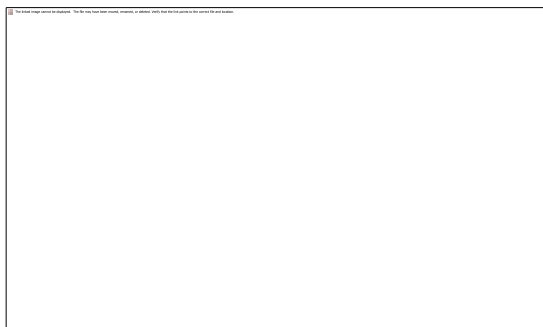


~ The Phantom ~

by Larisa



Disclaimer: Yadayadayada, we all know the deal. Songs by Emerson Drive and Faith Hill.

The rest of the stuff: If you're still teething, go away until ya got some pearly whites showin. Ifin ya don't like how they speak, go read something else.

The Phantom

By Larisa

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For the past two weeks, Branson Mahoney had been trying to catch the person who had been destroying equipment, materials and causing her building project to come to a screeching halt. Now with the backers breathing down her neck and her employees ready to quit, she took it into her own hands and was now sitting in the dark waiting. With just the large heavy flashlight for protection and the dim light from the cloud-covered moon, she waited for what she had come to call the Phantom. Under a tree close to her last bulldozer that hadn't come under attack, she sat with her six-foot frame huddled behind the large oak tree. She had no idea what she would do if the phantom showed up; bludgeon the person with her flashlight, scream at the top of her lungs or go Warrior Princess on him. A slight grin came to her lips when she thought of catching the person who had done such a good job of stopping her from building the apartment complex. She had millions of dollars invested in the project and would make triple or more when it was completed. That is if she could get started, so far, all she was able to get done was the damaged equipment moved off site and more materials brought in. Feeling a cramp start to form in her calf, she stood up and then caught movement out of the corner of her eye. Moving around the tree, she searched the area until she caught a dark form creeping towards the trailer that she used for an on sight office.

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Dressed in black cami clothing, combat boots, tactical vest and night hood, Callaway J. Kuhrt made her way towards the trailer to make sure that no one was sleeping inside. Over the past two weeks, she had watched from a distance and then come into the site under the cover of darkness. At first, she had spiked all the trees to slow down their progress of clearing the 40 acres of trees, and then she flattened all the tires on the equipment a few days later. No matter what she did, it wasn't slowing the destruction of the lush countryside that she loved. Then an idea came to her,

she went armed with plastic containers filled with sugar and rice. Pouring the ingredients into the gas tanks and radiators brought everything to a screeching halt. She then used the one remaining forklift and filled the pits dug for the footers with all the lumber and other materials. She had one last thing to do and hoped that the company who was trying to bring the city into the Amish countryside would give up and go away.

She peeked into the window of the trailer and saw that it was empty, moving to the front; she stopped and looked towards the bulldozer she had left untouched. Her plan was to push the trailer into the pit with the other stuff and then let the bulldozer fall on top of the pile. Dropping low to the ground, she ran towards the bulldozer and started to crawl up into the cab.

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Branson watched the dark form come running towards where she was hiding, she waited until the small body was halfway up the ladder to the cab when she sprung out of her hidden spot and grabbed them around the waist. She struggled with the person and was finally able to pull hard enough that they lost their grip on the steel ladder rungs. They fell backwards onto the hard packed dirt and gasped as all the air was forced out of their lungs. Arms and legs kicked and swung out for purchase on the other body, grunts of pain came and then the flurry of a smaller body sprinting away into the dark. Branson jumped to her feet and took chase; it ended quickly because of her longer legs. She threw a football tackle and both of them hit the ground again. She fought to pin the smaller body to the ground and once she was able to flip the person over, she dropped all of her weight on them. Using one hand, she grabbed a leather-covered hand and pinned it above the hood-covered head. Before she could grab the other, a jolt similar to lightning shot through her body and caused her to shudder and become paralyzed.

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Callaway struggled to pull her tazer from her cargo pocket; she finally worked it past the flap, jammed it up into her opponent's ribs and pulled the trigger. What she had forgotten about was the metal buckles and snaps on her tactical vest. The current passed between the two of them and rendered them both paralyzed. She lay on her back with the full body weight of the other person on top of her. The only other time she had felt this bad was when she had accidentally touched a cattle fence while standing in the mud. Taking shallow breaths through her nose, she picked up the scent of a light musk and citrus shampoo. It was then that she realized that the body lying on top of her was a woman, a very big woman at that. If able, she would have laughed at her situation; she never thought she would have been caught let alone by another woman.

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Branson started to feel some life come back to her body, at first it was a tingling feeling and then she was able to move her fingers and toes. The body under her also started to move more, she felt a slight struggle and then a ragged breath. "Get...off...can't...breathe." Shifting her body to the side, she reached up with one hand and pulled the hood from her captive. All that she could see was messy blonde hair and angry eyes looking up at her.

"Looks like I finally caught my phantom, where's that thing you used on me?" She grabbed both of the phantom's wrists and saw that her hands were empty. "You didn't expect to zap yourself along with me did you?"

"Go to Hell!" Callaway growled and then brought her knee up into Branson's groin. The minute Branson gasped and fell off her; she scrambled to her knees and tried to get away.

"You bitch!" She whimpered and grabbed a hold of an ankle to keep her phantom from escaping. "You're goin' ta jail as soon as I can stand up without throwing up."

"The Hell I am, you're going down." Callaway kicked out with her other foot and caught Branson in her throat and then stomach. When the larger woman released her ankle, she started to get up and leave. The gurgling noise stopped her in her tracks. "Ohh for Christ sakes now what did I do?" She went back over to the woman who was on her side and lifted her head up from the ground. Pulling her penlight from a pocket on her vest, she flipped it on and shined it down to the woman's throat. Holding the light between her teeth, she struck the side of the muscular neck with two fingers and watched her take a deep shuddering breath. "Now I'm outta here and don't try to follow me." Before she could get up, Branson threw up all over her thighs and arm before passing out. She threw her head back and closed her eyes. "What did I do to deserve this; I just knew I should have stayed home." Looking around her, she saw a truck hidden in the tree line. She searched the woman's pockets, pulled out her keys and then jogged over to the truck. "Now I'll go to jail for vandalism, assault and battery, destruction of private property and car theft." Climbing into the truck, she pulled it as close as she could to Branson and then climbed out. "The fates must hate my guts for doing this to me." After struggling with six foot of dead weight, she finally had Branson in her truck and on her way to her house. She had no idea what she was going to do once she got her there and hoped an idea would blossom soon.

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Branson came to and noticed the air whistling through the open windows of her truck and the smell of cows, she rubbed her sore throat and tilted her head from where it was resting on the seat to see the profile of her phantom. "Are you kidnapping me?"

"Hardly," she glanced over at the dirt-smearred face and smirked. "I'm not into kidnapping or anything," She pulled up between tall wooden posts and through an open gate. "I couldn't leave you passed out on the ground out there, so I decided I'd bring you back to my lair and make you my slave."

"Well that's mighty nice of you, I always wanted to be shackled and say 'yes master.'" She looked down at her clothes and wrinkled her nose at the smell of vomit wafting up to her. "Now I know why the windows are all open and my mouth tastes like something died in it."

Callaway stopped the truck next to an old farmhouse and climbed out; she looked through the window and waved. "Come on in and get cleaned up, I gotta get out of these clothes before I throw up all over myself." She walked up the steps, opened the wooden screen door and stopped to wait for the tall woman to join her. "Come on, I don't bite and I have no ulterior motives here."

Branson rubbed her tired eyes, climbed out of her truck and followed Callaway into the farmhouse. She never expected for any of this to happen and could kick herself for being so stupid as to think that she could handle the phantom. "There's a bathroom down the hall there, there's a robe on the back of the door you can use if you want to take a shower."

Branson crossed her arms over her chest and looked down into green eyes. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because I feel bad for hurting you so bad and you really reek." She headed for the stairs on the other side of the foyer and stopped. "When you're done, follow the hallway down to the door on the right. It's the kitchen, I'll meet you there." She bounded up the wooden steps two at a time and went down the hallway to her bedroom. Stepping through the door, she started pulling her clothes off on her way to her bathroom. Dropping everything into a clothesbasket on the floor, she then turned the water on for the showerhead that hung above the claw-foot bathtub. Getting under the hot spray, she dropped her head and let it pound on her sore back muscles. She was a very active person, but rolling around in the dirt fighting off another person was not an everyday occurrence. Soaping up quickly and then rinsing, she turned the water off and grabbed her robe off the hook on the wall beside the bathtub. With her head still wet and water dripping down her tanned neck, she jogged down the steps and made her way to her large country kitchen. Her attacker was sitting in a high backed wooden kitchen chair with her face resting in her hands and her long dark hair hanging over her shoulders. "Do you feel better; can I make you some tea or coffee?" She stepped closer and placed a hand on a broad shoulder. "Let me see your throat, I wanna make sure I didn't hurt you too bad."

"What did you do to me after you kicked me, I remember you jabbing me with something?" She raised her head, looked up into light green eyes and froze. She had never seen eyes that color before and felt like she was falling.

"I released the pressure points that I hit when I kicked you...It's something..." Callaway felt the air rush out of her lungs with one look into crystal blue eyes, she felt like she was looking up into a clear sky and felt dizzy. "I'm really sorry...I don't know your name."

"Branson Mahoney and for the past two weeks, you've been my phantom menace."

Callaway stuck out her hand. "Callaway J/ Kuhrt or CK for short, how about some coffee?" Without waiting for an answer, she went over to the coffee maker and turned it on. "Do you take cream and sugar; I have fresh cream that I made this morning."

Branson looked over to her and raised a dark eyebrow. "You made the cream, how do you make cream and why were you destroying all my property at the work site?"

"The cream comes off the top of fresh milk and I don't want to see a bunch of spoiled city assholes ruining the countryside. They don't belong out here and neither do apartment buildings, condos or million dollar houses." She set a cup in front of Branson along with a pitcher of cream and a container of sugar. "This is Amish country, has been for over a hundred years. Their way

of life will be ruined if the apartments are built. Now why were you out there lurking in the shadows?"

"I was trying to catch you, that's what I was doing. I had no idea that I'd get my ass kicked." She took a sip of her coffee and sighed as it soothed her sore throat. "Why are you so against having anything built out here, it will bring business out here into the boonies and raise property values."

CK leaned across the table and held crystal blue eyes in a glare. "We don't care about property values; we care about the unsoiled way of living, the peace and quiet and the open space. If any of us wanted to live in a cluster fuck, we'd move to the city."

Branson shook her head and looked down at her bruised knuckles. "You keep saying we, we as in who?"

"Me, the Amish the other farmers in this area and we don't want those apartments here!"

Branson jumped in her chair and looked into the deep red face of an angry CK. "That's just too bad, because I will build those apartments and you'll just have to deal from your jail cell," She finished her coffee and stood up. "Where's your phone, I need to make a call?"

"It's on the wall by the back door, hit two for the speed dial to the sheriff's office." She sat calmly while Branson went over to the phone.

"You don't seem upset that I'm calling the sheriff, why not?" She watched a smirk grace the tanned features of CK and felt the hair stand up on the back of her neck.

"Easy, my dad will laugh his ass off when you tell him what I've done."

"Ohh fuck me to tears." Branson mumbled to herself. "It won't stop me; I'll call the Arlington DA and have her press charges against you."

"A lot of good that will do, you're out of Arlington county." She got up from her chair and went to stand in front of Branson. "Damn you're taller than I thought, tell ya what, you let me show you what we'll be losing if you build and if you're not satisfied. I'll have my dad put me in jail and process the charges."

"You're kidding right?" Branson laughed and wiped the moisture from her eyes. "What can you show me that I haven't already seen while being out here on my building site?"

CK tapped her on her chest and whispered. "Life." She went over to a cooling rack and picked up a pie to put in the refrigerator. "The life of pureness, hard work and sweat, can you handle that?"

"CK, I can handle anything you dish out...well unless you kick me again." She went back over to the table and sat down. "When do we start, what do I have to do and for how long?"

"How about in two days time, that'll give you the time to go back to that dreaded city you like, get some clothes, postpone your building and pack enough for a week."

Branson rolled her eyes and chuckled. "You think you can change my mind in a week?"

CK smiled and nodded her head. "Yep I can, in one week I can show you what peace is."

Branson looked to the clock on the coffee maker and yawned. "I'll be back in two days to prove you wrong." She got up from the table and felt a hand take her upper arm.

"You're not going anywhere tonight, its eleven o'clock and you don't have any clothes to wear. You can sleep in one of my spare rooms and leave in the morning."

"I have spare clothes in my truck, I'll change out there."

"Are you deaf, I said you're not leaving? Now come on, I have five rooms to choose from."

"I'm not going to win tonight am I?"

CK gave her a bright smile and shook her head. "Nope, ya sure aren't. I'll wake you up before I go out to do my chores." CK took her upstairs and to the room that was next to hers, she flipped on the light and pointed to the large bed covered in a handmade quilt done in light blues and rose triangle pattern. "The bathrooms right across the hall and my room is next door."

"Do you live here all alone?"

"Yep, except for my farm animals. I like it this way, I really don't have time for social activities and I don't really miss what I've never had." She moved from the doorway and spoke over her shoulder. "Good night Branson."

"Night phantom, see you in the morning." She chuckled at CK's groan, turned off the light and moved over to pull the covers back on the large bed. She striped out of the soft terry clothe rob, tossed it on the old rocking chair near the long window and crawled into bed. The soft mattress hugged her tired and sore body and pulled her into slumber the minute she closed her eyes.

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The sun was nowhere in sight when CK walked into Branson's room to wake her, she turned on the small tableside light and felt her jaw drop. The covers lay halfway on the floor and a long legged very naked Branson lay sprawled on her stomach across the bed. Her long raven black hair fanned out across her shoulder and pillow, she let her eyes linger and then trail down to stop at her feet and back up. Running a hand through her short blond hair, she wiped her sweaty palm on her pant leg before getting closer to a sleeping Branson. Leaning over the bed, she shook a strong shoulder and whispered to her. "Branson, time to get up." She tried again but louder when Branson didn't even move. "Branson!" A slight movement and then one eye blinked open and shut quickly.

"Uuugghh."

"Uugghh, what's that mean? I'm going out to do chores; I'll be back in and have breakfast ready." Pulling the covers up over her, she turned the light off and left Branson to sleep. "Guess you're not a morning person."

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Branson woke when she felt a hand shake her shoulder; she rolled onto her back and opened her eyes to see a strange ceiling above her. Turning her head, she looked to CK and jumped. "I didn't know where I was for a minute," She rubbed the sleep from her eyes and yawned. "What time is it?" She looked around the room and saw a small clock on the side table. "CK it's only six thirty in the morning."

"Hey I was nice and let you sleep an extra two hours, breakfast is waiting, so move it before it gets cold."

Pulling the covers to her neck, she sat up and moaned from the stiffness of her muscles. "Do you get up that early to wake the rooster or something; no sane people get up at four something in the morning?"

"I never said I was sane, I'll be down stairs, hurry up."

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When Branson got downstairs, CK was sitting at the table with a cup of coffee in her hand and reading the newspaper.

"I didn't think the Amish read the newspaper nor had electricity."

CK looked up at her and grinned. "I never said I was Amish, I just live in the same area." She got up from the table and pointed to a cup on the counter. "Get some coffee and I'll get our breakfast." She filled the plates and then set them on the table; she watched the look of amazement come over Branson's face and raised an eyebrow. "What's wrong; please tell me that you eat eggs."

"Yeah I do, it's just that I've never seen them that color before." She touched the yolk with her fork and then up to CK. "It's kinda orange, what's wrong with it?"

"Nothing, that's what a fresh egg looks like, no funny stuff pumped into the chicken and laid this morning."

"Laid this morning from a real chicken, not out of a cardboard carton or anything?"

"Ohh have you got a lot to learn," She sat down at the table and started buttering buttermilk

biscuits. "Every thing on your plate I either raised grew myself or made from scratch. I live off the land and for what ever I take, I replace by three." She finished the mouthful of food in her mouth and watched Branson poke at her food. "I didn't poison your food so eat."

"I wasn't worried about that, its the bacon, did you kill a pig?"

"No, I raised it and my neighbor John butchered it for me. He and his sons do all the butchering around here; they even make the sausage and hog cracklings."

After breakfast, CK handed Branson her freshly washed and dried clothes and went out into the garden to check on her vegetable plants. She planted extra every year for the rabbits and other animals that would invade during the night. She knew when she had checked the day before that she should have some squash and tomatoes ready to pick. Grabbing her basket, she walked down between the tilled rows and bending over every few feet to pick a vegetable. Branson stood in the kitchen doorway watching, a small lopsided grin came to her lips. The sight before her of a firm ass in faded Levis bending over every so often was enough to keep her spellbound. *The Gods sure were kind when they made you.* She stepped closer and cleared her throat. "I'm ready to head out of here; I'll be back in two days to start my lessons."

CK turned around and gave her a short nod. "Make sure you bring old clothes and good sturdy work boots," She grinned. "You'll need them."

"Don't worry, I'm not afraid of hard work, after all, I'm a construction worker."

"We'll see city slicker, we'll see." She gave her a wave and went back to picking vegetables after Branson walked around the back of the farmhouse and out to her truck.

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Branson pulled her truck into the underground garage of her apartment building, it was one of the buildings that she had built and had made the deal that she would retain the top floor for her own residence when completed. She had lived there six years and was happy with her large flat, even though she didn't spend as much time there anymore. With building new buildings and condos all over the area, she found it too hard to drive for hour's everyday to sleep in her own bed. Most of her time was spent on site and then a few hours in a motel room at night. For the last ten years, she knew nothing else, so this week in the country would be like a vacation for her. When her personal elevator opened, she was inside her flat. It seemed so dark and dreary compared to CK's house, she remembered her large country kitchen with its sunny yellow cabinets and wide windows near the oak kitchen table. The bleached wooden floor with bright hand-made throw rugs near the door and white curtains hanging over the window above the double kitchen sink, felt warm and cheerful compared to her flat; everything she owned was dark and dreary. Everything was done in black leather and stainless steel, the only color were the white throw pillows on her black leather couch. "I live in a dungeon compared to CK's, I have such a bubbly personality and it shows in my décor!" Flipping the overhead track lighting on, she shed her clothes on her way to her bedroom. Turning the light on, she looked at her black iron bed and sighed. "I might as well sleep on a bed of nails," She tossed her clothes on the end of the

bed and changed into worn out sweats and a t-shirt. "Shit, a few hours out in bum fuck Egypt and I'm wrecked."

She went back out in to her living room, dropped onto her couch and grabbed the phone from where it sat on the end table. Hitting speed dial, she called her site manager and waited for her to pick up.

"Hey Leo, we got a problem and I need you to call the crew and tell them that we won't be doing anything out in Lancaster PA for a week." She pulled the phone from her ear and winced.

"What the Hell is going on boss, we lose all our equipment and shit and now you want to take a week off?"

Branson could imagine her friends caramel colored eyes glinting like copper and the veins in her neck throbbing. "I caught the phantom last night and well...I struck up a deal with her."

"Did you say her, all that stuff got ruined by one woman?"

"Ohh you would not believe what she's capable of, she took me down with a few kicks. I ended up staying at her farmhouse last night because she just about killed me."

Leo laughed at her and dropped the phone in her glee. *"So she felled the mighty Branson Mahoney, hard to believe there's someone bigger than you. Does she look like a WWF wrestler?"*

"Haaa that would be easier on my ego, she's maybe five foot five and 120 pounds. Leo, the woman can cook, I mean real food!"

Leo ran her fingers through the dark bangs that hung in her eyes. *"For Christ sakes Branflake, all food is real and you're the only one who can't boil water. So why are we stopping for a week?"*

Branson leaned back on her couch and took a deep breathe. "This is going to sound insane but she wants to change my mind about building the apartment building. She's going to show me how peaceful the countryside is and what the people around there will be losing if we build."

"You're right, that is insane. Soo Branflake, you're going country for a week that can only mean one thing. She must be a hotty with a great ass."

Branson chuckled at her memory and rolled her eyes. "You have no idea Leo, tight faded Levis, short blonde hair and light green eyes."

"And you're the one who complains about the guys thinking with their little brains and you're doing the same thing."

"Not completely, if I win this bet, she goes to jail. If she wins, then we build somewhere else."

"You are soo gonna lose Branflake, she's got the cards already stacked against you. All she has

to do is cook for you in nothing but an apron and the apartments are history!"

"Speaking from experience there Leo, I remember you falling over an I-beam when Lindsey waved a turkey sandwich at you."

"I wasn't looking at the sandwich, it was her hard nipples poking against her t-shirt you idiot." She sighed deeply and groaned at the memory. "Anyways, I'll call the crew and let them know to take the week off, you keep in contact. I'll send in the Marines if you need some overhauls and a pitchfork."

"Gee thanks Leo, love you too. I'll talk to you later; I gotta pack for my vacation." She hung up the phone and fell back on the couch. "I may just enjoy myself for the first time in years." A wicked grin came to her face when she thought of CK picking veggies in a thong and nothing else. "Enough of that, I better get packed and everything in order." She crawled from the couch and went into her bedroom to get started.

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The rising sun found CK sitting on her three-legged stool in the barn. "Come on now Bert, I know you have more milk in there." CK squeezed the teats between her fingers and rested her forehead against her milk cow's side. A wide grin came to her face when she heard the sound of milk hitting the bottom of the bucket. "I knew you were holding out on me, how do you expect me to make butter to sell with no milk?" The sound of her cow chewing and the sound of her heart beating lulled her into another time.

"Grandpa my hands are too small, I can't squeeze 'em." A six year-old CK whined as she sat on the three-legged stool beside the huge milk cow. She tried again and became frustrated, looking for her grandpa; she ducked her head and suckled the cows teat. When her mouth was full, she spit the warm milk into the bucket.

"I gotta say Calli," Her grandpa said from over the cows back. "You'll always find an alternative way of doing things." He gave her a mischievous grin. "I won't tell your grandma, if ya won't tell her I still chew plug."

"Deal grandpa, can I play with the baby pigs afterward?"

"Yep, just be careful of their mama, ya know how she gets." He tousled her long blonde hair with his calloused fingers before going out of the barn.

Her dad had moved them back to his parent's farm after her mom died from complications giving birth. That is when she learned to live off the land. It just about killed her when her grandparents died just months apart when she was eighteen. Even after all the years that had gone by, tears still filled her eyes when she thought of her grandparents. Wiping her cheeks, she pulled the bucket from beneath Bert and released her to go back out into the pasture with the other cows. Taking the bucket up to the house, she placed it next to her butter churn and went into the kitchen to wash her hands. A bright smile came to her features when she thought of all the fun

she was going to have once Branson came back. She would enjoy putting the tall woman through the wringer so to speak, it would be hard work for her but the ending results were what counted. She thought there was nothing better than to sit out on the porch after a hard days work with a glass of iced tea and the sound of crickets. The soft breeze heavy with the scent of fresh cut hay and old fashion lilacs in full bloom and relaxing with the gentle motion of the old porch swing. Shaking off her musings, she went back out on the porch and started to make fresh butter for the bake sale on Saturday. Along with the butter, she had a dozen Dutch apple pies, a dozen loaves of sour dough bread and cherry strudels to sell. The money that she made from the sales, she used for her one weakness, books. She read more books than most publishing house editors did, and that wasn't counting what she did read for the publishing company she free-lanced for.

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Branson fidgeted at her glass topped kitchen table; she pushed around the microwave breakfast with her fork and sighed. Every few minutes, she looked up at her clock and saw that no time had passed. "You're acting like a teenager, it's not a prom date, Branflake." She tossed the cardboard carton into the trash compactor and put the fork in the dishwasher. "Just get in your truck and get on the road, CK's been up since before dawn and already worked more than you have." She rubbed the creases between her eyebrows and moaned. "You talk too much to yourself; you really need to get a life." She grabbed her keys and duffle bag from the floor and went to the elevator. On the ride down, she knew that she had the stupidest grin on her face and didn't care one bit. She would be spending a week in the country with the phantom menace and get home cooked meals.

Once she made it out of the city and was on the open roads, she cranked up her radio and listened to WFRE 99.9 out of Frederick Maryland. Not many knew that she preferred country music above all else, at work, she listened to what ever the guys had on the radio. Now, she could sing her heart out and not worry about the strange looks from her crew. An hour and a half later, she knew she was getting close to her destination, she could smell cows and other livestock on the air. She had heard countless times that it was a scent that grew on you and after a time you didn't notice it. She couldn't see where that was true, then again, the smell of buses and trucks was hardly noticed by her anymore. Driving past her construction site, she sighed and shook her head. "What are you doing Branflake; this is not a lesbian sea cruise." *You don't even know if she's gay and if she's not, what happens if she finds out you are?* "She could wack me and bury my ass out in a field somewhere!"

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CK had just come out of the barn when she saw the dust settling at the end of the long driveway, she took off at a slow jog and rounded the house to see Branson getting out of her Chevy truck. She knew that there was one more day before she should have been there. A wide grin came across her lips when she saw the old Levis, sleeveless flannel shirt and well-worn work boots. The clothes fit her like a glove and brought out the strong musculature of her body. CK found her mouth watering at the expanse of tanned thickly muscled arms flexing with the weight of a duffle bag and tool belt. *"Down CK, think of Bert's teats, slopping the pigs, your grandma's*

CK yelled down from the loft window. "Are ya dying down there Slick?" Branson looked up and growled at her.

"You're trying to kill me aren't you, what's in these bales anyway, lead?"

"Nope, and those are baled light. You should see what the third cutting is like; those easily weigh about 130lbs." She came though the door and walked down the conveyor belt. "My tractor and bailer are almost 50 years old, the new ones the rich farmers use are called kick bailers or there's one that makes these great big round bales." She handed Branson a bottle of water and took a seat on one of the bales. "I can't afford something like that so I do with what I have." She shrugged her shoulders and watched Branson drain the bottle.

"What's something like that cost, ball park figure?"

"Probably as much as one of your bulldozers."

"Yeah that is a lot to come up with, how do the other farmers have that kind of money?"

"They raise produce and beef for companies or they go so far in to debt that the next ten generations will be paying the liens."

Branson took a seat on the bale across from her and nodded her head; she knew all to well how economics worked. The news was always filled with how the farmers were suffering and seeking government aide. "So what do you raise here and who do you sell it to?"

"I raise a few head of beef cattle, a few pigs, chickens and their food. I butcher one cow and pig for the winter, keep my steer and few cows for breeding and sell the others to the market. My chickens that can't produce eggs anymore, become supper."

"Do you make good money doing that, I mean is it enough to live on?"

CK laughed and wiped sweat from her face. "I do all right, but it's not the only thing I do. I'm a freelance editor for a publishing company in New York." She stood up and walked back up the conveyor belt and through the loft window. "Break times up Slick, after this wagon is empty we're done with the hay until morning."

"Huh? Ya mean there's more hay?" Her answer came by way of wicked grin. "This is no vacation; I should have gone to Bermuda and looked for that damn triangle!"

When the last bale of hay was pulled into the loft, Branson turned the belt off and walked up to the small door. She almost fell off the belt when she saw how the hay was stacked; it was neat and covered only a quarter of the large loft. "Holy shit, how did you get those bales all the way to the ceiling?"

"Magic Slick, pure magic. Let's go get cleaned up a bit and you can help me feed the animals."

"Do you ever stop working, you know to breathe?"

"Sure, when all the work is done." She stepped up to Branson and clapped her on her shoulder. "We're almost done and after supper I just close up the barn and sheds until morning, I can't have the fox coming in and stealing my chickens at night."

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CK drove the tractor along the pasture fence while Branson tossed sections of hay off the wagon to the cows. When they stopped near a long trough, CK jumped down, hefted a hundred pound bag of grain over her shoulder, and walked to the edge of the trough. Using a knife, she cut the binders twine from the bag and started dumping the grain. "Will you grab another bag and start at the other end?"

"Sure, can't be that hard." Branson found out how hard it was with screaming muscles, the walk alone just about killed her. When she was finished, she saw that CK had already started dumping another bag. "Ohh happy me, there's only five more bags to go."

CK grinned at her and pointed to the area on the other side of the barn. "We still have the pigs to feed and that's four bags for them. The good thing is, after we shower, we get to cook supper."

Branson felt like laying on the ground and throwing a temper tantrum, she worked hard doing construction but that was eight hours a day and was no where near as tiring as farming. She had to give the small blonde credit along with other farmers, their life was hard. "Am I going to survive a week of this and where's the peace you're trying to convince me of?"

"Depends on how tough you are and you'll see the peace and quiet later."

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After a meal of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, fresh green beans and sour dough bread, Branson helped clear the table and put the dishes in the dishwasher. She was ready to fall down from exhaustion when CK handed her a glass of iced tea and pointed to the front porch. "Go have a seat on the swing and I'll run out and close up the barn and sheds."

"Are there any giant bugs out there that I'll have to fight off, 'cuz right now I haven't an ounce of energy."

CK snorted and shook her head. "Not that I know of but if there are and they take you, can I keep your truck?"

"Ohhh you are a laugh a minute, you can even adopt all the life forms living under the seat if ya want."

"I can always use the extra help." She jumped down the steps and jogged towards the barn before disappearing inside the dark hole that was the door.

"She has way too much energy," She groaned as she slowly sat down on the soft cushion of the swing. "Must be the real food she eats." Closing her eyes, she moved the swing slowly with her feet and felt her muscles relaxing. She was dozing off when she felt the swing sway a bit and opened an eye to see CK sitting next to her.

"Close your eyes, listen and tell me what you hear." Branson did as she was told, her eyebrows drew down over her nose in concentration and then opened a few minutes later.

"I don't hear anything."

"That's what peace is, now listen closer and tell me all the small sounds you hear."

"I hear crickets, a rustling noise and something I have no idea what it is." She looked towards where she heard the sound and saw the tall grass bending towards them. "Are there wild animals here?"

"Like what, lions and tigers and bears?"

"Haa! For all I know you could have the boogie man around here."

"Only my psychotic cat, she's out there in the grass hunting bugs." Just as she finished speaking, a large orange cat came loping out of the grass and ran up onto the porch with a cricket in her mouth. She made a chattering noise and dropped it at CK's feet. "Thanks Psycho, now if you would learn how to catch mice you'd be a big help."

An hour later after watching the sun set across the open field, CK got up and stood at the door. "I'm going to take a shower and watch TV in the living room."

"You have a TV and a living room?"

