

~ Evil Love ~

by Zee

Disclaimer - This is piece of fiction. There will be some bad language, violence, same-sex kissing and hugging, and if you dig deep enough, hopefully, an enjoyable little yarn of some merit.

The characters are mine and should not be used and abused without my consent.

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Love is an evil word; just spell it backwards

The sun was just starting to rise, highlighting the waking world in warm golden hues. Beams of light stretched across darkly churning ocean waves, which seemed to hesitate for a second before they crashed into craggy, dark stone that shot almost straight up out of the raging water. The sunbeams of a bright new day sparkled off a lavish villa atop the cold bare stone long before the rays inched down the barren stone to the frothing waters below.

In an opulent bedroom, dark hair peeked out from under a thick warm comforter as sunlight worked itself into the room. As the sunlight invaded the room, the body in the bed started to squirm and move. Finally the blankets were tossed off exposing a pair of black silk pajamas and a sleep wrinkled face. The young woman stretched and in the huge bed her arms and legs didn't come near the sides, the size making her look like a small child in the massive bed, although the impression wasn't helped any by the fact the petite woman was barely five feet even.

Yawning widely, the young woman reached blindly across the bed until she found the nightstand next to her bed, grunting slightly as she captured the TV remote and hit the on button. Nearly half the wall at the foot of the bed lit up as the TV turned on, a voice screaming out into the quiet room filling it up with noise. Sea green eyes popped open in alarm and she fumbled with the remote until the noise came down to a bearable level. With a happy sigh, she fell back into the bed, after a moment her eyes reopened and she glanced at the TV.

"International Super Agent Nancy Steele was honored in Washington DC...."

Her green eyes got huge and her mouth hung open, transfixed by the beautiful woman displayed life size on the screen before her. She didn't hear anything else being said by the TV. "Oooo, come to mama. I'm in love," she squealed, causing several minions to burst into the room with weapons drawn to see what the matter was.

Casey stood in front of the stove, her dirty blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail to keep it out of her face. Lifting the shiny well used, but well maintained skillet she gave it a quick twist flipping the omelet perfectly. Whistling merrily she grabbed a plate and gently slid the egg creation on to a bed of lettuce then grabbed another pan scooping out freshly grated hash browns.

Sensing someone behind her she shifted her grip on the handle so it could now be used as a weapon and pulled the revolver she had hidden under the counter. In a quick move, she turned and dropped to one knee. She halted the movement of the pan, stopping it a centimeter from a kneecap.

The hulking man, who almost lost a kneecap, let out a sigh of relief and color started to return to his face.

Casey frowned and slowly stood up. "What have I told you about sneaking up on me?" she asked bluntly.

"Errmm," The big man thought for a moment. "Not too?"

"Correct. So what has prompted you to forget that very simple rule just because were in my kitchen?" She put the gun back in its hiding place and set the pan next to a huge marble sink to be washed.

"You have to do something Casey; your sister is being weird again. You know what happened last time..."

"Nathan, I'm still not convinced that the hole in the Great Wall was her doing. I seriously think those Buddhist Monks set her up," she remarked.

"Not that kind of weird, I'm talking the kind of weird that got us the Green Conifer living with us for 6 months before you put your foot down and made her get a real super-villain job."

Casey blanched; she had hated that lazy, good for nothing woman. "Super-villain my ass. What kind of super-villain has group hug time?"

"Yeah, and she made us get rid of the leather couch. Remember how soft it was? Perfect for playing games on. I could just sit there for hours blowing stuff up on the game cube." He sighed wistfully. "And then we couldn't have any meat products and we had to drink wheat grass. You sure she wasn't a mole planted by the good guys?"

"I still have my doubts. Last I heard though, she was spiking trees in the Northwest and having sing-a-longs while strapped naked to blue spruce pines." They looked at each other and shuddered at the thought of a naked Green Conifer.

"Please go talk some sense into her, before something horrible happens," Nathan pleaded

It was just sad to see a man large enough to make the Hulk look tiny beg. "Fine, fine, but no promises. She is the boss after all."

Nathan just nodded, and for the hundredth time wondered how it was that the baby of the Blackheart family had gotten to be in charge of the whole Blackheart gang. The eldest, Casey,

seemed to be much more well adjusted.

Casey picked up the plate of food and walked down the hallway to her sister's bedroom. She knocked politely and then barged in. "I have breakfast. Stacey what have I told you about sitting too close to that monstrous TV or yours?"

The baby of the Blackheart family shrugged and mumbled. "Not to, cause my eyeballs will shrivel up and fall out of my head." Her eyes never left the glowing pixilated figure two-feet from her nose. "Isn't she beautiful," she said with a lovesick moan.

"Who? Oh... Oh my!" The woman on the screen was indeed naughty fantasy worthy on all sorts of levels.

"She's my new girlfriend."

That statement caused Casey's thoughts to crash and burn. "What? What about the Green Conifer?"

"Who? Oh her, we broke up."

"When?"

"Soon."

"So she doesn't know this fact yet?"

"No." Stacey turned and looked at her sister in exasperation. "It's the Green Conifer. Breaking up with her is going to take a brilliant, strategic plan, which I don't have yet."

"Oh, well, breakfast. I made you an omelet," she said shaking the plate in her hand.

The diabolical, super-villain who had seized control of the Blackheart Gang after the vicious murder of her parents, and then cut a bloody swath through the crime world: gave a girlish squeal of delight and flounced on her massive bed. Reaching out her hands to her sister she said. "Give."

Casey chuckled and handed over the food. As her little sister gobbled the food on her plate, Casey looked around the room. All the framed photos of the Green Conifer and her sister were down off the walls and bookshelf. Her eyes strayed to the giant screen once more. The woman really was stunning: fit, tall, and curvy in all the right places, with piercing blue eyes and dark wavy hair. Her sister was more the cute, than sexy type. With a soft baby face and short dark brown hair she gelled just so. When you combined that with her short height many of the other crime lords and do-gooding hero types seriously underestimated her. Casey really didn't think of herself in terms of cute or attractive. She was tall and thick, no matter how much she worked out she never looked in shape, not like the woman on the TV screen; she was more of a ruler shape. She had unnoticeable looks and bland dishwater blonde hair, but her eyes often sparkled showing

generous spirit. Growing up she had always watched out for her little sister; that's just what you did. Family was everything, as her father use to so often say. Her nose had been broken, twice, wading into fights and arguments her sister had brought down upon herself. After the death of their parents she kept on backing up her little sister. Everyone was surprised that she hadn't wanted to rule the underworld, but all she had really wanted to be was a Chef. She had even applied for several schools, but the death of most of her family had halted that.

"I think she might be Greek." Stacey's voice broke into her thoughts.

Casey snorted, "Not with those baby blues; they scream Anglo-Saxon."

Her little sister just gave a lovesick sigh. "I could just drown in those."

Yeah, Casey figured she could too, but drowning didn't sound all that healthy in a relationship. "So what does your new dream girl do?"

"She's a top secret special agent; like a female James Bond or something." Another heartsick love sigh burst out into the air.

"A what!" She just stared at her sister in horror, while her sister continued to stare at the TV in a way that was almost obscene.

"Yeah, isn't it great? I so want to be her Pussy Galore."

Casey ran a hand down over her face. "That's... do you know how just wrong that is."

Her little sister looked at her evilly. "I know. Just makes me want to do it just that much more."

Casey got that sinking feeling, which meant something, was going to blow up soon, probably messily, and in high volume, in her face.

Stacey rolled over and handed her now empty plate back to her big sister. "That was great. You're the best, you know that right?"

She simply took the plate and fondly patted her sister's unruly hair. "You're just saying that 'cause it's true."

"No I'm saying it 'cause I spent thousands on hiring chefs to train you in the art of the cooking that you love so much. I would hope you'd be the best." She rolled over in her huge bed swimming against the covers until she reached the cordless phone on the other side.

Casey just shook her head at the back assward complement her sister gave her. "Some day soon we're going to work on your tact."

Stacey just waved her comment off. "Hello? Yes, I would like to order four-dozen roses for Nancy Steele. Her address? Good question." She fumbled for a different remote and ended up falling off the bed in search of it. After a few moments of scrambling around like a crab she

popped back up and did a little victory dance. Hitting the power button revealed another huge screen, this one the monitor for her homemade super-computer.

Casey just quietly slipped out the door.

Shaken and Stirred

Blue eyes stared at the swirling currents of chocolate liquor that were moving around seductively in her chocolate martini. She didn't normally drink but it was that time of the month and she figured one would make her more human and less likely to rip the head off any of her various assistants.

