

~ Whips and Chains ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: The characters may resemble the Duo that we know and love, they belong to you know who but the characters in this story are from my demented imagination. Sex/Violence: Of course there is! I can't write without it! And you little kiddies that aren't old enough go away unless ta wanna cut my grass and clean my house. Send all comments, even the flaming ones to Hecate3366@frontiernet.net And thanks ta Lesia and Ri for letting me terrorize them with my imagination.

Thanks.

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The open field was packed with people of all ages, some covered in mud and slime from falling into the bog pit trying to get to where the concert would be that night. The Hullabaloosa was one of the most exciting things around for those who liked loud obnoxious music, slam dancing, alcohol and drugs. The bands that played at these concerts were a mixture of amateurs and well known bands. However, before they could even start playing their music most of the crowd was too wasted to even know where they were or what they were listening to. All they cared about was that the huge speakers could knock them down from 10 foot away. One of the bands that most of them came to see was an all female band called Whips and Chains.

They dressed in black leather adorned in chains and silver accents running up the outsides of their legs. Skimpy leather tops showed off their toned upper bodies making both male and female drool. The one who got the most attention was the lead singer and guitarist. Her long raven black hair done in hundreds of tiny braids hung to the middle of her back, leather pants that laced from her bare feet to hip. Her top if you could call it that, barely covered her breasts. But what really drew everyone's attention were her ice blue eyes set off by kohl black eye shadow and liner. Halfway through their show they all ended up topless, stampedes were the normal occurrence as fans tried to get a closer look at the women.

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The fans went crazy when they heard the band they had all come to see, start to tune their instruments. For an hour or so they would get to see these gorgeous women strut on stage and wrap them in their magic. The whine of the lead guitar had them all screaming. It was the band's first number one hit and they always played it first to open their concerts. As the red lights came onto scan the band, all that could be seen were the backs of the bass and other lead guitarist, the drummer was hidden behind her set and with every beat of the bass drum red lights flashed from

her drum set. The loud trilling of a scream blasted over the speakers as the lead singer flipped over her drummer to land center stage. Before her bare feet hit the stage she was playing the opening notes to their song. The fans kept screaming JD repeatedly until she started singing. She screamed the words out to them, the speakers throbbing with each sound. Numerous times the roadies had to push the speakers back or they would have fallen off of the stage.

JD walked towards her tall brunette bass player, her fingers flying over the frets as she played one of the runs in the song. She straddled her band mates thigh; with each beat of the bass she humped her. She knew that there were fans out there right now wishing it was their leg she was riding. When they moved into the next song, her next target was her other guitarist, she moved behind the shorter woman with her long curly blonde hair. Wrapping an arm around her waist she ground her hips against her leather clad ass. When she was done she ran and did a front flip to end up back in the center, the whole time still playing her guitar. They came to the end of that song to go right into the next, each one of them had a singing part with the exception of the drummer, and she had a solo. With JD starting it off she passed it to her bass player Sam or what she went by on stage S&M, then passed it off to Carly AKA Cuffs. The red lights all swung over to the drummer Danny, her long dark hair flying around her body as she went into her solo. JD leaned her guitar against its rack, walking with the beat of the bass she approached Danny, when she came to the part of the song where she used double beats on her double bass drums she spun her sticks over her head. That's when JD crawled onto her lap and took the sticks from her and finished her solo. The fans knew what was going on behind the drum set, they could see from the wide screen TVs that were placed above and to each side of the stage. A white spotlight caught the flying black leather top that JD had been wearing up until Danny striped it off of her during the solo.

It was still up for debate on which sex screamed the loudest when this happened, it only got worse when JD took everyone else's tops off with her teeth. They ended their set but were brought back out twice more for encores. They were lead off the back of the stage by security guards and escorted to their bus. It never failed that at least half a dozen fans broke through and tried to either rip their remaining clothes off or fondle them. Numerous times a fan ended up knocked out for taking liberties, what they did on stage was only for show and only JD would pick a fan to take with her to her section of the bus. She made at least one woman happy for the night. And tonight was no different; she had a small blonde in tow as they made their way to the bus. Their manager Margie handed them bottles of water as they came through the door, collapsing on the couches along the living area of the large bus, the girls laid exhausted. Except for JD who swapped her water for a bottle of whiskey and took the blond to the back where her small room was.

Once in her room she took a large swallow of the whiskey while the blond pulled her leather pants off her. She handed her a mouth trench and condom before she sat on the bed and had the woman kneel between her legs. Leaning back on one hand she continued to drink as a warm tongue slipped between her folds, lapping at the moisture that was always there when she was performing. Getting off was the only way that she could relax after a show, she never did any kind of narcotics, and even aspirins were a rare thing for her to use. The whiskey she drank to extreme, she said was to soothe her throat after screaming for all of their songs.

She jerked when she felt teeth nip her nether lips through the latex guard, she was about to slap the bitch when she felt 2 fingers push into her. It wasn't so much who was between her legs it was the picture she had in her mind that set her over the edge. She always saw sea green eyes, she didn't know why but that's how it always had been. Her legs started to strain as she saw the visions in her mind and within seconds her body was shuddering with her release. Once the last tremor left her body she handed the woman an autographed picture of herself topless and pointed to the door. The longest relationship she had ever had was 25 minutes and then she kicked her off the bus.

Kicking her pants all the way off she put the whiskey on the floor and crawled into her bed alone, the way she liked it.

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The bus had left sometime in the middle of the night to head for their next destination, Texas was a place that was thought of only having cowboys, horses and cows. However, in the cities it was just like any other place, they were to have their concert at the fair grounds where they usually held the Rodeos. This was a benefit concert for the abused women and children foundation in that area, all the proceeds would be distributed to the different safe houses and counseling centers. From one performance the charities would be set for the next year, it was the bands way of helping others.

The band was all set, waiting at the back of the stage for the announcer to bring them on. The fans were piled 3 deep in the stands and had the whole arena filled to look like sardines in a can. If one-person fell they would never be able to get up, their remains would be covered over with the sand and sawdust by thousands of shuffling feet.

The crowds roared as Cuffs and S&M stepped to the center of the stage, Danny climbed behind her drum set and started the count down. A piercing note cracked through the speakers letting everyone know that JD was there. The fans watched as she did her famous flip up over Danny to land center stage. After the first few songs JD's voice was starting to crack and lose it's normal range; she was drinking from a whiskey bottle in the lapses when it was just instrumental music. With each note she screamed tears formed in her eyes from the pain in her vocal cords. By the last song she could barely breath let alone sing. She dropped her 6-foot body down onto the steps of the stage; her wheezing could be heard with each breath she took.

The fans kept calling for more but she couldn't do it, Margie took one look at her condition and knew that she needed a rest. The rest of the band went back up and S&M sang the lead vocals for the two songs they played. Security guards escorted JD to their bus; before she was halfway there a woman grabbed her arm trying to go along with her. JD flung her hand off of her and growled. The frightened woman stumbled back and whispered to one of her friends that had been standing there. This would be the first time in a long time that JD didn't take someone to the bus.

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She sat on her bed with her head held in her hands, the pain in her throat was so bad that she wished she had some painkillers or anything that would help. She knew that this tour that they were on was killing her and the others slowly. They had only been on the road for 6 months and had another 8 months to go before the end. They were just getting to damn old for this stuff; each one of them suffered from one thing or another. Danny had tendon problems in her elbows and knees, Sam had corporeal tunnel her wrists and Carly had a bad shoulder from a car accident, a pissed off fan had run her down when she refused his advances. They weren't kids anymore they were all in their late 20's early 30's and it was getting close to make a decision that would effect all of their lives.

Margie knocked on her door and stuck her red head into check on JD, before she could say a word JD waved her away. When she got to where the rest of the band members were sitting all she could do was shrug her shoulders.

"I don't know guys, this could be bad. She's never not been able to do an encore." Margie said as she took a seat on one of the couches.

"I'll be back in a minute." Danny got up and headed for JD's room. She just opened the door and went into sit beside her lifetime friend. She wrapped her arms around her and held her. She knew that without the band JD had nothing, she had her band mates but no family and only an empty house in the Texas desert. Each of them lived with in a short distance of each other and had from their early days. So when not on the road or touring they were at each other's houses.

"We can take a few days off, cancel the next few shows and give you a rest." Pale blue eyes looked up into camel colored eyes; at first glance Danny's eyes were spooky. However, if you really took the time and looked you would find a gentleness hidden there. Her medium height and strong muscular build often scared people, but she was the calmest of the bunch. Unless you got her mad, then you had better be able to out run her because if she caught you, it meant at least a week in the ICU unit of the nearest hospital. She received a nod of a dark head. Before she left she kissed JD's temple.

"Now get some rest, you know I love you but I won't think twice about tying your ass to that bed." JD gave her a grin and winked at her, she knew her drummer would do it and then come in and beat on everything with her sticks just to drive her crazy.

Margie made the cancellations and apologizes, she hated doing it but without JD there was no show. The others could cover for a song or two but JD was the one who held the fans captive with her voice. The busses and semi trucks holding all their equipment would stay there the night giving everyone some much needed rest. Early the nest morning they would pull out and head to the next city and hold up for a few days.

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JD paced her small room, she was restless but she didn't want any company. She just wanted to be able to walk outside like a normal person and not be mugged by adoring fans. Grabbing a hooded sweatshirt out of a trunk she pulled it over her head leaving the hood up, taking her

raybans from their case she hooked the earpiece into the neckline. It had been so long since she had wore anything on her feet she wasn't sure if she had any boots or shoes. She searched and came up empty, why don't I have any shoes? She asked herself, completely baffled at the idea.

She walked back to the room that Danny and Carly shared, they had been lovers for the past 10 years, actually before their band had become famous. It was their antics that kept everyone going. Carly ruled the roost and she never let Danny forget it, she let her think she had some power but it was very little. One of the rules was NO STICKS! In the bedroom, drummers were notorious for tapping, beating and annoying the Hell out of everyone with their drumsticks. Carly had epoxied numerous pairs to assorted fixtures on the bus to keep her lover from driving everyone nuts. They were sound asleep when she opened their door, Danny was wrapped around Carly like a second skin, her head was resting on her lovers back as Carly laid on her stomach. Kneeling beside the bed she pushed Danny's wild dark hair off of her forehead and placed a kiss on her cheek, she did the same to Carly. A set of sleepy hazel eyes looked up at her, JD smiled down at her and brushed her knuckles across her cheek. She pulled their blankets up and left them to sleep.

Easing Sam's door open she found her hanging halfway off of the bed, she gently moved her back to the center and placed a soft kiss on her forehead. Sam looked so odd in the big bed all alone, her lover Tracy was a Pediatrician and was staying home with their kids. She joined them for a few days a month when she could get coverage at the hospital. They were never lacking for baby-sitters; the grandparents on both sides were more than happy to watch their two little 6-year-old granddaughters.

Margie was the only one to have a husband; he was one of the truck drivers for the band. He had given up his job with Roadway Trucking to spend more time with his wife, not to mention the money was a Hell of a lot better along with the hours of driving.