"Yeah, I know I've been a shitty host and didn't show you around. After your shower, it's the doorway right across from the kitchen door. I keep the door closed so that it stays cool in there." She went into the house and up the stairs to her bedroom. With her hair still wet from her shower, she sat on her comfortable pale blue couch with her feet up on the coffee table. She heard a shuffling noise and looked over her shoulder to see Branson coming through the door. "Have a seat and relax, I'm watching 'Women With Badges' before I go to bed."

Branson sat down on the couch and put her feet up on the coffee table; she looked over at CK and raised an eyebrow. "You don't look like the type to watch stuff about cops."

"Well, it's the only way I get to see what the rest of the world's like." She grinned and handed Branson a piece of strudel. "Go ahead and try it, I made some for the bake sale tomorrow and kept one aside for my sweet tooth."

"Bake sale, you mean you bake more than biscuits and bread?"

"Ohh yeah, on Saturdays, I go into the farmers market and sell my baked goods to city slickers like yourself." She grinned at the look Branson gave her. "They have no idea I'm not Amish, they think I belong to one of those progressive families."

"What time are you going into the market?" She bit into the strudel and moaned at the tart taste of the apples. "Better yet, I'll buy all your strudel right now! This is great stuff here."

"After we get the rest of the hay in the barn, there's only maybe 25 bales and they can go down below. You wanna come with me; I can introduce you to some of the families around here?"

Branson gave her a narrow eyed look before asking. "If it's not before you wake your rooster." She yawned and felt her jaw crack. "Geez I'm tired, I'm going to bed." She got up slowly and grabbed her lower back. "Do you have any aspirins; I think I need about two dozen."

"Sure do," She flipped the TV off and got up from the couch. "I have the giant economy size in my bathroom; I'm not as young as I used to be."

"Right what are you 25 or so; try walking around in a 38 year old body for a day."

"I do, every single day Slick." She smiled and went ahead of a whimpering Branson.

"Damn Greek and Irish genes I have aren't worth spit."

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Branson was sound asleep in the truck on the way to the farmers market, she had gotten up with CK, helped her feed and then put the last of the hay in the barn before cleaning up and helping her put her baked items on the back seat of the truck. They couldn't have been on the road for five minutes before she started snoring. CK snorted and pulled her over onto the bench seat to save her from bouncing her head off the doorframe. 30 minutes later, she pulled up to the long outside tables of the market and parked her truck behind her usual table. Getting out of the truck, she waved to some of her neighbors before shaking Branson awake. "Come on Slick, we're here." She rubbed her face and looked across the seat at CK.

"Why am I so tired, I'm not like this at home?"

"Fresh air Slick and you're not used to getting up at 0430 in the morning. Don't worry, you'll get used to it."

"Yeah and by that time I'll be back in Arlington and not know what to do at that time of the morning." She sat up, stretched her arms over her head, and groaned. "Tell me something CK; do you always take in strange women?"

"Nope, you're my first." She shook her head. "Come on and help me get all this stuff out, the slickers should be swarming the place any time now."

With all her backed goods lined up on the table, she took Branson's larger hand in hers and pulled her towards her neighbors' table. She nodded her head at the children and walked up to a giant of a man with a long gray beard. "Abraham this is my friend Branson, she's visiting from Arlington." She stepped out of the way and watched Abraham look over Branson with interest.

"You're no farmer like little English there."

Branson felt a blush work up her cheeks and looked to a grinning CK. "No sir, I'm not but I'm learning." He shook her hand and grinned at her.

"You may not survive her teaching, may God give you immortal strength." He squeezed CK's shoulder, laughed at the look on Branson's face, and then looked back to CK. "We are having a barn raising on Tuesday, my eldest son has finished his house, now it's time for the barn. Will you come and help?"

"Sure, we'll be there bright and early. I'll talk to Sarah to see what I should bring for the feast."

"Good, we can use the extra hands. Now I must go see about trading for some new shoes for my horses." He tipped his hat to them and walked towards a group of men at another table.

"He's not what I expected." She said in a whisper.

"You watched the movie *Witness* too many times, come on I'll introduce you to his wife Sarah." They spoke for a few moments before people started walking around looking at all the goods for sale. CK was right when she called them city slickers; the people were dressed to the 9's and snobby. A few times, Branson had to hold her tongue when CK was questioned about her baked goods. She had never heard such stupid questions in her life, and didn't know why it mattered what kind of ingredients were used to make the pies and pastries. She knew all too well that most people ate too much greasy foods and a little real butter wasn't going to kill them any sooner. She launched off the tailgate of the truck where she had been sitting when a man a bit taller than CK with gray at the temples of his thinning blonde hair asked her if there were any worms in her apple pies. She was about to punch him when CK smiled and told him that she put in extra just for him.

"I know you like the extra protein Dad, so I threw in some weevils to spice it up."

He came around the table, picked her up and gave her a bear hug before putting her back down. "How's my baby?" He brushed her hair out of her eyes and then noticed Branson standing behind her. "Is business that bad that you need a body guard?"

"Branson this is my Dad, Teddy. Dad this is Branson Mahoney, she was building that apartment complex behind the farm." She grinned up at Branson and nudged her with her foot.

"Was, what do you mean was?" He looked down at his daughter with twinkling green eyes. "Ohh what have you done Callaway, you didn't do what you told me you had planed, did you?"

"If you mean sir, her taking out all my equipment, yes she did."

He looked up at Branson and shook his head. "And you didn't press charges against her that surprises me."

CK told her dad about the deal they had struck up for the week, all he could do was shake his head and laugh at her. She always was a deal maker, even from the first words she spoke. "You have no idea what you've gotten yourself into, my baby's a slave driver. Even the Amish say she works harder than they do."

"Believe me sir, I know and I've only been here for a day and a half. When the weeks done, I'll have to spend a month in an ICU unit."

CK jabbed her in the chest and growled. "You haven't seen anything yet Slick, wait until Tuesday when we help raise Young Abraham's barn."

"Ohh, I think I'll part ways before she gets into detail what barn raising means. Take care of her Calli and don't kill her like you did all the other ones." He laughed all the way back to his car and waved to a pale-faced Branson as he drove past.

"Tell me he was kidding." She sunk down onto the tailgate when CK winked at her and went back to the table to sell two pies to an older woman.

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Branson walked behind CK through the chicken coop with her shirt cradling warm eggs, she always pictured chickens laying eggs in a contraption like the one they showed in cartoons. She looked down at her feet when she felt something pulling on her laces, shaking her leg brought more chickens over to her to attack her bootlaces. "Ohhh come on now, how can you untie something that I double knotted?" She shook her leg and hobbled away with them hanging onto her laces. "CK your birds are attacking me!"

"You're lucky I don't still have geese, now those bad boys can attack." She whistled and threw some cracked corn on the ground to draw the chickens away from Branson. "Just think of the stories you'll have ta tell Slick, all your employees will get a good laugh out of your week here."

Branson stepped over a fuzzy baby chick and raced to the coop door. "Ohh no they won't, I am not saying one word about being attacked by Longhorn Foghorn."

CK gave her a bright smile and walked past her. "How about baby pigs or the mama?" She picked up a woven basket and transferred the eggs from Branson's shirt. "I have to give the pigs their shots today, think you can hold them while I do it?"

Branson shrugged her shoulders. "Sure, how hard can it be?"

swam away. For an hour, they played in the pond, dunking each other and splashing until they were exhausted and felt like prunes. With the sun high over the trees, the rock was toasty and a perfect place to dry off and rest. CK crawled up on the rock and patted the space next to her before lying back.

"I don't bite Slick; if I did I would have bit you after you dunked me the first time." She folded her arms behind her head and closed her eyes. "This is the life Slick, admit it, there's nothing like this in the city."

Branson rolled onto her side and looked at CK's profile; she had to admit one thing to herself. There was no one like CK in Arlington, of all the women that she had dated, none of them were able to get her to think on any level other than a sexual one. There was attraction to the small blonde but there was so much more as well, she had a brain and morals. She showed no interest in money and asked for nothing in return for her kindness, except an honest days work. Taking in her tanned features, the small lines at the corners of her eyes and the way her nose crinkled when she smiled the way she was doing now. "What are you doing Slick?"

"Thinking...you're right there's nothing like this in the city." She let her eyes roam down a tanned neck to rising breasts beneath a red sports bra, and then to a flat muscled stomach that was damp with moisture. "Have you ever lived in the city...to see what it has to offer?"

"Sure, when I was going to college." She turned her head and took in the high cheekbones and dark lashes that lowered slightly over ice blue eyes. "It's always noisy, alive, harsh in its bright lights and crowded with the different smells that linger in the air. My head would spin every time I had to go to a store or walk the streets to get to my apartment." Moving up onto an elbow, she looked directly into blue eyes and tried to read them. "At night I would go up to the roof and try to see the stars, all I saw were the other rooftops and lights from airplanes."

"You didn't stay to long did you?"

"Nope, I had to come back or go insane. This is where I belong Branson; I'm free here from everything. What do you see in the city, what kind of place do you live in?"

Branson closed her eyes and tried to picture what it was like where she traveled to get to her loft. What she saw was exactly the way CK had described it, it was the first time she actually paid attention to her surroundings and it was through someone else's eyes. "I never pay much attention when I'm going home, I don't spend too much time there. When I'm working at a site, I live out of hotels and motels. So going to my flat is kind of a blur to me." She sat up, pulled a blade of grass free, and twirled it in her long fingers. "My flat is kinda like something you would see in a design magazine, I don't really live there if you know what I mean."

"You mean impersonal, cold and distant then yep, I know what you mean. If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?"

Branson thought for a moment but was unwilling to voice her choice; instead, she shrugged her shoulders and got up from the rock. "I never really thought about that, is it time to eat yet, I'm

starving?"

CK nodded her head and got up from the rock; she pulled on her Levis and boots but just carried her t-shirt. "I'm thinking grilled steaks, baked potatoes and corn on the cob, sound good to you?"

A bright smile came to Branson's face that went all the way to her eyes. "Do we have any ice cream?"

"Only if you make it, I do have some fresh blueberries left over that we can put in it."

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Branson looked up at a smirking CK and growled. "You're the one that asked if we had ice cream." She poured more ice into the bucket and squeezed Branson's shoulder. "You're almost done and once you taste it you'll know the work was well worth it." Branson continued to turn the crank on the old ice cream maker and grumbling under her breath. "Honest Slick, home made ice cream is like nothing you can buy in a store."

"It better send me into multiple orgasms for all this work."

CK gave her a crooked smile and winked. "It can if eaten right." She grinned at Branson's dropped jaw and went back into the kitchen to get bowls.

"Is she flirting with me?" She whispered under her breath and went back to churning the ice cream. "Hey, how do I know when it's done?"

"When your arm falls off," She placed the bowls on the small table beside the swing. "Is it hard to crank?"

"Yep, and I can't feel my arm anymore, so I think it's done." She pulled the top off and looked down into the creamy white ice cream with spots of blue dotting it. "I can smell the vanilla and blueberries; can we make strawberry next time?" She felt like a little kid getting a forbidden treat.

"Any flavor you can think of, we can make, here's the spoon." She held out the spoon and then the bowls for her to fill. "We can sit out here and eat, the house is still a little hot, I forgot to turn the window fans on."

"I'd prefer to sit out here, I like it at night...it's peaceful." She cast a shy look up at CK and grinned. "Yeah I just admitted that it's peaceful here."

Sitting pressed together at the thigh, they ate from the bowls until Branson grabbed the bucket and placed it on her lap. Using the large spoon, she scraped the sides and brought the heaping spoon to her mouth. Licking it gently, she cast a sideways glance at CK and wiggled her brows. "Want some?" She said in a deep throaty voice that brought a rush of color to CK's cheeks. "I'll share with ya." She moved the spoon over to CK and felt all her blood rush to southern areas

when her tongue flicked out and licked at the ice cream. "Ohhh Gods was that bad." She moaned deeply.

"I can do worse ya know." CK stuck her hand in the bucket and smeared it all over Branson's face. "How's that for bad?" Branson wiped part of the ice cream from her eyes and saw that CK was half way across the yard and still running.

"She expects me to run on a full stomach?" She whined. "Damn what have you gotten yourself into this time, Branflake?" She put the bucket down and took off running to where she had last seen CK, before she was able to stop, a body flew from the top of the chicken coop, landed on her and pinned her to the ground. "That's cheating!"

"Never said I played fair." She jumped up, ran back towards the barn, and disappeared into the darkness.

"I can't believe we're playing hide and seek." Getting to her feet, she ran to the other door and snuck inside. She crept in the darkness and listened for any sound that would alert her to where CK was hiding. Easing around the end of one of the stalls, she jumped when she heard the constant clanging of a bell off in the distance. "CK what's that bell for?" She stood up and looked around for the string for the overhead lights.

"Ohh shit, that bell is not to call the cows in!" CK grabbed Branson by her hand and hustled her out the back door to the barn; she tilted her head to the side and tried to figure out in which direction the ringing was coming from. "It's the Jonas farm, come on we have to hurry!" She went back into the barn and pushed out a Yamaha dirt bike. "That's a signal for a fire; everyone within hearing distance goes to help." She straddled the bike, kicked it over and offered her hand to Branson.

"This is something I never expected of you." She crawled on the back and wrapped her arms around CK's waist. In a matter of minutes, they were able to see the fiery blaze off in the distance. It never occurred to her that there wouldn't be a fire station in the area to help with burning structures. An idea was starting to blossom in her mind as she hung onto CK for dear life. When they stopped at a safe distance, she was able to see dozens of people forming a bucket brigade from all the wells. Containers of all sizes passed from hand to hand until the last person threw the water on the burning barn. "What do we do?"

"We can join the bucket brigade or start soaking the other structures so they don't catch fire."

"Do they have a garden hose that we can hook up to a pump?"

CK was about to shake her head no when she saw the flashing red and blue lights heading up the long drive. "Dads here, he keeps hoses in the trunk of his cruiser!" She took off running towards where her dad parked and ran around to the now open trunk, she handed two large diameter hoses to Branson and took two for herself. "Dad we're gonna try to hit the back of the barn!"

"I'll get ones started at the front, more help is on the way, now go!" He gave them both a gentle

shove and pulled more equipment from his cruiser. Both women ran around to the back of the barn and to a pump that was at the fence line. The Amish quickly helped them hook the hoses up and took turns pumping the water through. Branson took the hose from CK's hand and sprayed her down with the ice cold water then turned it on herself. Moving close to the wide barn door, she sprayed the flames starting at the top, moving from side to side, and working her way down. She looked to where CK and others came up beside her and started beating the flames on the outside of the barn with wet blankets and anything else they could find. Every few minutes, she sprayed them down with water to keep them from catching on fire or over heating. She looked up when she heard a loud groaning noise and down to where CK was soaking a blanket in the water trough. Dropping the hose, she ran and tackled CK just as part of the wood and roof at the peak came falling down. Rolling them over on the wet and muddy ground, she took them clear of the burning debris and let out a sigh of relief when the others put out the flames. They lay there catching their breaths and then heard the telltale sirens of fire trucks coming towards them. She got to her feet and pulled CK up in front of her, pushing back CK's wet and muddy hair from her forehead, she looked at her soot-covered face and felt relieved. Wrapping her arms around her, she pulled her to her chest and just held on. Never before had she been so afraid of losing someone, at first, her feelings shocked her and then warmed her insides. "Don't do that no more; I just lost ten years off my life span!" She yelled over the noise. Giving her one last squeeze, she released her to go back to fighting the fire.

An hour later, with the flames gone and the volunteer firefighters putting out the last of the hot embers, CK and Branson sat on the ground at the side of the farmhouse drinking cold water from water bottles that neighbors had supplied. Exhausted and filthy, they leaned against each other and watched people shake hands and then depart. "Where's your dad?"

"I think he's over with Elder Jonas, they'll come up with a time to get together to clear out the debris and then start a new barn." She leaned her head against Branson's shoulder and let her burning eyes drift closed.

Going with her impulse, Branson asked in a low whisper. "Will they take offense if I bring in a bulldozer to clear it out?"

"We can ask them and see what they say, it would make it easier." She leaned up and placed a soft kiss to Branson's cheek. "Thank you."

"You don't have to thank me for anything, let's go see Jonas so we can go home. I feel like a giant French fry and I really need to soak in a nice cold bathtub."

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Dressed in silk boxers and a wife beater, dark hair still wet from her shower. Branson shuffled into the kitchen to get something to drink, no matter how much she drank, she still felt dehydrated. She flinched when she stretched out her arm to open the refrigerator and then felt a warm hand on her hip. "Sit down I'll get it, I have some stuff to put on your burns."

"I'm OK; it just feels like sunburn."

"Uhhh huh, and all the hair on your arms gets singed off while sunbathing?" She looked closely at her face and ran a fingertip across her dark eyebrows. "At least your eyebrows are intact, I saw a couple of the men without any and singed beards."

"I don't even want to think of what I would look like without eyebrows."

"I could always draw them back on with a magic marker; you could be the first female Groucho Marx."

"Nope, that's OK." She took the bottle of water and watched CK go out the back door of the kitchen. She couldn't help but grin when she found herself thinking of CK's firm ass flexing in the silk running shorts. "You're a great big dog, Branflake, Leo would be teasing you right now and you would deserve it."

"Deserve what?" CK asked as she came over with Aloe Vera clippings in her hand to where she was sitting

"What ever you do to me," she held out her arms and looked up into bloodshot green eyes, "is this gonna hurt because, I really hate pain?"

CK looked deeply into her eyes and shook her head. "I would never intentionally hurt you in anyway, you saved my life tonight. If you hadn't been there, I could have been killed or badly injured. Thank you."

"You don't have to thank me; I did what any friend would have done."

Tears filled CK's eyes; she shook her head and brought a hand up to cup Branson's cheek. "There were other people right there by me, it was you who risked your own life." Branson pulled her down onto her lap and held her closely. "Sorry, I get this way when I'm exhausted both emotionally and physically."

Branson held her tighter and rocked her gently. "It's OK." She ran her fingers through damp blonde hair until she heard her breathing become even and deep. Getting up from the chair, she carried CK up the stairs and to her bedroom. Laying her gently on the bed, she pulled the sheet over her and then turned the light out. "Night phantom." She placed a gentle kiss to her forehead and then went to her own room where she dropped into bed and fell asleep minutes later.

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Branson was up at the crack of dawn despite only going to sleep a few hours earlier, she dressed and wandered into the kitchen. Rubbing her eyes, she looked at the coffee maker for all of two seconds before going over to it. Measuring out enough for a full pot, she filled it with water and set the timer before going out the kitchen door to the barn. She figured she could get some of the chores done before CK got up. She didn't know how things worked on the farm on a Sunday but knew that the animals had to be fed and taken care of first. Her first stop was to get grain for the

pigs; she grabbed a wheelbarrow from near where all the grain was stacked in bags and filled it up. Pushing it through the back door of the barn, she snorted when all the pigs ran along the fence beside her. Stopping at their trough, she hefted each bag up and emptied them until they were all gone. Reversing her course, she filled the wheelbarrow with grain for the cows and then filled their trough before going to collect the eggs and feed the chickens. It was when she stepped up to the chicken coop door that she saw two huge horses coming in with the rest of the cows. She tilted her head to the side and shook her head, she knew a Clydesdale when she saw one. The other horse was the same size but didn't have the long hair around its ankles. Watching them go over and eat with the cows, she went into the chicken coop, poured out their feed in to their feeders, and then collected what eggs were in the nests.

The only thing she knew that CK did that she had no idea of how to do was milk Bert, shrugging her shoulders, she headed back into the barn and grabbed the two steel buckets from the sterilizer. She knew that Bert came in all on her own in the mornings, now it was just getting up the nerve to be so close to a huge animal.

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CK rolled over and felt the stiffness in her muscles, rubbing her eyes of sleep; she looked over at her clock and groaned. It was already past six o'clock, she knew the animals would be ready to tear the barn down to get to their food. Swinging her legs over the edge of the bed, she stretched and rolled her head on her shoulders. Slipping her feet into her slippers, she then wondered how she had gotten to bed. A small grin came to her face when she thought of her tall housemate carrying her to bed. A slight blush covered her face when she remembered breaking down in front of the strong woman; she prided her self on being stoic and independent, now that image was gone. Going to her dresser, she pulled out a pair of old baggy painter's pants and socks. She would wake Branson once she was finished with her chores and then get breakfast for them. Jogging down the stairs, she ran down the hallway and out the back door to the yard. She stopped when she saw that the cows were eating and heard the pigs making noises from the other field. Thinking maybe one of her neighbors had been by to feed her animals in way of thanks for helping with the fire, she wasn't expecting to hear them singing in her barn. Slowly, she crept into the dim barn and stopped. She couldn't believe her eyes, there sat Branson on her three legged stool milking Bert. She moved further into the barn, leaned against one of the rails of the cow pen, and listened to Branson sing to her cow.

Right here waiting, staying strong
Come and Fall into me
You say you've turned it off
Hid your heart upon a shelf
Scared of what it might cost
To take it down for someone else
Cause loving her you lost
Too much of yourself
Baby can't you see...that she's not me

And...

I need you to know you can fall into me
That my arms are wide open and will always be
Right here waiting, Staying strong
Come and fall into me
I'll follow any road
Anywhere to get to you
I'll open up my soul
If that's what you need me to do
But now baby it's your move
All you've got to do
Is believe in love, just believe in us
Now...

I need you to know you can fall into me
That my arms are wide open and will always be
Right here waiting, Staying strong
Come and fall into me
Just believe in love, just believe in us
Baby...
I need you to know you can fall into me
That my arms are wide open and will always be
Right here waiting, Staying strong
Come and fall into me
Come and fall into me
Baby fall into me

"Good thing for you that Bert here doesn't take voice commands or you'd be in big trouble." CK walked up, leaned against Bert, and looked down at a blushing Branson.

Blue eyes took in the large animal and gulped. "You mean that you can train them like a dog?"

"Ohh sure, bet ya didn't know that all ya had to say was 'Bert gimme milk! And she would have filled up those two buckets all on her own."

Branson looked down to where her large fingers were wrapped gently around teats and back up to CK. "And you're full of shit too...I tried that already."

CK chuckled and sat down on her haunches beside Branson; she took in the concentrated look on her face and smiled. "So do you always sing to cows when you're playing with their teats?"

"I figured that if it worked for some of my dates, it should work on Bert here." She pointed to a full bucket of milk to the side. "She filled that one up while I sang the Dixie Chicks song, *Goodbye Earl*."

"Uuuuhh huh and let me change the subject back a minute," she tilted her head so that she could see Branson's face better before she spoke. "These dates you have, what works better, your singing or the tit pulling?" She slapped Branson on her shoulder when she saw her face turn bright red and her eyes go wide. "You didn't have to feed everyone; I would have dragged my lazy ass out of bed sooner or later. But since you did, I'll go start breakfast."

Branson cleared her throat and spoke softly. "I set the timer on the coffee pot; it should be just about done."

"OK, as soon as you're done playing with Bert's tits, bring that bucket in." She picked up the full one and snickered all the way back to the house. What she was dying to mention to Branson but didn't, was that she noticed that she changed the him's to her's in the song.

"Well Bert, I guess I just screwed myself here, I just had to say that I play with tits now didn't I?" She dropped her head against the cow's side and continued to milk her.

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CK turned the stereo on in the living loud enough that it was heard through out the entire house; the song that Branson had been singing was one of her favorites and was now in the CD player. Setting out six of the eggs that she found in the basket near the barn door, she beat them with fresh cream mixed in and then poured it into the large skillet. Cutting up cheddar cheese and adding bits of ham and green peppers, she let it cook while she started frying potatoes. She hadn't really thought about it until now, but she liked having Branson there with her. Since her father had moved to an apartment closer to the police station, she had been completely on her own. Most of the meals she cooked before were small ones, or she made a pot of soup to heat up when she got hungry. She looked out the window and smiled when she saw Branson coming towards the house; she froze and felt her breath hitch in her throat. Branson had stopped, put the bucket down and stretched her arms up over her head. Her t-shirt rose up her flat stomach to show off the rippling muscles and deep tan of her skin. The way her head tilted back showed the corded muscles of her neck and made CK's mouth go dry. "What do I have to do to get you to sing for me?" She slapped herself mentally and went back to fixing breakfast.

Branson placed the bucket on the counter and leaned over CK's shoulder to see what she was cooking. She grunted when CK pushed her hips back into her and pointed a finger to the hallway. "Go wash up, you smell like a cow."

"That's 'cuz she kept smooching on me, sick animal, licked my whole face!" She rubbed her face on the back of CK's shirt and then ran from the kitchen.

"Yeah well, at least someone likes you!" She shook her head and grinned. "I can't believe she did that." CK mumbled and then felt her face heat up from the tingles running through her body. With her back to the door, CK didn't notice Branson come back into the kitchen, she had everything on the table and was fixing their cups of coffee. "So I'm wondering how often do you play with big tits?" She smacked herself in the forehead when she heard Branson laugh. "I thought I was still alone...sorry."

"As often as I can get away with it." Branson looked up at her and gave her a crooked grin. "Believe me, it's not often...how did we get on the subject of me and tits anyways?"

"I think you started it out in the barn."

"I did didn't I," She looked up from under her lashes. "Does it bother you...ya know my lifestyle?"

"Why should it, just because I live out here with a bunch of Amish doesn't mean that I'm closed-minded." She placed Branson's coffee next to her plate and took her seat across from her. "So is there a girlfriend wondering where you are?"

"Ohh five or six that are missing me." She grinned right before filling her mouth with omelet.

"Only five or six, I figured someone who looks like you would have one for every night of the week."

She finished chewing and gave CK a raised eyebrow look. "What do you mean someone who looks like me?"

"What I mean is, you probably walk into a bar and have women falling at your feet."

"Thanks, I think. And to be honest, I don't go out at all. I found out early that when women find out who I am and how much money I have, nothing else matters. They think I'm a walking ATM machine." She shrugged her shoulders and went back to devouring her breakfast. "What about you, do you date or anything?"

"I have Bert to smooch on me, why do I need to date?"

"That's really sick ya know." She was hoping that she would get some insight into CK's life, maybe get an idea of whether she was family. "So what do we do today, oohh mighty slave driver?"

"After we get done eating, I'm gonna put some stuff on your arms before you have scars." She reached across, took Branson's left hand, and turned her arm over. "You have some second degree burns and if I hadn't been a total wreck last night, I would have taken care of them then."

"I've gotten worse welding beams and believe me, I have scars all over, and a few more won't matter."

"And I'm called stubborn! You will sit there and I'll put the aloe on your arms." Branson sighed and nodded her head in defeat.

"And after you torture me with that goop, what do we have to do?"

"Not a damn thing, I become a couch potato on Sundays or I read. If you're interested, I have a library upstairs. I'm waiting on some new books to get here, they should be here tomorrow."

"You don't read those sappy romances do you?"

She raised both eyebrows up into her bangs. "Do I look like a sappy person to you?" Shaking her head, she snorted. "Murder mysteries, Science fiction, Westerns, you name it but noooo sappy stuff."

"Nope. I saw your little satellite dish, so I'm a couch potato today, but maybe I'll take a look later. I like to read before I go to sleep, that is when I'm not in a partial coma before I hit the pillow."

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With the TV volume low and some program that made absolutely no sense what's so ever, didn't matter to Branson who was sound asleep and snoring loud enough to distract CK from the book she was trying to read. She got up from her chair and looked for the remote only to find it clutched to Branson's chest like a stuffed animal. Not wanting to disturb her, she walked over to the TV and turned it off. "I was watching that ya know."

"That's some skill you have there, watching TV with your eyes closed, drooling and snoring right through it."

Blue eyes fluttered open to fall on CK who was standing with her hands on her hips. "It took years to perfect that certain skill, what time is it?"

"Time to change the channel, what ever that was you were supposedly watching sucked."

Dark eyebrows wiggled above twinkling blue eyes. "Literally or was it a shitty program?"

"Shitty is too loose a word, the Home Decorating channel is not something a normal person would watch. The host was soo flaming, I'm surprised the house didn't catch on fire."

"Ohhh...that bad huh, why didn't you just change it?"

"Because I wasn't about to play with your tits to get the remote," She pointed to where Branson still had the remote clutched to her chest. "You want my Teddy bear to cuddle?"

Branson looked down to her chest and grinned. "You can play with my tits any time you want, I don't mind a bit."

CK threw her head back and let out a loud laugh. "Ohh I'm sure you wouldn't mind," she dropped her head and looked from beneath her lashes. "Except you're not my type," She dropped her book on the coffee table and grinned evilly. "I'm going out to feed the critters and then get supper started."

Branson nodded her head, yawned and stretched her arms up over her head. "Not your type...but I'm every body's type! I'm good looking, rich, nice ass, filthy rich, and my teeth are all mine. What's not ta love?" She looked down at her chest and spoke to her breasts. "Maybe I should get you guys improved...ya know made bigger...say a few cup sizes or so?" She cupped her breasts and continued to talk to them without knowing that CK had come back and was now hovering over her shoulder watching and listening to her. "I got you guys pierced, what else can I do?"

"What other body parts do you talk to?"

Branson tilted her head back and looked up into amused green eyes; she felt her face heat up and knew that it wasn't from her position. "Uhhmm...how long you been there?"

"Ohh wouldn't you just love to know, how much bigger and what kind of hoops ya got in your nipples?" She laughed hysterically when Branson closed her eyes and sunk down into the cushions.

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As they sat at the kitchen table, CK couldn't keep from laughing every time she looked over at Branson. "So are they gold or silver and is anything else pierced?"

"I'll never live it down will I?"

"You have to admit, I got ya good."

"You just wait; I'll catch you doing something just as stupid and keep reminding you all day long." She stuck her tongue out and went back to eating.

"Maybe. but you still didn't answer my question."

"Nunya and nunya, so there." She jumped when her cell phone vibrated against her hipbone. "I am so saved from you continuing this battering of my ego," She stuck her tongue out and flipped her phone open. "Mahoney."

"You're still alive, have ya been converted yet?"

"What do you mean converted and to what can I be converted to?"

"A farmer, you dumbass," Leo snorted at the growl that came through her phone. "So did ya get any yet?"

"My charms work on her about as good as they work on you, but her cow likes me." She wiggled her brows at CK. "What's up bonehead, your strap-on break and Lindsey throw you in the dog house again?"

"Hey that wasn't my fault, it was defective. Anyway, I just wanted to make sure you're still alive and let you know that all Hell broke loose around here."

"Yep I'm still alive a little crispy from playing too close to a barn fire and what happened that I know will piss me off?"

"The sprinklers went off in your apartment building and you can imagine the rest, do you want us to go over there and see what kind of damage was done?"

Branson dropped her forehead on the table and bounced it a few times before speaking. "When did this happen?"

"This morning some time, we just got home and heard the message on our machine."

