help but grin back at her.

"Mornin, sorry I used you as a pillow."

"S'kay, better than using a boulder, hungry?" Silver asked as she moved out from under her.

"A little, I feel so stupid." She cleared her throat of its roughness. "My name's Rebecca Montgomery, I'm from Boston and my family and I were coming west to live." Tears welled in her green eyes when she tried to continue.

"It's okay, you're safe now." Silver pulled her back into her arms and rocked her. Resting her head on top of a golden crown, she wrapped her arms around the warm body. A feeling to protect and completeness surrounded her heart. She pulled back a little to smile down into the red-rimmed eyes.

"I'll take you to the nearest town as soon as you're strong enough, you can send a cable to Boston if you want. Now sit here and I'll make some chicory."

They sat in comfortable silence drinking the strong brew of chicory that Silver had made. She reached in to a leather bag and pulled out jerked venison and pemmican cakes. She handed Rebecca half of what she had and grinned at the strange look on her face.

"I have rabbit from last night if you want that?"

"No, this is fine; it's...just what is this?" She held out the small greasy cake.

"Its pemmican, meat and berries made with buffalo fat. Try it."

Rebecca raised a dark brow at her as she bit into the cake; she chewed and swallowed without a word.

"Okay so it wasn't as bad as I thought it was gonna be, I'm not use to eating anything but what

we could scrounge around for and that wasn't much."

Silver saw her eyeing the rest of what she had in her hand, she could tell by Rebecca's thin body that she had not eaten very good on there way West. She handed her the rest of her food and gave her the rabbit to. She knew that she could kill something for them later; there were plenty of deer and other animals roaming in the area.

She pulled a spare pair of buckskins from her saddlebags and handed them to Rebecca. "Why don't you clean up at the stream and put those on and I'll see if I can find some moccasins for you."

Rebecca walked slowly to the edge of the stream; she looked over her shoulder to see where Silver was. She never changed clothes in front of anyone let alone walked around naked. She dropped the robe and walked out into the water, the coldness sent chills up her back making her skin rise in Goosebumps. Her whole body ached from when the horse ran her over, she knew she was lucky to have survived and knew if Silver hadn't found her she would have died with the rest of them. Her breath hitched in her chest as she thought of her family. They were all gone; she had no other family except for an Aunt and Uncle in Boston. Tears flowed down her face when she thought of having to tell them what happened.

Silver watched from where she stood next to her Mare, she didn't know what she was going to do with Rebecca but she knew that she couldn't drop her off at the next town and ride off.

Dropping her buckskins on the ground, she walked towards the stream with a rag and soap in her hand. Putting them on a flat rock at the edge, she walked out far enough so that she could dive under. Rebecca jumped when she heard the splash behind her. Turning her head, she looked for what had made the noise. A small yelp burst from her lips when a dark head came up in front of her. Silvers dark hair was slicked back against her head, her silvery blue eyes shown with a brilliance that made Rebecca's heart stop beating. The woman was beautiful beyond any words that could be written; her tanned skin glistened with the water running down her high cheekbones. As she came closer, Rebecca saw the wide muscular shoulders down to firm breasts. Her eyes stopped at four long white scars across her left breast. Silver was use to the way strangers looked at her, and the scars were a reminder that she had survived something many wouldn't have.

"Big cougar, I have his pelt in my tent." She cast Rebecca a grin as she walked over to get the rag and soap. After lathering her hair she handed the soap over to the still shocked woman. "Better hurry, your lips are turning blue."

A bright red blush clashed with the bluish tint of her lips. "Ahh yeah, you're right it's kinda cold." But feels good on my fevered lower extremities. She wanted to add to the end. Lord have mercy but what she does to me, this has never happened before. She thought as she hurriedly washed her hair with the lavender scented soap. I've been around lots of women and none of them have caused me to get excited.

Silver was grinning like a maniac; she had turned her back to give Rebecca some privacy. Obvious that she had never been naked around anyone before, where with the tribe it was a different story. It was nothing to see children running around naked or for the squaws to go topless because it was easier to breast-feed the young ones. When she was finished, she walked out of the stream to let the sun and breeze dry her skin. Still naked she waited for Rebecca to come out of the water; she had a thin towel in her hand that she could use to dry off with.

"You are very beautiful when you blush like that." Silver told her as she handed her the towel then went to dress in her buckskins.

Rebecca was flattered; no one had ever said that she was beautiful. Her father told her that she was pretty in a plain way, if that didn't make her feel like the county school marm nothing did. Men always said she was handsome or child like even, but they only wanted one thing, a wife to cook and clean and take care of the half dozen children that they thought every woman should have.

She pulled on the soft buckskin clothes, but there was one problem. She couldn't do anything with her one hand because if she let go of the waistband her pants would fall around her ankles.

"Uuhhmm...excuse me." She stumbled up to where Silver was tacking up her mare. "I never caught your name." She looked up at the strong jaw of the mysterious Indian.

"It's Silver eyes but you can call me Silver." She couldn't help but chuckle at the site before her. Her buckskins were huge on the five foot five frame of her friend. Therefore, she knew that the waist would be a little too big on her. Pulling off her knife belt she fastened it around Rebecca's waist then rolled up the sleeves and pant legs.

"Better? If you're ready I'll take you to town."

For some reason unknown to Rebecca, she didn't really want to go to town but she knew that she needed to send a cable to her relatives.

"I'm ready; I don't have any possessions left to worry about." A few tears came to her eyes when she thought about all she had lost. She started to sob when Silver handed her the bag she had been carrying since they had left Boston. She pulled her leather journal out and ran her fingers across it.

"Thank you, I thought it was gone forever. How did you know it was mine?"

Silver blushed when she thought of the scent of the small woman she picked up from the bag. So instead she told her that it was laying next to her on the ground. Rebecca wrapped her in a quick hug and thanked her again with a bright smile.

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They trotted into town on Silver's high stepping mare, her coat so shiny and clean that blue highlights shown from her. Silver had gotten her from a Spanish Nobleman when she had rescued his small son from a ragging river. Her name was Corneja in Spanish or Crow; Silver just called her momma. Because she had foaled many champions. Many of the town's people stared as they made their way towards the mercantile where the cable office was. Rebecca had seen many towns but this was the first one where the people seemed so rude. She found out why the minute Silver stopped outside of the mercantile. Rebecca wanted her to come in with her but she told her that she was not allowed because she was a half-breed. Silver could go in and intimidate the storeowner but her mother would hear about it and give her a piece of her mind when she got back to the tribe.

She handed Rebecca some pennies for the cable and told her that she would wait for her. Rebecca thought it was stupid that Silver was not allowed in the mercantile. What did they think she was going to do take scalps? After she sent the cable telling her Aunt and Uncle about what happened. The man told her that they would receive the cable within the week if the savages did not cut down the lines. When she came out Silver was still standing out front giving stares to those who stared at her. Rebecca touched her on her upper arm and found her hand in a vise like grip. Silver let go as soon as she realized who it was who had touched her.

"Sorry, this place makes me feel jumpy. These people would like nothing better than to throw me in jail and blame me for everything that has ever happened since they took over my people's land and threw us to the side." She looked across the street to where the boarding house was.

"Do you want to stay here in town?"

Rebecca took a deep breath and let it whistle through her parted lips.

"I have no choice; I may be getting a response from my Aunt and Uncle from Boston. I must stay at least until the end of the week. But I can't afford the boarding house, I don't have any money."

Silver handed her a small leather bag from her hip; she looked inside to see silver and gold coins. "I can't take this! There's a small fortune in here." She whispered. "Where are you gonna stay?"

"Yes you can, I have more. I'll be outside of town in a small copse of trees to the West. I am not welcome here but to pass through."

"I don't understand that, it's not right!"

"It may not be right but it's the white man's law and even though I am half-white I have no rights here. Now go inside and get a room."

"But Silver, I don't want to stay here alone. I feel safe with you, please stay in the boarding house with me. I'll sneak you in."

Silver looked down into pleading green eyes and knew that she could refuse her nothing. "I will come at dark and find you, go and get your room and stay in your room." She handed Rebecca

the knife from her boot. "Take this and don't answer your door, there's too many horny men around here and your a young women who's alone."

"But how are you gonna find me and get in?"

"Don't worry about that I have many skills. Now go before the rooms are gone and you end up sleeping with the horses."

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Rebecca had taken a bath in the tub that she had ordered up to her room along with extra hot water for when Silver showed up, that is if she did. For some reason she knew that her word was good as gold. Which made her think of the bargaining she did with the boarding house owner, she got the room at a weekly cost of three dollars, the normal rate for a week was five dollars and that wasn't including water for baths. Rebecca told the old man that the room he was giving her was puny and faced the stables and reeked of horses and the smoke coming from the smithy shed. After haggling he finally gave in to the little spitfire blonde with the sea green eyes that challenged him like no other.

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Silver stood in the alleyway across from the boarding house until darkness came. She watched the windows in the front and then went around to the side to look. It was a feeling she got when she stood under the third window, she knew that's where Rebecca was. Taking her whip, she wrapped the end around the small balcony railing outside of her window. She pulled herself up onto the rail and stepped over. Peeking around the corner, she found Rebecca sitting at a small table writing in her journal with a quill. The inkpot at her elbow was moved with long fingers that reached up to stroke the nape of neck. Rebecca jumped and reached for the inkpot that was no longer there.