She went to the front of the bus and released the door, she saw a couple of security guards hanging out next to one of the other busses smoking what she hoped were just cowboy killers. It was the law with her road crew that no drugs of any illegal kind were to be used, and if she found out any different they might as well pack their bags because they were history. Her mind was not on what she was doing or her surroundings; she was in the void as she liked to call it. So she never saw the person jump her next to the semi trailer, she felt a hot flashing pain across her upper left arm and back. Spinning around she caught an arm raised over a small brunettes head, she had intended to stab her in the back. JD swung her by her arm into the side of the trailer; the loud bang brought the security guards running. She was just about to punch the woman in the mouth when she screamed that she was pissed at her because she had refused her earlier that night. Pale blue eyes drew half closed; her teeth bared as a low rumble came from her chest. JD snapped the woman's wrist and watched the knife fall to the ground, her screams were muffled by one of the security guards as he dragged her away. One of the other guys put his hand on JD's arm and pulled it away sticky with blood.

"Your hurt, you better get that looked at. It could be deep." She nodded her head and walked off towards the trailer where her 1972 Harley Softtail Sportster was stored. After dropping the ramp she pulled her helmet on and lifted the black shield up to see. She swung her leg over the Hog

and rolled it forward towards the ramp, giving it a good shove she rode it down out of the back of the trailer. Popping the clutch it rumbled to life, taking it slow she made her way out from the deafening echoes of her exhaust pipes noise against the trailers. When she was far enough away not to disturb anyone who was trying to sleep she opened it up and hit the highway.

She had lost track of time; it had to be early morning because the sun was just starting to come up. It would be a few more hours before anyone knew she wasn't in her bed. But what the Hell she was 30 years old, she could do what ever the Hell she wanted.

Her arm and back were killing her, she knew that the cuts were seeping blood. She could feel the wetness of her sweatshirt against her skin, and her left foot had a huge blister across the top from shifting gears. She knew better than to ride with out boots or shoes but she still couldn't figure out why she didn't have any on the bus.

She had just came on top of a hill when she noticed too late that the road was blocked by something. She kicked the hog down in gears trying to slow it down from it's 90mph. She used both front and back brakes but it still wasn't slowing her enough, only one thing to do, slide her precious hog, jump and pray that she survived. She dropped the hog down onto its side and aimed it for the shoulder of the road; dirt was preferable to asphalt any day of the week. When she felt herself loosing control she tried to jump free, what she didn't count on was the roadblock to run in her direction. She was side swiped by a 3000 lb. buffalo cross. She hit the hard packed dirt with a thud, sharp pains traveled through her arm, shoulder and back. And to make matters worse the huge hairy beast cow kicked her as it ran past. Darkness claimed her with the sounds of mooing echoing in her ears.

She felt a jarring beneath her aching body, before she could determine what it was the darkness claimed her again. The pick up truck came to a halt outside of the log cabin ranch house. Off to the side of it were other smaller cottages built the same way, except for the covered porches jutting out the front. A tall man dressed in dusty work clothes and baseball hat ran towards the ranch house, he just about ran over his boss at the front door.

"Come quick Yancy! Found some man up near the road. His motor cycle threw him. Got some nasty cuts all over!"

"Calm down Davey, Gods ya would think ya found body parts in the combine! Take him ta the end cottage and I'll get my black bag from the kitchen."

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Davey along with the help of one of the other ranch hands carried JD into the cottage and put her down on the down filled mattress. Neither one of them wanted to touch her helmet 'cuz the Doc always said not to do anything ya don't have to.

The first thing Yancy noticed when she stepped into the bedroom were the dirty bare feet. She

was wondering why anybody in their right mind would be riding a motor cycle bare footed. She moved up to where the black helmet was resting on the pillow, running her hands down the strong neck she probed around but found nothing unusual, she checked the shoulders next. When she got to JD's upper arm she pulled her hand away covered in blood.

"Shit! It ain't ever easy is it?"

"Oohh that's gross!" Davey whined to his brother Dwayne.

"Ya know sometimes I wonder if you two really are related ta me, we see more gore when the cows and horses are birthin than this little bit." She pulled the helmet of to find a strong sculptured face completely black with dirt. "How longs he been out there?"

"Couple hours I guess, since the cows moved over to the other pastor across the road."

"Davey get me a bucket of warm water and some towels, Dwayne I need you ta run out ta the birthin barn and get me a roll of VetWrap."

While she waited for her boys to get the stuff she needed, Yancy set out all her surgical instruments on the bedside table. She knew by the amount of blood coming through this guys shirt that it wasn't going to be pretty. She just hoped it wasn't caused by one of the bulls horns. She grabbed her scissors and started cutting up the front of the dirty sweatshirt, she pulled one side away, gawked and quickly covered what she had seen back up. The boys noticed the look on her face. "What's wrong?" They asked in unison, which wasn't unusual since they were identical twins.

"Go tell your Ma I need her help and then go check on the herd for me."

As soon as the boys were out the door Yancy cut the rest of the sweatshirt off of JD. She looked down at very wide muscular shoulders tapering down to a slim waist and two very firm breasts. She was thankful that she hadn't asked the boys to do this. They would have been laying on the floor out cold. She kept forgetting that just because they were taller than her five foot five stature that they were still only 15 years old. She heard her aunt coming in the door mumbling which was her usual manner.

"Damn boys can drive a person batty, blood, gore, his head fell off! Got's a buffalo horn sticking outta his chest!" Aunt May looked over her nieces shoulder. "No buffalo horn but two nice looking udders there."

"Aunt May! Geez, and you talk about the boys!"

"Just call em as I see em." She gave her a wicked grin. "Ain't seen a set like that since before the boys were born, no wait...never seen none like that. Reason why I had ta nurse them on that old cow. Could be why they're a little off?"

"It's not the cow, I think it's their mother." Yancy dead panned. Help me get her all fixed up

before the boys come crashing in here and get the show of their very young but possible shortened lives."

They each took a pair of scissors and cut the leather laces on the sides of JD's pants, making it easier to get them off of her. Aunt May put her hands on her hips; tilting her head she gave JD's body a look over.

"Yance ain't that one of those bikini wax jobs?" Yancy not thinking in terms of being a doctor looked with the eyes of a woman. Her face turned a beet red from neck to her blonde hairline. Rolling her eyes she raised one hand to wipe her mouth.

"Aunt May, sometimes I wonder about you."

"Do ya think If I had gotten one of those my old man wouldn't have run off?"

"I think if ya hadn't split his head open with that piece of hickory he'd still be around."

"He deserved that, comin home smelling like a cheap floozy and saying it was his new after shave. I told him that was all well and fine but that whore red lipstick wasn't his color."

Yancy had heard the story numerous times but she still enjoyed the way her aunt told it. An hour later with JD's arm and back sutured and having been given a sponge bath to get rid of some of the dirt. Aunt May and Yancy sat out on the porch resting.

"Guess I had better go get supper goin, yell if ya need me. Now get back in there and take care of your woman." Aunt May wiggled her graying eyebrows. "Yance, that one in there is more man than what we got running around on this ranch. And she'll be running right up your cattle chute, so ta speak."

"Ohh Gods! I can't believe ya just said that Aunt May, I mean I.... But...never...!"

"I know you nevered 'cuz ya ain't never met that one in there!" She pointed into the cottage at JD's still form on the bed. Yancy was beet red again, which was almost her natural color when she was around her very outspoken Aunt. "And when you do, may the Gods have mercy on all of us still with hearing!" She jumped off of the porch and took off towards the house at a jog. Yancy could still hear her laughing, as she went through the door. Her aunt may be 47 years old and a little thick around the waist but she could still move fast enough to dodge just about everything.

"Well, I nev...shit she's right! How does she know anyway what I want?" Yancy sat and pondered that question. "Guess she didn't buy that excuse for the Playboys coming in the mail." A crooked grin came to her face. "I do like the articles but ya have ta go page by ta find them." A low chuckle erupted from her throat. "Mothers always know." She thought back to when she was 6 years old and had been at home with the ranch hands watching her, when her Aunt May came to the house late one night and broke the news to her that her mother had passed away at work from a heart attack. Her father had left them years earlier, so her Aunt and Uncle moved in with

her to run the ranch. After the twins were born her Uncle left and no ones heard from him in over 14 years. Her aunt had raised her so it figured that she would know her so well.

Yancy continued to sit on the porch until her Aunt May called her for supper. Before she left she went into check on her patient. She was still unconscious but her vital signs were normal. Yancy had found a large lump on the side of her head earlier and knew if she had not had a helmet on she could have been killed. She would send the hands down to get her Harley and have it put in one of the barns, none of them knew anything about motorcycles so they would leave it for when the tall dark one woke up. She pulled the sheet up and looked at the muscular body beneath it. A wicked grin came to her face and she wondered why she had not pursued a different part of medicine like Gynecology.

"You are a bad bad Doctor." She snickered to herself as she replaced the sheet, she would come back after supper to check on her patient again, strictly for medical reasons she told herself.

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Her plate was sitting on the table next to where her aunt was sitting, she looked down at the heaping mound of mash potatoes, green beans and 4 thick breaded pork chops, 4 butter milk biscuits smothered in real butter and a very large glass of fresh milk. One good thing about having a ranch, all the food was fresh. No funny chemicals in the meat or veggies.

"So how's the tall dark one?" Aunt May asked with a wiggle of her brows. "Check the bod out before ya left?" She had to slap Yancy on the back to help her dislodge the green beans that tried to come out her nose. Yancy turned her head sideways and squinted at her amused aunt. "Yes I did, so there." She cleared her throat. "I'm kinda worried with that lump on the head and all."

"Should be all right, may be awhile before we see some changes." She slapped her niece on the shoulder. "What am I tellin you fer, you're the Doctor!"

Davey and Dwayne watched from across the table, sometimes they thought that their Ma and cousin acted more like sisters. The twins looked to each other and whispered at the same time. "They ain't right."

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Yancy took some soup broth and gator aid with her to the cottage where JD was, she didn't know if she would be awake but there was a refrigerator in there that she could put the stuff in. When she checked on her she had turned over onto her side and had the sheet down around her hips. Yancy stared at the pale firm flesh in front of her, her face started to feel hot from her blush. She knew she was acting like a pervert by looking at her patient but it was right there in front of her. What was she supposed to do? She sat in a straight-backed chair in the corner, looking out the window she watched as the lights in the ranch went out. She was sleepy herself, getting up at 4am to start feeding the livestock made for a long day. She pulled the chair closer to the bed and propped her feet up, after about five minutes she couldn't feel her legs because they had fallen

asleep. Pins and needles ran up and down them. Pulling the extra pillow off of the bed she laid down beside the bed on the floor and went to sleep.

Hours later JD forced her eyes open; the room began to spin immediately. She grabbed her head and moaned. Slowly she opened her eyes again and was able to focus; she had no idea where she was or how she had got there. Swinging her feet over the side she put them down onto something warm, soft and breathing. She jerked her feet up onto the bed and peered down at the sleeping form. She could just about make out the short blonde hair in the filtered light coming through the window. She laid back down and looked over the edge of the bed, she had put her feet right on the little persons stomach and they didn't even budge. Reaching one hand over she pushed back the blonde hair from the forehead with long slim fingers. A small hand came up to swipe at the thing that had touched her. JD did it again and received the same result. "This is fun." She thought to herself. "And familiar for some reason." Running her finger around the outside of a small ear she chuckled when two hands came up and covered both ears and a low mumble came from slightly parted lips. JD continued to terrorize Yancy to the point that she pulled the pillow over her head. JD still had some bare arms to terrorize since she couldn't see any of the little persons face. After a couple of times of her dragging the backs of her nails down the forearms she ended up pulling the blonde hairs.

