

~ A Private Hell ~

by Larisa

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Disclaimer: Yeah yeah yeah, I know all about it, don't own 'em even though they're different from all my other peoples. Same old song and dance about under aged kiddies playing in the adult area; I'm a Toys R Us kid.

Same sex couple: Of course, don't do the disgusting Hetero thing.

Violence: Yep, I gotta work out my frustrations some how!

The stale taste of bourbon coated the inside of her mouth and her head pounded slightly from too much drinking and not enough sleep. She looked in the small dirty mirror on her bathroom wall and grimaced at the wild dark hair and pale blue eyes shot through with a tangle of blood red cobwebs. She rubbed her pasty white face with fingers that trembled. Her life was a mess and she didn't give a damn, she functioned just enough to survive in between the drinking and falling down where ever her body gave out. It had been years since anything had made sense to her and she was just to damn tired to try and figure out why. She stuck her head under the faucet in the dirty bathtub and let the cold water wash away the cloudiness of her brain and the scent of cigarettes. She flipped her head backwards tossing water all over the floor and wall; she grabbed the edge of the tub to keep from falling as her head spun from the sudden movement.

With one hand on the wall, the other pressed into her forehead to try and force the throbbing to stop. She found a half bottle of aspirin sitting on the cluttered coffee table and downed six of them with the remains of a warm beer. Holding her breath, she tried to keep her stomach from lurching. Sweat beaded her forehead and chills ran through her body with her struggle to not be sick. Every morning she went through this and for the life of her, she didn't know why. Grabbing up her shoulder holster harness, she slipped it on over her sweat stained T-shirt, pulling her old blue windbreaker over her twin .9mm's she stumbled out the door of her apartment into the busy street. She looked either way trying to find her Harley but had no recollection as to where or if she had even parked it near her apartment on street in Georgetown. She scratched the side of her jaw and shook her head, She would have to call the boys and have them look for her bike again.

She should take their advice and either park it for good or put a lowjack device on it so that she could find it after one of her nightly alcohol induced binges. She walked towards the Precinct house that was only a few blocks from where she lived. She had been with the Police Dept. for more than ten years now after her little stint at teaching school and then trying to teach a class or two at the nearby Georgetown University. That seemed like ancient history now. All she cared about at the present time was getting to work without stopping at any of the bars for a double neat bourbon to cool her fiery blood. That was one of the good and bad things about the area, there were bars on every corner or every other business was a restaurant with a bar. She pushed past people that always seemed to stop dead in her path and block the entire sidewalk, her fingers itched to pull her .9mm's and drop them where they stood, then stomp across their lifeless bodies.

Most people had road rage. She had that plus sidewalk, grocery store and bar rage. She hated

people getting close to her and her first instincts were to shoot them or break their legs. She came to the steps that led to the Precinct doors; of course it looked like skid row with all the drunks and wino's sleeping on the steps. It was the safest place for them. If they slept in their normal spots they either got rolled by their friends for the mouthful of Mad Dog 20/20 they were saving for later or the gangs beat them up just for something to do.

As she went through the doors, she headed over to the Patrol section to ask but another favor of the boys in blue. She rounded the first desk and heard a set of keys jingling; she caught them before they would have smacked her in the forehead.

"Where is it?"

"Out back in the lot, you have to stop forgetting where you leave your toy." An older cop said as he came up to her. "I'm getting to damn old to kick that damn thing, it almost threw me on my ass last night." He clapped her on her shoulder on his way to sign out. She dropped her keys into her front pocket and took the stairs to her office on the second floor. She went to her little cubicle and dropped down into her broken desk chair, scanning her desk, she groaned at the magnitude of open cases she was working on. Tossing the closest folders onto the huge pile against the wall, she threw her feet up in the center and leaned back in her chair. The soft drone of the office disappeared as her body gave into its exhaustion and she fell asleep.

The rest of the office ignored her snoring, they had become use to it and if it did not happen at least twice a week they started to worry about her. That was with the exception of one person, her Captain.

Captain Charles Harrison rounded the cubicle to find her sleeping at her desk; his face turned a murderous red, his breathing shallow causing a wheezing to come from his snarling lips. He kicked the seat of her chair causing it to bounce off the wall and flip her onto her back with a loud thwack as her .9mm's hit the tile floor. She lay groaning for a second until her pale blue eyes opened to slits to see chocolate brown, polyester pant legs standing beside her.

He drop kicked her in her ribs and yelled. "Get your drunk useless ass outta here!" He bent over at the waist to glare down at her. "You come back when you're sober and can do your job! Now get out before I shoot you!" He stomped back to his office and all she heard in the silence of the room was the slamming of his door. She rolled to her knees and used her desk to get herself off the floor. She rubbed her ribs and flinched at the tenderness, she knew it would turn into an ugly bruise.

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She sat at the bar of one of the places that all the cops hung out when they were off duty. She was on her sixth double bourbon and did not plan on quitting anytime soon. She figured that she had the day off and didn't have to worry about anything.

"Ya know J, if ya keep this up I'll be scraping ya off the floor at closing time." The bartender slid

another glass over to her. "Ya look like shit, go home get some sleep."

"Who are ya, my mother?" She growled. "Just keep 'em comin."

"Sorry J. but that one there is your last one."

"Come on Bernie, what is this?" She downed the drink in one mouthful. "Fuck it! I got other places that'll take my money." She slipped off the stool onto unsteady feet, finding the door was an adventure of its own. She had trouble finding which of the two doors was the real one. She straddled her Harley, and used her feet to push it down the slight incline, she popped the clutch and it roared to life. She swayed in and out of traffic and imaginary obstacles on her way to the Dupont Circle. She came to one of her favorite places and parked her Harley along the front wall close to the doors.

Yesterday's was one of the largest bars in the area; its clientele were of every variety. The dance floor was crowded with gyrating bodies dancing to the house beat. The upper floor was a fancy restaurant that could be reached from the outside saving the non-racy clientele from having to mingle with the gays, drag queens and Goths that used the lower level. J enjoyed the lower level until it became too much of a crowd and she had to leave or leave dead bodies on the floor.

She took a barstool at the end of the bar and signaled the bartender. She asked for double bourbon with a Black and Tan chaser. She watched the other patrons from over the edge of the glass; her attention was riveted on a woman with long blonde hair and a body to kill for. She had the bartender send over another white wine to the woman and waited until she turned in her direction. The woman somewhere in her late thirties, winked at her with a green eye, nodded her head and held up the fluted glass.

J taking that as a signal to join the attractive woman made her way to sit next to her. When the woman didn't move, she decided to try her tired lines on her. Within minutes the woman was running her hand up the inside of J's thigh to massage her crotch and pressing her breasts against her upper arm. She turned her head and found soft lips connecting with hers, the kiss was deep and consuming. Right then Jo knew that the woman was bold and knew exactly what she wanted from her and she was going to take it right where they sat. She felt long fingernails scratching the back of her neck through her long dark hair, then her shoulders being pushed down with excruciating pain as she was forced face first into the top of the wooden bar.

She struggled back from the bar and spun around to face whoever it was that had the nerve to attack her. Her pale blue eyes tried to focus on the mountain of a man before her.

"What the fuck is your problem?" She slurred.

"You're my problem! Stay away from my wife you fucking dyke!"

Her temper shot through the roof. She pulled her hand back and punched him in the face. She heard the crunching of bone as his nose shattering, then a thud and a crash were the last things that she heard as she fell to the floor.

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Hours later she woke from the pounding over her right eyebrow, she lifted her fingers up to her face and brought them away sticky with blood. Swinging her legs over the concrete platform she was laying on, she groaned deep in her chest when the room started to spin. She dropped to her knees, and crawled over to the stainless steel toilet and lost what had been in her stomach. She lay on the cold floor and prayed that she would die right where she was. Today was not her lucky day; an officer opened the cell door and yanked her to her feet.

"Come on, the judge wants your ass in her quarters right now." As they went past the booking desk, the officer shoved a cardboard box into her hands; she looked into the box and saw her personal effects plus the stuff from her desk.

"What's this did I finally get my wish and get shit canned?" She asked with a rough voice.

"Just shut your mouth and move it." The officer barked at her.

"Ya still mad that I fucked your girlfriend?" She snidely said.

The officer grabbed her by the front of her T-shirt and slammed her against the concrete wall; he went nose to nose with her.

"Shut your fucking mouth before I make sure you never make into the Judges chambers!"

"Ohh please!" She begged. "Kill me so I don't have ta use my revolver like your Daddy did."

He pulled back his arm and slugged her; it was the second time in 24 hours that she heard the crunching noise but this time it was her nose that was broken. She felt hot blood dripping from her chin, she grinned at him with blood-covered teeth.

"Ohh come on, a big stud like you and ya hit like a pussy?" She sighed. "No wonder why I've had all your wives and girlfriends." She wiggled her eyebrows at him and waited for the next punch. She raised her chin giving him a good target. He brought his fist back and with a loud growl. He swung, missed and hit the concrete wall. The next thing he was on his back with a booted foot on his throat.

"I want you to turn in your badge and firearm, you're fired as of right now!"

The officer tore his badge off his shirt then slid his revolver across the floor where it bounced off the wall at the end of the hallway. "FUCK YOU! I QUIT!" He pushed the boot off his throat, got to his feet and leaned in close to J and the other officer. "You'll pay for this!" He walked away holding his broken hand.

"I can't let you out of my sight for two seconds before someone wants your ass dead!" The older woman squinted her green eyes up and shook her head sending her curly mess of auburn hair swishing around her shoulders. "Now come on the judge wants your ass in her chambers." She took the box from J's hands and handed her a white linen hanky. "Wipe your face off, not like it'll do any good."

"Captain, why does the judge want to see my ass?"

"You tell me." She stopped and looked at J. "You're the Detective, why do you think she wants you in there?"

"No idea." Her face went pale. "Why was I in lock-up?"

"Another big blank to add to the others huh?"

"Guess so. Ohh well, what's a little more trouble. My day wouldn't be complete without it."

The judge sat at her large desk in a pair of old sweats and Reebok cross trainers, her black hair cropped close to her head was speckled with silver and her dark brown eyes three shades darker than her skin. When she heard the knock on her door she placed her small wire rimmed glasses on her nose. She was known for looking at people from over the top of the frames. Giving them the impression that she was bored. Now she was looking over the tops at one of her best Captain's and the Department fuck-up.

Judge Smithson stood up behind her desk and pointed to the two chairs in front.

"Take a seat." She crossed her arms over her ample chest and tried to look taller than her five-foot stature. She tilted her head to the side and gave J a funny look.

"When I looked at you early this morning you didn't have a broken nose. What happened?"

"A little accident your honor." J said with respect to the only black female Judge in the District.

"An accident?" She asked while making eye contact with her Captain. "Capt. Jenner, what accident is she talking about?"

"Your honor, when you sent me to find out what was keeping her so long. I came across one of the other officers punching on her."

"And where is this officer now?" She raised her glasses so that they sat on top of her head.

"I fired him Ma'am."

"Get his badge number, I'll make sure he can't get a job being a garbage man. Now for you Detective Polniaczek." She came around the front of her desk and leaned against it, her brown

eyes boring into now swollen pale blue eyes. "What the hell were you doing last night?"

"Your honor?" She looked at the small woman in front of her.

"Just what I thought." She rubbed her chin and sighed. "Charges have been brought against you by Capt. Harrison and Mrs. Harrison. They went to the prosecuting attorney this morning and told him that you made sexual advances towards Mrs. Harrison and then punched the Captain in the face breaking his nose and knocking his front teeth out." She leaned forward to look down at Detective Polniaczek. "What happened?"

"Son of a bitch!" She yelled. "Sorry your Honor. They're lying, well sorta." She felt the lump on her browline and winced. "I didn't know who she was in the bar last night, I bought her a drink. She put the moves on me and the next thing I know my heads being bounced off the bar and some guys standing yelling at me. I punched him and then someone hit me. I woke up in a cell this morning."

"What bar was this?" The Captain asked.

"Uhhmm...Yesterdays." She searched the box and found her Harley keys. "My Hogs sitting right out front, at least that's where I left it." She became worried. "Why?" She looked between the Captain and Judge.

"You were picked up on the other side of town from where you say you were."

"Shit! I'm being set up!"

"Come on J, why would they set you up?" Capt. Jenner asked.

"No idea." She leaned back in her chair and groaned.

"OK, this is what I want done." The Judge said as she pulled a folder off her desk. "I'm putting these charges on the very back burner. I can hold them for 30 days, that means you Polniaczek have less than that to find out why you're being framed and why all the other officers want you dead." She threw the folder into her bottom drawer and turned to Captain Jenner. "She's yours now, so get with the district attorney and work up something. You and I both know something is going on in the department. I never get involved in this stuff but when it comes to beating Female Detectives up in a holding cell and the numerous others quitting, I want to know why!"

"Your Honor Ma'am, our district attorney quit last week. She hasn't been replaced yet."

"See that's exactly what I'm saying." She looked at a paper on her desk; scanning it she found the name. "Call the DA's office, the new DA is a MacPherson."

"Yes Ma'am." J and Capt. Jenner left the Judges chambers to go to the third floor where J would now be working.

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They sat in the Captains office while she completed the necessary paperwork for J's transfer.

"Soo, ya gonna protect me from the boys?" J chuckled then grabbed her head in pain. "Ya know this sucks, I don't have a hang over but I feel like I've been hit by a truck."

"You need some sleep and some stitches in your eyebrow and maybe a kick in the ass for being stupid." Green eyes drilled into blue. "I'm having your case files brought up here, you and the DA are going to go over them and find out if there's anything there that has some of these assholes so jumpy."

"Can ya tell me how you got stuck with me?"

"If you haven't noticed, I'm the only one who still has female detectives and officers. I protect my people and if anyone fucks with them I bust heads." She leaned back in her chair and put her feet on the blotter in the center of her desk. Now go home and get cleaned up and for Gods sakes get some sleep ya look like shit!"

J got up from the chair with some difficulty. "Can ya get me a ride? My Hog is lost again."

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The next morning J went up the back stairs to the third floor. She asked the other detectives what desk she could use and was shown the one near the far wall. She was pleased that she could look out a window and see something other than an alley. She put her meager belongings in the side drawer and looked around at the other people she would be working with. She had only been sitting for a few minutes when Captain Jenner motioned for her to come into her office. She still felt sore from her run in, the days before but at least her pounding head had dwindled down to a low roar.

She sat down in one of the chairs in front of the Captain's desk and waited to see what she had done this time.

"Our meeting with the new DA is in an hour or so. Have ya come up with anything that might help?"

"Not a thing, I mean what could I have possible done? I did my job."

"That's what we have to find out. Maybe it's something you've been working on lately?"

"Come on Captain, I was stuck in that hell hole area where I checked up on missing persons. Guess what? They're still missing." She rolled her eyes and groaned. "This is hopeless."

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The new District Attorney scanned the personal file that had arrived on her desk that morning from the third Precinct. She kept looking for a name and all she found were scribbled out spots where the name should have been. The rest of the file painted a picture of a very screwed up officer. It had only turned that direction within the last two and a half years. The previous years showed a dedicated officer moving up into the ranks quickly and awarded numerous medals and accommodations.