She tapped a manicured nail against the glass, unconsciously her foot tapped in rhythm with the noise. She frowned, still annoyed with the whole Washington DC thing. She knew she was the department figurehead, and as such it was expected that she do such things, but really, the next politician who grabbed her ass was going to get his nose shoved down his throat. Maybe she needed a cigarette. No, no, no. She'd stopped smoking three months ago, well except for that time last month but that didn't really count. She'd ended up having to make nice with some prince of some Middle Eastern desert sheikdom. Riding a camel for 8 hours in the desert, during the hottest part of the year just to return some snot nosed bratty prince was not her idea of fun. Sometimes she just didn't get paid enough.

She sighed and got up going to the bar. Sometimes it really sucked being the public persona of a super secret spy organization. She had once asked what the point of being super secret was if everyone knew who she was. The mysterious "Powers that Be" said that she brought in funding, and that you couldn't run an organization on peanut butter, duct tape, and chicken wire. Blue eyes examined the rows of shiny bottles of alcohol that were laid out before her, with a shrug she grabbed the pitcher of chocolate Martini's that Margo had left out for her and poured herself another one. She deserved it; she had met with that annoying American President, after all.

Just as the glass reached her lips there came a buzz from the intercom. Her manicured nail jabbed the talk button in annoyance. "Margo. I think I've suffered enough for one day."

"Of course you have." The monotone voice seemed hardly sympathetic to her. "There's a couple of strapping young lads out here with what appears to be a botanical garden between them. Honey, why didn't you tell me you got laid and was it good?" She groaned and felt a blush heat her face.

"You're blushing aren't you sweetie? Never mind that, get out here and sign for this damn garden so it can be moved to your office and I can start working on getting these strapping young lads phone numbers."

With a resigned sigh she let out a breath that ruffled her dark bangs and set her drink down on the table then marched out of her office. Her outer office looked like the garden gnome had gone ballistic. Flowers in baskets and vases were set on every available flat surface.

The only thing Nancy was capable of was gaping like a fish out of water, "All of this is for me?"

"Well, couple of the boys went back to their van for more so."

"Oh my God."

Margo's eyes lit up devilishly. "So were you saying that or was she?"

She chose to ignore that statement. Long skinny fingers reached over and she deftly plucked a card from the nearest bundle of flora and fauna. Opening the card she frowned at the inside.

"So sweet cheeks, I can tell by the frown on your face that these aren't from the person you were hoping for."

With a roll of her eyes, she lowered the card and snorted. "I'm not expecting flowers from anybody; my last date was with Sarah." At the blank stare she prompted, "From purchasing."

Margo's face quickly transformed so it looked like she had sucked on a lemon. "Oh, yes, the woman who was in denial of her straightness. I swear she only dated women cause she hated men so much that her only option left was to suck it up and date the female of the species."

She laughed at that. "Oh, Margo that is priceless. Most of the world assumes we, as in me, as in my lesbianism, hate men."

"Oh sweetie, you have enough guy friends to form a football league, and most of them would look fine in those tight pants." The office assistant was practically drooling as she went off into her own little happy place that involved whipped topping and tight football pants. After a minute she came back to reality. "Oops, sorry there sweetie. So again, who are they from?"

"It doesn't say, but the big black heart drawn in the center of the card is a big clue."

Margo sucked in a breath. "No shit?"

"I shit not."

"Why would they...." The office assistant's eyes got huge and she triggered a big red button under her desk. In seconds alarms were sounding, bars were drawing up over windows, the flower delivery boys were being rounded up by six large burly men with no necks, and Nancy Steele was standing in the middle of the room pinching her nose. She looked at Margo and gave a thin unamused smile. "Shall we go to the decontamination showers and then head to isolation until the doctors can poke and prod us?"

"Sounds lovely sweetie, I'll bring pie, it will be like a picnic except without the ants." The woman said drolly standing up from her desk.

She loves me, Sshe loves me not

"So was my order delivered?"

The sun was out shining over the water, it was beautiful, the stunning blue of the sky and ocean merging seamlessly.

"What? Testicles? Oh, heh, not that delivery." Stacey paused for a second. "Um how did that go by the way? Oh good, I'm glad Beznikie Brothers got my point." A voice droned on and on, on the other end of the phone. Stacey flipped over on the lounge chair she was laying on, and stretched her petite frame. "Any way back to my needs." She interrupted. "The flowers? How did that go?"

An ominous silence was her answer then the voice tentatively started to speak.

Stacey Blackheart's face started getting red until she finally exploded. "What do you mean complications? What do you mean lock down and decontamination? You're telling me I spent a lot of money for those flowers just to have them fumigated and thrown in the incinerator? Fuck!" She chucked the phone. It flew over the sheik polished brass railing and fell into the water below.

With a great sigh, her head flopped onto her hands, her dark hair spilling out around her. After a moment her head shot up and she bellowed. "Minions!"

Three men and one woman burst out on to the observation deck guns drawn.

"Put those away. Get suited up and find my phone. It, uh, accidentally got tossed over the rail."

Only years of practice prevented them from rolling their eyes. As a single hive mind they snapped to attention and said. "Yes, Ms. Blackheart we'll get on that right away."

Stacey pointed at the smallest of the three men and snapped her fingers. "You, um...."

"Daniel," he supplied helpfully.

"Daniel, give me your cell."

He drew it out of his pocket, but hesitated a second. "Is it going to take long? It's off peak time...." He trailed off nervously. "Um, here ya go."

She smiled, but it made her look more like a rabid chinchilla with gas.

"Thanks now go swim or something," she said waving them off.

She dialed and spoke into the phone. "Ken? Yeah it's me. Nah, my phone just died that's all. So

my flowers...."

Casey looked up as people stormed by her kitchen like their asses were on fire. Considering they had come from upstairs, which was her sister's lair, it was very possible they were. Depending on Stacy's mood.

"Cell phone, water," one minion huffed out as he passed.

She just threw a knife; it cut through the air sticking in the door jam vibrating. "Out of my kitchen. You carry disease, dirt and other unclean things. My kitchen is a place of cleanliness you heathens."

The last minion running through her kitchen yelped in surprise at the knife and ran faster.

Casey just grinned and shook her head in amusement. She went back to preparing the lemon chicken that was for dinner. A few minutes had passed before Stacy appeared in the kitchen. Casey was well aware her sister was there, but knew that Stacy would talk whenever she was ready.

Humming softly, Casey worked around her sister, while her sister puttered with gadgets. Every once in awhile Casey would firmly take stuff out of Stacy's hands, like a whisk, can opener, garlic press. The egg timer that Stacy kept dinging over and over she just stabbed with a knife in annoyance.

Stacy's mouth dropped and she looked from the dead timer between her fingers and her sister. "What the hell? You could have lopped off one of my fingers."

Casey snorted and put the chicken in the oven. "Unlikely. I only asserted enough pressure to pierce the timer not punch all the way through. You know my rule about being in the kitchen."

Stacy snorted. "Oh, yeah, that. Not to. But I own this place, I should get to do and go wherever I want." She started fiddling with the shiny new blender.

Casey walked over to her sister and smacked her hands, "Ten percent rule. Now leave it alone."

"Owww!" The shorter sister whined before sulking away. After a moment her head peaked back in the kitchen. "Hey what's the ten percent rule?"

Casey smirked from where she was smashing potatoes. "You have to be at least ten percent smarter than the object you are trying to operate."

"Hey! I could have you killed."

"And I could give you food poisoning," Casey countered looking at her sister. "You are not a big tough Blackheart thug, not with me, and not here. Go swing your mob boss weight somewhere else," she chastised.

Stacy sighed and looked down for a moment, "I love you, you know? You're family." Then the dark haired head disappeared.

It wasn't an apology. She was fairly certain her sister was allergic to those, but it was as good as it got. Whistling, she went back to smashing potatoes.

"I sent her flowers." Stacy's voice floated in behind her.

Ah, the crux of what this was all about. "Sent who flowers?"

"That hot super agent. The one that was on the TV."

"I see." This could only end in tears. Scratch that. Blood, this could only end in blood.

"When you like a girl you're supposed to send them flowers. I read that on some Internet web site. Apparently telling them you are a Crime Overlord isn't in the top ten, although I find it works most of the time."

Casey sighed. "It works with girls like the Green Conifer. I'm fairly certain it doesn't work on women like Ms. Steele." She waited a moment but when there was no further information she asked, "How did Ms. Steele take your overture of undying love and devotion?"

"See, I don't get why flowers represent undying love? You've basically given someone a dying object that no way represents undying love," Stacy replied, her forehead wrinkled in thought.

"Ten percent," Casey muttered under her breath. "You're dodging the question."

The younger sibling sighed walking into the room and flopped with a boneless grace onto a chair. "Apparently the flowers caused wide spread panic and neurotoxin testing."

"I see." Yep, buckets of blood. "So, I guess that's it then. Sounds like a not interested...."

"She just doesn't know the real me," Stacy broke in. "Maybe I should go sweep her off her feet. Show her a night on the town."