"God damn skeeters!" JD heard the little person scream into the pillow. Short legs kicked the floor as arms flew around like they were swatting bugs. She reached over and pulled the pillow off of the face and froze when green eyes caught hers. Yancy had the deer in the headlights look; she couldn't speak a word as she looked up into twinkling pale blue eyes. A lightning bolt shot right to her heart, she couldn't breathe or move. "Gods, she has beautiful eyes! I could look into those forever!" She spoke to herself.

"Uuhhmm...you're awake? How dumb, of course you're awake your looking at me! How do you feel, the boys found you and I ...I'm rambling here, sorry." She got to her knees and tried to keep her eyes from falling to the two firm breasts that were at her eye level. "I'm Yancy McCallister." She waited for JD to say something and when she didn't. She became concerned. "It's all right your safe here, let me turn the light on and take a look at you. You've been unconscious for hours, I was getting worried." She reached up and flipped the light on. They both covered their eyes from the glare. "Sorry about that." When their eyes became accustomed to the bright light, they again looked into each other's eyes. It was if someone had hit them both with a bolt of electricity, arcs bounced back and forth between them until Yancy broke the eye contact.

"Let me take a look at those sutures, I had to put a lot of them in your back and some I had to put inside because the muscle tissue was cut." She pulled her bag closer to the bed so that she could get her stethoscope out and a blood pressure cuff. "Go ahead and lay down here and let me check you're..." She was about to say gorgeous body but stopped just in time. "Heart and stuff."

JD grinned at the small woman's blush when she looked down at her naked body, she had no modesty after jumping around on stage half naked in front of total strangers for almost 10 years, having a doctor do it was nothing. But she thought it was cute that the little blonde was blushing.

"Everything is normal." Except my heart beat she wanted to add. "How's your head?" JD shook her head no. "Can you hear me?" JD pointed to her throat and nodded no. Yancy was wondering if she had been hurt in the accident or she couldn't talk. Leaning forward she ran her fingers up JD's neck, her fingers felt like they were burning, but in a good way. She knew the effect was mutual when she saw a flicker in the blue eyes. "Does this hurt when I push on your neck? No?" JD opened her mouth and pointed inside. "Ohh OK, let me take a look and see what we have." She pulled a scope out of her bag that she used on the animals but it was designed for humans. After she attached the pen light to it she put it far enough in the back of JD's throat so that she could see but not choke her. "My Gods! What have you been doing that you have so much scar tissue on your vocal cords? It looks like you do a lot of screaming." After she removed the scope she saw the OK sign come from her patient. "So your a screamer? Oh that sounded bad. That's not what I meant.... I mean.... Shit! You understand what I mean, right?" She received a beautiful smile in return. Her breath caught some where between her lungs and her lips. "Hold on, I'll be right back." She went into the other room and got a piece of paper and a pen, when she got into the bedroom she found JD holding up her leather pants. A dark brow was cocked over her left eye. "Sorry about that, Aunt May and I didn't want to move you around to much before I had a chance to check for serious injuries. We have some leather stripping out in the tack room, I'll get it tomorrow and I'll re-lace your pants for ya." She handed her the pen and paper and asked her if she would write down her name and what happened to her. After a few minutes JD handed back the paper, in her bold handwriting she put down that her name was Sonny and a brief story of her encounter with a big hairy beast.

Yancy chuckled at her silent patient. "So your names Sonny. That was a buffalo you body slammed, your lucky that it was a young cow and it didn't have any horns. They hurt like a bitch!" She pointed to her right ass cheek. "Believe me I know!" A low rumble came from JD.

"I have some stuff that will make your throat feel better but I don't want you talking, not as if you can at this point. It'll help keep you from getting any more scar tissue. And maybe help with the thickened tissue already there. So relax and I'll be right back."

JD leaned against the headboard with the sheet and blanket around her hips. She had this strange feeling that fate sent her here. She felt so comfortable with the little blonde, almost like they had known each other for years. Then it hit her, with the thought of years. Her friends didn't know where she was! Oh the Hell with it, she'd get a hold of them later. After all Margie said take a few days off, she didn't say where she could do it and here seemed like a good place. Plus her body was telling her that she wouldn't be moving to fast anytime soon. How much luckier could she be than to wipe out near a Doctor. She closed her eyes and was resting when she felt a pair of eyes watching her. She opened one to see Yancy looking at her.

"Uuhhmm.... This is used for people with asthma, but I have used it for other things as well." She had in her hands a small generator with a clear canister attached to it with thin tubing and mask. She plugged it in and handed Sonny the mask.

"OK Sonny, I'm going to put this mixture in here and when I turn it on I want you to breath it in for 15 minutes." She watched Sonny start to breathe the mixture of Distilled water, DMSO and some anti-inflammatory steroids into her system. Sonny's eyes closed and she started to breathe

easier. Yancy sat on the side of the bed and kept her eye on her watch. Every once in a while she peeked at the beautiful woman beside her. She looked so tired, her eyes had dark circles under them and her high cheekbones seemed more prominent because of the hollows beneath them. All this time of seeing her naked body she never noticed the Celtic band tattooed around her right bicep. She ran her finger across the tattoo, blue eyes opened to watch green eyes follow the intricate design. Sonny scribbled on the paper and handed it to her. It said "Hearts True Destiny."

"That's pretty, Celtic?" Sonny nodded at her.

"I had a tattoo of a horses shoe one time, after the swelling and the purple and blue colors faded it was gone." Sonny gave her a confused look. "Old Mare kicked me in the thigh when I got to close to her foal." Her smile warmed Sonny's heart; this was a very special woman sitting with her.

Yancy turned the aspirator off and retrieved the mask from Sonny.

"How do you feel? Better?" Sonny nodded her head yes. "Are you hungry? I can go to the house and get you something to eat." Sonny pointed to Yancy's watch.

"It's Friday, when was the last time you ate?" Sonny held up two fingers and pointed behind her. "2 days ago! You must be starving! I'll go get you something to fill you up. I can't have my patient wasting away on me, what kinda Doctor would that make me?" For a reason she didn't know she brushed the back of her knuckles down Sonny's cheek. A slight blush came to her face along with a tingle that went through her body.

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Yancy sat down next to Sonny at the head of the bed, she had brought her some of the left overs from supper along with a pitcher of milk. She told her no way was she getting anything with acid or alcohol in it. That it would make her throat worse. Sonny's eyes widened at the mention of alcohol.

"I know that look! You were drinking whiskey, thinking it would help." A sheepish grin washed across Sonny's face then disappeared when she realized what Yancy had said about knowing that look. Out of the corner of her eye she watched Yancy reading a medical book. Picking up a green bean with her fingers she was moving it towards Yancy's mouth when her head turned and she snatched it out of her fingers. Sonny looked to make sure that her fingertips were still there. With out looking over Yancy spoke. "Don't worry, I don't bite to hard." She heard the rumble come from Sonny. She was almost finished eating when she heard a light snore beside her; Yancy had fallen asleep sitting up with the book still in her hands. She took the book from her hands and put it on the nightstand along with her empty plate, then turned off the light and fell asleep listening to the soft snore coming from the little Doctor.

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Margie came busting through the bus door; her wild red hair made her look like her head was in the middle of a 3-alarm fire. Panting from her run from her and her husband's trailer after the security guards told her about JD and the fan attacking her with a knife last night. She pushed open JD's door to find her bed empty. She started pounding on the other two doors waking up the rest of the band.

Sam was the first to stumble out; her eyes still half closed with sleep. She found the first place to fall down to wait and see why she had been yanked out of an erotic dream and why was Margie here this early in the morning.

Margie paced back and forth; her hands shooting up in the air every couple of footsteps, her mouth moving but no words were coming out she looked like one of those cheap Jap movies. She stopped when Danny came falling down the hallway with one arm stuck at an odd angle in her twisted T-shirt, not much help came from Carly because it was her hand that was making the odd angle. They looked like a pair of twisted Siamese twins. Giving up on their little war with the T-shirt they tried to sit on one of the couches. But ended up in a pile of twisted flesh.

"I am soooo glad I don't have to live with you three! I'd have nightmares every night from having to watch you guys wake up in the morning." She took in the blurry bloodshot eyes staring at her. "Any one know where JD is?" The silence gave her an answer. She relayed the story from the security guard and probed their mushy brains for clues.

"Ohh wait!" Carly choked out of a dry throat. "She came in our room last night, it was strange." Margie's eyes gave her the look that she wanted more info. "Uhhm, she was watching us sleep, I woke up after she kissed me. She smiled at me and left."

"Oohh shit!" Margie pulled her red hair up with her hands, when she dropped them her hair was still standing up. Danny started to snicker at their manager, catching the other two looking at her she started to sing the song from a Christmas special they had watched as kids. "I'm mister cold weather, I'm mister sun." Pointing at Margie she wiggled her fingers over her wild dark hair. The others knew she was talking about the two brothers, one was a chilly blue color and looked like Jack Frost and the other was short and fat and had flames for hair. The snickering enraged Margie; her face turned a bright red making her look more like mister sun.

"5 year olds! All of ya!" Calming down a bit when she realized that they were right about her looks when she caught her reflection in a wall mirror. "We have a show in 2 days, what are we going to do if she doesn't come back?"

Carly cleared her throat and tried to speak with out laughing. "She'll be back, she was probably pissed last night after she got jumped. You know her stoic demeanor, she's probably in some motel room with a blonde or two."

Margie slumped down onto a couch. "I'm worried because she was cut pretty bad, the guard said that it was one of those straight razors. And when he touched her arm his hand was covered in

blood." Three now pale faces looked at her. "And she took her Hog."

Sam reached for the cordless satellite phone and a phone book. She started calling all the hospitals and clinics, police dept.'s, sheriff dept.'s any one who would have picked JD up. When she finished with the calls all she could do was shake her head no.

"OK, we'll give her until the morning of the show, if she's not back by then we'll just have to cancel."

Four women sat in total silence, each worrying in their own way for their long time friend. And praying to who ever that she was OK.

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Sonny woke up to find a hand laying across her eyes, confused because she knew where her hands were, unless she had grown an extra one over night. Then she heard a sound between a snort and a snore next to her ear. The little doctor had made herself comfortable during the night and was hogging Sonny's pillow. Worse was she was holding a discussion with herself in her sleep. Sonny made out the words "nice tits" then a chuckling noise ruffled the hair on her neck. A Levi's clad leg fell over her thigh and the hand that had been over her eyes moved down to wrap itself around her waist as the Doc snuggled into her neck.

She had never slept in the same bed with anyone in her entire life, with the exception of when she was little and use to crawl in bed with her mother. So this was a first to have another very warm and tantalizing body so close to her in bed. Now she knew what she had been missing, although she had a feeling she would never have been as comfortable with others as she was with a certain little blonde Doctor. She wrapped her arms around her and drifted off to sleep.

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Aunt May stood in the bedroom doorway of the cottage, when Yancy hadn't come to breakfast she knew that she had to have come back over here and stayed. She would have never thought of her little backward niece to be so bold as to be in the same bed with a total stranger let alone to be completely wrapped around her like she was. Hell, the girl had never been on a date, and here she was with her head resting on this gorgeous woman's breasts. She was about to leave them when she caught a pale blue eye open.

"I see you've met my niece." A wicked smile crossed May's face. "She's like one of those sea creatures with all the arms flopping around." May was waiting for a reply from Sonny but all she got was a small smile from her.

"So, how ya feeling besides like the little Doc's pillow?"

Sonny grunted towards the Doc then put her hands out as to say. "What can ya do?"