"What happened to make you into such a screw-up?" She pushed her blonde hair back from her temple and rested her head in her hand. She looked across the small office at the clock and seen that she had just fifteen minutes to get to the precinct for her meeting. Grabbing her worn brief case and full length, leather trench coat, she rushed from her office. It was nothing for her to be late to everything but with her new job and her very first meeting she wanted to at least try and be on time. She slipped her dark round glasses on and ran from her office.

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J and Captain Jenner sat in one of the interview rooms waiting for the District Attorney to show up. J drummed her fingers on the table and watched the Captain walk back and forth with her hands clasped behind her back. She kept shooting glances to J's fingers and growling.

"I'm going to break your fingers if you don't stop!"

J winked at her and gave her a crooked grin. "I like pain."

"You would. Where the hell is this person?" She threw her hands in the air. The door opened and a mass of black leather came stumbling into the room tripped and landed on J's back making her fall onto the table. She mumbled from where she was smashed on the table.

"Oohh man, what is this a fucked up assassination attempt?"

The DA rolled off J's back to stumble over to a chair and use it to brace herself. She flipped her blonde hair forward then back over her head in a movement that would have had J tossing her cookies.

J watched from under her arm as the mysterious person tried to get herself all straightened out. She started to snicker at the fumbling mess.

"Darn, I broke my heel off." A low throaty voice was barley heard coming from the DA.

J's head popped up at the sound of the voice, her eyes narrowed and she sniffed at the scent lingering in the air. It seemed so familiar to her for some odd reason. She continued to watch as black leather flipped every which direction to finally cough up an old worn leather brief case and settle down to some order. The blonde DA limped across the room and held out her hand to Captain Jenner.

"Hi, I'm MacPherson the new district attorney." She said in a deep breathy voice.

"I'm Captain Jenner and that's J. She's the one you'll be working with." Jenner pointed to where J was trying to make out the blonde through her swollen eyes.

MacPherson turned and looked at the mangled face of the Detective that she had read the file on. She lowered her head and looked over the top of her round sunglasses. Soft brown met pale blue and locked, they each raised a dark eyebrow at the other.

J was the first to speak. "Ohhhh this is good! She jumped up from her seat and leaned forward on the table. "You have got to be kidding! She can't help me, SHE'S A BIMBO!"

"And you're the immature idiot that scribbled out their name on the personal file! If I'd have known I would have run for the hills!" MacPherson yelled back.

"You couldn't find them if someone drove you there and threw you out of a speeding car!"

"If it was you driving I'd willingly jump to save my life!"

Captain Jenner looked back and forth between the two women throwing barbs at each other. She knew that J had a sarcastic mouth on her but she didn't know that she used it on complete strangers she just met.

"I wouldn't let you in my car, it would ruin my reputation to be seen with a blonde!" Her eyes had turned a silvery color and looked like they could melt steel in a glance.

"I wouldn't get in a car with you unless I was bound with chains and had no other choice!" She removed her sunglasses to show brown eyes specked with gold blazing right into J's silvery blue orbs.

The Captain watched with fascination, she could swear when their eyes met that lightning flashed between them. It was like watching an electrical storm; the energy that was radiating from them gave her goose bumps all over her body. She looked down to see the hair on her arms standing up.

J walked around the table and went nose to nose with MacPherson.

"Would handcuffs be enough for you?"

Macpherson looked closely at J's swollen discolored face. "You know what? You have one ugly face!"

"Well, your dark roots are showing!"

"At least the bottle I use won't kill my liver!"

"No just the two brain cells you have!"

J went chest to chest with MacPherson; she started backing her up to where she would be pressed against the table. The Captain tried to move in-between them but couldn't get there quick enough.

"Still one more brain cell than you grease monkey!"

"Ice princess!"

"Pollock!"

"Her Highness!"

"Joey!"

"Blair!" J's face broke into a rakish grin; she wrapped her arms around Blair and gave her a tight hug. She buried her face in the long blonde hair and inhaled the perfume that has lingered in her mind for almost 20 years. Her fingers dug into the soft calfskin of Blair's trench coat and made her fingers tingle. "I've really missed you." She whispered in Blair's ear.

Blair wrapped her arms around J's waist and held on like there was no tomorrow. She could pick up the scent of Obsession on her clothes and a scent that was just J. She moved her hand up to tangle in long dark hair and hold J's head closer to her. "I've missed you too."

The Captain had no idea what the hell was going on but she knew that they were not strangers, maybe strange but also something else all together different.

"Excuse me but can someone please explain to me what the hell is going on?"

The two friends pulled apart and smiled at each other.

"Captain, this is my long lost best friend Blair."

Green eyes rolled. "You two had me worried there for a minute." She raised an eyebrow at J. "You have a best friend? And did I hear her call you Joey?"

"Haah! You're such a riot. And yeah she called me Joey, got a problem with it?"

"Nooo, I thought you didn't have a first name, just the letter J."

"In another time I was Joanna then Jo. Here, I'm just plain old J."

Blair jabbed her in her ribs and saw her wince. "Joey what's wrong?"

"Just some bruised ribs to go with the broken nose and stitches."

"For God sakes, you haven't changed a bit. Sit down."

"Neither have you, you're still bossy."

The Captain smiled at them and took a seat across from them but couldn't ignore the sparks going back and forth between them. "Let's get down to business here, we have to figure out why everyone wants either Jo dead or out of the picture."

At first, the three of them went over all the problems stemming from the day Capt. Harrison went Postal on Jo and sent her home. Blair sat with her jaw lying on the table when she found out that the final straw involved her best friend making out with Capt. Harrison's wife in a bar.

Blair turned to Captain Jenner. "Joey making out in a bar with a woman?" She looked to see a deep blush creeping up Joey's face. "We need to talk, like right now!" She turned to Captain Jenner with blazing brown eyes. "I say we take a break and get back to this in a few days after I can go over all the case files and do some interviews. And you Polniaczek are coming with me!"

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Blair opened the door to her apartment; she walked in dragging Jo with her. Jo knew Blair was a little upset with her about finding out about the woman in the bar but it had been years since they had seen each other and a lot of things change. She knew she would have to spill her guts, not only because of the case but because she knew Blair wouldn't let it just go away. She looked around the modest apartment that Blair had obviously just moved in too. There were still boxes piled up in one corner and pictures leaning up against the wall that had not been hung yet.

"Make yourself at home, I'll put some coffee on."

Jo wandered over to where a wide walnut mantle ran the length of one wall above a fireplace. Only two pictures sat on it along with an old Oil lamp that was obviously an antique. One picture was of everyone from Eastland on graduation day and the other was of her and Blair during their college days. She remembered that it was taken right before they graduated from college. She remembered those days with fondness.

"Here ya go, have a seat somewhere. You'll have to excuse the mess, I've only been here a couple of days." Blair handed Jo her coffee then dropped down onto her couch and curled her

legs underneath her. Jo took a sip of the dark brew and smiled.

"You remembered." She took a seat at the other end of the couch and looked at her friend.

"Of course I remembered. After all the years we lived together how could I forget?" She looked closely at her friend and sighed. "So a cop did that to your face, why?"

Jo blushed. "My smartass mouth got me into trouble."

"What did you say or should I not ask?"

"I think I had better tell you, ya know with you trying to get my ass out of the fire and everything." She took a drink of her coffee and hummed in appreciation. "It's been a long time since I had coffee this good."

"Stop beating the bush and tell me."

Jo started to laugh. "Funny that's what started all this!"

"What?"

"Well, uuuhhmm... She scratched her jaw and tilted her head. "I asked the cop if he was still mad at me for fucking his girlfriend."

Blair's head fell back against the couch, she groaned deep in her chest. She turned her head sideways to look at Jo "Did you actually, you know have relations with her?"

"Aahhh...yeah, I think so. I don't really remember much about that night or any others for that matter."

"And why's that?"

"What are ya a shrink?" She sunk into the couch. "Sorry Blair, it's been a rough couple of years."

"If I am to help you I need to know everything and I mean every little detail." Her brown eyes softened as she looked at her friend. "Not to change the subject but are you in any pain? I can get you some aspirins."

"Nah, I'm OK." She placed her empty cup on the coffee table and leaned back into the soft leather of the couch. "Before I start my horrible little tale, where's your husband? I assume your married since you don't go by Warner."

Blair looked down at the couch cushion next to her and ran a fingernail across it. She looked up with tear filled eyes and sniffled trying to stop from breaking down in front of Jo. She took a semi deep breath and started her story.

"I met Jerry at the corporate law office that I was working at, we had been married for thirteen years." She wiped her eyes on her sleeve. "I was working late one night. When I got home I found an empty bottle of wine and two glasses sitting on the coffee table, when I went up to our bedroom I found him in bed with my secretary." She burst into tears; her shoulders started to shake until she couldn't control herself any longer. She folded down against the couch and sobbed. Jo moved across the couch, pulled her in to her arms and held her close. Many minutes later, Blair had control of herself; she moved a little away from Jo and wiped her face.

"I'm sorry, it still hurts after all this time."

"So you're divorced?"

"Yes, I asked for one the very next day. What really hurts is he had no problem with it, he didn't even fight it!" She growled. "I was soo pissed, still am!"

"I can see where you'd be upset over finding him with another woman."

"Ooohhh I wish it was that simple!" She laughed. "You see my secretary was 45 and very male!"

"Oohh geez! I'm sorry Blair and here I am going around doing the same damn thing."

"Is it the same, do you just go after married women?" She dipped her head to look into blue eyes.

"No. I'm not a home breaker or anything." She rubbed her chin and thought for a second or two. "Come ta think of it I've never had a real relationship that lasted more than a couple of days."

"Why is that? I mean your attractive...well right now your not to pretty but you get the point."

Jo sat and looked at the floor, a pensive look clouded her face. "Ya know I have no idea, it's like...I don't know, no connection with them?"

"How come I never knew about your preference when we were growing up?"

Jo laughed deeply at the question. "Blair, I thought I was screaming my preference. How many girls did you know back them that rode motor cycles, worked on cars, played pool with the guys and all the other things I did that only guys were supposed to do?"

"I think maybe I was in a closet when all this was going on." She ran her fingers through her hair. "I thought you were just a tomboy and now that you've mentioned it you're right you were screaming."

Jo became serious. "You don't have a problem with this do you?"

Blair smiled at her and shook her head. "No! Of course not, why should I?"

"Well, it's just that some straight women think that dykes just want to you know...jump them."

Stretching her legs out and crossing them at the ankle, she looked at Blair. "They think we're just like men, we don't chase after every woman we see."

"So what's your type?"

Jo turned a deep crimson; she looked at Blair from beneath her straight dark brows. "Ya really wanna know?"

"Have you ever known me to ask a question when I didn't?"

"Aaahhh...nope." She leaned her head back against the couch and closed her eyes. "Blondes."

Blair's mouth dropped open. "Blondes? Any blonde or a certain type of blonde?"

"You're not making this easy ya know."

"Have I ever been easy? Don't answer that!" She groaned at what she had just said.

"I'll leave that alone. And ta answer your question...I ain't"

"What? You're kidding right?"

"Nope. 'Cuz if I tell ya, you'll send out a warning ta any women that fits the description and I'll never get a date." She grinned at the frustrated look on Blair's face. "Ya wanna have a drink with me? Don't worry I do know some straight bars."

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They sat at a back table at one of the bars that the cops frequented; Jo was on her fourth bourbon while Blair was still on her first white wine. She was worried about her friend; she had no idea that her drinking problem was this serious.

"Jo, I think we should get out of here." She looked into clouded blue eyes. "It's late and I have to be at the office early in the morning."

"It's still early." Jo whined. "Come on Blair one more drink then we can go."

"OK. One more and then we go." She looked around the room and wondered why all the men were looking at them as if they were lepers. "Jo, why are they all giving us dirty looks?" Jo looked around her and snickered.

"Easy, Lady MacPherson, they're all jealous of me."

"Huh? Explain please, I'm having a blonde moment."

"I'm here with a beautiful blonde and they're not." Smooth one Jo; why not tell her you want her?
"I'll be back in a minute, gotta use the little boys room."

Blair watched her friend head towards the back of the bar; she heard some of the men making crude comments to her. Her temper was starting to flair up; she got up and was about to confront one of them when she felt a hand land on her hip. She spun around and came face to face with a tall man with a mustache.

"Why don't you leave the bull dyke here and let me show you what a real man is like."

Blair felt the hair on the back of her neck stand up. "Really, so you're telling me you're more of a man than she is?" She stepped up close to him and ran her hand up his thigh to his crotch. "Funny thing?" Her brows drew down. "Her dicks bigger and doesn't go limp." She grabbed his manhood and twisted her wrist. He let out a howl and dropped to his knees. "Another thing. Learn some manners!" She put her foot against his chest and pushed him over. She spun again when she felt a hand come down on her shoulder and instantly calmed when she met pale blue eyes.

"Nice moves Blair. But ya know ya just marked yourself as my lover."

Her brown eyes grew large. "Oooh! Well, I guess it could be worse, I could have marked myself as a whore if I hadn't dropped him."

Jo snorted. "Come on lets get outta here before ya hafta drop all of them." She draped her arm over her friend's shoulder and headed for the door. Blair never seen Jo flip the entire room off as they left.

When they got to Blair's Saturn Jo pulled a half-full bottle of whiskey from her pocket. In two drinks' it was gone; she spun and made a jump shot at a Dumpster near by and made it.

"I can't believe you did that."

"I never miss."

"Not that! Drank that in two swallows."

"I can do better but I'm all out right at the moment."

Blair shook her head as she unlocked the door for Jo. She opened it, pushed her friend in and closed it.

Once she was on the street, she turned to ask Jo where she lived and found her friend sound asleep. She looked so peaceful just like when she was younger. Blair reached out her hand and pushed Jo's long dark hair back from her cheek, she let her fingers trail down the soft skin and smiled when Jo leaned into her hand. "You need help Joey." She whispered.

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Blair pulled in front of her apartment building; she sat there a few moments looking at her sleeping friend. She knew she couldn't leave Jo out in the car nor could she carry her. She glanced towards the doors and noticed one of her neighbors just coming out. She opened her car door and ran after him.

"Excuse me!" She stopped when he turned at the sound of her voice. "Hi, I'm Blair MacPherson. I live two doors down from you." She waited to see if he would just blow her off, when he didn't. She continued. "I have a small problem, you see a friend and I were out celebrating...her birthday. She drank too much and now she's passed out in my car and I can't carry her. She just weighs too much for me to handle." She gave him her best puppy dog look. "Can you please help me?"

"Sure no problem, been there myself." He followed her back to her car and acted like it was an every day occurrence to carry a drunk around.

Blair's neighbor laid Jo down in the bed; he shook Blair's offered hand then left her to take care of Jo. Blair looked down at her peacefully sleeping friend; she was amazed that Jo hadn't even stirred when she was carried up the flight of stairs. She reached down and pulled off her boots and socks, then worked on taking her windbreaker off. Once the jacket was off, she tried to figure out how to get the shoulder harness off Jo without shooting herself. She had never handled a firearm before and just the look of them scared her a little. She took a deep breath and worked the padded leather shoulders down. Walking over to a chair she hung the jacket over the back and added the harness to it. She stood and looked at the way the revolvers hung off the chair and had the strangest feeling that they belonged there as well as the old jacket.

"Your taste in clothes is still the same, horrible." Throwing a blanket over Jo, she then grabbed her nightgown and a spare pillow and blanket to make up the couch for her bed.

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At 5am the next morning, Jo sat on the arm of the couch and watched Blair sleep. Her one arm was lying up over her head pulling the thin silk nightgown tight against her breasts. The blanket had come halfway off of her, baring one finely sculptured calf and thigh. Jo's fingers tingled with wanting to run across the smooth silky flesh, she had to shake herself out of her wicked thoughts. She went into the kitchen and made a pot of coffee then searched the refrigerator for something to make for breakfast. She smiled at the fully stocked pantry and fresh vegetables in the crisper.

"Either you've been shopping or ya have it delivered. Either way ya have a hell of a lot more than I ever have in my place." She found everything she needed and started cooking. When it was

finished, she took a plate into Blair and sat it on the coffee table with a cup of coffee. She reached down grabbed Blair's foot and pulled on her toes.

"Go way...to early."

Jo kept pulling on her foot, then yanked the blanket off her and threw it over her face. She almost had a heart attack when she saw just how thin the silky material was. It left absolutely nothing to her wicked imagination.

"Come on Blair, your breakfast and coffee are getting cold." She said with a deep rough voice. She grinned when the blanket flew off Blair's face and two sleepy brown eyes looked at her with surprise.

"God Jo, I thought I was dreaming when I heard your voice." She swung her feet to the floor and looked at the plate full of food. "You made me breakfast?"

"Well, yeah. I feel kinda bad for zoning out on ya and then taking your bed." She sat on the couch next to Blair. "How did you get me in here?"

Blair spoke around a mouthful of omelet. "Dragged you by your arm up the steps, then I did a Xena move, spun you around the room by your arm and threw you into the bed. Easy."

"Right. Now how'd ya do it?"

"I used my feminine ways and flirted my way into convincing a neighbor to carry you up here."

"Damn. I'm sorry Blair." She looked down at her bare feet.

"What for?"

"For getting shitfaced and making you look bad in front of your neighbor." She looked at her watch and sighed. "I should get going."

"Aren't you going to eat anything?"

"I don't eat breakfast anymore."

"No? Well, starting today you do. Get over here and help me eat this." Brown eyes drilled into blue. "Jo! Move it now!"

"Ya know you'd make a good mom."

"Me?" She replied with wide eyes. "I never thought of having kids, its kinda hard now without a husband." She forced Jo to eat a forkful of her omelet. "But then again, the one I had was basically impotent." She grinned. "Starch and Popsicle sticks wouldn't have helped."

"No more, I'm eating!" Jo groaned.

After Blair was ready for work, they still had an hour before she had to be at the office. She demanded that she drive Jo by her apartment so that she could shower and change. Jo gave in easily; her throbbing head couldn't handle Blair arguing with her.

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Blair looked around Jo's very small apartment and snorted. "Jo, it looks like a guy lives here!" She looked at the poster of a half naked woman lying across a Harley Davidson Fat Boy. Then groaned and covered her eyes when she saw a whole pile of Playboy's sitting on a bookshelf with repair manuals. She continued around the small place and decided that her friend had really changed since their college days. She almost fell over when Jo came from the shower wearing a tank top T-shirt and a pair of men's Jockey shorts.

Jo noticed the shocked look on Blair's face. "What?" She looked down at how she was dressed. "They fit better." She pulled a pair of worn Levi's from a clothesbasket and a black T-shirt with Pinky and the Brain on the front of it.

"You always dress like this for work?" Blair asked as she pointed at the T-shirt.

"Yep, one of the great benefits of being a Detective." She pulled on a pair of worn engineer boots, stomped her feet a few times and grinned. "No uniform." She pulled her leather jacket from behind the couch and slung it over her shoulder. "All ready."

Blair's breathe caught in her throat at the way Jo looked right now with the leather jacket and faded Levi's. She stuttered and fell over her words as flames danced in her veins.

"Uuhhhmmm...I...yeah. I can't believe you still have that old leather jacket."

"I like it, what can I say." She opened the door and motioned Blair to go first. She watched as she walked in front of her, a wicked smile graced her lips at the way Blair moved. She wore a charcoal colored skirt that had a slit up one thigh, matching suit jacket and pale blue silk blouse. What caused Jo to become so turned on was the seam going up the backs of Blair's thighs on the dark silk hose. How her pumps made the muscles in her calves flex with each step. She groaned deep in her chest and blushed when Blair turned to look at her.

"What?" Blair asked.

"I hate going ta work."

Dark lashes fluttered at her. "Are you saying that you won't enjoy working with me?"

Oohh I'll enjoy myself all right! Her little voice screamed at her. "Ooohh nooo that's not it, I just hate all the paperwork, one of the reasons I quit teaching."

"What's the other?" Blair asked as she unlocked her car.

"Rules. And then when I started teaching college courses it was the..."

"Sweet little blondes strutting around?" Blair wiggled her dark brows.

"Did I say that?" Jo's voice raised an octave.

"Didn't have to, you rolled those baby blues."

"Damn, I forget that you know me so well."

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Jo jogged up the three flights of steps to her office, she had no sooner walked in then the Captain was calling her into her office. Jo sighed and wondered if this was going to be an every day thing. She dropped into what was becoming her chair.

"I've got copies of all your case files in those boxes by the door. And believe me it wasn't easy getting that done without that asshole Harrison finding out." She came around her desk and leaned back against the edge. "The next thing is for you to become very scarce around here, I want you to work with MacPherson and do some investigating without getting your ass killed." She looked Jo over with a critical eye. "She's not an old girlfriend is she?"

Jo busted up laughing and wiped a tear from an eye. "Hell no! Blair and I lived together with two other girls in a dorm like house. I've known her since we were just kids. The four of us even stuck together through college." A small smile came to her lips. "That was a long time ago."

"What kind of school did you go to?"

"A private girls school." She wiggled her brows. "Perfect place for me huh?"

"Lech!" Jenner grinned at her then shooed her out the door. "Stay out of trouble!" She called to Jo's back. "And I want progress reports daily!"

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Blair sat at her desk amongst piles of paper work; her mind was nowhere in the office but on a pair of pale blue eyes. She remembered from that morning the feelings that rushed through her when she looked at Jo standing there in her small apartment. It was like De Ja vu. To this day, when she smelled leather it always reminded her of Jo, even when her ex-husband had wore a leather jacket it wasn't him she thought of but her best friend. Her heart slammed in her chest as

she realized something, her ex-husband was so much like Jo. His hair was dark, he had the palest blue eyes, and in small way's he acted like Jo. She wondered if that was why she had been attracted to him in the first place. She knew she had not been in love with him and really didn't like him at times. "Oohhh geez!" She leaned back in her chair. "That can't be it! Can it?" She closed her eyes and tried to remember Jerry but the only face she saw was Jo's. She tried to remember the years she had spent with Jerry but the only thing that came to mind was long hours alone in her old office. Catching him with her secretary and the look of relief on his face when she told him she was divorcing him. When it came to her life when she was younger, she could remember every little detail that involved Jo.

"I'm in big trouble here!" She sighed.

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Jo snuck down to the impound lot. She found her hog stashed in the back. Ripping off the impound ticket, she stuffed it into her pocket and pushed her bike through the hole in the fence. Some kids had cut it years ago so they could sneak in and steal radios from the impounded cars, she wondered why it had never been fixed and was thankful it wasn't. When she got it into the back alley she kicked it over and took off towards the center of town. She had no idea where she was going but ended up right in front of Blair's office building. Once in the in the elevator she leaned against the wall and glared at the men who came in and gave her funny looks. She couldn't help herself; she tapped one of them on the shoulder. "Are ya a lawyer? How many years can I expect for committing mass murder in this building?" She flashed open her coat and showed her revolvers. The men pushed each other out of the elevator leaving her all alone. "You're no fun!" She yelled as the door was closing. She walked down a long hallway until she came to a door with a white sheet of paper taped to it with Blair's name printed in blue magic marker.

"Our taxes at work." She pushed the door open to find Blair leaning back in her chair looking at the ceiling with a stupid grin on her face. She leaned against the doorframe and watched her friend just sit there. "Must be some daydream." She said with a deep raspy voice.

Blair just about flipped her chair over as she jumped to her feet. She pressed a hand over her chest and gasped for air. "You scared the heck out of me!"

"Do you ever swear?" Jo walked in, taking a seat on the edge of Blair's cluttered desk, tilting her head at an angle she looked at her from under her brows. "In all these years I have never heard you say one cuss word, why is that?"

"A debutante does not swear its un-lady like." She said in a haughty voice. "I blush just thinking about a cuss word!"

"My new mission in life." She crossed her arms over her chest.

"Huh? Blonde moment."

"To get you to cuss like a sailor on shore leave. Who knows may just get ya ta act like on to!"

"What are you going to take me out, get me drunk and tattooed?"

Jo gave her a lecherous grin. "Body piercing to! Gold nipple rings! OOHH YEAH!"

Blair threw a wadded up paper at her. "You're a pig! So aren't you supposed to be working?"

"Captain said to investigate, sooo..." She looked around Blair's bare office. "I'm doing it here. This place really sucks, ya know?"

"Give me a break here. I've been here less than a week, I haven't had time to decorate or anything."

"I can see it now, the hole wall with pictures of yourself and a shelf for your tiara collection."

"You're impossible." She grinned. "So what's that under your arm?" She pointed to the stack of folders.

"A complete listing of all my girlfriends." She dumped them on Blair's desk. "All for you."

"Gee thanks. Should put me to sleep in about five minutes."

"That's what they said about my conversational skills." She opened the top folder. "Missing female number one. I bored her to death, tossed her body out my window."

"You are really sick, you know that?"

"They said that to. I gotta find myself a woman that likes her body covered with whip cream."

Blair's mouth fell open. "Whipped cream!"

She dropped her voice and wiggled her eyebrows. "Oohh yeah! The fun part is when I lick it all off."

"I can't believe were having this conversation. How did we get on this topic anyway?" Before Jo could answer the phone on Blair's desk rang. She picked it up, listened for a few seconds then gave Jo the once over. "Leather jacket, faded Levi's, black boots and a bad attitude?" Jo slapped her in her arm and mouthed the words 'me?' "Don't worry about her, she forgot her medication this morning. I'm going to give it to her as soon as I hang up. OK bye." She punched Jo in her shoulder then rubbed her knuckles. "I can't believe you!"

"What?"

"Some lawyers reported a psycho on the loose in the building saying that she was going to commit mass murder!"

"Pussy's. They were whispering about me being a bull dyke, I couldn't help myself."

"And you wonder why people want you dead?"

"I thought it was 'cuz of my charming personality."

"Yeah right!" She picked up all the folders and stepped around her desk. "Lets go in one of the conference rooms and take a look at these."

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Hours went by with them going over the files; fast food containers littered table along with empty coke cans and coffee cups. They had laid out every file on the table according to time of disappearance. Blair was looking at each picture looking for some similarity between the women. Jo was writing down on a legal pad each place that the victim was from and the person reporting them.

"Jo, these women are all about the same age and back ground." She looked up at Jo. "They also look...like they would go to your type of bar."

"Huh?" Jo came over to see what Blair was looking at. "Who?"

Blair pointed to the picture in front of her. It was of a blonde with her hair spiked on top and numerous earrings in her right ear. "This one here."

"She does look a little dyky, but then look at this one here." She picked up a picture of a very attractive woman with long wavy blonde hair with a make-up job that looked as if she had spent hours applying it. She started to hand it to Blair then pulled it back. She stood frozen; she placed the picture down on the table and leaned forward to get a closer look. Blair watched her friend's face fade to a sickly pale color. She placed a hand on her shoulder and called to her.

"Jo. What's wrong?"

Jo shook her head, her mouth moved but no words came out. She felt her knees start to buckle a strong arm went under her arm and held her up.

"Come over here and sit down and tell me what's wrong." Blair guided her to a chair and gave her a can of coke. She kneeled in front of her and waited for their eyes to connect.

"Joey?"

"I...know...her." Her blue eyes clouded with tears. "We went out for a about a month or so."

"Oohh God Jo." She whispered softly. She took Jo's trembling hand between hers and held it to her chest. "When's the last time you saw her?"

Jo shrugged her shoulders. "Months ago, I thought she left the area. Went back home." Tears flowed down her cheeks.

Blair reached behind her and looked at the date printed on the back of the picture. It was two months since her disappearance. "I want you to look at the rest of them and see if you know any of the others, can you do that?"

Jo took a deep breath and angrily wiped the tears from her face. "Sorry, it's just that this really hit home. I never expected to see someone I knew in those files."

"You mean you've never looked at these files? Aren't they yours?"

"Nope." She gave a small sad smile. "They're mine but the way it works is after the original detective can't solve the case, it comes to me and I do the final check up before they get filed away in the dead case area. I'm the fuck-up so I get the shit jobs."

Blair reached up and wiped the tears from Jo's face, she hated seeing her this way and could only think of one thing to do. "Come on lets get out of here and you can tell me why you're the...F-up." Her cleaning up of her friend's foul word brought a small smile to Jo's face.

"I will get you to say at least one swear word before were old and gray."

"It may take until I'm senile to get the nerve to say a cuss word. Let's go, I'm starving."

"I'll follow you where ever you're going, I've got my baby back."

"Do I dare ask what your baby is?"

"Come on Blair, what do you think I would have?"

"I'm not even going to try and guess."

"Suit yourself."

They walked down the long hallway shoulder to shoulder towards the elevator. "So where we going?"

"I feel like pizza, how about you?"

Jo grabbed her chest and groaned. "A woman after my own heart." Blair bumped shoulders with her.

"If I'd said McDonalds you would have said the same thing. Face it Joey, you're easy."

"I am not! Only where food is mentioned, women are a different thing." She bumped shoulders with Blair as they stepped into the half full elevator. She leaned in close to Blair's ear, dropping her voice she purred. "I like my women spicy."

Blair closed her eyes and bit back a moan that almost made its way to her lips; Jo's warm moist breath caressing her skin was doing some unbelievable things to her. She reached out and grabbed Jo's leather covered forearm and felt her fingers tingle, the scent of leather and Jo's obsession made her light headed.

"Ya OK there?" Jo wrapped an arm around her back and pulled her close. "Ya look a little flushed."

Warm brown eyes met blue and held. Her voice low and throaty she answered.
"Yeah, I'm great."

Jo still had her arm around Blair as they left the building; she walked Blair to her car, taking the keys from her hand and opened the door for her. "Give me a minute and I'll be right behind you." After Jo left, Blair leaned back in her seat and took a deep breath. She gripped her steering wheel with trembling hands. "Ohh Joey." She sighed.

Jo ran her hand across her face to stop and massage her jaw and chin as she watched her best friend through the rear window of her car. She grinned wickedly when she thought of how Blair had reacted to her whispering into her ear. "Come out and play Lady Blair." She pulled her black and gold helmet on and flipped the tinted shield down.

Blair jumped when a loud rumbling came up beside her car. She automatically locked the doors and flinched when the dark figure leaned down to look into the window. She was getting ready to scream when she saw the hand go towards the shield of the helmet. She watched, as white teeth appeared then a set of smiling pale blue eyes.

"Jo! You...you!" She let the window down and pointed her finger at her friend. "I could kill YOU!"

"If ya do that, who would be around ta torture ya? Come on I'm hungry."

So am I and its for something I never thought I'd want! She said to herself with surprise. "OK, I'll follow you since I have no idea where to get pizza."

Blair felt like she was driving in the Indianapolis, trying to keep up with Jo. She had never broke so many traffic laws in her entire life as she did in the fifteen minute drive to the small Italian eatery they were no at. She slammed her car door and went to stand directly in front of her friend, planting her hands on her hips she stuck out her jaw. "What kind of driving do you call that!?!?" She barked.

Jo shrugged her shoulders at her and smiled. "I was taking it easy on ya, ya should see when the traffics bad."

"No thank you, that would kill me!"

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They sat across from each other at a back table in the small eatery. Jo had just finished ordering a large pizza with everything, a beer for herself and a diet coke for Blair. She watched as Blair removed her suit jacket and laid it down on the bench beside her. Jo could not help but notice that her silk blouse was very sheer and she could see the lace that trimmed the top of her bra. From the heat burning her ears, she knew that the rest of her face was soon to follow in the same color. She looked away towards the door and pretended to be looking at her Hog. Little did she know that Blair knew exactly what she was doing. To make matters worse, she unbuttoned the top button and leaned on the table with her arms crossed? She continued to watch Jo as she looked out the door and when the table started to vibrate she kicked her under the table.

"Hey, why'd ya do that?"

"Because, you would have had the table all the way across the room if I hadn't; that's why." She cocked a dark brow.

"Would not."

"Oohh yes you would have. Why are you so nervous anyway?"

"I ain't nervous."

"So you're tap dancing because?"

"I'm practicing for my striptease routine." Her look was so serious that Blair gawked at her.

"What?"

"How do ya think I pick up women? I take my clothes off on the dance floor and they throw themselves at me."

Blair narrowed her brown eyes. "More like they throw your clothes at you and tell you to get out!"

"Ya wouldn't say that if ya seen me."

"I'd be the first one to tell you to put your clothes back on!"

Jo was about to say something when their pizza and drinks came to the table. Once the waitress had gone Jo gave Blair a look that just about flattened her in her seat. Blue eyes danced with lightning, her voice low and purring she dared Blair.

"Care ta place a bet on that?"

Blair gulped, her eyes opened wide and all words left her brain. "Uuuhhmm...how much?"

Jo smiled at her and winked. "You pay for lunch tomorrow."

She narrowed her eyes at Jo. "And what do I get if I win?"

"Like that'll happen!" She snorted. "OK, if you win I'll buy lunch and supper tomorrow.

"Deal." She held out her hand to shake on it.

"So, will ya go with me tonight to investigate?"

"Where are you going to investigate?"

"The clubs," she leaned forward on the table and froze. "Think about it..."

Blair had an evil grin plastered all over her face when she realized that Jo was looking right down the front of her blouse. "Think about what?"

"Uuhhmm...what?" She fought with everything she had, not to bring her eyes up from where they were devouring Blair's cleavage. "Ohhh...all the women were last seen at various clubs before they came up missing." She winked. "So, I'm going as bait. I may get lucky to!"

"And what am I supposed to do?"

"You're my back-up."

They both knew exactly what Jo had meant by backup but neither mentioned it. They made plans to meet at Blair's in one hour and go to the clubs from there.

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Jo pulled up outside of Blair's apartment; she hung her helmet on the handlebars and ran into the building to get her friend. She pounded on the door and heard Blair yell that it was open.

"That's dumb Blair. I could have been the neighborhood rapist!" She turned at the sound of Blair's voice.

"You mean you're not?"

"You're not dressed?!"

She stood there in her bathrobe. "Well...ahhh..." Her brown eyes ate up every inch of Jo's leather clad body. "Help?" Her eyes traveled up to twinkling blue eyes.

"Help, what?"

"Clothes help."

She tilted her head sideways and looked up at the ceiling. "Blair asking me for help with clothes? May the wonders never cease?"

"Oohh come on, I've never been to a gay bar before."

"OK." She took Blair's hand and led her in to her room and to her closet. She snorted as she looked through her things. "Ya got a black lace teddy?"

"Huh?" She asked with a look of total confusion. "Why?"

Jo grinned. "Just curious."

Blair slugged her in her shoulder. "If I did, you'd never see it."

"Selfish wench." She pulled out a dark blue silk blouse and handed it to Blair. "OK, now dress pants and skirts are a no no. Leather and faded Levi's, got any?"

"The ones I do have aren't fit to wear any where!"

"Why 's that?"

"There indecent. That's why." She crossed her arms across her chest. "And the only leather I have is a black leather mini."

Jo spun around with wide eyes. "Black leather mini!" She grabbed her chest and moaned. "Be still my throbbing heart, the lady has a leather mini!"

"You're a dog Jo!"

"And I'm the licking type."

"You are sooo impossible!" She went to her dresser. Pulled out an old faded pair of Levi's and held them up in front of her. "Do these pass your inspection?" Jo looked at them and nodded her head. "Now get dressed and I'll find you a pair of sensible shoes." She chuckled when she heard

Blair mumbling to herself as she headed for the bathroom. When she came back, Jo was laying across her bed with her eyes closed.

"OK, where's my shoes?" A long finger pointed to a pair of soft black suede ankleboots. "I know I will never live this down. Jo Polniaczek picking out my clothes." She bent over at the waist and pulled her boots on. A set of pale blue eyes zeroed in on her rear. Jo had a shiteating grin on her face when Blair stood up and turned to look at her.

"What are you grinning at?"

"I just love G-strings!"

"What...how...you perv!"

"I couldn't help but notice. After all those Levi's are skin tight and there's that rip across the bottom of your pocket."

Blair planted her hands on her hips and glared at her. "Anything else?"

"Ya mean you're under wire bra?"

"What do you like look at the lingerie pages in catalogs?"

"Nope I finger the stuff in Victoria secrets."

"I can't believe I'm going to gay bars with the biggest pervert in DC!" She pulled Jo up from her bed. "Come on before I change my mind."

They got outside; Blair headed for her car but was spun around and taken to Jo's Harley. "We're going on that!?!"

"Yep, it's my woman magnet." She handed Blair her old leather jacket and her spare helmet.

"Now my hairs going to get messed up." Blair whined.

"With as much hair spray and gel that you use, I don't think so."

She pulled the collar of Jo's jacket up close to her face and inhaled. She loved the scent that lingered there in the leather. She climbed onto the FatBoy Harley and wrapped her arms around Jo's waist. She had flashbacks to when they were younger and she had rode with Jo on her much smaller bike.

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They pulled up in front of Yesterdays; Jo parked her Harley then locked the helmets up. She handed Blair a tiny earpiece and attached a collar mic inside her bra. "That was fun!" She grinned. "When we go in here, you go first, head to the side farthest from the bar. I'll be at the bar trying to get picked up, if I get a hit I'll whistle in my mic. You then meet me outside and we'll ask some questions."

"And how will you know if it's a real pic-up or an abduction?"

"Easy, if it's real my gaydar will go off."

"Gaydar? Oohh wait, Jerry told me about that. OK, Then I guess we're all set."

Jo waited a couple minutes then followed Blair into the club. She went to her normal spot and called the bartender over to order a beer.

"I didn't expect to see you in here again after the other night." The bartender said.

"Why's that?"

"Well, after that guy busted your head and had the cops drag you off. I figured that you were in lock-up."

"Cops took me out of here? Uniforms?"

"Nope." The older man said. "Plain clothes guys." He went to the other end to wait on another customer. Jo made eye contact with Blair and gave her a half nod. She looked around the crowded room and the length of the bar but did not see anything interesting. Then it was still early. She took a small sip of her beer and watched Blair in the mirror behind the bar. Blair had a glass in her hand and was scoping out the people in the area around her, Jo had to smile at the looks she was giving some of them. She had forgotten that Blair was not used to the racier side of life and the most she had probably seen of gay people was on TV or in the movies. She watched as a man approached Blair, she turned around so that she could see better, she did not need Blair getting in trouble and this way she could intervene if needed.

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An hour passed with no one paying Jo any attention, the only thing she could think of was one; the word was out about her or two it was her unlucky night. She hoped it was the former. She moved through the room hoping to see someone that she knew and maybe get some information about her friend that was now a missing person. She was just about to walk over to someone when she saw Blair on the dance floor with the same guy she had seen earlier. She watched for a while undisturbed in her emotional department until the guy ran his hand's down and grabbed Blair's ass. She was about to step in and break all his limbs when Blair pushed him back away from her.

"I said to back off!" Blair growled.

"Come on baby, let me feel you up a little. It's been a long time."

"It's going to be longer still!" She pushed him away again.

Jo made her way to the dance floor and accidentally tripped the man. When he went down she waved Blair away and whispered into her mic for her to go to the bar. Once Blair was gone she went in the other direction and watched from there. She was beginning to feel that this night was a total loss when she saw Captain Harrison's wife walk up to Blair. Her heart started pounding in her chest. She covered her mouth and cursed a blue streak. She had to think quickly, she hadn't even thought that someone would approach Blair.

Mrs. Harrison backed Blair up against the bar and closed in on her with both hands on either side of her body.

"So how would you like to come home with me and have some fun?" Mrs. Harrison asked.

She had to think quickly. "I'm not really interested, I'm here waiting for my boyfriend." I am going to kill you Jo! She screamed in her mind.

"How about we have some fun until he gets here, we could go outside, get some fresh air and get to know each other?"

"No thank you. I'm not into women, really!"

"How do you know if you never tried it."

"Believe me..." A loud whistle sounded in her ear and then Jo's voice saying bathroom. "I'm not interested so if you will excuse me." She pushed her way past Mrs. Harrison and headed to the back of the club where the bathrooms were. She came around the corner and felt a hand grab her by the arm, out of reflex she brought up her fist and if not for Jo's quick reflexes she would have caught a punch right in her broken nose.

"WARNER!"

"Jesus Jo!" She fell back against the wall and took a huge gulp of air. "Hey, you called me Warner."

"Yeah, you'll always be Warner to me. Come with me." She pulled her into the nearest room then closed and locked the door. "That was close! I never thought that a woman would try and pick you up." She rubbed her face. "What made you turn her down?"

"Easy, she gave me the creeps!" She shivered and wrapped her arms around herself.

"I'm sorry Blair." She touched her on the shoulder. "I couldn't come to your rescue on that one 'cuz that's Mrs. Harrison."

"Your old Captain's wife?" Jo nodded. "Ohh for Christ sakes, I just blew it!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that maybe she's part of this thing with the missing persons."

"SHIT! Why didn't I think of that?" She looked to see Blair grinning. "Ooohh nooo! You're not going out there and try and get her to pick you up!"

"Why not? I mean she's interested."

Jo's eyes were now blazing. "Maybe, but I'm not interested in finding out if you'll disappear the minute you walk out the door with her!"

"So you follow us."

"No!" She covered her face. "I'm sorry Blair. I didn't mean to yell at you." She took a deep breath. "Listen, know we know what type she's looking for. That is if she's part of this. I go to Jenner tell her and we get an undercover cop in here with some back up. I will not risk your life!"

Blair searched Jo's eyes and saw that she meant every word that she had said. "OK. We go to Jenner first thing in the morning and then we go talk to the families of the missing women afterwards."

"OK. Now let's get out of here before anything else happens." She unlocked the door and peeked around the edge to see if the way was clear. She stepped into the small hallway then motioned for Blair to come out. They made their way slowly to the edge of the dance floor and waited until the coast was clear. Jo took two steps, spun around and pulled Blair up against her. She pressed Blair's face into her chest and told her not to move. Looking from shuttered eyes, she watched Mrs. Harrison walk past and head for the bathrooms. She pulled away from Blair and moved in behind her to propel her in the direction of the door.

"Oohh for the love of God!" Blair groaned as the irritating guy from earlier looked right at her. He got within two foot of her when she turned around, told Jo she was sorry and then put a lip lock on her. Jo almost fell over when Blair's lips touched hers. She stood completely still, with her eyes half open, she saw the guy from earlier. Instantly, she knew what Blair was doing, she wrapped her arms around Blair's waist and pulled her close.

Blair felt her blood catch on fire and rush through her body to parts she didn't even know existed until now. She felt Jo's arms wrap around her and her lips move against hers. She ran one hand at the back of Jo's neck, tangled her fingers in her hair and pulled her down further. Running her tongue across Jo's lips, she waited. Jo moaned deep in her chest and opened her mouth to Blair's tongue. The second their tongues met they moaned into each other's mouths. The kiss was both

sweet and tender. Also breathe stealing for both of them. When they broke away from each other they were both breathing heavy, they leaned their foreheads together to catch their breaths. When they pulled back their eyes met and held. Using a fingertip, Blair wiped her lipstick off Jo's lips.

"It's really not your shade." She smiled sweetly.

"Figures you're a damn dyke!" The guy said as he pushed past them.

"Fuck you!" Jo growled as she took Blair's hand and walked to the door.

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They stood and looked at each other outside of the club, neither one of them knew what to say. "Ya know your ex-husband is a complete ass!" She mumbled.

Blair's brows dropped down over her still passion filled brown eyes. "Why do you say that?"

"Because, if you kissed him like that and he still fucked around on you then he's an ass!"

"Is that a compliment Polniaczek?"

"Yeah!"

"Well the same goes for all the women who've dumped you."

Jo shook her head and grumbled. "We must be doing something wrong with our lives."

Blair did not say it out loud but it screamed in her head. Yes we have, but not anymore!

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Jo pulled up to Blair's apartment and shut her Hog down; she flipped up her shield and offered her hand to help Blair off the back. She took the helmet from her and locked it down.

"You want to come up for a while?" Blair asked.

"I would love to but I..."

She placed one finger to Jo's lips. "It's OK. I'll see you tomorrow at the precinct." She leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on Jo's lips. "Go get some sleep." She ran a fingertip beneath Jo's bruised eye. "Not all of this is bruising." She kissed her once more then went into her building. Jo waited until she saw the lights come on in Blair's apartment. She touched her lips and smiled.

"You expect me to sleep after you kissed me?" She tilted her head back and groaned. "Damn!"

Blair dropped backwards on to her bed; she ran her fingers across her lips and grinned. "Blair what are you going to do now?" She busted out laughing and hugged herself. "Ohhh Joey!"

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Blair walked into the third floor office, she looked towards Jo's desk but it was empty. She scanned the entire office to find only a hand full of detectives, not one of them her sarcastic friend. As she looked towards Captain Jenner's office, she noticed that the older woman was in PT gear. She still wore her head gear and shin guards. Blair tapped on her door and peeked in. "Where can I find Jo? We have a meeting with one of the victims parents in an hour."

"Downstairs on the lower level in the gym, she's down there kicking asses all over the place. In fact I just got mine kicked by her!"

Blair was confused; she knew that Jo had a temper but never had she just gone out and beat people up. "Is she upset over something?"

"Jo? Upset? Hell no!" She chuckled while wiping the sweat from her face. "She does this three times a week." She wiggled her russet brows at Blair. "I think it's sexual frustration myself."

"Sexual frustration?" Blair thought for a second. Ohh my, I wonder if what happened last night is the reason behind her kicking their...

"You know, it seems to be a little worse this morning than usual. Any ideas?" Captain Jenner asked.

Blair blanched at the thought of what Jo may have said about what happened the night before. "What did she tell you?"

"Oohh about Harrison's wife." She motioned for Blair to take a seat. "So, tell me what you think about Mrs. Harrison and the missing women?"

"I think that Jo and I have a lot of investigating to do before either one of us can make a sound ruling. However, one thing was very clear to me last night and that was that Mrs. Harrison did in fact hit on Jo. And no matter what the Captain said, it's nothing but a huge lie. And I will get the charges against Jo dropped."

"So what do you two have planed for today, since she all ready told me about the club while she was kicking my ass."

"We're going to talk to some of the people who reported the women missing. Maybe we can put a pattern together."

"Sounds good." She rubbed her ribs and groaned. "Do me a favor and go down to the gym and rescue what people I have left. This place can't operate if she puts them all in the ER." She mumbled under her breath. "Like the last time!"

Blair shot up out of the chair. "She put them all in the hospital?"

"About half of them."

"Oohh Gods!" She ran from the Captain's office and took the stairs down to the basement. She was out of breath and wiping sweat from her brow when she stepped in to the gym. A hand full of men sat or lay on the bleachers watching Jo spar off against two female detectives. The one female was circling Jo from the left the other from the right. Jo kept her eyes on them by looking back and forth between them. The black woman tried for a spinning roundhouse kick, which Jo blocked easily. Her mistake was not watching the other. The blonde ran and jumped on Jo's back and was soon joined by her cohort. Jo hit the floor with a loud thump; Blair winced more from the stream of cuss words than the fact that Jo was buried under two groping bodies. Jo reached a hand up and grabbed at a collar and pulled the black woman's shirt over her head tangling her arms. That left only one body to dislodge from her back; she got to her knees, dropped her shoulders and kicked off with her feet rolling over onto the struggling woman. She rolled free and got to her feet. Grabbing the woman by her arm Jo flipped her up onto her shoulder and was ready to do a very painful body slam.

I can't let her do that! Jenner will kill me! Blair said to herself as she ran for the center of the gym. She heard Jo let out a loud growl as she lifted the smaller woman over her head.

"JOEY. PUT HER DOWN!" Blair stood behind her with her hands on her hips. "NOW!"

Jo walked forward a few steps and dropped the laughing woman right on top of her cohort. They crashed to the mat in a jumble of arms and legs.

"Jack you stupid asshole!" The black woman yelled from where she lay pinned under her.

"Didn't Dr. Rabinowitz tell you to stop teasing the animal?"

"But Snuggles, its soo much fun!"

"I'll show you fun!" She grabbed her by the ear and dragged her through the gym. "Snuggle this!" A loud yelp was heard as a shoe connected with Jacks ass.

"You are such a bully Jo!"

"Heya Blair, ya know you're no fun?"

"Yeah, I've heard that before. But you beating up on all these detectives is just plain mean."

"I'll show you mean!" She ran at Blair and at the last second dropped her shoulder whisking Blair up. She ran towards the showers with Blair yelling at her to put her down. They went through a door into a large room with lockers on one side and open showers on the other. Blair covered her eyes not wanting to see any naked bodies on her unexpected tour. She felt Jo dropping down to her knees and then she felt herself lowered to a hard wooden bench.

"You're nuts!"

"Yep, that's what the head shrink Dr. Rabinowitz says anyway." She gave Blair a toothy grin. "I just wanted some company while I showered."

"You want company while you shower? I remember when you wouldn't let any of us near the bathroom when you were brushing your teeth!"

"I didn't have Jack around to steal my clothes either. Last time she did it I went through the place bare ass naked until I found her hiding under her desk." She chuckled at Blair's shocked expression. "Needless to say when I got back to my desk I had a stack of indecent exposure tickets." She pulled her shirt over her head and stood in front of Blair in just a sports bra. "Give me ten minutes and we'll get outta here." She pulled off the rest of her clothes while Blair sat in front of her in shock. She snapped her fingers in front of Blair's eyes until she looked up at her.

"Ten minutes and watch my clothes."

All Blair could do was nod her head. She watched Jo go across the room and turn on one of the showers. She tried but she just couldn't look away, even when a naked man walked right past Jo and slapped her on her ass. Her body was on fire, she felt like she had just fallen into an active volcano. It got worse as she watched the soapsuds slide down her friend's muscular body. That just proved that I'm a pervert! I'm drooling over Jo's body! She said as a deep moan was working its way up from deep down in her chest.

When Jo was finished she walked up to Blair with only a towel around her neck.

"Hey princess, you OK?"

"Just...God put some clothes on." Her face was a deep crimson from her blood pressure skyrocketing. She handed Jo another towel and turned her back to her. A few minutes later Blair was pulled from her demented daydream of a naked Jo lying in her bed by the sound of her name being called.

"Heya Blair, would ya hold this for me?" Blair wasn't sure what Jo wanted her to hold, so she turned slowly and sighed with relief when she was handed a large black garbage bag. She looked past Jo to see her locker overflowing with dirty clothes.

"Geez Jo, do you ever wash clothes?"

Nope, I have a slave for that." She smiled.

"A slave. Don't you mean you take them to the laundry?"

"Nope, I have a slave as in female type. You'll see."

They went to the third floor of the precinct to Jo's office; she went to the very front of the office to a cubicle that looked like children worked in it. Six-inch Xena and Gabrielle figures stood on both desks that faced each other along with Captain Janeway and 7 of 9. On one wall was a Star Trek Voyager calendar and on the other was a Buffy the Vampire Slayer. Jack and her cohort who everyone just called L, shot rubber bands back and forth at each other over a card board divider. Jo walked up beside Jack and dropped the garbage bag on the floor beside her desk.

"No starch in my Jockey's this time!"

Green eyes that held a mischievous glint looked up at her. "OK, oh mighty lord and master. No starch in your Jockey's."

After Jo left Jack whispered to L. "I'll get her bra's this time." They both snickered and continued to play.

"I can't believe you Polniaczek! You have Jack doing your laundry!"

"Paybacks for stealing my clothes. I figured if she wanted them so bad she could wash them." She draped an arm over Blair's shoulders. "Besides Dr. Rabinowitz said its good therapy for both of us."

"How so?"

"I learn to delegate authority and she learns responsibility."

"More like you get out of doing your wash and she has sick fantasy's over your sweaty clothes."

Jo busted out laughing at the truth that her friend had uncovered. "I never could pull one over on you."

"And you never will either."

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Blair stood beside her car and held out her keys to Jo.

"Ohh flash backs!" She grabbed the keys from Blair's hands. She acted like she had just won the DC lottery for a couple million dollars. "Do I get to drive like I use to?"

"If you don't mind going deaf from me screaming in your ear."

"I can't think of any other way that I would want to go deaf by." She opened the passenger door for Blair and helped her in.

Jo surprised Blair by driving like a human; she even obeyed all the traffic laws. She told her that it wouldn't look too good to be pulled over by a cop with the District attorney in the car. An hour later they pulled into a residential area of northern Virginia. The houses were small and every other one was the same style.

"Here we are." Jo said in a singsong voice. "You be the good cop and I'll be me."

"Jo, we're not here to interrogate people, we just need to find a pattern here."

Jo leaned back against the door and looked at her friend. "Why did you go from being a cooperate lawyer to criminal anyway?"

"I'd rather put away the creeps than make them millionaires."

"That makes sense." She rubbed her jaw. "I now get to put away the kids I taught in school. Kinda ironic huh?" She chuckled. "Last month I saw one of my former college students in lock-up. The dumb bastard was in for car theft, he said he only took the car because it was economically feasible."

"Just great, thieves with large vocabularies. Come on lets get this over with."

Two hours later Blair had ten pages of notes and no more of a clue as to what was going on then before they started that morning.

"Ya got a calendar on ya?"

"Yeah why?"

"Check the dates that the women turned up missing with what day of the week it was."

"And what is that gonna tell us?"

"I have a hunch, and sometimes I'm right."

A few minutes later she heard Blair mumble under her breath. "I hate when you're right! So far every one has turned up missing between a Wednesday and Thursday. So what does that mean?"

"Ever heard of Clubbing?"

"You mean those secret clubs that are in a different place all the time?"

"Exactly." She glanced over at Blair. "I have a snitch that is in ta that scene, she says that all kinds of weird stuff goes on at these things. What better place for someone to come up missing than at one of them?"

"Can you get a hold of this person and find out when the next one is?"

"We can swing by where she hangs out right now and see if she knows anything."

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Jo pulled over to a small café, got out of the Saturn then went around to open the door for Blair.

"Do you always open the door for your passengers?"

"Nope, only you." Her pale blue eyes twinkled.

Jo held the door to the café open for her, then placed her hand on her lower back to guide her into the small dark place. It smelled of grease and stale cigarettes. The tables looked filthy along with the rest of the place. Blair wrinkled her nose; she grabbed onto Jo's arm like she was going to be attacked by something lurking under one of the tables.

Blair moved close to Jo's ear and whispered. "Please tell me you don't eat here."

"I wouldn't let the rats and roaches eat here. But it's the perfect place to meet people who don't want to be seen." She looked to the back of the place and saw the hot pink hair of her snitch. "She's just where I thought she'd be." Jo pointed to the back.

"And you make fun of my hair color!"

"I don't make fun of you, I've just always wondered what you would look like as a brunette."

"Don't think about it, it scares me to remember what I looked like as one."

Jo stopped beside the table to look down at the drugged out woman. Two bloodshot eyes looked up and a mouth lacking many of its teeth grinned at her. Blair flinched and held on to Jo all the tighter when she saw two silver fangs flashing in the horrible mouth.

"Heya Twinkles." She tossed a twenty on the table. "I need a place and date, got one?"

Bloodshot eyes went from Jo to Blair; a cackling laugh sent shivers up both their spines. "Ya gonna take Blondie there? "Cuz if ya ain't, I'll take her." She cackled again.

"Sorry twinkles, she's mine and I don't share."

"Pity. It's been awhile for me, ya know victims are slim." At the word victim, Blair reached under Jo's jacket and grabbed onto her waistband.

"Right. Now where's it at this time?"

"Wednesday at 1am in the old warehouse near the Naval Yard."

"The one with the big red doors?"

"That's the one." She ran a long black fingernail up Jo's sleeve. "Maybe I'll see you there?"

"Maybe. Thanks Twinkles, later."

In the car Blair shivered and rubbed her arms trying to get rid of the creepy crawlers.

"That's your snitch?"

"She's a real Goddess isn't she?" Jo grinned. "How would ya like ta wake up next ta that?"

"I would throw myself out a window!" She gripped Jo's forearm. "Please tell me that they won't all look like that!"

"OK, then I won't tell ya." She started laughing when Blair groaned and sunk down in to the leather seat. "Are we taking body guards with us?"

"Yep, we're taking the cohorts."

"Oohhh great! From what I saw of them today, this will be a night to remember!" She kept taking glances at Jo, waiting to see if she was going to clue her in to anything else about the night. "Well?"

"Well what?"

"How do I dress for this thing?"

"That all depends on if ya want ta be the slave or the master?"

"What? You're kidding right?"

She was answered by Jo's chuckle. "God...you're not kidding. Well, I am not going as your slave. So you can forget that idea right now." Her brown eyes had narrowed and showed signs of stubbornness.

"Hey I can do slave but only if you're my master. I trust you, I don't trust the cohorts!" Jo shivered at the thought of what they would try to do to her. "Now we have to do something that I

absolutely hate! Shopping!"

"And what are we shopping for?" Jo looked over to see a bright smile on Blair's face.

"Leather clothes for you."

"For me?"

"Yep, your gonna be my master so you have to look the part." An evil grin graced her face. "On second thought I'm gonna enjoy the hell outta myself!"

"Now you're scarring me."

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Jo pulled into the small parking lot at the docks in the heart of Georgetown. She helped Blair out then set the alarm on the Saturn. Taking Blair's hand in hers, they walked down the sidewalk to where the Mall was located. When they got inside Blair went weak at the knees. "This is heaven!"

"No it's hell and I really hate this place. It gets so crowded at times that you can be robbed of your underwear and not even know it until you feel the draft. It's a cops nightmare!"

Blair looked down at their joined hands and smiled. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"All day you've been holding my hand." Jo instantly released it and said she was sorry in a low voice. Blair grabbed her hand and laced their fingers. "I was going to say that I like it, it feels right."

Jo took them into a shop that had the strangest things that Blair had ever seen in her entire life. There were sexual toys that had her completely confused and embarrassed all at the same time. She pulled Jo to the side and nodded her head towards a huge rubber fist. "Joey, what is that thing used for?"

"Uuhhmm...anal intercourse, usually guys use it." She hugged Blair to her side when she noticed the pale color of her face.

"You don't think that my ex-husband, you know?"

"I'm taking the fifth on that."

"EEEWW!" She buried her face in Jo's shoulder. "What a nasty picture to be in my mind!"

"It could be worse, you could see him wearing one of your black silk teddy's."

She slapped Jo in her stomach. "Stop! I'll have nightmares and never want to wear my teddy's again."

"Oohh so you do have them!" She grinned wickedly.

"Darn! You got me there."

They walked through the shop looking at the various articles with Blair asking in a low voice what certain things were and how they were used. They came to a glass showcase that displayed different styles of strap-on dildos, vibrators, and double-headed dildo's.

"Jo, have you ever?" She waved a hand at the showcase.

"I'm not a nun ya know, but there are something's that I just can't picture myself doing."

"Like what?"

"That fist, no way in hell is anyone getting near me with that thing!"

"I would never in a million years picture you in a place like this, buying toys."

"I never pictured you with me in a place like this." She pulled her close and placed a soft kiss on her temple. "Come on, we have to find you something for tomorrow night."

After finding just the right outfit for Blair and picking out some accessories they headed back to Blair's apartment. Jo carried all of her packages up stairs and placed them on the couch. She dropped down next to them and sighed as she leaned back in to the soft throw pillows.

"I'm beat, I've never walked so much since I got off the beat."

Blair sat down next to her; she kicked off her heels and placed her feet on the coffee table; Jo looked at the boxes and things still sitting where they were days earlier.

"Are you ever gonna unpack?"

"Nope, this place is only temporary. My loft is under construction; it won't be ready until next month. So, I'm just waiting it out."

"A loft? Where?" Blair pointed to the ceiling.

"Ohh hell, you own the building don't you?"

"Yep, I'm a slum lord." She smiled. "I got it at a good price, I just couldn't pass it up. Not to

mention that I needed a place to live since I left New York."

"Need any tenants, my place really sucks?"

Blair leaned her head against Jo's shoulder and got comfortable. "In a month when the workers have finished all the work around here."

Jo smiled as she thought about them being in the same building. It would be like when they were younger, she draped her arm around Blair's shoulder and pulled her closer to her side. Within minutes they were both asleep.

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The phone was ringing off the hook; Jo opened one eye to look around the room, she had no idea where Blair's phone was.

"Blair, your phone is ringing."

"That's nice, put it on my bill."

"What?" Jo asked still half asleep. "Warner, the phone, it's ringing!"

Brown eyes opened halfway to look around the living room. "Why didn't you tell me the phone was ringing?" She used Jo's shoulder to push herself off the couch.

"I did, you told me to put it on your bill."

"I did?" She rubbed her face as she half stumbled to her phone. "That was stupid." Her eyes grew wide. "No mother not you, I was talking to Jo." She rolled her eyes. No mother Jo is not a man, if you would let me get a word in edgewise I would tell you!" She was becoming angrier by the second. "Polniaczek!" Blair came back over to the couch and flopped down so that her head was in Jo's lap. "Absolutely NOT! I don't want to meet any men you know, look what happened the last time! Mother I married a Fag!" She clenched her fist and fake punched the receiver, Jo couldn't help but bust out laughing at her antics. "What, did you find me a drag queen this time, so we can swap clothes!" She reached up and covered Jo's mouth. "Mother I have to go, Jo and I are going out." She jerked the phone away from her ear and winced. "We're going to a gay bar!" She hit the end button and groaned deep in her chest.

"Why me?" She looked up into tear filled blue eyes. "Sorry Joey." She removed her hand from Jo's mouth. "She still thinks I'm a kid, since my divorce she keeps trying to set me up with men. What really makes me mad is she goes shopping at Bloomingdales with Jerry! She asks his advice on the clothes she picks out."

"Your mothers a fag hag!" Jo busted out in peals of laughter. Blair gave her the evil eye, then

joined in with her. The phone rang again and Blair answered it while still laughing. She held it out to Jo and told her it was Jack.

"Yeah. She is NOT! Just because you're a perv doesn't mean that...OK so I am one. That still doesn't mean." Her face was turning a bright red color. "JACK! SHUDDUP! Midnight, tomorrow, Naval yard, red doors. Later." She mumbled under her breath. "I'm gonna kill her!"

"How did she know you were here?"

"Easy, she called my place, got no answer so she figured that I'd be here with the hotty DA."

"Hotty DA? She called me that?"

"And other things." Jo said in a low voice.

Blair turned so that she was on her side. She looked up at Jo with a crooked grin on her face. "What other things?"

"You don't want to know."

"Oohh yes I do! Tell me!"

"You won't hit me will you?" Blair shook her head no. "She said you were my sex toy, thigh master and I refuse ta tell ya the other ones, 'cuz even I won't say those words in front of you."

"What, does every one think we're...you know, lovers?"

"Afraid so," wiggling her eyebrows at Blair she said. "It seems that I've supposedly broken a lot of hearts in the last couple of days."

"And I thought you just did legs." She sat up and looked into Jo's eyes. "How did they come to this conclusion?"

"I think it was when I carried you into the showers."

Blair's eyes grew large; she remembered her time drooling over Jo's naked body. "They think we did...in the showers!?"

Jo's face turned a crimson shade. "Uuhmm...it's been done before." She said quietly.

"You didn't?"

"Afraid so...at least that's what I've been told."

"You don't know? How could you not know?"

"I was in my normal drunk condition, I was sent to the showers to sober up. Well, the woman I was dating showed up and let's just say that the shower room echoes."

"You're kinky! Which reminds me, who was that man in the showers?"

"Henry, he's gay so the guys won't let him in their showers so we let him use ours. He's harmless in both cases but try and explain that ta the assholes."

"I swear men think that they are Gods gift to everyone, I've seen the men at the precinct and let me tell you from my viewpoint. There is nothing to look at."

"Speaking of looking at something, I looked at the other pictures. I've dated three other missing women. That really makes me look bad!" She chuckled. "I can hear it now, date Jo and you'll end up on a milk carton!"

"I'm sorry Jo." Blair took her hand in hers. "This must be hard on you?"

"Kind of, and they all wonder why I drink so much, this is a good reason!" Her head dropped on to the back of the couch. "I really need a drink right now." She looked at her watch. "It's almost nine o'clock, care ta join me for a drink?"

"Where at?"

"Straight or gay?"

"Doesn't matter as long as I'm with you."

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They sat at the bar in a small dark smoky neighborhood bar. Country music played close by and the low murmur of voices and a football game played in the background. Blair sat drinking a glass of red wine while Jo had a Scotch. They sat shoulder to shoulder in a comfortable silence.

"You know, this is nice." Blair glanced over at her friend. "We've been sitting here and no guy has come over and used those tired old lines on us or tried to pick us up."

"Blair, we're in a gay bar." She grinned at the surprised look on her friends face.

"We are?" She looked around and finally noticed that everyone seemed to be paired up with the same sex. "Ohhh."

A song by John Berry called *You and only you* came over the speakers, Jo put out her hand to Blair.

"Please."

Blair blushed; she put her hand in to Jo's and walked behind her to the small dance floor to join two other couples. She came face to face with her long time friend, placing her hands on her shoulders she stepped closer. Jo wrapped her arms loosely around her waist and began to move slowly to the music. Blair moved up against Jo, she wrapped her arms around her and buried her face against her neck. She breathed in the scent of Obsession that lingered on Jo's skin along with the soap she used. The press of their breasts together made her blood soar. Jo's body was both softness and hard muscle at the same time. She pressed closer when Jo wrapped her arms around her and ran her hands up under her leather jacket to caress her back.

Jo wanted to press so close that they would become one, her breathe caught in her chest at the feel of Blair's warm lips touching the skin of her neck. Her fingers tingled from where they felt warm flesh. A low moan rumbled in her chest when Blair ran her fingers through her hair at the back of her neck. Burying her face against Blair's neck, she became light headed from the scent of Red perfume that surrounded her friend. No matter where she was, if she picked up that scent on the air she pictured Blair.

All too soon the song ended. Jo was reluctant to move away from Blair; she pulled back only to have Blair pull her close again as another slow song began. They danced until last call sounded. The lights flashed letting everyone know it was time to leave, Jo sighed as she pulled away.

"Thank you, it's been a long time since I've danced with anyone." She raised Blair's hand to her lips and pressed a kiss to her palm.

"It was my pleasure." She took Jo's hand and led them from the bar.

The night had grown cooler, sending cool fingers across their warm flesh when they stepped outside. Jo pulled Blair closer against her side to share her body heat and shield her from the cool breeze. They walked the two short blocks to Blair's apartment in companionable silence; no words were needed for what they were feeling. When they came to Blair's door, Jo opened it and let Blair go before her. She stood in the open door and waited for Blair to face her.

"I'll see you tomorrow." She held out Blair's keys to her. "If I'm not upstairs I'll be down in the gym beating Jack up." She grinned evilly.

"You're going home?" Blair's voice was a whole octave higher.

Jo lowered her head shyly. "Yeah, I think it's best."

Blair stepped forward; she placed the palm of her hand against Jo's cheek. Her fingers brushed across her temple pushing back the long dark hair to the back of her head. Their eyes met and held, as did their breaths. Blair stepped closer; they were mere inches apart. Blair leaned forward and brought their lips together in a whisper of a kiss, she pulled back to look into darkened blue eyes. What she saw there caused her heart to pound in her chest.

Jo couldn't breathe; her heart beat a staccato against her ribs. She looked into soft brown eyes flecked with gold. A small smile came to her lips at what she saw reflected there. Slowly she ran her thumb across Blair's lower lip; she leaned forward and brought their lips together in a tender kiss. She could taste the sweetness of wine on Blair's lips; she ran her tongue across them savoring the taste. Blair opened her mouth and moaned when she felt Jo's tongue slip between her lips.

Jo deepened the kiss, drinking in the moans that came from deep inside of them both. She tangled her fingers in the blonde mane of the one person who always held her heart. Blair pressed Jo up against the door jam. She drank with greed of Jo's mouth stealing her breath. When the kiss broke, Jo was weak at the knees. She leaned against Blair for support while she regained strength. Pressing her face into Blair's neck, she raised her lips to whisper into her ear. "I love you, always have." Blair pulled back to look in to blue orbs, tears filled her eyes. "I love you to." Jo kissed her gently, and then stepped through the doorway.

"We need to think about what this means before we go any further." She kissed her one last time before she walked away. The entire time her little voice was congratulating her and slapping her on the back for acting like a responsible adult, while her body was screaming and wishing it could plant a foot in her ass.

Blair closed her door with a soft click; she set the dead bolt and walked to her bedroom in a haze of new emotions. She fell on her bed to stare up at the ceiling; a bright smile came to her lips. Clasping her hand over her heart, she felt the frantic rhythm. It had never beaten like that for Jerry, a bright light bulb flashed in her mind.

"I've always loved you Jo." She whispered to herself.

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Jo slumped down on her couch; she folded at her waist to rest her forehead on her knees. Lacing her hands across the back of her head, she rocked forward in a constant motion. A low gurgle escaped her lips to turn into an all out laugh. She fell back against the cushions with a huge smile on her face. "Oohh Blair, what you've done to my world!" She got up from the couch and went to her small kitchen; opening the cabinet, she pulled out a fifth of scotch and a tumbler. After dropping one ice cube into it, she filled it to the top. She watched the ice cube start to dissolve in the amber liquid, leaving an oily residue across the top. She leaned back against the counter and swirled the glass in a slow motion watching the tiny piece of ice roll on the ripples. She raised the glass to her lips and took a small sip. She grimaced at the taste, looked at the bottles label then the tumbler. She then did something that she never thought she would do, she poured both containers down the drain. After tossing the bottle in the trash, she headed to her bedroom; she would go to bed sober for the first time in years. She didn't understand why, but Blair had something to do with it.

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Jack sat at her desk making strange faces at her partner who was desperately trying to get some work done. Paper clips kept flying over the cardboard divider between their desks. "I'm gonna break both your arms!"

"Don't do that." A low voice said from behind her. "Then you'll both be back in my office for another Psyche Eval." A small woman with dark hair and eyes looked between the two of them; she pointed her finger at Jack as a warning. "Don't even think of it! You know it took me days to get all that damn silly string off my clothes!" Taking the papers, she held in one hand she smacked Jack up along side her head.

"Hey! Why'd ya do that Doc?" Jack whined.

"It's for later, because I know between now and then you'll do something that you'll deserve to be hit for and I won't be around to do it."

"Oh." Jack said softly then grinned. "You're right."

L. looked at Dr. Rabinowitz with pleading eyes. "Please take her away, give her that mouse in the maze test or something. But take her away!"

"Don't worry about it Doc." Jo said from where she stood behind the two women. "We have plans for this morning." She grabbed Jack by her ear and pulled her from her chair. "Now what was that name you called the District Attorney?" She kicked her in the ass after she pushed her through the doorway.

"I may just request a desk be put in this office for me." Dr. Rabinowitz groaned as she dropped down into Jack's chair. "After all, I'm in here more than my own office."

She picked up the Xena and Gabrielle figures that Jack had on her desk. She kept looking over to L. to see if she was paying attention to what she was doing with the dolls. When she had finished with the dolls, she held back a snicker and left the office. She knew she would hear about it later from Jack.

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Blair was running late that morning, she pulled a pair of Levi's on and an old button down shirt that had been her ex-husbands. Slipping her feet into her shoes, she grabbed Jo's old leather jacket as she ran for the door. The night before after Jo had left; Blair had tossed and turned the entire night. She was so wired that she had gotten back up and lay on the couch to watch an old movie, which is where she woke up already 40 minutes late for meeting Jo.

She broke the sound barrier getting to the precinct and used her position as the DA to get out of a

speeding ticket. She ran up the steps of the precinct, through the doors and down the hallway that led to the stairs that would take her to the basement. She was within two foot of the doors when she heard her name called. She stopped and dropped her head, a low growl rumbled in her chest. She turned slowly and looked from beneath dark brows. When she saw, who had called her, she slapped her forehead with an open palm.

"Am I going to have to move to New Zealand to get away from you people!?" Watching as her ex-husband walked up to her with a huge grin on his face.

"Blair darling, we were worried about you." He buzzed her cheek; stood back and looked her up and down. "That's my old shirt, why are you dressed like a homeless person?"

"That's my business. Now why are you here?"

"Your mother was worried about you and I just happened to be coming this way."

"So you decided to spy on me."

"Now darling, you know better than that."

"It's Jo isn't it? Mother sent you because she knows that Jo's here."

He rubbed his chin and grinned at her. "She did mention something about a...how did she put it?" He looked up at the ceiling. "Blue collar born..."

"Low life scum?" Blair finished for him. "You go back and tell my mother to stay out of my personal life."

"Why so harsh?"

"Why not? I'm close to being forty and my mother is still trying to get dates for me! I'm not interested!"

"She just worries that you'll end up all alone."

"Don't give me that line of hers..." She stopped mid sentence when she heard a loud yell come from the gym. Her blood froze and before she knew it, she was busting through the door.

"You evil little troll!" Jo growled. "Take it back or I break your legs!" She was straddling Jacks back; she was bending her one foot it towards her own rear. "I can't hear you Jack; now take back what you said!"

"OK! She's not a bimbo!" Jo got up off her, jerked her to her feet and kicked her in her ass. "Now get back ta the office and play with Snuggles." Jo sniffed the air and smiled, she could smell Blair's perfume and from the strength, she knew she was close by. She pulled her sweaty T-shirt up over her head and turned to see Blair and a strange man. Her blue eyes blazed then narrowed

to just slits.

Blair noticed the quick change in her friend and panicked; she rushed forward and took Jo by her hand.

"It's OK, that's Jerry." She looked up into blue eyes and whispered. "I missed you."

Jo looked down at her with a crooked grin. "I missed you to," she squeezed her hand. "Why is he here?"

"Spying on me," looking down the length of Jo's neck she blushed when she came to the top of a very revealing sports bra. She pulled on the tab of the zipper that went up the front and trailed her eyes back up to lock with blue. "Jo, kiss me."

Jo leaned down to capture Blair's lips in a breath-stealing kiss. She then pulled away and ran her finger across Blair's full lower lip. "You know you drive me crazy don't you?"

"No more than you drive me." She heard someone clearing their throat behind her. Her face and neck turned a deep crimson when she remembered who was with her. "Ohh God Jerry!" She buried her face against Jo's chest, after a few deep breaths she turned to her grinning ex-husband.

"Jerry, this is Jo Polniaczek." She groaned when he sauntered up to them. "Joey, this is my ex-mistake Jerry MacPherson."

Jo held out her hand, the minute Jerry put his hand delicately into hers she squeezed his fingers until she could see the pain in his eyes. "Nice ta meet ya Jerry."

"Same here." He squawked.

"If you're here to cause any trouble for Blair," she leaned towards him. "I'll break your arms and legs."

"Oohh Blair, she's rich." He chuckled and rubbed his smashed fingers. "That was some show you two put on for me, Blair can I take you to breakfast, my treat."

"Jerry, I'm here because Jo and I have some interviews that we need to do this morning."

"Well, how about lunch? I have a friend of your mothers with me that I am just dying for you two to meet." He emphasized every word making himself sound like a huge drag queen.

"No Jerry! I told you, I refuse to have my mother finding me men and that includes you doing it to!"

"But he's a very nice person; I think you'll like him."

"Listen asshole!" Jo pulled Blair in front of her and wrapped a possessive arm under her breasts.

"Leave my lover alone, she doesn't need nor want anything with a dick, so take yours and go shove it up that guy's ass."

"She's so butch!" He reached out to touch her biceps, Jo placed her hands over Blair's ears to shield her from what she was about to say.

"Listen you cock sucker, what do we have ta do ta get it through your head? You wanna watch me go down on her, is that it?"

His face turned deathly pale at her words. "Oohh my, such a crude mouth."

Blair pulled Jo's hands from her ears and turned to face her. "Let's invite the two of them to go out with us tonight." She winked at Jo.

"Good idea baby." She looked over Blair's shoulder at Jerry. "Naval yard, midnight, warehouse with red doors, be there." Taking Blair's hand, she pulled her towards the locker room door. She stopped before going in. "Why don't you take him up to my office, get the directions to the naval yard off L. Then I'll be right up after my shower." She ran her finger across Blair's pouting lip. "Baby, I would love for ya ta come in here with me, but I know I can't control myself right now." She kissed her softly on her lips. "That's not how I want us to be the first time."

Blair sighed; she leaned against Jo's chest for a few seconds absorbing her heat. "I don't trust myself either." She kissed Jo's chest and moaned. "Hurry." She turned and dragged her unwilling feet towards where Jerry waited.

Jo stood under the spray of cold water willing her body to calm down. She had never felt this aroused before from a kiss, she had had her share of lovers, but none of them had the effect that Blair did on her and they weren't even lovers yet. Just thinking of being with Blair in that way caused her blood to head south. She finished her shower and stood looking in the mirror. What she saw was a different person, not because all the swelling and bruising had left her battered face. It was her eyes, they were clear of the spidery webs from alcohol for the first time in months. No more were the deep dark circles that shadowed her pale blue eyes either. She grinned at herself as she brushed out her long dark hair. "I found the key." Tossing her brush in to her locker, she picked up her clean clothes that Jack had neatly folded and went upstairs to her office.

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Jack stood in front of her desk with her hands behind her back; she cast an accusing glare at her partner then down to her desk.

"Snuggles, were you playing with my dolls?"

She replied without looking up from her work. "Why would I do that? I have my own thank you

very much."

"Well, someone's been doing obscene things ta Xe and Brie!"

"No more obscene then what you've already done to them."

"That's beside the point." She growled, looking around the room for the culprit. "Where's that little Jewish imp?"

"Probably in her office, why?" L. finally looked up at Jack.

"It looks like something she'd do that's why." Jack pointed with her chin. "Look at them, they have to be uncomfortable."

"Jack, they're dolls." She looked in the center of Jack's desk. "Doc must have that 101 sexual position's book." She tilted her head trying to figure out how Doc got them all twisted together the way she did.

"Then let me do that ta Captain Janeway and 7 of 9!"

"Keep your paws of my dolls!" L. gave her a funny look. "Jack why are you standing like that?"

"Like what?"

"All stiff and stupid looking."

"Ohh, well...Jo..."

"Never mind explaining what you did, just turn around."

Jack did as L. asked and groaned when her partner busted up laughing.

"Will you untie my sleeves, I can't feel my arms?"

"At least she didn't use the thumb cuffs on you like the last time." She worked the knots out of Jack's cuffs. "I still can't believe you took your shoes off and let her cuff your thumbs to your big toes."

"I didn't take them off, she did. I couldn't do a thing about it since she was sitting on my chest."

"And you enjoyed every second of it!"

Jack didn't say a word, she wiggled her eyebrows and snickered.

She freed Jack of her knotted sleeves and gave her a gentle push. "The DA was by earlier with her ex-husband. He's bringing a friend to the you know what tonight." L. cocked an eyebrow.

"That means we have to be on our worst behavior!"

Jack grinned evilly and waved her stretch out sleeves in the air. "Oohh good, it's been a whole five minutes since I was bad!"

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Blair sat at Jo's desk playing with a little hot wheels car that Jo had there while Jerry across from her in a visitor's seat.

"You know Jerry; I'm still pissed at you for not telling me you were gay and then catching you with my secretary."

"Blair darling, it's something you don't spread around if you want to be a big time cooperate lawyer. I want you to know that I do love you, always have. But I could never be IN love with you," he leaned forward and looked into her brown eyes. "Do you understand?"

She leaned back in the chair and nodded. "I do now, at the time I just couldn't figure out why you would want to live a lie for all those years and then not even tell me. I was your wife; we could have done things differently."

"We live and learn. If I was to do it all over again, I'd still marry you." He said with complete seriousness.

"I'll be honest with you Jerry. If I could do things all over again, I would change a whole bunch of things."

"I bet I can guess what those things would be." Jo stood behind her with her hands on her shoulders. Jerry looked at the way the two women looked at each other and smiled knowingly.

"Well, you two. I'll be on my way and I'll see you two at midnight." He winked at them and left whistling a Striesand tune.

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Blair was re-reading the notes that she had taken during their interviews that morning. She had three possibilities as to where the women had been abducted from but still had no idea as to why. They knew that none of the women's bodies had been found so that meant that they could still be alive. But where?

"Joey, where did you meet those three women you dated?"

Jo thought for a moment. It had been a while since she had dated two of them. "One was at the clubbing scene, Yesterdays and then this bar that's kind of hidden down in Dupont Circle."

"They weren't all gay were they?"

"No, only one was the other two were Bi-sexual."

"OK, here's what I'm thinking. A two person team of opposite sex, goes into a club or bar, according to what the women looks like is who approaches her. If that gets no results then the other gives it a try." She glanced over to Jo. "They lure her outside and knock her out right there or wait until they get her a distance away."

"I think you should be a detective instead of a lawyer." She reached over and gripped Blair's thigh. "I think Captain Harrison and his wife are one team, now we need to find out who the others are."

"What about some of the other officers where you were working, could they be behind it also?" Blair asked.

"Who would know better about making a person disappear than a cop that can hide the evidence?"

"How do we catch them?"

"That's the hard part, if they are all cops then they know all of us. The only thing I can think of is to keep an eye out tonight and see if any of them show up."

"And if they do, then what?"

"We sneak around and follow them?" Jo grinned at her.

"Jo! Come on you have to have a better idea than that."

"Nope, what I'm thinking is, we grab one of them and handcuff them to the Cohorts, after an hour or so they'll be driven crazy and spill their guts."

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Jo dressed carefully for the club that night; she even polished her boots, which hadn't seen boot polish in years. She pulled on her long black leather trench coat and again checked her clip holster that was at the small of her back and the long boot knife she had hidden away. With one last look in the mirror, she headed out to pick up Blair.

Blair stood in front of the full-length mirror to adjust the silver chains that came down from the

black leather collar at her neck to connect to the top of the black leather Boustier. She couldn't believe that she was dressed as she was, or that she was going out in public. One thing she couldn't wait to see was the look on Jo's face. Even though she had been with her and helped pick some of the things out, she hadn't seen them all put together. Turning, she checked the seams at the backs of her thighs; it wasn't like anyone would be able to see them since the floor length leather skirt was split up to her hip on each side. But it did show a peek of the black lace garters she wore. She pulled on the elbow length black leather gloves to complete her ensemble. She had just pulled on her leather trench coat when she heard a light knock on the door.

Jo stood tapping her foot outside Blair's door; she was a nervous wreck. This would be the first time she took someone to a clubbing other than meeting her friends there. She pulled on the tight leather vest that she wore, more out of not knowing what to do with her hands. She raised her fist and was about to knock again when the door opened.

Blair gasped when she took in Jo's appearance. She traced the edge of the smooth black leather vest over Jo's breasts with her finger to where it ended in a deep V. Her temperature rose to fever point, the black leather pants, that Jo wore were so tight she didn't know how her friend was able to move let alone breath. They showed her strong thighs and if they were not expected at the club she would time herself, on how fast she could get them off her.

"My Gods Jo!" She held a hand over her heart. She closed in on her, pressing up against her body; she leaned in for a rapturous kiss. One of Blair's tenants coming down the hall and struggling to get his door open interrupted them.

Breathless and highly aroused, they parted.

"Do we have ta go?" Jo asked as she ran her fingers down Blair's sides.

"I was asking myself the same thing." She sighed.

"This is really hard." She nipped the side of Blair's neck and received a low moan. "With you looking like this," she nuzzled her neck, taking in the scent of Red perfume. "But then again I want to show you off." She groaned as she took Blair's hand. "Come on, the sooner we get there the sooner we can leave."

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Jack, L. and Doc were waiting at the entrance to the huge warehouse. The place was packed and cars kept stopping at the doors to drop people off. Every variety of human and not so human was there. Some of them were so scary that the three women backed up against the wall in fear.

"I wish Jo and Blair would hurry up and get here." L. said as she pushed Jack in front of her. "These things walking around look hungry!" Two wanna be Vampires walked past them flashing silver fangs. "Doc, your religious can't ya exorcise them or something?"

Doc looked up into L.'s terrified brown eyes; she pulled out a riding crop and smacked her on the shoulder. "I'm Jewish not Catholic, you want them exorcised let them chase you around the parking lot." Tucking the crop back under her arm she stood next to them and scanned the crowd. "See any body we know from the shop?"

Jack jumped up and down a few times; she gave them a crooked grin and winked.

"Nope, but that sure gave me a head rush." She looked at Doc and flinched when she saw her hand go towards her riding crop her eyes grew wide. "Doc, did I tell ya how ferocious ya look tonight?" She took in the tight leather mini dress, fish net stockings and stiletto heels, then back up to her leather and lace Boustier that she had covered with an Eisenhower style leather jacket, with chains hanging from the shoulder epaulets. A rose-colored blush, worked its way up from her neck. She was just about to say something when Jerry walked up to them with his friend.

"Ladies, I guess this is the place to be tonight," he looked at Jack and L. dressed identically in black leather pants, engineer's boots and motor cycle jackets, then he looked at the people walking around them. "For freaks and things." He shivered under his mid-length leather coat. He gazed at Dr. Rabinowitz with curiosity. "I'm sorry I don't think we've met." He held out his hand to her. "I'm Jerry MacPherson, Blair's ex-husband and this is David Farrow." He motioned to the older man behind him. "And you are?"

"Dr. Rabinowitz, I'm the precinct head shrinker."

"And toy pervert." Jack whispered just loud enough for Doc to hear.

"I take it we're waiting on Blair and Jo?" He asked.

"They should be here by now" L. replied as she looked at her watch. "Jo's never late."

"If she's waiting on my ex-wife, we could be here a while, Blair is never on time for anything!" He said with a laugh.

"Well, she just proved you wrong." Jack and Doc said in unison as they both pointed to them pushing through the crowd. Five sets of eyes bulged as their friends walked towards them. Jo and Blair had shed their coats and had captured attention every step of the way. Blair's long blonde hair fell around her shoulders and glimmered like a halo, the lights set sparkles from the silver chains draping across her upper chest. She looked every inch the master. Jo walked beside her, the click of her engineer boots sounding off on the asphalt giving her a storm trooper intimidation. Her long dark hair fell across her back and shoulders, just barely covering the thick leather collar she wore around her neck. With one look, everyone knew that they belonged together.

Jack and L. fell into each other then fell all over a gapping Doc. "Ohh my Gods! Look at them!" Doc wheezed from under the weight of her friends. "Look at me, I'm drooling!"

"We should have brought bibs." L. said as she wiped her chin.

"I'm gonna be bad tonight Doc, go ahead and beat me now!" Jack said in a deep growling voice.
"Very bad!"

Doc grabbed both of her friends by the rings in their collars and snapped a Y leash on them. "Lot of good that does Doc, who's gonna hold you back?" L. asked her.

"Good point!" She fell silent as Jo stood in front of her.

"Damn Girlfriend!" Jo said as she looked at the leash in Docs hand. "Ya got your hands full don't cha?"

"So do you!"

Jo gave her a bright smile. "Boy do I know that!" She clapped Doc on her shoulder. "Are we ready?"

"Uuhmm...Blair...I've never seen you look." Jerry waved his hands around the air trying to find words to pull down.

Blair wrapped her arm around Jo's and leaned into her side. "Well, that's simple Jerry, you never brought it out in me." She gave him a smug look. She looked over his shoulder at the man who had to be in his 60's if not older. "Jerry, I think you should give your friend CPR or something, he looks a little pale."

Jo reached into her back pocket and pulled out a leather leash, she placed it into Blair's hand then watched an evil grin form on her lips. A flash of white teeth, a growl and Jo was Blair's slave for the night.

"I'm going to enjoy this!" Blair gave the leash a small tug. She turned to where Jerry and his friend were having a heated discussion of to the side. "Is there a problem girls?" She asked with a cock of an eyebrow.

Jerry fumbled for words; he approached Blair and Jo with hesitant feet. "I told David earlier that you were coming with someone tonight, when he saw Jo he thought that since you came with another woman that you had been stood up." He ran his fingers through his short dark hair. "And to think I make money by being good with words." He chuckled. "Jo, help?" He looked to her with pleading blue eyes much like her own.

"What, ya want me ta break his legs or something?"

"Nothing that drastic!" He snorted. "Just...hell I don't know."

"Don't worry Jerry, he'll get clued in once we're inside." Blair said as she pulled on Jo's leash. "Let's get inside, I'm freezing out here."

Blair and Doc lead the group, with their slaves on leashes; the men then followed them. Jerry shook his head with wonder; he had never seen Blair in this light. Moreover, from what he had seen of her friend Jo, she wasn't the type to let anyone put her on a leash. For some reason his ex-wife had what it took. David put his hand on Jerry's shoulder and slowed his entrance down.

"I don't get this Jerry, they have women on leashes! I was under the assumption that I came here to see Blair, and then I see stuff like this!"

"I told you David, Blair is not interested." He pulled away from David and followed the women inside. Jo pulled everyone in to a corner and told them what the plan would be for the night. If they got a hit on a familiar face, they were to get a hold of either her or Blair ASAP. They would go from that point on whether to swoop in and take them or just watch. "We stick close together, no wondering off." She looked right at L. and Jack. "That means you two, don't you leave Doc alone."

They pushed and shoved their way to the back of the huge warehouse, the speakers that had been set up all around the place where the size of dumpsters. If you got too close to one, it just about knocked you over. Stopping near a table in the back, Jo stood so that she was at Blair's right hand side and dropped to one knee. Blair watched in astonishment as Jack and L. did the same on either side of Doc. She leaned over to Doc and yelled in to her ear.

"Are they supposed to do that?"

"We have to play the part, if we don't then someone will notice. They have people around here that look for outsiders, when they find them they throw them out."

"Oohh! That means that I can do anything to Jo that I want, right?" Her face beamed with the wicked thoughts that ran through her head.

"Yep, you got it." Doc clapped her on the shoulder. "You know this is her first time as a slave, she usually has either Jack or L. on a leash."

"That's enlightening."

Four sets of eyes began scanning the rooms for familiar faces, the ones that they did see were just the ones that always came to the underground clubs. "It may be too early yet," Jo yelled from where she was kneeling. "No drugs have floated around the place yet." Blair bent down so that she could hear her better.

"Drugs?"

"Yep, anything you can think of will be able to be bought right in this place." She pulled a wad of bills from her front pocket. "We don't buy anything except if it comes with a tamper proof cap on it." She pulled two twenty's and put the rest away. "I'll go get us something before it gets to

crowded." She brushed a hand across Blair's cheek as she walked away, Doc leaned over and pointed to Jo's retreating back, Blair motioned with her hands what she was doing. The entire time Jo was gone Blair stuck close to the other three women; she couldn't believe the number of people in the place. She started to look around and noticed a dark hallway right to their left, she could just make out bodies standing along the walls and that was only because of the matches lighting what ever they were smoking. She turned when she felt a body come up behind her; she turned to come face to face with David. She moved closer to Doc trying to keep some distance between them. It didn't work, he stepped close enough to be able to yell in her ear.

"Let's leave this place so that we can talk."

Her eyes narrowed at him. Shaking her head no she leaned towards him.

"I'm not going any where with you; get it through your head."

"I came all this way to see you and this is how you treat me?"

She felt Jo, come up on her other side and lay a hand on her hip. All of a sudden, she felt the strength of an army rise up in her body along with a white-hot temper.

"Listen asshole! You see this woman with me?" She watched his head nod. "She's my lover, now go the fuck away!"

That was twice they had mislead people by saying they were lovers, she just wished that they were. She felt Jo nuzzle her neck as she handed the leash over to her. She kept tension on the leash keeping Jo close to her side; her breath warmed her ear as Jo spoke to her.

"You're fucking sexy as hell when you're pissed, especially when you swear." She licked Blair's ear lobe and then nipped it, she would have done much more, but Blair turned to her with huge brown eyes.

"I did swear didn't I?" She watched Jo's pale blue eyes smile at her. "Gods that felt good!" She felt Jo's hand come to rest on the small of her back and pull her into her warm body. She snuggled up against her and sighed. This is where she's supposed to be, she realized. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Jack starting to jump around on the end of her leash. The next thing L.'s brown eyes were pleading with her and a finger was pointing to the leash she had in her hand. She looked up into blue eyes and watched Jo shrug her shoulders. She handed L. Jo's leash then leaned over to talk to Doc.

"What are they doing?"

"You'll see." Doc pointed a finger at Jerry and then to Blair, he got the message and went to stand at his ex-wives side. They watched as the four women took to the dance floor a few feet away. The song that was playing was one of the Backstreet Boys newest hits called *Everybody*. The four women lined up side by side and started doing the complete choreography that she had seen the singers do on TV. She was floored, she never thought of Jo doing something like this.

Who would have thought that her tomboyish Jo could even dance? When the song was finished, Blair was just as out of breath as the other four were, Jerry leaned over and spoke into her ear.

"There's more to her than what meets the eye."

Blair had no words to reply, she couldn't even breathe by the time Jo came to stand at her side. She reached up, grabbed the leash and pulled Jo's lips down to meet hers. Their kiss was unbridled lust, tongues met, then twisted together and teeth gnashed until lack of air forced them apart. Jo pulled her into an embrace that spoke volumes. Pale blue eyes met the same, what she saw in Jerry's eyes was acceptance.

Jo let go of Blair with one arm so that she could grab one of the bottles of water that she had bought earlier. The other three women were still on the dance floor dancing as a small group; it was something that they did often. And it was noticeable by the way they moved in-sync with each other. Looking over her shoulder Jo saw the look on David's face if looks could kill both her and Blair would be a pile of ashes on the floor.

She was about to make it even worse by her actions. She ran her hand up Blair's ribs to come to rest over her right breast, and then over to play with the chains that sparkled there. She could feel Blair's breath coming in short spurts as her fingers caressed warm flesh. Dropping her head, she buried her face against Blair's neck and started nipping a trail up to her ear. Running the tip of her tongue around the outer edge, she felt Blair sink further into her side. Dipping her tongue into her ear, she felt Blair's hand slid across her hip to squeeze her ass.

Blair's knees were growing weak from what Jo was doing to her. She wanted nothing more than to get out of this place and go home, she didn't give a damn about what Jerry or anyone else thought of their actions.

Another song came over the speakers; this one was by Jennifer Lopez. Jo took Blair's hand and pulled her onto the dance floor. Blair let the music's beat led her, with in seconds, her and Jo were doing the same moves. The entire time they were on the dance floor their eyes were locked in silent communication.

L. stood by the table, as she brought up the bottle of water to take a drink she almost choked when she saw two of the officers from Jo's former office. One was standing back against the wall while her female partner put the moves on a tall blonde woman. L. jabbed Jack in the ribs and pointed to where the action was. Jack pulled Doc to her side and yelled in her ear about what L. was watching just two tables down from where they were. She then turned to Jerry and told him to tell Jo and Blair when they came back that the three of them were on the job.

Easing over closer to the officers the three women kept a close eye on what was happening. The blonde kept shaking her head no to the female officer. She then pointed to a man coming their way; the officer threw her hand out towards the man telling the women to forget about him. Things heated up between the three people when the man forced his way between the two women. The officer finally gave up and walked away. Jack tapped the other two on the shoulders and used her chin to point at the retreating backs of the two officers, they followed at a distance

to see what would happen next.

Jo and Blair were still on the dance floor, the music slowed to another Back Street Boys song called *I'll never break your heart*. Blair wrapped her arms around Jo's neck and moved in so that their bodies were pressing as close as they could get. Jo slipped one thigh between Blair's, she ran her hands from Blair's upper back down to her hips causing goose bumps to rise on her skin. With each step Jo took with the leg that was between Blair's she brushed up against her nether lips. Slowly moving her hips from side to side, she started a rhythm that had Blair gasping in her ear. Blair tangled her fingers in Jo's hair and pulled her head close, she started to nip Jo's neck at her pulse point. Within seconds, their blood was raging through their veins; Blair turned Jo's face and brought their lips together in a tender kiss that became much more. Soon they were no longer moving to the music but standing still. Hands ran over heated leather to find sweat dampened flesh. When they pulled apart, Jo leaned close to Blair's ear and spoke.

"I want you."

"Let's go home." Blair said as she grabbed Jo's leash and pulled her to where everyone was now standing. Jo spoke to Doc, Jack and L. while Blair spoke to Jerry. Jack told Jo that they were going to stick around for a while and they would see them in the morning or maybe not. She winked at her then wiggled her tongue. Which did not, go un-noticed by David. Blair pulled on the leash and soon they were almost running from the club.

David pulled Jerry to his side and yelled loud enough for the others to hear.

"What is this shit, she's on the dance floor with that woman and then they're just about ripping each other's clothes off, what's their problem?"

"Dumb-ass, they're lesbians! It took you this long to figure it out?"

"All of them?" David yelled.

"Come on, look at them!"

His eyes were blazing. "That is it, the last straw! When I get back I'm going to have a nice long chat with Mrs. Warner about her daughter!"

David grabbed him by his collar and pulled him up on to his toes, they were nose to nose and Jerry was ready to snap the man's neck. "You say one god damn word to Mrs. Warner about Blair being a lesbian and I will tell everyone you know about your illegal gambling set-up! Not to mention all the prostitutes you pay from the petty cash!"

His eyes widened at what Jerry threatened to do. He pulled back hard enough to tear his shirt, spinning on his heel, he stormed away from the small group. An evil grin covered Jerry's face. He turned to face the three women, shrugged his shoulders then pointed to the dance floor.

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After kicking off her shoes, Blair jumped from her car and waited for Jo to join her at the front bumper. Taking her hand, they ran for the front door and all the way up to Blair's apartment. Jo kicked the door closed with one foot, picked Blair up in her arms and carried her into her bedroom. She placed her gently down on her feet and stepped back a little so that she could look at her.

"You are so beautiful." She ran her fingers from shoulder to hip and then down the slits in Blair's leather dress. When she came to the garters, she slipped them down to Blair's ankles, where she removed them. She stood slowly as she ran her fingers back up Blair's thighs until she came to the black lace panties she wore. Trailing a finger along each side of the elastic surrounding her legs she felt Blair shudder. Fingers tangled in her hair and pulled her face against Blair's lower stomach. She slipped her hands around her waist, unzipped the skirt and let it fall to the floor. Next to hit, the floor was the bustier and gloves. Blair now stood before Jo completely naked. Her skin glowed in the dim light coming from the window. Placing a finger under Jo's chin, she lifted her from the floor. She started placing soft kisses along her jaw as her fingers worked the fasteners on the leather vest. When it fell to the floor, she was shocked to see that Jo had been wearing nothing under it. When they were both naked, Blair led them to the bed. She lay down and pulled Jo with her.

"Make love to me." She said with a raspy voice.

Jo moved to cover her body with her own, when their skin touched it felt like static electricity. They could swear that the air crackled around them. They kissed gently at first, tasting then teasing until their breathing was labored. Jo pulled back to look in to darkened brown eyes. She ran her finger across Blair's lips then down her chin; she stopped at the hollow of her throat where she used the tip of her tongue to circle it.

Blair moaned at the feel of Jo's tongue touching her skin, as she moved down her chest she flicked her tongue back and forth bringing more moans from her. Her back arched when she felt a nipple teased to a hard point. Strong fingers massaged her breasts, she moaned deeply when the flat of Jo's tongue licked each side of her breasts.

"God Joey, you're...driving...me...insane!" She gasped out.

Jo placed butterfly kisses across her stomach and ribs, leaving not an inch of flesh untouched. Her fingers ran over flesh sending tingles to the far reaches of Blair's body. She could smell the scent of Blair's arousal the closer she got to dark curls. She could feel her own wetness building between her legs. Her center was throbbing with need and it was growing stronger. Moving her shoulders down between Blair's thighs, she looked up into brown eyes feverish with arousal and need. Keeping the contact, she ran the tip of her tongue at the very edge of dark curls. She felt Blair's muscles twitch and roll, a deep moan came from between her lips and her hips thrust upwards.

"Please Jo!" She begged.

Jo came up onto her knees and kissed her way down one inner thigh to the inside of a knee where she ran her tongue behind it then flicked it until Blair raised her leg and laid it across Jo's shoulder. She repeated the same thing on the other side until she ended up at dark curls. She took a deep breath and moaned deeply. Running one finger through her lover's wetness, she sighed. Bringing the wet finger to her lips, she licked it clean while Blair watched. That alone had Blair's hips twitching; dropping her head down Jo nuzzled dark curls until Blair was whimpering. Licking every inch before her, she plunged her tongue into the sweet wetness and moaned against Blair's nether lips.

Blair dug her fingers into the sheets, her back arched off the bed. She could feel her muscles start to coil and roll through out her body each time Jo's tongue flicked against her center. With one hand, she placed it on the back of Jo's head and pulled her closer.

"Jo...I'm...please!"

Jo French kissed Blair's center, twirling her tongue and sucking the swollen lips between her own. Making her lover writhe on the bed from the many sensations her kiss was causing. Feeling her close to the edge, she pulled the hardened bundle between her lips and sucked.

Blair arched her back high off the bed, taking a huge breath she moaned out her lover's name. With each spasm from her body, her juices poured from her. Jo drank greedily of the nectar until Blair settled back on the bed. Small shudders continued to shot through her body with each heartbeat.

Jo placed one last kiss against her lover's nether lips before she crawled her way up her body. Straddling Blair's thigh, she pressed her soaked curls down onto her and rocked her hips forward. She knew she was close but wanted to wait as long as possible. Bending down she licked Blair's lips letting her taste herself, it was then that she noticed tears flowing down Blair's cheeks.

"Baby?" She whispered softly.

"I love you so much Jo." She pulled Jo down for a soul-searing kiss. When it broke, she smiled up into blue eyes. "I want to please you, tell me how."

"It's OK Baby; we have a very long time for that." She ran her finger through dark curls until she came to Blair's center. Sliding a finger inside of her, she pumped slowly until Blair was meeting her with deep thrusting motions of her hips. She rocked her own hips against Blair's thigh; her back arched, her head dropped down and she followed her lover into space with a loud scream.

Their hips continued to thrust with each ripple of muscle as they came down from their world shattering climaxes. Long minutes later, they lay in each other's arms, running fingers across damp flesh and sharing soft loving kisses.

"I want you to know that it's never been like that for me." Blair whispered into Jo's chest.

"Me either, that's the first time I've ever climaxed." Jo said shyly.

"But Jo, you've had other lovers." Blair tilted her head up to look in her eyes.

"But they weren't you!" She placed a kiss on Blair's breast. "I did things to you I never did with them." She could tell by the look of confusion on Blair's face that she had no idea what she was talking about. "I've never had oral sex with a woman before." She quietly said.

Blair smiled at her and pulled her close to her side. "Well, I've never had it done to me." She ran her finger across Jo's dark straight eyebrows. "I wouldn't let anyone do that to me," she paused for a second. "I wanted you to be the first."

Tears filled Jo's eyes. "Blair?"

"I have something that I have to admit to. I've always been in love with you, even when we were just kids. But I didn't know what to do about it." She placed a kiss on the inside of Jo's wrist. "I had someone search for you, I came to Washington for you Jo."

Jo moaned, she captured her lover's lips and kissed her until they needed air. When they had caught their breaths, Jo dropped her head and mumbled.

"I have a confession to." She looked into deep brown eyes. "I've always been in love with you to and if you had called me I would have walked to New York to be with you."

"Then I guess we have years to make up for." She said as she rolled Jo over on to her back. "And we're starting right now!"

The rest of what was left of the late night and early morning were two lovers exploring each other's bodies with an intensity that left them weak and exhausted. The next morning Jo woke to find their bodies tangled and the covers missing. She stretched her back and groaned from the stiffness of sleeping in one position all night. Cracking one eye open, she looked down at a tousled blonde head and hair spread across her chest, running her fingers through it she heard a soft sigh. Memories from the night before flashed through her mind; just thinking of what they had done for hours caused flames to lick at her center. She looked to the clock on the nightstand.

"Baby, we're late for work."

"Soo."

"My boss is gonna kick my ass if I don't show up."

Blair rubbed one hand over her eyes, wiping the sleep from them; she rolled over onto her back and groaned loudly. "What time is it?"

"9am we got a whole 3 hours of sleep." Jo rolled over and snuggled up against her lover. "I don't

think I can walk," she snickered. "And if I can it'll look like I just climbed off a horse."

Blair ran fingertips down Jo's ribs to her hip and then to brush dark curls. "Why's that?" She mumbled as she ran her hand between Jo's thighs to cup her womanhood.

"Oohh Gods Baby!" