

~ If You Could See Me Now ~

by Robin Hicks

I dedicate this short story to Tracy Bricker. Though we have never met, she has giving me inspiration and has encouraged me with my very inexperienced writing from the very beginning. Hats off to you Tracy you are the bomb...

I hope you all enjoy this little story that has been creeping around in my mushy brain....

Let me know what you think... bigboo2u831@msn.com

It's been ten years since Micah James has seen the only woman she had ever truly loved. After her hasty disappearance years ago, she has come back to town to be with her Mother and had never thought she would run across Quinn Thomas again. What will happen when the two women meet face to face for the first time in 10 years?

1997

Chapter One

"Jesus Micah!"

"Shh Baby, come here." Micah pulled her lover closer to her body, and softly wiped the tears from her eyes. "Still after all this time, you cry when we make love."

"I can't help it." Quinn leaned over, and kissed Micah. "I love you so much, and I just can't seem to get enough of you."

"Mmm, I love you too sweetheart, but I've got to go or I'm going to be late for class."

A sulking Quinn pulled Micah over her body. "I know, I know. It's just that I hardly get to see you now that our classes are different. I wish you would really think about moving in here with me. You would be so much closer to campus, and we would be able to spend time with each other."

"Baby, you know that I think about it all of the time but your father would never allow it and you know it. Honey, he hates me, and there is no telling the lengths he would go through to keep us apart. I don't trust him, and I won't be a part of him hurting you in any way."

"But Micah..."

"Quinn...Baby please don't. Lets not get into this now ok? We've been over this a thousand times already."

Micah gently pulled herself from her lovers grasp with one last lingering kiss. "Are you still going to meet me at the softball game tonight?"

"Yes I'll be there. I have to make a stop along the way so I'll be about ten or fifteen minutes late, so you better make sure my seat is warm, and that Luke Griffen isn't sitting next to you when I get there."

Micah pulled on her last boot then stood to stomp her pant legs down. "Honey, now you know Luke is no threat to you. She just sits there to have someone to talk to."

"And you are blind as shit Micah James. You wouldn't know if someone was hitting on you if they hit you upside the head with it."

"Yeah? Then how come I got you?"

"Because I had to hit you upside the head AND yell at you."

Micah chuckled. "Yeah well." She walked to the door and turned. "I love you Quinn Thomas."

Quinn came out of the bed and stood with all six feet of her naked glorified body, causing Micah to suck in a breath as it always did. Within two seconds Quinn was pressing her body into her lovers, pinning her against the door.

"One last kiss before you leave, so you have something to think about until we see each other tonight."

Dropping her lips, she slowly, deeply, and passionately kissed Micah, not releasing her until it was a necessity for oxygen, leaving both women panting.

"Christ Quinn...you always do this to me. I don't know how I am able to pass all of my classes when I can't think of anything but you. Hell, I don't even think I'm gonna be able to walk straight." Micah panted with her head resting on Quinn's chest.

"You pass because you are the smartest person I know, and you better never start walking straight. Now get out of here before I decide I don't want you to leave." One last quick kiss and Micah was out the door...

Quinn knew that her girlfriend was right about her father. He was a mean person. A RICH, mean person that most people would just bow down to, and others would do just about anything for him to get on his good side.

She knew his feelings for Micah, and knew he would try to keep them apart. 'Shit, I'm 20 years old. I am an adult, why should he be able to dictate my life? Bastard.'

Quinn grabbed her hairbrush and started the long process of brushing the tangles out of her long black hair before getting into the shower. A slight shiver went through her body, and she smiled.

'Micah just thought about me...'

The two girls had known each other since Micah was eight, and Quinn was nine. Becoming best friends almost from the first day they met, when Quinn had helped a crying Micah, get her cat Stomper out of a tree he refused to come out of.

Instead of telling the shorter blonde girl that her cat would be fine, and would come down when he was ready, she couldn't stand seeing the tears in the younger girls' eyes. So she just climbed up the tree to get the large orange and white cat.

The smile that greeted her when she put the cat in the blondes' hands took her breath away even back then. From that day forward, Quinn vowed to always try to bring that smile upon her friends face...

"Why do you call him Stomper?" Quinn asked as she sat down on the curb with her new friend.

"He has seven toes on each of his front feet, and six toes on his back feet. His feet are really big, and when he is playing it's like he is stomping around.

"Well, he does have some really big feet." Quinn said as she reached over to pet the now purring feline in her friends lap.

"Yup. He is called a Polydactyl cat."

"A Polyduct...what?"

Micah smiled. "You make me laugh Quinn. He is a Polydactyl."

"A Polydactyl." Quinn grinned broadly and the little blonde was mesmerized...

Chapter Two

Quinn snuck up along the side of the bleachers, knowing that Micah hadn't seen her walk up. 'Of course she didn't see me. Luke the Puke as usual has her listening to some crap story she's telling.'

Micah was sitting close to the edge, and it didn't take much for Quinn to reach up and pull her off the bleachers into her arms, causing the blonde to scream.

"Christ Quinn! You little shit. You scared the hell out of me!" Micah said this with her legs wrapped tightly around Quinn's waist.

"Hi Baby, I missed you too." Quinn said as she dipped her head to lightly kiss the lips just inches from her own.

"Hon, you sure have a funny way of showing it by scarring me."

"Yeah? Next time don't sit so close to Luke the Puke, and I won't have to take such desperate measures."

"Green doesn't become you Quinn Thomas. Now put me down."

Before Quinn released her hold, she pulled Micah's center to her waist hard. She slightly lifted her, and then slowly dropped just a little.

"Holy Christ Quinn!" Micah hissed between clenched teeth. "Baby...Baby you...shit, I can't believe you just did that."

"I'm sorry Babe, I was just messing around. Are you mad at me?"

"NO! No I'm not mad at you. I'm not going to be able to pay much attention to the game now Honey, and we still have to go to the party afterwards. I promised I would play a couple of sets with the girls."

"I'd like to play a couple of sets..."

"Quiiiiiinnnnn."

"Ok, I'm sorry Baby, no more playing around. BUT...I refuse to let Luke sit by us."

"Don't worry; she's already on the other side of the bleachers. She's afraid of you."

"Good. She should be. Come on, let's watch the game." Quinn sat behind Micah so that the blonde could lean back against her thighs and be comfortable.

Quinn heard a deep rumble and immediately felt Micah turn to watch the big Harley Davidson motorcycle pull into the parking lot. Quinn watched as a wide grin spread across the younger woman's face.

"One of these days Quinn. I am going to have me one of them, you just wait and see."

Quinn leaned down and caught an earlobe gently between her teeth. "Baby, I told you that you could have one now if you would just let me buy it for you."

"No, we've talked about this Honey; I won't let you spend that kind of money on me. I will buy this on my own."

Quinn ducked her head behind Micah. This was an age old argument between the two of them. She was sure Micah had no idea how bad it hurt her feelings when she wouldn't let her do things for her that she wanted to do.

She also knew that her father was the root of the problem when it came to Quinn's money. It

didn't seem to matter that Quinn's Grandparents had set up quite the trust fund for Quinn, even though she wouldn't be able to touch it for another eight months when she turned twenty one. She also received a monthly allowance from a separate trust.

Though Quinn's father paid for all of her schooling, and housing, she did have a job, and every penny she made was hers to do with as she pleased.

Micah felt her lovers' withdrawal even though she didn't pull back at all. She turned and looked into the blue pools of Quinn's eyes. "Hey, I let you buy me my guitar didn't I?"

"Mic, I bought you that for Christmas. You didn't have the heart to tell me to take it back."

"Hell, I'm not totally stupid Baby. That's the best damn guitar I have ever owned, and you know I absolutely love it."

Quinn smiled. "Yes, I know that..."

"Heads up!" Somebody screamed from below. Micah looked up just in time to see Quinn's hand catch the softball before it would have smacked Micah right in the head.

Micah stood and yelled at the batter. "What's the matter? Ya need to borrow the Blue's glasses there Rach?"

"No, there was too much steam coming off the bleachers from where the two of you are and I thought that I should break it up before the cops showed up and hauled you off for indecent exposure!"

The whole bleachers erupted in laughter, and Micah took the ball out of Quinn's hands and threw it over the backstop and right into the pitchers glove.

"Hey James! How come you ain't playing on our team?"

"Yeah Baby, how come you aren't on the team?" Quinn asked as she pulled the blonde back down between her thighs to get comfortable.

"Not every dike plays softball Quinn."

"No but you used to play all of the time. Or did you forget that I've known you that long?"

Micah smacked Quinn's thigh and laughed. "No, I'm just not that much into it anymore..."

"Goddess am I thirsty. I only have one more set with them Honey, and then I'm done." Micah said as she leaned down and caught her lovers lips. "Umm. You taste really really good Baby. What have you been drinking?" The blonde asked as she straddled Quinn's lap.

"Some concoction Marcy made. It's pretty good but sweet. You going to go home with me tonight and spend the night?"

"If you don't remove your hands from under my shirt, we're leaving right now, party be damned." Micah just starred at her lover for a moment. "Yes I'll stay the night, I love you so much Quinn. God I love you so much."

Quinn was just a little taken back at the force of the declaration then grinned broadly. "God I hope so Baby, cause I love to too. So so much." Then she leaned in to kiss her lover deeply.

"Jesus you two, don't you ever quit?"

"S'matter?" Quinn said in a deep smoky voice looking at Marcy. "Jealous?"

"Well hell yeah!" She said as she handed Quinn another of her sweet drink.

"Shit Marce, that is way too sweet. I'm going to get me some Crown. How about you Babe, what do you want?"

"Just water Honey, we'll leave my car here tonight and I'll drive us back to your place. That way you can enjoy yourself."

Quinn stood carefully so that she didn't dump the younger woman on her butt, then pulled her against her body. "I want you to be able to enjoy yourself too Baby." Knowing that when Micah drank, which really wasn't that often, she only drank beer.

"I'm fine Babe, water will be great. Besides, my voice is getting tight from singing so the water will do it good." She reached up on her tip toes and kissed her lover.

"All right, be right back..."

"Ya know Thomas," Rita Howard said as she sat down beside Quinn to watch the band play. "Micah is really good at that. She should have thought about singing professionally. Look at how all of the women are mesmerized with her. These women don't sit this still for anything."

Quinn just looked at her lover and smiled. "Yeah, I know she's good, she just doesn't know. Or shall I say she won't believe."

"Pity."

Chapter Three

"Hold on a second will you?!" Quinn yelled at whoever was banging on the door, as she tried to untangle herself from Micah's smaller body that was wrapped tightly around her.

"This better be fucking good! It's Sunday morning and I hardly EVER get to sleep in with Micah! I'm going to kill someone!"

She yanked open the door with just her robe on. "What do you...Father?" "Shit. Shit, shit, shit."

"Quinn." Her father brushed past her through the door. "I tried to call you several times last night; did you not check your messages young lady?"

"No...um, we...I got in late..."

"Honey, who was at the door?" Micah, in nothing but Quinn's t-shirt, which fortunately was huge on her, and fit like a night shirt, stopped dead in her tracks at the sight of Quinn's father standing there starring daggers into her soul. "Hello Mr. Thomas"

The man simply chose to ignore her like she wasn't even standing there, and turned his back on her. Micah could have sworn that the veins in his neck were going to explode any moment. His face was an unhealthy shade of red.

"Quinn, we are having a dinner party Tuesday night at seven. Be there at six." With that he walked out and slammed the door behind him leaving no room for comment.

"God Honey, I am sooo sorry. I should have looked before I came around the corner and he would have never known that I was even here." Micah said as she wrapped her arms around her lovers waist.

"Are you mad at me Quinn?"

"What? Baby why the hell would I be mad at you? It's so rare that I get you to stay the night with me. Christ, I wouldn't change that for anything, do you hear me? Damn it, I'm almost twenty one years old Mic, he can't keep controlling me!"

"Calm down Honey and let me make you some coffee."

Quinn turned and pushed Micah against the door none to gently. Reaching down for the hem of the t-shirt, she yanked it over her lovers head, placed her knee between her thighs, and bit down on the one spot on her lovers neck that she knew she would instantaneously react to. "I want you Mic. Now. Here. Against the door."

Micah could not speak. Her breath was taken from her the moment Quinn's teeth hit that spot on her neck, and her body was already on fire for her. All she could do was close her eyes and hold on tightly, knowing there was nothing she was going to be able to do to slow her lover down...

"Jesus Christ Quinn," Micah's body was still trembling as they slid to the floor. "A little warning the next time would be good. Don't get me wrong, that was totally amazing. I just don't know how long it's going to take for my legs to work now."

"Then I will just have to carry you until they start working." Quinn said as she pulled Micah closer to her body. "You don't have any clue as to how much I am in love with you Baby. I don't like to be separated from you for more than a couple of hours."

"Bet you don't say that in another twenty years or so."

Quinn kissed the blonde on the tip of her nose. "I bet you I will be saying that in another fifty years. I love you Micah James. With all that I am, I love you."

Trying her damndest not to choke up, Micah leaned in and kissed her lover soundly. "And I love you Quinn Thomas, with all that I am..."

The girls had spent the day together just lounging around Quinn's place. Watching tv, ordered pizza for lunch, and just cuddled for hours. It had been way too long since they had done that.

Between classes, and work, they actually had very little time to spend together. This was one of the reasons Quinn wanted Micah to move in with her, her father be damned. She missed this. She wasn't going to be able to last much longer before she demanded that the younger woman move in with her...

"Mom? Mom I'm home." Micah dropped her backpack on the chair at the kitchen table, then pulled a water from the fridge. As she closed the door, she spotted a note from her mother saying that she went off to the movies with her friend Rita, and there was a plate with dinner in the microwave for her.

Micah's father had left her mother and her when she was barely one year old, saying he wasn't ready for a family yet. He had taken off with his best friend's girlfriend, and no one had heard from him since then.

Micah's philosophy was, you couldn't miss something you never knew, so she never dwelled on it. The only part that she hated was that her mother never looked for anyone else to share her life with after he left. For that, she hated him.

Her mother was a vibrant, and beautiful woman who worked two jobs every since Micah could remember, to make sure that her daughter had everything all of the other children had. She would be damned if she would let her baby be teased.

Micah had earned a full scholarship to Old Dominion University, otherwise, she knew that her mother would have never been able to afford to send her to college.

Micah worked part time at a software company, so she paid for her car, insurance, and anything else that she might want that she refused to let her mother pay for. It was time for her mother to start spending more on herself, and being able to do some of the things she was never able to do while Micah was growing up.

Last year, she was able to go on a cruise with her best friend Rita, and a few other friends. The smile that was on her mother's face when she returned home made Micah start saving money to send her again.

Her mother did not know it, but Rita and Micah had already made the reservations. They were going in four weeks, a surprise for her birthday. Micah couldn't wait to see the expression on her mother's face when she handed her the ticket...

A knock on the front door brought Micah out of her thoughts as she went to answer it. Nothing could have ever prepared her for who was at the door. When Micah was able to breathe, she asked, "Mr. Thomas, what can I do for you?"

Quinn's father brushed past her like it was his house and she was intruding. "You, young lady WILL stay away from my daughter. I have a check here for two hundred thousand dollars for you. I want you to leave town."

As Micah went to argue, he held up his hand to silence her. "AND, if that doesn't convince you to stay away, I promise you, your dear mother will lose her job, and I will make certain she will never be able to find one anywhere near here.

"AND, I will stop paying Quinn's way through college, and stop her allowance. You see, I really don't care if she gets a college degree or not. When she marries, she won't need one anyway, a good husband would not let her work."

"What the hell is wrong with you sir that you would do something like that to your own daughter?" Micah could barely hold her temper or her tears. This man was a monster.

"Have no delusions young lady that I won't stick to my word. Do you really want your mother jobless, and unable to pay for this house, much less anything else. As for my daughter, I mean every word I say. I will yank her out of college. Now, if you really care for my daughter, you will back off and leave."

"Who the hell do you think you are you son of a bitch?! You can't push your way into my home and make demands on my life like that."

"Oh but I can, and I am. Heed my words girl, if you care for either of them you will disappear." He dropped the check on the coffee table and left the house, slamming the door behind him.

"Motherfuckingsonofa..." Micah dropped to the couch in tears. "What the fuck am I going to do...?"

"What do you mean gone!?" Quinn dropped to the chair in Micah's living room staring blankly at the blondes' mother.

"Quinn Honey, she really didn't say a whole lot. I'm in the dark as much as you, and I don't understand what is going on. All I know is that last night when I came home, she was in a total state of shock it seemed.

"All that she would tell me is that she needed to go away for a while, and that she didn't know for how long. I thought maybe you two had gotten into a bad fight or something. She wouldn't even tell me where she was going, only that she would call me when she got there.

"I have never seen her like that Quinn. It was not my daughter last night when she told me she was leaving. I don't know what has happened, and I don't know where she is."

Dawn James fell to her knees in tears, and all Quinn could do was reach for her and help her to the couch, and hold her as they both cried. 'Son of a bitch Micah, what in hell are you doing!? God, please come back...'

Micah's mother knew about the two of them even though her daughter hadn't told her. You couldn't miss the love that was between them if you were anyone who cared to look.

She didn't care one way or the other. She only cared that her daughter loved, and was loved. That was one reason she was having trouble coming to terms with this. Her daughter loved Quinn Thomas too much to just leave. Something had to have happened, but for the life of her, she couldn't figure out what that something was.

"Why didn't she tell me Mrs. James? Why would she just leave us like this, I just don't understand."

"I don't know sweetheart, she said that she would call me tonight. Maybe I will be able to get more out of her then." Mrs. James lifted Quinn's chin with her two fingers. "She loves you Quinn that much I do know."

This only made Quinn cry even harder. 'If she really loved me, she wouldn't leave without telling me what was wrong.'

Quinn had searched for months, trying to find out why her lover left without saying a word to her or her mother. She came up empty handed every time, and was devastated.

Micah had called her mother late that night telling her she was fine but would never reveal her whereabouts saying that she could be reached anytime with her cell phone.

She had called once a week and every time her mother would ask she just said it was better this way. When her mother would bring up Quinn's name Micah would tell her mother that she loved her and would quickly hang up the phone.

Chapter Four

2007

She pulled her large baby blue Harley Davidson Fat Boy into the parking lot of 'Chances' and killed the engine. It had been ten years since Micah James had been home, and when she arrived a week ago and told her mother that she was home to stay, once again Dawn James fell to her knees and cried.

Micah had caught up with one of the girls she had played in the band with while in college, and Teri had talked her into playing a gig with her band at Chances.

"God, James," her old friend had said. "You will totally blow them away; I can only imagine you are even better now, than you were then."

Micah had agreed to just this one night for old times sake. Now she was nervous and half tempted to back out. Just then, Teri pulled her Jeep Cherokee up beside her, and waved as she rolled up her window.

"This is going to be so cool Micah; these women are going to die when you start singing. Come on and I'll buy you a drink, we still have some time before we set up."

"I can't believe I let you talk me into this Teri, I'm really nervous."

"Look James, you are a far better singer than anyone in my band, and they love us. You are going to do great. You know damn well it was you that everyone came to see when we were younger..."

They had just gotten their drinks when the other girls started to show up. A tall redhead walked up to them as they were ordering a drink and leaned against the bar. "Hey Teri, who's your friend."

"Hi Pat, this is Micah, the one I was telling you about that will be singing with us tonight. Micah, this is Pat she plays the drums for us."

The women shook hands and Micah couldn't help but notice how good looking the woman was. 'Bet she knows it though.'

"You failed to tell me how beautiful your friend was Teri." Pat said still holding Micah's hand.

"I figured you wouldn't be blind tonight Pat. You usually notice these things for yourself. Now release her hand and let's go start setting up. Micah, you just sit here and enjoy yourself."

"Teri, I can help also."

"I know you can, but I want you to relax. Have another shot of that nasty shit you're drinking. When did you start drinking anyway? You never did before."

"Go set up Teri." Micah really didn't want to get into her drinking habits with her old friend. She was still nervous about being back here but was pretty for sure she wouldn't run into Quinn. Surely she was long gone from this town by now...

"God Teri, it's really getting packed in here."

"I told you they love us here. We've been packing this place for about two months now, and the owners are loving it."

Micah set her second guitar on the stand in front of the large set of drums. "Yeah, I bet they are, you're bringing them in a hell of a business."

"Okay, here we go." Teri grabbed the mike, "Welcome to Chances ladies how are ya'll feeling tonight?" she yelled out to the mass of women crowding the stage.

Once the whistles and the screaming settled down, she continued. "We have a very special guest with us tonight. Ya'll are in for a wonderful treat when this lady starts to sing. She used to play in a band with me when I was in college, so with no further ado...Micah James singing Melissa Etheridge's The Angels."

The crowd went a little wild but settled soon to hear Micah's voice. Teri was right, this woman was good. Really good. At the end of the song, she got a standing ovation that made her blush.

Two sets and four shots of scotch later, Micah sat on the edge of the stage to do a slow solo. The tall redheaded drummer sat another shot beside her then walked away to let her do her Dixie Chicks solo. The crowd was pretty quiet for a women's bar.

"If you could see me now
The one who said that she'd rather roam
The one who said that she'd rather be alone
If you could only see me now

If you could hold me now
Just for a moment if I could really make you mine
Just for a moment if I could turn back the hands of time
If you could only hold me now

I've been too long in the wind, too long in the rain
Taking any comfort that I can
Looking back and longing for the freedom from my chains
Lying in you're loving arms again...

The tall dark haired woman sat down at the bar and ordered Crown and Seven. With her back to the stage, she had just taking a large swallow when she heard that voice. She nearly choked. Slowly she turned but couldn't see who was singing with all of the women in front of her.

Drink in hand, she pushed her way through the masses until she was against the wall with a clear view. A large gasp nearly left her breathless. "Micah." 'Oh my God what are you doing here?'

Quinn Thomas felt her heart beating in her throat, and momentarily thought she was going to pass out. Reaching for her cheeks, she realized there were tears there. 'Oh shit, oh shit!'

Quinn polished off the rest of her drink in three long swallows then grabbed the waitress's arm as she walked past. "Double shot of Crown on the rocks please."

"Coming right up darling." The waitress said eyeing the tall woman like Sundays breakfast.

Normally Quinn would have taken notice to the cute blonde waitress, but tonight she didn't even see her. Her mind was in a whirlwind. Micah James wasn't more than forty feet from her. 'God, she's even more beautiful than the last time I saw her.'

The last time she had seen her had been ten years ago. It had been ten years since she had left Quinn without a word. No goodbye, no fuck you, no nothing. Just gone. Now Quinn was getting upset.

The waitress handed Quinn her drink, and Quinn handed her a twenty dollar bill. When the blonde waitress went to hand her the change, Quinn drank down her drink, handed the glass back, kissed the cute blonde on the cheek, told her to keep the change and left without looking back...

Chapter Five

One green orb opened and slammed shut just as fast as the bright sunlight slid in between the blinds. 'Christ, somebody kill that bright light!' Slowly opening her eyes this time to let them adjust she briefly wondered where in the hell she was and just how in the world had she gotten there. 'Ah, Pat. Cute redhead with the great body. Shit.'

She remembered having too much to drink at the bar last night and how the owner of Chances had begged her to come every Friday night with the rest of the band. She also remembered Pat flirting outrageously with her but not much more than that.

She held her breath and slowly turned her head praying that the pillow next to hers would be empty and quickly released it when she found that indeed it was. As a matter of fact, it didn't even look like anyone had slept beside her. Lifting the covers and looking underneath another burst of relief when she found that she was wearing a pair of boxer shorts and a tight tank top.

She didn't know whose clothes they were but was pleasantly surprised that at least she had clothes on. Sliding her legs to the side of the bed and resting her feet on the floor she spotted a piece of paper on the night stand with her name on it.

'Micah, don't worry because nothing happened. Not that I wouldn't have loved for it to but somehow I felt you would probably hate me and yourself in the morning. Please take note

though that I think I might try and pursue this and try to get to know you better.

For now though you are guilt free knowing that I slept on the couch once I got you settled in. I'm sure I will be gone by the time you wake up but feel free to sleep in as long as you like though I'm sure the other girls will make enough racket to wake the dead. Hope to see you later,

Pat

P.S. God you are a damned good kisser...

Micah closed her eyes and wondered just what the hell had she done last night. Looking around she tried to locate a bathroom vaguely remembering seeing one in the hall last night. Standing and bending backwards she heaved a big sigh at the loud popping noise coming from her back as she stretched.

With eyes still half closed she turned the corner in the hall and smacked dead into a hard body. "Shit, I am so sor..." The words died on her lips and she jumped back so fast she would have fallen if strong arms didn't reach out and grab her before she fell.

"I...I...um, Quinn?" That was all she was able to articulate before the door opened behind her and a young woman stepped past her. "Hey Quinn, I was just coming out to see if you were here, are you ready?"

Quinn turned to the younger woman and smiled. She put her arm around her, "Yeah lets go." Without a backward glance she escorted the woman down the hall and out the door. Micah made it into the bathroom just in time before throwing up.

"Oh my god! Quinn what are you doing here?" She said to the mirror after splashing cold water on her face. "Goddess please don't let this be an indication of how my day is going to be." She said with what could truly be a whine.

'Clothes. I need to find my clothes and get the hell out of here. I am going to kill you Teri!'

Finally locating her clothes that were neatly folded and laid across the back of the chair by the bed she slept in, she quickly dressed and was out the door before anyone noticed.

"Shit!" She suddenly realized that she didn't have her motorcycle with her and had a vague memory of Pat convincing her she shouldn't be driving that thing in the condition she was in. "Now what?" She knew there was a Seven Eleven just around the corner and thought she could do with one of their coffee's and call her mother from her cell to meet her there...

"Honey where is that beast of a thing you drive at?"

"Teri talked me into playing a few sets with them last night and I had a couple of drinks and they

didn't want me to drive. Everyone was still asleep when I was ready to go and I didn't want to wake them up." It wasn't a total lie she told herself, she really didn't want to wake anyone up.

Her mother turned to her as they stopped for the red light at General Booth Blvd and Oceana. "Baby, are you alright? You look really pale?"

She felt herself getting a little nauseated again at seeing Quinn this morning and it took a moment before she could speak without thinking she would throw up again. "I'm fine Mom; I guess I just had a little too much fun last night."

"Okay. Did you get to see anyone last night besides your band friends?"

"I..I saw Quinn." She turned her head and stared out the side window wishing she hadn't told her mother that so soon not knowing if she was up to talking about her. "Whoa! Mom, be careful!"

Her mother had nearly run off the road when she heard her daughter whisper Quinn's name. "Oh Baby, no wonder you look awful. What happened?"

"Nothing happened, we didn't even speak. She looked right at me and turned away then left."

"You know Micah, maybe not right this moment but sometime really soon you need to finally talk to me and tell me what happened. You never said anything but I know how much you two girls loved each other and I had to watch that young lady slowly die inside when you disappeared."

Chapter Six

Why is she back? Quinn thought to herself as she gripped hard onto the steering wheel of her Lexus LX 10. 'What was she doing coming out of Pats bedroom this morning?' She decided that she really didn't want to know that answer. She knew all about Pat!

She knew that Pat went through women as fast as the sun dried up rain puddles. She knew that Pat had a reputation with the women. She also knew that Pat was a very nice looking woman and built like a brick shit house.

'So what? What the hell do I care?'

"I don't fucking care!"

"What don't you care about Quinn?" Her passenger asked startled at the sudden loud voice in the vehicle.

"Shit, sorry I was just thinking aloud." 'Please don't ask me anything right now, I can not talk about her.'

"Okay, hey thanks for taking me to get my car Quinn, it will be nice to finally not have to bum rides from people."

"That's alright Kim; your Mama would have my ass if she knew I didn't help my God Daughter out while she was out of town. Her and your Father would have my ass."

"Well true but thank you anyway, you are always coming to my rescue and have always been there for me when I needed someone to talk to."

"Yeah, that's why your Mama wouldn't speak to me for three months when she thought I was the one who corrupted you and turned you gay."

"Mama doesn't think that now Quinn, she loves you like a sister and you know it." The younger woman said with as much seriousness as she could provide.

"Yes she does and in a million years I would never be able to repay your mother for helping me so many years ago. You were just 10 years old when I met your mama you know that?"

"Yes and someday you will tell me how you two met. Are you going to be at the fund raiser tomorrow?"

"Yeah, I'll be there with my check book for sure. It's still hard for me to believe that Macy is gone. It seems like just yesterday she was running around like a crazy person trying to get us all together for a party she was trying to put together."

"I know I hope they put that bastard away for good. He should have never been out driving the roads with three D.U.I's against him. If they would have locked him up before she would still be here driving all of us crazy."

Both women were quiet for a while as they remembered the woman just about the whole town knew and loved. A woman who was hit head on as she was coming home from the grocery store after picking up items for the grand party she was going to have for all of the people she loved and cared about.

Literally hundreds had shown up for the woman's funeral and tomorrow there was going to be a fund raiser to help raise money for the three kids she left behind with their grandmother. Quinn knew there would be hundreds of people there for this event.

"Okay Kim, here you go. I will see you there tomorrow, are you bringing anyone?"

"Well, actually I am." The girl said with a devilish smile.

"Oh yeah? Gonna introduce me to her?"

"Don't know yet, she will probably take one look at you and fall in love and I'll be back to square one."

"Don't sell yourself short kiddo, if I were ten years younger..."

"Shut up Quinn." Kim laughed as she reached for the door. She reached over and kissed her mentor on the cheek before exiting the Lexus. "Bye Quinn and thanks."

"See you tomorrow squirt."

Now left alone with her thoughts, Quinn was feeling a little sick to her stomach. What was Micah doing back here? It had been ten God damn years with no word. Is she here to stay? Is she just visiting? Why hadn't Micah's mother told her anything? 'Maybe because you haven't spoken to her in about 3 months? Shit!'

Quinn had never lost contact with Dawn James seeing her at least once a month for coffee or dinner. She never knew why though really besides that fact that she really liked the older woman who treated her more like a daughter than her own parents had. Maybe it was because they both felt a certain connection because of Micah, both needing to have someone who understood the loss that they both shared.

'God she looks good.' Quinn thought that Micah had never looked better. She looked like she had put on a little weight, weight that she needed since Quinn had always thought that she was a little too thin before. And her muscle tone was so much more pronounced. Not in a huge buff way but just right. The woman was obviously very fit. 'Shit, shit, shit.'

The more Quinn thought about Micah the angrier she got. She thought back to the last day that she and Micah were together. It had been one of the best days that they had had in a while because Micah had stayed the night and they spent the whole day together. With the exception of her father coming and seeing Quinn in her robe and her lover there in a night shirt stating that they had obviously spent the night together.

Micah had seemed happy and had showed no signs that anything was wrong. She must have told Quinn twenty times how much she loved her and they had talked about their future. "Yeah, some God damn future huh?" She said out loud.

Chapter Seven

"Sweetheart, are you going to come with me today to the fund raiser? Half the town will be there I'm sure." Dawn James asked Micah as she set a cup of coffee in front of her daughter.

"Yeah, Mom and thanks." The younger woman said as she sat at her mother's kitchen table. God, it seemed like forever since she sat here having a cup of coffee with her mother. It was so good to see her again and knowing this time she wouldn't be leaving.

Once a year, Micah had snuck into town to see her mother making her promise that she would tell no one of her visit. It had taking a lot of convincing but she finally got her mother to concede.

"Are you really home for good this time Baby?" Her mother asked wrapping her arms around her daughter's shoulders.

"Yes Mother I am here to stay. I haven't told you yet but I have been transferred her from my job. We just expanded and they added a location in Norfolk. I expect I'll be around for quite awhile with the exceptions that I will have to travel periodically when they may need me too but with my new position it shouldn't be near as often as I had to before."

"I've waited so long Baby for you to tell me that." Mrs. James whispered with tears slipping to her cheeks. Micah hastily wiped them from her mothers face.

"Please don't cry Mama," she said with tears in her own eyes. "I'm back now and that's what we need to focus on ok?"

A huge smile spread across her mothers face. "Yes you are, now get out of my kitchen so I can clean it up and go get ready so we can go to a few stores before we head over to Mount Trashmore for the fund raiser.

"Ooh, we get to shop? I'll be down shortly." Micah stopped at the doorway and turned to her mother. "I love you Mom," she said then was gone...

"Did you know Macy Paine well Mother?"

"Yes I did, she was well known in our community for her giving and caring soul. I can't begin to tell you how many fund raisers she has organized for some family or child in need. She even got a daycare center started for the folks who made too much money for government help but not quite enough to put their children through daycare. I heard they are naming the center the Macy Paine Center."

"That's nice to hear, it's a shame she isn't around to see it." Micah had never met the woman but if this was important to her mother and she was as good as people are saying, she would be making a healthy donation herself.

"I'm going to find something to drink Ma, want me to bring you something back?"

"No sweetheart but I will be over by that tent there with Lena and Bob if you come back and can't find me."

"Okay Mom..."

Micah felt a presence at her back and turned to see the blue eyes she has dreamt about for the last ten years. "Quinn, how are you?"

"What are you doing here Micah?"

"I...as in here at the fund raiser or here in Virginia Beach?"

"Here in Virginia Beach."

"I'm back to stay," Micah said softly.

'Back!?' For good?' Quinn never changed her expression and Micah couldn't tell what she was thinking. "Why are you back?"

"Because it was time, look can we go somewhere and talk?"

"You haven't had anything to say to me in ten years Micah why do you want to now?" This time Micah could definitely hear sarcasm. She reached for the taller woman's arm. "Quinn..."

Quinn snatched her arm away as if it had been burnt. She leaned in dangerously close to the blond and said through clenched teeth, "Don't touch me ever again. Go back to where you came from Micah James because its way too late to say anything to me now." With that she spun around and stormed off.

"Shit!" Micah slowly made her way back to the area she left her mother at. 'I have to be able to talk to her to at least explain. Her father be damned!'

"Mrs. Raymond, this is my daughter Micah. She wants to give you a check for a donation. The older woman smiled at Micah and reached her hand out to accept the check the younger woman was handing her. If it wasn't for the quick reflexes of both James women Mrs. Raymond would have fallen when she saw the size of the check.

"Young lady I...I don't know what to say."

"Please just accept it on behalf of my family for the great things your daughter has done for our community."

The older woman pulled Micah in for a huge heart felt hug then did the same for the older James woman. "Bless you young lady, bless you..."

Chapter Eight

Quinn walked straight to her bar, dropped her keys on it and poured herself a shot. "What the fuck am I going to do? I'm bound to run into her again if she is here to stay." She said out loud as she unceremoniously dropped to her couch.

"We will always be together Quinn, I love you so much and when we are done with college we will move in together I promise you that."

"I love you too Baby but I don't understand why we can't move in together now? We are both over eighteen and are old enough to do what we want."

"I know Sweetheart but you know your father would never permit it. We've been over this before and I can't let him do anything to sacrifice your education or mine. It won't be long now and we can live together. We will always be together Quinn."

That was the same argument that they had several times. Micah always worried that Quinn's father would come in between them. As she stood to pour herself another shot a thought suddenly slammed into her brain. 'No, he would have come to me and not Micah. Right?'

No, Micah would have come to her if he had, she would have said something. Quinn wouldn't believe otherwise. She couldn't believe otherwise. Quinn needed some answers. Answers she had tried to get for years but could not seem to find any.

Micah had these answers but was Quinn ready to hear those answers. No, what could she say that was a good enough excuse to throw their love away without a single word. Without a single goodbye or kiss my ass.

Quinn was running half of her father's corporation now with her brother running the other half. Her father had left everything to her brother Peter but her brother couldn't stand what he had done to Quinn and signed over half of his share.

Quinn had refused it for many years but finally relented when Peter would not let up. She and Peter had always been extremely close growing up and were even closer now. With her father gone her brother vowed that he would see to it that Quinn got what was due to her. Knowing his father's plans all along, not to leave any of his Dynasties to his daughter because of her life style.

Friday night found Micah back at Chances but this time she was just here to watch her friends play. Once again the place was packed with women standing shoulder to shoulder. Half way through the night Teri had asked the audience if there were any special requests.

"Get Micah up there to sing," someone shouted from the crowd. Suddenly there was a loud chant going through the bar. Micah, Micah, Micah. Gracefully the blond jumped on the stage and the yelling got even louder.

"Okay guys thank you." Micah had said as the noise level went down. She reached for Teri's extra guitar and turned and spoke to the band members.

It was so quiet you could hear whispers, everyone waiting to hear her sing. She slowly walked up to the mike and started to sing Melissa's 'I've Loved You Before.'

I think of how you know me,
no doubts no thinking twice.

When your smile can be so soothing,
a familiar paradise.
When there's no one else that makes me whole.
I have never needing more
I get this feeling I've loved you before

We were lovers in an army,
marching all for Rome.
side by side in battle,
did we bravely leave our home?
Did I hold you in my arms,
as you were taking your last breath?
Did shout to all the gods,
that I would love you beyond death?
I swear I've loved you before.

Did we hide in the dark ages,
from a vengeful god above?
Were our names too unfamiliar,
to ever speak of love?
Did I cling to every moment with you,
in every parting glance?
An accidental touch,
did we ever take the chance?
I know I've loved you before.

Have I wandered through the desert?
Have I looked and learned all the stars?
Have I rode the days and nights on rails,
to get back where you are?
And every time I foundered,
it's your eyes I know for sure.

When I think of how you know me,
no doubts no thinking twice.
When your smile can be so soothing,
a familiar paradise.
When there's no one else that makes me whole.
I never wanting more.
I get this feeling.
I know I've loved you before.

I know I've loved you before
I've loved you before.

As the last words came to an end, Micah turned to the left just in time to catch blue eyes boring

into hers and sucked in a gasp. Quinn didn't move, she didn't turn away or make any facial expressions at all. She just stared.

Micah wanted to go to her but was too frightened Quinn would walk away from her. She didn't know what to do so she just stood there looking at the woman she hasn't been able to get out of her mind for ten years.

"Is this the first time you've seen her since you have been back?"

Startled Micah jumped and turned to her friend. Quietly she said, "No, I saw her very briefly last week. But she won't talk to me."

"She was lost and devastated when you disappeared, Micah, I don't believe she ever got over you." Teri said as she slipped her arm over her friend's shoulders.

Micah turned to look back where Quinn was standing and she was gone. "I do believe you are wrong there my friend. I'm going to the rest room."

As Micah came out of the stall Quinn was leaning against the sink. The younger woman didn't say anything she just walked to the sink beside Quinn and started washing her hands.

"I need some answers Micah."

"There are some I won't be able to give you Quinn." She said so low that Quinn almost didn't hear what she said.

"You owe me that much Micah. Not here and not right now but you owe me an explanation that nobody has been able to give me and you will tell me." Then she turned and walked out the door.

"I know I owe you Quinn." She said to the door that had closed behind her ex lover...

Three weeks had passed and Micah hadn't seen Quinn. She had looked for her at the bar, but nothing. No word or anything.

"Honey come in here and sit for awhile. I want you to tell me what happened that night you left. I've waited long enough and I want you to tell me everything."

Micah sat next to her mother on the couch then she turned and laid her head on her lap. "I don't know where to begin Mother."

"From the start Baby, just start from there."

So Micah told her mother everything. From the first time she fell in love with Quinn, about the day Quinn's father caught them at her apartment and the day he had shown up here and gave her the check and the ultimatum.

"That sorry Son of a Bitch!" her mother yelled as she jumped from the couch and dumped her daughter on the floor. "If that Bastard wasn't already dead I would go over there right now and kill him!"

'Dead?' "Dead? Mother is Quinn's father dead?" Micah felt like she was going to be sick. "Mother?"

"He died about four years ago from a massive heart attack. I thought you knew that?"

"No, I never knew, poor Quinn." She said as she got back on the couch. "God Mom, I wish I would have known. Maybe I could have...I don't know, I just wish I had known."

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you Baby. Maybe I just thought I did. Oh Micah what are you going to do about Quinn Honey, she needs to know the truth."

"I know she does but what do I say? Hey your rat bastard of a father gave me a check for \$250,000 dollars to leave town so I left?"

"You know damn well that's not why you left sweetheart. He threatened Quinn and me. God I wish I would have known what he did to you. I want to go kick his grave stone!"

Micah almost laughed at that as the image came to mind. She stood and wrapped her arms around her mother and pulled her into a tight hug. "It's done with now Mother."

"I lost ten years of having you here with me Micah. Ten God damn years!" Her mother's tears came then and Micah hugged her even tighter...

Chapter Nine

"I'll get it Mom," Micah said as the doorbell rang again. She pulled the door open and could only stand there and stare. She tried to speak but nothing would come out.

Quinn pushed past her and turned on her. "I want answers Mic."

'God I haven't herd her call me that in years.'

"Micah I'm leaving now who was at the front...Oh hello Quinn dear." Her mother said as she came into the hall with her purse on her shoulder. She gave Quinn a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Hello Dawn its nice to see you."

Mrs. James saw the terrified look on her daughters face and hesitated. "Its okay Mother, have a great time and tell Rita hello for me." Micah said with a smile that didn't reach her eyes.

Dawn hesitated again but knew that these two young women needed to sort this out once and for all. They were way past due for this even though she knew it was going to be very hard for her

daughter if she told Quinn everything.

"I'll see you later Baby, Quinn stop being a stranger and start coming by more often. I haven't seen you in almost three months."

"Okay Dawn, have a good night."

Quinn shut the door behind the older woman and watched Micah walk into the living room. Momentarily she leaned against the door and asked herself if she was really ready for this.

"Do you see my mother often?" Micah asked to try and ease her nerves some.

"We use to see each other about once a month but it's been awhile. Are you ready to talk?"

"I don't really know where to begin." The younger woman said nervously. I...would you like something to drink?"

"No."

"Well I do." She said as she walked to the bar and poured herself a healthy shot of Glenfiddich. Downing that one, she poured another.

"Hard liquor huh? Another surprise from you Micah. Guess you have a few of them."

"Please sit down Quinn."

"No, right now I prefer to stand so talk. I want to know the truth and not some made up bullshit."

Micah grabbed the bottle from the bar and took it to the couch where she sat down and began to explain what she had told her mother. "So as you can see, I couldn't let any of that happen so the only thing I knew to do was leave."

Quinn sat staring out the big bay window with her arms across her chest. When Micah was finally done with her story she slowly turned to face the blonde.

"So...you were able to enjoy \$250.000 dollars of quiet money. Did you live prosper with it? This is bullshit Mic, he was a low mean spirited bastard but even he wouldn't do that." she said sarcastically.

"I didn't spend his fucking money Quinn!" Micah said close to tears.

"Right."

Micah turned to leave the room. "Don't walk away Micah!"

"Just wait here Goddamn it." She said as she left the room. Quinn grabbed Micah's glass off the

coffee table and poured herself a shot of what the other woman was drinking. "Christ!" She almost choked on the strong burn that went down her throat from the scotch. "How can she drink this shit?"

Just then Micah came back in and shoved a folded piece of paper into the taller woman's hand. "What's this?"

"Open it and see for yourself."

Quinn opened the paper and stared at the check her father had made out to Micah for \$250,000 dollars. 'Shit.' "Why didn't you cash it?"

"Jesus Quinn!" Micah was now crying, "I didn't leave because of the fucking money! I was terrified of what he would do to you and my mother. I kept telling you he would never let us be together but you wouldn't hear any of that!"

Micah sank to the floor on her knees with her back to the coffee table and doubled over in tears with her arms wrapped around her middle. "You have no fucking clue what it took for me to leave you and my mother." She said in a low choked whisper. "You have no fucking clue."

Quinn's stomach clenched at the sight of Micah on the floor, crying, and so broken. She knelt beside the blonde and pulled her into her arms to rock her.

"Oh my God Quinn I am soo sorry, so fucking sorry. I didn't know what else to do because I was so frightened."

"Shh Micah shh." Quinn held her tighter and rocked her. "Don't say anything else just shh and please quit crying."

They sat that way for a long time until Micah finally pulled away and got up to pour herself another shot. Quinn stood and walked back to the window. "I don't know what to think of this, I need some time to think."

"Yeah well I've had ten years of thinking. I don't know what else I can say."

"My father is dead Micah."

"I know, I just found out a few days ago when my mother told me. I'm sorry."

"Why the hell would you be sorry after what he did?" 'I hate him even more now that he is dead than I did when he was alive.'

"He was still your father; it must have been hard for you. That is why I am sorry."

"I need to go. I need to think about all of this and what it means." She turned to leave and Micah didn't say anything, just watched her walk out the door. 'What happens now Quinn? Where do

we go from here and what will it mean for the two of us?'

Micah knew her feelings for Quinn had never changed. Even with the women she had before coming home she had always been thinking about Quinn. She was accused many times by past lovers that she was thinking about someone else while they made love and twice she was dumped from the bed for calling out Quinn's name.

Chapter Ten

Once again the bar was packed and the band was on their break between sets. Micah was at the bar waiting for her drink when she felt a body lightly push into her back and arms slide around her waist. "Hey beautiful, you're not going to sing with us tonight?"