"Son of a bitch, I'll drive back and take a look. I'll have to call the insurance company anyway and then meet the adjuster if there's a need to. I swear, Leo, someone hates me! Thanks and I'll let you know what I find when I get there." She waited for Leo to say goodbye before hanging up and then looked up at a concerned CK. "The sprinklers went off in my apartment, I need to take a look and see how bad it is." She got up from the table and went upstairs to change her clothes. When she came back down stairs, CK was waiting in the hallway with a brown paper bag in her hand and a thermos.

"Are you coming back?"

CK looked into saddened eyes and gave a small smile. "As soon as I get my apartment taken care of I'll come back," She squeezed CK's shoulder and then pulled her in for a gentle hug. "I'll be back, I always keep my word." She felt arms wrap around her waist and CK give her a small hug.

"Be careful, the deer appear out of nowhere." She took the duffle bag from Branson's hand and dropped it on the floor. "You don't need your dirty clothes. I'll wash them in the morning. Now go before it gets too late and more Bambi's take to the roads." She handed her the bag and Thermos and gave her a gentle push towards the front door.

"OK, I'll call you if I'm going to be more than a day. Hopefully it's not as bad as Leo thinks." She walked to the door and looked over her shoulder one last time before leaving.

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CK sat on the edge of her bed and listened to the howling wind and the patter of rain hitting the windows, not long after Branson left, a thunderstorm hit. She hated thunderstorms when she was a kid and had never gotten over the fear of lightning that always came with them. Shivering slightly, she got up, closed the blinds on all her bedroom windows, and then crawled under her covers. She hoped that Branson was able to outrun the storm and was not stuck driving in the driving rain, the roads were treacherous in the dark and the rain doubled it. Many people pulled over to the side to wait out the bad weather rather than take a chance and end up sliding off the

road. She jumped when a loud clap of thunder shook the house, pulling the blankets up over her head; she hid like a huge chicken. "If Branson could see her Phantom now, she would never believe it." She pulled her pillow over her head when more thunder rocked the house.

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With the wipers going full blast, Branson was still squinting through the windshield. The rain kept coming towards her no matter which direction she turned on the roads, tapping the brakes, she slowed and pulled off the road. Wiping the moisture that kept building up on the windows, she looked out when a bright flash of lightning flashed in front of her truck. "Sonofabitch!" She yelled when the entire inside of her truck lit up. "OK, I got the hint, I'm outta here!" She pulled the truck around and headed back to CK's, there was no way in Hell that she was going up against Mother Nature. "Everything can wait until tomorrow, no sense in getting killed over a wet apartment."

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CK rolled over and threw the blankets back when she felt wetness against her back, reaching over to the bedside light, she flipped it on and looked to the ceiling. "Ohh just great, like I know how to fix a leaky roof." She crawled out of bed and ran down to the kitchen to get a bucket, when she got back, she watched for where the water landed and placed the bucket under it. "It's a good thing I have other beds to sleep in!" She said while jabbing a finger at the leak. "If I didn't know any better, I'd swear this was on purpose." Leaving the room, she went down the hallway and stopped outside of one of the other bedrooms before turning and going into Branson's. "Why use another bed so you have to change the sheets...go ahead and keep trying to convince yourself that's the reason you're in here." She crawled into the bed and pulled Branson's pillow to her face, taking a deep breath of the light scent of Pantene shampoo and the light woody scent of Branson's cologne; she closed her eyes and sighed. "Admit it Callaway, you miss her already after only an hour." Snuggling deeper into the pillow, she let sleep claim her under the safety of Branson's lingering scent.

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With mud shin deep and rain beating her numb, Branson stumbled and slipped her way up the long driveway to the farmhouse. She had made it off the road and then got stuck in the mud of what at one time was CK's drive, wiping water from her eyes; she searched for the front porch light and headed towards it. "I should have just stayed until morning, you are so stupid sometimes Branflake." She lost her footing and went sliding in the mud and landed face first, going up onto her hands and knees, she shook her head and cursed. "This really sucks big time, I hope I don't scare the Hell outta CK if she's still up." Getting back to her feet, she made it to the front door after falling two more times. Opening it as quietly as she could, she slipped off her boots and made her way up the stairs to the bathroom. Undressing, she dropped her wet and muddy clothes in the bathtub and then turned the water on. Standing beneath the hot water, she felt her teeth stop chattering and tight muscles ease. When the water started to cool, she turned off the water and stepped out. Grabbing a towel, she quickly dried off and made her way to her bedroom. Without turning on the light, she eased into bed and rolled over to find a warm body

hugging her pillow. A grin came to her face when she heard a soft moan; CK turned into her body and pressed her face against her neck. "Now this is comforting, unexpected but very comforting." She wrapped her arms around CK and drifted off into a deep sleep.

A short while later, a loud clap of thunder, a flash of lightning and then a loud cracking sound brought CK straight up in bed. Lost, she looked around and then jumped when warm hands pulled her back down into the soft bed and warm naked body. "It's OK, sleep baby." Branson still asleep mumbled close to her ear and held her tighter against her body.

Ohh this is so not right Callaway, you're in bed with a strange naked woman and... liking it. She tilted her head upward and gazed into Branson's relaxed face, she looked so much younger and softer in sleep. Slowly, she raised her fingertips to a high cheekbone and traced the sharp angles down to slightly parted lips. *You are sooo wrong about this; you're loving every single second of it.* Pressing her face back into the warmth of Branson's neck, she wrapped her arm over her ribcage and let the steady beat of a heart pull her into a deep sleep.

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Branson blinked her eyes a few times and noticed the bright sunlight streaming through the window and then warmth covering her lower body. Looking down, she saw a tousled blonde head of hair lying on her stomach. Running her fingers through the silky hair, she closed her eyes and smiled. "I knew I wasn't dreaming last night." She opened her eyes and looked down when CK moved her head against her stomach and then lifted it. Green eyes blinked open and then widened when she saw the expanse of naked tanned flesh in front of her. Her eyes traveled up to see a blue nipple ring and then right into pale blue eyes.

"Oohh my God...you're still naked...and I'm..." She tried to get away from Branson and found herself pulled back down into the bed.

"Calm down CK, I don't bite and I've never taking liberties with anyone." She lifted CK's chin up so she could look into her eyes. "You stole my bed?"

"My beds wet," She took a deep calming breath. "The ceiling started leaking last night." She shrugged her shoulders and looked everywhere but at the breasts right in front of her. "Can you fix it for me?"

"Yeah if you get off of me and let me get dressed."

"Uhhmm...I'll go start feeding and then get breakfast ready." She scampered from the bed and looked over her shoulder at a stretching Branson, her face got hot and tingles raced to her center. "Aaahh...never mind." Branson chuckled when she ran into her own room and then heard the sound of her dresser drawers being pulled open.

"Guess ya have some effect on her Branflake, how much only she knows."

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After feeding the animals, CK came out of the barn with the eggs and a bucket of milk. Bert had gotten a little shook up from the storm and didn't produce as much as she normally did, which didn't concern CK too much. She had plenty from the day before and wasn't planning on making any butter for another day. When she was closer to the house, she heard music blasting and then seen Branson on the roof over her bedroom. Shaking her head, she went into the kitchen and took care of the eggs and milk before starting breakfast for them. She was still trying to deal with the fact that she had woke up laying across Branson and was a bit embarrassed about it. "You're sleeping in a bed that can sleep six and you end up wrapped all around her body like she's a big Teddy bear. A warm, soft and very naked Teddy bear with blue nipple rings." A warm feeling settled in her stomach when she pictured Branson's firm breasts and her neon blue nipple rings glimmering in the sunlight. Her blush deepened when she thought of pulling on one of those rings with her teeth. "Stop thinking of attacking her and cook the damn eggs Callaway, she's here for a few more days and then she's gone from your life. Get over it." Sadness pierced her heart and brought tears to her eyes, she had never really had a friend and would miss Branson when she returned back to her own world.

Her attention was drawn to the ceiling; she could hear what sounded like running and then nothing. "What are you doing up there?" Moving the frying pans off the burners, she went out the door and looked up to where Branson was. "I just don't believe her." She shook her head and chuckled at the antics of her roof repairer, Branson had her CD player cranked up all the way and was dancing on the roof to Faith Hill's song, *Free*. The moves Branson was doing while pulling off old shingles had her blood boiling and heading due south in a wild run. Her hips swayed and thighs flexed from beneath her cut off Levis, her voice sang out louder and deeper than Faith's. CK thought she would fall over when Branson turned and started singing to her as she walked closer to the edge of the roof.

All I see is I don't need this
High strung tightrope walk
Ticking time bomb clock
Scratch my name off
Cut these chains
I'm free...kicking out of that prison
I am free, singing those words of wisdom
Let it be, nobody's gonna put the blues inside of me

CK stood hypnotized as Branson danced and sang to her from the very edge of the roof, sweat trickling down across her shoulders and arms to shine in the sunlight. Her bare midriff rippling with each movement of her hips and then CK's heart hit her feet at the last words of the song. Branson did a front flip off the roof and landed in a crouch before her. As another song started, she found her hand taken and her body pulled against Branson's. Warm breath washed across her ear as she sang the words to her.

What would you say if I said something strange
That made a difference in how you feel
What would you do If I did something outta the blue

That made the world a better place

She had danced with both men and women before but never did her body react the way it was doing with Branson. Her hands tingled where they were wrapped around the back of her neck; her nipples sent shock waves to her center from pressing against Branson's breasts. She felt dizzy from the soft musky scent of her skin and the warm breath in her ear. Any minute she thought she would pass out.

"And here I thought you were slaving away or dead," A familiar voice came from behind CK causing her body to stiffen. "And here you are out here dancing in the yard." CK turned her head and groaned at her dad's beaming smile.

"Hi dad, we were just...dancing." She unwrapped her hands from Branson's neck and stepped away. "Actually I came out to tell her that breakfast was ready and got side tracked."

Branson smiled and wiped sweat from her face. "I just couldn't help myself sir, let me get cleaned up before she lets me starve for the rest of the day." She jogged to the back door and disappeared.

"So I see that you two are getting along, how much damage did the storm cause here?"

"Yeah we are, she's...different," She glanced to the back door and felt heat raise to her cheeks. "Uuhhmm...not much, my roof took a beating and there's a few trees that got hit with lightning but that's about it."

"And Branson's truck stuck in the mud at the end of your driveway."

"Her trucks at the end of the driveway?" She turned and waved to her dad to follow. "Come have breakfast with us if you're not in a hurry."

"Where was she going in that storm?"

She explained about the sprinklers going off and flooding Branson's apartment but didn't know much about after she left. She wasn't about to tell her dad how she had woke up wrapped around the tall woman that morning, getting caught dancing with her was bad enough.

When they got into the kitchen, Branson was pouring three cups of coffee and still singing under her breath. She gave them a smirk and took a seat at the table that she had set. "I should have that leak fixed in about an hour, a nail came out and the water was running down in the hole. I've got some tar paper and shingles on my truck, which reminds me..."

"I'll get the tractor to pull you out while Calli finishes her chores; you really buried the back end."

"I'm just glad I made it back last night, I couldn't see two inches in front of me." She slapped her forehead and looked at CK with lowered eyes. "I forgot about my wet and muddy clothes in the

bathub, I took a few dives in the mud last night."

"I'll get them when I start the laundry," CK said and placed two plates on the table before getting her own. "What are you going to do about your apartment?"

"I'll call Leo and see if her and Lindsey will go over and check it out, they live about fifteen minutes away. And Leo knows who to call if the place is trashed."

Teddy watched them as they spoke, he had never seen his little girl so at ease with anyone but him before. What brought a smile to his weathered face were the shy glances she cast at the tall construction worker. It reminded him of the way he and her mother acted when they were dating. Certain ways that CK turned her head or a mannerism reminded him of her mother; it amazed him that even though she had never met her mother, she was so like her in small ways. What he saw now was someone who was a bit smitten, it warmed his heart that she might finally have found someone to love. He hoped that Branson didn't break her heart; he would pull the tall women aside and have a fatherly talk with her later.

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Teddy walked beside Branson out to where her truck was stuck at the end of the driveway; she asked if she could try to get it out before he got the tractor. Her real reason was that she wanted to discuss some business with the older man. She cleared her throat and placed a hand on his upper arm to stop him. "Can I ask you a question about this area?" She proceeded when he gave her a slight nod. "The other night when the Jonas barn caught fire, the fire company showed up but the barn was already lost. How far away did they have to come from and who called them?"

He scratched his jaw and looked at her with a small frown. "They're almost 40 minutes from here, most likely when one of the other farmers heard the bell and saw the flames, they called."

"Why isn't there a fire station closer to these people, I know they're Amish and live a different kind of life but that shouldn't be a reason for them to not have the services that others have."

"Everything boils down to money Branson; the fire stations are built using taxes. There just isn't enough of it to build another station this far out...or so I've been told." He walked over to her truck and dropped the tailgate to sit on. "It's been brought up in committee meetings a couple of times and they say it's just not in the budget."

She nodded her head and took a seat beside him. "OK, let's just say that a fire house is built, can the community come up with a skeleton crew of firemen to train volunteers?"

He turned his head and narrowed his eyes a bit before nodding. "We have volunteers around here; they run into the other station when needed. What are you getting at Branson?"

"I own that property where I was building the apartments, if I build a fire house, can you get the volunteers?"

A smile a mile wide came across his face; Teddy reached out and gripped her leg. "You build a fire house and you'll have more volunteers than you know what to do with. I know they can get a used fire truck and rescue vehicle from one of the other firehouses." He looked closely at her and just had to know why she was willing to do this? "Why Branson, you're not from around here, why do you care?"

She dropped her head and then tilted it back to star up at the sky. "All I've thought about after helping with that fire was what would happen if it took someone's life. What if a fire started here, how long before CK had the help she needed. I want to help everyone around here, maybe save a life or a farmer's chance of not having to sell off his property because his entire growing season was lost in a fire."

"Your hearts in the right place for once, but you better tell Calli or she'll be out there causing problems for you again." He chuckled and shook his head. "Does this mean that you're not pressing charges against her?"

"I couldn't press charges against her; I'd starve in a day or so without her cooking. Now I know that you have something to ask me, what is it?"

"You read minds or something?" He nodded his head and then cleared his voice. "You're right; I did want to talk to you about Calli. I noticed her sneaking peeks at you while we were eating; she likes you a lot even though she'll never admit it. I don't want to see my baby hurt, she's all I have." He looked into her clear blue eyes and tried to read them. "Her grandparents pretty much raised her to be a farmer; she'll never leave this land. She doesn't have any real friends so you can imagine what I thought when she told me about the deal you two have. Just don't break her heart. She lives a life of a loner but being lonely is completely different, I don't think she could handle that."

"I would never hurt her sir, you have my word on that and I never break my word." She took a deep breath and pressed on. "Do you know of my preference?" She grinned when he started laughing. "Guess so, does it bother you that I'm staying with CK?"

"Not in the least, I know she dated women when she went away to school, she got her heart broke and came home. She's dated very little in her life, if there's any interest on your part..."

"This should be interesting, between CK and me, we have basically no dating experience."

"You have got to be kidding me, with your looks..."

"Yeah, my looks and money had women falling at my feet. Unfortunately, they were not the dating kind."

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CK looked out the front window and saw Branson and her dad sitting on the tailgate talking; she knew by his posture that this was a serious conversation. "OK dad what are you doing and why?"

She opened the screen door and walked out in the front yard determined to save her friend from her father the matchmaker. After she had told him of her dating preferences when she came back home, he had taken it upon himself to try and find her a woman. She told him not to worry about her and to find himself one instead. As it turned out, he wasn't any luckier in that department with himself. "Dad what are you doing, I thought you were going to help her get her truck unstuck?" She stopped in front of them and planted her hands on her hips.

"We were just talking about politics," Teddy looked to his daughter and grinned. "We're done now; let's see if we can get your truck out." He jumped down and looked at the rear tires. "You should be able to rock it out of here."

"After that, I'm calling Leo and have her bring out a dump truck of gravel." She looked at a narrow eyed CK. "Don't argue with me, it's two against one." She looked to Teddy who nodded his head.

"And how much is this gravel gonna cost me?"

"Supper, I'm dying for meatloaf and mashed potatoes."

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With her truck back up at the house, Branson was now hauling a bundle of shingles up onto the roof to replace the ones she had taken off. She dropped the bundle and started her CD player over, she couldn't work without music. With the bass pounding out of the small speakers, she danced around the roof under gawking green eyes. As she bent over to grab a shingle, she caught sight of blond hair and decided to put on a show for her. Squatting down over the area she was working on, she swayed her hips and sang along to J Lo.

CK gripped her chest and tried to breathe, she was not prepared for the sight of Branson's type of dancing. The slow dancing they had done earlier in the day almost killed her, the swaying and thrusting of hips was doing way worse. "I can't watch this...I have runins to clean...chickens to...chase, I'll go chase my chickens. That should take care of my raging hormones and screaming libido. If not, there's always the pond." She turned and ran full out towards the chicken coop, changed directions, hopped over the fence and ran towards the pond. Fully clothed, she jumped in and sat at the bottom until she needed air. Shooting to the top, she sputtered for air and then floated on her back. "I know she did that on purpose...wonder if she does that on the job?" A wide grin came to her face when she thought of all the men falling off ladders and roofs from watching Branson dance around. "Her workmen's comp insurance must be outrageous!" She floated around on her back watching the clouds float by until she heard Branson yelling for her. Swimming to the edge, she crawled out and sloshed her way back towards the house.

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Branson came around the back of the barn and stopped dead in her tracks, the sight of a soaking wet grumbling CK had her laughing. "I pictured you as the skinny dipping kinda woman," she

stepped closer and brushed the wet bangs out of green eyes. "Any thing else around here that needs fixin'?"

CK glanced up at her and groaned. *How about the ache you put between my legs?* "The hinges on the barn door are coming loose and there's a loose board on the chicken coop door."

"I'll get right on it, do you mind if I fix other things that I find broken?"

"Nope, go ahead and have at it, I'm going to change and then start cutting the front field." She sloshed off leaving a chuckling Branson watching after her.

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Branson dropped her tool belt in the back of her truck and walked down the driveway to the field where she thought CK was cutting hay. She hopped up on the fence and sat down to take in the scenery. She couldn't believe how she enjoyed the peacefulness of the farm. With being from the city, she would always be anxious to go out to a movie or to eat when work was over. Since being on the farm, she hadn't even thought of it once. She looked forward to a quiet night watching TV with CK and then turning in to listen to the night sounds before falling asleep. What she loved was the fact of being able to open a window and have a fresh breeze blow across her as she slept. That was unheard of in a 20th floor apartment in a city that was foggy with pollution. She closed her eyes and listened to all the sounds around her and the different scents; she chuckled lightly at not smelling the animals anymore. She opened her eyes at the sound of chains jingling and was surprised to see CK and the two draft horses. She was sitting on an ancient piece of machinery pulled by the horses, the long sickle bar cutting down the tall timothy hay in rows. She never expected to see her farming in this manner; then again, it fit the small woman and her environment. She waited until CK came along the fence with the horses, jumped down behind them and jumped up on the back to hold onto the edge of the seat. Placing her chin on a muscular shoulder, she whispered in CK's ear.

"You are just full of surprises; I never thought that you'd use horses for farming."

"It's quiet and my ass doesn't go numb like on my old tractor, it's just me and the boys plodding along." She tilted her head back and looked sideways at Branson. "So Slick, did you get the doors fixed?"

"Yep, and I fixed the windows in the chicken coop, you can open them all the way now. And I fixed the gutter on the back of the house over the porch, and that loose step on the front stairs."

"You've been very busy Slick, what am I gonna do when you go back to Arlington?" She pulled the horses to a stop and looked down at the reins in her hand. "Sorry, I'm being selfish and making you my personal handyman."

Branson wrapped her arms around CK's shoulders and hugged her. "I have news for ya; I'll be around for quite a while. I was going to tell you during supper but now seems a good time, I'm still going to build on that property I own," She pressed her head to CK's when she felt her

stiffen in her arms. "I'm gonna build a firehouse instead of the apartments, so you can take credit for changing my mind." She flinched when CK escaped out of her arms and jumped to the ground, what she wasn't expecting was CK pulling her to the ground and giving her a full body hug. "That's what me and your dad were talking about earlier." She mumbled and let out a gasp when CK squeezed her tighter. "So I guess it's OK with you?"

CK pulled back and looked at her with misty eyes. "It's more than OK; you have no idea how bad we need a firehouse out here." She hugged her again and kissed her cheek. "Thank you Branson."

"You're very welcome, I'm gonna go up to the house and cut up that tree next to the house that got smacked by lightning. Where do you want the wood?"

CK released her and stepped back a step. "There's a big wooden box right there by the tree, you can put the little stuff in there and I'll split the bigger stuff in time." She was still grinning like an idiot long after Branson went up to the house, she couldn't decide on whether it was because she would still be around or because of the firehouse. "Who cares, she'll be here for a while."

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Branson leaned back in the kitchen chair, rubbed her stomach and groaned. CK had kept her promise and made meatloaf, mashed potatoes, corn and muffins. After two helpings, there was no room for anything else. "I'm stuffed and I can't move," She pulled herself forward using the edge of the table and got up to help clean off the table. "Did you get the whole front field cut?"

CK turned from where she was at the dishwasher and nodded her head. "Tomorrow I'll take the rake out and flip it over; I'm guessing I'll have close to 1200 bales from that field alone. That hay will go in the barn and the stuff from the other two fields I'll sell at the market."

"How much do you get for a bale of hay?"

"Three bucks for heavy ones like I'll bail in a day or two; I'll take a wagon full with me and then call a few people from Pimlico race track. I sell a lot of hay to the horse trainers and breeders. They'll send out a semi truck and load it up to take back with them."

Branson did the calculations in her head and nodded. "So out of the two fields you should make about \$7200.00, that's really good. What else do you grow here?"

CK leaned back against the sink counter and wiggled an eyebrow at her. "Didn't think a farmer could be rich huh?"

"I wasn't thinking that at all, I have no interest in money as you know. I was just curious if hay is all you sell, I know you have three silos but I don't know what's in them."

"Wheat, corn and oats. I have a mill in one of the sheds that I grind the grain up for the pigs and chickens."

"You're self sufficient out here aren't you," She stepped closer to CK and leaned into her side. "Just how much farm land do you have?" She asked in a whisper against CK's ear.

CK closed her eyes and felt a tremor rush through her body, just an innocent touch from Branson seemed to rock her foundation. In a voice, that was half whisper and half moan, she answered, "400 hundred acres."

Branson pulled back with a stunned look on her face, she was shocked that a lone person could run a farm of that size. "You farm 400 acres all by yourself, how?"

CK shrugged her shoulders and grinned a little. "Dad helps when he can and if the other farmer's aren't busy, then they help. My closest neighbor lets me use his combine when he's done with his fields."

"I know a lot of crops are ruined with too much rain," She took a seat at the table and looked directly into emerald green eyes. "If your neighbor is rushing to get his own crops in, what happens to yours?"

CK dropped her head and looked to her feet. "I loose them and if I don't have enough grain for winter, then the money I made from the hay and straw goes to buy grain. It's an endless cycle that every farmer goes through."

An idea came to Branson that she knew would piss CK off, the woman was proud and would not like what she was planning. As soon as she was able to make a few phone calls, she would set everything into motion. "When do you start bringing in your crops?"

"In another two or three weeks, why?"

"I wanna help; I can get Leo and Lindsey out here too. They need a break from the city and might just be converted like me." She squeezed CK's shoulder and left her standing with a dropped jaw. Checking the clock on the wall, she went up to her bedroom to start her plan in motion. She hoped that the places she would be calling would still be open and able to help her. Flipping her cell phone open and grabbing a pen and notebook from her duffle bag, she called information. An hour later, she had finished her ordering and called her bank to send an electronic check to cover the costs. Everything would be delivered to her work site in a week, which gave her enough time to figure a way to approach her proud friend. "She's gonna kill me for this, but it'll be worth every painful minute." With a grin plastered on her face, she headed for the bathroom for a long hot shower.

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"She's up to something I just know it," CK sat down on the couch and turned the TV on. "She had a sneaky look on her face and asked way too many questions about farming and crops and then the conversion word." A small smile came to her face when she really thought about their conversations during the day. "Could I have converted her to being a farmer?" She leaned back

into the cushions, relaxed and fell asleep thinking of what it would be like to have Branson living with her on a permanent basis. Her real dream was of something deeper than a mere friendship with the tall construction worker, how to go about it was a mystery to her.

Branson stopped in the doorway of the living room; her eyes lingered on the small body curled up on the couch. Her hands were clasped together under her chin and knees drawn up to her chest. Easing down onto the couch, she pulled the blanket from the back and covered her up. Changing the TV to something more interesting than the news, she stretched her legs out and placed her feet on the coffee table. Minutes later, her eyes drooped and closed in sleep.

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Still half asleep, CK wiggled her toes against the warmth trying to figure out what it was. Opening one eye, she looked to the other end of the couch and saw a sleeping Branson. Flexing her toes, she watched Branson's dark brows drop over her straight nose. Moving her feet against her thigh, she pushed gently and snorted when a blue eye opened and looked down to her feet. "Toes, little tiny toes attacking me," She grabbed CK's toes and pulled on them. "Did we sleep here all night?" She rolled her head to the side and grinned at the rumpled little farmer. "You really look rough."

Her voice rough with sleep, CK pushed on a muscular thigh and rolled her eyes. "You ain't so pretty yourself, nice hair style there, Slick."

Branson ran her fingers through her hair and got them stuck in the tangles. "Do ya have any sheep shears; I'm ready to just shave my head."

"Don't even think about it," She pulled herself up and stiffly moved off the couch. "I'll be back in a minute...God I hurt all over." She rubbed her lower back and groaned all the way to the bathroom. After taking care of her needs and grabbing her brush, she came back into the living room to see Branson with a painful expression on her face. "What's wrong?"

"I don't have any legs, they're gone, I'm numb from the chest down."

"That could be a real problem, let me see if I can help." She picked up Branson's legs and placed them on the couch. Starting at her feet, she started massaging the cold appendages and grinned when Branson let out a howl. "Guess they're not too dead, do you feel the needles yet?"

"Needles...Hell...I feel...ice picks!" She thrashed on the couch and then stilled when small warm hands moved up to her calves. A low moan and then a whimper came from her parted lips. "That feels good; I could use a full body massage ya know."

"Dream on Slick, my skills cost way more than you can afford." She winked and then pressed her thumbs into the thick muscles of her thighs. She let out a deep laugh when blue eyes rolled upward and then closed. *A lot more than you can afford Mahoney, it would cost you your heart.* "OK Slick, now sit up so I can untangle that mop of yours." A few minutes later with Branson half asleep, she finished brushing and then braiding her long dark hair. "I'm going to take a quick

shower and get started on the chores." She got up and shook her head at the whimpering noise coming from Branson.

"Ohh sure, get me all hot and bothered and then go play with your cows." She rolled off the couch and walked to the kitchen on wobbly legs. "She's a tease and run type, I can handle that with my own wicked ways." Starting the coffee, she went up to her bedroom to dress for the slow and agonizing seduction of CK.

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The sound of the tractor pulled CK into her own world; she often became lost there while working the farm. An Earthquake couldn't bring her back at times until she was ready, so when Branson came jogging out to the fence line dressed in very short faded cutoffs, sports bra and work boots. She almost drove her tractor through the fence before she stopped it. *She wants to kill me running around dressed like that!*

I certainly have her attention now, wonder how long I can pull this off and keep my hands to myself? Branson thought to herself before she hopped the fence and jogged over to hand CK the thermos of coffee she had brought. "I thought ya might want some coffee since we overslept this morning." She walked back, jumped up onto the wagon, and started cutting the bailers twine from the hay.

"Thanks, I was going to come up and get some when I was finished out here." She opened the thermos, poured some of the dark brew into the cup, and then handed the thermos to Branson. "Here ya go, I'll share with ya." When they had drank some of the coffee, CK started the tractor up again and continued on their way down the fence line until all the hay was gone. She turned the tractor around and then felt the seat pull back a little and strong arms wrap around her waist. "You in the mood for waffles with strawberries on top?"

"Real strawberries and whipped cream?" Branson said close to her ear and felt her shiver.

"Anything you want, you got it." She couldn't believe she had just said that and groaned. "Well, almost anything, some things have to be won." *I better shut my yap before I end up promising to have her first born.* Warmness flooded her body at the thought of having Branson's baby, which she then found kind of stupid since they were just friends.

"Ya got a deal, I'll make the cream." She grinned wickedly to herself. *I bet I've already accomplished creating a certain type of cream.* Two women standing in the back yard looking around captured their attention; Branson hugged CK tighter and whispered in her ear. "Looks like I'll have to make a lot of cream, that's Leo and her wife Lindsey." CK stopped the tractor near the barn and felt the loss of warmth when Branson jumped down and ran over to her friends. Squirming in the tractor's seat, she felt just how wet she had become from just having Branson close to her. "I would love to run off to the pond right now but that would really look weird to Slick's friends and let her know what she did to me." Jumping down from her tractor, she walked towards where they were standing. She couldn't help but see the deep blush coloring Branson's cheeks and wondered what the other women had said to her. Sticking her hand out to a woman

close to her own size but with long curly blonde hair and hazel eyes, she introduced herself.

"Sorry CK," Branson mumbled. "That's Lindsey Burke you're shaking hands with and this bonehead here is my site manager Leo Burke. Guys, this is Callaway Kuhrt." She pointed towards the front of the house and started in that direction.

CK chuckled at the flustered Branson. "I'll call you when it's time for breakfast so you can start making the whipped cream. Why don't you guys come on inside, we can talk while I get breakfast made." She started walking towards the back door and stopped when Lindsey sent her wife scampering off after Branson.

"You do not want Leo around food being made; she gets into everything and will drive you nuts. I'll give you a hand if you want?"

"You mean she's like Slick and hovers around?" She held the kitchen door open for her and then went over to the refrigerator.

"Hovers, gets under foot and steals. By the way, you have a very nice place and I can't believe what you've done to Branson." She took the fresh vegetables from CK's hand and placed them on the cutting board. "I've never seen her so relaxed or that red in the face before."

CK stopped what she was doing and looked over to Lindsey. "Why was she so red?"

Lindsey chuckled and her hazel eyes flashed. "That would be Leo's doing, she asked Branson if she's gotten into the farmer's dell yet." She laughed deeper when CK's face turned pink right up to her ears. "You'll find out that my wife is crude, especially around Branson."

"The farmer's dell huh? To tell ya the truth, she's not even tried. Drive me to distraction and almost drop over from a heart attack but nothing else." She handed a frying pan to Lindsey and then grabbed a muffin pan. "What are they doing out there in the driveway?"