"Gods! I hate when you sneak around, you're like a damn ghost!" She blushed when she realized what she had said. "I'm sorry Silver, you scared the hell outta me." She sat back down and ran her fingers across her face; she yawned and blinked her tired eyes as she looked up at Silver.

"I got you some hot water for a bath, it may still be warm and I saved you some supper."

"Thank you, you didn't have to do that."

"Hey, it was your money that got all this stuff so don't be thanking me. I should be thanking you instead."

"OK, I won't argue with you 'cuz I know I won't win. You know many more words than I do."

Rebecca slapped her in her arm and pointed to the tub and buckets of water. She watched as Silver dropped her buckskins to the floor and crawled in to the tub filled with warm water. She dunked her head and began washing her long dark hair. Rebecca was held captive as she watched

the long fingers work the lather through her locks. She was off in space when she heard the water splashing back in to the tub. Silver was trying to use her hands to rinse the soap out of her hair. Rebecca got up and grabbed the pitcher off the bedside table. Filling it from one of the buckets she poured it over Silver's head.

"Thanks Becca, I would have been scratchin like a dog with fleas in the morning."

She acknowledged the shortening of her name but didn't say anything; she kind of liked it coming from the deep voice of Silver. "No problem let me wash your back so you can get done before your sittin in ice water."

Silver thought that ice water would be an ideal thing right about now, she could feel Becca's fingers working the excess water out of her hair, her short nails running across her scalp. Then her strong fingers working the washrag across her tight shoulders. She groaned with pleasure as her muscles loosened, she was in the happy hunting grounds. Her eyes had drifted closed; she was falling asleep right in the tub when she felt the washrag drop on her face.

"You better get outta there before ya slip down in there and drown." Becca stood up and went over to the bed; slipping out of the buckskins she crawled between the sheet, blanket, and rolled over on to her side. Listening to Silver move around the small room she waited for her to get in the bed. When everything went quiet, she turned back over and saw her lying on the floor beside the bed.

"What are you doing?"

"Sleeping."

"Not down there you're not, get up here there's more than enough room and I won't take no for an answer."

Silver hid a grin from Becca as she climbed up onto the bed, she had never been around anyone who wasn't intimidated by her and here was this little shrimp of a woman bossing her around. She laid as close to the edge of the bed as she could without falling off onto the floor. She was just getting comfortable when she felt an arm wrap around her waist and pull her back into a warm body. A sleepy voice near her ear told her to stay away from the edge or she'd fall off. Shivers went through her body when the warm breath caressed her ear. Becca thinking she was cold spooned tighter against her back with her warm body.

"Night Silver."

"Night Becca." I hope you're able to sleep because I won't be able to. She thought to herself as her body reacted to the warm soft skin pressed against her back. But her exhaustion won out and she slipped in to the dream world listening to the deep even breathing of a little blonde bully.

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Becca woke to a heaviness across her chest and thighs she tried to roll over but was held down to the feather mattress. Peeking from beneath one eyelid she saw what had her pinned, a very long tanned muscular arm and leg. Turning her head to the side, she came nose to nose with Silver who had stolen half of her pillow in the middle of the night. Her eyes were crossed trying to look at Silver. Silver felt someone looking at her; she never thought that the eyes watching her would be so close when she opened her own eyes. They each moved at the same time to try and cover their eyes with their hands and ended up hitting each other in the nose. Foreheads hit, and then Silver put an end to their abuse by putting her hand on the side of Becca's head.

"Stop squimin before we end up with brain damage."

"I think that all ready happened, oohh my nose!"

Silver pulled Becca's hand away to look at her nose, when she saw the red mark across the bridge she leaned up and placed a kiss on it.

"All better, now let me move first before ya start jumpin around again." Becca couldn't move if the bed had been on fire, Silver had kissed her, sure, it was all innocent but she had still kissed her. A big grin broke out across her face showing even white teeth. Silver raised her left eyebrow at her with a questioning look on her face.

"What?" Silver asked her grinning friend.

"Huh? Uhhmm...you kissed me?"

"So?"

"Well, it's just that...it was nice."

"Good, no go back to sleep." She rolled over onto her side and pulled the blankets up to her chin. "I'm not gettin up till noon; it's been months since I've slept in a real bed." She couldn't believe how one little harmless kiss could effect Becca like it did, what would happen if she had really kissed her like she would loved to had done.

Becca was still grinning as she touched the bridge of her nose; she thought to herself that she had wished that Silver's aim had been off and kissed her lips instead. She knew she would have passed out if that had happened. She rolled over and spooned against Silvers back, her breasts pressing into her strong back. She sighed and fell back to sleep.

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A constant pounding invaded their dreams; one envisioned war drums the other the thumping of wagon wheels. The voice brought them out of a nice long sleep.

"Miss Montgomery, your breakfast!" The young boy kept yelling while he kicked the bottom of the door.

"Shit!" She lowered her voice to a whisper. "Silver hide!"

Blue eyes rolled, she gave her a look of "Like where?" She stood behind the door and hoped that the boy wouldn't come in and find her. She didn't relish the idea of being dragged through town to the jail naked. Becca wrapped in the blanket cracked the door wide enough to pull the tray in, she thanked the young boy and handed him a penny. Sighing with relief, she placed the tray on the small table and put the one from the night before in the hallway.

"Silver hide!" The tall woman said to Becca then held her arms out in the tiny little room. "Where Shrimp? Under the bed?" Becca came nose to chest with her and tried to glare at her but broke out in a chuckle.

"That was the first thing that came to mind." She jabbed her in the chest with a finger. "What would you have done opened the door in all your glory?"

"Maybe, could have been interesting ta see the boys eyes bulge like yours do." She teased.

They finished their breakfast and put the tray in the hallway to be picked up, Silver needed to check on her mare and Becca wanted to go by the cable office and maybe pick up some things that she needed. The first thing they had to do was get Silver out of the boarding house undetected.

"Silver, how are you gonna get out of here?"

"Your gonna watch the hallway and I'm gonna jump out a window."

"What!?! Your gonna jump out the window, probably break a leg or something then when the sheriff comes he'll stretch your neck to!" She brought her index finger up across her chin and nose and began to pace the small room. "Okay, I think I got it." Without a word, she ran from the room leaving Silver standing there bewildered.

Minutes later, she came panting back in the room with a black Stetson in her hands and a grin on her face.

"Come here." She stood on a chair in front of Silver, twisting her long dark hair up she held it on top of her head then pulled the hat over it and down low over Silvers eyes. Standing back from her, she nodded her head.

"I think that'll work." She adjusted the hat a little more until she was satisfied with her accomplishment. "Now ya look like any other man running around this place."

"And what if some one questions why I'm coming outta your room?"

"Don't worry I'll think of something if that happens. Come on lets get outta here."

They made it out the door without event then parted ways until they would meet later for supper. Silver took the Stetson off and let it hang off her back by the leather strap she had put on it then collected her mare from the field where she was eating the tall grass. She knew that she had to see the smithy to have her front foot re-shod, her shoe had come loose on the way to town and she didn't want to take a chance on the shoe coming off or breaking the weak wall of the hoof. She walked her back into town to the Smithy's shop, after speaking with him for a few minutes she pulled a special shoe from her saddlebags. The Smithy looked at the extra thick shoe with the bars crossing in the middle to show and X.

"Bad hoof on her aye? Weak walls, pity on such a beautiful horse." He pulled the mentioned foot up to examine the thin walls of her hoof. "Problem is these blonde hooves, always weak fer some reason but I'll get her fixed up fer ya. Be about an hour, gots some wagon hounds and axles ta fix." Silver thanked him then went to find Becca, she had just rounded the corner and smacked right into her, she quickly grabbed her arm before she ended up sprawled on the wooden walkway.

"Kay Shrimp?"

"Yeah, I don't think I broke anything." Her arm was tingling where Silvers strong fingers still held onto her. "Come here a minute." She pulled her around the side of the building, searched for any onlookers and pulled Silvers hat back on her head. Silver gave her a questioning look.

"We're going ta the diner down the way and gettin somethin ta eat. And don't argue." She planted her hands on her hips and gave her one of her own looks. "'Cuz you yourself said ya won't win."

They pulled their scam off with out a hitch; it was when they got back to the boarding house that they were stopped going up the stairs by the owner.

"Miss Montgomery, this is not a brothel."

Becca's temper flared at what he was insinuating of her. Taking a deep breath, she went over to the stupid man.

"Let me correct your very mistaken little mind!" Her eyes shot flames at him trying to burn him where he stood. "I am MRS. Montgomery and that just happens to be my husband standing over there and you are very lucky that I am talking to you instead of him because he would pummel you so hard that your future relatives would have bruises! Now if you will excuse us, me and my HUSBAND are going up stairs and we don't want to be disturbed!" She stomped off back to where Silver was trying not to bust out laughing. Becca grabbed her hand and made sure that the owner heard every word she said as they made their way up the steps.

"When I'm done with you they'll have ta get a carpenter over here ta put the roof back on!"

Silver lost control as soon as they closed the door; she fell on the bed laughing so hard that tears were streaming down her face. She was making snorting noises with each breath she tried to take.

"What is so damn funny? He called me a...I don't even want to think of what he called me!" She kept pacing the room huffing, puffing and mumbling under her breath.

"Shrimp come here and sit down." She pulled her over to the edge of the bed and ran her hands up and down her back trying to calm her down.

"At least I don't have ta crawl through the window at night."

"OK, I just got so mad when he insinuated that I was a you know...a call girl."

"Listen, these people are all idiots and don't know their asses from a hole in the ground." She gave her a small hug and kissed her temple. "Don't worry about what they think, we'll be outta here in a few days and they won't even remember you after you walk out the front door." She stood up and went over to the door leaving Becca sitting on the bed looking at the floor. "I have ta go check on Momma at the Smithy I'll be back in a little while."

Silver chuckled to herself on the way to the Smithy; things were certainly getting interesting with the Shrimp. She had managed to give her a sex change and freedom of bigotry with one word. "Wonder if she'll give me husbandly rights?" She whispered to herself as she rounded the corner of the building. "After all that's part of the marriage."

Becca was still sitting on the bed; she ran her fingers against her temple where Silver had kissed her. "Damn she has terrible aim! But why would she want to kiss me anyway? She's a beautiful woman who probably has a brave waiting for her in the village. Probably has a couple little ones running around to." She fell backwards on the bed; her arms stretched out over her head she stretched her back and heard it pop half a dozen times. "Ahh better than sex! What the hell am I talking about the closest I ever got ta having sex was when my little pony bucked and I landed on the saddle horn!" She lay on the bed fantasizing about a tall dark blue-eyed woman.

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Days went by with Becca and Silver playing spouses, they were never questioned although Silver still wore the same buckskins as before. It just showed that all the people looked at was above the neck. Which she was very glad for, she enjoyed being with Silver and felt safe walking at her side. She still had not heard from her relatives and figured that they really didn't care since they had been rather upset with her father when he told them that they were going to travel to the West and settle down. Her Uncle John had just about blown the roof off the house with his temper. She would wait until the next day. If still no reply then she would see if Silver would let her travel with her because she didn't want to stay in this town and knew that if she did. Silver would leave to return to her previous life and she couldn't let her go. Her feelings had grown and

deepened for the tall woman more than she had ever thought possible. She drifted off to sleep still thinking about what she would do about the love she felt for Silver.

Silver had stopped at the diner and picked up supper and a blackberry pie for a late night snack. Becca's growling stomach could wake the dead if she didn't eat something before she went to sleep. When she opened the door, she found Becca stretched out taking up the whole bed. She had the sweetest smile on her face as she slept so innocent and pure one of the many things that she loved about her. She had come to the terms with her feelings when they spent time away from each other, she felt that she had left part of herself somewhere for a short period of time that lasted until she gazed into green eyes and was complete again. Setting the food on the table, she striped down to just a breach cloth, which was her usual attire at night. She had just sat down to eat when she heard a sniffing noise coming from the bed.

"Your nose never ceases to amaze me Shrimp. I brought supper for us."

"I smell roast beef, potatoes, carrots and blackberry pie!"

"How the hell can ya smell the pie?"

"Oh I can't but I see it." She chuckled as she watched Silver shake her head.

After eating and taking their nightly baths they crawled into bed and cuddled together to wait for sleep to claim them.

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The owner was woken from a deep sleep because someone kept pounding on the door to his room downstairs. With blurry eyes, he yanked the door open and was about to yell at who ever it was when a silver topped cane tapped him on his chest.

"I am John Montgomery so if you are the owner I want my niece's room number immediately." The owner rubbed the sleep from his eyes and looked at the short round man before him, his blonde hair covered by a tall black hat. The first thought that ran through his muddled mind was "citified ass".

"Are you going to stand there or are you going to tell me where my niece is?" John turned to his wife who was dressed in the very best of traveling clothes and cloak and rolled his green eyes before speaking.

"I believe we have come across the most uncivilized and rude people in the world! I can not believe my brother wanted to live out here among them and those wild savages!"

"That will change dear, as soon as we collect Rebecca and take her back to Boston. She will go to the women's finishing school and find a proper husband and settle down to raise a family."

"What'cha want her ta do with the husband she has?" The owner asked.

"She has no husband; she has never had a suitor let along a fiancée!" John informed the now wide-awake man. "Janet dear, we must be in the wrong place. Perhaps she is somewhere else and the cable was wrong." He started to move away but stopped when the owner described Becca to them.

"Yes, that is my niece but she has no husband."

"What ever ya say but I tell ya she has one and they're in the last room on the right. Just go up them steps there." He pointed them in the direction and went back in his room to pull his pants on, there was no way he was going to miss this.

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Becca was laying with her head resting between Silver's breasts, her arm wrapped around her waist and one leg laying between Silvers thighs. Her warm breath blowing against a hardened nipple. Silver had her arms wrapped around Becca's back, her fingers tangled in long silky blonde hair. Soft snoring could be heard coming from between their parted lips with every breath. Each one complained that the other snored and denied that they did themselves. A lot of "Do too and Do not's bounced back and forth between them every morning.

John and Janet Montgomery came to the door they were told was their nieces, taking a lantern from a hall table they opened the door to the room. They knew of their nieces infamous problem of sleeping like the dead and knew the only way to wake her was to yank her covers off her, yell her name and jump back because she woke up swinging and pissed.

Janet stood by the door with the lantern while John went to the end of the bed. He grabbed the blankets and yelled as he yanked them off the sleeping forms. He did not expect to be jumped and held three-foot off of the floor by his neck. Nor the scream that came from Janet and Becca.

"What the hell do you think your doing?" Becca yelled at them, flames filled her sleepy green eyes as she got up from where she had fallen on the floor when Silver lunged out of bed. "Uncle John, Aunt Janet who the hell do you think you are to come barging in our room and pull such an asinine stunt! You could have been killed!"

"Rebecca please, cover yourself." Her Aunt Janet whispered harshly as she turned her back on her. "We were on the train on our way to Montana when we received your cable."

"Shrimp honey, what should I do with him?" Silver asked from where she had John pinned to the wall.

Becca had forgotten that her Uncle John was there in her haste to wrap herself in a blanket.

"Shit! Let him down before he has a stroke."

Silver dropped John to his feet, and then she went across the room to stand beside Becca.

"Shrimp who the hell are these people?"

"I should be asking who the hell you are! You are obviously not her so called husband!" John motioned with his hand at Silvers naked body. "And I can only assume that you have forced my niece into the darker side of life."

Silver eyes glowed in the dimly lit room; Becca now knew why she was called Silver Eyes. A tingle of fear ran through her body at the sight of Silvers panther like movements advancing towards her cowering Uncle. She wrapped her arm around Silvers waist holding her back from what she knew her Uncles fate would be.

"Silver did not force me to do anything! I'm in love with her and will follow her willingly any place she goes!" Becca couldn't believe she had just spilled her heart in front of her ignorant relatives. She wanted to wait and tell Silver how she felt about her. Doing it like this may have Silver running for her village.

Silvers heart was bursting with happiness; her one dream had come true that Becca shared her feelings. With that little problem solved, they now faced a bigger one, her relatives. Silver wrapped one arm around Becca and pulled her close to her side. She had completely forgotten her nakedness with all the anger she had felt a moment ago.

"Silver, I really love to see your naked body but..."

A wicked smirk covered her face. "Right! Kinda forgot with all the excitement." She walked in front of Janet, which made her turn bright red and turn to face her blanket-covered niece. That's all it took to make her faint away to the floor. Silver shrugged her shoulders and stepped over the fallen woman.

"Citified wimps." She traded grins with Becca as she handed her the buckskins she had been wearing. They paid no attention to John who was leaning over his wife trying to get her to come around. After they had dressed, Silver went over, picked Janet up off the floor, and put her on their bed. Johns eyes were about to fall out of his head when he saw how they were dressed.

"My God Rebecca, what are you wearing? Not only have you been having...what ever with another woman but you dress like a savage!" He turned pale at the sound of a deep growl coming from Silver. He finally took a good look at Silver and gasped. "She's an Indian savage! You're having relations with the very people that killed your parents!" He yelled at the top of his lungs.

"I didn't kill anybody and neither did my people! But keep it up with your condescending mouth and I may just start to act like my father and take coup for my war belt!"

Becca was about to start doing cheers for Silver standing up to her arrogant uncle when the sheriff and boarding house owner showed up in the doorway.

"What is going on here?" The sheriff asked as he stepped further into the room.

"This savage has forced my niece to perform unspeakable acts with her and I want the savage hung!!" John screamed into Silvers face.

"You son of a bitchin liar!!" Becca screamed as she lunged for her smirking uncle. "I'll rip your guts out and strangle you with them!" Silver caught her around the waist to keep her from going to jail to.

"Becca calm down, this isn't going ta help me any." Becca's anger burned out, she sagged against Silvers chest, and her body shook as she sobbed into Silver.

The sheriff stepped in front of Silver; his rheumy blue eyes searched her face for a few seconds. "Your Chief Little Bull and Kathleen's daughter. Come in the hall with me and explain what the hell those city idiots are yappin about." The owner tried to follow them but the sheriff slammed the door closed in his face.

"Kay Silver, now tell me what is going on." He could tell that the two women loved each other by their actions. Silver explained to him from the second they burst into their room until he showed up what had transpired. He was fit to be tied, the nerve of people to intrude on someone's privacy whether they were family or not wasn't right in his book. He also knew that Silver came from an honorable family and he could trust her words to be true.

"Is there anything in your room that you need to get?"

Becca told him what possessions they had; he excused himself and went back to face the buzzards. John was wiping his distraught wives forehead with his hanky while she breathed into her scented silk scarf. The owner jumped back when the sheriff pulled Becca's bag from where he had just had his hands in it.

"I'll throw you in jail if one thing is missing that belongs to those women! Now get outta here!" He had all of their items in his hands when John noticed.

"Are you going to hang that savage for what she did to my niece?"

"Why the hell would I hang her for loving that beautiful woman? I should throw you two in jail for barging in their room and harassing them!"

"But I want that savage hung, her people killed my nieces family!"

"Now you listen to me you arrogant city asshole! Her people did not kill anybody, her father happens to be Chief of the Shawnee nation. Who just happens ta be one of my oldest friends, if anyone harms a hair on his only child they will find themselves facing over 3000 Shawnee braves on the warpath! So if you're so brave, why don't you go to her village and face her father!"

"But...I."

"I suggest that you get your frail wife back on the train and get outta my town before I take you to see the Chief!" The sheriff stomped out of the room leaving a stuttering idiot behind. In the hallway, he handed Silver their things and told her to high tail it back to her village before some idiots get a posse together and hunt them down. They were gone in a blink of an eye.

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The early morning air had a slight chill to it; dew glistened on the tall grass that brushed against their feet and legs as they rode towards where Silvers village was. Halfway there they stopped to let Momma rest and drink from a small stream. Becca stumbled around trying to get feeling back in her legs, it was different riding a horse than a wagon and she was feeling every single muscle she never knew she even had scream bloody murder. Moaning and groaning the entire time, she rubbed her legs.

Silver had found a log to sit on and relax while Momma rested, she watched Becca stretch and stumble. A crooked grin came across her face when her thoughts ran to how she could make Becca's legs feel better. After all, they had been accused of doing unspeakable things why not do it then. She was off in the middle of her little fantasy and never saw Becca standing in front of her.

"Silver! Hello are you there?"

"Huh? Aahh yeah, need something."

"Besides new legs and an ass?"

Silver wiggled an eyebrow at her. "They look all right to me."

Becca pushed against her chest hard enough to make her fall backwards off the log. She laid on the ground looking up into smiling green eyes. "How much further to your village? 'Cuz if I have to ride on the back of your horse any further you'll have ta carry me around for the rest of my life!" Silver put out her hand so that Becca could help her up from the ground.

"About an hour or so, we can walk but it'll take us longer."

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They came upon the sentries standing guard; Silver shared some good-natured words with the braves. She waved to them as she rejoined where she had left Becca. When they walked past the braves gave Becca huge smiles.

"Why are they smiling at me like that?" Silver ignored her by looking up at the interesting cloud formations. Becca slapped her on her ass trying to get her attention.

"Hey! Why'd ya do that?"

"I felt like it, now tell me what you told them."

"Oohh I just said that your squaw name was loud screamer."

"WHAT!?! Are you trying to get me attacked by all the braves who want to see if it's true?"

"They won't bother ya, I just made them think that I'm very good in my teepee."

Becca was about to say something when a little boy came running up to take her horses reins from Silver. She gave him a forced smile and as soon as he had taken off, she growled at Silver.

"You what? Now they think that we're...but we're not...and haven't even...Shit!!" She stopped dead, planted her hands on her hips and dropped her head. Shaking her head back and forth, she repeated what she had just said to Silver back to herself. She was very confused now.

Silver put two fingers under her chin and lifted her face up towards her. They leaned closer towards each other, their lips but a breath apart when Silver heard a familiar voice come from behind her.

"Silver Eyes where the hell have you been and stop molesting that pretty thing you have there!"

Without releasing Becca or turning, she said hello to her mother.

Both women groaned with what could have happened between them.

"Later." Silver whispered before she turned to greet her mother.

Kathleen Von Barren was shorter than her daughter; her hair was an auburn color that set off her pale blue eyes. Her off-white creamy buckskins were decorated with colorful beads and paintings of small blue birds across the front yolk and down the sleeves. The bottom of her long dress was fringe with small silver bells hanging off them. Even with her smaller stature, Becca could tell she was one to be reckoned with.

"Silver, stop being rude and introduce me to this pretty little thing you're hanging on to."

"Sorry ma, this is Rebecca Montgomery my other half."

Becca gave Silver a bright smile for what she had said.

"Shrimp, this is my Ma Kathleen Von Barren or Blue Bird."

"Pleased to meet you Mrs. Von Barren."

"Don't know who that woman is, you can call me Ma or Blue. Von Barren was left many years ago after I came to live with the people. Come on Shorty your Pa knows your here."

Becca looked up at Silver and mouthed the word "Shorty" the response she received was the shrug of wide shoulders.

"Shorty, how does your Pa know your here?"

"Oh that's easy." Blue said. "Her horse all most ran him over trying to get to his stud out in the field. I'm surprised you two didn't hear him cussing all the way over here!"

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Becca was at a loss for words when she met Chief Little Bull; he was far from little! He was taller than Silvers six foot, and very muscular. His raven black hair hung to his waist with side braids with leather woven into it with feathers hanging off the ends of the leather straps. His light brown eyes were speckled with green and very warm as he looked on his only daughter.

"Shorty, its about time you came home and I see you finally brought a life mate with you." He pulled her into a huge rib-cracking hug; he did the same to Becca but didn't try to break her in half. "So when will I have grand children to play with?"

"Pa! Aren't you rushing this a bit? Becca and I haven't even talked about this and you've got us joined and having little ones."

"Figures my strongest brave, fiercest warrior has the heart of a chicken! What the hell are you waiting for?" Blue eyes looked at the ground then cast a sideways glance at a blushing Becca.

"We haven't really had the time, we had to escape Shawnee Town because of some problems."

"Come will talk in my teepee, and you'll tell me everything that has happened. We don't need trouble with the town folk."

The four of them sat around drinking chicory while Silver and Becca told their story. Little Bull had Chicory spew out of his mouth, Blue pounded her husband on the back trying to keep him from choking to death.

"They caught you two in bed!?! " He forced out between his tear drawing coughs.

"Pa, we were asleep at the time they practically threw us out of bed"

"Well Shorty, that won't happen around here." Her Ma told them with a wink. "I had your teepee cleaned and new sage put down, it's all set for when you two want to turn in." She winked at both of them giving them the hint that they could leave their company. Silver stood up the reached down to help Becca.

"Thanks Ma, well come visit in the morning."

"Ohh I had some food put in there to and I don't want to see either of you before high noon."
Silver groaned as she led Becca from the teepee.

"So old man, what do ya think?"

"Little Bull leaned back on the furs and grinned big and wide at his wife. I think she's been roped, tied and branded!" They both laughed at the thought of the leader of the war parties to be whipped by a little blonde she so lovingly called Shrimp.

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Becca looked around the huge teepee, in the center was a place to have a fire with the venting hole far above, furs were thickly piled at one side for their bed. She walked to the one side and ran her fingers across a leather sheath that contained an ornately styled sword; next to it was a long bow decorated with eagle feathers and strips of fox fur. When she turned around to look for Silver, she found her changed into a short breach and topless. Her breath caught in her chest at the sight of Silver, she had seen her plenty of times in her breach but for some reason she seemed more beautiful and stronger here among her own surroundings. She could do nothing but stand and watch as she walked towards her, her heart beat so strongly in her chest that it may come right through and fall at her feet.

Silver reached out one hand, her fingers caressing a soft cheek and neck. Her voice low and sultry almost like a panther purring filled Becca's ears. "Is what you told your relatives true, are you in love with me?"

"With all my heart." She whispered back in a low rumbling voice.

Silver leaned forward and captured her lips for a gentle undemanding kiss. Pulling back she looked into the soft green eyes, letting Becca see all the love she had for her reflect in her deep blue eyes.

"I have loved you from the first time I looked into your sea green eyes, I have belonged to you heart and soul from the very beginning. I love you Rebecca."

Becca wrapped her arms around Silvers neck and pulled her head down for a long deep kiss. Neither one of them had ever kissed anyone like this before; Silvers knees buckled bringing them down to the fresh sage. She pulled Becca tight to her chest and could feel their hearts beating as one. Their tongues caressed and explored each other until they needed to break for air. Teary green eyes looked into her very soul with such longing that she felt a part of her crying out her name. Picking Becca up she carried her to their furs, she stood her on her feet. Slowly she undressed her of her buckskins, letting her fingers trail across the soft warm skin. They both felt the tingling course through the bodies; with each loving touch, Silver placed upon her. Her lips sought out the warmth of flesh that her fingers revealed, with the first press of her lips Becca pulled her head to her breast and held her kneeling body. Tears flowed from both of their eyes;

Becca let Silver pull back.

"I have searched for you forever and now I am home." Silver whispered to her soul mate.

"From this day into eternity you are my heart."

Silver pulled her down onto the furs, covering her body with her own their breasts pressed against each other. Silver brought their lips together softly kissing the soft lips before her, touching them with the tip of her tongue until she was granted entry into Becca's sweet mouth. They moaned as the power of their love coursed through them, licking at their centers like a hot flame. Straddling Becca's hips Silver pressed her own hips down until their mounds touched making them moan loudly into each other's mouths. Moving her lips across her jaw to her pulse point she pulled the flesh between her lips, sucking lightly and feeling the blood rush through her lover's veins. The saltiness of her skin making her tongue tingle as she kissed with her lips open down to between firm breasts. Running the tip off her tongue under each one making, Becca arch her back and beg for more. She took one nipple between index and middle finger, rolling it until it became hard while she suckled the other with her lips and tongue. She could feel her center throbbing where it rested against Becca, her nectar flowing from between her lips to soak her lover's center, mingling into one.

Silver slipped down her body licking the salty rivulets that ran down her lover's body. Becca was arching towards her; soft moans came from her lips. She tangled her fingers into long black silky hair pressing Silver to where she needed her most, her center crying out for attention. She gasped the second she felt Silver's hot tongue touch her folds and slip in to lick her nectar. Her hips jerked into her lover's nose and chin, Silver moaned deeply into Becca's quivering neither lips. Using her middle finger she circled her virginal opening, flicking her tongue against the hardened bundle of nerves she pushed her lover up and over the peak, as she fell Silver slipped her finger in hitting the barrier for a split second before she broke through. Becca screamed out from the sharp pain then into Silver's name as she climaxed again. Her body jerked with the tremors that ripped through her body. With the last tremor, Silver moved her finger slowly in and out taking her lover back up, licking around her finger, she teased her until she was begging for release.

"Please...Silver...stop teasing..." Silver tipped her finger up hitting the spot that sent her over with a time stopping climax. Her name rang out through the peaceful village. Placing one last kiss on the trembling flesh, she crawled up to lay next to her lover. Pulling the sobbing woman in to her arms, she kissed away her tears.

"I know I hurt you and I'm very sorry. I love you Shrimp."

"You didn't hurt me much, I'm crying because I love you so much. I never dreamed it would be like this."

"I will try my best to always make you feel this way."

Becca ran her fingers across her lover's face wiping her tears away; she kissed her lips softly until

it deepened making them breathless. Becca rolled Silver onto her back, straddling her hips she started nipping the glistening skin, bringing moans and gasps from her lover as she made her way down to where the white scars marked her breast, using the tip of her tongue she traced each one. She looked up into passion filled blue eyes and held them as she licked her way to a nipple. Flicking it with her tongue their eyes lost contact when Silver's closed and her head fell back. She hissed when she felt teeth pull across her nipple sending flames rushing south to set fire to her center. She brought her hips upward to thrust against her lovers, she was close to taking the plunge when she felt Becca slip between her thighs.

"Mother help me!" Silver yelled out as Becca's tongue flicked her throbbing nerves. Her hips thrust harder against her lover's chin that was right against her center. Her thighs began to tense as she pushed her heels into the furs beneath her. Warm wet lips captured her bundle of nerves as a finger slipped between her neither lips. She pushed forward forcing her lovers finger past her virgin veil, her scream of Becca's name burst from deep in her throat. Becca sucked until she sent Silver over the same edge she had fallen over so many times. And did once again at the same time with her lover. Their names screamed in unison coming from deep in their souls.

Silver pulled her lover and soul mate into her arms and held her tight as they cried tears of happiness into each other's necks. Sleep claimed them from their exhaustion a short while later.

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Becca woke first; her eyes cracking open to see the top of a dark head resting on her shoulder. She brushed back the silky strands from Silvers cheek the traced her dark brow with a finger. She outlined each facial feature until sleepy blue eyes opened.

She sighed and snuggled further into Becca's neck and shoulder.

"Uuuuhh aaahh Shorty, I'm starving and nature is screaming at the top of her lungs." She chuckled at the whimpering sound her lover made. "Please? I'm dying here." Silver gave up on her snuggling and rolled to her back. "Now lover where's the outhouse?"

Silver peeked one eye at her then pointed to a chair in the far corner. Becca gave her a confused look, her voice still thick with sleep she told her no outhouse, water chair.

"You're kidding right?" Silver's little grin gave her the answer she didn't want. "At this point ya could hand me a Sarsaparilla bottle and I wouldn't care!" She ran to the other side of the teepee and pushed up the cushion on the large wooden chair, she noticed that the bucket below the hole was filled with rushes and sage.

Silver chuckled at the sound of Becca moaning with relief, she probably never thought of a chamber pot and chair in a teepee. Silver thought. However, there was no way in mothers green earth she was going to squat out behind her teepee like the braves just whipped it out.

When Becca came back to the furs, she poked her lover in the chest.

"You have blown my modesty all ta hell! I've never run around naked in front of anyone or slept that way and now I'm relieving myself not 10 foot away while you lay there and watch me!" Silver grabbed the poking finger and put it in her mouth to suck on, when Becca moaned, she released it from her warm mouth.

"You can watch me so we're even?" She got up to use the water chair; Becca fell face first into the furs so she couldn't see Silver. She felt warm lips on her lower back then a tongue run down between her cheeks, she pushed her hips down into the furs when she felt the warm tongue slip between her folds then disappear. She lifted her head to see where Silver had gone to and found her kneeling beside her.

"You're wicked! Please don't stop what you started." She pleaded. "I'll dump the chamber pot on your head if you do!" Silver pulled on her hand and put it between her thighs to feel her wetness soaking her dark curls and inner thighs. Becca moaned as the silky juices coated her hand and fingers. "That's what watching you did to me. It's never happened before but I have this feeling that it's only going to get better."

Becca pulled her down so that she was on her hands and knees and crawled under her to lick at the juices flowing from her neither lips. Silver figured out what she was doing and gave her the same attention. Minutes later the teepee's leather sides were vibrating with their screams.

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Later in the afternoon when they decided they had better visit Silver's parents, she was about to leave the teepee in just her breach.

"Shorty, clothes would be a good thing to put on before we leave."

"Huh? But why I've never wore them before?"

"OK, then give me a breach cloth to wear." She stood with her hands planted on her hips, a dark brow arched above her left eye.

"Nope, you're not running around topless Shrimp. I'm the only one who's ever gonna see the alabaster of your beautiful breasts...Ooohh I get it now!" A sheepish grin covered her face. I'll give you one but my hands will be covering two objects with loving care."

"I'm sure we would get real far with you doing that." She laughed the picture that formed in her head of Silver walking behind her with her hands covering her breasts. Silver handed her a breach and a short sleeveless buckskin shirt that showed her muscular stomach. They left dressed the same except Becca wore a russet color and Silver's were a dark nut brown. As they walked through the village they heard laughing and impressions of their screams from the night before. Becca was looking for a hole to crawl into because she was so embarrassed.

"Silver, I may die right here! You had to tell them my name was loud screamer didn't you?"

She pulled her in to her side as they walked. "Baby don't worry about it, they're not making fun of us. They're happy that we have found each other and enjoy a healthy love life."

A younger brave came up to Silver and spoke in their native tongue to her. He left laughing and holding his hands up a foot wide to his friends.

"Now what did you say? I really need to learn Alogonquin."

"The other braves think I grew an extra part to make you scream so often, I told them that since I'm the leader of the war party that mine's bigger than theirs."

"You just said other braves, do they consider you a brave because of your pa being Chief?"

"Nope, 'cuz I can beat all their asses at everything. I earned the right to be with the war party. What really makes them happy is that the fire watch can be decreased in numbers 'cuz I won't be doing any cooking. That is if you can cook, can you?"

"I'll cook it but I am not cleaning it!"

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Silver scratched on the flap of her parents' teepee, she heard her mother say "come in" The minute they walked in two huge smiles greeted them.

"The screamers are alive!" They said in unison.

"Ohh hell! I'll never live this down will I?" A red-faced Silver asked.

"Nope, I can tell that you listened to every story the braves ever told while out on patrol." Blue said to her embarrassed daughter.

"You know about those stories?"

"Of course I do! How could I not, I've been married to your father for 35 years, there's nothing that I don't know about braves and their wagging tongues. Except that obviously you're better at the wagging tongue part than any of them!"

Both of the lovers' mouths fell open, neither one of them knew what to say or do.

"Hey that's not fair, Ya know I could have been the one telling all those stories to them." Bull said to his smirking wife.

"Try again Little Bull. Shorty, ever wonder why your Pa's name is Little?" Bull covered her mouth, pointed with his head towards the door and told Silver that before he got them buried any

further that they should go check on the horses and leave the women to talk.

"Do you think that's a good idea Pa? We don't know what the two of them will come up with ta do ta us."

"It's safer outside for my manhood before your Ma whacks it off. Plus I have some news from town I want to discuss with you."

Becca and Blue sat in the teepee and discussed how Blue had come to marry the Chief. She told her of a time a small scouting party had come across her parents land while she was out walking and all of a sudden, this magnificent Brave with his long black hair being carried on the breeze stopped his horse on a rise above her. With the glowing sun behind him, he looked like something you only read about in books. When he galloped down towards her and their eyes meet for the very first time she knew that she would give up everything to be with him. They snuck around for months, meeting out in that field until one day her Pa followed her and caught them making love in the tall grass by the stream.

He swore that he would kill them both, that no daughter of his was going to be running off with no Indian. He changed his mind real quick when her temper flared and Little Bull calmed her down and spoke to her father in better English than he used. He gave in to his daughters wishes and let her leave with Little Bull. 35 years later and still with him and has never thought once of leaving the tribe.

Becca had tears in her eyes when Blue finished her story. "It was the same way with you two wasn't it?"