"Grab her by her ear, that's how I wake her up." May watched Sonny grab her nieces ear and busted up laughing when Yancy grabbed the offending hand and tucked it under her chin and continued to sleep. "I'll sell her ta ya cheap." Pale blue eyes smiled back at her.

"Something's wrong with your throat huh? I see the Doc has the aspirator in here. Don't worry she's good at what she does and may be good at what she's never done." Gray eyebrows wiggled at Sonny. "Don't mind me, I'm just an old woman whose mind lays around in the gutter. I brought ya some clothes, they should fit ya, and you're about the same size as my boys. I'll save ya some breakfast for when ya can get Doc ta wake up."

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Sonny had managed to work herself free of Yancy; she felt sore and knew that a hot shower would work the tight muscles free. Plus her hair really needed a good washing; she was to the point that a pair of dog clippers would be a much appreciated gift. She searched through the kitchen drawers and found a pair of old scissors. "Here we go!" She thought as she checked to see how sharp they were.

She had scrubbed her body until it was pink, being careful of the sutures on her arm and back and the bad cuts on her feet. She would have to see about getting some boots; she couldn't very well walk around here bare foot. They already thought she was weird, how many women body slams a buffalo and live to grunt about it?

When she came out of the bathroom Yancy was just waking up, she sat on the edge of the bed and worked the Levi's past her sore feet then up her hips. May was right, her and the boys were close in size, the Levi's were a little loose in the waist but they were nice and comfortable. She felt green eyes watching her from behind; soft fingers touched her back where the sutures were. Her voice still rough with sleep. Yancy asked her to let her put a pad over it before she put the shirt on, that way the material wouldn't pull on the sutures when she moved.

Yancy helped pull the shirt down over her back, her fingers brushing the soft skin as they moved down. Sonny could swear that someone had just used a tazer on her. She could still feel the tingles racing down her spine. Yancy crawled off of the bed with stiff legs, she had done too much running last night and she was paying for it today. Sonny was still sitting on the bed, looking down at her bruised and battered feet with confusion in her eyes. Yancy caught the change in her; she placed her hand at Sonny's temple and ran her fingers through her silky black hair. Blue eyes looked up at her.

"I like it this way better, all those braids just weren't you. Ya know to restraining, I see you as someone who needs to be free. My opinion anyway. Come on lets go eat, I'm starving."

Yancy didn't know how right she was, Sonny felt free for the first time in years. When she was on stage, she was there to please thousands of people; she did what she did because she knew nothing else. The media thought that she went topless as a show of being free, no restraints. At

first that's what it started out as, then it became part of the show and more of a noose than anything. It was expected of her, along with taking a fan on the bus for a meaningless one-way sex act. She was the bad girl of rock, the warrior of the wicked but right now she was just Sonny, someone she hadn't been in a very long time. Moreover, she was enjoying the simplicity of it along with this little Doctor. They walked through the front door of the ranch house; Yancy kicked off her boots to walk in bare feet across the hardwood floor. Sonny was surprised to see Yancy's feet so dirty on the bottoms.

May was picking up the boys plates when Sonny and Yancy came into the kitchen, the minute the twins caught sight of Sonny, both their mouths fell open.

"You'll have ta excuse the fish sittin there, they thought you were a man when they found ya." Sonny gave them a small smile and a nod of the head. She chuckled when they started jabbing the other in the ribs. "Listen you two, I know ya ain't got no manners but try and at least be human. Shut your mawls and get outside ta do your chores." May sat down at one of the boys places and grinned at Sonny.

"I would have introduced ya to my boys but I can't tell them apart, and from calling them the wrong names for the last 15 years they don't even know who's who."

Pinning Yancy with a look, she watched her pile food on her and Sonny's plates. Yancy pointed to the chair next to her own for Sonny to sit. She finally saw her aunt when she had a forkful of eggs to her mouth.

"Huh?"

"You was in ta the left overs last night weren't cha?"

"Uuhh huh, Sonny was hungry." She shoveled food in like she hadn't seen it in years. "I'll bring the plate in later."

"Ohh so Sonny ate half of the blueberry pie to huh?"

"Nope, I caught one though. Ya know the wee ones that eat in the middle of the night and leave a mess in the kitchen."

"I'm sure ya did Doc." May's gray eyebrow hitched itself up. "Next time tell the wee one ta use a paper towel ta wipe his face on, those stains are a bitch ta get outta your clothes."

Yancy looked at her blueberry stained shirtsleeve and smirked at her aunt then Sonny. "He was a little pig."

Sonny was only halfway done with her food; Yancy was done with hers and was stealing bacon off of her plate. May shook her head at her niece, she had never seen her act this way with someone she had just met. It was eerie in a way, like two pieces of a puzzle that looked so different from each other but fit together perfectly.

"Doc, before you go out and tend the hair balls, get your little ass upstairs and take a shower! Those poor animals will be running to parts unknown ta get away from you! I don't even have to look under the table ta know your feet are black!" May gave Sonny a conspiratorial look. "She runs around out in the fields nekked." Blue eyes grew wide; she looked over at a blushing Yancy.

"I'll kill the twins! Little perverts peeping on me when I...never mind what I was doing." She finished in a whisper.

"You was looking for them little wood nymph's, I told ya ta look up. They're taller than you!" May ducked the paper towel that was thrown at her head.

"Well, I'm gonna go shower. And I'm not the only one with bare feet." She grabbed Sonny's pant leg and pulled her bare foot above the table. "See, bare feet!"

Sonny mouthed the words "Don't have any." to May.

"What happened to them? Don't tell me one of the Buffalo's stole them when ya was laying out in the field. I don't fall for that one no more."

They heard Yancy yelling from down the hall that they did steal her boots. May leaned across the table to get closer to Sonny. "Did not, was the twins. Stole her clothes to, left her ta walk back from the creek all through the fields butt nekkid!" May got up from the table laughing from the memory of a pissed off little Doc huffing and puffing all the way to the house.

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Days later, Margie and the band were sitting in the tour bus wondering what they were going to do now. They hadn't heard from JD, no one had seen her. They kept in contact with all the local agencies and hospitals in case she turned up. Margie had done a press conference to try and stem the problems of lawsuits. She told them that JD had been admitted to a hospital for throat surgery and needed the time off for her throat to heal. She didn't know how long that would work; the press would be trying to find the doctor or the hospital to talk to JD. On the other hand, they would do like they have done to others and say that she was at the Betty Ford Center under going detox for all kinds of stuff. They had labeled her years earlier as a bad girl, so drugs, sex and alcohol runs right with that label. What they don't know is that JD never touched drugs and drank very little.

They had all decided to just go back home and have every one on stand by in case JD came back or was heard from. One of them would go by her house and check to see if she had been there. They all had keys to her house like she had theirs so they wouldn't be setting off the burglar alarms. She couldn't just disappear forever, not that they had any history to go by since this was the first time it had happened.

"I think she's being held captive in one of those S&M places, she's probably one of those leather clad women that whips people!" Danny gave every one a wicked grin. "I wonder if she has any openings?" That got her a punch in the arm from Carly. "You want to get beat? Just wait until we get home, your ass is mine!"

"Ohh goody! Momma's gonna beat me!"

"You are such a sick bitch!" Carly covered her lovers mouth with her hand so that she could talk with out interruption. "We'll let ya know if we hear anything...EEWWWW...Danny that's gross!" Her tongue was sticking out between Carly's fingers.

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Sonny was looking for Yancy out in the tack room, she needed some tools so that she could try and fix her hog. She looked for some of the hands but they were all out moving the herds from one field to the other. When she walked into the tack room she saw a pair of feet sticking out from under a workbench. Sonny looked over the edge near the wall to see a pair of fingers trying to reach a buckle that was laying 2 inches out of reach. Grabbing a broom handle she flipped it over and used the end to push it closer to Yancy's fingers. A low thanks was heard and then a thunk and cussing. Sonny chuckled at Yancy's attempts to wiggle out from her prison. Grabbing her by her bare feet she pulled her out. The minute she saw her face she busted out in a deep laugh. Yancy was covered from head to toe in dirt.

"Pig pen!" Sonny whispered in between her laughing,

"You whispered!" Yancy launched herself at Sonny; wrapping her arms around her neck she pulled herself off of the ground and hugged her in a death grip. She planted a big kiss on her cheek. "I'm so happy for you, you'll be talking in no time!" She slid back to the ground to look up into sparkling blue eyes.

"Uuhh huh! Just what I thought, hanky panky in the tack room!"

Yancy kept a hold of Sonny's hand when she turned to see her aunt.

"She can whisper!"

"Yeah, sweet nothings in your ear."

Sonny cleared her throat to whisper. "What is May talking about?" Yancy blushed. "May thinks you're.... You know, a lesbian." She said this low, like the cows were going to find it offensive.

"Nah, I'm a dyke. Big difference." If she hadn't had a hold of Yancy's hand she would have watched the little Doc fall over.

"Told ya Doc! My Ma-dar is never off whack. Hey Sonny why don't cha drag the little Doc outta the closet? I think that's why she's so short, hiding under all those shelves in there." She glanced at the two of them. "Now where's that buckle ya were supposed ta get me?"

Sonny bent over to pick the buckle up off of the floor and stopped as she saw the neck of a guitar sticking out from under scraps of leather on the shelf of the bench. She moved the leather aside and pulled out an old Gibson. The smile that came from looking at the guitar blinded Yancy and May.

"I thought that old piece of junk got thrown out." A horror stricken look came to Sonny's face. "It's not junk. It's beautiful!"

May snorted and shook her head. "If ya think so ya can have it, belonged ta that asshole husband of mine. Fool never could play worth a damn."

May left the two of them in the tack room; they could hear her talking to herself all the way through the barn. "Thought he was some big rock star, made the dogs howl before he even picked it up to pluck and I do mean pluck the strings!"

Yancy watched Sonny run her fingers over the dusty guitar like it was a lover, she felt jealous of the dirty piece of wood. At least now maybe she had a chance since her blunt aunt had Sonny confirm her sexuality. But then what would a beautiful woman like Sonny want with a plain little Doctor like her? I can dream and fantasize. She said to herself.

"Is it any good? It's been out here for almost 15 years."

"Ohh it's still good, needs cleaned and new strings. It's a very rare guitar, 1947 Gibson."

"Can you play that thing?" Yancy thought she looked more like a grease monkey than a guitar player since she had grease all over her hands.

"I can play a little." She grinned at Yancy thinking to herself if you only knew who I really was. You wouldn't be asking.

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The Gibson was all clean and shining from the coat of wax she had put on it, and always prepared she found a set of new strings in the saddlebags on her hog. She was tuning it by ear while she sat out on the porch of the cottage. The night was crystal clear, with millions of stars twinkling in the sky. Sonny moved to the porch rail where it joined the wall. Strumming through a few cords to check its tone she moved right into a classical guitar piece. The music coming from the little cottage brought both May and Yancy outside. They had never heard anything so beautiful and clear.

"I'll be damned! She can play that thing, now she can serenade ya."

"Aunt May! She's not interested in me that way, were just friends. Ya know I don't know anything about her, not even her last name. She's so mysterious, like she's run away from something and she's hiding out here."

"Have ya asked her?"

"Well, no. I don't want her to get scared and run. Maybe in time she'll tell me something."

"You care about her don't cha?"

"Yeah, a little. She's so quiet, I mean I know she can't really talk yet but she just seems like the strong silent type."

"Right." May gave her a look like tell me again. "From what ya told me about her throat, I doubt that!"

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Her fingers were flying over the frets as she played a piece. She had been taught when she was younger by an old Mexican folk player. It was said to be a song about a couples unrequited love. It wasn't the words that got to her but the sad melody, the music she was used to playing meant nothing. Half of the time she could scream off a grocery list and no one would know the difference. As long as you threw fuck in every 6 words the fans thought you were great. Closing her eyes she moved into a piece that she had written while at home in between touring and special shows. The melody was soft; the notes calming almost like the breeze whispering through tall grass on a simmer day. She had never written any lyrics to it, she really didn't want to share it with any one. It was all hers and she knew that it would show too much of what was inside. She went through a dozen songs for her little practice session. She started a song by *Trisha Yearwood* called *Fairytale*. Before she knew it she was singing the lyrics to the song.

Yancy was standing on the other side of the porch in the darkness watching and listening to Sonny. Her heart felt like it had grown twice its size; tears welled in her eyes and began to run down her face. As Sonny sang "How do I live without you" She covered her mouth with her hand to stifle her sobbing. When the last note drifted off into the night Yancy jogged off towards the barn.

Sonny knew she had an audience. It made her perform from her heart. Something she had not done in a very long time. She put her guitar inside and went to find Yancy; she had to find out what had upset her so much that she had run away.

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Yancy stood in the doorway to the tack room, sobs shook her body. She had never heard a voice so pure and able to stir the deepest of emotions in her before. She felt bad because she felt like

she had been eavesdropping on an intimate moment for Sonny. She wished that Sonny had been singing the song for her.

Sonny stepped behind her and placed her hand on the small shoulder, she had heard the sobs coming from Yancy all the way outside. Such sadness ran through her heart at how the song had affected her friend. She turned Yancy around to see green eyes filled with tears. Her heart broke in two; pulling her into her arms she hugged her tight.

"What's wrong Doc?" She ran her fingers through the short blonde hair before resting her cheek on the blonde crown.

"I love that song." She whimpered into Sonny's chest. "It just makes me sad is all."

Sonny's deep melodious voice purred in her ear. "Why does it do that?"

She took a deep breath, speaking so softly that she hoped that Sonny couldn't hear her answer and just let it go. "Because I've always wished someone would sing it to me."

"If it makes you feel any better, I knew you were standing there." Yancy wrapped her arms around Sonny's waist and hugged her tight. When she had stopped crying she pulled back from her friend. "You have a beautiful voice, you should sing for a living."

Sonny groaned inside, she hated what she was doing to this family. She knew that they would never accept her if they saw the other side of her. The dark and dangerous side that thrilled so many fans that stampedes maimed them when they tried to get close to her and her band.

"It's just something I do to relax, I could never be good enough to make any money at it."

"Buffalo shit! You could do it if you wanted to."

"Yeah, but I just want to be a normal person. Which I wanted to ask you if I could help out around here. I feel bad that you've been taking care of me and all."

"If you want you can come with me in the morning, I have some house calls to make."

"House calls? Uuhhhh Yancy, I don't know a damn thing about medicine."

"That's OK, you can carry my bag and stuff."

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Yancy entwined their fingers as they walked back to the cottage. They stopped outside of the door; Yancy leaned up and placed a kiss on Sonny's cheek.

"Thank you, I'll see you in the morning."

Sonny touched her cheek where Yancy had kissed her; she could still feel her soft lips on her skin even after the Doc had gone into the house.

"Damn...damn...damn. I'm in trouble here, great big trouble!" She went into the cottage still thinking about Doc.

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They were standing on the front porch of an old farmhouse. Jasper was just about shaking Yancy's hand right off the end of her arm.

"Glad ya stopped by Doc, I think its time."

"How is Tina? I know she should be close, that's why I stopped by."

Jasper scratched his head through his greasy ball cap. "Last night she was all waxy, swishing her tail end around and such."

Sonny gave him a funny look. "What a way ta think about your sick wife." She was thinking.

"Then this morning when I checked, she was meaner than a hornet and wouldn't let me get near her."

Sonny was thinking. I don't blame her! She was wondering why Yancy didn't think this was a strange way to talk about his wife.

"How about milk? Is she squirting any or leaking?"

Sonny cocked an eyebrow and looked at Yancy like she was a nutty as Jasper.

"Not much. Last time ever time she walked she was squirting milk all over the place."

Sonny was picturing a pissed off woman with quadruple sized tits. Hell, if she had tits that big she'd be pissed to from having to haul them around all the damn time!

"Well Jasper, let's go check on the little lady and see we can do for her."

Sonny didn't know if she wanted to see the little lady, she sounded atrocious to her. She was even more frightened when they headed towards the barn. No wonder why she's pissed! He keeps her in the barn! Her eyes adjusted to the darkness of the barn, the smell of horses, hay and leather reached her nose. It was so calming and familiar to her, she could hear horses walking around in their stalls and making chewing noises. They stopped at the very rear of the large barn. She heard a low moaning sound coming from behind the large Dutch door. The first thing she thought was that the woman was dying.

"Well, lets see how she's doing in there." Yancy said with far too much cheerfulness for Sonny. If it was her, she turn tail and run! No way would she go into no room with a pissed of huge breasted woman who's squirting milk!

Yancy pulled the latch over and opened the door, Sonny was about to grab her to keep the woman from getting her, she was relieved when she didn't see anyone in the stall. Good she escaped! She thought of their good luck.

"What's the matter Tina? A little rougher this time huh baby?"

Sonny walked into the stall behind Yancy and stopped dead.

"Yancy, that's a horse!"

"No, it's a dwarf pony."

Yancy dropped down to squat near the pony's hindquarters, she pulled her tail to the side and looked. Then she laid her head on it's swollen belly, running her hands under her she checked her teats, Sonny jumped back when milk squirted out and hit her in the legs.

"Well, she's full. But I think we have a slight problem here. I think we got a breach."

"Do what ya got to Doc, if the foals dead try and save Tina. Ya know she's my baby.

Yancy striped down to a tank top T-shirt and pulled on a pair of surgical gloves.

"Sonny would you hold her head for me? "Cuz what I'm about to do she ain't gonna be happy."

Sonny gave her the eyebrow but she sat right down and put the little head in her lap, she stroked the ponies neck and whispered to her. She watched Yancy poor KY Jelly all over her right arm and rub it up to her elbow. She didn't need to be a doctor to know what Yancy was going to do.

20 minutes later Yancy was soaking wet with sweat, her shirt was now see through and her hair was dripping.

"Jasper, I've got it turned, but Tina doesn't have the energy to push."

"Doc, I can hold Tina if your friend can help you. Ya know with this dead arm I can't do to much."

It was then that Sonny noticed that Jasper's right arm was thinner and just hung at his side.

"Sonny?" Yancy pleaded with her green eyes.

"Just tell me what to do Doc."

Sonny was seated behind the little pony with two tiny little hooves in her large hands. She was to pull when Yancy told her to, and keep doing that until the foal was out. Yancy ran her hands down the pony's stomach, with the heel of her hands she started to push towards the hindquarters. "Now." Sonny pulled on the hooves; they started to come out a little bit. The mother was making a loud nickering noise, her sides were rising rapidly and it got faster every time Yancy pushed.

15 minutes later Sonny pulled one last time and the foal's head came out. Yancy crawled over and broke the membrane that covered its head. She put her stethoscope to its chest and shook her head.

"I'm sorry Jasper, I'm not getting a heart beat. There's nothing I can do for her."

"You tried Doc, I shoulda called ya last night when she was acting all funny. Is Tina gonna be all right?"

"Let me check her out, make sure she's not hemorrhaging inside. I'll take the placenta and check it, might give me a clue to why this happened."

Sonny picked the tiny little pony up in her arms; it couldn't be any bigger than a puppy. Tears filled her blue eyes as she held it close to her chest. She stroked its face and neck as she whispered into its tiny little furry ear. She sobbed into its neck, while she rocked it in her arms. Yancy had tears in her eyes from watching this strong woman sobbing while holding such a small animal in her arms. She had finished with the mother and was ready to take the foal from Sonny when she saw teary blue eyes look down into brown eyes that were blinking up at her. The little foal took a deep breath and whinnied, its thin little legs started to move against Sonny's body. She looked over at Yancy with total wonder on her face.

Yancy crawled over in front of her, placing her scope against its side she heard a strong heart beat.

"What did I do?" Sonny asked with wide blue eyes.

"You performed a miracle." Yancy pushed the dark hair behind her ear. "I've never seen anything like it in my life. You are truly amazing!" Before she knew what she was doing she leaned forward and kissed her. "Sorry." Blushing with embarrassment she backed up from her. "Let's see if Tina will let her foal nurse."

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Yancy was quiet as she scrubbed her arms and hands with soap, when she was done she packed up her stuff and put it back in the side compartments of her truck. She was pissed at herself for kissing Sonny, she hadn't thought at the time what she was doing. She had just been so moved by what she had seen. She was scared of what Sonny would think of her.

Sonny was sitting in the truck waiting for Yancy to finish up, she was still in awe of the little Doc, she had never seen anything born before let alone have the baby come back from the dead in her arms. Then the kiss! Her lips still tingled from it! The minute she saw the smile on Yancy's face when she declared the foal healthy she had gotten to Sonny's heart. However, she knew she was falling days ago. The Hell with falling she already fell! Now what was she going to do?

Yancy climbed up into the truck and gave Sonny a tight smile. She was just about to start the truck when she heard Jasper yelling for her to wait. He came up on the passenger side of the truck with a saddle blanket clutched in his good arm.

"Sonny, you have ta take the foal, Tina won't nurse her and I don't have any mares for her ta wean off of." He put the blanket in her arms along with a big nursing bottle. "I know you're the reason that the little thing is alive and it's only right that you have her." Sonny didn't know what to say, tears filled her eyes as she looked down at the little nose poking out of the blanket. "Thank you Jasper, I'll take care of her and you can come and see her any time you want."

"You two take care and thanks Doc." He gave her a wink and walked away with a huge smile on his face. "Doc will chew my ear later but what the Hell." He thought to himself as he went back towards the barn.

"Yancy? How am I supposed to nurse a foal? And don't you dare say pull my shirt up!"

Yancy busted up laughing every time she looked over at Sonny. She wiped the tears from her eyes and tried to get some composure to tell her she needn't go that far with taking care of the foal. She pulled the truck to the end of the driveway, she checked the road to her left and before she could check the other side she fell over on the seat laughing. She was snorting with each breath she took. Finally she had calmed down enough that she could look at Sonny and only snicker.

"Are you done laughing at me?"

"Uuhhhh...yeah all done."

"Good!" Sonny put her hand behind Yancy's neck and pulled her forward. She kissed her softly at first, exploring her soft lips with her tongue before asking for entrance. She felt her lips part beneath hers and then Yancy's tongue touched hers. Their kiss was slowly deepening until they were breathing heavy and moaning into each other's mouths. Sonny was the first to break the kiss, her eyes still closed. She leaned her forehead against Yancy's until she could catch her breath. She pulled back a bit to look into passion filled green eyes.

"Put your worries to rest Doc, the feeling is very mutual." She placed a soft kiss on her lips before she released her. "But I still ain't breast feeding this pony!"

Yancy chuckled at her and told her she would show her how to bottle feed the foal when they got

home. Sonny liked the sound of that word. "Home" She hadn't had one in a long time.

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A couple of weeks had gone by and still no word from JD; Margie was ready to look for another lead singer to replace her. After all she thought *Journey* did it with Steve Perry. And what would be the problem with finding another woman to get on stage and scream bloody murder? JD couldn't carry a tune in a bucket, granted she could play the guitar halfway decent. But with all the noise they made screaming it wouldn't be noticed if the replacement didn't even turn the damn thing on! She made up her mind to hire the first woman who looked like JD. If the others didn't like it she'd replace them to! After all she did own controlling interest in their contract and could do anything she wanted. She knew just the person, she would have to dye her hair and she was shorter but everyone knew it wouldn't be JD. So it didn't make any difference.

A couple of days later it hit the media that the band Whips and Chains had replaced the lead singer and guitarist with an unknown. The fans dropped off a small margin for the first few shows, which they figured would happen anyway. The original band members hated the new singer. She was arrogant and insane, she had thrown them all off of the main tour bus and now they rode in the bus with the roadies. They were all ready to quit if Margie didn't do something about her Prima Donna Banshee. They missed their lifetime friend, she would never had done this to any of them. No matter how much they drove her insane. They had made an agreement amongst the 3 of them, if things didn't change with the next show, they were out of there! They didn't need the money, they were all Millionaires. They did it because they loved the music business.

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Sonny was sitting on a wooden box along side her Harley, she had fixed most of the damage she had done to it when she slid it across the ground and now it was just little things that needed fixed. She would ask Yancy if she would take her into town to get some fuel line and gasket maker. She felt a pulling on her shoulder, looking down she saw her filly pulling on the nipple of the nursing bottle she had hanging across her body by a strap. It's fuzzy little cream colored face nuzzled her leg looking for the peppermint candy she always had in her pocket.

"It's all gone, you ate the last piece I had." She rubbed her little ears and pure white forelock. "You eat as much as Yancy, you keep this up and you'll grow to be the size of a Clydesdale. Go find Yancy or go chase the barn cats." Intelligent brown eyes blinked up at her, she scampered off on her tiny little hooves. She was almost like a dog; she roamed around but kept Sonny with in sight. She even went into the cottage whenever she wanted, and out through the doggy door Sonny had cut in the front door. If her friends could see her they would have her locked up in a nut ward. When she wasn't going on farm calls with Yancy she was mucking stalls or helping the hands with the herds.

Yancy had been shocked when she found out that she could ride horses, but Sonny told her it was nothing like the shock she got when she found out that a large animal vet had worked on her injured body. Yancy pointed out to her that she did have to go through 4 years of human medicine before going to vet school. She sat staring off into the void and never heard Yancy coming up behind her. All she felt was a hand touch her shoulder. Yancy found herself flying over Sonny's shoulder to land across her lap on her stomach. A loud OOMMPPHFF! Rushed out of her lungs when she landed.

"Ohh shit! I'm sorry Doc." Blue eyes showed worry and concern that she may have hurt her. "You caught me off guard." She helped her up off of her stomach. "I didn't hurt you did I?"

"Nope, just scared the Hell outta me. You were off in the void again huh?"

Her face showed a guilty smirk. "Yeah, just thinking was all." She pulled Yancy down to sit on her lap. "I'm really sorry Doc."

"It's OK, I was just coming ta ask ya if ya wanted to go into town. I promised the twins I'd take them today. Ya know kids and money, burns a whole in their pockets."

Sonny pulled her close resting her chin on top of her head. Since that day at Jaspers they had been spending a lot of time just cuddling together and kissing. When Yancy spent the night with her in the cottage they talked for hours about all kinds of things until they fell asleep in each other's arms. Sonny didn't want to rush anything with Yancy, this wasn't one of her one sided sexcapades. The little Doc had wormed her way deep into her heart and she wasn't going to jeopardize one little part of what they had.

"Yeah, I need to get some stuff for my hog and a new pair of boots, these ones of Davey's are a little to big." She pulled her closer and inhaled the soft scent of her strawberry shampoo, kissing the back of her neck they sat quietly until Yancy had enough of the cuddling. She moved her head so that she could get to the soft lips she had been missing all day. She ravaged Sonny's lips and mouth, trying to drink in her very essence with her probing tongue and nipping teeth. Sonny didn't know how much longer she would be satisfied with just kissing her little Doc. She was in a state of permanent horniness, and had done nothing at all to relieve the pressure.

"All that and I ain't heard no screamin at night yet! You two got a problem?"

"What ya been hanging out the bedroom window being nosy Aunt May?"

"Off course I have! I've waited over 25 years for this moment and I ain't gonna miss it no how!"

"You're scaring me May!" Sonny shivered. "And no ya can't watch either!"

"Don't wanna, I just want you two ta know that ya belong together. And I support your decisions with your lives together is all. Too many damn people saying it's a sin and all, and it's against what God says. Who the Hell is he besides some dead guy?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Don't

listen to no damn man anyhow. Speakin of, the twins are drivin me nuts!"

"Geez...come on Sonny before they start whining."

"May would you watch my baby?"

May reached for the bottle. "Ya need ta give that pony a name before all she knows is baby."

"How about Hoover?" Yancy asked her jokingly. "She eats like a vacuum cleaner."

"I think little Yancy fits better. She eats like you do, continuously!" Sonny ducked the hand aimed at her head.

"So, she's the tiny refrigerator terror, the wee one rides in on her back at night and make a mess of the kitchen after she's eaten all the left overs." May took off running before the real wee one could get her.

"Now she's saying that I'm small enough ta ride a horse that's as big as the Taco Bell dog!"

"You're the perfect size for me Doc."

"Yeah for your headrest when you're standing up."

"Uhhmmm, I was thinking of something's that are at eye level for you."

"Huh?...Oohhh yeah I like that idea better." She ran her hands down across Sonny's breasts. Sonny was ready to say the Hell with everything and carry the Doc into her cottage but knew that she would wait until the right time. Gods give me the strength!

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Sonny had found a pair of plain steel toed cowboy boots that fit her; she grabbed some more socks and T-shirts and 3 pairs of Levi's. Pulling out her credit card she handed it to the cashier. While she waited for it to clear she heard angry voices in the back where Yancy had been. She went to investigate just in case it was Yancy and she was in trouble.

Yancy was backed up against the wall and a man three times her size had his hands on her chest.

"Come on Doc, why don't ya let me fill that snatch of yours? I'll fuck ya good!"

"Get off of me!" She yelled as she pushed uselessly against his chest. "I told you to stay away from me!"

He grabbed her breasts and squeezed them hard in his hands making her cry out in pain. Yancy's

cry made Sonny take off running towards the back of the store. She rounded the corner just as the man was about to tear the shirt off of a struggling Yancy.

"I think you had better leave the Doc alone!" He turned to glare over his shoulder at Sonny.
"Mind your own fucking business! She's mine and I'll do what I want to her!"

Sonny growled deep in her throat, a feral look came over her face. She took two steps towards him and put her hand on the back of his neck and squeezed. The man let go of Yancy to try and pry her hand free. Yancy saw the look in Sonny's eyes and felt a chill race through her body.

"I don't think so, she's my girlfriend!" With a roar she spun him around and punched him so hard that they heard a loud cracking noise. He fell against the wall and slipped to the floor out cold. Just for the Hell of it Sonny drop-kicked him in his nuts with her new boots on. She was standing stiffly, clenching her fists that hung at her sides. Her breathing sounded like a roaring as it came through her parted lips. Yancy grabbed her by the arm and turned her around to face her.

"Come on Sonny lets get outta here!" Sonny didn't move, her eyes a frosty shade of blue stared straight ahead. Yancy reached up with her hands to pull Sonny's head down so she could look in her eyes. Although she was scared she still wrapped her arms around her neck and hugged her. "Please Sonny lets go home." She started to come out of her warrior haze when she felt the familiar body wrapped around her, taking a deep breath she picked up Yancy's scent. She instantly calmed and was able to move away from the unconscious asshole on the floor.

They were almost out the door before the cashier saw them.

"Doc! Your friends credit card and bags!" Yancy grabbed the bags and stuffed Sonny's card in her shirt pocket and ran after Sonny.

Sonny waited beside the truck for Yancy, the minute she saw her she pulled her into a hug and wouldn't let go. Any one who came to close or stared, were pierced with frosty eyes.

"Are you OK? He didn't hurt you did he?"

"I'm OK." She whispered from where her face was buried against Sonny's breasts. "He's been after me for years. He's an asshole!"

"An asshole with a broken jaw. Lets get the twins and go home."

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The twins were in their room blasting some God-awful music, May and Yancy couldn't stand it anymore. They both went down the hallway to the twins room. They didn't even notice when May flung the door into the wall. Yancy went over to their stereo and turned it off, the silence was deafening after all the noise.

"HEY! Why'd ya do that?" The both yelled.

"Because that stuff sucks and it's too loud! How the Hell can you listen to that shit!?" They both knew that Yancy hated hard rock and heavy metal music.

"Sorry Yancy, we got carried away. It's just that it's the last CD Whips and Chains will ever do with JD as their lead singer." It was irritating to hear two voices in sync all the time.

"Well who ever they are their music SUCKS!"

"I agree with ya Doc, these kids need to listen to Sonny out there playing real music with words instead of all that screaming."

"But JD's hot Yancy!" The twins beamed at her. "Look at her." Dwayne handed her the CD cover with the band's picture on the front. She couldn't see much of this JD's face because her head was tilted way back. With her arms out to the sides showing her bare breasts, the face was the last thing Yancy was going to see. May looked over her shoulder at the cover.

"They're all naked on top! This center one has tits like Sonny!"

"Gods May! Now the boys will stare all the more trying to figure out if it's true or not!"

"All ready know Yancy." Davey blushed a deep red. "Sonny's are better." Yancy's mouth dropped open at what her cousin knew of Sonny's body.

"How do you know?" She asked as she stalked him.

"Look out the window, ya can see real good at night." She looked and just about fell out when she saw Sonny stripping out of her clothes.

"Ohh my Gods!" She crawled out the window and ran right for Sonny's "Throw something over this window!" Sonny spun on her heel to see a panicky Doc standing there.

"Hey ya Doc, what's wrong you look a little...hot?"

"Ohh I'm HOT all right! The twins have been peeping on you all this time! I'm ready to blind the little perverts!"

Sonny leaned out the window to see May waving from the twins window.

"No need to worry! I wrapped their heads in duct tape, left a hole for a straw. Night girls!" May pulled the curtains on the twins window closed.

"Get in here Doc." Sonny helped her through the window then they threw a blanket over it to block the twins from peeking on them.

Yancy stood back and gazed at what the boys had compared that JD persons breasts to and damned it they weren't right. Sonny gave her a funny look, wondering what she was doing. But before she could do or say a thing Yancy was in front of her performing a very thorough inspection. Her fingers ran across the muscled upper chest down across where it became softer near the dark nipples. "Yours are better!" Sonny didn't give a damn what she was better at as long as Yancy kept doing what ever it was she wanted. Warm fingertips glided over her nipples making them harden instantly, she moaned her pleasure into Yancy's ear sending Goosebumps all over the little Doc's body. She placed a kiss between the firm breasts and all the way around each one leaving the nipples for last so that she could tease each one with her tongue.

Sonny was thankful that the bed had been behind her, because her knees gave out and she dropped to the edge of the bed. Her pulse was racing as Yancy suckled each nipple with her warm mouth. Teasing until Sonny couldn't stand any more and pulled her closer to her breast. Yancy was working her way down Sonny's stomach, the scent of her arousal wafted up to her nose. She knew that she herself was way beyond aroused and there was no way she was just going to stop tonight and cuddle. She wanted everything from Sonny, no holds barred.