"We brought her some clothes from her apartment and two loads of gravel for your driveway. Her place is a wreck; the water damage alone will cause her insurance company to file for bankruptcy."

"So what happens to her place now, I have no idea how something like that is taken care of?"

Lindsey explained to her about the insurance claims, clean-up procedures and everything else that had to be done before Branson could move back in. She looked up from what she was doing to see a strange look on her face. "What's wrong CK?"

"I guess I never took into consideration that she could become homeless," She waved her hand in the air dismissing her thoughts. "I don't know what I'd do if that happened to me, I was ready to panic the other night when my ceiling started leaking."

Lindsey smiled and wiggled an eyebrow at her. "Did you get to see the dancing roofer?"

"Ohh God did I!" She clutched her chest and fell back against the sink. "She's a danger zone at a construction site isn't she?"

"Ohhh let me tell you some stories!"

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Branson drove one of the dump trucks with Leo in the passenger seat; she started at the top and drove towards the road spreading a layer of gravel out behind her. She looked in her side view mirror and then over to a smirking Leo. "What?"

"You like her don't you?"

"Yeah and what would be the problem with that?"

"Ohh not a thing Branflake, ya looked kinda cute hanging on to her while on that tractor. Ya make a cute couple, beauty and the bonehead."

"We're not a couple, not like I'm not working on it though. It'll take some time, patience and a lot of cold showers for both of us."

"You sound real sure of yourself there stud, is she the reason for pissing off all your backers?"

"Partially, I watched a farmer loose his entire barn because the fire station is too far away. They all work hard to make a living and one little flame can take that all away."

"And what's the reason behind the huge ass order you made last night?" She grinned at Branson and chuckled when her face turned red. "The bank called Lindsey this morning to let her know about the draft, what's a huge hunk of change between friends huh?"

"She needs that stuff to be able to work her 400 acres of farmland."

Golden eyes grew in size; she shook her head and pushed her jaw shut. "400 acres and she doesn't have the right equipment, how does she do it?"

"She depends on the weather and her neighbors. This way; she won't have to worry about loosing her crops."

"I thought I'd never see the day. You've fallen in love with a farmer!"

Branson stopped the truck and dropped her head onto the steering wheel; she turned her head to see a smug look on Leo's face. "Ohh just shut-up Leo, it's not funny."

"Yeah it is, after how many days you've fallen for a little farmer. It's gotta be a new record, so what ya gonna do now, stud muffin?"

"Suffer while I tease the Hell outta her, lets get this done, I'm starving and I still have to make whipped cream for breakfast."

"You making something for breakfast, you're ruined for life!" She busted up laughing and then sobered when she saw her wife pointing a finger at her from the front yard. "I think it's time for your lesson in domestication."

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After breakfast, Branson and Leo went up on the roof to inspect the three chimneys. Branson had noticed while on the roof that the cement was breaking free in some spots and would need fixed before winter. Using a screwdriver, she scraped the old cement loose and pointed to it. "Well, what do ya think, tear it all down and start over or what?"

Leo inspected the whole chimney and then used the screwdriver on another area. "I'd tear them all down and start over, there's some bricks on the bottom that are falling apart. We could have it done in two-three days at the most; I can bring the little cement mixer over from the site."

"OK, how about you run over and get it and I'll start tearing one of the chimneys down. And if you don't see me when you get back, look for a fresh grave in one of the fields."

"Ohh boy, this sounds like fun." She gave Branson a wicked grin. "Can I..."

"No you can't piss on my grave, you wait until I tell Lindsey what you said." She stuck her tongue out at her friend and started knocking away at the cement with a chisel and hammer.

"Should have figured you're on the Narc Squad, just wait, I have some stuff to tell your girlfriend, so there." She ran to the ladder and slid down to the ground.

Branson stopped working and watched Leo run over to CK and whisper something in her ear, she felt her face catch fire when green eyes lifted and held her in place. "I'm going to kill her when she gets back." Pretending that she had not a worry in the world, she went back to work.

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CK looked to a grinning Leo. "She said I was a chicken and wouldn't have the guts to give her any tongue, huh?"

"That's what she said; I think she called you the frigid farmer or something." She shrugged her shoulders and smiled at Lindsey. "Well gotta go get the cement mixer." She ran off before either one of them could do anything.

CK walked towards the house with Lindsey following. "Well see about that, frigid farmer my ass!" She crawled up the ladder and strode over to where Branson was standing with her back to her. Grabbing her upper arm, she pulled her around and wrapped an arm around her neck. "I'll

show you frigid." She growled before pulling Branson's lips down to hers. The kiss started out with a quick nip to a bottom lip that brought a low moan from Branson. Pressing closer, CK brushed their lips together, licked at a top lip and then brought them together in a deep consuming kiss that had Branson sinking to her knees. When they parted, Branson was on her knees, eyes closed and gasping for air. CK ran trembling fingers across her lips and tried to catch her breath. "I'm not...frigid." She walked on wobbly legs to the ladder and made it to the ground without falling on her ass. Lindsey wrapped an arm over her shoulders and pulled her into her side.

"I guess I should have told you earlier that Leo is an instigator and will lie to cause trouble."

CK looked into twinkling hazel eyes and groaned. "She set me up didn't she?"

"Ohh big time CK, she got both of you at one time."

"Slick's gonna kill me, she thinks that I think that she called me frigid."

"Branson knows differently, she was watching remember? Besides, now you two can go forward to something more." She gave her a gentle hug and laughed at the long groan that came from CK. "For your information, you had a bull ring through her nose days ago."

"Good, now I can run a chain from that to her nipple rings."

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Leo placed the last brick on the chimney and stepped back to take in her work, she looked over her shoulder to see a smirking Branson looking back at her. "That's one down two to go, we do good work Branflake."

"We sure do, but one of us is ace in meddling." She crossed her arms over her chest, narrowed her eyes and growled. "So CK's frigid?"

"She is," Leo plastered an unconvincing look of innocence on her face. "I never figured her for being frigid?"

"Really, funny how when she came up here and attacked me she mentioned the word frigid." She stalked Leo until she had her friend up against the chimney. "You know she dropped me right to my knees?"

Leo's eyes grew in size and a lump lodged in her throat from the feral look she got. "She hit you...I didn't think she would do that...I mean...oohh shit!" She took off running to hide at one of the other chimneys. "I thought maybe she'd..." She ran around the chimney so that it was between her and Branson. "I wanted her to give you some tongue!" Branson faked left and then right, her move sent Leo on the run. Waiting until she ran out of anywhere to hide, she grabbed her from behind and pulled her into her body.

"She dropped me with one kiss," She hugged Leo and kissed her cheek. "Thanks buddy, I owe you." She let her go after another hug and chuckled all the way down the ladder.

A huge smile came to Leo's face; she ran to the edge of the roof and looked down at Branson. "Anything else I can do for ya, like maybe get her into your bed?" Her eyes grew wide when CK stepped into view and looked up at her. "I just lost my paddle didn't I?"

"That's one way of putting it; supper's ready and Lindsey said to get your meddling ass down from up there." She laughed when Leo looked around and then thumbed her chest. "You're the only one up there, Leo."

"Yeah right, I'll be right down after I get my tool belt." She scampered back to where she had laid it and let out a howl. "Branflake you're a dead woman!" She tried to shake the cement out of all the compartments, when nothing happened; she moped to the ladder and crawled down. "Guess it could be worse."

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CK had insisted that Leo and Lindsey stay the night instead of driving all the way back to Arlington. She put them up in one of the bedrooms at the opposite end of the hallway after a remark from Branson to not blow the shingles off with their screams. All she could do at that moment was shake her head and ignore the blush that covered her cheeks. It had been a very long time since she had laughed so much or had people in her house. Going into her bedroom, she grabbed the stack of Branson's clothes and walked into her room to place them on the dresser. She turned when Branson came into the room with a towel wrapped around her neck and her hair still wet from her shower.

"I have one more load of laundry to fold and all your clothes will be done." She walked past Branson and looked over her shoulder. "Those two aren't going to keep us awake all night will they?"

Branson wiggled her brows and nodded her head. "Most likely, their libidos are always on hyper drive. Night Phantom, sleep tight." She walked over to her bed, dropped down on her stomach and chuckled into her pillow.

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CK rolled onto her back and looked up at the ceiling, she had tried sleeping with her pillow clutched around her head to drown out the noises coming from down the hall but found breathing difficult. Getting out of bed, she went across the hall to the bathroom and splashed cold water on her face. With her head still hanging down over the sink, she looked to the side and into Branson's bedroom. In the dim light, she could see her lying there on her back with her hands pressed over her ears. A wicked grin came to her lips. "So you're not immune either, I know I can make your night worse." Drying her face, she went across the hall, stood beside Branson's bed and looked down into her stressed face. Placing one hand on the edge of the bed, she leaned over until their lips were a breath away. "Welcome to Hell." She whispered before bringing their

lips together in a soft kiss. When she felt Branson respond, she deepened their kiss and crawled onto the bed to straddle her hips. Long fingers came up to tangle in her hair and scratch her scalp. Low moans rumbled between them, hands wandered under shirts and brushed against warm skin. When CK felt hands cup her breasts, she broke the kiss and panted. "Night Slick, pleasant dreams." She crawled off the bed and stumbled back to her bedroom on weak legs, dropping into her bed, she tried to take deep calming breaths. "That was really stupid Callaway; you threw your self into a living Hell right along with her."

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Branson lay looking up at the ceiling and panting, her body was on fire and her center twitching. She could feel the wetness coating the insides of her thighs and soaking into her boxers. Crossing her ankles, she let out a gasp from the sensations her engorged clit sent to her center. "I can't believe you did this to me CK, come in here, molest me and then leave me in agony." She took a deep breath and felt her t-shirt brush against her nipples, whimpering, she brought her hands up and pressed her palms against them. "Cold shower...or go attack her?" She weighed each choice in her mind and gave up. Uncrossing her ankles and moving a hand down under her waistband, her hips thrust upward when fingers touched wetness. Running two fingers on either side of her throbbing clit, she stroked herself until she gasped out with release. Small shudders ran through her body until it calmed, she whimpered at the fullness still between her legs. "I hate you CK." She rolled to her side and fell asleep cupping her sex.

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CK rolled from her bed and paced the floor in front of one of the windows that looked out over the pasture. She stopped and looked out and then moved closer to look up at the twinkling stars, she had always loved to lie out on the small roof of the deck and stare up at the stars above. "Come on, when I was little I always saw a shooting star to wish upon." She dropped her head and leaned against the window, a low moan escaped her lips when the window ledge touched her groin. She had ignored the throb between her legs until now. With a trembling hand, she pushed it down the front of her cotton shorts and let her head fall back when she felt liquid heat. Sliding her fingers through her wetness, she slipped two fingers inside herself and gasped. Pressing her hand tighter, she thrust her hips so that her clit pressed into the heel of her hand. Picturing in her mind that it was Branson's hand and fingers, she went over the edge with a shudder. Sinking to her knees, she continued to thrust against her hand until she brought herself to the edge and over again. Pulling her hand from between her legs, she looked at her wet fingers and moaned. "A lot of good that did, you made it worse you dummy." She sat on the floor with her forehead resting on the wall until she was able to stand. Dropping into her bed, she pulled her pillow to her chest and drifted off into sleep.

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CK was finished feeding the hogs and her next chore was to milk her cow; she walked into the barn and stopped when she saw Branson sitting on the small stool beside Bert. Her wide back and shoulders relaxed, her forehead resting against the cows side brought a flurry of tingles to settle between CK's legs. "You're getting weirder by the minute Callaway; you get hot when

she's doing nothing." Stopping beside Branson, she looked down and held back the laugh that was fighting to burst out. She leaned down on the other side of Bert and removed the full bucket of milk. Going to the other side, she pulled a sleeping Branson back against her body and pushed on Bert's rump. Never before had she known anyone to fall asleep while milking a cow, this was one more thing she could hold over her tall friend. Pressing her head back against her breast, she looked down at her calm face and felt her heart warm. Running the backs of her fingers down a cheek, she smiled when blue eyes fluttered open and looked at her. "Morning, sleep much last night?" Branson looked around and then groaned.

"Tell me that I didn't sleep with your cow."

"OK, but I'll tell ya this; she went outta here with a huge grin on her face." She gazed down into crystal blue eyes and felt her hunger surfacing, she lowered her head; and brought their lips together in a soft kiss. Branson moved so that she had CK sitting on her lap, straddling her thighs with her legs wrapped around her waist. The kiss turned to pure hunger and longing, tongues dueled and teeth nipped. Hands roamed to search out flesh to explore and to raise pulses. When the kiss broke, Branson nuzzled the side of CK's neck and sucked the warm skin between her lips. She moaned and tilted her head to the side to offer more room; she knew if they continued, she would climax in a matter of seconds. "Branson...stop...not here...not now." She whimpered when Branson pulled her lips away and hugged her tight. "It's too soon...I'm sorry." She wrapped her arms tighter around Branson and buried her face in her neck. "I want you so bad, but it's just too soon."

"It's OK, I understand," She kissed the side of her head and closed her eyes in agony. "We have lots of time, I'm not going anywhere." She stood up and lowered CK's feet to the barn floor. "What time is the barn raising, we don't wanna be late." She took a deep breath and closed her eyes tightly. "I need something to do to take my mind off a certain throbbing area." She dropped her head down so that their foreheads rested against each other.

"You and me both," CK whispered and heard Branson groan. "We should be over there by at least seven o'clock, are Leo and Lindsey going with us?"

"Yep, they owe big time for all that noise last night."

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Close to fifty men either worked on the barn structure or off to the sides cutting wood and making wooden pegs, the women were setting covered dishes of every size on long tables close to the house. Making lemonade and filling large water pitchers with cold water from the well, the children too young to help, took water and lemonade to the adults who were working. CK and Lindsey were among the women helping with the drinks, handing off the last of the buckets, they looked to each other and grinned.

"Do ya think they're getting into trouble?" CK asked and looked towards the barn. "I haven't seen them in the last hour; I hope that they haven't caused any heart attacks where ever they are."

Lindsey wrapped an arm across her shoulders and snorted. "You're kidding right, those two could find trouble if they were locked in a glass room. Last I heard from the groaning hordes, they were making the trusses for the barn. I just hope they kept all their clothes on, we wouldn't want your Amish neighbors to put you in the stocks for having weird friends."

"Tell me they don't work on the sites half naked."

Lindsey threw her head back and barked out with laughter. "How do you think Branson got that all over tan, come on, maybe we can save some victims."

Taking CK's hand, she led her towards the backside of the huge framed-out barn, she had a general idea of where their trouble making partners were from all the snickering and pointing fingers from the children. They stopped and stared at the two women, Branson and Leo had striped down to their sports bras, and their tool belts hung low on the gyrating hips.

"Lindsey, I don't hear any music so what are they dancing to?"

"They have those tiny little MP3 players; they put 'em in the front pocket on their tool belts. Knowing those two and the way they're moving, they're listening to Latino music." She watched her wife and Branson, a hungry look stole over her eyes when Leo looked up and danced only for her.

CK swung her eyes over to where Branson was and pulled a shaky breath through her teeth, hooded pale blue eyes pierced her where she stood. She brought a trembling hand up to her brow, wiped the sweat away, and then clutched her chest. Branson's hips started out at a slow roll and gained speed; she lifted her arms above her head and flexed her stomach. "I think I'm having a heart attack. Lindsey." She jumped when she heard a loud clatter behind her; she turned her head and saw one of her neighbor's sons standing with his jaw hanging on his chest and his feet amongst a pile of lumber.

"Hey CK. who is that and would she go out with me?" He stepped beside her and looked to her and back to Branson. "If not her how about the other one, I could show them the time of their lives." He wiped the drool from his lips and started to walk towards Leo with an exaggerated strut to his step.

"I don't even think so, little boy!" Lindsey grabbed him by the back of his shirt and dragged him backwards. "Get your eyes off my wife or I'll gouge them out with a screw driver!"

"Hey wait a minute here, you can't do that and besides that's not normal. A threesome with two women is every guy's fantasy but without a man it's not normal." He shrugged loose and turned in the direction of Branson. "I'll just go talk to the tall one."

CK walked up behind him, put him in a chokehold and dropped him to his knees with a well-placed kick. "You just don't get it do you Ben, you have no chance with either one of those women over there." She growled in his ear and tightened her hold. "The tall one is mine and if you don't get out of here, I'll rip your dick off with a claw hammer." She released him and

shoved him to the dirt. "Now get your ugly ass face out of here before I tell Elder Jonas about you peeping in his daughters windows!"

He jumped to his feet, gave her a glare and puffed out his chest. "I don't take orders from any woman let alone a freak, tell Jonas and it'll be your word against mine." He shoved past her and stopped to look over his shoulder. "Fucking dykes, you can forget about using our combine for your crops!" He stomped off cussing loud enough for every one close by to hear.

"How I would love to rip his head off and feed it to my pigs." CK mumbled and walked towards a smirking Branson and Leo. "You two are in serious trouble," She pointed a finger at Branson and stepped into her space. "I just about ripped apart that little shit and on top of that, he threatened to not let me use their combine!" Flames danced in her eyes and a vein throbbed in her temple.

"Don't worry about that shithead; we already roughed him up earlier for grabbing our asses." She reached out and pulled CK against her chest. "Is it time to eat yet, I'm starving?"

What CK saw in the lidded blue eyes was not a hunger for food; she gulped and shuddered against the strong body. "Is that all you want?" *I can't believe you said that Callaway!*

"Noooo but I don't think this is the place to explore that so I'll settle on food."

"Ohh come on you two and knock it off," Leo snorted when Branson gave her the raised eyebrow look. "I'm sexually frustrated just from watching you two."

"After that little show you two idiots put on, the whole male population is frustrated!" Lindsey pulled Leo's t-shirt over her head and unfastened her tool belt. "Let's go get something to eat and a bucket of ice to pour over their heads."

"Are we that bad?" CK asked in a low whisper.

Lindsey barked with laughter at her friends. "Like crystal, now come on before the Amish population throws a fit and we end up buried out in a field somewhere."

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With the barn complete and the young ones finishing up the small details of picking up scraps of lumber and wooden pegs, the workers were saying their goodbyes and heading home. Abraham and his son came over to CK, shook her hand, and then looked for her friends.

"Little English, where are your friends?" Abraham looked around and back at her.

"Ohh they're around here somewhere, probably making sure that they have all their tools."

"They are really different than you, many of the young English farmers kept smacking their fingers with hammers because of them." He grinned at her and clapped her on her shoulder.

"They kept them from looking at all the young Amish girls and making them think of a different life. I like them and tell them thank you for all their help today." He tipped his hat and walked with his son up to where their family was waiting.

"You are so lucky, Slick." She said to herself as she ran a hand through her hair and sighed.

Branson placed her chin on CK's shoulder and whispered hoarsely in her ear causing her to shiver. "Did you say I was gonna get lucky?"

"You wish that's what I said," She pulled the arms that wrapped around her waist tighter and leaned back in to her body. "You're not even getting close to me once we get home until you take a shower."

"Damn, and I thought I smelled manly, ya mean it doesn't turn you on?"

"You are a sick pup and no, it doesn't turn me on," she turned in her arms, looked up into smiling blue eyes and gave her a sexy smile. "Maybe you'll find out what does once you take a shower."

"If I dunk under one of the water pumps, will ya show me?"

CK shook her head, took her by her hand and pulled her to the truck. "Not a chance Slick, now where's Leo and Lindsey?"

"I think they were trying to steal some strudel before it was put away, Leo said there was lots of stuff left over there but she would kill for the cherry strudel." She shrugged her shoulders, leaned back against the truck and pulled CK to her side. "She's a pig when it comes to free food."

CK leaned back and looked up at Branson's profile; the sun had deepened her tan even more and left a slight redness to her cheeks and nose. Her eyes seemed to glow brighter and shine with intensity to burn. She wanted to feel those eyes all over her body and soon. Branson looked down and gave CK a sultry look. "What?"

"Ahh nothing...I was...just," she took a deep breath and blew it out through her teeth. "Where the Hell are they, I'll make them all the damn strudel they can eat for Gods sakes."

Branson gave her an evil grin, she knew she was getting to CK and was enjoying her impatience. "Let ya in on a little secret there CK, it's your strudel she's trying to steal."

CK smacked her in the stomach and growled. "Why didn't you tell them that?" She pushed Branson into the truck, crawled in behind her and hit the horn. A few minutes later, their missing friends came charging towards them with bags in their hands. They jumped over the quarter panel and sat down in the back of the truck. "I'm gonna beat them both senseless when we get home." CK growled as she started the truck and pulled down the long driveway.

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Branson stepped out of the bathroom, her hair still wet and soaking her tank top, she looked down the hallway and saw a light at the bottom of CK's room. Taking a steadying breath, she walked towards her door and stopped. *What are you going to do now Branflake; you haven't the foggiest idea of how to seduce her. Maybe she'll seduce you instead and make it easier.* She reached for the doorknob and changed her mind, going back to her own bedroom; she walked in and dropped down onto her bed with a long drawn out sigh. "You're a chicken shit get over it." She dropped an arm over her eyes and succumbed to her exhaustion.

CK walked quietly down the hall, paused at the bedroom that Leo and Lindsey were using and then headed to the opposite end where hers and Branson's was. She stopped outside Branson's door and peeked in; a small smile came to her face when she saw long legs hanging off the edge of the bed. Stepping in, she walked over to the bed, picked Branson's legs up, and moved them into the bed. Looking at her slack face and the rise of her chest, she knew that she was dead to the world. Running a fingertip from ankle to the edge of her silk boxers, she grinned when a large hand tried to smack her hand away. Repeating the same move on the other leg, she held back a snort when Branson did the same thing. Getting bolder, she trailed a finger from her stomach all the way up between her breasts to stop at the edge of her collar and back down. The sight of her arching back and hardening nipples made her mouth water. *Playing with fire will burn you to a crisp Callaway! But who cares, this is the only time I can get away with it and her not expect anything.* Placing her hand on the swell of a breast, she closed her eyes and enjoyed the softness.

"Let go Bert, my tits, no milk." Branson mumbled in her sleep, grabbed CK's hand and rolled over with a loud snore.

"Bert, I can't believe you think Bert's playing with your tits." She struggled to pull her hand away and then saw blue eyes watching her.

"She's tried but you're much better at it." She pulled CK down into the bed with her and wrapped around her body before going back to sleep.

CK snuggled into her warm body and sighed deeply. "I'll let you get away with this for tonight." She whispered to both herself and Branson before falling asleep in the warm cocoon of Branson's strong arms.

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Branson hugged both of her friends and watched them climb into the dump trucks and drive down the long driveway to the hardtop. She hated seeing them go but they were needed back in the city to get the plans for the firehouse done and to get the crew together. She knew that she would have to go back to sign paperwork for the building permit, not to mention smooth the ruffled feathers of her backers. It wasn't like she needed them for the funds they gave, she could do it all on her own if she wanted. However, it kept her in their good graces and made the egotistical idiots feel important. She sighed and walked back towards the house kicking small stones on her way, she had woke before CK and left her to sleep. The corners of her lips lifted in a smile, she could still feel the small body pressed close to her and the scent of CK's shampoo on

her shirt. Picking up her pace, she jogged around the back of the house and jumped up the back steps. As soon as she stepped into the kitchen, she heard CK yelling for her. "What did I do this time?" She mumbled and ran into CK as she turned the corner into the hallway.

"Some guy named Jasper is on the phone for you." She handed Branson her cell phone and went past her into the kitchen, Branson waited for her to get far enough away before she raised the phone to her ear.

"Mahoney."

"This is Jasper from John Deere, all your equipment should be at the work site in the next hour."

"Thanks, I wasn't expecting it this soon."

"Well, we had a farmer back out on a deal at the last minute. It saved some time on waiting for the tractor to be shipped in. If you need anything else just give us a call and thank you."

"I'll be sure to do that and thanks Jasper." A huge grin came over her face; she rubbed her hands together and walked into the kitchen to find it empty. "You're gonna be so surprised when ya find out that all your chores are done, plus I know my surprise will floor ya." She jogged out the back door and seen CK coming out of the barn with her cat following behind. She stopped and tilted her head to the side when Branson came jogging up to her, grabbed her hand and pulled her towards the pasture.

"Come on I wanna go for a walk."

"A walk...are you nuts?" She stumbled behind Branson before she caught up and walked beside her. "Why are we walking in this direction, there's nothing this way except...nothing."

Branson wrapped an arm over her shoulders, pulled her against her body and kissed her temple. "Isn't this the way to my site?"

"Yeah and it'll take us a half hour to walk there, which I would love to know why we're walking there instead of driving."

"Because I wanna go for a walk and I need to get some stuff out of my office."

"But I have the front field to get baled, I hate being out there once it gets dark. My damn tractor is so slow it's pitiful and my baler keeps breaking down every 23 bales."

"As soon as we get back I'll help you, this will only take a minute I promise." They walked in silence until they came through the trees into Branson's work site; she stopped and looked around for the equipment that was to be delivered. She spotted something green on the other side of her trailer and pulled CK in that direction. Stopping at the edge of the trailer, she pulled a bandana from her pocket and covered CK's eyes.

"What in the Hell are you doing Slick?"

"Trust me CK, you'll love this."

"What are ya gonna tie me up out here and run off?"

Branson smacked her forehead. "Damn! Ya should have said you were kinky or something; I have lotsa rope in my truck."

"I'm not but you're gonna be in serious trouble if ya don't take this thing off my eyes."

"Humor me Calli, we're almost there." She walked them around the trailer and stopped in front of all the equipment. "OK, are ya ready to scream, yell and kick my ass?"

"I'm that way the second I wake up in the morning, now take this thing off!" Branson pulled the bandana off and stepped back from CK, she watched as her friend sunk to her knees. "Branson?"

"It's all yours Calli," She knelt behind her and rested her chin on her shoulder. "No more depending on your neighbors to get your crops in."

CK looked over her shoulder into twinkling blue eyes. "I can't accept that stuff Branson, it's not right...and it's too much money."

"Ohh yes you can," She got up and pulled CK to her feet. "You need this stuff to do your farming, now take a look at what I got ya." She pulled her towards the brand new 9650 STS Combine. "Did I do good, I asked Jasper what all you would need to bring in your crops." CK walked along the row of farm equipment and named each piece in a low voice.

"Ohh my God Branson," She pointed at the tractor and jumped up and down. "That's a Deere 8020 Series; no one around here has one of those!"

"You do CK, along with a new baler that has that thing that shots the suckers into the wagon. I got ya two grain carts that hold 1,075 bushels, how ever much that is." She scratched her head and grinned at the child like look on her friends face. CK sobered and turned back to Branson, she advanced on her and came into her personal space.

"What's this gonna cost me?"

Branson rolled her eyes and laughed. "Why do you always ask me that?"

"Because everything comes with a price, what's yours?"

"Uhhmm...can you make Jambalaya?"

CK dropped her head and ran her fingers through her hair before looking up from beneath her lashes. "You're a cheap date aren't you?"

"I'm usually called low maintenance but I'll accept cheap date, so can ya?"

"With chicken or sausage?"

"I'll love ya forever if I can have both."

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CK finished baling the front field and sat near the barn in her new tractor; she ran her fingers over the console and ejected the *Emerson Drive* CD from the player. A wide smile came to her face as she took in the leather seats and leaned back to let the cool air from the air conditioner roll across her face. If someone had told her that her very own fairy Godmother would come into her life, she would have looked at them as if they were nuts. Turning the engine off, she opened the door and jumped down to see Branson leaning against the barn with her arms crossed over her chest.

"Do you like your new toys?"

CK walked slowly over to her and wrapped her arms around her neck. "I love my new toys; I just don't understand why you've done all this. That stuff cost more money than I'll ever see in three lifetimes."

"I was given a chance a long time ago to make something of myself; the deal was that when I made it big, I was to make that happen for other people. Leo and Lindsey are both high school dropouts that couldn't get jobs. Leo is the best site manager I've ever seen and Lindsey has a brain for numbers. She's the reason I have so much money, she's a whiz at the stock market."

"But I'll never make it big...I'm a farmer and that's all."

Branson placed a soft kiss on her lips and pressed their foreheads together. "You're way more than just a farmer and just seeing you smiling as you came down out of that tractor was big for me, I'm a simple person and the smallest things thrill the Hell outta me."

CK brought their lips together in a deep passion filled kiss and broke it when Branson started slipping to the ground. "Come on Slick, I'll thrill your taste buds with my Jambalaya."

"You're a cruel woman ta kiss me like that and then tempt my stomach with food."

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[Continued In Part 2](#)

~ The Phantom ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: Yadayadayada, we all know the deal. Songs by Emerson Drive and Faith Hill.

The rest of the stuff: If you're still teething, go away until ya got some pearly whites showin. Ifin ya don't like how they speak, go read something else.

The Phantom

By Larisa

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Part 2

The next morning CK was sitting at the kitchen table when Branson came down the stairs with her duffle bag in hand, she looked to the bag and then Branson.

"I didn't know you were leaving this soon." She felt her heart break when Branson shrugged her shoulders and nodded her head.

"I have to sign some papers and check on my apartment." She got a cup and poured coffee before sitting down across from CK at the table. "I don't know how long this will take me, if you need help with anything, Leo will be over at the site."

CK nodded her head and fought back the tears that threatened to spill from her eyes, she knew this day would come, she just wished it wasn't so soon. "When you come back, will you stay at the site in your trailer?"

"Unless I get a better offer." She looked down at her coffee and then up from under dark lashes. "My trailer really sucks and sleeping in the barn with Bert would be a huge improvement."

CK went over to Branson and hugged her tightly. "I told you before that you could stay here for as long as you want, so when you get back your room will still be here. If I'm not here when you get back, just look out in one of the fields. I have hay to get in before the weather changes on me."

"I'll do that and if you need anything you get a hold of Leo or call my cell phone, I hope this will only take a day or two and then I'll be back." She leaned down and kissed CK gently before hugging her tight to her body. "Don't try and win Bert over while I'm gone."

"Ohh, so that's why you're coming back, you have a thing for my cow."

"Of course, she lets me play with her tits."

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Branson was just pulling in to the underground garage of her building when the rain came down in buckets, the ride there was a heart wrenching one. She felt like she was missing something the entire way and at one point, she was ready to turn around and go back. That would make her look like a total jerk in her own eyes; she knew she would drop to her knees and beg CK to come with her. "You're a huge idiot, you've lived all alone for how many years and now you're afraid to stay in your apartment without... alright so I want her here with me. What's wrong with that... what's wrong is you're talking and answering questions to yourself." She got out of her truck and walked over to the private elevator that would take her to her floor; she hesitated before using her key. "Ohh no you don't Branflake, get your ass in the elevator and get upstairs."