She sniffed back her tears and nodded her head. "I would be dead if not for Silver, she found me and saved my life and we haven't been separated since that day. It will kill me if anything ever happens to her, she holds the other half of my soul."

Blue pulled Becca into her arms and comforted her. "And you hold the other half of hers, I have never seen her so happy. She was always a loner and acted so old when she was here before. But with you I see how young and happy she is, the Spirits brought you two together because that's how its suppose to be."

Becca told her about how she and her family had come all the way from Boston and the fateful day that the braves came and killed everyone. Blue knew that it wasn't any braves from this tribe that it could have been others from further away. She knew that Silver and Bull would find out who was responsible for the killings.

Silver took her Pa to her teepee, she pulled the arrow from her quiver that she had taken from one of the dead where she had found Becca. He turned it in his fingers examining every little thing.

"They tried but the didn't fletch the feathers in the right order or shape and then there's the waxed string holding the arrow head on. We don't use that stuff either."

Silver spoke with a heaviness in her heart. "Someone wants to blame our tribe for all the killings so that the Government will either kill us all or send us off to one of those prisons they have."

"Now for what I have learned from the town. Becca's relatives have gotten all the towns folk in an uproar, the Sheriff Ben Carlyle has about half of them on his side but it's the other half that want you swinging from a tree. I have picked some braves and will be going into town to see these Montgomery people."

"Pa I don't want you to fight my battles for me, I'll take the braves and go see them."

"No, if you go they will see you as a threat to them, where if I go I speaking for everyone that is concerned. Plus if anything happens to me you will be Chief and you'll have to get everyone out of here and to our safe grounds up North."

"I don't like this! I'm a warrior and I have always fought for our freedom and now I can't because of some idiots that think I've forced a woman who is old enough to decide for herself what she wants to do."

"And your temper will get you hung. Stay here and take care of Becca, if help is needed then we'll send for more braves." Silver paced her teepee, frustrated she stomped her bare feet in to the sage and rushes.

"OK Pa, but I will take some braves to the outskirts and wait and we'll all come back together."

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Becca was crying, she didn't want Silver to go because if anything happened to her she wouldn't be able to live without her. She clung to her lover; tears flowed freely down both of their faces. "I'll come back to you I promise."

"You better or I'll never speak to you again." She chuckled at what she had said then broke down into uncontrollable sobs. All Silver could do was hold her.

Little Bull had left with 20 braves; before he left, he had told Silver and her 20 braves to stay outside of town where the train came on the South side.

Becca was with Blue in their teepee, she was packing stuff for Silver while she got her horse ready to leave. Blue helped her get her daughters weapons together and tried to comfort her new daughter by telling her that Silver could handle herself and she was not going to be in town that Bull was going to talk to her relatives. That they would only be gone not even a day.

"I know Ma, but we haven't been apart at all and my relatives can cause a lot of trouble for the tribe. I should have been the one to go and talk to them."

"Now you know that they would have taken you and dragged you out of town saying you were just a child and couldn't care for yourself."

"Fat chance, I'm 26 years old. I haven't been a child nor treated like one for years." She went over to her bag and searched through it until she found what she was looking for. She pulled a rawhide strip from the trunk in the corner and stuck it in her belt. She was just about to pick up Silvers saddlebags when she came through the flap. Blue gave her daughter a hug then left the couple alone. Fresh tears came to Becca's eyes when she looked up into the crystal blue eyes of her lover.

"I hate this! And I hate it more that I have to stay here and worry about you and the others!"

"I know Shrimp." She pulled her into her arms and held her tight, placing a kiss on her crown she pulled away to give her a kiss that made her knees go weak. "I love you and I'll be back by mid afternoon at the latest. And then we can live out our lives any way and anywhere we want."

"I love you to Shorty." She reached into her belt and pulled out a silver and gold medallion. The design on it was Celtic, it had been handed down through her family for centuries. She ran the rawhide through it and tied it around her lover's neck.

"This has always protected me and now it will protect you."

The medallion hung right over the center of Silvers chest where her bone breastplate would usually be but she figured she didn't need it this time. She picked up her bags and slung her weapons over her shoulder. Becca carried her sword and belt with her as they left their teepee.

Becca stopped when Silver went up to a golden mare and threw her saddlebags in front of the saddle.

"Where's Momma?"

"Staying home so she can be a Momma again, this is Princess. She's my war horse and I can depend on her to get me out of a tight jam."

She strapped the rest of her stuff on her saddle and then took her sword from her lover and strapped it over her right shoulder.

"You really use that sword?"

"It's my favorite weapon, I stole it from a Spaniard when I was little." She gave her lover a sheepish grin. "It's good for close combat, better than a pocket knife like the other braves use."

She pulled Becca to her for one last kiss before she left. Hugging her tight to her chest, she promised her once again that she would return. Then she was riding off with her braves.

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John Montgomery was in the saloon with all his followers, he had bought a few rounds for his new friends and now they would follow him to hell if that's what he wanted. He kept yelling about the savages killing all the white men and how they stole the white women, raped them, and made them slaves in the villages. Making them bare half-breed children who were never accepted by anyone. How the white man had a right to take what ever he wanted and to dispose of all the savages. He sounded like a preacher against the devil himself.

Sheriff Carlyle had his men all armed and waiting outside of town for Chief Little Bull. He didn't want anything to happen to his friends because of a citified asshole. He watched as his friends came up over the rise and down to meet them. Bull dismounted his horse and clasped forearms with Carlyle then pulled the smaller man into a brotherly hug.

"Ben you old goat, I'm glad you came to meet up with us, I didn't know what we would run into in town. How bad is it?"

"That asshole has them all liquored up, he has them wanting ta start a war with everyone! He's ready ta call the damn army in here to dispose of the nation."

"I guess we better put an end to this before I end up killing my daughters Uncle."

"So ya got yourself a new daughter now, good! That little one is a spitfire, just what Silver needs ta keep her in line." He slapped Bull on the back before they parted to mount their horses.

Silver sent her braves off into intervals down the South side of the tracks. They would be close enough to each other to help if need be but far enough apart so that no one could sneak past them. She rode Princess down along the railroad tracks towards town where she could watch but not be seen. All was quiet for a long time, just the usual coming and going of people through the town. Then a large group piled out of the saloon and went to the center of town. She could hear the yelling as they made their way towards another group twice as large, that's when she saw her father and his friend the Sheriff dismount their horses and stand in the middle of town to await Montgomery and his mob.

All five foot five of Montgomery stood toe to toe with Little Bull, he was ranting and raving, poking Bull in his chest with his pudgy finger and stomping his feet. Bull stood with his hands on his hips with a look of amusement on his face. The man was an arrogant asshole and if it wouldn't have caused an all out war and serious problems for his daughters than he would like to string the idiot up from the nearest tree. The Sheriff and his men stood with their rifles held at the ready, he didn't know what was going to happen, but prayed for the best.

"I want my niece back! She is not staying in this god-forsaken country with a savage! She needs help for her mental illness that a woman has caused her. She needs a husband!"

Bull leaned over at the waist so that he was at eye contact. "What she needs is for a little fairy like you to go back to Boston and leave her alone! If I remember correctly, the Bill of Rights

states that all peoples shall have freedom of choice. Are you saying that Rebecca doesn't have any rights?"

"Yes, she doesn't! She's a woman they don't have any rights!" Montgomery turned to his followers and asked them if they agreed with him. The whole group started yelling derogatory statements about women.

"You have got to be the most ignorant white man I have ever met!" Bull yelled into his face.

"You call me a savage, when you are more of one than I am! Your worse, you consider women as slaves, only there for the purpose of serving you!" Bull stepped away from him to talk to the Sheriff, they whispered for a few moments then the sheriff sent a few men off on a mission.

"You know what Montgomery, we worship our women in the nation. Without them we would be no more, it is not the men who have and take care of the children. Care for the old or the sick, cook and clean and make sure every single person has a full belly when they go to sleep at night. Sit up with the children when they have nightmares or are sick. It's the women and wives that do all this and I bless the Mother everyday of my life that I have a wife to love and cherish. And you know who rules the nation? It's not me or any other man. It's someone like her." He pointed to a women standing inside a doorway. "Or her and any other woman in this world, because they can do one thing you or I can't and that's give birth! It's just a pity that a woman gave birth to an asshole like you!" The veins in Bulls neck and temples were standing out throbbing with his rage as he looked down at the little idiot.

"How dare you insult me in front of my friends! And what does a savage know about what white woman want?"

"I guess you never took a good look at my daughter you slug!"

Blue dressed in her finest buckskins and jewelry came from behind the Sheriffs men to stand right in front of Montgomery. Her blue eyes flashing with rage at all she had heard the ignorant little man say. Montgomery's eyes bugged out of his head when her saw her auburn hair and pale blue eyes.

"Your white!"

"No shit! And you know what I've been married to Chief Little Bull for 35 years and I have never missed the ignorance of the white man, the man who thinks everything belongs to him when it doesn't! Rebecca doesn't belong to you, she belongs to herself. She has made the decision to live her life with us and stand at the side of my daughter. And no one can change that but her!" Blue went to stand at Bull's side, she wrapped her arm around his and smiled up into his warm eyes.

"What took ya so long sweet heart?" He asked in a quiet voice so no one could over hear.

"I had to wait for Shrimp to cry herself to sleep. Poor thing is a mess."

Montgomery was steaming, no woman ever talked like that to him. He was about to get his men to attack when they heard what sounded like a large hive of bees coming up behind them. All the women of the town were coming to take care of their soon to be educated husbands, sons or any other relations. All it had taken was for the sheriff's men to find the town gossip and let her hear what Montgomery had said and all hell broke loose. The men saw their women coming and couldn't run fast enough to avoid the brooms, rakes and any other weapon that they carried. Montgomery was left without back up; he started screaming at the men to get back to where they were and stop letting the useless women order them around!

"USELESS!! I'll show you useless!" Janet Montgomery pulled her arm back and slugged her husband. When he grabbed his jaw, she dropkicked him in his manhood. He dropped to the ground moaning and groaning.

"I'm going back to Boston and when you get there you'll find all your tacky belongings on the lawn!" She kicked him in his ribs before she left. "Stupid pansy ass wimp!" She yelled over her shoulder at him.

Bull hugged his wife to his side, placing a kiss on her crown he snickered. "I told him that women were the bosses, wouldn't listen."

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Silver couldn't help but laugh after Janet Montgomery knocked the hell out of her husband. But what really shocked her was her mother showing up and going after the little asshole. Should never piss off an Irishwoman, meaner than a rattlesnake. She sent a brave down to her father to see if they were heading back home, when he returned he relayed the message that the Chief said they could start back later and for her and the braves to go ahead and leave.

Bull went up to the sheriff with the arrow that Silver had given him and explained to him that it was not any of the Shawnee killing the Waggoner's in the area and that he thought that someone was pretending to do it so that war would come between them. The sheriff said he would check into it and see if any of his deputies had seen or heard of anything. But that he would send a cable to who was in charge of the relations and let them know that they had a problem. Bull thanked him and he and Blue went to join the braves outside of town to eat before heading home. The women of the town had been so thankful for what they had done that they brought them plenty of food for their ride home.

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Silver was in a trance her mare crossed the stream following the braves horses, Silver jerked back to the present when arrows flew from the rise above them. Her braves split up making harder targets for their attackers. Silver pulled her sword from its sheath, taking her mare up the steep incline to go after the archers, she swiped each arrow that came near her away with her sword. With a war cry she took off after the first man she saw, he was running out across the

open field towards where the group had tethered their horses. She heard the war cries of her braves behind her as they fought; she came along side the running man and ran him through with her sword. She pulled on the reins making her mare roll back on her hindquarters and take off to join her braves.

"I want prisoners!! Tie them up and take them back to town to the sheriff." She yelled to her lead scout as she rode past at a fast gallop, she knew that the leader wasn't among the men fighting. She remembered how many sets of tracks were left when Becca's people were attacked and one horse was missing from the others. He had to be close by to make sure his men did their job. She ran her mare back down towards the stream to the opposite side; it would be the likely place to find a coward. Easing Princess to a slow walk, Silver listened for any noise not normal for the area.

The braves took back what men they hadn't killed towards town, when the Chief saw them coming he asked where Silver was and was told that she was seen headed towards home after telling them she wanted prisoners and to bring them here for the sheriff.

All of the prisoners were put in the only two cells the town had. The Sheriff was pissed when he discovered that some of the men from town were being paid by a rich landowner from Texas to start trouble and have it blamed on the Shawnee. So that the Government would run them out of there and he could just swoop in and claim the land as his own. If not for their sloppiness, they very well could have done it. Among the belongings taken from the impostors was a gold locket with the initials RGM on the front of it. When Bull opened the locket, he saw a picture of an older woman and Becca and who must have been her sister.

"Ben this locket seals your case closed, this belongs to Silver's wife Rebecca. They stripped the bodies of all valuables before they either burned them or left them to rot. I'd say your gonna need a lot of rope, that's over 20 people they killed in cold blood."

"Ohh their gonna see rope all right the judge is in the next town over and he's on his way here. "I really love my job some days and today is one of them."

"Well, since everything is in your hands we're going home. Send me a message and let me know what happens to this Texan."

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She had come to a small opening in the trees to find a pinto standing ground tied off to the side. She watched for movement from the trees in front of her, a whistling noise from an arrow came from her left. She reached out and plucked it from the air and dropped it to the ground.

"Ya can't shoot any better than that?" She yelled as she took off towards where the pinto stood. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught the man running through the trees towards his horse. She knew he would make there before her but also knew that he couldn't out run her horse. She

would catch him and make him pay for what he had done to Becca and her family.

She watched him jump on his horse and come right at her, his buckskins looked similar to her own except that they had no decorations on them at all. His hair was long and very blonde how stupid of a white man trying to pass himself off as being Shawnee.

As he came galloping towards her she saw the glint of a sword being pulled from his side. A huge grin formed on her face as she pulled hers from her back. She could see the surprise in his eyes and it made her even more determined to take him down.

They made the first pass at each other and the clash of steel rang out loud in the quiet area. Silver spun the princess around and went back after him. She blocked his blow; reversing her sword, she cut him across his back. His body fell forward over his horse's shoulder for a moment then came back up. She turned knowing this would be the finishing blow to him.

He held on to his saddle horn and waited for her to get closer to him, dropping his hand to his side he raised his sword in the other to block her blow. When she was close enough he raised his hand and shot her in the chest with his Colt 45. She felt a burning pierce the skin of her upper chest and another flash of pain cut across her temple before she was close enough to use her sword. Blackness swirled in front of her eyes; she dropped her reins to clutch her chest trying to ease the pain. She couldn't see but her hearing picked up the sound of hooves, raising her sword over her head she threw it in that direction and heard a gust of breath burst from the man's lungs. She had gotten him with her last effort but all the good it did since she was dying.

What hurt worse than the bullet in her chest was the fact that Shrimp was going to be really mad at her. She fell forward over the Princess's shoulder to pick up her reins. Holding onto the saddle horn she told her mare to take her home. She fell into the darkness seconds later.

The Chief, Blue and the rest of the braves arrived at the village to find a distraught Becca. Her eyes were blood red from crying and she had walked a trench in front of the Chief's teepee. She flew into Blue's arms the minute she saw her. Blue couldn't understand a word she was saying through her sobs. Casting blue eyes up to her husband Blue communicated that something was very wrong. He took off at a sprint to the center of the village looking for the braves that had been with Silver. He fell to his knees when he saw her mare Princess covered in blood. Blue came running up behind him, she placed her hands on his shoulders and leaned down to his ear. "She's not dead, Shrimp said she would know if she was. "Get your braves and go look for her." Bull wiped the tears from his eyes and stood up, he yelled in his native tongue for 50 braves to get ready to look for Silver and for the healer to come with them.

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Becca was out in the field, a hackamore in her hands getting Mamma ready. She knew that she had to find her lover before it was too late, she knew she wasn't dead, she would feel that emptiness she had lived with her entire life come back to her if she was. Her best chance of finding her was using her mare, she knew that they had a special connection as well. She grabbed

a hold of her mane and pulled herself up onto her back. She was off in the direction of town before anyone knew she was missing.

Silver had no idea where she was, she did know that her whole body hurt like hell and that it was very dark and cold where she was laying. Images kept coming to her like a dream, she had been hurt like this once before but she was in a different place and wore different leathers. Something about ambrosia and Gods. And her soul mates green eyes, the feelings of such love coming from those eyes warmed her. She tried to sit up to see them better but her chest and head made her collapse back to the ground. In her mind she called for her lover, she knew that she would come for her if she could hear her so that's what she did until she fell back into the darkness.

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Bull had all the braves stretch out and follow the way that they had gone to town, he figured that would be the best way to find any clues as to where Silver may be. If her mare had made it back then she couldn't be to far away. Some of his best trackers where out in front trying to pick up the mares tracks, if they could find them then they would find Silver.

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Becca tore off through the trees, she had no idea where she was going but this way felt right to her, plus she was betting Silvers life on both her and Momma's instincts. She didn't know how bad her lover was hurt but after three or four hours and the amount of blood on Princess she knew it wasn't good. She broke through the tree line into a small open field. She gasped when she saw a body laying on the ground a distance out with a pinto horse grazing near by.

She rode down to where the body was and sighed with relief when she saw the blonde hair. What caught her attention was the sword that stuck from the mans chest, leaning down she pulled it out and stuck it through belt. After grabbing the pinto's reins she started looking at the ground trying to find hoof tracks leading out of the field. She finally had to check on foot through the trees and bushes. After maybe a half an hour she found a spot where Princess had slipped while clearing a large log. She searched around for an easier place to go around when she tripped and fell to one knee right at the edge of a large burrowed out area along the length of the log. As she got to her feet the glint of silver caught her eye. Dropping to her belly she inched her way into the dark area, with one hand she felt around in front of her and gasped when she felt something wet and sticky. Feeling further she felt the fringe of a shirt then what had caught her eye, a round medallion. Tears flowed from her eyes when she realized that it was Silver.

She reached in with both hands and got a good hold onto her buckskins, using her elbows to dig into the ground she inched her way backwards pulling her unconscious lover with her. When she was able to pull her out enough to get her feet under her she pulled Silver the rest of the way out. She fell back with her lover landing on top of her chest, gasping for air she managed to get out from under the dead weight. Her vision blurry, she looked down at the blood caked all along Silvers left temple. Taking a deep breath she placed her head upon her chest and cried out when

she heard a strong heart beat.

"Silver! Can you hear me? Come on baby wake up." Becca pulled her into her arms and cried against her cheek, rocking her back and forth she prayed to the ancient Gods for help. A light mummer came from Silvers lips, Becca leaned down to listen, and all she could hear was the name Gabrielle.

"I'm here, please wake up Shorty." Blue eyes fluttered open to look at her.

"Love you." Then she was unconscious again. Becca pulled the front of her buckskins open to search for the reason of all the blood on Princess. What she found was a deep gauge of torn and bloody flesh and a large hole at the top of her shoulder where the bullet had torn through. It was when she was getting up to get bandages that she saw the round medallion. The silver circle trimmed with the blue chips laid on a gold background with a huge bullet hole right in the middle of it.

"By the Gods, it saved her!" A bright smile ran across Becca's lips.

The sun had dropped a good ways in the sky when she went for the horses and the saddle bags that were on both of them, she was glad that she had grabbed Silver's off of Princess when she came running into the village earlier that day. After cleaning the wounds as best she could she dressed them with some salve of Silver's and clean bandages. Clearing a spot she started a fire to keep the animals away and hopefully lead the braves to where she was. She made them a soft bed of leaves and grass and covered it with the buffalo robe saddle blanket. After giving her lover some water she cuddled up around her and fell asleep.

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Bull and the braves had to stop; it was too dark for the trackers to find anything. He was mad at himself for not leaving when Silver had; maybe if they had she wouldn't be out there all alone and wounded...maybe dead. His heart ached at the thought of losing his only child and the pain that her mother and Becca would feel. He and his braves sat down and waited for daybreak when they would continue their search.

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Blue was pacing the teepee, the press of her feet on the sage brought the scent to her nose but it was not calming as it usually did. She had gone to her daughters teepee to see Becca and found her gone, she searched the entire village until someone told her that they had seen her ride off on Silver's black mare. Now did she not only have her husband and Silver to worry about but now her new daughter as well. If she were stupid and reckless she would grab a horse and go looking for all of them, but she knew better. She could do more here than out running around the woods in the dark.

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Silver struggled in her sleep; her thrashing woke Becca from a dream-filled sleep. Brushing the sweat soaked hair from her forehead she placed soft kisses on the fevered skin. Crooning softly in her lovers ear she watched as she calmed and rolled over to rest her face against her neck. Becca continued to run her fingers through the silky dark hair until the deep even breathing of her lover signaled that she was once again asleep.

Becca remembered every thing about her dream; it was so real that she thought she was there. She remembered a very colorful mask decorated with feathers and some kind of long dried grass and a burial pyre with a brass decorated coffin atop. A feeling of such utter loss squeezed her heart, and then a warmth wrapped itself around her very soul and a kiss that made her insides jell. It reminded her of the first time she and Silver had kissed. She fell asleep thinking of crystal blue eyes looking at her with such pure love.

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Dusk was just coming across the sky when Bull and the rest of them started their search. 20 minutes later Bull heard one of his trackers send out a signal, he kicked his horse in to fast gallop and caught up with the tracker.

Nichee pointed to a break in the trees and to the smoke drifting up through the treetops. Bull was about to call to the rest of the braves when he saw Silver's black mare. Only one person could of found her and he knew that was Becca, not to mention no one had ever been able to ride Momma more than a few seconds without ending up grazing like a horse.

He told Nichee to stay and keep watch while he dismounted and snuck down to where the smoke was coming from. He came upon the small camp and saw his two daughters wrapped around each other next to the smoldering fire from the night before. As he knelt next to them sleepy green eyes opened then tears began to fill them.

"Pa I found her but she's hurt."

He brushed her long blonde hair off her face and kissed her cheek.

"I brought the healer with me, Silver will be all right she's strong and she has you waiting for her."

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Blue was about to tear her hair out with worry when she saw Silver's black horse come trotting in to the village and headed right for the girls teepee. From the distance she was, she couldn't tell who was on her but she had a feeling that it was both of her daughters. She reached them just as Becca slipped from the back of Momma; Silver was laying across her mare's neck without the support of her lover. Her blue eyes filled with pain as she tried to get down by herself.

"Shorty will you hold on just one second until I can help you? You are always such a "I'm a Warrior Princess, I don't feel any pain" stubborn ass and always end up hurting yourself more!"

"I can get down just give me a few days."

"I've got something to give you! My foot up your ass! Are you trying to give me more gray hair?"

"Hi Ma, nice ta see you to. Okay I give, help me down." She groaned the minute her feet hit the ground. "Gods my head is pounding!" Blue looked at her daughter with a funny look on her face.

"Gods?" She questioned.

"Uuhhmm...she woke up saying that. We both had kinda weird dreams." Becca shrugged her shoulders at her Ma.

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Silver layback in the tub as Becca carefully washed her wounds clean of the salve that the healer had put on them. She held the medallion in her fingers and kept turning it repeatedly amazed that the small thing had saved her life.

"Shrimp what is this thing called?"

"My Great grandma told me it was called a Chakram Charm, it came from Greece with my family and has been passed down for generations. I became next in line when she passed away."

"What does it mean though?"

"She said it was a sign of a great Warrior Princess who rid the land of evil." Grabbing Silver's ear she growled into it. "Which reminds me oh Warrior dummy, you are not invincible so stop trying to drive me ta an early grave by worrying about you laying out in a field somewhere!"

"Okay Shrimp, can ya let go of my ear now?"

"Nope." She leaned down and sunk her teeth into the top and didn't let go until Silver begged her. "One more thing Shorty, when we were out in that field you called me Gabrielle."

Silver thought, Oh Shit! Now what did I do? "I did? I don't remember."

"How did you know my middle name?" She asked seriously.

Silver thought that maybe she could get away with a small lie and tell her that she had heard her relatives say it or she could tell her the truth and say it was a mystery woman from her dream. She decided to ease her conscious and come clean with the woman from her dream.

"Uuuhhhh well, there was this woman in my dream with sea green eyes and I called her Gabrielle."

Becca moved right in front of her and looked deeply into worried blue eyes. The same feelings that she had during her dreams hit her as she looked into her lovers sea green eyes. Becca leaned forward and kissed her lips gently then pulled back. Their eyes locked again. Without saying a word they knew why their connection was so strong.

Silver wrapped her arms around Becca's neck and pulled her down for a breath-stealing kiss. It was broke when Becca fell into the tub with her lover and soul mate.

"That was a very long time ago and I still love you just as much now as back then." Silver said before she captured her lover's lips.

"Come on Shorty lets get outta this water before my buckskins shrink."

"Before I get out can I ask you something?"

"Anything. But why before you get out?" Becca replied with a worried look on her face.

"Because if you say no, I'm gonna drown myself."

"Uuhmm, OK." Becca replied worried more now than before.

"We haven't made anything official with the tribe as far as our relationship goes and I was wondering if you would marry me and let my Pa make it official."

"Shorty, we've been married since our first time together and there's nothing I want more than to make it known to everyone that we are together for eternity."

Injuries were forgotten as they sealed their eternal bond and kept the whole village awake.

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Silver stood before her father in pure white buckskins with a cougar painted across the back of her wide shoulders, her black hair brushing across her shoulders was braided on both sides with leather and eagle feathers hanging at intervals. Around her neck was the medallion that Becca had given her shinning brightly in the sun sending arcs from her crystal blue eyes. Belted at her side was her most cherished possession, her sword.

Four braves carried Becca forward on a travois, her long blonde hair was braided on the sides and one eagle feather graced her left braid. Bull had given it to her as a sign of her warrior status in the tribe. Her buckskin dress was pure white with silver and gold beadwork covering the front in the design of the Chakram. When the braves set her down she was escorted to Silvers side by Blue bird who placed her hand into her daughters.

"We are changing the way we usually do this, my daughters have asked that they be able to exchange gifts to each other to show their undying devotion to each other."

Silver and Becca turned to face each other; tears filled both of their eyes as they looked into each other's eyes. Silver drew the sword from her side and held it out in the palms of her hands to Becca.

"I offer this sword and lay it at your feet to show that I will always protect and love you. That no harm will come to you while I am alive." She dropped to one knee and laid her sword at Becca's feet.

Becca drew the sword that she had at her side and laid the flat edge on Silver's shoulder. "And I offer this sword to you to show my trust in your love and protection. And I accept your offer so that I may fight at your side where I have always been and will stay through out time."

Silver rose to her feet and offered the sword to Becca who did the same with hers. They sheathed the swords and turned to Little Bull who wrapped a rawhide strap around their wrists. Smudging them with sage and lavender he then pronounced them married and ushered them to their teepee where they would stay until morning.

Once inside Silver drew the sword from it's sheath and looked at it closely. The blade shone brightly in the fire light, running her fingers across the brass hilt she touched the pearl in-lays.

"This is beautiful Shrimp, where did you get it?"

Becca came up behind here and wrapped her arms around her waist.

"I had the smithy in town make it for you, I've dreamed of that sword all of my life right along with your crystal blue eyes."

Silver turned around in her arms, cupping her cheek with her hand she pulled her in for a deep passion filled kiss. They moaned into each other's mouths and the clink of steel was heard as two swords hit the sage covered floor. Soon two sets of buckskins joined them as they slowly undressed each other. Silver carried her wife to their furs and that's where they remained for the next 3 days.

The End

Savage Winds

By Larisa

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