Sonny couldn't let her go any further, as soon as Yancy got to where she was kneeling she pulled her up into her arms for a deep lingering kiss, with out breaking it she slowly striped Yancy of her clothes piece by piece. Her heart stopped in her chest when she finally broke the kiss to look at the Doc. She had never seen her without clothes before and at that moment knew she had been missing a lot. Yancy's porcelain skin glowed in the moonlight like that of a Goddess.

"You are so beautiful." She never had a chance to say another word; her lips were ravaged with a hunger long kept under wraps. They fell back on the bed; laying side by side they explored what they had never touched before. Sonny tasted the soft skin of Yancy's neck, nipping at her area near her shoulder and neck. Sucking on it brought a moan from Yancy. She kissed her way down to firm breasts, circling her nipple with the tip of her tongue, bringing it to a hard point. She cupped both breasts in her large hands, feeling their weight settle as she lifted them up to nuzzle her face against. Yancy ran her fingers through the dark silky hair and down strong shoulders and back, digging her fingers into the bunched muscles of her lover. Her body was raging with the feelings Sonny was causing, her nerve endings screaming with every touch from her. She had never felt like she did right now.

Sonny was in heaven; Yancy made her heart slam in her chest with every sound she made. She kissed the soft line of hair that trailed down her stomach, teasing the silky skin with her tongue. She wanted to taste every bit of her sweet body; she kissed over each hipbone causing her lover to jerk her hips upward. Moving further down her small body, she ran her fingernails from ankle to knee. Yancy spread her legs further apart to let her lover fit. Open mouth kisses rained on her skin from knee to inner thigh making her twitch and moan. The closer Sonny got to her center the more ragged her breathing became. She gripped the sheets with her fists waiting for the moment she felt Sonny's tongue touch her throbbing center. Juices ran down between her swollen lips to soak the sheets beneath her, she could smell their arousal with each breath she took. That only made her more excited. Reaching down she grabbed Sonny's long hair and tried to get her to move up to pay some much needed attention to a certain area.

"Sonny, I need you!...aaahhhh Gods right there!"

Sonny licked up one side of her neither lip and back down the other, she felt them twitch under her tongue each time she did this. She flattened her tongue to take her first taste of her lover. Yancy's hips bucked against her chin and nose covering her face with her juices. She grunted when Sonny did it again, she could feel her body starting to tense up each time.

Pulling her lovers thighs up onto her shoulders she wrapped her arms around her hips to hold her in place. Her blue eyes caught green eyes pleading with her; Sonny showed all the love in her heart through her blue eyes.

"I don't want to hurt you but it may happen. Just know that I love you."

Tears welled in Yancy's eyes; this was the first time that Sonny had ever said that she loved her. "I love you to Sonny." Her head fell back when her lovers tongue slipped between her folds; she could hear her moaning as she licked every inch of her center. Sonny moved her tongue around her center, then up to flick the hardened bundle. Yancy hissed through her teeth and thrust her hips. Moving her right hand so that Sonny was able to reach the bundle with her middle finger she flicked it while she plunged her tongue into her lovers center.

"OOoohhh Sonny...I'm soooo...my Gods!"

Sonny had run her tongue from front to back, touching an area that had never been touched before. She watched juices flow from her center; she rearranged her arms so that she had her hand under her chest. Slipping one finger in part way made Yancy gasp, taking the bundle between her lips she sucked slowly. Yancy was thrashing on the bed her moans became louder. She felt her legs tense around her head, she sucked harder feeling the muscles tense and ripple. The first wave rushed to Yancy's center, Sonny pushed her finger in causing her lover to scream and jerk with pain. Wiggling her finger in her made Yancy start to thrust her hips against her hand and mouth.

"I...please...oooohhhhhhhh...JENSON!!!!!!!!!!"

Yancy was up on her shoulder blades; her heels dug into Sonny's back as her hips jerked with each wave and tremor of her intense climax. Sonny continued to lick her juices as they flowed out of her. When Yancy finally settled down Sonny crawled up her body to share her taste with her.

Yancy sucked on her lovers bottom lip and licked her chin before she plunged her tongue into Sonny's mouth. When the kiss broke for needed air, Sonny saw the tears running down her lovers cheeks. "I love you soo much Jenson." Blue eyes looked shocked at Yancy knowing her full name. She pulled her into a hug trying to meld their bodies together. "You know my real name?" She asked in a purring voice that sent shivers down her lovers back.

"Yep, I have your credit card, you forgot it in the store today." She paused for effect. "But I like

Sonny, it's different like you are."

Yancy rolled them over so that she was on top of Sonny. "You are a mystery but I'm going to solve it." She slipped her hand down between Sonny's legs, feeling smooth skin where she had shaved except of a thin line of hair. Yancy's fingers were covered with a creamy wetness. Bringing her fingers up she licked them clean with Sonny watching her. Blue eyes closed when she felt flames lashing at her center.

"Doc, do that once more and I'm gone! You make my control very weak."

"Good, 'cuz I'm gonna make your whole body weak!" Biting the soft skin of a breast she sucked until she left a deep purple mark, she left marks all the way down her lovers body. By the time she came to her destination Sonny was just about shredding the mattress with her fingers. She kneeled between long muscular thighs, spreading her neither lips she watched as Sonny's nectar flowed from her. Leaning forward she slipped her tongue into her, after the third time Sonny's body erupted in an earth rocking climax.

Her scream was unintelligible as it ripped through the silence; her body shook with after shocks one right after another until she fell exhausted. Sweat soaked hair hung across her forehead; her heaving chest was tinted pink from her climax. She was lucky she could put two words together in a sentence. Yancy came up to lay on top of her, placing small kisses all over her face.

"By the Gods I love you Baby!" Sonny pulled her lover tight against her chest. "I've never had a climax like that before!" Yancy crossed her arms on top of her lovers chest, resting her chin on them she gazed into love filled blue eyes. "Your kidding right, I mean you've had other lovers?"

Sonny ran her fingers through tousled blonde hair. "Baby, I have never had a relationship with anyone before you. This is the first time I've ever made love to someone. You are the one, only and last."

Green eyes became misty when what Sonny said hit home. She wrapped her arms around Sonny's neck; tears of happiness soaked her lovers neck. "Thank you." She whispered.

"You'll have to hog tie me and drop me in a river to get rid of me Baby."

"I'll just tie ya ta the bed for the rest of our lives."

They heard the pitter patter of little hooves coming through the cottage. Terror came running into the bedroom; a soft whinny came from the side of the bed. Yancy leaned over the edge of the bed to look down into little brown eyes.

"I wouldn't do that Doc!" Yancy looked down; her breasts were within Terror's reach. "Nope, ya ain't gonna suck on these!" She moved back up on the bed to have Sonny take a nipple in her mouth and suckle. "Nope their for me to suck on." She said around a mouthful.

Sonny hung Terror's bottle from the bedpost, then continued her own nursing.

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May was just putting lunch on the table when she heard the Terror running down the hallway towards her. A huge smile came to her face when two bare footed exhausted looking women plopped into chairs at the table.

"I was gonna come and start some IV's on ya two if ya didn't show up fer supper."

"Funny Aunt May, we were...up all night...talking. About all kinds of stuff, you'd be surprised what Sonny knows." A light pink color ran up her neck and face.

"Oohh I'm sure! I know she knows how ta give ya a lot of hickeys and yodel!"

Sonny dropped her head down on the table with a thump. "Busted!"

"I got plenty of video tape to, make good family movies fer your kids." May said with a straight face.

"Aunt May, we don't have a video camera. Or do we?" Her green eyes grew wide at the thought of seeing herself and Sonny making love on tape. She looked at her lover with a lecherous grin. "Maybe we should get one?"

May slid a videotape across the table towards Yancy. "I confiscated that from the twins last night. Quite interestin to."

"Aunt May, what's on this?"

"Take a peek, it's really eye opening!" Yancy put the tape into the TV/VCR combo on the counter. She stood blocking it with her body. After about 5 minutes of watching it she stumbled backwards to lean against the table. Her head swung to pin Sonny in her chair.

"What Baby? What's wrong?" She turned to see what she had been watching. Her eyes narrowed as she watched herself on the screen. "Shit! I can explain."

"Well you had better JD!" Yancy yelled as she came towards her lover. "I want to know every single tiny little minuscule unimportant boring thing about you Jenson Daniel's! And I want it NOW!" Sonny was leaning as far back as she could in her chair with Yancy nose to nose with her.

"I'm a heavy metal rock star?" She squeaked.

Sonny told them every thing about her life with the band and about the night she left and ended up body slamming a buffalo.

"So your real name is Jenson Cheyenne Daniel's, but you go by JD for the band Whips and

Chains and I'm the only one who calls you Sonny?" Yancy was pacing back and forth, she reminded Sonny of a lawyer during cross-examination. Her one arm was crossed with the other raised so that she could place one finger placed against her chin. When she finished asking a question she would stand at an angle and glance at Sonny from beneath lowered eye lids.

"Yep, you can imagine what my accountant goes through."

"And on the night you ended up here you were running away, after you were attacked by a crazed fan who sliced you with a razor or knife?"

"You're never too old to run away. And it hurt like Hell!"

Yancy stopped in front of her, leaning with both hands on the kitchen table she held Sonny with her eyes.

"What are your plans now that we know who you are?"

Sonny leaned forward to come nose to nose with her lover. Her eyes showing all the love in her heart. "I was hoping you would make an honest woman of me." Yancy leaned closer and kissed her with everything that was in her heart and soul.

"OK girls, no sex on my table! What about your band, are you still a member or what?"

"I don't know, I've been missing for a while and I haven't talked to any of them. I know they're pissed, I've known them my whole life."

Yancy ran her knuckles along her cheek. "Call them."

"No, if I do that they'll try and get me to come back and that's not my life any more. I've found my home." Her blue eyes sparkled with unshed tears. "But I have to go back at least one more time to finish out my contract. Will you come with me?"

"Yes, I'll go with you."

"We'll all go, it'll be the last time JD is ever on stage again." The tears flowed down her cheeks, she felt like the world had been lifted off of her shoulders by telling Yancy everything. This was truly a special woman she had fallen in love with. For her to accept her after all she had not told her. And to find out one of her secrets by seeing a tape from of the bands concerts.

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It was 15 minutes before Whips and Chains would go up on stage, Sonny had a hold of Yancy's hand as they made their way along side of the stage. May and the twins were standing in the center stage area compliments of Sonny's connections. She didn't want her friends to know she

was there because she wanted to see their opening. They waited as the lights dimmed low, red spots came up and hit each one of her friends. She felt strange standing down here watching, for the past ten years she had always been on that stage. When the scream of a guitar came over the speaker next to them Yancy covered her ears and winced. Sonny wrapped an arm around her shoulder and smiled down at her. Placing a kiss on her crown she waited to see what happened next. As was normal for her opening the white spot showed up above where Danny was, a spinning body came flying over to land center stage. Sonny gasped when she saw who it was.

"I'll kill Margie!!!" Her arch enemy strutted along the stage pretending to be her, Leslie Callinder copied every move she had ever done on stage. Down to riding Sam's leg. She felt Yancy tugging on her arm and saw her finger point to Leslie. She gave her lover a small grin and a shrug of her wide shoulders. At the end of the song Leslie came center stage, the music stopped and the crowd grew quiet. Sonny wondered what she was up to.