Casey turned, holding the potato masher out towards her sibling. "If you go anywhere near that Super Spy Headquarters I will...." bits of mashed potato flung off as she punctuated her points. "I will do... something, and it won't be pleasant."

"You can't tell me what to... OW!" She suddenly held her nose. "I, can't believe you hit me in the nose with a potato masher."

"Do something stupid and I'll take it to your ass. I swear you weren't given enough corporal punishment as a kid."

Stacy flipped her the bird and stormed out of the kitchen.

Casey sighed and looked at the framed photo of their parents that she had on the counter. "I wish you were here mama. She listened to you. I try so hard, and trust me I look out for her just like I promised, but she makes it so difficult."

She set down the masher and went and checked on the chicken.

There's stocking and then there's stalking

It had been a week since the flower incident, which had turned out to be a big old false alarm. Her more annoyed co-workers were still sending her their bill for dry cleaning. The whole thing was leaving her and people higher up in the agency feeling off kilter. Who had sent them? Was it really one of the Blackheart Gang or was it some sort of prank?

As far as she knew, she hadn't ever had any run-ins with the Crime family. The Blackhearts were just about on every police agency watch list. The Family however, demanded fierce loyalty that nobody was anxious to break. The whole world had seen what happened when that loyalty was broken by an associate who had been caught by the Americans and had betrayed William Blackheart and his wife Carol. This associate, a Jesus Santiago was at best a middleman, of no real importance, except he was in the know that William and his wife would be visiting San Diego to check on things. The Americans had set up a sting that had turned into a blood bath. William and Carol had left 2 children orphaned and a void in the criminal underbelly. The whole world waited for the bloody fallout as other crime families sprang into action to fill that void, only it never came. It was reported that the youngest daughter had stepped up, murdering Jesus, and leaving his severed head on the flagpole of the FBI office in Washington DC, as a warning. Not much was known about the daughters except for some grainy surveillance photos.

But the whole head on a flagpole thing was a pretty good indicator that she really didn't want either daughter's full attention.

Her thoughts were interrupted as Margo asked her, "So sweetie, was it everything you imagined and more?"

"Huh?" She blinked and tried to figure out what Margo was talking about. The office smelled strongly of bleach and other cleaning products, the smell was so sharp it brought tears to her eyes.

"Yeah, I know, I'm thinking of requesting some gas masks or at least going to that dollar store down the street and getting some scented candles. So anyways, was finally seeing me naked all you imagined and more. Will I be feeding some late night fantasies?"

Nancy's lips immediately shriveled up making it look as if she had bitten into a lemon. "Eww, Margo! I was too busy hyperventilating to notice anything."

"Yeah, my body can have that effect on people."

Her expression didn't change. "God I'm going to have to give myself a mind wipe now," she muttered stalking past her laughing assistant. "One of these days Margo I'm going to send you back to the secretarial pool and inflict you on somebody else."

"You keep telling yourself that, sweetie," Margo said drolly before picking up the phone and ordering someone to go get some scented candles, preferably vanilla, it matched her boss's outlook on life - boring, predictable, and utterly vanilla.

She was bored, utterly and completely bored. She had been taken off all current cases, until the whole Blackheart thing could be straightened out. She had finished the last of the paperwork she had been saving for a better time, an hour ago and now found herself with nothing to do. God, what she wouldn't give for an international incident right now.

Flipping on the small TV in her office showed her the world was still in one piece, more or less, and after a few minutes of channel surfing was fixated like a train wreck on a talk show about women who had slept with Bigfoot. Apparently the big hairy Sasquatch really got around; a couple of the women had large hairy babies to prove it. For an hour her brain was turned to mush.

As the credits of the show ran, she blinked and looked at the clock on the wall; it hung slightly off center, which bugged her. Maybe she would get around to fixing it today, since her social calendar was a wasteland. With a sigh, she hit the intercom button. "Margo, I don't suppose we have anything going on today at all?"

"Sorry, sweetie, I know how you hate to be inactive but I've got nothing. We are stuck at desk duty until further notice, but I've got the high score on this computer pinball game."

"Oh good, I'd hate to think we were wasting your talents," she replied with a laugh. "Okay I think I'm going to lunch and then maybe some shopping."

"Buy something sexy then go to that Lesbo club you use to go to all the time and pick someone up. Have a good time, get lucky then tell me all the juicy details, that way I have something to look forward to tomorrow."

Nancy's blue eyes narrowed in annoyance and she released the button. She gathered her purse and coat and left her office. She didn't quite storm out but it was close. "I'm leaving now," she said in clipped tones.

"Yes, sweetie, I can see that," Margo said not looking up from her computer. "Remember, sexy."

She slammed the office door.

As she walked towards her favorite Italian restaurant, she noticed a mother with a stroller trying desperately to wave down a cab without any luck. Feeling like she could at least do one good

thing today she walked over. "Hi there. Can I help you?"

The frazzled looking woman looked around, and then gave her a grateful smile. "Oh thank you, I thought I would be here all day. Can you watch Stanley here for a second while I go flag down one of these idiots?"

She didn't really want to watch the kid, "I was actually thinking I could go wave down a...." but the young mother was already stepping off the curb, hands waving. "Okay." She walked around to the stroller and knelt down. "I hope you end up brighter than your mother." She blinked for a second her mind not quite processing what she was seeing, but it was ugly and hairy, and as the needle pierced her skin her last thought was - Bigfoot baby.

Stacy was laughing so hard she thought she might pee her pants. "Oh God, she really fell for...." She rolled off her bed and continued writhing around on the floor. "For the midget in the baby stroller. I love that one."

The voice over the phone barked something, and the Crime Lord tried to contain her laughter and respond. "Yes, I'm sure midget isn't a politically correct term, but I'm fairly certain kidnapping and cutting off someone's family jewels isn't either."

The voice went silent then said something along the lines of 'I see your point.'

"So where is she?" Stacy's eyes lit up. "Really, already? Excellent I'll be down in few to greet our new guest."

With a smile she went into her walk in closet and began picking out clothes, ones that screamed 'I'm a Badass'. Women loved a badass, whether their kink was men or women, they secretly all lusted after the bad boy or bad girl. Dressed to a T, she tested her breath and then with a leering smile she started whistling on her way down to the cells.

She got to the cell that Nancy Steele was being held in and frowned. "She's still unconscious how am I supposed to sweep her off her feet if she's knocked out?" She turned around glaring at the minions present.

A couple of them shrugged before the smallest spoke up. "Hey so what, boss lady." He had been the 'baby' in the stroller, and Stacy had to wonder how anyone could have been fooled. He was about the hairiest man she'd ever seen. "I gave her a full dose, I figure those super spy types take meds to boost their immunity to that shit. She'll be fine, it's non-fatal in 98% of the population."

Stacy could feel the vein in her head throbbing. "I am going to go get some ice cream. I expect you all to be gone except for Carlos and Suzanne when I get back." She pointed to Carlos and Suzanne. "You two are on guard duty." With that she turned on her heels and left.

Casey was working on a cake for a minion; it was his kid's birthday. The kid was a big fan of

some TV show called the DoodleBops. After much Internet research and recovering from the horror of finding said website, she was now in the process of making a cake that looked like the three alien, prime colored, kiddie rock stars. She wasn't certain if her sanity would survive the endeavor.

She didn't even bother to look up when Stacy came barging in and started rooting around in the freezer. "Did we loose another bet to the Vesputian Family again?"

"What?" Stacy asked looking up, holding a pint of mint chocolate chip. "Oh, no. We still control Panama."

Casey frowned but said nothing going back to her cake.

Stacy found a spoon and stood in the middle of the kitchen not really looking at anything, just eating ice cream. After a moment she calmed down and started daydreaming. As day she dreamed, she started unconsciously humming a Jimmy Buffett song.

Before she really knew what was happening, Casey realized she was humming along as well. After a moment she realized what song it was and looked at her sister in horror. Her face turned red in anger and she slammed frosting on to the counter. "Damn-it Stacy, I told you to stay away from that woman."

Stacy paused; spoon stuck in her mouth, and said, "Whath?" around the spoon.

"I told you, stay away from that woman."

"Huh? Wait how did you know? I specifically gave the minions orders you were not to know. Besides you said I wasn't to go anywhere near that Super Spy Headquarters'. I didn't go anywhere near it." She smirked at her own brilliance.

Casey was a little hurt her sister would deliberately keep her out of the loop. "I know because you were humming, 'Why don't we get drunk and screw' you only hum that when there's a woman involved. The only woman I know you want to be involved with is that Nancy Steele woman. So where is she?"

Stacy immediately scooped up a large blob of ice cream and stuffed it in her mouth and said. "Donth sthrss."

Casey wiped her hands, took her apron off, and walked out past her sister. As she passed her, she smacked her in the back of the head. The spoon popped out and hit the floor with a wet smack. "Clean that up," she said in parting.

Stacy grumbled but got a paper towel.

First thing she noticed when she got to the holding cells was that Carlos and Suzanne were unconscious, and she knew the second thing she would notice was that the cell that was supposed

to hold one Nancy Steele would be empty. She looked over. Yep, it was empty. She heard the elevator doors open behind her and her sister's light tread on the floor. "Fucking great," she muttered.

"Now Casey, don't be mad... where is she?"

"Stacy, the new great love of your life has escaped," Casey, said annoyed as she turned to go back upstairs.

"What the hell? Hey where are you going?" she shouted at her sister.

"Back to my kitchen. I have a cake to finish, and you my little stalker have a super spy to catch."

"Son of a bitch," Stacy roared hitting the panic button, before she went over to the two unconscious guards.

A tale of two sisters

She could smell the sea; it was sharp, tangy, and crisp, almost to the point that she could taste it on her tongue. It had been really easy to escape the two guards, especially when they expected her to be unconscious for several more hours. For the first time she was really happy she had taken that training seminar on what to do if you are drugged. She had been so certain it was a waste of time, but her bosses insisted that she had to take one training seminar a year. Combine that with the monthly booster shots to help their immunity to bio-weapons, poisons, and other such things, the sedative really hadn't worked all that long.

She was running down a hallway her body hugging the wall wondering what the heck was going on. She really wanted to know what that woman had meant about sweeping her off her feet, but she would think on it later. Right now all she wanted to do was find a way out of here.

All of a sudden alarms went off and she just about jumped out of her skin. Damn, she had been hoping for more time. Her adrenaline pumping at an all time high, she sprinted down the hallway only to come to a sliding halt as she heard the sounds of a lot of booted feet. Turning around she ran back to the stairs and headed up. Maybe there was a helicopter pad on the roof. She had taken that training seminar last year, 'Piloting a Helicopter in a Pinch'.

Casey hummed that stupid Jimmy Buffett song, unable to get it out of her mind now and it seemed a somewhat perverse thing to be humming while decorating a kid's birthday cake. She sighed and tried to remember how to get to Sesame Street, but to no avail. With a last swirl of blue frosting she stepped back smiling at the creation. Not bad in an 'all kid show creators are on LSD' sort of way.

She picked up all her tools and went to the kitchen sink where she washed everything and set them in a rack to dry. She then wet a towel and started wiping down the counters. As she did so she

casually pulled one of the hidden guns and turned pointing it at the woman standing behind her.

Nancy guiltily put the chair she was holding over her head down. "I wasn't going to hurt you, just knock you out," she said sulkily, wanting that point made very clear to the woman with the gun.

Casey bit her bottom lip in thought then said. "I think getting knocked out would hurt a lot."

Nancy shrugged conceding the point, "Well I wasn't going to kill you."

"Fair enough and unless you do something stupid I'm not going to kill you either." She motioned the woman to sit in the chair she had put down. Then she backed up until she found the drawer she wanted and pulled out two pairs of handcuffs. "Hands behind the chair."

Blue eyes widened at the handcuffs. "Have a lot of need for those in the kitchen?"

"Secret lives of chef's and all that," Casey responded dryly as she cuffed each of her hands to the chair. She then went back to the counter staring at the super spy. "That was disappointing I have to admit, I think I expected more of a fight from a super spy."

"Huh? Super spy?" Nancy looked confused.

Casey set the gun down and picked up a cordless phone. "Simon, get me Stacy. Well tell her to call me as soon as you can, I have what she's looking for." Absently she picked up a small knife. It had been stashed next to the phone; probably Stacy's doing. She started to twirl it in her fingers as she talked.

Nancy studied her surroundings as well as the woman who had put a stop to her escape plan. The kitchen was nice, full of every shiny gadget that a person who cooked would want she figured. She wasn't big on cooking and lived mainly through take-out. The woman on the phone looked like a mob enforcer, or a butch wet dream. She was a little taller than Nancy with solid frame and muscle to spare, the hair was desperately in need of a stylist, but the thing that Nancy couldn't stop looking at were the woman's hands. They seemed strong and dexterous, as she watched the woman on the phone unconsciously twirl the knife she'd picked up next to the phone. A lot could be said about a woman's hands in Nancy's book. As the woman hung up the phone, Nancy realized she needed to get her mind back on the task of escaping.

Casey set the knife down in the kitchen sink and looked at the kidnapped woman. "Well honestly I don't blame you for trying to escape, and I don't know how long it will be until Stacy stops panicking and checks her messages. Would you like some lunch?"

Nancy shook her handcuffed hands and Casey rolled her eyes. "I'll undo one of your hands."

Blue eyes stared suspiciously at the green-eyed woman in front of her, not willing to trust her no matter how much of a lesbian wet dream she was. Her eyes went wide. Oh god this could be a bad lesbian porno. Fighting really hard she managed to get her thoughts under control. "Um, food would be nice."

Casey wondered if whatever they gave the poor kidnapped woman was making her stupid. "Ah okay. I can make you a grilled steak sandwich, unless..." Her eyes narrowed to cold emerald slits. "You're a vegetarian?"

"No, no, a steak sandwich sounds great."

Casey sighed in relief and turned around to pull out the stuff she would need. "Don't get me wrong," she said as she worked. "Nothing against veggies and stuff, and there are some really great vegetarian recipes out there, but we just recently got rid of the vegetarian house guest from hell."

Nancy nodded her head not understanding anything at all. "So, um, who are you?" she asked wondering who had captured her.

"Oh me, I'm the cook," Casey said as she thinly sliced some meat.

"The Cook. Is that some sort of mob enforcer name, like The Bull?" She gulped looking at the knife being wielded with such great skill by the woman.

"No. I'm just the cook. I make breakfast, lunch, and dinner; you know cook stuff." She placed the meat on the indoor grill to fry over the propane flame.

"I can't believe I got caught by the cook," Nancy said grumpily.

"Not just any cook. My sister Casey Blackheart," said a very unamused voice from behind them. Stacy stood in the doorway, her small frame seeming to fill it with her unhappy presence. "So how long were you going to let me run around looking for her before you were going to tell me the two of you were having a cozy tea party?"

Nancy's blue eyes went wide as she took in the woman before her, and then she tried to turn her head to see the woman behind her.

Casey's face turned equally unhappy at her sister's tone. "May I present my sister and head of the Blackheart Crime Syndicate, Stacy Blackheart." She turned facing her sister. "And, miss grumpy, I did call. Simon and I, both left you a message that she had found her."

Nancy quickly understood she was the new toy. "Hey, I am not... a... toy." She barely said the last part seeing the warning look the cook, er, Casey was giving her.

"What?" Stacy pulled out her phone, "Hehe, oops." She managed to look sheepish as she checked the display of her phone.

The handcuffed woman began to feel a real sense of fear, as she realized who had kidnapped her. She was now a prisoner of the notorious Blackheart Gang. "Oh my God," she squeaked out as she started to hyperventilate.

"Ah jeeze, see what you did you big bully?" Casey snapped at her sister.

"Me? I didn't do anything."

"Did too. You scared her, I think she's going to pass out." Concerned, the cook started looking for a paper bag.

"Me? You're the one that handcuffed her."

Casey knelt down next to the woman. "Hey there, I want you to put your head between your knees...."

"I could put my head between her knees," Stacy said helpfully.

Her sister just glared back.

Nancy nodded and went to lean forward only to be stopped by the handcuffs.

"Well crap. Okay just a second, everything's going to be just fine let me find the keys." She started rummaging through the drawer she kept miscellaneous stuff in for a moment before looking at her sister. "Handcuff keys?"

"Hey I put them back. Honest. Why don't you bug one of the minions I bet its their fault."

"'Cause I have trained them better. They know not to bother my stuff. Something you still have yet to learn."

"Well you don't need them now, she's passed out."

Casey turned wincing as she saw the woman passed out in the chair, the handcuffs biting deeply into her flesh. "That's going to leave a mark."

"Well my big strapping elder sister, why don't you carry her downstairs while I go upstairs to my room and look for either the keys or some bolt cutters."

Casey raised a blonde eyebrow. "I thought you didn't know where my keys were."

"Well..." Stacy hedged and fumbled for a second. "I'll just look, 'kay?" she finished defensively.

Casey sighed and then picked up the woman and the chair and headed for the elevators. She stood in the elevator humming 'Girl from Ipanema'. She was trying very hard not to notice how good Nancy Steele looked, even when comatose. There were other things Casey was trying not to notice: like the way she smelled, and how her button up shirt bunched up around the swells of her breasts causing a gap, giving her teasing glances at the lacy bra hidden underneath. There were things she was trying very hard not to notice about herself as well, her heart rate, and

sweating palms for instance. There was no way she was getting involved in this mess. Besides she'd never do that to her family. Her big motto was, girlfriends come and go, but you can never replace family.

She breathed a sigh of relief when the doors slide open. Stepping out of the elevators, she nodded at the woman sitting behind a desk looking at a recent copy of Gun and Ammo. "Hey Joni, open up a cell for me and get me the lock picks. We can't find the keys."

Joni put the magazine down with a nod. "So that's the flavor for the month. Nice tits, but I'm not certain it's worth the headache."

Casey frowned and set the still unconscious woman down.

"A bulletin came across the wire; the three countries that work with this Agency are pissed, probably going to cause us a need to be invisible for months." There was a clearly annoyed tone in Joni's voice.

"Fuck." She groaned taking the lock picks Joni handed her and working on the cuffs. After the cuffs were off, and she had moved the unconscious woman to the cell's cot, she gently massaged each wrist checking the damage.

"Hey I couldn't find the.... What are you doing?" Stacy nearly screeched at her sister.

The blonde looked up frowning again at the tone. "Checking for any damage."

Furious Stacy pushed her sister away from her soon to be girlfriend. "Get your own date."

Casey's green eyes flashed in anger as she hit the ground. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"I kidnapped her fair and square, go kidnap your own date."

"Do you even listen to yourself? You sound like some creepy stalker or rapist. You can't just kidnap someone and get them to fall in love with you."

"Sure you can. Its called Stockholm Syndrome." Joni replied helpfully, only to lower her eyes and go back to her magazine as both sisters glared at her.

Stacy grabbed her taller sister and pushed her out of the cell. "I can too get her to fall in love with me. All she needs is a chance to get to know me."

Casey recognized the stubborn tilt to her sister's chin, and knew that logic would not be welcomed. "You know for a super genius you sure can be a dumbass," she muttered.

Stacy's eyes narrowed and she said coldly. "Joni, my sister is not allowed down in the containment area. If she is found down here at any time she should be placed under lock and key until I can deal with it."

Casey stiffened at that and her eyes lost their warmth. "So, a woman you don't even know is worth that, huh? Don't you come to me for any help with this. When it all goes to shit, you're on your own."

"Joni. Escort Casey out, now."

Joni, sucked in a breath, but went and took the taller sister's arm to guide her out. The minion felt the tense muscle of the woman's forearm twitch, and with that touch for the first time realized what Casey's gentle nature truly hid. "Come on Casey, lets not cause a scene," she whispered hoping the woman wouldn't take anything out on her.

Casey tore her arm from Joni's grasp and marched to the elevator.

Crazy little thing called Love

Nancy had thought she was being held for ransom, or maybe for some bit of important information she had gathered over the various cases she had handled, or even about the Agency itself. To her horror it was much worse.

The diminutive leader of the Blackheart Gang, Stacy Blackheart, fancied that she was in love with her. What was worse, no matter what Nancy said the little psycho wouldn't believe her words of loathing and hatred. Every time she spouted words like, "I'd rather have a rabid naked mole rat hanging off my bottom lip than kiss you," the woman just smiled and ignored her comments.

She missed the cook; she had at least seemed stable. She sighed, tied to a chair, as the littlest Blackheart gallantly unfurled a tablecloth and draped it over a small round table that had been set up in her cell. Next candles were produced and set down followed by a nice red wine and some glasses.

The wine was presented to her to look at. "I don't like red..." she growled but gave up as her statement was characteristically ignored and the wine was poured into the glass in front of her.

Stacy coughed and a chair materialized from some nameless minion and the pint-sized leader sat down.

"So tell me Ms. Steele, what is it like to be a super spy?"

Nancy blinked at that. "Wha? I'm not a super spy."

Stacy laughed, and Nancy was uncomfortable with the low-throaty noise, actually on the whole she was uncomfortable with the deliberate seductive timber to Stacy's throat.

"Its okay, I find your humility refreshing. You may just be a spy but I think you're super."

"Okay, you're not listening to me, and that line was just awful."

She felt some fear as, for the first time in the string of two weeks of wooing tactics, the small woman frowned. She watched as Ms. Blackheart waved a minion over and whispered something. The minion looked uncomfortable and shrugged.

Stacy said something, obviously angry, before pushing the young man away and then stormed away from the table pulling out her cell phone. Nancy could hear words being shouted but didn't understand the context. She struggled against the ropes, wishing she had taken the training seminar on 'Restraints: For fun and escaping life-threatening situations'. When she saw Stacy toss her phone at the wall she stopped struggling knowing the woman would be returning.

"Sorry about that. Dinner will be here shortly," she said pleasantly as she returned to her chair and sipped her wine. "What were we talking about? Oh yes." She took another sip of wine. "Isn't it funny how life works sometimes. We should be enemies but find ourselves drawn together in this web of love we've created."

"You sound like an unhinged madwoman," Nancy said. Then, screwing up of her courage, she said, "You are the insane leader of crime syndicate, you sell drugs, guns, and other such stuff to the highest bidder. You tried to blow up the small European country of Liechtenstein, and you're insane." She frowned. "Wait I said that already, but it really can't hurt to repeat it. There is no way in the world, I'm going to date you, let alone fall in love with you and have your illegitimate love child. So why don't you just let me go and we can pretend these two weeks never happened."

She cringed as she saw the Crime Lord pull back her hand to slap her. Only to jump and nearly topple her chair over as a cistern of soup was dropped unceremoniously on the table.

"Tomato bisque soup," came a surly voice. "As requested by her royal anal-ness."

Nancy looked up and gave a weak smile of gratitude, flinching as the only thing returned her way by the cook was a glare.

The slap that had been intended for Nancy was redirected to Casey's arm. The cook just frowned and looked down at her sister. "You still hit like a girl." Then she gave a little sniff and walked off.

Nancy desperately didn't want her to leave; she was the only sane one around here. Her heart soared as the cook stopped by the elevators and turned around. "The Green Conifer called, she was quite surprised to hear you had another woman here for dinner." There was a very evil look to the cook's face before she turned around and hit the up button.

"Casey you didn't?" There was a tone of horror in the small woman's voice that Nancy only heard from torture victims.

"Who is the Green Conifer?" she asked the pale woman sitting across from her. Nancy didn't miss the beads of sweat that had broken out on the woman's face.

"My girlfriend."

"You asshole, you're sitting here wooing me when you have a girlfriend already."

"It's not like that, we're breaking up... er, broken up."

Nancy raised an eyebrow. "Which is it?"

"We're broken up, she just doesn't know it yet."

"Out."

Stacy's eyes fixed on Nancy's icy blue ones and winced. "But my beloved..."

"Get out of my cell! I can't believe you were wooing me before you had the balls to break up with your last girl friend. OUT!"

Stacy scrambled out of the chair and out of the cell. "Really it's not as bad as it sounds."

"Out!" Nancy kicked the table and everything went flying.

Stacy had enough time to close her eyes as hot soup splashed up her chest and face.

One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and go man go

Stacy marched into her room her face twisted into a snarl of rage as she stripped off her soup stained shirt. Turning on the sink in her bathroom she washed her face removing the soup there, the water in the sink ran orange for a moment before going clear again. Half naked she crossed her arms over her chest, the fingers of one hand tapping against the arm of the other.

Nodding to herself, she came up with a plan. It was a simple and straightforward sort of plan; her sister had to go. Happy with the plan she put on clean clothes. Her cell phone rang again, and she sent it directly into voice mail, dodging yet another phone call from Green.

Casey was sitting in her boxers, a ratty t-shirt that said "Say it with flambé", and ugly fuzzy socks on her feet, on the couch in her room watching Iron Chef and eating frosting out of a can. She wasn't really watching the television, she was thinking about the current situation. Something had to be done and soon. Stacy was being obsessive, the Green Conifer was on her way here, and a pissed off International Super Spy Agency was looking for one of their own. It was only a matter of time before it came to a very awkward and painful climax, and not the kind where you just had the best mind blowing orgasm, which was a pity 'cause she'd never had one of those.

She ate more frosting and moped about her lame love life.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock to her door. "Go away, Stacy."

The door opened and her sister walked in.

Casey rolled her eyes, turned up the volume on the TV, and ate more frosting.

"How dare you call Green behind my back?" Stacy screamed, prompting her sister to turn the volume up even more.

There was a crack and the electrical smell of ozone, and Casey stared at the lamp now sticking out of her TV in shock. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

"You! You're what's wrong with me. You are deliberately trying to steal my girlfriend from me. Then there's the blatant disobedience; you're really making me look bad in front of the minions...."

"Oh can it, Napoleon." Casey barked. "You really are unhinged. She's not your girlfriend. She's a prisoner. And for your information, I didn't tell Ms Eco-Terrorism about your new girlfriend, even though you are a world class schmuck for trying to get into her pants before breaking up with your last girlfriend...."

Stacy ran her hands through her hair in frustration. "I told you I haven't come up with a brilliant plan to dump her yet."

"I raised you better than this. For fucks sake, Stacy, engage your brain, you're smarter than 95% of the population, fucking act like it."

The room was swallowed in silence following the sound of Stacy's palm striking Casey's cheek.

"You're not my mom," Stacy hissed.

The blonde could only stare at her sister in shock. "No I'm not," she finally said, "But I have been supporting you since day one, I have always had your back. I guess it finally took this super spy to make me realize that you never had mine."

"I don't need the help of a cook, I'm a super villain, and I need the support of a Blackheart, not a cook. Casey, I want you gone in the morning."

"Fine, it will be a Godsend not to have to clean up your messes anymore." She sat somewhat stunned as her sister stormed out. For a long while she sat blinking away tears staring at her open door, before in a fit of anger she chucked the can of frosting at the open doorway. "Shit, shit, shit!"

After a moment she was done feeling sorry for herself and she grabbed some jeans, angrily stuffing her feet into the denim.

The cell smelled like tomatoes, which wasn't all that surprising considering the amount of soup that had been spilled on the floor. It looked like old blood, congealing on the gray cement. It was dark, except for the single desk lamp and glow from the computer her nightly jailer was using while studiously ignoring her.

She couldn't help wonder if this was her last night in this place, she was surprised she was still breathing. Especially after her little stunt earlier. She closed bloodshot blue eyes and turned over in her little cot so her face was to the wall. The underlings were shooting her pitying glances whenever they thought she wasn't looking. When the hired help felt sorry for you, you knew you were screwed.

She was almost asleep when she heard a quiet thump, for a moment she almost ignored it, but then, giving in to her mind's escalating churning which ended up with her being cut up and fed to sharks, she rolled over to look.

Angry green eyes staring at her from the door of her cell, made her give a squeal of alarm.

Casey stared at the woman on the cot for a second, biting her lip in thought. "You know for some super secret spy I would have thought you would have escaped by now."

"Why do you all keep calling me that? I'm not a spy? My name is Sarah Pickering I work in PR. Just because I work for the Agency doesn't make me a spy."

Casey's mouth opened and shut a few times, before she squeaked out. "PR?"

"Yes, public relations. We can't send our spies to pick up awards and such. It kind of defeats the whole 'secret' thing in secret spy. So I deal with media relations, give a face to mystery."

Again the cook squeaked out. "PR?" Then she couldn't help it, she started laughing. She was laughing so hard she was hanging on to the door to stay up right.

"Stop laughing. PR is a very hard and rewarding career. Its better than being a lackey for a super villain," she sneered in annoyance.

Casey slowly stopped her laughter, but it was still there, dancing in her eyes. "Well I was going to let you out, but since you're going to be mean to me..." She held up the keys to the cell.

"Um, is this a trick?"

The cook slid the key into the lock and turned. "Nope. You see your presence here has single-handedly done what no other crime boss or government agency has managed to do. You have broken up the Blackheart family." The door unlocked and Casey pulled it open. "You, my highly attractive PR person have driven a wedge between the Blackheart sisters. I'm leaving and I'm

taking you with me. That will teach the little over-achieving weasel." The last part was mumbled to herself as Casey stood waiting by the now open door.

"Um, when you mean highly attractive and taking me, you mean that in a non-stalker way, right?"

Casey rolled her eyes. "Sarah, I have no illusions that you find me remotely attractive, but my sister is acting a bit unhinged and I find that I cannot in good conscience leave you here. Plus, I'm hoping once you are returned safe and sound, the heat will die down from your kidnapping and my family business can well, get back to business."

Casey guided the woman out past the knocked out guard and to the stairs.

"Where are we going?" she asked nearly out of breath from climbing the stairs after being inactive for so long.

"Helicopter... on... roof." Casey answered equally out of breath. Elevators would have been faster and easier, but also a good way to get trapped if they were discovered. Not a lot of places to hide in an elevator trapped between floors.

Suddenly the alarms started going off and the building was plunged into darkness. "Shit," Casey mumbled, "I thought we'd have more time."

"They're looking for me, aren't they?"

"Yeah." Casey nodded her head, her blonde hair swaying slightly.

"Um, I..." She moved closer to the cook. Wrapping her arms around the thick muscular waist she pulled herself into the body, smiling slightly as she felt the muscles under her hands tense.

"Sarah what are you... oh." Casey breathed against lips that were nibbling on hers in a very pleasant manor.

There was a grin as she felt the cook's body relax. "Thank you for trying." She pulled back letting one hand trail along Casey's body.

"Um, you're welcome." Unthinking, Casey reached out in the dark and grabbed the retreating woman's hand holding it tight. She didn't say anything just pulled them both up the stairs. In the back of Casey's mind, while the kiss had been pleasant, something wasn't quite right.

Stacy sat up in bed and hit the switch for her super-sized monitor. "Simon, what's going on?" She barked out before everything went dark then a few seconds later the backup kicked on and the monitor blinked back to life. "Simon!"

A man with thick glasses peaked up at the camera. "I'm not sure. I think, oh yes, we have a serious problem. We are being invaded."

"Invaded? How the hell does anybody know where we are?"

There came the answering response of keys clicking on a keyboard. "I'm sorry Ms. Blackheart I didn't notice it before, but it was really well done...."

"Stop blabbering Simon. What was really well done?"

"The transmitter, someone has been piggybacking a signal on my normal encoded transmissions. It was really well done I didn't notice until I thought to look...."

"Blabbering again Simon. What's the skinny?"

"Skinny? Oh, skinny. Well, basically it's a locator...."

"That little imp, beauty and brains." Stacy gave an appreciative leer of her captives super spy skills. "Too bad I'm going to have to blow her brains all over the place." She mumbled to herself. Looking back at the screen she asked, "Are we breeched?"

"No, but soon. Looks like divers came up from the ocean with cutting torches. The outside power has been cut and we're local back-up."

"Okay, Simon, I want you to activate self-destruct sequence. Looks like we'll be looking for a new hideout."

Stacy activated the mic from her workstation. "Escape plan Alpha. All personal should immediately execute escape plan Alpha, if that should fail please switch to Gamma, skipping Beta all together. Self-destruct sequence has been initiated, you have 30 minutes to escape, and all computers have started drive wipe protocols."

She disabled the microphone and grabbed a backpack hidden under a chair, and the gun sitting on the desk top. In quick steps she made her way to the door and ran for the elevator.

Casey paused hearing her sister's voice ordering escape plan Alpha. She frowned and let go of the other woman's hand, slowly turning. "I'm a fucking moron," she muttered. "Oh, poor me, I'm not really a super spy. I just work in PR," Casey mocked in a high falsetto voice. "I saw the newscast Nancy, but I just wanted so much to believe I was doing the right thing, I failed to remember that very important part."

"I'm sorry Cook; you were nice, maybe too nice. I have a hard time seeing you as a bloodthirsty Blackheart. After I received flowers from your sister we figured it was a matter of time before she pushed her hand. So I was outfitted with several locators and other devices I would need, figuring this was our chance to get on the inside of the Blackheart organization." She laughed, "Your sister was so busy trying to get into my pants she failed to have me stripped and searched."

Casey groaned. Of all the stupid things her sister had done. She reached for her gun only to find herself staring down the barrel. "When you kissed me?"

The spy nodded.

"I'm such a dumbass."

"If it makes you feel better it was a really nice kiss, one of the best I've had in a long time," Nancy said as she handcuffed the cook to the stair railing.

"So you're just going to leave me here? My sister has started the self-destruct sequence," Casey shouted after the woman.

Nancy paused. "I'm sure our best hackers are working on it right now. Don't worry everything will be fine."

Casey made a face. "Everything will be fine." She mocked. "My ass. I am not staying here to get blown up." Lifting her leg up she was able to pull her pants leg up and pull out the knife strapped there. Holding the razor sharp blade she looked at her arm and then the knife with a mournful look she lowered it to the railing and inserted the knifepoint into the screw head, and started to twist. "A fucking 1000 dollar work of culinary magic reduced to being a screw driver," she muttered.

The doors from Stacy's private elevator opened and the pint-sized crime lord stepped out on to the roof of her hideout. There was a helicopter waiting and, per her orders, a pilot was always on duty. She waved alerting the pilot that they were leaving in a hurry.

The great machine started up, and Stacy hurried forward.

"Leaving so soon? I didn't even get a good-bye kiss."

Stacy froze and whipped around staring first at the gun pointed at her head and then the woman attached to it. "Um, Nancy, hi."

"Fancy meeting you here, Ms. Blackheart."

"Yes, well, I really underestimated you," Stacy said with an easy grin as she held up her hands.

Nancy rolled blue eyes. "That's what happens when you think with your clit." She raised her wrist, which had on a very cheap looking worn watch, to her mouth and said. "Voice code, Nancy Steele, one-six-three." The watch made a beep, and then she spoke again. "I have Ms. Blackheart up on the roof. Where are you guys? We have 20 minutes until the place blows?"

"Copy that. Nice to hear your voice again, Nancy, the office has been too quiet. We are currently in the computer room, trying to by-pass self-destruct, but someone's wiped the hard drives so this is going to get tight. Hold there and I'll send some guys up."

"Thanks, Tank; can't wait to see you're ugly mug."

Nancy looked over at the other woman. "Bet you're really regretting forcing your unwanted attention on me now. I have little news flash for you, when a woman says no, please try to respect that."

"And using handcuffs without a safe word can really piss off a woman as well," came the angry voice from right behind the super spy.

Nancy was really impressed for a second, right before a fist hit the side of her head and she blacked out for a moment. Sluggishly she came too, held in someone's arms. Gently she was lowered to the ground.

"Jesus Casey, stop being nice. She was going to shoot me. Just drop her and let's go. Hey why are you wearing handcuffs?"

"Nancy handcuffed me to the...."

"Wait, the girl I've been trying to date handcuffed you."

"Will you just let it go? She's not interested in you."

"Why because you stole her from me? I can't believe you'd do that to me. I'm your sister."

"God damn, it would you shut up about that. I didn't steal her from you. Fucken A! We kissed once, and she only did that to steal my gun. Its not like she's really interested in either of us."

"Whoa back that up, you kissed her?"

"God damn it, Stacy, you're not listening! She kissed me."

"Did you like it?"

"At the time I did."

"You fucking traitor I'm going to...."

Nancy regained her feet and pointed her gun at the fighting siblings. "Will you two shut up?"

Both sisters turned staring at the spy. "Casey, I'm not really interested in you," Nancy started, pointing the gun at Stacy.

The older sister's face fell and the younger one gloated.

"Your sister, however, is in charge of a huge crime syndicate and is under arrest for various

crimes, the very least is kidnapping me, and trust me you little psycho I will be pressing charges."

Nancy heard footsteps coming up the stairs behind her and she turned for a second making sure it was her people. Smiling, she turned her focus back on the two in front of her just in time to see Stacy make a break for it.

"Halt, or I'll shoot!" She aimed her gun at the fleeing Blackheart only to have the older sister get in her line of sight. "Damn it Casey, get out of my way."

"I can't let you hurt her."

Nancy swallowed nervously as she saw the knife in Casey's hand. "You're going to give her your loyalty like that? She's leaving you here."

Casey shrugged. "I promised I'd always look out for her." She raised the knife.

"Casey," Nancy pleaded. "Who's going to look after you? Please drop it."

Nancy spotted a shot as Stacy scrambled aboard the copter. She raised the gun and fired. Casey moved and took the bullet in the shoulder.

The tall blonde's eyes widened and she sank to her knees. "Holy shit, that hurts," she groaned. The knife fell from nerveless fingers and she was only vaguely aware of the helicopter taking off. Nancy was there, a hand pressed into her wounded arm. She looked up into blue eyes. "You shot me."

"I'm sorry I didn't mean too. That has to have been the stupidest thing I've ever seen." The super spy said as she tried to staunch the flow of blood.

"I'm under arrest aren't I?"

"Yeah, I'm sorry. You know, I'm not certain if this is the whole being held against my will thing speaking, but I was growing rather fond of you. I wish we could have met under different circumstances."

"You have to be fucking kidding me? You just shot me and now you're hitting on me?"

Nancy blinked and started laughing. "Well yeah, I guess I am."

They were both kneeling on the roof laughing their asses off when the rest of the Agency troops showed up.

Absence makes the heart grow fungus

Nancy stood in her office watching the sunset; she continued the stare but she really wasn't seeing anything. For a while now she had been feeling restless, and unhappy. Maybe it was time for a change, the world of the super spy was really a young woman's game, and 40 was creeping up on her.

The intercom buzzed and with a frown she reached over and hit a button. "Margo, not now I'm feeling melancholy."

"Yes, sweetie, I know. The whole staff knows, but that's not why I buzzed you. Your supervisor is here, would you like me to send him in." Margo's droll voice crackled through the tiny speaker.

"I suppose telling him I'm not here wouldn't work."

"Not in the least, he is standing right here, overhearing everything."

Nancy sighed. "Send him in." She released the on button and sat down in her desk chair.

Her door opened and a short, squat man, with a red sweating face and a slight resemblance to a toad walked in. She thought it might be the lips; he didn't really have any, just this large slash of a mouth that looked like it might gap open at any time so his tongue could lash out and snag a fly.

"George, do have a seat, before you pass out."

He waved off her comment but did sit, popping a Tums in his mouth as he did so.

"We have a situation that I feel you would be best able to handle."

"George I don't...."

He waved his hand indicating she should save it. "Seven years ago, you were key in crippling the Crime Syndicate run by the Blackheart family. With your help we were able to bring in one Casey Blackheart, it's not your fault that bitch got the best lawyer and was only convicted of some minor aiding and abetting crap. Can you believe that load of pucky that lawyer fed everyone; that we were just railroading her because she happened to be related to the family?"

Nancy opened her mouth to point out that they had been trying to railroad Casey in hopes that her sister would slip up, but shut it knowing he wouldn't hear what she had to say anyways.

"Well, after serving five years, Casey Blackheart was released back into society, where she changed her last name to Black and got a job in some mob run Italian restaurant in New York City. For the last two years we've been keeping minor surveillance on her in hopes of catching her sister Stacy, or at the very least, catch her up to no good so we can bring her in again. Three days ago we received some intel that Casey will be meeting Marie Bronto, at a jazz club called

Lady Blue on the 14th. I don't think I need to tell you who Marie is?"

"No, I'm quite familiar with the woman's work. She is the youngest daughter to Mob boss Mario Bronto and is known for her brutal and efficient ways of dealing with anyone who gets in her way."

"Excellent. Since you're familiar with Casey and Marie, I would like you to be lead on this, I suspect that Stacy is using her sister as a middle-man to set up a meeting. I don't need to tell you how screwed we are if these two families join forces."

"George I don't know...."

"I know you want out. You help me with this, and I'll make sure you retire. You help me get them and it will be a whole new identity, not just a desk job in the mail room."

She stared at him for a long time; it was very rare that they actually got to retire. Often they were just shuffled off to a desk job, but never really let go or sometimes an agent just disappeared. "You serious?"

"Oh yes. You can trust me."

With absolute certainty she knew he was full of shit, she said, "Okay. One more time for old times sake then you help me get out."

"Deal." He stood up and walked out, never once looking her in the eye or shaking on it.

She followed him out perching herself on the corner of Margo's desk. Margo was waiting, drink in hand; with a grateful smile Nancy took the drink.

"What's up sweetie?"

Nancy took her time enjoying the flavor of the vodka, trying to come up with a response. "Casey Blackheart," she finally said.

"Oh is that the woman you went all Stockholm syndrome on?"

"I did no such thing," she spat out. "Doesn't matter she hates me. Refused to see me when she was in prison."

"Sweetie, shooting a girl and then sending her to prison doesn't really convey the message; 'I like you, lets rent a U-Haul.' You really can't blame her for being pissed."

"She wasn't mad at her sister. That bitch just left her there; Casey took a bullet for her sister, a bullet." Nancy made herself calm down and sipped her drink. "Okay, that whole thing was just too odd for words, I don't even know why...." She bit her lip and tried to think of something to change the topic.

"Why you fell for her? Attraction is just funny that way, plus oddly, she seems a lot more stable and responsible than the rest of the women you've dated. Plus, a woman with a strong sense of family just screams longevity and stability."

"Can't be that stable, she's meeting Mario Bronto's daughter at some place called the Lady Blue."

"Really?" Margo's fingers flew over her keyboard. "Interesting."

"Interesting? What does that mean?"

"What day is this supposed meeting?"

"The 14th."

Margo smiled mysteriously, "Well this meeting is taking place at a jazz club known for catering to a lesbian clientele, which is why they probably want you to do it, but it seems odd that they would send you, sweetie."

"What? Why is that?"

"Well, sweetie," Margo said slowly as if she was speaking to a small child. "It can't exactly be covert, undercover ops stuff, because she knows you. She'll spot you right away."

"So what are you thinking?" Nancy asked carefully watching Margo's face.

Margo reached over hitting the switch on the room silencer; if there were any listening devices in the room they were now useless.

"Everyone knows you're burnt out and that you want out. I think the company is setting you up for a fall, as well as sending a message to the Blackhearts. You know they were never happy with the way Stacy slipped through their fingers, and Casey only got a slap on the wrist."

Nancy bit her lip, "What do I do?"

Margo looked at her boss, an evil glint in her eyes. "Sweetie, I thought you'd never ask. But first do you want out?"

Nancy looked at the ceiling for answers. "Yes, I'm done."

"Excellent, Sweetie." Her fingers started typing frantically on the keyboard. "Executing escape plan." The assistant turned in her boss and said. "Let me just say it's been a pleasure working for you. So this is what you're going to do...."

Casey stared at herself in the mirror, unsure of a lot of things at this moment. Her hands ran over the forest green shirt she was wearing, amazed at the feeling of the silk under her fingertips. She looked over at Nathan, "Why am I doing this?"

The ex-minion sighed. "You're doing this because, you look good in green, and hopefully an attractive woman will be running her hands over your body. An action I think she'll appreciate doing if you're wearing a silk shirt.

Casey went pale. "I can't do this."

"Its just a date, it will be fine."

"Just a date. Just a date." Her face went even paler and she rushed for the toilet.

"Um, Casey, please don't do that once you get to the club it will make a bad first impression." Nathan followed after his once upon a time boss.

Casey looked up from where she was hugging the toilet. "Remind me why we didn't just go back into crime."

"Because we're both extremely pissed at your sister for leaving us to get caught and spend time in jail. Plus, when we got out, it seemed like a good idea to go straight."

Casey coughed.

Nathan grumbled. "Okay not straight in your case."

Casey stood up and rinsed her mouth out with mouthwash.

Nathan looked her over with a critical eye. "You're still too pale, but that shirt just makes your eyes look incredible. Now your date's name is Marie, she's Italian, and comes from a mob family so your whole tortured dark past will really not matter to her." The bulky man instructed as he ushered her to the door.

"Tortured, dark past? Nathan, I was a cook."

The man just tsked. "And a Blackheart, well, you're still a Blackheart." He shoved her out the door. "Now go get 'em tiger."

Once outside Casey started to panic, she turned around only to find the door shut firmly in her face and heard the locks engaged. "Traitor," she muttered before turning back around. She took a deep breath and like a prisoner being led to the gallows walked out into the night towards her date.

After 15-minutes Casey knew several things. The club was great: smooth jazz, great drinks and a

lively atmosphere that wasn't too overwhelming. Her date was a high maintenance woman, who was already planning how many kids they'd be having and what their names were. The last thing was, she was positive they were under surveillance. She sighed and slowly swirled her chocolate martini as Marie talked and talked and talked about what an important family she came from and different torture techniques she was fond of to get people to talk. After five minutes Casey had given up even plastering on the fake, 'I'm really interested in what you have to say' smile and just grunted on occasion. She was going to duct-tape Nathan to a flagpole for this.

She raised the glass to her lips for another drink and nearly choked as she spotted the last person she expected to see standing next to the bar. Casey stood up, avoiding the oily grasp of her date. "I'll be right back," she croaked out as she wiped her chin with the palm of her hand, and then dashed to the bathroom.

Grumbling in annoyance, she turned on the tap and splashed water on her face. "Of all the.... Fuck seven years after the fact and I still can't get a break." She closed her eyes and leaned forward trying to think. That fucking Agency was still sniffing around her, trying to catch her up in her family business, "Why doesn't anybody ever believe I'm just a cook?"

"Because you're meeting Mario Bronto's daughter," came a quiet reply from behind her.

Casey's eyes snapped open and she stared at the blue eyes being reflected in the mirror in front of her. "Jeeze, can't you take a hint? I told you I never wanted to see you again." She had meant it when Nancy had visited her in jail. She'd still been really pissed then, but seeing Nancy now, in that black dress that was hugging the spy in all the right places. Honestly Casey didn't mind seeing her all that much.

"Your mouth says one thing but the way you're eyes are looking at me, I'm going to have to call you a liar."

"Yeah well...." She coughed uncomfortably not really having a snappy comeback. "Well, when you're an ex-con and part of the Blackheart family you really can't get a date with a nice normal woman. In fact you really can't be all that picky most of the time."

Nancy blinked. "Date? You're on a date with that woman?"

"Yeah, I am," Casey, said turning around, her back leaning against the sink. "It's Valentine's Day what did you think I was doing? Brokering a deal for some ballistic missiles?"

Nancy was speechless, "It's what? Oh my God. You were on a date with that... that, thing?"

Casey pushed herself away from the sink and deep into Nancy's personal space. "I'm not sure what I should be more insulted at; the fact you did think I was doing something illegal or the fact you seemed shocked I'm on a date."

The situation could have gotten worse, but Nancy just threw her head back and laughed. "I completely forgot it was Valentines. We have a whole task force down here to watch you go out

on a date. Unbelievable."

Casey just rolled her eyes. "I think that means your life is a lot sadder than mine, if you forgot it was Valentines."

Nancy's eyes narrowed. "Well if you're date is going so well, why are you in here with me?"

"Jealous. At least I have a date," Casey shot back. Her green eyes widened in surprise as Nancy just bit her lip and looked away. "No, no, no. We talked about this. We are too opposite to even consider having a date let alone a relationship. Besides you shot me."

Nancy let her head fall into her hands. "Will you let that go? I didn't mean to shoot you; you jumped in front of my bullet. I was aiming at your sister."

"And that's supposed to make me feel better?"

"Well I didn't just leave in my personal helicopter, leaving the rest of my family and friends to fend for themselves."

"I know Stacy's interpersonal skills suck."

"She had to kidnap me to get a date."

"Another reason this would never work. You dated my sister."

"Those weren't dates. That was being held against my will."

"You're seriously cracked in the head, after all my family did to you. You want to date me?"

Nancy grabbed the annoying blonde by her shirt, for a moment she appreciated the silky softness before pulling the other woman to her and kissing her passionately. She pulled back looking at Casey. "You really are clueless. You should have kissed me three verbal spars ago."

"Sorry." Casey mumbled against Nancy's lips. "You know this is seriously messed up."

"Shut up, were kissing now."

"Yes, ma'am."

Maybe it was because the woman was a cook, but Nancy was quite please how Casey followed instruction.

Casey was leaning against the wall enjoying the pleasant tingle in her lips caused by her being so thoroughly kissed. "Um, what do we do now? My date is still out there and your buddies with the Agency are still out there. Won't this cause you some problems?"

Nancy chuckled, and looked at her watch. "Answer me one question Casey 'the cook' Blackheart, are you attracted to me? Do you want to try to date and have a relationship?"

"That's two questions, but...." She frowned in thought for a moment. "Yes. That's my answer to both."

"Excellent. As of...." She watched the second hand move. "Riiiiight, now, I am now an ex-agent."

"Ex-agent?"

"I'm retired. I'm 99% positive we were both going to be set up to take a fall tonight, so I am retiring, my way." She hit a button on her watch. "Margo. Start my retirement party."

"Sure, where are you, sweetie?"

"Women's restroom."

"On it."

"Sweetie?" Casey asked getting jealous.

"Its Margo, everybody she likes is called sweetie."

"Oh," Casey said somewhat flustered.

Nancy leaned over kissing her. "You were jealous for a second, it was cute."

"Duck and cover," came Margo's voice over the watch.

There was a muffled boom and the next thing Casey knew she was covered in plaster and dust. She coughed, and brushed herself off, while staring at the hole in the wall of the women's bathroom, there was a flashy sports car revving its engine.

Nancy reached out her hand. "Can I take you out on a date? It is Valentines?"

"I don't know. I mean I have a date already."

Nancy's face fell. "Oh, I thought...."

Casey laughed and grabbed Nancy's hand pulling her through the gaping hole. "Come on. Just so you know I expect some serious wining and dinning. You did shoot me and send me to jail."

"For the last time I didn't mean to...." She cut off as the cook pushed her against the car and kissed her.

They broke apart as gunfire erupted around them.

"Could you two put your hormones on ice for a moment. The Agency isn't that thrilled we are making a getaway." Margo's unhappy voice came from inside the car and she gunned the engine to make a point.

Nancy ducked her head avoiding a bullet and yanked the door open she pushed Casey inside the car and followed after.

Casey scrambled over the seat and squished her tall body into the cramped back seat.

Nancy followed slamming the door shut. She lowered the window and held a hand out. "Casey hand me the black bag that's back there with you."

The blonde rooted around then handed over the bag.

Nancy opened it and pulled out a grenade; with practice care she flicked the pin and tossed it out the open window. It sailed through the hole in the women's restroom. The gunfire ceased for a second and few agents scrambled out of the hole.

"If you're done sweetie, we have a flight to catch."

"By all means Margo."

The sports car shifted into gear and belch of thick black smoke came out of car surrounding and hiding it, as it zipped away.

The End

Send feedback to zeeamy@gmail.combr>