"Hey Pat, maybe a song or two later but I enjoy watching you guys." Pat's hands were resting on Micah's hips as the blonde turned to talk to her, and they started to slide up under her shirt.

"Woman if you don't remove your hands right now..."

"I know, I know. God you are so much fun to play with. Seriously though, do a set with us."

"Maybe. Maybe if you behave yourself."

"Then I will behave." Pat leaned in and gave a light kiss to the blonde's lips. "Later." The two had taken up with light flirting but both only having fun with it and Pat knew that there was a line she wasn't going to cross because Micah had become a true friend to her.

Micah came out of the bathroom stall and once again there was Quinn leaning against the sink, sapphire eyes blazing in her direction. Quinn had seen the display at the bar between Micah and Pat and didn't know why but it sent a heavy rage surging through her veins.

Suddenly Quinn was in front of Micah pushing her against the wall with her body. "Nice display of you and your girlfriend at the bar. You have any idea how angry I am right now? Any idea how badly I want to hurt you for putting me through ten tears of pure hell?" The last statement was said as Quinn took Micah's ear softly in her mouth.

Micah tried to push away but Quinn was taller and much stronger. "Please Quinn, oh God don't do this. Yell at me, hit me anything but this!" Micah was shaking hard and Quinn momentarily pulled slightly back from her. 'I have to kiss her.'

Quinn covered the soft full lips with her own and Micah was powerless to resist. A hunger long suppressed was released as Quinn's lips were everywhere. Only when Quinn heard a soft moan from her ex lover did she pull away.

'Fuck! What the hell am I doing? I have to get out of here now.' And as so like the tall brunette she was out the door in a flash.

"Quinn, wait!"

'Well, you wanted to hurt me it sure worked.' "SHIT!" Micah turned and slammed her fist into the wall. "Ouch, sonofabitch that hurt! Of all the stupid ..." She would have slid to the floor but the mere thought of what might be on said floor in a bathroom stopped her. Instead she went out to her table, gathered her things and left without a word to her friends.

The lamp hit the wall with a sickening loud crash. Quinn was disgusted with herself for what she had done to Micah tonight at the bar and didn't know how to contain or control the hot anger she felt building in her gut. 'Jesus.' She plopped down on the chair and laid her head against the back of it.

Quinn didn't know what to think anymore. She had been so angry at Micah for leaving her all those years ago with no word and wondered what she would have done if it would have been her.

She knew there was no way in hell she would have let anything happen to or hurt the younger woman if it had been her and knew with out a doubt she would have done the same thing. "Then why all the anger?"

"Because I know that after all these years, I am still in love with her and that had never changed." And it hadn't. Maybe that was what was eating her up so bad because she was still in love and Micah had moved on to greener pastures so to speak.

Seeing her with Pat tonight had made her lose control of herself the likes she had never done before. She had never liked it when women so much as even sat next to Micah in the past and that obviously hadn't changed in the ten years they have been apart.

"So what do I do now?"

"Baby what is wrong?!" Dawn James asked of her daughter as concern filled her head when she saw the state she was in and the tear stained face.

"Oh mom!" Micah dropped her head on her mothers lap and sobbed uncontrollably. Her mother just held onto her tightly knowing that she would tell her when she was able to compose herself. Tears filled her own eyes as she suspected it had something to do with one Quinn Thomas...

A long time had passed before Mrs. James heard her daughter speak and as Micah relayed to her what had happened she couldn't help but feel bad for both young women.

"She hates me mom and she has every right to do so but it is tearing me apart. Maybe it was a mistake to come back here, if it wasn't for you I would just leave tonight."

"Don't you dare say that to me again Micah Leigh James! I have already grieved your loss once and I do not intend for it to happen again in this life time, do you hear me?!"

"I'm soo sorry for putting you through that Mother, so damned sorry." Micah started to cry all over again and didn't fell as if she would be able to stop.

Chapter Eleven

"Come on Micah, you can't be serious about never playing at the Club again. Those women love you and you know it. Hell, Jimmy offered to double our pay if I could get you there every Friday night!"

"He did not" Micah laughed as she swatted her friend on the arm. "You would say anything to get me to play."

"Yes I would but in this case I am very serious. Micah, you have got to know just how good you really are. Everyone has always told you even when we were teenagers that you are good enough to go pro. I wish you could see that."

Micah leaned her head back on her friends shoulder and took a deep breath. "Teri, I just don't think I can handle another run in with Quinn like the last two times. I don't think I am ready to face her. She has let me know plainly what she thinks of me."

"I don't know Bud, I think there is more to it than she is showing. You forget I have watched her for the ten years you have been gone and that woman was never the same after you left. The two of you had something that a lot of us will never find in this lifetime."

"I have been thinking of moving to Reston. My boss told me there was a position opening up there that was right up my alley. Pay would be the same for now but the chance for advancement would be a little better than where I am at now. I would still be able to see my Mother often as well as you and the girls."

"Don't Micah, don't run away from this now. You have run for ten damn year's sweetheart, ain't it time to stop?"

"I thought it was but I'm not so sure now. I told my boss I would let him know at the end of the week because he needs an answer. They are holding this position for me just waiting for my answer."

"I don't want you to go. I just get you back and you want to leave already? Please Micah, just think hard about this. If you really want to do this you know I will stand behind you but I DON'T want you to leave."

The band still had about a half hour before they had to set up so they were having a drink at the

table closest to the stage. Devon, the bass guitarist saw Quinn and asked her to join them for a quick drink.

"Thanks but I was getting ready to leave for the night."

Teri, a little tired of the distance between Quinn and her best friend just blurted out; "Don't worry Quinn; Micah won't be here tonight, and probably never again. Sit down and tell us how you have been, we haven't seen a lot of you lately."

Quinn was still trying to get past the never again part and sat down a little faster than she intended. Teri was trying to read the other woman's expression but was unable to. "Can I get you a drink Quinn?"

"No, like I said I was getting ready to go anyway. So, she's bailing again is she?" Quinn said with a look of disgust. "Why am I not surprised?"

Pat had been sitting there just listening to the conversation and was getting a little fed up. There was no love loss between her and Quinn and frankly she didn't know what Micah saw in the egotistical woman but Micah had confided in her all that had happened so she spoke her thoughts out loud.

"Someone needs to hit you with a clue by four! Are you really that stupid? I wouldn't have guessed that about you."

Quinn turned to the woman she liked least these days and with a dangerous hint in her voice, she said; "You wanna be the one to try that Pat?"

Pat stood and faced the intimidating woman. "Maybe I should. You seem to be really dense."

Quinn stood as well and thought that she would love nothing better than to wipe the smirk off of the face that was torturing her heart. "Anytime you think you are felling froggy enough..."

"Cut it out you two!" Teri said as she stood between them.

Quinn looked at Pat once more. "Very sweet of you to take up for your newest conquest, she must be a very good lay for you to defend her."

Pat went to come around the table but the other women jumped in between them making sure the two women did not connect with each other.

"Alright! Knock it off the both of you!" Teri yelled. "Quinn, if you don't want anything to do with her then back out of her life 100% and quit approaching her. Pat...I know what you are trying to do but DON'T. Let this drop now!"

Quinn snatched her keys off of the table and turned to Pat. "Don't ever threaten me again, you won't last the outcome. I won't fight for something that was never mine to start with though."

Without another word she was walking away leaving the other women secretly collecting their breath.

Devon turned to the others; "Well I for one say that she is still in love with Micah or she would have never gotten do defensive."

'If she is planning to leave then maybe things between Pat and her aren't that serious and why did Pat say I needed to be hit with a clue by four? What will I do if she leaves for the second time? Fuck.'

Quinn drove aimlessly around town more confused now than she was when Micah left. She was angry at the thought of Micah leaving which didn't make sense. Wasn't it only a few days ago that she was angry she came back in the first place? 'I need to see her before she leaves.' She had no idea what she would say to her but she knew she needed to just the same.

Slowly driving by Micah's house, Quinn noticed the light was on in the window where she knew the younger woman's bedroom was. She drove to the end of the block then made a u-turn to pull into the driveway behind Micah's Harley. Silently she starred at the big bike with appreciation and a soft smile came to her lips without permission...

"Just a second." Looking through the peep hole Micah caught her breath at the sight of Quinn at her door. 'What have I done wrong now?' She wondered as she slid open the dead bolt.

"Quinn?" She said softly.

Quinn slowly looked the blond from head to toe taking in the tight tank top and Eeyore boxers and felt a heat simmer in her body. "Hi, can I talk to you for a minute?"

"Quinn, I don't have anymore fight left in me."

"I'm not here to fight with you, just talk for a minute and I promise I won't take but a few minutes I see you are getting ready for bed."

"What makes you think I wasn't already in bed?"

"Then I am sorry I woke you Micah and sorry to bother you." Quinn turned to leave and felt a soft hand grasp her arm and turn her back.

"You are already here so you may as well come in."

"I..."

"Quinn, just come in here you came here for a reason. Can I get you something to drink?"

"I'll take a glass of ice water please."

"Ok just go sit down and I'll bring it to you." As Micah walked to the kitchen she thought that she had never heard Quinn sound so out of sorts before. The woman had always been posed and in control, 'well with the exception of when...' "Don't go there James." She mumbled under her breath.

She handed the tall glass of ice water to Quinn and walked to the bar to pour herself a shot of Glenfiddich. She stared out past the bar through the window before tossing the tumbler back and draining the dark liquid in one swallow. Pouring one more she went and sat on the recliner across from the dark haired woman.

"Why are you here Quinn?"

"When did you start drinking hard liquor, you could never stand the taste of it before. What changed?"

Micah pulled her feet up and slid them underneath her rear as she pinched the bridge of her nose. Resting her glass on her thigh she looked over to the woman on the couch. 'So beautiful Quinn, so God damn beautiful.'

"Something tells me you didn't drive over here this late in the evening just to ask about my drinking habits Quinn so why don't you just tell me what's on your mind?"

"No...I didn't come here to question you on your drinking problem I was merely stating an observation since you use to not be able to stand the taste of hard liquor..."

"Now you accuse me of having an alcohol problem?" Micah's voice held a touch of sarcasm in it that didn't escape Quinn's attention and the taller woman's first reaction was to snap back.

"I didn't say that! Shit, look I didn't come here to pick a fight with you Mic...I...I just wanted to see how you were doing?"

"Why the sudden change of heart Quinn when the last time I saw you you acted like you couldn't stand the sight of me?"

"That's not it Micah." Quinn said softly as she scooted closer to the edge of her seat. "You have to understand that I was in a little bit of shock. I haven't seen you nor have I heard a single word from you in ten years then all of a sudden there you are sitting on the edge of the stage singing a Dixie Chicks song. I was..."

"I know Quinn and I have tried to tell you how sorry I am and I don't know what else to say. You have every right to hate me and I don't blame y..."

"I don't hate you Mic. I could never hate you."

"Then what is it Quinn? Just what is it that you feel because you aren't giving me anything to go by other than making me feel even more like a total failure than I did when I first came back here. I have tried to stay away from you so as not to cause you any problems, hell I even have a transfer lined up in Reston so everyone can be happy."

"Is that going to make your mother happy? I can't imagine so after being gone for so long."

Micah felt her eyes well up with tears and jumped from her seat to walk to the window with her back to Quinn before the woman could see them but Quinn had noticed right away. She slowly stood and went to stand closely behind Micah's back and slowly turned the younger woman to face her. "Look at me Micah."

Micah heaved back a sob and tried to turn away again but Quinn held tightly to her and softly said, "what do you want Micah?"

"Quinn please..."

"What do you want Micah?" Quinn said again as she pulled the smaller woman closer to her body. "Tell me Mic."

"I...I want you Quinn. I have always just wanted you. I have always loved no one but you and that's why I left because I couldn't stand the thought of that man hurting you just because of me." Micah was softly crying now and pleadingly looked into the eyes that owned her soul.

Quinn tilted her head downward and softly kissed the full lips that has taunted her ever since she could remember. She felt a surge of heat crash through her body and said the only thing she could think of, "I want you too. And I have never stopped loving you though I have tried through the years to hate you I just could never do it."

The younger woman pulled slightly back and looked up. "Are you sure Quinn?"

"The only thing that I am positively sure of is that I never want you to walk away from me again. Anything else we will just have to wait to see. I want you and I want you now, right here tonight."

Micah threw her smaller body into the solid form of Quinn and crushed her lips to hers with another hard sob. They held each other for long moments until Quinn whispered in the younger woman's ear "let's go to your room Micah..."

Micah reached for the taller woman's hand and led her through the house while turning off the lights. Standing in front of the bed Micah was unsure how to proceed. Her body was trembling with want and need but didn't want to make the wrong move.

"Are you cold Mic?"

She opened her mouth to speak but nothing came out so she tried once more. "No, I'm not cold."

"Why are you shivering then?" Quinn stepped closer. "Micah, please don't be afraid of me I could never intentionally hurt you. You know that don't you?"

"I do know that Quinn, I've just waited so damn long for this to happen . Actually I thought it never would happen again and I don't want to do anything wrong." Micah whispered as a lone tear slid down her cheek.

"Baby, the only thing you could do wrong right now is to pull back from me or be frightened." Quinn stepped even closer this time bring their bodies into contact. She slowly lowered her head and softly kissed Micah. "Let me show you how much I have missed you Baby."

And she did...

"Jesus Baby it's just like I remembered only even better." Micah said as she laid half on and half off of her lover. "Will you stay the night?"

"Mmm." Quinn moaned as she pushed aside the sweat dampened hair out of the blonds' eyes. "Yes but right this minute I am starving. Let's go raid the fridge like we use to do."

"Kay, there is some left over Spaghetti in there I can heat up if you want."

"Your Mom's?"

"Un huh."

"Hell yeah lets go."

Micah jumped off the bed and grabbed Quinn's shirt to put on but left it unbuttoned and walked towards the bed room door. She turned as she heard Quinn complain.

"Hey, that's my shirt what am I supposed to wear?"

"Well if you insist that you have to wear anything at all put my robe on but you are just fine as you are."

"Mic, that robe looks like it would be short on you so I know it's not going to cover anything on me." Quinn said as she reached for the said robe anyway.

Micah grinned. "Un huh I know."

As the Spaghetti was heating they were so engrossed in their bodies being wrapped around each other and locked in a passionate kiss they never heard Micah's Mother walk into the kitchen. Dawn James' face blushed a nice shade of red but a smile came to her lips just the same.

"Hum huh, excuse me children."

The two women jumped apart embarrassed at being caught. "Um Mom...I didn't think you would be home tonight." Micah said as she desperately tried to pull Quinn's shirt together in attempt to cover herself.

"Well that is obvious." Her mother said as she walked up and kissed her daughter on the cheek. "Hello Baby." She said then leaned over to place one on the brunettes' cheek as well. "Quinn darling it's nice to see you again."

As the older woman turned to leave the kitchen she said over her shoulder. "If you kids plan to wonder around in my kitchen eating me out of house and home please put some damn clothes on."

She walked away leaving the two younger women in the kitchen thinking that life was good. Her daughter was back to stay and it appears that she and Quinn had finally come to terms with each other. Yes indeed, life was good...

The End...for now

Thank you for taking the time to read my little story. Feel free to let me know what you think.

PEACE, Robin