"Hey all you fucking losers! How's it feel to see the original JD?"

Rage filled Sonny, she couldn't believe that this bitch was trying to steal her identity again! She had done the same thing 12 years ago when Sonny had been singing in amateur clubs. She had lost a lot jobs because Leslie had gone in and started riots using her name. She had even been brought up on assault and rape charges. Everything was dropped when the judge found out that Sonny had been in a recording studio cutting a demo with an Atlantic record company agent at the time all this happened. But it ruined it for her to ever be able to perform in the clubs she so frequented.

"You know where that old haggard phony bitch is? She's sleeping on the streets and selling her body for the drugs she swore she never used!"

"That is fucking it!" Sonny growled, she pulled Yancy with her to the back of the stage. Grabbing one of the roadies by his arm she asked him for a mic. When he saw who had asked for it he almost fell over. With mic in hand she pulled Yancy with her up onto the stage. Tapping Danny on the shoulder she held one finger to her mouth to keep her quiet. She whispered in her ear to protect Yancy, shedding the leather jacket she had been wearing she put it around her lovers shoulders. She gave her a kiss and told her to stay with Danny.

Walking to stand to the side of Danny's drums she waited for Leslie to spew more lies about her.

"You know that bitch did time for assaulting and raping another woman and the reason she's not here right now is because she did it again and was fired." The fans booed and yelled bitch.

"That's funny Leslie." Sonny walked to center stage to tower over the psychopath who had dyed her blonde hair and covered her crazy brown eyes with blue contacts. "If I remember it correctly, you were the one who spent 5 years in prison for those charges. You should have checked to see where I was before trying to frame me!" The smaller woman backed up a few steps. Sonny continued to keep her eyes on Leslie as she told all the fans the real story. "The rape happened in New York and I was in California cutting my first demo tape! You always were sloppy when you tried to ruin me! Well, this is where it ends! You are through!" Sonny turned halfway to

motion to the security guards, out of the corner of her eye she caught the glint of a blade coming towards her. Yancy screamed at her just as the blade came near her throat. She spun out of the way and chopped down breaking Leslie's wrist; the straight razor fell to the stage with a clatter. Leslie howled in pain and swung around with her other hand to punch Sonny. In a move few ever saw, Sonny did a reversed spinning round house kick to the side of Leslie's head. She was old cold before she hit the stage.

Yancy ran to her lover and jumped into her arms, they held onto each other in front of thousands of silent fans. Sonny's friends put their instruments down to say hello to their long lost friend. After their tearful hellos, Sonny left the stage area to get a stool for Yancy and to get her guitar from May. The fans had started to mumble amongst themselves as they watched the woman they had seen so many times in the last ten years. She looked completely different, gone was the braids and skimpy leather clothes. She had on faded Levi's and a pure white men's banded collar dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up to mid forearm. She smiled at Yancy when she came back to center stage, her friends knew what had happened and exchanged knowing smiles. Their hearts were both over Joy and broken at the same time. They knew Sonny would never be back but she had finally found her soulmate.

Sonny pulled up another stool and sat so that both the fans could see her and she was in front of Yancy. Pulling the mic over her head she placed the acoustic mic at her side.

"I'm changing the program for tonight, I hope you don't mind. This is my farewell to all of you who have followed us for the past 10 years. After tonight I'm retired." Hundreds of moans were heard from the fans at her news. "To live the rest of my life with the woman in front of me, my best friend, confidant and soulmate." She leaned forward to give Yancy a kiss. The place went up to ear piercing levels.

"Guys, would you join in with me?" She looked to her friends. "It's not what you're used to but it's what I've always hid from you all."

She played the first few cords of a song she had wrote while sitting on the porch of the cottage; it was pure country music. What she had always been, but hid for so long until a little Doc made her face her true self.

How could I have lied so long,
How could I have been so wrong
You slammed me to the ground
And made me come back around
To see the mistakes I made
And the prices that I paid
I just couldn't see
What was in front of me
Until you took the part
And opened up my heart
I can now see the whys

When I look in your eyes
Will you come with me
And live out our Destiny.

When her song was finished the place burst into a roar, She waited for them to quiet down before she dropped to one knee in front of her lover. The entire place was in shock including Yancy.

"I know I didn't tell you about this life that I had lived, but if I hadn't done everything the way I did in the past the fates wouldn't have brought you into my life." Tears welled in green eyes as she watched this strong woman get down on her knees in front of her and thousands of people not to mention those watching from home. Sonny rested her hands on Yancy's knees, her blue eyes shimmering with the stage lights.

"You are my whole world, my life, the light that washes away my darkness, without you I am nothing." She pulled an emerald, diamond and sapphire ring from her pocket. "Yancy McCallister, in front of all these people to show you that what you think of me is the only thing that matters. I'm asking you. Will you marry me?" They could hear a pin drop it was so quiet. Yancy took a split second before she tackled Sonny and they fell to the stage in a jumble of arms and legs.

"Well folks I guess that means yes." Carly said over her mic as she signaled for the lights to be dropped. "We'll be right back."

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They were all standing back stage when Margie showed up hotter than a wet hen, she took one look at Sonny, her eyes became molten orbs. They could swear her hair was really on fire from her blood pressure shooting up.

"How dare you come back here and ruin my Bands name! You put my lead singer in the hospital with a broken jaw and wrist and then make a spectacle of everyone on stage by asking another woman to marry you! You are the one that's through JD!"

"I don't think so Margie, you're fired! See ya in court!"

Margie's eyes grew wide. "You can't fire me, I own this band! You'll be the one who goes down in court!"

"Nope, ya see I have proof that you hired Leslie all those years ago to ruin my reputation and give me that bad image so that only you would take a chance on me! I and my friends made you filthy rich, but you never owned this band! The silent partner that you thought sold you controlling shares is me and I hold 55 % of the band and as of now you hold zero. You lost that the minute you hired Leslie to take my place. Being a manager you would think that you would read all the small print, guess not!"

Margie turned on Yancy; she pointed a finger in her face.

"You have no idea what kind of person she is! She had a different woman every night on the bus, she holds the record for the number of women she's fucked!!"

Yancy's green eyes were flashing, the veins stood out in her neck.

"Get your finger out of my face! I'm a Doctor and I know where to break it so that they'll have to cut the damn thing off!" She jabbed her finger into Margie's chest backing her all the way across the back stage area until a wall blocked her.

"I know all about Sonny's life on the road for the past 10 years, I also know all the shit you started before she became famous. But there's one thing that I know that you don't and that you ignorant ass is! She never ever fucked any of those women! I am the only woman she has ever made love to and I am the last! So you haul your lard ass outta here before I do untreatable damage to you!"

Danny tapped Sonny on her shoulder, her eyes huge with emotion.

"She's scary! No wonder you've changed so much and become a wimp!" Sonny chuckled at her former drummer. "Look who's talking?" Carly grabbed a hold of her lover's ear and dragged her away. "Come on before we have a riot out there." Carly called over her shoulder to Sam.

Sonny watched her friends go back on stage. Tears filled her eyes. She would miss her friends the most; they had spent a lifetime together. Yancy entwined their fingers and leaned her head against her future wife's arm.

"They're waiting for you Sonny."

Blue eyes overflowing with tears looked down at the most important person in her life. "No, I'm done, retired and very much in love with you."

"If you love me so much you'll go up on that stage and give your fans the concert of their lives." A bright beautiful smile came over Sonny's face.

"Then I'm going out my way."

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Sonny talked to each one of her friends, they all agreed to change the show. Carly walked to center stage to make the announcement.

"OK people, we're going to give you a show tonight but we're going out our way! As of now Whips and Chains is retired! In addition, to tell ya the truth. We hate heavy metal music! That stuff sucks!"

Sonny came back on stage with her lead guitar; she had taken her boots off so that she wouldn't kill herself on the slippery stage floor. The music they played was nothing like the stuff they had performed on stage. It was stuff that they had written for their own enjoyment. It was a mixture of country, pop and dance music. For the final song Sonny pulled Yancy center stage. Poor Doc wished she could melt into the floor.

The beginning chords of *Leeann Rimes* song *How do I live without you* started, as well as the tears in Yancy's eyes. By the last note she was sobbing just like she had the first night she had heard Sonny sing it. She would remember this night for the rest of her life. She fell into Sonny's arms to be picked up and carried off of the stage to the roar of the fans. The rest of the band joined the couple back stage; each one of them hugged Yancy and told her how happy they were for the both of them.

The fans were starting to tear the place apart, Sonny looked to her friends and nodded her head. They knew what she wanted to do. Danny, Sam and Carly went back on stage and faced the back. The White spotlight caught Sonny as she flipped over Danny. They did their first hit song but instead of Sonny riding Sam's leg, Yancy got that honor and would have it forever because the Warrior of the wicked was all hers.

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The smell of roasting beef permeated the warm air, Davey and Dwayne were roasting a side of beef over a fire, one turned the spit while the other basted it with their Ma's special sauce. The former band members of Whips and Chains sat around in lawn chairs with their spouses and children. Carly sat rubbing her swollen belly cursing her lover for talking her into getting pregnant so that they could have a family. She didn't really mind carrying their child, except they could have planned the delivery date a little better. Being pregnant in July was horrible! But the look in Danny's eyes every time she laid her head on her belly to listen to their baby was enough for her to we walk through Hell. Sam was roughhousing with her kids and watching her youngest feed Terror cookies. Sonny would never live down the day that her friends had all showed up to surprise her and Yancy and caught her bottle feeding the tiny little pony. They couldn't get over how it followed her everywhere. They let her know that most people had dogs to take for walks. Not little ponies and she had to be the first that had house broke one! They were all in awe of their friend when Yancy related to them how Sonny had come to be the little pony's adopted mother. Now they called her the pony whisperer.

May brought out pitchers of iced tea and a couple of beers for her extended family. She handed Carly a tall glass of milk and laughed at the look on her face.

"Drink it it's good fer ya and the little one. Right Doc?"

"Yep, even the wicked Warrior drinks it." She leaned back against Sonny's chest.

"'Cuz she makes me! She is such a bully!" Sonny kissed her wife on the side of her neck and ran her fingers over her wives swollen belly. "Doc says we both have ta be healthy for the baby, but I'm the one who got the morning sickness! That was far from healthy, Gods I was so glad when that was over, I've never been so sick in my life."

Sonny remembered when they had all returned from the clinic in Canada for the procedure to genetically fertilize their wives eggs with their DNA. They knew the procedure had worked, that Yancy was pregnant when Sonny woke up with morning sickness for a whole month. Yancy was sympathetic; she held Sonny's head every morning until the symptoms went away. She told her it that it was common for spouses to share symptoms, plenty of men had morning sickness when their wives didn't. Yancy thought it was only fair since her small body would be carrying their baby for the next 9 months and she would have to go through all that pain at the end.

Sonny was looking forward to seeing their daughter when she was born but the pain she knew Yancy would put her through during the delivery scared the Hell outta her. Worse was Yancy wanted a big family, Sonny didn't know if she would survive to many of her wives pregnancies. She told her she was going to share every single contraction with her by squeezing her hand, punching, biting. Anything she felt like until it was all over.

May squeezed Sonny's shoulder, winking at her she said. "Just wait, any day now your gonna be getting no sleep and changing diapers."

Sonny groaned and let her head sink in the area between neck and shoulder of her wife. I wouldn't have it any other way. She thought to herself as she grinned against Yancy's soft skin.

The end
Whips and Chains.
By Larisa

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