She looked around her apartment and noticed that quite a bit of her furniture was gone along with the Persian rug that covered the living room floor. Parts of the walls were fixed and undergoing re-painting. The smell of paint was still there but not as strong as it would have been if not for the opened windows. She dropped her bag on the hardwood floor and went to the kitchen to get a beer and find something to eat. She hoped that her microwave had survived the sprinklers or she'd be eating cereal. "I knew I should have taking home economics in school and not shop." She checked and was surprised to see a new microwave; she smiled and punched a hand in the air. "I love you, Leo!" After tossing a nucker meal in, she headed towards her bedroom and saw that she had a new mattress and box springs. "Damn my bed got ruined to, this totally sucks donkey dicks." She grabbed clean sheets and made her bed up before going in for a shower.

After making some phone calls and setting up a meeting with her backers, she went into her bedroom and dropped down onto her bed with a deep groan. She knew that sleep would come slowly with a new mattress and without CK and the sounds of nature that she missed more than she thought possible. She rolled over and pulled a new pillow to her face and grumbled. "Lost my favorite pillow, this really sucks."

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CK wandered through her house aimlessly, she had lived alone for a long time but now she missed having people around her. She even admitted to herself that she missed Branson, Leo and Lindsey. Going into her bedroom, she turned around and went into the room that Branson used. Crawling under the sheet, she pulled her pillow to her face and inhaled the lingering scent. "I hope you hurry back, I miss you." Were her last words before she drifted off to sleep. Early the next morning, she went about her chores and stood looking out into the field that she would bale that day. It would be easier and quicker with the new equipment that Branson had gotten for her. She wiped a tear from her cheek and shook her head. "What would you do without her?" She pushed the thought from her mind and walked to her tractor that she had hooked the baler up to. "You don't want to go there; you'll start crying like a baby and get nothing done today." Starting her tractor, she headed off to the field with the stereo blasting and the air conditioning on full

blast. It would be the first time she wasn't half dead from the heat and exhaust she suffered from with her old tractor. As she pulled through the open gate down near the road, she saw one of her neighbors drive by in his truck and slow down. She hit the horn on her tractor and waved to him. What surprised her was the truck peeling away and the hand sticking out the driver side window and flipping her off. "Fuck you to buddy, I don't know what your problem is today but flipping me off won't help any." Turning the stereo up louder, she sang along to *Diamond Rio* with her first pass through the field. Hours later, she had all her wagons filled with bales of hay and was climbing down out of her tractor when her dad pulled up next to her. She gave him a bright smile and walked over to give him a hug.

"Come over for supper or to help me get the hay in the loft?"

"Damn Calli, whose tractor is that," He ran a hand across his forehead to wipe the sweat away and walked over to look inside the tractors cab. "This is a really nice set up; you need to get something like this."

"I already have a set up like that, Branson bought it for me." She watched his head swing around fast enough to put him off balance. "She got me some other stuff too," She scuffed a booted toe in the gravel and looked up from under her lashes. "I now have all the newest farm equipment John Deere makes."

"You're kidding right..." he watched her shake her head and blush. "She must really love you a lot to do all of this."

CK's jaw dropped, she stepped closer to her dad and put a hand on his arm. "What did you say?"

"I said she must really love you a lot, I don't know anyone or any other reason to do what she's done." He saw the shocked expression on her face and chuckled. "You have to know that she's in love with you." He pulled her into his arms when she shook her head and started to cry. "What am I going to do with you Callaway, that woman would walk across hot coals for you?" He kissed the top of her head and released her. "Come on and lets get some of this hay put away and then you can feed me."

Branson rubbed her temples and threw a folder across the table at one of her backers that had just stormed from the conference room; she never could stand the self-centered asshole and was glad that he was backing out on her. She looked to the other two men and raised an eyebrow and waited for them to abandon ship along with their friend. "Are you taking off with asshole there or are you going to still back me on the new project" She watched them look from one another and then back to her, the older of the two gave her a bright smile and signed the contract she had given each one of them.

"I'm with you Branson, I think it's a great idea to build a firehouse out there and I could care less if it's a tax break or not." He slid the paper across to her and then shook her hand. "Good luck and if you need anything you give me a call." He stood up and left the room with a huge smile on

his face before she could say a word.

"I'm with you too, Branson," The other man said and handed her the last contract. "You've never been wrong in all the years that we've worked together and although this won't be like our other deals, I see where it's time for a change. It feels good to help people for a change, especially the farmers."

"Thanks and tell Charley that I said thanks, I'm going to get these contracts over to Lindsey so she can get them taken care of." She shoved them into a large envelope and then into her battered briefcase, she looked up when she noticed that he was watching her with a huge grin on his gray whiskered face. "What?"

"She must be awful special that you did a 360 degree turn on your project."

"What makes you think that there's a woman involved with this deal?" She dropped down onto the edge of the table and held him with her pale eyes.

"You look different, happy but a little anxious." He chuckled at her wide-eyed look. "I looked the same way when I first met my wife and had to be away from her on business. Get going before you break road laws to get back to her." He clapped her on the shoulder and walked out the door.

"She is special and I am in love with her...I wonder how many other people know this?" She said to herself and then groaned when Leo and Lindsey walked into the room and started sobbing. "Ohh for Christ sakes, what's wrong with you two?"

"Our baby's grown up and fallen in love with a farmer!" Leo fell into Branson and sobbed on her shoulder. "Tell her I want strawberry strudel!" She pulled away and placed a sloppy kiss on her friend's cheek. "So are ya heading back today?" Lindsey took the envelope from Branson's briefcase and raised an eyebrow while she waited for her to answer her wife.

"From the looks of you, you didn't sleep and you're ready to take flight right now to get back to PA." Lindsey said after tapping her on the head with the contracts.

Branson gave them a bright smile, hopped off the table and grabbed up her briefcase. "Since you two are here and I don't have to deliver the contracts, I'm outta here!" She went towards the door and stopped. "Lindsey, anything that we have in the works with that asshole Burgess as a backer, yank him out. He refused to back on this deal and called me a rotten pussy eating mother fucking dyke." She laughed when her two friend's jaws dropped open and they choked.

He just kissed his ass goodbye!" Leo said and hugged her wife to her. "She will ruin his life for sure now, one phone call and all those nasty pictures that she has of him screwing that young thing in her trailer will go right to his wife!"

"I'm so glad that she doesn't have any skeletons in her closet and has always been honest with her sexual preferences." She looked to a beaming Leo and poked her in her chest. "What are you

smiling about?"

"Ohhh, it's just that I'm the one who polishes her suit and armor, ya know the white knight that she has always been is because of us."

CK and her dad put two wagons of hay up in the loft and then went in for supper of hamburgers and baked potatoes, they had finished cleaning up the kitchen when the sun had just dropped behind the trees and a bell started ringing out. They looked to each other and then ran out the back door to try and figure out where the alarm was coming from. CK looked to the west and saw flames shooting up into the darkening sky and pointed. "Look dad, we've got another fire!" Teddy stepped closer to his daughter and swore under his breath.

"There's something wrong here, this is the second fire in what a week and a half? I'm gonna have a talk with the fire chief." He jogged over to his cruiser and waited for CK to get in on the other side.

"Are you saying that you think it might be arson and not hay getting hot in the barns?"

"You got it Calli," He flipped the siren on and tore off down her long driveway. "In all the years we've been here, how many barn fires do we have this early in the season?"

She nodded her head and turned to look out the side window. "You're right dad, it's not even the dry season yet," She turned back to look at her dad's profile and took a ragged breath. "I'm scared dad, what if I'm next?"

"Between the three of us, we'll make sure that if this isn't an act of hot hay combusting then we'll catch whoever's doing it." He patted her thigh and floored the gas pedal.

The field was already full of neighbor's trucks and cars; CK grabbed the hoses out of the trunk of her dad's cruiser and took off running towards where they were filling buckets up at one of the pumps. Her dad took off in the opposite direction where he saw the farm's owner unrolling more hoses from the water shed. This time it wasn't an Amish barn burning but an English barn, he helped the farmer roll the large fire extinguisher from the shed and pushed it towards the barn. From the flames shooting up into the sky, he knew that they wouldn't be able to save the barn but maybe be able to contain it and keep it from spreading to the small structures. He watched as other people opened the fences and ran the cows out further from the burning barn and then came back to start dosing the flames that were spreading across the hay that littered the ground. He must have just gotten the hay up into the loft that week and would lose all of it and more.

CK ran towards the back of the barn with a hose dragging behind her, she wiped a hand across her face and flinched from the heat that shot out at her. She stopped when she came to the small side door that led into a feed room, kicking the door open; she pointed the hose inside and started

spraying at the flames. A few minutes later, she was joined by the guy who had caused problems just days before at the barn raising. She ignored him and continued to spray both the inside and outside of the barn.

"Where's your bitch of a girlfriend, she leave you already?" He yelled to her over the noise of the fire and yells from the other people. She cast him a glare and went around to the other side of the barn with her hose. No matter where she went, he followed her and kept throwing out snide and crude remarks about her and Branson. Finally her temper got the better of her; she stepped up to him, hauled her arm back and knocked him to the ground with one punch.

"Fuck you and stay away from me and my girlfriend!" She handed the hose to one of the other's and went in search of her dad.

Branson started to pull in to CK's driveway when she saw the flames shooting up from behind the trees; she whipped her truck back onto the road and floored it. She had a bad feeling that CK was there and that she was hurt or was in serious trouble. When she got closer to where the fire was, she pulled her truck off the road and went up through a field until she came to where other vehicles were parked. Jumping out, she ran towards where everyone was and started looking for her girlfriend. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Teddy and ran in his direction. Grabbing his arm, she yelled over all the noise and watched him point towards where there was a smaller barn a short distance from the one on fire. She took off at a sprint and wove around other people until she came to the back of it. She looked around but couldn't find CK anywhere, her heart slammed in her chest so hard that she thought she was having a heart attack. Pulling the door open, she squinted into the dark interior but couldn't see anything but orange shadows coming through the windows. She ran her hand up the inside of the doorframe until she hit the switch for the lights, covering her eyes; she peeked from between fingers and saw nothing but a few bales of straw. "Where are you Calli?" She went back out and looked at the burning barn; her insides froze when she thought of how CK had almost gotten hurt the last time.

CK had grabbed the ax from where her dad had started placing them outside of the shed, she was going to start breaking the window out of the burning barn to help ventilate and make it easier for them to get hoses inside to spray the flames. She had just broke out the windows on the far side that had not caught fire yet, when she felt someone rush up behind her, thinking it was help, she ignored them until she was slammed face first into the barn. She fell to the ground and wiped at the blood that came from her split lip, before she could stand, she was hit in the back of the head and knocked unconscious. Her body was lifted, pushed through the barn window and left to drop. The person then picked up the ax and ran around to the other side to help fight the fire.

Branson ran up to the others and started asking if they had seen CK anywhere, one man pointed to the other side and told her that he had seen her go over there maybe ten minutes ago. She

picked up a forgotten ax and ran to where CK had last been seen, when she rounded the corner, she had trouble seeing in the dark. She yelled CK's name out and heard nothing in return, all she heard were the sirens from the arriving fire trucks and then seen spot lights hitting around the area. She used one hand to shield her eyes from the light and then searched around for CK; she went over near the window and felt glass break beneath her feet. Looking through the window at the fire that was a few feet away, she saw a brown boot and screamed. Using the ax, she broke more of the window frame away and tried to reach through. She swung backwards and made contact with a body when someone tried to stop her. Forcing her upper body through the window, she fell to the ground and landed on top of CK. Shielding her body from falling flames and debris, she then lifted her up and handed her to the firemen standing outside of the window. Crawling through, she fell to the ground and crawled over to where the firemen were checking on CK. She pushed one of them out of the way, lifted her up into her arms and cradled her against her chest.

"Put this mask over her face and let us check her out!" One of the firemen yelled and then stepped aside when Teddy rushed over. "She won't let us look at her sir!" Teddy dropped down beside Branson and turned her soot-covered face so that she was looking at him with tear-filled eyes.

"Branson you have to let them help her, carry her over to the ambulance and let them take care of her!" He sighed when she got to her feet and carried CK over to where the ambulance was parked. He squeezed the frustrated firemen on the shoulder and jogged after Branson.

Branson sat holding onto CK's hand while a paramedic took her vitals and ran an IV line in the top of her hand. She wiped tears from her cheeks but never took her eyes from CK's slack face. She looked up when she felt a hand squeeze her shoulder and saw Teddy wiping tears from his own face. "I'm glad you found her, she knows better than to go inside a burning barn..." They looked down at CK when she started fighting the oxygen mask and coughing, she pulled it away from her face and smacked Branson's hand when she tried to replace it.

"I didn't...go in...the barn!" She coughed, groaned, and tried to sit up. "Someone...hit me..." she ran a hand at the back of her head and pulled away bloody fingers to show her dad and Branson.

"Son of a bitch!" Branson growled and looked to Teddy. "You find this mother fucker so I can kill him!" CK struggled against the hands that were trying to keep her on the stretcher; she took a stack of gauze pads, the IV bag and handed them to Branson.

"Slick I need your help here, dad will find out who hit me." She knew she had to draw Branson's attention away from killing every person fighting the fire; the best way was to give her something to do. "We're going home and no one is gonna stop us!" She eyed the paramedic to get her point across.

"You need to go to the hospital; you inhaled a lot of smoke and may have a concussion!"

"Bullshit, I've been inhaling smoke since after the fire started and I'm no worse off now." She crawled off the stretcher, grabbed Branson's trembling hand and pulled her to the open field where all the cars were parked. When they were far enough away, she gave up the brave front and fell into Branson's arms. Tears poured down her cheeks when she thought of how close she had come to dying. "How did you know?" She sobbed into Branson's chest and gripped the material in her hands. Branson wrapped her arms around her and cried into her shoulder, now that the adrenaline was wearing off, she was close to collapsing.

"It was a bad feeling; I got lucky when I stepped on broken glass." She picked CK up in her arms and carried her the entire way to where her truck was parked. She placed her inside the truck, crawled in after her and pulled her into her arms. "I've never been that scared in my life," She pulled away and looked into red rimmed green eyes. "I could have lost you." She said in a hoarse whisper. "I never want to feel that way again." She brought their lips together in a kiss to reassure them that they were both still alive. When they came apart, she brushed dirty hair back from green eyes and sighed. "Let's go home." When CK nodded, she started her truck and drove back to the farm.

Teddy searched amongst all the people at the barn fire; he was looking for anyone who was acting strange or trying to avoid him. By now, it was known that his daughter had been attacked and almost died in the fire. He knew that who ever had done it would be hard to find but he had to try anyway. The first thing he did was ask the people he trusted if they had seen anyone near where CK had last been. What he found out was that CK had punched Ben out for what he was saying to her, he went in the direction that he had last seen him and found him with a bag of ice on his swollen eye. "Where were you when my daughter was attacked?"

"I was sitting right here ever since she punched me and if you don't believe me you can ask David's wife!"

Teddy leaned forward so that he could smell the fear coming through the guys pores, he jabbed a finger out and growled. "I'll do that and if she tells me anything different, I'm coming back for you!"

"I'm not lying and I may press assault charges against her for punching me!"

"You do that you little punk and I'll have all the witnesses to you threatening her right there in front of the judge! Stay away from my daughter or you'll be hurting when Branson gets done with you!" He walked away but still heard the punk call both his daughter and Branson fucking dykes, he would make sure that the other officers kept an eye on him and he would warn Branson. His next mission was to find David's wife and see if Ben's story would hold up, he hoped that it didn't and he could toss the bastard in a cell for attempted murder.

Teddy came up empty, besides the altercation with Ben, he had no suspects or witnesses to who attacked CK. He went back to his car and drove over to check on his girls.

Branson removed the IV line, helped CK off with her singed and filthy clothes and then dropped hers to the pile on the floor; she stepped into the shower and held a hand out to the smaller woman. "Come on CK we need to get you cleaned up so I can fix all your cuts and scrapes."

"I think you're using this as an excuse to take a shower with me." She took Branson's hand and groaned from stepping over the edge and into the shower. "I've never taken a shower with anyone before." She looked into compassionate blue eyes and felt her discomfort ease.

"I haven't either and there's nothing other than helping you to this," She pulled CK into her arms and held her as the water washed the soot from their bodies. With gentle hands, she washed CK's hair careful of the lump and cut on the back of her head and then washed the rest of her. When she was finished, she washed her own hair and body before helping CK out of the shower and to her bedroom. She dried her off with a large towel and helped her to lie on the bed, pulling on a t-shirt; she grabbed the bottle of peroxide she had set out earlier along with gauze pads. "This might hurt a little and may bleach your hair in the back." She spread CK's wet hair away from the lump and saw a cut almost three inches long. It was no longer bleeding and wasn't very deep but she still wanted to make sure that it was clean.

"I could care less if it turned my hair green," CK mumbled in her pillow and flinched when the cut began to sting. "How bad is it?"

"It's not bad; it should heal in a day or two. Do you have a headache or anything?"

"Just a little, but it hurts at my temple more than anything. I just need a couple aspirins and it'll go away." She rolled over when Branson ran a hand down her back and squeezed her waist. "You didn't get hurt did you; ya know when you went into the barn to get me?"

Branson shook her head and then ran a hand at the back of her head. "Nope, I think my hairs just a little crispy in the back. When I got through the window a bunch of stuff fell from above us and landed on me, but I'm OK." She threw the gauze in the trash, crawled up onto the bed beside CK and pulled her into her arms. "Any ideas who would have tried to kill you?" She ran her fingers through damp hair and pressed a kiss to a smooth forehead.

"The only one that I pissed off tonight was Ben, that idiot that was at the barn raising."

"The punk that you dropped and we kicked his ass?" Her eyes narrowed in thought, she didn't remember seeing him while she was looking for CK. "What happened that you pissed him off?"

"Ohh he was running his mouth so I punched him," She went up on her elbow and looked into pale blue eyes. "If he's the one who did it, my dad will kill him." The flash of headlights coming in the window had them getting up from the bed with groans of pain. CK pulled on some clothes and stopped Branson from wondering out of the room in just her t-shirt. "I don't even think so Slick, put some shorts or something on." She rolled her eyes when Branson lifted the front of her

shirt and looked down.

"Yeah I think that would be a good idea, don't wanna give your dad a heart attack or anything."

"My dad...Hell I'm ready to have a heart attack," She winked and said in a deep voice. "If I didn't hurt so bad, you'd be in trouble." She slapped Branson on her ass when she went past her out the bedroom door. "I'll put some coffee on; see ya downstairs in a few minutes." She walked slowly down the stairs and met her dad in the kitchen; she walked into his open arms and gave him a tight hug.

"Are you OK; you look like you're hurting?" He let her go and took a seat at the table.

"A little sore and I know I'll be worse in the morning but I'm OK." She started the coffee and took a seat across from him. "So did you find out anything after we left?"

"I found Ben and had a nice little talk with him and with David's wife; he didn't attack you so that means someone else did. Do you remember anything at all?"

She shook her head and ran a finger across her swollen bottom lip. "Nope, one minute I was breaking out the window and the next thing I was on my knees after being slammed into the side of the barn." She shrugged her shoulders and leaned back against Branson when she stepped behind her chair. "Someone had to see something but they're keeping their mouth shut, with all those people around how could someone not see something?" She knew she was rambling and didn't care, she was exhausted and just wanted to go to sleep. She pulled Branson's arms around her chest and held them there; she loved the feel of the strong arms holding her. Tilting her head back, she looked up into tired blue eyes. "How long do I have to stay up?"

Teddy looked at his watch and then to CK. "Another hour and you should be fine, how's your head?"

Branson answered for her in a tired voice. "Not bad, I cleaned the cut out and it doesn't need any stitches." She kissed the top of CK's head and went over to pour them coffee, she placed the cups in front of everyone and smiled when CK yawned and fought to keep her eyes open. "So did you find out anything at all, even about what caused the fire? It just seems a little strange to me about the number of fires in the last couple of weeks." Teddy nodded his head and told her of the conversation he and CK had on their way to the barn fire. He mentioned it to the fire chief and he was going to have the investigators go out and look at the barn before it was cleaned up. A half hour later, Teddy bid them goodnight and left to go home. He promised to let them know if he found out anything about the fire and that he was going to find out who attacked CK.

Branson put the coffee cups in the sink and then led CK up the stairs to her bedroom; she helped her lay down and was stepping away from the bed when CK grabbed her hand. "Stay with me, I don't wanna be alone." She pulled her down into the bed beside her and cuddled up to her body, minutes later, she was asleep and snoring lightly.

"I love you Callaway and I'll do everything I can to keep you safe." Branson whispered into her

damp hair and hugged her tighter to her body. She would call Leo and Lindsey in the morning and get them out to the farm, between the three of them they would be able to keep an eye on the farm and make sure that no one was able to set CK's barn on fire or hurt her. She knew that someone was burning down the farmers barns but it would be hard to find the person, the community was small but hiding amongst them seemed to be easy for the arsonist. What she couldn't figure out was why the person was doing it, and then it came to her. She remembered what CK had told her about having to buy feed for her cows during the winter months when crops were lost due to weather or other ways. That meant that who ever had the most product would be the one to gain the most by selling to the farmers who would pay to save there animals. She just needed to find out who gained the most in the past and then have Teddy investigate them. Her mind was still reeling when she fell asleep.

CK lay on her side watching Branson sleep, she ran a hand up her ribcage to stop and caress the soft flesh beneath her right breast. Goosebumps rose on the bronzed skin and then disappeared beneath her warm fingertips, pushing the t-shirt higher; she brushed the back of her knuckles across the side of her breast. She was still caressing silky skin when blue eyes fluttered open and watched from beneath dark lashes. "Sure are brave when I'm sleeping." A raspy voice interrupted CK's movements.

"I feed my little ego this way," She grinned and leaned forward to press a kiss to Branson's stomach. "Can't help myself." She rested her cheek on her firm stomach and let her fingers run across warm skin. She looked up when Branson turned onto her side and brushed the hair back from her temple.

"You don't have to wait until I'm sleeping to touch me." She leaned down and brought their lips together in a soft kiss, she pulled back and saw that CK's eyes were still closed and tears were leaking from the corners. "What's wrong Calli?"

"It's just something that my dad said to me that I didn't think about until last night." She opened her eyes and looked deeply into pale blue. "Are you in love with me?" She asked with her voice cracking and tears flowing down her cheeks. Branson moved down in the bed until they were eye to eye, she reached out with fingertips and wiped the tears away.

"What did your dad say to you?"

"He said that you had to love me an awful lot to buy me the farm equipment and that I just had to know that you were in love with me, I feel stupid because I don't know...are you?" Branson cupped her face and leaned in to bring their lips together, she kissed her slowly and with all the love she felt in her heart. When she pulled back, she saw more tears trailing down CK's cheeks and then a soft sob tore from her throat.

"I fall in love with you more every second I'm with you." She whispered close to her lips and kissed her chin and then her neck. "I was completely lost in Arlington, that's why I came back early. I love you Callaway." She moved back to her lips and kissed her slowly while rolling her

over on to her back and moved so that she was lying halfway across her. She trailed kisses down her neck until she had worked her way over to her ear to whisper. "I want to show you how much I love you." Small hands grabbed the hem of her t-shirt, pulled it up and over her head and tossed it to the floor. Branson then moaned when CK's hands slipped under the waistband of her boxers, cupped her ass and pulled her closer. She knew that she would not be in control and didn't care; she would do something she had never before done. She would give her self completely to CK. Feeling blunt nails drag across the backs of her thighs, she pressed her hips down and moaned into CK's neck. The slightest touch anytime from the smaller woman aroused her but this was sending fire due south. She let CK roll her over to her back and remove her boxers to let them fall to the floor. A deep moan erupted from her throat when she saw the look in her green eyes; she was going to be in trouble for many hours and could care less.

"You've driven me crazy since your roof dancing, teasing me and all the sleepless nights I've had because I was too chicken to do anything about it." She crawled up Branson's body and nipped at her collarbone before latching onto the soft skin beneath her ear. She sucked and bit until Branson was squirming and moaning beneath her, she pulled back and licked the darkened area before capturing her lips in a hungry kiss. She stopped when her shirt was pulled up over her head and tossed to the growing pile. Pressing down into Branson's body, she moaned when their breasts pressed together. Cupping her soon to be lover's face, she pressed kisses to the corners of her lips and worked her way down to the tops of her breasts. Lavishing attention to each one, she then teased her nipples and pulled on the rings with her teeth until they were hard and she was begging. A wide grin came to her face when Branson tried to pull her lips over to a nipple. "Its payback time, Slick," She gazed up into fevered blue eyes and whispered in a low purr. "I love you, Branson." She trailed her fingertips and lips across her lover's warm bronzed skin and felt her muscles quiver; she could smell their arousal and moaned the closer she came to dark curls. As she settled between long legs, she looked up and caught lidded blue eyes watching her, in a soft voice she said. "I want you to watch me." The sound that came from her lover's throat made her center twitch; she lowered her head but kept eye contact with pale blue. With the tip of her tongue, she dragged it up between her lover's swollen nether lips and moaned at her taste. Burying her face deeper, she used one hand to spread her lover apart and circle her center with the tip of her tongue.

Branson felt her muscles roll towards a climax; she lifted her knees and spread her legs further apart to give CK more room. She was finding it difficult to keep her eyes open and not let her head fall back into the bed. She had never watched as someone made love to her and found this highly arousing. Even with her lover's warm wet tongue licking her, she could still feel her juices flowing from her center to run down into the sheets. Her back arched when two fingers slipped into her center and slowly pumped. "Ohhh...deeper Calli!" She braced herself on her elbows and thrust her hips upward into the soft lips and tongue that were caressing her clit. Gripping the sheets in her fists, she bit her bottom lip and whimpered. Trying to keep her eyes on her lover was becoming harder, the sounds that CK was making was pulling her closer to climax. She gasped and thrust her hips when fingers curled upward and warm lips sucked on her rigid clit. Her head fell back with her scream of 'Calli' and her arms gave out dropping her to her shoulders. Her hips pumped with each spasm and juices flowed to soak into the sheets.

Calli could feel her lover's body tensing; she looked up to see her chest flushed and sweat trailing

down between her breasts. She wanted to take their first time slow and prolong her lover's climax but that was not in the cards. If Branson had been suffering as much as she had, she didn't have the heart to tease her. Curling her fingers, she searched for the spot that would send her over the edge. When she felt her stomach muscles clench, she sucked her clit harder and flicked the end with her tongue. When her juices gushed out and covered her hand, she squeezed her thighs together to hold back her own climax. With the last of her lover's tremors, she licked her clean and lay with her head on her thigh. She was afraid to move, her center throbbed and she was so close to climaxing just from pleasing her lover. A low whimper escaped her parted lips when Branson slipped out from under her, she curled in a fetal position and cupped her sex. A long moan came from her when she felt Branson move behind her and lick her ass. "Do that again and it's over for me."

"Just move your hand for me baby, I need to taste you." Branson said in a deep sultry voice before running her tongue across swollen nether lips. She moved Calli's leg so that it was up on her shoulder and then buried her face between her legs. She moaned as she licked and sucked the copious amount of nectar from her lover. As soon as she plunged her tongue into her center, she felt her come with body shaking spasms. Feeling herself go over the edge again, she tensed and yelled out against Calli. "Ohhh...God...yes!" She reached between her own legs and slipped two fingers inside to prolong her orgasm. "Touch your...clit...for me..." She licked around Calli's fingers and then plunged her tongue deep inside of her to feel her muscles squeeze her tongue. She thrust into her own hand and pushed Calli along with her tongue, in seconds, they were crying out their releases and falling exhausted. Branson struggled where she lay with her head caught between her lover's thighs and chuckled when she heard her moan.

"I wanted ta keep you there." She said in a panting voice.

"I wouldn't mind staying but I was having a small problem with breathing." She crawled up her body and lay with her head on her shoulder. "I love you Calli." She leaned up for a deep kiss and tasted their combined essence. Calli wrapped her arms around her and threw her leg over her hip.

"It's never been like that before..." she felt a blush work up her neck when she thought of her next words. "I've never touched myself for anyone either."

"Me neither and it turns me on to see you touch yourself." Branson said in a quiet voice before she fell asleep.

"Just the sound of your voice does that for me." She whispered back and then wrapped her body around her lovers to fall asleep to the sound of their hearts beating as one.

Branson woke to see the sun coming through the window to caress her lover with its soft rays; she pressed a kiss to her shoulder and crawled from their bed. She stretched her arms up over her head and felt the stiffness in her body cry out, it had been a long time since she had a lover or felt that kind of stiffness. Looking down at Calli, a smile came to her lips. "You're beautiful Callaway," she whispered and then in to the bathroom for a quick shower. She was in the kitchen

when a sleepy-eyed Calli stumbled in and ran a hand through her wet hair. She placed a cup of coffee in her hands and took the seat beside her. "I was gonna let you sleep a little longer and wake you once I got the animals fed."

Sleepy green eyes looked up at her and a small grin came across her lips. "And what would you have done afterwards?"

A roguish grin came to her features. "Ohh I can think of a couple dozen things I could have done while you were sleeping." She leaned in for a deep lingering kiss that had Calli moaning and clutching the back of her head. "My sneak attack won't work when you're awake." She got up, placed her coffee cup in the sink and went out the back door leaving Calli panting.

"The Hell it won't," she said to the empty kitchen and then followed Branson out the door. "You do sneak attacks and don't even know it."

They were out in the hay field in Calli's new tractor, Branson sat beside her with her feet propped up on the dash. She kept an eye out for the guy who had flipped Calli off the day before, she wanted to have a few words with the asshole and make sure that he wouldn't be able to use either hand for a while. She lifted the large bottle of water to her lips and ended up missing her mouth and soaking the front of her shirt when they tilted to the side. She reached over, slapped a grinning Calli in her shoulder, and tried to take another drink.

"That's why I use a bottle with a straw; I could let you use my sippee cup. That way you wouldn't spill it and give me a wet t-shirt show...on second thought, ya ain't getting it!" She reached over, ran a hand down her lover's breast and felt a nipple ring rise under her palm. "We need colder water."

"Sure we do," Branson pulled the front of her shirt away from her skin and shivered. "Like it's not 30 below in this cab and my waters not half frozen, what are you an Eskimo?"

Wrinkles formed at the side of Calli's nose, she gave out a deep laugh and turned down the AC. "Naaah, it's just that I've never had AC in a vehicle let alone my tractor. I'm enjoying the Hell out of it; we could use my old tractor, drop over from the heat and feel like our kidneys are ready to fall out from being bounced around."

Branson moaned and looked over to her. "Speaking of kidneys, mine are ready to take off right now, pull over so I can piss." She rolled her eyes at a gawking Calli and opened the door when the tractor stopped. "You can't tell me you stay out here all day and not have a nature call." She jumped down and disappeared.

"I usually wait until I'm at least near the trees!" She looked out the back window and saw Branson's dark head above rear tire. "Well, what are you waiting for?" She asked knowing that her lover couldn't hear her. Thinking maybe, she was waiting for her to go with her to the trees; she climbed out and rounded the back of her tractor. She was unzipping her cutoffs when she

looked up, froze in step and felt her jaw drop open. She looked up and saw one blue eye open and a lopsided grin come to her lover's face.

"What's the matter baby?" She asked in a low raspy voice.

"You can piss...standing up?" She looked where Branson's cutoffs were open in the front and slung low over her trim hips. She couldn't help but look downward and feel her cheeks flame when she noticed that one of her lover's hands was placed at the top her nether lips.

"You mean like a guy, I can piss on trees to if I want." She looked down, refastened her 501 cutoffs and walked towards her stunned lover. "I'll show you later how good an aim I am." She looked down to see dark curls peeking out from her lover's shorts and raised an eyebrow. "You gonna go?" She pointed her hand to her opened pants and grinned at the expression on her face.

"I was...going to the trees." She pointed to the trees ten feet away. "Unlike you...I have to squat in the trees."

Branson tilted her head to the side and raised an eyebrow. "Who says," She reached out to Calli and pulled her to against her. "Or do you like the grass brushing against certain areas?"

She placed her hands on her lover's shoulders and rested her forehead against her chest. "Hell no I don't like that...I just can't...you know?"

Branson pushed her shorts to the ground, helped her step out of them and turned her so that her back was against her chest. Stepping backward, she braced her back against the tire and rested her hands on Calli's hips. "I'll show you."

"Slick...this is kinky and I can't piss with anyone around."

"Sure you can, just pretend I'm not here." She ran her hands down to soft curls and felt her own center twitch. "Now relax and let me aim for you."

"Branson...I can't do this and how am I supposed to pretend you're not here," She moaned when Branson pressed on her lower stomach, she closed her eyes, leaned back into her body and took a deep breath. "Just let me squat near the tire, I'm dying here."

"Spread your feet apart, take a deep breath and relax for me." She nuzzled her neck and licked at her ear. "Relax baby." She caressed her lower stomach, moved one hand down to the top of her lips and pulled them upward. She watched over Calli's shoulder as her bladder began to empty. "Now tell me you can't piss like a guy." She whispered near her ear.

Calli moaned when her bladder was finally empty, she pushed her head tighter in to her lover's shoulder, what she had seen and what she did had her aroused. And she could feel her wetness drip from between her lips, she moaned and placed her hands on her lovers hips and pushed back into her. "I have this other problem," she moved Branson's hand down between her legs and thrust against her. "Who knew I was kinky." She moaned when Branson moved from behind her,

picked her up and sat her on the tractor's tire. She placed Calli's legs over her shoulders and leaned in towards her. Licking her gently with the flat of her tongue, she groaned at her own now throbbing center. Unfastening the buttons, she pushed her hand down inside and rubbed her hardening clit. She kept tempo with both her hand and tongue and whimpered when Calli pulled her head tighter against her.

"Right there..." Calli mumbled and threw her head back when she felt her orgasm cresting. "I'm...God!" She thrust against her lover's mouth with every tremor that ran through her body, she dropped her head down to rest on Branson's and moaned when she cried out her release against her center. They stayed that way until they were able to breathe and move without falling. Calli lifted her head and ran her fingers through long dark hair. "I can't believe we did this out in the middle of the field, now I'll have tire marks on my ass."

Branson lifted her face and wiped the moisture from her chin, a wide grin came across her features and her eyes twinkled. "Every time I go in the bathroom, I'm taking you with me." She helped Calli down and fastened the front of her 501's before getting her lover's shorts. "I wonder if I have the same effect on Leo?"

"What are you talking...you do that around Leo?" She pulled her shorts on and squirmed to get the seam right.

"Of course, who do you think taught me?" She smiled at the shocked look on Calli's face and covered her shoulder after she was hit. "It works and it's a hell of a lot easier when you work construction."

"Please tell me you don't open your pants and piss off the roof."

"We only do that if we're the only ones there, have you ever been in one of those Porta Potty's?"

Calli took her hand and pulled her towards the tractors door. "Yeah, they're gross and disgusting, not to mention they reek."

"Exactly, there's no way I'm putting my parts over that hole. So one day I was complaining about it and Leo waited until the end of the shift to show me what she did." She chuckled at the memory and looked at a not very amused Calli. "This was like 20 years ago, so there we are standing back behind the work trailer and she's showing me how to piss standing up. Lindsey caught us and I swear we barely lived that day."

"I can see why, there's her lover with another woman having a pissing contest." She got into the tractor and groaned from her still swollen lips. "Please tell me that I won't have to worry about the toilet seat being up in the middle of the night."

"If it is, I'll blame your dad." She leaned over and kissed Calli until she fell over against the door. "Let's go home, I'm starving and I wanna play." The look in her eyes told Calli exactly what kind of playing she had in mind.

Lunch was forgotten along with everything else that Calli needed to do that afternoon. She lay at the top of the stairs with Branson between her legs and thrusting her center against her lover's mouth. She tangled her long dark hair in her one hand and gripped a spindle of the staircase with the other. Her head fell back with her yell of Branson's name and then panted with each shudder of her body. She looked down at her lover through lidded eyes and moaned when she wiped her chin and licked her finger's clean. She pulled her up to lay on top of her and licked her chin and lips of her essence before kissing her deeply. When the kiss broke, Branson pressed her hips down into her and whimpered. "Move up Slick, and kneel." She grinned at the deep moan that came from her lover's throat. When she was over her, she could see just how aroused she was by the fullness and deep color of her nether lips. Wrapping her arms around her thighs, she pulled herself up to slip her tongue between her lips and drink of her flowing juices. The second she dragged the flat of her tongue across the tip of her clit, she bucked and yelled out her release. Juices gushed out to cover Calli's chin and run down her neck, she kept licking at the trembling bundle of nerves until Branson grunted with another climax. Exhausted and weak, Branson fell off to the side and felt her stomach muscles ripple. What she wasn't expecting was for her lover to slip two fingers inside her and pump deeply.

"You're...gonna...kill me." She mumbled, grunted and then whimpered when Calli straddled her thigh and ground against her.

Calli suckled a hard nipple and mumble around it something about knowing CPR or using the hot wire fence to jump-start her. Bending her fingers, she pumped upward when she knew her lover was close to climaxing again. Thrusting one more time into a muscular thigh, she went over the edge and covered her lover with her juices. Before her spasms stopped, Branson arched up off the floor and cried out. Before Calli could torture her anymore, she grabbed her hand and held it still.

"I can't...no more..." She lay gasping and riding out the last of the tremors. "Can't move..." She rolled her head to the side and looked down at her exhausted lover. "It's wore out." She closed her eyes and tried to calm her breathing.

"That makes two of us...guess we'll have to sleep here." She crawled up Branson's body and rested her head on her shoulder. Just as they were drifting off to sleep, a horn blared out behind the farm-house. They both moaned and cursed who ever it was that was disturbing them. Branson rolled to her side, cuddled up against Calli and hoped who ever it was would just go away. That went right out the window when she heard heavy footsteps and then Leo yelling her name.

"She's a dead woman!" Branson growled, got up off the floor on weak legs and then helped up Calli. "I'll be back as soon as I stick her body in the freezer." She kissed her deeply before stumbling down the steps and then towards the kitchen. She stopped in the doorway and growled at them, they turned with pieces of strudel sticking out of their mouths and choked. "Who wants to die first?" She glared, stomped up to them and planted her hands on her hips.

"Go take a shower stud muffin, before I hump your leg." Leo wiggled her dark brows, dropped her eyes down Branson's body and moved closer. "On second thought, I'll hump your leg anyway!"

"You're a pervert," She turned and left the kitchen on weak legs, she looked over her shoulder at their evil grins and flipped them off. "I've gotten more in one day than you two have in a week!"

"She's not gonna be able ta walk for a week!" Leo said before stuffing the strudel in her mouth.

"I wanna see her explain all the hickeys on her thighs when she wears shorts." Lindsey said and then grabbed another piece of strudel for them. "Wonder if Calli will adopt us, this stuff is good." A half hour later, she looked up and gave Calli a huge toothy grin when she walked into the kitchen. Leo wiggled her fingers in the come hither motion, when she got closer; she looked down at her thighs.

"So is, Branflake a biter like you?"

Calli leaned in closer, raised an eyebrow and purred close to Leo's ear. "All the bumper hitches in the surrounding areas should run for their lives." She grinned when Leo's face flushed. "You guys want coffee, I need some caffeine."

Leo watched as Branson filled the pig's troughs with grain and then flipped the pump handle up for their water trough, she chuckled at the deep groaning coming from her. "So stud muffin, you guys were busy?"

Blue eyes twinkled and a lopsided grin came over Branson when she straightened from picking up empty feedbags. "Yep, baled hay, put hay in the loft..."

"Please...I could smell you before you got in the kitchen. You finally got in the farmer's dell huh? About damn time, if ya ask me." She stepped up to her and gave her a tight hug. "I'm glad you finally found someone." She placed a sloppy kiss on her cheek and grabbed her ass before moving away.

"What is it with you and my ass?"

"I just like feeling buns of steel."

"Uhh huhm, and what are ya gonna do if Calli or Lindsey catch you?"

"Run like Hell and beg later."

"Ya we're good at running from Lindsey but I think Calli could catch us," She rubbed a hand across her jaw and gave Leo wiggling eyebrows. "Remember what ya taught me all those years

ago on the job?"

Leo's brows drew down over her straight nose; she looked up at a grinning Branson and felt her mouth drop open. "Ohh spill stud muffin, what did you do?"

"We were out in the field and I had ta piss like a fucking race horse, I thought she was staying in the cab. Wrong! She caught me and almost fell over from shock." She scuffed a toe across the ground and looked up from under dark lashes. "I showed her how we do it on the job and it took us a good hour to get back in."

"What'd you do piss like an entire stable of horses?" Her jaw dropped open when Branson's face turned red. "Ohhh you giant pervert," she slugged her in her shoulder and laughed. "Out in the field?" She busted out laughing when a dark head nodded. "You're a fucking nature girl now!"

"How was I ta know that she would get turned on, we piss in front of each other all the time and it doesn't happen to either one of us?"

Leo shuddered and gave Branson a strange look. "EEWW that would put us on Jerry Springer! My sister pisses in front of me and I cream my jockey's!"

"Ya ,well no one knows we're sisters besides Lindsey." She draped an arm across her shoulders as they walked up to the house. "I don't think anyone sees how much we look alike...must be that you're so short."

Calli looked out the kitchen window and shook her head; Branson and Leo were rolling around in the yard and throwing dirt at each other. "Those two are striping before they come in here."

"Now what are they doing?" Lindsey leaned over Calli's shoulder and looked out the window. "I swear they play more than little kids, if the yard was muddy, they'd be jumping in it just to splash each other." She winced and let out a whistle when Branson grabbed her wife's crotch and wouldn't let go. "That's gotta hurt!"

"Probably as much as the nipple twist she did on Slick," She looked over her shoulder at Lindsey and pointed out the window. "Doesn't it bother you that they grab each other like that?"

"Those two, Hell no, I've never seen two sisters as close as they are." She cussed when she saw the look on Calli's face. "You didn't know did you?"

"They're sisters! I'm gonna beat the Hell outta Branson, that rotten, conniving wench!" She looked out the window and then chuckled at her own stupidity. "Now that I see them out there together and really look, how could I not know. They move the same way, have the same walk and I see Leo doing that damn eyebrow thing. Then why did you get mad when you caught them having a pissing contest?"

Hazel eyes grew wide. "She told you, huh? Well, I got mad because those two idiots didn't know that the boss was still inside the work trailer. He could have come out and caught them or worse, watched them through the window." She went over to the table and took a seat. "What brought up their little pissing lesson?"

Calli turned a deep red, took a seat across the table from her, after a few minutes to word her story right, she told Lindsey, and snorted at rolling hazel eyes.

"You can just imagine what their mother went through, they were more than a handful when they were little. And it's no big surprise that they haven't changed in all these years."

Calli dropped into bed and rolled up against her lover, kissing her gently, she then rested her head on her shoulder. "So you guys are gonna start on the firehouse tomorrow morning?"

"The three of us are gonna get the cement forms put together and then the rest of the crew will come in and we'll get them filled with cement. After that, we have to let it cure before we can do anything." She wrapped her arms around Calli and slipped a leg between hers. "If the weather holds out, we should have the sides up within a week and then it's easy from there on out."

"I'll bring you guy's lunch tomorrow, that way I know you're not starving." She yawned and hugged her lover tighter. "I love you Branson."

"Love you to Calli." Were their last words as they fell asleep never to hear the sounds coming from down the hall.

Branson, Leo and Lindsey were in the kitchen finishing their coffee when they heard Calli cussing up a storm, they looked to the ceiling when they heard her feet stomping and then cringed when she came into the kitchen with a murderous look in her eyes. She walked up to Branson, slugged her in her shoulder and then grabbed the mop and bucket from the small room next to the kitchen. Branson grinned and then wiped it off her face when Calli growled at her on her way back through the kitchen. "I think I better go see what set her off or I may be sleeping in the barn with Bert." She ran for the stairs and down the hallway, she stopped when she heard the bathtub running and peeked inside. "What's the matter baby?" She walked in slowly and froze when Calli pointed the mop at her.

"I tried and ended up pissing all over myself, the floor and the toilet. Now I have to clean it up and it's all your fault!" She started mopping the floor and cussed under her breath.

"Baby, it takes practice and believe me, I had wet Levis a couple times." She pulled Calli into her arms and kissed the back of her neck.

"I just wanted to see if I could do it, now I know I can't and I feel like a total ass!"

"You're not an ass baby; let me clean up the mess. It's my fault for not showing you everything." She took the mop from her hands, finished cleaning up the floor and then put the mop back in the bucket. "What me and Leo do is weird, I don't expect you to do it."

"It was a challenge," She whispered into her lover's neck. "One that looked so easy," She pulled away and kissed soft lips. "I will learn how to do it, I'm tired of sticks jabbing me in my ass." She kissed a grinning Branson one more time before going into the bedroom.

Branson laughed all the way to the site, as soon as she calmed, she looked over at her sister and started all over again. "What is your problem, you've been laughing like a lunatic ever since we left the house."

"Nothing...just nothing." She said and laughed harder.

Lindsey jabbed her in the ribs and slapped Leo in her shoulder. "If I know you two, it's something you two did? Now out with it, Branflake!" Branson cleared her throat, wiped her eyes and stuttered her words. While she was telling them what happened with Calli, Lindsey slapped a hand over her eyes and groaned. "See I was right as usual, that poor woman is going to go insane trying to live up to two idiots." As soon as they were stopped and Branson opened her door, Lindsey shoved her out onto the ground and then stepped on her. "Next you two will show her how to piss in a beer bottle!" She stomped towards the trailer and opened the door; she would let them struggle for a little while with the forms before she went out to help them. "Worse than damn men!" She grabbed the plans that they had left at the trailer the day before and rolled them out on the table, granted, a firehouse was easier than building apartment buildings but there were certain specifications that had to be met. Pulling out a thick binder with the regulations in it, she searched until she found the section she needed. Reading through it, she highlighted certain areas and marked the pages with paper clips. "Why am I doing this, Leo should be reading all this stuff not me?" Putting the binder on top of the plans, she went outside and over to where Branson and Leo were driving large bolts through the holes on the cement forms. Picking up a hammer, she waved it in front of Branson and growled.

"Ohh, my baby's mad at you." Leo chuckled and then yelped when her wife kicked her in the ass.

"And you, Branson bonehead Mahoney, I'm gonna have a nice long talk with your girlfriend when we get back!" She picked up a handful of bolts and went to the opposite end of where they were working.

"Ohhh are we in deep shit Leo, I'll share a room with ya if ya don't snore and hog the bed."

Calli pulled up to the site and got out with a huge picnic basket in her hand, she looked around

and seen Leo and Lindsey sitting on the concrete forms. Grabbing a cooler out of the back of her truck, she walked over to them and grinned when Leo dropped her head and scuffed her toes in the loose dirt. "I brought you guys lunch, where's Slick?" She looked around but didn't see her.

Lindsey pointed to the three Porta potties and slapped Leo for snickering. "She just headed towards the johns, go push them over I'm sure you'll hear her screaming and know exactly which one she's in."

An evil glint came to her eye; she looked from the johns and back to Lindsey. "How about if I hook a rope to them and pull them down the road?" She walked away laughing at the expression on their faces, she knew that they had no idea how evil she could be. Walking up to the first one, she put her ear to it but didn't hear anything; she did the same thing to the other two and became confused. She walked around the back and groaned. "What is it with you and pissing outside?"

"It's like this," She fastened her pants and took her lover's hand. "Those things reek so bad that the bugs won't go in them." She pulled Calli into a hug and kissed her forehead. "Are you mad at me?"

"Why would I be mad at you?"

"Well, for this morning, Lindsey already tortured me and Leo's in the dog house."

"No I'm not mad at you for that, what I'm mad about is you not telling me that Leo's your sister." She pushed Branson up against the john and pressed into her body. "Why doesn't anybody know about you two?"

"Because, that way no one could say that I made her my site manager because she's family. Even though she's better than any man that held the position, they won't see it that way."

"So Leo took Lindsey's last name?"

Branson shook her head and looked down at the ground. "Nope, Mahoney is my middle name. I stopped using Burke when we got jobs with the same construction company, it just made it easier."

Calli pressed into her body and got a strange expression on her face, she reached down and grabbed the bulge in the front of her lover's Levis and raised an eyebrow. "All right stud muffin, what's in there?"

"Uhhmm...I'll show you later, Lindsey will kick my ass if I do anything more disgusting than I already do."

An hour and a half later after Calli helped them finish up with the last cement form, they sat leaning against each other eating the huge sandwiches that Calli brought for lunch along with the

chips and what ever else she could fit into the basket. Leo fell over moaning and holding her stomach from eating just half of one, and none of them could believe that Calli ate a whole one and then finished off what Branson couldn't eat. Branson just looked at her and shook her head when she grabbed a piece of brownie and put half of it in her mouth. "I wish I knew where you put all that food." She fell back on the blanket and rubbed her aching stomach.

"I work it all off," She winked at Branson and finished off the brownie. "It takes a lot of calories to keep me going for fourteen hours a day, squeezing them tits is hard work for small hands like mine." She gave them all a toothy grin and fell back on the blanket to lay her head on her lover's shoulder. "Bert told me that she misses you, she said you have magic fingers."

"Well, she has one Hell of a tongue on her and that noise she makes when I play with her tits gets me hot."

Lindsey moaned and fell back to land on Leo, she knew what they were talking about and always knew that her sister in-law was just plain nuts but now she met her match with the small farmer. "You two are some kinda sick pups; it's a good thing I know you're talking about a cow." She rolled to her side and snuggled up against Leo's side, a few minutes later, they were both snoring up a storm.

Branson looked over at them and snorted; she pulled Calli closer and whispered in her ear. "Did you drug their food or something?"

"Nope, I woke up early this morning and heard them making all kinds of racket. I think the countryside does something to them, makes them into rabid weasels or something." She shifted around and let out a deep painful moan.

"Nope, they've always been that way." She eased out from under Calli and got to her feet. "Be right back, nature's screaming like a banshee."

"You're telling me, I'm coming with you; I need you to stand guard while I squat behind the johns." She got to her feet and walked beside her lover. "I'm not going in those nasty things, I've heard too many story's about them."

"And who was it earlier asking me about pissing outside?"

"Hey, I'm taking your word for it that they reek. Plus, if men used them then I know their nasty. Now step it up before I drop my pants right here." She knew she shouldn't have waited until after she had finished eating; her bladder felt like it was about to burst and her waistband was digging into her skin. She ran past her lover and around the back of the johns while unzipping her shorts. She bent over and dropped them just in time; she closed her eyes and moaned as relief flooded through her.

"Why did you wait so long?" Branson asked as she stood at the corner of the john and unzipped her fly. "You won't attack me will you?"

"I didn't want them thinking...ya know." She waved a hand in the air. "And right now...I'll be lucky if I can stand." She moaned and rubbed her face with her hands as her body screamed at her. Opening one eye, she almost fell over when she saw what the mystery bulge was in her lover's Levis. Branson pulled out a dick, and pissed a good two feet in front of her, moaned and let her head fall back on her shoulders. "I must be delusional because there's no way I'm seeing what I'm seeing."

Branson finished and tucked it away; she looked down and shook her head at Calli. "How many gallons do you hold?"

"I think maybe ten or twenty," She waved her over, wrapped her arms around the back of her legs and leaned her head against her thighs. "It's been about five hours since I went...what a big mistake...huge ass mistake." She moaned when she was finally finished and got to her feet. "Don't ever let me do that again." She rubbed her lower stomach and winced when she pulled up the zipper. "I get to working and I forget everything, which reminds me, I have animals to feed and supper to cook." She wrapped her arm around Branson's waist and walked beside her back over to the blanket. "What time are you guys gonna be done here?"

Branson looked around at the stuff they still needed to finish and shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe another two hours, three at most." She held up a finger and took off at a jog to the trailer, she came back out with a bundle wrapped in a towel and placed it on the front seat of Calli's truck.

Green eyes narrowed and a finger pointed towards the truck. "Was that a laundry drop off I just witnessed?"

"Nope, it's something ya might need while you're out in the fields. Look at it once you get home and I'll see you later." She pulled her in for a deep consuming kiss and broke it when she heard giggles behind her. "I think they're alive, too bad, I was hoping I wouldn't have to put up with them the rest of the day." She kissed her lover once more and then walked her over to her truck. "I love you Calli."

"I love you too but why are you calling me Calli instead of CK?" She climbed into her truck and let Branson close her door.

"Because everyone calls you CK but your dad, and I like Calli better." She leaned in through the window and kissed her softly before backing away; she raised a hand and went back over to jump on both her sister and Lindsey. Calli shook her head and pulled out of the site.

With the cows feed, eggs collected the all the water troughs filled for the night but the one she was filling now. She figured that she would have just enough time to get supper in the oven before everyone got home. A wide grin came to her face when she thought of the three women who had come into her life. She chuckled at the way they acted together and how close they are. Then again, after spending so much time with someone, you're bound to be close after 20 years

on Lindsey's part and more than that on Leo's. She hoped that Branson would stay with her after the firehouse was built; she wanted nothing more than to spend the rest of her life with the tall construction worker. For years she thought that she would always be alone and thanked who ever for bringing her lover to the area. Even if at first it was to ruin the peaceful countryside and give her sleepless nights over worrying about the future of the rustic community.

Whimpering, she looked down at the water pump and crossed her legs, uncrossed them and walked in a circle. She had drunk more water that day because of the 92 degree weather and now she was paying for it. She looked around and headed over to the side of the pigs shed, opening the fly on her Levi's, she pulled out her five inch dick and aimed it at the side of the shed. "You're a sneaky wench, Slick." She leaned back a little and sighed with relief when her bladder started to empty, she grinned like an idiot when she made designs on the shed. "Now I know why the guys write their names in the snow, it's because they can." Earlier when she had taken the towel in the house that Branson had put in her truck, she had placed it on the table, walked away and then went back to it. Her eyes almost fell out when she saw the lifelike dick with a plastic medicine spoon and rubber hose protruding from the back of it. Un-wrapping the directions from around it, she sat down and read them through twice before attempting to alter it. At first it had felt strange having something down the front of the briefs she had snagged from Branson's dresser but grew accustomed to it after a while. She was a little afraid to try it at first but found that it was easy to use and thanked the person who had designed it. "No more squatting in the bushes for me, I don't even have to get off my tractor!" She shook it and then stuffed it back inside her briefs. She had just stepped over to turn the water pump off when she seen her dad walking towards her, a blush rushed up her face from almost getting caught and the first thing she did was look down at the bulge in her pants. "Maybe he won't notice, if he does, how do I explain? Shit." She pulled her t-shirt down and hurried towards him. "Hey dad, what brings you out here so late?" She walked up to him and gave him a kiss on his cheek.

"I just came over to tell you guys the fire inspector's findings, he looked down at her flushed face with concern. "Are you alright, you look a little flushed?"

"Yeah, it's just the heat, let's go in and have some iced tea while I start supper." She wiped the sweat from her face and grinned up at him. "So what did he find out, there's no way it could have been from the hay. It was salted and both loft doors were open along with the roof fan going?"

"He said that it started on the hidden side of the barn by a combustible, most likely gas or kerosene. From what he told me, it looked like they poured it through the windows and soaked the wood with it before lighting it." He held the kitchen door for her and followed her through. "Where's Branson, I thought she'd be here with you"

"Oh she and the trouble makers are over at the site, they had cement forms to set up," she looked at the time on the microwave and seen that they should be on their way home in about 40 minutes. "I know as soon as I pull supper out of the oven, they'll walk through the door." Teddy sat down at the table and watched his daughter busy herself with supper; there was something different about her. She seemed happier and more at ease, it was when she turned that he had his answer. The back of her neck was perfect evidence for the change in her; he chuckled and tried to hide the grin from her. "What's so funny?" She slid a roaster in the over and put potatoes on to

boil before turning back to him.

"Ohh just that you have hickey's all over the back of your neck, so how bad does Branson look?" He laughed harder when she turned a deep red. "Ohh come on Calli, it's not like you're a teenager and you have to hide everything from your old dad. I know you love her and she makes you happy."

"I know it just feels weird for you to know...ya know?" She dropped into a chair and ran a fingertip across the worn wood. "It's not like I've ever had a girlfriend while I've been here and I never expected to have one either." She turned her head when she heard laughter and then a loud thump on the back porch. "Looks like the kids are home early."

"What are they doing out there," he tried to look out the backdoor but couldn't see anything but Lindsey coming through it. "Are they killing each other out there?"

"No sir, I told them they had to strip before they got in here." She shot Calli a grin. "They found a muddy little creek at the site and decided it would be a good idea to throw each other in it. So now they're out there stripping down to their underwear," She looked to Teddy. "If you want to save your eyesight, close your eyes when they come in, all you can see are their eyes." She walked over to the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of water before sitting next to Calli. "I would've beaten their asses but I know they would've enjoyed it." They looked towards the door and knew their jaws were hanging open. "I told you." Lindsey said and shook her head at her wife and sister in-law. "Damn, baby pigs."

Calli busted up laughing when they ran through the kitchen after seeing Teddy sitting there, what she couldn't figure out was how they had managed to get so much mud packed on their bodies through their clothes. "How in the Hell did they get all that mud on them through their clothes?"

Hazel eyes twinkled right before Lindsey busted out laughing. "I never said that they had all their clothes on, I was in the trailer working on papers and they came running past the window just like you just saw them. Hard to believe ones 38 and the others 37."

"Will you watch the roast in the oven while I go make sure that their not getting into more trouble, I know all about Branson's mischievous side?" She left the kitchen and ran for the stairs.

"Are they always like that, I never thought Branson was that type of person." He held up a hand to stop Lindsey. "It's a good thing believe me, Calli needs someone who's not so serious and knows how to have fun?"

"With those two, it's a circus 24 hours a day. They never grew up and it shows the second they get two seconds of free time." She saw her wife run past the doorway on her way to the other bathroom. "Looks like Calli broke up their romper room time; Leo just went into the other bathroom."

Call stepped into the bathroom, closed the door and pulled the shower curtain back to see Branson trying to get all the mud out of her hair. "So you guys thought you'd have a mud bath before supper huh?" She chuckled when one blue eye opened and white teeth appeared from behind all the mud.

"Leo started it; she pushed me in that nasty creek so I had to take out revenge. I bet your dad is wondering what kinda nutcase his daughter is involved with."

"Naaah, he's used to me doing stuff like that, I just hope he didn't see that you two were wearing men's briefs and had bigger bulges than most men."

"Ohh shit, I never thought of that. If we had known he was in the kitchen, we would have come in the other door." She rinsed her hair and handed the loofa sponge to Calli. "Would you scrub my back, I know I have mud in places that no normal person would have." She turned and dropped to her knees so that her lover could reach. "I just hope we don't catch some strange ass disease from that nasty creek."

"You won't, it just looks that way because we haven't had any rain in a week or so, that's just a drain-off from the fields." She grinned because Branson had no idea that the field that it drained off from was where her cows were. "But to be safe, you better wash your hair again and there's douche in the cabinet under the sink." She loved the expression she saw on her lover's face when she turned her head.

"You can't be serious...Ohhh Gods...you are." She whimpered at the thought of what was in that water and promised herself she would tie Leo to a tree after supper. "My sister is a dead woman after supper." She stood when Calli finished with her back; she leaned forward and gave her a quick kiss before grabbing the shampoo. "I'll be out in a few hours, I wanna make sure that I don't have a speck of mud on me. Damn two year old pushing me in that nasty creek." She soaped her hair again and continued to mumble under her breath. Calli laughed and stepped over to the toilet and picked up her lover's muddy briefs, sports bra and socks. She would get Leo's later and toss all their muddy clothes in to wash. Grabbing her lover's packer, she handed it to her and laughed when her face flushed.

"This is in desperate need of washing."

"Ohh geez, just what I need, a muddy dick," She took it from her lover's hands and grinned. "Did ya look in the towel I gave you?" She wiggled a dark eyebrow and then looked down at the bulge in Calli's Levi's. "Ohh damn...do I look like that?"

"What's the matter stud muffin is it getting you all hot and bothered?"

"Uuhmm not that one...but I have one that will."

"Yeah well, you're not getting anything until after supper. So hurry up, Lindsey's most likely pulling the roast out now." She left a gawking Branson standing in the shower and went back downstairs.

"Ohh, how I love that woman!" She scrubbed her self clean in a matter of seconds and ran to their bedroom to get dressed.

Teddy nodded his head, chewed and then swallowed before agreeing with his daughter. "Sure, a couple years ago a couple teenagers thought it would be fun to skinny dip in that creek. About a month later, the guys dick fell off and his girls you know what closed up tighter than a nuns legs." He held a straight face when Leo's turned an ashen color and she fell off her chair. "Ya all right down there," He peeked over the edge of the table and nodded his head at a gawking Leo. "Now if ya wershed real good and didn't feel nothing crawling around up there ya should be alright." Everyone held back their laughter until Leo charged from the kitchen. "Did I do good?" He grinned at Lindsey and went back to eating.

"Ohh, you have no idea, my wife will be in there using every cleanser she can find." Lindsey chuckled and went back to eating; she loved it when someone could get one over on her wife, and who wouldn't believe a police officer? "So stud," she looked to a teary-eyed Branson and grinned. "The cement trucks will be out here tomorrow, and the guys are bringing out our cement maker the day after. What about the footing with all the stuff in it?" She looked at a blushing Calli and gave her a raised eyebrow. "I think we should have a certain little farmer help us pull all the stuff she put in there out?" Teddy busted up laughing and gave his daughter a shove in her shoulder, not only did she get caught with her terrorism but now she would have to help clean up her mess.

"Sounds like community service time Calli, I couldn't have done worse if Branson had pressed charges."

Calli nodded her head and ran a hand up her lover's thigh to cup her sex. "I'll be over right after I take care of Stud muffins girlfriend," She wiggled her brows at her and then looked to her dad. "I lost my cow to a city slicker, it took me an hour to get one bucket of milk from her this morning."

Branson rolled her hips forward into Calli's hand. "I told you I had a way with big tits, try singing to her."

Teddy shook his head fast enough to make him dizzy. "Ohh, don't do that Calli, you'll have every cow within hearing distance with curdled milk!"

Branson and Calli lay in bed snuggled together; Branson ran her fingers through her lover's hair and held her tight to her body. After Teddy had gone home, the kitchen cleaned up and her sister calmed down, they turned in for the night. Branson never thought that she would ever see her sister about ready to go over the brink into murderous actions until they told her that the creek was not a deadly weapon to her sex life. Lindsey ended up tackling her and pinning her arms

behind her back to keep her from beating the Hell out of her. "We better be prepared for Leo's revenge, ya know she's gonna try something to get us back."

Calli burrowed her face in to her lover's neck and groaned. "That's OK, if she does anything, we'll fill her boots up with cow shit." She lifted her head and gave Branson a crooked grin. "It's really nasty and disgusting when you pull your boot on and hit that stuff."

Blue eyes narrowed. "So who did you do that to?"

"I'll put it this way; dad will never leave his boots where I trip over them ever again." She placed her head back down and sighed before continuing. "And Dad knows that our relationship has changed, he saw all the hickeys that I didn't know I had."

"He's not gonna have my truck impounded or anything is he?"

"No, but he'll tease the Hell outta you every chance he gets. He was being good tonight because of Leo, he loves' to tell stories about that creek. He used to get the same things told to him when he was a kid, so this is his way of passing them on. Which reminds me, he said that the last barn fire was arson, they pour gas or something in through the windows and soaked the side of the barn."

"Tomorrow morning after we feed we'll go into town and get some motion lights, me and Leo will put them on every building and if anything breathes too hard out their it'll look like a football stadium."

"You don't have to do that, I don't think they'll bother me, I'm just one farmer that doesn't have the acreage that the others do."

"I don't think it has anything to do with that, I think it's so that when it comes to winter who ever lost their crops will have to buy..."

"And who ever didn't get hit will be the seller," She leaned up and looked into silvery blue eyes. "They would make a Hell of a lot of money off their neighbors and be able to buy more cows during the spring along with what ever else they needed."

"Exactly, now all we have to do is figure out who it is that's setting the fires and have your dad toss their ass in jail."

"I'll check my records from the past years and see who I paid out to for grain and hay; I've had bad luck every year with bringing in two crops for the past five." She snuggled back down into her lover and wrapped an arm around her waist. "Love you, Stud muffin." She mumbled and drifted off to the sound of a steady heartbeat.

"Love you too, Calli, I'll figure out who's doing this." She closed her eyes and drifted off to the fingers caressing her ribs.

Calli pulled up beside Leo's truck, parked and got out to watch them smoothing the fresh concrete in the forms. She had seen cement being worked before but not the way they were doing it; it was as if they were one entity in their movements. Leo and Branson pulled a 2x4 down the length of the form after Lindsey used a large rake to even out the cement. Hefting the picnic basket in one hand and the cooler in the other, she carried them over to a sheet of plywood sitting on two saw-horses. As soon as she started pulling out fried chicken, potato salad and rolls, the cement was forgotten. "Won't that stuff set up and then ya can't do anything with it?" She asked Leo when she ran up to their makeshift table.

"Nah, we were just wasting time until ya got here with the chow. She grabbed a chicken leg and bit into it like a starving animal and mumbled around a mouthful. "We got an alarm system that we're gonna put in your hay barn, it's from the last site we worked. Damn gangs kept breaking into our supply trailer at night so we rigged it."

She leaned back into her lover's body when she came up behind her and wrapped her arms around her waist. "So when can I expect chain link fencing with razor wire across the top?"

"I'm just gonna chain Leo out by the barn at night, her snapping at them should be enough to scare them off."

Golden eyes narrowed and a set of even white teeth snarled. "Nah, I'm gonna hang your Jockey's on all the windows and doors, it won't scare them away, it'll kill them."

"Yeah!" Branson bent over and went nose to nose with her smaller sister. "I'll call ma and tell her that she didn't buy defective Kotex pads that you pulled the paper stuff off the back and stuck them all together!"

Lindsey smacked both of them in the back of their heads and grabbed a paper plate. "I'm gonna tie you both together and stake you out in the middle of the yard if you don't knock it off." She stepped in between her wife and gave Calli a wink. "See what I put up with all day, I swear I need one of those cattle prods."

Leo bounced on her toes and grinned like a complete nutcase. "Got one Calli, I wanna see what it feels like!"

From the dark shadows of the trees lining the driveway to the farmhouse, dark eyes watched through the kitchen window. It was not the first time that the man stood and watched as the houseful of women wandered from room to room or sat out on the front porch with an unknown lurker. He had been watching them for the past month or so, before that it was only to watch Calli while she worked tirelessly in the fields. Farming or construction work was not a life for women and nothing bothered him more than to see them accomplish what most men couldn't and prosper. He was happy when he had heard that Calli was trying to run the construction company

off and then she pissed him off by becoming a traitor. She would pay for that and for her unnatural behavior with the tall dark woman, he had watched and was disgusted as they made love in the field. If he would have had his rifle with him, he would have ended their evilness that day. Knowing that the countryside would be scoured for someone with a hunting rifle after their bodies were found, he knew that he would have to continue with his original plan. He would wait for the right time and then it would be complete; his ultimate plan was to get rid of her, all the other things he had done in the past was just a warm up or what he considered, practice. Backing slowly into the trees, he disappeared to return to his truck that he had parked half a mile away.

Leo and Lindsey had gone to their room right after supper and passed out still half-clothed, Branson was lying on the couch watching TV and Calli was in the shower. She had never been so sore or tired as she was that night; she had helped her lover and friends with the security lights and then with running the wires and other security devices inside the barn. If anyone tried to get inside once she closed the doors for the night, the alarm would go off and break his or her eardrums. The bell that Branson had hung on the wall was one that large warehouses used to signal the end of shift, going off in a smaller structure like her barn would rattle the tin roof and shake the windows. She didn't think that she needed all the stuff that they had rigged to her barn and other buildings but she knew it would be a battle lost. The look in her lover's eyes broke no argument when she tried to argue against it, she gave in and helped them until it grew too dark to do anymore. She stepped out of the shower, grabbed her short terrycloth robe and a towel to dry her hair. She stepped out of the bathroom and heard the TV go off and then her lover's footsteps coming towards the stairs. She stopped in the hallway and waited for her to come upstairs, she smiled when she watched her climb the stairs like it was Mount Everest. "Come, on Stud muffin before you go to sleep where you fall." She took her larger hand in hers and led her down the hall to their bedroom, shedding her robe; she crawled into bed and waited for Branson to shed her clothes. "I don't think I've ever been this tired before."

"Its days like this that I would crash in the work trailer," Branson slipped into bed, rested her head on Calli's shoulder and yawned. "I'd wake up the next morning with my head on the table and my neck stiff."

Calli ran her fingers through her lover's hair at her temple and hugged her tighter. "I like you right where you are; I sleep better with you next to me."

"Me too, don't wanna be anywhere else." Branson said in a soft voice and slipped into the arms of Morpheous with Calli.

The next morning, Calli ran her hand across the bed and came up empty, she opened one eye and looked across the wide expanse of the bed and found herself alone. "Miss me baby?" Her lover's deep raspy voice asked from the other side of the bed, "I brought you some breakfast," She sat the tray on the nightstand and then sat on the edge of the bed. "Lindsey made us all breakfast while me and the moron were out feeding." She leaned down and kissed Calli softly before helping her sit up against the headboard.

"Why didn't you wake me up and why didn't I wake up like I usually do?" She covered her mouth when she yawned and blinked her eyes a few times. Branson placed the tray over her lap and crawled up onto the bed beside her.

"It must have been all the work you did yesterday; lets eat before our food gets cold." Calli looked at the amount of food on the plates and grinned, Lindsey had given them enough food to feed an army. "So what's going on today over at the site?" She asked before filling her mouth with a forkful of western omelet.

"The crew will be lifting the concrete sides up and lining them up with each other, once that's done then they'll bolt them together. After that, they'll use the crane and put the steel girders across the top and bolt those down." She filled her mouth with hash browns and held up a piece of bacon for Calli. "The hard part is getting the inside walls up and all the plumbing and wiring done, Lindsey's the one that's gonna be cussing up a storm for days."

"Why, I thought she just did all the paper work and stuff like that?"

"Nope, she's my head electrician and has her own crew of ignorant men that get in the way more than actually help her."

"Why not get her a different crew, guys who will do they're share?"

"Ohh they'll work, it just takes them a while to move their asses." She gave her lover a bright grin. "They like to set her off on tangents, you'll have to come over to the site and see it because there's no way that I can describe in words what she does."

A few days later, Calli pulled into the site and walked among the men working on the firehouse. She looked to the building and didn't realize until then that the forms they had used would make something this big. The building was two floors and could hold three fire trucks side by side in the bottom section, walking towards the side where she saw Leo; she stopped and looked over her shoulder. "Whatcha doing?"

"Ohh guestimating on how much drywall we'll need for the upstairs, your stud muffins in there now measuring for me," She handed her a pad of paper and a pencil. "Dummy forgot this, I have no idea how she expects to remember all the numbers."

Calli took the paper and pencil and rolled her eyes, she could see her lover writing all over herself with a pen before she would admit that she forgot something. Walking towards where she thought Branson would be, she ignored the catcalls and hungry looks from the men. She was used to having men look at her but didn't know how Branson would act, stopping below where her lover was standing on a steel girder above, she took in the expanse of long tanned leg and moaned softly. "Hey stud, forget something?" She held the paper up waved it at her and took a step back when she dropped down from above.

"Yeah, sorta easier than writing everything on my arms," She held out her left arm to show all

kinds of numbers and grinned down into green eyes. "Of course Leo would let me do it instead of bringing me the paper." She looked around them and saw most of the other workers watching. "I knew this would happen, damn dickheads." She pulled Calli up against her body, dropped her head and gave her a kiss that left no argument as to who she was. When she pulled back, Calli was hanging onto her and trying to catch her breath. "Now maybe they'll put their hands back to their jobs and not be holding their dicks."

"Well, I'm about to grab yours and drag you to your trailer." She left her hands resting against her lover's chest and looked around them. "You may have made it worse; ya know men and their sick fantasies."

"Let 'em live in their fantasy world, I get ta hold you every night." She placed a soft kiss to her lips before letting her go. "Wanna help me by copying all these numbers down for Leo?"

Lindsey stepped up into the trailer chuckling and shaking her head; she looked to the other three women and grinned. "One of the idiots out there wanted to know when Branson turned queer," she dropped down onto the bench seat at the table. "I told him it was around the time he found out he had a dick and to go yank on it and leave me alone." She took a still warm plate covered with tin foil from Calli's hand and smiled.

Branson looked up from eating her lunch of breaded pork chops and raised an eyebrow. "Which idiot was it?"

"That guy that started with us on the last job, ya know, tall, blonde and extremely dense? He was the one that you kept yelling at to keep his eyes on the welding stick and not on the women he could see walking on the sidewalk below."

"Ohh that kid that almost fell looking down at cleavage," She nudged her lover's shoulder and explained further. "He was two stories up welding I-beams, every time a woman walked below, he would hang over the side to look down at her tits. The dumbass almost fell off the beam when I stood below him in just my sports bra."

Calli narrowed her eyes and then grinned evilly. "You did that on purpose didn't you?"

"Of course I did, I wanted to embarrass the shit outta him and show him that his life was more important than a pair of tits. Leo poking him in his crotch with a piece of rebar helped to, well, it's what she said afterward that got him to quit."

"I wasn't lying, the damn thing is maybe two inches long and his nuts are the size of marbles. I told him women would laugh their asses off when they saw that tiny thing and to grow the fuck up."

"And just how did you get all this information from a piece of rebar?" Calli asked with a smirk.

"I was below him, and when I looked up, I could see everything from the leg of his shorts. I almost fell off the beam myself from laughing, disgusting damn asshole. Why do guys think ya wanna see their ugly wrinkled ass dicks anyway or know that they have hair all over the asses?" She shivered and rubbed her arms.

Calli groaned and kicked Leo under the table. "I never knew it was possible but I've lost my appetite."

Calli stood up from filling the grain bags and stretched her back; she had filled over 20 bags and had just four more to go before she was done. Grabbing another bag, she placed it under the shoot and pulled the board out to let the grain fall into the bag. It was so much easier to do it this way than to take all the grain to the nearby mill and have to go every week to get grain. Granted, she had spent a lot of money to have the dryers replaced and other structural faults fixed but it evened out in the end. A few minutes later with all the bags filled, she started to carry them two at a time to the small wagon on the back of the tractor. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw her lover coming around the side of the barn with a gym bag in her hand. Her heart plummeted at the thought of her leaving for Arlington for some reason, wiping sudden tears from her eyes, she went back to work. When long arms wrapped around her from behind, she couldn't help but sob and turn around and press her face into her lover's chest.

"What's wrong Calli?" Branson leaned back a little and saw the tears flowing down her lover's face. She dropped the gym bag to the ground and wiped the tears from her face with her fingers. "Did something happen, something wrong with your dad?" "No...you're...leaving." She sobbed and wrapped her arms tighter around Branson's waist.

"Where am I going that I don't know about?" She pressed her face against Calli's neck and kissed the soft skin beneath her ear. "I'm not going anywhere, what gave you that idea?"

"Your gym bag," She sniffled, wiped her eyes and looked up into a concerned face. "You have your gym bag; you only have that when you're leaving."

"I'm not going anywhere; I brought that bag from the trailer. It's got some stuff in it that I need." She was confused and hugged Calli tighter to her, she didn't understand what brought on her insecurity. "What brought this on baby, I would never go anywhere without telling you beforehand."

"Its hormones screaming, it's getting close to that time and I always get a little emotional."

"I'm not going anywhere and if I do, I want you to go with me." She pulled back and took Calli's hand. "Let's go up to the house, I'll help you with the grain in the morning." She wrapped an arm around her lover's waist and pulled her close to her body on their way up to the house. Once inside, they walked past Leo and Lindsey who were cutting up vegetables for supper. Lindsey saw the tear streaked face and then saw Branson wink at her. She would have kicked Branson's ass if she hurt the small farmer in anyway but the wink told her that everything was fine and not

to worry.

"Wonder what that's all about?" Leo asked and stole a carrot slice from in front of her wife.

"Well what ever it is, it must not be anything 'cuz Branflake gave me the wink thing. Hope ya got your earplugs studly, she's got "The" bag with her." She wiggled her brows at Leo and snickered.

"Ohh Hell, maybe we should sleep out in the barn."

Branson striped out of her clothes and tossed them into the basket by the bedroom door, she looked over her shoulder at Calli who was just sitting on the bed watching her. She walked over to her, knelt down in front of her and cupped her tear stained face. "You know what we need in here?" She continued when teary eyes looked at her. "A sunk in bath tub or a Jacuzzi."

"Why would we need one of those in here...oohh I gotcha, we wouldn't have to use the bathroom down the hall." She let he fingers trail down her lover's shoulders to end at her breasts, with gentle tugs; she pulled on her nipple rings. "So are you going to knock down the wall to the other bed room and give us our own private bathroom?" Her head fell back when Branson unbuttoned her sleeveless flannel shirt and slipped it from her shoulders.

"If you want me to but not right now, I have other plans for the rest of the night. First thing is getting in the shower, I have sawdust and plaster in places that's driving me nuts."

"Maybe I should hose you down in the back yard first."

"Naahh...I have something better in there, I put in a shower massager." She finished undressing Calli and led her to the bathroom; she flipped the light on and left the door open.

"Why did you leave the door open, Leo and Lindsey are downstairs...what if they..."

"Don't worry about them; they've seen me naked plenty of times." She turned on the water and waited for it to warm up before getting in. "Come on baby, you're standing there bare ass naked, what's the difference with getting in the shower?" Calli shook her head slightly and groaned she would get over her modesty if it killed her. Being seen naked and being seen in the shower were two different things, in the shower she would be touching herself. "When you have a houseful of people and one bathroom, you learn when you're young to go about your business and ignore everything around you."

Calli stepped into the bathtub, leaned against her lover and then turned to get out again. "I need to piss; I should have done it before I got in here."

"Hold on there baby, now I can show you what I did when we were out in the field." She pulled Calli back into the bathtub and turned her so that she had her back against her chest. "Make a V with your index and middle fingers; spread your inner labia and piss." Calli looked over her

shoulder and up at her lover with darkened eyes. "What?"

"It's your terminology...so professional like in the way you instruct." She shivered when Branson moved her fingers against her and then rested her hand on her wrist. She closed her eyes and relaxed against her lover, in seconds she felt her bladder empty in one long stream.

"I could be like Leo and say 'Ya know the little lips down there that ya suck on.' She felt Calli shudder against her with her chuckles and grinned. "She sure has a way with words, ma used ta go nuts at the supper table. She'd ask us if we washed our hands and Leo would say 'Hell no, my parts are clean, Lindsey licked them."

"I wasn't lying and you two better hurry up in there!" Leo yelled above the sound of the shower. "Or I'll call ma and tell her ya used ta piss in the bathroom sink!"

"Only once and that's 'cuz you were getting laid on the toilet, ya damn pervert! Now go away so we can get done in here and no pictures! Can't even have a piss without her wanting ta throw in wise cracks." Grabbing the shower sponge, she quickly washed both of them and scrambled from the shower. Wrapped just in towels, they went down to the kitchen and smacked Leo in the back of her head. "Sick freak, I'll tell ma about you and the kitchen table. Or should I say what you were doing under the table?" Lindsey choked on her Pepsi and wiped tears from her cheeks, she knew what Branson was talking about and hoped that she didn't call ma. If ma knew why she had all of a sudden jumped and yelled praise the Lord during supper, she would get her ass kicked. Branson wiggled her eyebrows and gave Lindsey a wink. Calli was seeing into their teenage years and knew that if she had any siblings, they would not have acted like Branson and Leo. It had to be that there was only a years age difference between them and that they were both wild as Hell. She sat down at the table and gave Lindsey a knowing smile before digging into the thick beef stew in front of her.

After supper, Branson and Calli cleaned up the dishes and placed everything in the dishwasher before going upstairs to their bedroom. Before they left the kitchen, Leo ran past them grabbed the bowl with whipped cream in it and went back past them.

"I am not gonna wash their sheets and Leo can make the next bowl of whipped cream." She took Branson's hand and pulled her towards the steps, after climbing the steps, they stopped at the sound of Lindsey yelling and a deep growl that had to be Leo. "I don't even want to know what they're doing in there."

"Ohh but it could be interesting or educational." Branson yelped when her ass was pinched and then chased her lover down the hall to their room. After having a bath towel flung in her face, she bounced off the door jam and landed on her back in the middle of the hallway. "Ooooww...I think I broke something, ya gonna kiss it and make it better?" She flipped her towel up and spread her legs.

Calli leaned on the edge of the doorframe and took in the sight before her, licking her lips; she raised her darkened green eyes up to latch onto deep blue. "Only if you get in here and I promise I'll do more than kiss it."

An hour later, Branson was spread eagled on the bed, a pillow over her face to stifle the whimpering noises she was making. From the moment she got into the bedroom, Calli had her squirming and close to passing out a dozen times before she gave her a rest. She had yet to touch her lover in anyway but to hold on for dear life as she was tossed upon the waves of orgasm. If she concentrated, she could feel all the spots on her body that had felt Calli's teeth. She knew in the morning that she would have hickeys all over her body. She lifted a corner of the pillow when she felt the corner of the bed dip down and saw her lover looking through her gym bag. Whimpering more, she closed her eyes and hoped that Calli would give her some more time to recuperate.

Calli pulled out certain items and lined them up on the bed; she looked deeper into the bag and looked over her shoulder at her lover. "You keep all this stuff in your trailer?" When she didn't get an answer, she ran her fingernail across the bottom of Branson's foot and smirked when she jerked her foot away.

"It gets boring there all alone, so I have ta have something ta amuse myself."

"Slick you have a strap-on, how can you amuse yourself with that?" She waved it in front of the one blue eye that was peeking from under the pillow.

"Easy, I jerk my self off with it." She jumped when Calli ran the head of the strap-on up the inside of her leg to stop behind her knee.

"Show me, Stud muffin," she crawled up on the bed and straddled Branson's hips. "I want to see you jerk yourself off." She ran the head down between her lover's breasts and pressed her wet center down into her.

"I have a better idea," Branson sat up and tossed the pillow to the side. "We'll use the other one, it's much more stimulating and we can both play." She used her foot, dragged the bag over to her and pulled out a double-headed dildo. It was only three inches longer than the other one that Calli had in her hand, totaling eight inches in all. She had looked at others that were longer and much larger in diameter, but there was no way that she was going to try to put that inside of herself. She took the leather harness from her lover's hands, fitted the dildo inside and handed it back to her. "It's easier if you put it in me." She waited until Calli was kneeling between her knees before she lifted them and planted her heels into the mattress. Running her fingers across her nether lips and then slipping between them to play in her wetness, she watched her lover bite her bottom lip and moan. "Go on slip it in me and then fasten the harness." She took Calli's hand, pulling her hand forward, she lifted her hips and felt her slid it inside of her. Lifting up, she helped her slide the leather straps around her hips and buckle them. She ran her fingers down across Calli's breasts and pinched her nipples between her fingertips, when she lifted her head, she asked. "You want to do it or watch me?"

"I want to watch you," she said after she let her eyes drop back down to the dildo attached to her lover, she had to admit that she had seen pictures but nothing compared to this. The pictures didn't make her juices flow and run down the insides of her thighs or make her stomach quiver.

She moaned and thrust her hips when Branson slipped her hand between her legs and gathered her juices on her fingers. She almost came when she coated the dildo with her juices and pumped it slowly with her hand. "What does it feel like?" Branson opened her eyes to see her lover watching her hand, she took Calli's and placed it around the dildo and moved it down the shaft.

"Go on baby, get me off." She put her hands behind her head and let Calli do what she wanted. "Before we get too far, you better grab a towel." She saw the puzzled look come over Calli's face and grinned. "You'll see why we need one." She moaned when Calli pressed a kiss to her stomach and crawled off the bed, she came back a minute later with a towel and handed it to Branson. She was surprised when she folded it in half, laid it out under her hips and settled back down. "Trust me baby we'll need this." She grabbed the bottle of water lying on the bed and drank half of it before giving it to Calli. When Calli lay down beside her, she leaned down to kiss her deeply. Their tongues dueled and wrapped around each other before they broke the kiss for lack of air. Calli nipped and sucked the soft skin beneath her lover's ear and ran her hand down the dildo, she moaned when Branson thrust her hips upward and whimpered. Her juices flowed down between her closed thighs, and her center twitched with the sounds coming from her lover. "Ohh Gods...faster baby." She thrust her hips upward and dug her heels into the mattress; she could feel her orgasm building and knew that she would come any second.

Calli continued to move her hand as she got up and straddled her lover; she eased down until the head of the dildo was just inside her swollen nether lips before she stopped moving her hand. She waited until Branson opened her eyes and slipped down the shaft. She let out a deep moan and thrust against her lover. Leaning forward on her hands, she pulled back and then thrust forward. Rolling her hips, she pushed into Branson until she felt her raise her legs up and brace her. "I'm coming!" Branson cried out and then her body shuddered with her climax. Juices gushed out from around the dildo to flow over Calli and soak into the towel. Calli thrust once more and joined her lover in the throes of their orgasms. She cried out her name and fell forward onto Branson's chest, small quakes roared through her body until she was limp. For long minutes, they lay together catching their breaths and bathing in the small after shocks. Branson brushed back sweat soaked hair from her lover's face, placed a soft kiss on her lips and rolled them to their sides. "I didn't know if you wanted to use it like that, actually, I didn't want to ask."

"Why not, I'm not the kind to not try new things." She kissed her deeply and pulled on a nipple ring.

"I didn't...is this...," She stopped when Calli placed a finger over her lips. "It didn't hurt you did it?" She mumbled from behind her finger.

"At first it was a little rough but I'm OK, plus it's close to that damn curse time and it's easier. Ya know...I open more, does that make sense?" She never got an answer because Branson rolled them over so that she was on the bottom and brought their lips together in a kiss that had her seeing stars. She felt her pull out of her slowly and then push forward; she broke the kiss and moaned. "I wish I could feel everything," She whimpered and wrapped her arms around Branson's neck.

"Feel what baby," She lifted her head and gazed down into hungry eyes. "You mean like when a

guy comes in you?" She whimpered when she read her answer in her lover's eyes.

"I don't want a man," She cupped her lover's face and kissed her lips. "I want you coming inside me."

"Ohh...Ohhh!" She eased out of Calli, took off the strap-on and thought for a second before grabbing her packer and some rubbers from her gym bag. She had to admit that she had never done this before and didn't know if it would work but she would try it just to please her lover. After fitting her packer into the harness, she handed Calli the rubbers and her pocketknife. "Cut a slit in the bottom and slip it on me, the rubbers should make it stiffer...I think." She moaned and let her head fall back when Calli slipped the rubbers on her dick; she was more turned on now than before with the two-headed dildo. When Calli was finished, she slipped the medicine spoon inside her labia below her vagina and whimpered. She would be sore for a few days but didn't care, if she pleased Calli by doing this it would be worth walking funny. "I don't know how this is going to work...oohh god..." Her hips thrust forward when Calli pulled her down on top of her and slipped the dick inside of her. She pressed the fingers of one hand against the spoon to adjust it and then pumped inside of her lover. Each time she moved, the latex tubing rubbed her engorged clit; she knew she would climax quickly.

Calli had never even imagined doing this and couldn't believe that her lover didn't think she was being weird for asking. Each time Branson thrust inside of her, she felt her orgasm getting closer. She met her with each thrust and dug her fingernails into her muscular shoulders. She gasped when the head of the dick hit a certain spot and cried out with her climax. Seconds later, she felt Branson's body stiffen and then hot juices rush inside of her. For long seconds, she felt her lover's offering pump into her and then pour out with her own juices. She stiffened with another orgasm and fell limp on the bed gasping for air. Branson pulled out of her and fell to her side with her juices still flowing from her dick. She lay there panting and groaned when Calli unfastened the harness and eased the spoon from between her labia. "I won't be... able to walk...for a week." She pressed a hand to her crotch and whimpered. "Did it work OK?" Calli placed everything on the towel and then laid her head on her lover's shoulder.

"I felt everything...I felt you come inside me." She crawled on top of her and kissed her passionately, when she broke the kiss she gazed down into tired blue eyes. "I love you Branson Mahoney Burke, more than I could ever imagine."

"I love you too but will you still love me if I got you pregnant?" She couldn't help but laugh at the expression on Calli's face. "Help me up, I have ta piss. In the next couple of days, we're gonna put a bathroom in here so we don't have to walk so far." She moaned and whimpered as she hobbled towards the doorway and then sighed when Calli slipped an arm around her waist. After they had taken a shower and dried off, they both fell into the bed in the room that Branson had used before they became lovers. Calli snuggled up to her and draped an arm over her waist. "I thought all the stuff I've read over the years about G-spot orgasms was a bunch of bullshit until tonight." She kissed Branson gently and then rested her head on her outstretched arm.

"I've only had them by myself and with you," She wrapped her body around Calli and hugged her. "I love you Calli." Was whispered and then a soft snore came from her parted lips.

"I love you too baby." Calli whispered back and joined her lover in slumber.

The next morning Branson and Leo went to the job site and Lindsey stayed with Calli to help her around the farm. There wasn't much she could do at work until they got the walls up and ran the conduit that the electrical wires would be threaded through. After seeing her wife off and making sure that she and Branson both had bottles of water, she went out to the barn to look for Calli. Once inside, she waited for her eyes to adjust to the dim light and saw Calli milking Bert. The scene reminded her of pictures she saw in books, the calmness of the atmosphere brought a peace to her that she seldom felt anywhere. She walked along the concrete floor scuffing her feet to alarm Calli that she was not alone. When she saw her turn her head, she gave her a bright smile and walked faster to her side.

"So this is what you've had Branflake doing, I would love to have a picture of her milking a cow." She ran her hand down Bert's flank and thought of how soft her coat was, she always thought that their hair would be stiff and rough. "Ya know, I thought she was crazy when she agreed to the deal you handed her. But once I saw how happy she was after a few days, I knew that this is what she was missing and I don't only mean the farm."

"I never dreamed that any of this would happen," She stood up and placed the full bucket of milk to the side. "I thought that after one day, she would run back to the city in a split second. I'm glad that she didn't," She leaned against a stack of hay and pulled a piece out to chew on. "I love her more than I ever thought possible and I don't know what I'd do without her."

Lindsey chuckled and leaned against the bales next to Calli. "I don't think you have to worry about her going anywhere, it would take truck chains and a huge semi to get her to budge an inch." She nudged Calli's shoulder and looked down at her. "What did you do to her last night that she's hobbling around?"

Calli blushed and looked down at her worn work boots. "We used some of her toys and her packer...she's a little sore from the spoon." She saw the strange look that came over Lindsey's face and knew that she had to clarify. "I wanted to feel more than the dildo...so she..."

"Ohhh OK, I know what you guys did." She draped an arm around Calli and gave her a hug. "Don't worry about it; me and Leo do that all the time. It's as close to being the real thing as we care to get, plus it's almost like...bonding."

"I never thought of it like that but you're right, it's a bonding thing." She moved away from the hay bales, grabbed the buckets of milk and handed one to Lindsey. "Wanna learn how to make butter, tomorrows the bake sale and I sell it to the city slickers?"

"Sure, and there's something I wanted to ask you, Leo and I talked last night about getting some land in this area. We want to build a house, maybe get a dog and just vegetate when we're not working. Is there any land around here for sale?"

"So you guys wanna get away from that noisy ass city huh? I do know of some property close to here if you want to build a house, it's nice and quiet except for the cows making funny noises."

Lindsey stopped and rested a hand on Calli's shoulder; her eyes were sparkling with excitement. She and Leo had talked long into the night about moving out of the city and now she may be able to tell her some good news. "Really, is it nice like this place and how far away from you is it?"

Calli chuckled and laid her hand on Lindsey's. "Ohh it's pretty close and looks pretty much like everything around here. I can show you if you're really interested?"

"That would be great, Leo's about ready to pitch a tent in your back yard. When can I see it?"

"How about right now, would that be good?"

Lindsey narrowed her eyes in confusion, she figured that they had a lot to do and would wait until later to look at the land. "Sure if it's not gonna cause any problems."

"Ohh it won't, in fact, we can see it from here. Just turn to your left and look straight out in front of you."

Lindsey turned and all that she could see was an open field with some trees dotting the land. "What am I looking for; all I see is open field and no for sale sign?"

"That's because it's not for sale but if you guys want a house, you can build it in that field."

"That's your land right; we'll pay you whatever you want."

"I don't want anything for it, having you guys close by is enough for me." She almost fell over when Lindsey grabbed her and hugged her tight enough to stop her from breathing. "I guess that's a yes huh?"

Lindsey pulled back and wiped tears from her eyes. "I don't know why you're doing this but thank you."

"Someone told me not long ago that they were given a chance to make something of themselves, in return, she gave me something and I'm doing the same for you and Leo."

"You mean when Branson got you the farm equipment?"

"Yep, without her doing that, I don't know what would happen this year with bringing in my crops." She headed towards the back porch and set the milk down next to her churn. "Let's get some butter made; we can have fresh butter with supper tonight and fresh milk. Bet ya didn't know that Branson drinks almost a gallon of milk a day now?"

"She's been doing all kinds of things that I never expected her to do, chasing piglets around is

just one of them."

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The crew had all left the site to either return home or go back to the motel where some of them were staying. Leo and Branson looked to each other and shrugged shoulders; they had just a few more walls to slap mud on before they would be finished for the day. Leo cocked an eyebrow at her sister and then pulled her T-shirt up over her head. Branson chuckled and followed suit, it was a well-known fact that if you came back to the site after everyone had left, chances are that Leo and Branson would be bare ass naked and trying to get the all over tan. A few men had taken the chance to spy on them and found out that two naked women could beat you to within an inch of your life. And make you forget that you seen anything at all besides the fists coming towards your face.

"So what have ya and Calli got planed for the night, more screaming and grunting?"

Branson snorted and rolled her eyes, she knew damn well that they weren't the only ones trying to make the shingles fly. "I'm gonna take a look at the bedroom next to ours and see what needs to be done to turn it into a big bathroom. Ya know the works, Jacuzzi, sunken tub or one of those showers with all the showerheads coming at ya from different directions."

"I think ya should go for the shower, that way ya can get clean before playing in the Jacuzzi. We can put one of those garden tubs in the other bathroom and maybe a new shower down stairs." She nudged her sister's side and grinned at her. "So you plan on staying out here and being a farmer's wife, huh?"

"If she'll have me, ya know I'm not the easiest person ta live with."

"From what I've seen, you don't have to worry. If you were a slob, it wouldn't matter to Calli. She'd just smack ya up long side your head and make you clean up your mess."

"Ain't that the truth, let's go sit up on the roof, this drywall stuff can wait until Monday or I'll come out tomorrow and put some more mud on the seams."

"You ain't doing nothing this weekend, tomorrow we're going ta the farmer's market thingy and on Sunday me and Lindsey are taken you two out to eat at this restaurant we found not too far from here. They got this huge tank with lobsters in it and shrimp the size of your palm, I couldn't breathe after leaving the place and Lindsey moaned and groaned the whole way home." They sat with their legs hanging over the roofs edge and leaned back on the palms; Branson closed her eyes and smiled at the thought of Calli being able to eat the restaurant out of business. "Ya know we're thinking of moving out here, get away from the city and all the bullshit with traffic and noise. Lindsey was gonna ask Calli if she knew of any land around here for sale, we want a log cabin and a dog." She grinned at her sister and snorted when her eyes opened to a crack. "Never had a dog before, maybe one of those cow herding ones or a little mutt."

"I can just see you with a dog, you'll teach the thing to fetch your skin magazines so you don't

have to get up."

"What's wrong with that, I could teach it ta steal Lindsey's underwear too."

"Get real, she don't wear any." She squinted and looked towards the road; she could just make out the top of Calli's truck in the distance. "Ohh, are we gonna get it now, our women are coming up the road."

Calli looked towards the site but couldn't see any cars or trucks around, she took a quick look at Lindsey and shrugged her shoulders. "I wonder if we missed them on the way here, I can't see any cars or anything?"

"Nahh, they're still there, they like to chill out after everyone else has taken off for the day." When they pulled up in front of the firehouse, Lindsey pointed to the roof and chuckled. She knew that they couldn't pass up the chance to get some sun, she just hoped that Calli could handle seeing them up there topless. "I told ya they'd still be here," she pointed to their lovers and snorted when Calli's jaw dropped open.

"I'm so glad that they wait until all the men go home or where ever they go, they'd have to call for an ambulance to haul away the heart attack victims."

"Nope, the ones with rearranged faces and gonads stuck in their throats. They caught a couple of the guys once with binoculars and tried to shove them up their asses. It was not a pretty picture when the police showed up, a bystander called them because they thought it was an attempted rape or abduction. They brought a whole new meaning to naked as a jailbird."

"I'll bet," Calli got out of the truck and walked towards where her lover and Leo were sitting on the roof. "So how's the sun up there, are your nipples burnt yet or nipple rings nice and hot?" Branson grabbed one of her nipple rings and yanked her hand away.

"Uhhmm...ya can say that, so ya gonna come up here and join us? Ya know, get rid of that farmer's tan?"

Calli threw back her head and roared, she knew it didn't have anything to do with her farmer's tan. "You just wanna look at my tits!"

"Of course I do and what better way than for ya to come up here and strip for me?" She wiggled her dark brows and rubbed her hands together. "I'll even help you with your clothes."

Lindsey took Calli's hand and led her inside the structure to where the ladder went up through the trap in the ceiling. "Ya know, she's never asked anyone to join her on the roof before. It's always been just a thing for her, Leo, and me when ever I was around. My sister in-law is letting you see her strange little habits that only we've known about. I wouldn't put it past her if she asked you to marry her." She gave a shocked Calli a tight hug and kissed her temple. "Would you say yes if

she asked?"

"Of course I would, I love her more than anything in this world but I just don't see her asking me." She crawled up the ladder and strode over to where the other two women were laying on an old blanket, from the time it took them to get up there, Leo and Branson had stripped down completely and were now soaking up the sun and bare ass naked.

"If we hear a loud explosion around here, it's just a crop duster crashing after flying over us." Calli said as she stripped out of her clothes and lay down beside her lover. "If that happens, I don't know a damn thing about it or why he crashed."

"How stupid can you women get," the man dressed in common Amish garb said to himself as he walked inside Calli's barn. "With all the barn fires you would think that she would stick around to keep me from making her the next victim!" He laughed manically and unscrewed the top of the ten-gallon gas can he had brought with him. With so much experience with starting the fires, he knew that if he soaked one side of the hayloft with gas and then let it run down to the ground it would only take a minute for it to travel up the side and ignite the hay. All he needed to do was break out a small area in the wall so that the flames could get inside. Looking around the barn, he found the ladder to the loft and with difficulty climbed up. Using a small flashlight, he aimed it at the side of the barn that could not be seen from the house and set to work with the small hatchet he had brought. Once he had a hole smashed open, he poured the gas and kerosene mixture out of the hole so that it ran down the outside wall and then set a bale of hay near it. Dumping the rest of the mixture on the bales around the area, he then went over to the exhaust fan and cut the wires. When he was finished, he climbed back down and went out of the barn. He closed the front and back doors to make the heat build up inside the barn. Most of the barns had tin roofs and that made it bad during the summer, the sun would make the inside of a closed up barn like a furnace. Going back the way he had come, he cut through the tree line and went back to his hidden truck. "Tonight you join the others in their losses and if everything goes as I've planned, you'll die in this fire." He shed out of the dark clothes, tossed them on the passenger side floor and pulled his worn coveralls back on.

The women dropped wearily onto the couch and floor of the cool living room, after an hour and a half out in the blazing sun, they were wiped out. Branson rolled over onto her back and pulled Calli up against her, she knew that her lover would be feeling the sunburn she had gotten later that night. Her back suffered more than her front and would make it difficult for her to sleep or do anything for a day or two. "Baby, maybe we should go and put something on your sunburn?"

"I'm OK, too tired to move anyway." She grunted and moved into a more comfortable position against Branson. "I work all day out in the sun and never feel this tired, why is that?"

"Don't know how about you go get some sunburn stuff ready and me and Leo will run out ta the barn and feed the critters." She moved off the couch, over to her sister and pulled her up off the

floor. "We'll be back in a little while." She stretched her arms up over her head and groaned when her back popped. "Come on Leo we got critters ta feed."

"How did I get volunteered for this, those pigs hate me."

"That's 'cuz you tease them with their food and make funny noises at 'em." They argued all the way out the back door and had Calli and Lindsey rolling their eyes.

"Damn juveniles, maybe one of them will grow up before they hit the walker stage." Lindsey said as she rolled to her knees and then pulled Calli off the couch. "Let's see what we can make for supper and find something for your delicate skin."

"What can I say; I've never been a nudist before." She winced when her shirt rubbed against her burnt shoulders. "May never do it again either, it hurts like Hell."

Leo chased her sister all the way to the barn and jumped on her back when she stopped at the closed doors. She looked over her shoulder and mumbled. "Why are the doors closed, Calli never closes the doors during the day and hardly ever at night."

"Don't know Leo but something just doesn't seem right to me," She bent her knees so that Leo could get down off her back and then pointed to the other side of the barn. "You go that way and look for anything that looks weird."

"I already see something like that...you!" She spun on her heel and took off around the side of the barn closet to the house, when she went around the back and up the other side, she saw Branson squatting beside the barn looking at the ground. "Did ya find something?" She squatted down next to her sister and sniffed the air. "That's gas and kerosene, Calli's next on the assholes list." She looked into her sister's troubled blue eyes, clamped a hand on her shoulder and took off back to the house.

"Not if I can do something about she's not." Branson said to herself and then got up to look through the window above the stained wall. She ran her fingers through her hair and then rubbed her temples; she had to try to figure out a way to clean up the fuels so that a fire couldn't be started. When she heard Calli cussing a blue streak, she groaned and walked towards her. "Hold on baby, I need a bucket of soapy water and a stiff scrub brush. We need to get that shit off the barn and check the inside for anything else that can combust, come on Leo, we're gonna go inside." Calli grabbed her lover's arm and shook her head; it was not a good idea to go in to the barn after it had been closed up all day.

"No! If you open the door who knows what'll happen!" She looked up at the peak and saw that the fan wasn't moving when it should have. "It could be rigged to blow, let me call my dad and have him bring the fire inspector out." She took off without letting Branson or Leo say a word.

"Now what do we do?" Leo asked her sister as she looked up at the peak and then to where

Lindsey was running towards them.

"We scrub the side of the barn down and hope it cuts through that shit good enough that it won't catch and then wait for Teddy to get here and see what he say's about this." She dropped down to the ground and rested her chin on her knees. "I want this mother fucker; I want to see his ass fried for all the fires he's caused."

"Look at it this way sis, he fucked up. If he hadn't closed the doors, we would have never known anything was wrong. He got sloppy and that's what's gonna get him caught." She sat down beside Branson and draped an arm over her shoulder. "We'll get him tonight and beat the shit outta him." She winched when Lindsey smacked her on the top of her head. "I mean we'll catch him and hand him over to Calli's dad."

"You're damn right that's what you two will do; we don't need either one of you in jail for assault and battery or murder knowing your tempers."

While waiting for Teddy and the fire inspector to show up, the four of them scrubbed down the outside area of the barn until they could no longer smell the fuels. Just incase, they ran all the hoses out to the barn and placed fire extinguishers at all the corners. Leo and Lindsey ran out to the work site and brought back all the fire extinguishers that they had there and bags of solvent absorber. They thought that it might help if a fire did start; it could be used to starve out the flames like it stopped gas and oil leaks from spreading from under their vehicles. Two hours before dark, Teddy showed up with the inspector and headed to the barn. Instead of opening the doors, they crawled through one of the windows. A few minutes later, the barn loft doors opened and bales of hay started flying out. The four women carried all the bales to the wagon and loaded them on; Calli would haul them out to of one of the fields and leave them out there, where they couldn't harm anything. Just as the sun was setting, Teddy pulled his car into the tractor barn and he and the inspector took positions in one of the sheds near the barn. Each one of them decided that it would be better to hide close by in case anything happened. As soon as someone got anywhere near the barn or sheds, the motion lights would come on and surprise the intruder.

Calli and Branson hovered by a crack in the pigs shed wall, they could see the back and part of the side of the barn where the fuel had been poured from the loft. They sat together on a muck bucket and kept bumping heads as they tried to get better looks around. "I feel like a spy or something, all I need is to be dressed in my black fatigues and I'd be all set." Branson held back her moan, she could remember when she had first saw Calli dressed in her phantom gear. And could still actually feel the jolt from the taser that she zapped her with.

"We should have grabbed that zappy thing you used on me; we could have fun with it if the asshole shows up."

Calli gave her a raised eyebrow and then rolled her eyes. "I swear, between you and Leo I don't know which one of you is worse!" She got up from her seat and went over to a cabinet on the wall; she looked over her shoulder and shook her head. Pulling out one of the cattle prods she had on the farm, she checked the battery and went back over to her lover. "Just be careful with this thing, it's got a huge ass kick to it." She handed it to her lover and showed her where the on

button was before sitting back down. "Just don't zap me with it, it hurts like Hell and knocks ya right ta the ground for about ten minutes."

Branson examined the prod and then grinned wide enough ta show her perfect white teeth. "And just how do you know all of this?"

"Easy, I was stupid and put the damn thing in my back pocket. I found out ten minutes later that I had left it on," She wiggled her brows. "Best damn orgasm I've ever had," she laughed at the expression on her lover's face, wrapped her arms around her neck and pulled her in for a deep kiss. When they came apart, she rested their foreheads together. "That is until I met you."

Leo pressed against her wife's back and whispered in her ear. "Wanna full around in the hay?"

"With our luck, we'd be naked and all the lights would pop on and we'd have to chase the ignorant asshole butt naked."

"We could always hope that he's a red blooded man and fall over once he seen your tits."

"Ahhh huuhh and then you'd beat the shit outta him for looking, come on horn dog, we better keep our eyes out the little peep hole. That's all we need is to miss all the excitement." When Lindsey bent over at the waist to look through the peephole, Leo did hip thrusts behind her and then grunted from the kick to her shin. "Stop it you dorkwad."

From deep in the shadows of the trees, the fire starter crept forward until he was right at the very edge. He looked up towards the farmhouse and saw lights on in one of the rooms upstairs and then one in the living room to accompany the blue flashes from the TV. Pulling the flare from his pocket, he slid the protective cap off and moved at a crouch towards the barn. When he was within fifteen foot of the closet building, lights shot on and blinded him. He stood frozen with his eyes covered and the flare in plain sight, at the sound of a loud roar; he dropped his hands and took off running back into the tree line.

Branson sprinted towards the figure and roared she had seen him as soon as he walked out of the trees, when she ran from the shed; she set the motion lights off. Sprinting after him, she saw her lover out of the corner of her eye take off towards one of the other sheds. Her eyes had no time to adjust to the darkness before she hit the tree line; she put her hand out to guard her face and used her ears to listen. Moving to her left, she pushed through the brush and came out into an open field. Up ahead of her, she saw him running. Growling deep in her chest, she took off after him and was joined by Leo and Lindsey. The three of them took off in different directions until they had him surrounded, what they weren't expecting was for him to have a truck waiting. He jumped into the running vehicle and headed right towards them, swerving the truck; he hit Lindsey with the quarter panel and sent her rolling across the ground. An ungodly roar pierced

the air and then a loud thunk when Leo launched herself onto the hood of the truck. She had a hold of the hood near the windshield and tried to pull herself up and get in through the passenger side window. The driver whipped the truck back and forth trying to shake her free. Branson ran beside the truck, grabbed the quarter panel and pulled herself into the back of the truck. When he slammed on the brakes, she flew forward and smacked into the back window with her temple. Shaking her head to clear her blurred vision, she held onto the rear window and tried to shove her other arm through to grab the driver. Grabbing his hair, she pulled his head back and heard him howl in pain. The truck slowed and then lurched forward when he broke her hold, it gave Leo time to get a better hold on the window but she lost it when he jerked the truck. She rolled off onto the ground and lay there trying to breathe. Off in the distance, she heard the whine of a dirt bike and rolled out of its way when it came close to where she was lying.

Calli knew that who ever it was had to have a get away plan, she ran to where she kept her dirt bike and then took off. She knew that she would have to take the long way around because the trees were too thick for her to get through. When she came to a break where she could get through, she tore off through the field like a bat out of Hell. She could see headlights off in the distance and knew that her lover and friends had to be the reason that it was swerving all over the field. When she got closer, she saw a body thrown off to the side and someone in the back of the trucks bed. There was only one thing she could do and that was to use her dirt bike to stop the truck. She down shifted, threw the clutch out and pulled the front wheel off the ground. When it came back down, she was within the distance she needed. Slamming the front brake on, she kicked the back end up so that the dirt bike went up into the air. She felt the back tire hit the hood and let go of the handlebars and was thrown up over the roof and into the body standing in the back. They flew through the air, hit the ground, and rolled to a mass of tangled limbs.

The sound of the dirt bike going through the windshield and the truck slamming into a tree was the final sound that they heard before they passed out. Leo limped over to them and sobbed when she saw her wife hobbling towards her. She held out her arms, pulled Lindsey against her body and cried on her shoulder.

"I didn't know where you were...all I saw was him hitting you."

"I'm OK, a little banged up and bruised but I'll live." She kissed Leo's head and then pulled away to look at her. "Where's Teddy?" She let go of Leo to check on Branson and Calli. "Ohh shit Leo," She lifted her hand up to show that it was covered in blood. "Where the fuck is he!" She looked around and then saw flashing blue lights coming towards them, she stood up and waved her arms hoping that Teddy would see them.

Teddy sat in a chair beside Calli's hospital bed while Leo and Lindsey sat next to Branson's. Neither woman had regained consciousness since being rushed to the hospital; the doctor had told them that they had sustained slight head traumas when they hit the ground and that they

should come around in a few hours. Branson had a white bandage covering her forehead and temple on the right side and a cast on her left arm. Calli had a few cuts and scrapes and a cast on her right leg up to her knee. Teddy figured that when her dirt bike went up onto the truck, her leg was smashed between it and the roof of the truck. When she woke up, he knew that she would be pissed and would cut the cast off as soon as she got home. He lifted his head when she groaned and turned her head to where he sat.

"What the Hell happened dad?"

"You and that damn dirt bike, I knew you would get hurt riding it one of these days." He grinned and reached over to hold her hand. "How's your head?"

"Hurts like a son of a bitch, where's Branson?" She followed his finger and whimpered when she saw the condition her lover was in, ignoring the pounding behind her eyes, she tried to swing her legs over the edge of the bed. "What the Hell," she whipped the covers back and cursed when she saw the cast on her leg. "Son of a bitch, I can't believe this!" She used one hand to lift her leg, got out of bed and hopped over to Branson's. Sitting down on the edge, she leaned down and placed a soft kiss to her lips. She looked at her two friends and saw that only Leo was awake. "How did she get hurt?"

Leo rubbed her bruised chin and dropped her eyes to the floor. "When you went over the roof, you hit her and both of you hit the ground," She looked up when she heard Calli sob and held up a hand. "Hold on there Calli, you saved her life. If you hadn't knocked her outta the back of the truck, she would have been plastered to the truck or a tree. She'll be OK as soon as she wakes up, a little sore like the rest of us but at least she's alive."

"She's right Calli, the bed of the truck was shoved forward and the tree fell on the roof." Teddy said and came around to the other bed to give her a small hug. She wiped tears from her cheeks and looked down at her lover.

"Who was it in the truck and is he..."

"It was Ben's father; we found the gas can in the back of his truck and a box of flares on the floor." Calli noticed right away that her dad had used the past tense; she closed her eyes and whimpered with the news.

"I'm going to jail aren't I?" She opened her eyes and looked to her dad. "I killed him and now I'm gonna spend the rest of my life in prison."

Teddy shook his head and clasped her shoulder. "No you're not, it was self defense and with everything that he did in the past and tonight, no judge or jury in the world would find you guilty of anything. He tried to burn down your barn and kill the four of you."

"You forgot the part about ruining my ego," Branson said in a raspy voice. "Blew it all ta Hell, now I have ta give up my Wonder Woman membership card." She groaned when Calli fell across her chest and hugged her. "Easy baby, I think I have some bruised...everything's."

Two days later, they were released from the hospital; actually, they were all thrown out. The nurses couldn't handle the four of them in one room and even Teddy couldn't get them to behave themselves. Leo kept terrorizing the other patients by pretending that she was a doctor and prescribing enemas for every patient on her sister's floor. Lindsey kept calling for take out at all hours of the night and Calli refused to sleep in her own bed. Branson's idea of fun was to keep changing rooms, she hated when her doctor came in to check on her bruised and battered body so figured that if he couldn't find her, she would get off easy. With Leo pushing Lindsey in a wheelchair and Teddy pushing the one that contained his daughter sitting on Branson's lap, they all grinned when the nurses yelled as they cleared the hospital's front doors.

"Ya think they're happy ta see us leave?" Leo asked and then laughed at everyone's groans.

A week later, Calli and the others stepped out onto the front porch when they heard all kinds of farm equipment coming towards the farmhouse. Calli recognized every one of her neighbors and shook her head in amazement, when she thought that when word got out about what she had done, that they would all keep their distance from her. They walked down off the porch and waited for everyone to stop, the first to come up to her was David. He held out his hand to her and nodded his head to the other women. "We all came over to finish getting your hayfields cut and baled, it's the least we could do after what you guys did." He stuffed his hands in his pockets and blushed. "It's kind of embarrassing that none of us could figure out or catch the person responsible for burning down all our barns."

"I'm just sorry that it had to end with his death, I never intended to kill him...just stop him." Calli said and leaned back into Branson's body.

David held up his hand to her. "No one blames you for that, it was his own fault and Ben has been sent to prison for his help in all the fires and for not telling the police that it was his dad that tried to kill you when my barn was burning." He clapped his hands together and grinned. "So we'll get to bringing in your hay if you feed us."

Leo looked to her wife and grinned. "I'm with them, I'll help with the hay and you women folk can feed us!" She kissed Lindsey and then grabbed her sister's hand. "Come on Branflake you can help me since we're banned from the kitchen when they're cooking."

Lindsey and Calli watched everyone drive off into the fields and grinned; they would rather cook than be out in the fields when it was close to 100 degrees. "So what should we cook, fried chicken or do hamburgers and hot dogs?" Calli ran her hands through her hair and shrugged her shoulders.

"I think chicken sounds good, I've got two dozen birds in the freezer that will go bad if not used. I'll get some potatoes from the garden if you get the chicken?"

Lindsey shook her head at her. "Nope, you get the chicken, how do you expect to dig in the garden with your leg in a cast?"

Calli looked down at her foot and grinned. "Damn, I was hoping that the shovel would slip and my cast would fall off." She linked arms with Lindsey and turned them for the house. "You're not gonna let me cut this damn thing off just like you won't let Branson take hers off huh?"

"Ya got that right; if ya didn't need them then they wouldn't be there."

Even with the cast on Branson's arm, she was still at the jobsite every morning to help with the construction of the firehouse. Now three months later and free of her cast, she stood looking at the completed structure. When Calli came up beside her, she wrapped an arm around her waist and gave her a soft kiss. "Well baby, it's all done and now all it needs are some firefighters, trucks and an ambulance."

"Dad told me that they should be here next week sometime and that some of the farmers have completed their volunteer training." She wrapped both her arms around her lover and rested her head on her shoulder. "With out you none of this would have happened, you have no idea how much this will help the farmers."

"It wouldn't have happened if you hadn't sabotaged my worksite and showed me the errors of my ways. We do good work together ya know?" She looked to her side when Leo and Lindsey called her name. "Guess we better get the ribbon cutting ceremony done with so we can go home and help get all of the equipment off the trailers. Leo's just about ready ta do it all herself, she has a logging company coming tomorrow with the logs for their cabin."

"I can't believe that you guys are gonna do it the way they did it a hundred years ago. I mean cutting them all by hand and notching them, who knew?" They walked to where all the farmers were gathered around a red ribbon stretched across the bay doors of the firehouse; Teddy waved a pair of gold scissors at Branson and motioned for them to hurry.

"We ain't got all day ya know, some of us have dates!" He blushed when he realized what he had said and tried to escape into the crowd.

"Hold it dad, who's the poor woman that's agreed to go on a date with you?"

"Uhhmm... a nurse from the hospital." He handed Branson the scissors and escaped any further questions.

Calli laughed and pressed closer to Branson. "About damn time he got a girlfriend, guess we'll have to introduce the poor woman to the rest of the family so she knows what she's getting into."

"Maybe we should wait until she's been dating him a while before we do that," She shoved the

scissors in her back pocket and jumped when Leo came up behind her and took them. "Let's get this done with," She pulled the scissors out of her pocket that Leo had stuck in there and led Calli up to the ribbon. "I want you to do this cutting thing." She handed Calli the scissors and waited.

Calli looked at the ribbon hanging from the handle and gasped, a set of gold wedding bands hung dangling and catching the sunlight. She lifted her emerald green eyes to her lover, moved her mouth but nothing came out. She was further surprised when Branson dropped to her knees and took her hands in hers. "I'm being a huge chicken here and asking you to marry me in front of all these people, I figured ya wouldn't turn me down that way." She blushed when everyone laughed at her, then Leo and Lindsey squeezed her shoulders in support. "So will you marry me Callaway?"

Teddy stepped forward and waved a hand at his daughter. "Come on Calli, she already asked me and I told her that you two had my blessing."

Calli untied the ribbon from the handle and held one of the gold bands out to Branson. "I can honestly say that I never expected you to do this in front of a crowd," She wiped tears from her cheeks and sniffled. "I never expected you to do this period, even though Lindsey said you would." She gave Lindsey a small smile and then took a deep breath before dropping to her knees in front of her lover. "I love you Branson Mahoney Burke, yes I'll marry you." Branson took the ring from her hand and placed it upon her ring finger.

"I love you too Callaway, you've made me the happiest farmer in the world." She looked down when Calli took her hand and slid the other ring onto her finger; she felt tears well up in her eyes and dropped her head. "Since I met you, I've learned so much about myself and felt things that I never thought possible." She looked up with a crooked grin on her face. "Who knew that I would fall for the Phantom and become a farmer?" She brought their lips together in a deep consuming kiss that had them falling over at Leo and Lindsey's feet.

Teddy gave out a loud yell and popped a bottle of Champaign open. "All right people, there's more of this stuff once someone cuts that damn ribbon!"

Leo picked up the scissors, cut the ribbon and then took the bottle from Teddy. "Ya'll should know that the boss never does anything," She took a drink from the bottle, handed it to Lindsey and jumped on her sister and Calli. "Congrats guys now let's party!" Branson and Calli lay on the ground kissing even though Leo was on top of them and Lindsey was pouring Champaign all over them.

"Hell ya can't beat this," Lindsey said to Calli and knocked beer bottles with her. "We sit here on our lawn chairs; they do all the work and entertain us at the same time!" She looked up to the roof of the log cabin and let out a howl. "Come on baby wiggle that ass!" She watched Leo dance across the roof and stop to do hip thrusts to the beat of the music they had blaring, Calli sat up straighter in her chair when Branson stepped to the edge and started to strip. She felt her mouth drop open and her beer slip from her fingers, her wife's bronzed skin glistened under the sunlight

and muscles flexed as she moved. Her shirt floated to the ground and then her cut offs slipped down her muscular thighs from the small gyrations of her hips. "What the Hell does she have on?" Lindsey asked and tried to lean closer without falling out of her chair. Branson's boxers were a pale grey with a white rabbits face on the front and long pink bunny ears hanging off the sides. She grabbed the ears, held them out and yelled down to Calli.

"Come kiss the bunny baby!"

Lindsey rolled her eyes and turned her head to look at Calli. "Only Branflake would wear a pair of boxers like that."

"Nope, those are mine, she stole them." She jumped up from her chair, ran over to a spot below her wife and held out her arms. "Come on Stud, jump and I'll catch you!"

"Ohh yeah, I'm not falling for that again. The last time I jumped, you moved and I ended up in that big mud puddle and lost my boots!" She stuck her tongue out, ran over to the ladder, and slid down. "So what do ya say we go play in the Jacuzzi so I can get the kinks out of my back?"

"Ya mean so afterwards I can put kinks in other places along with your back?" Her answer was being thrown up over Branson's shoulder and carried to the farmhouse. Lindsey watched them leave and then looked to her wife who was standing on the roof with her hands planted on her hips.

"I swear how are we supposed ta get our cabin done if the help keeps running off to romp in bed, that's three times today!"

Lindsey got up from her chair and wiggled her index finger at her; she raised an eyebrow when she just stood there. "What are ya waiting for; you don't wanna make it three times today for us?"

"I may be dense at times but there's no way I'm missing out, we can be newly weds just like them!" She jumped down from the roof, threw Lindsey over her shoulder and groaned. "OK, so maybe carrying you all the way to the farmhouse isn't a good idea. Damn Branflake, making me carry all the bundles of shingles up there," she sunk to her knees and let Lindsey slide off her shoulder. "Can we just walk to the farmhouse?" She gave her best puppy dog look and whimpered.

"Come on, I never said you had to carry me." She pulled Leo up from the ground and wrapped her arm around her waist. "We never stopped being newly weds ya know, our honeymoon's lasted 20 years already."

Leo kissed her temple and wrapped her up in a tight hug. "Doesn't feel that long, let's go spy on them. See if they've noticed that I put strawberry jello in the Jacuzzi." From the loud roar that came from the farmhouse, Leo had her answer; she looked to Lindsey with panic filled eyes, grabbed her hand and ran for their cabin. The sound of locks going home, two faces looking out the window towards the farmhouse faded from sight as they sunk from down and giggled like little kids.

The End
The Phantom
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References: [A Woman's Guide on How to Pee Standing Up](#), [Stand to Pee Soft Pack](#), [The Pissin' Passin' Packer](#).

[The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive](#)
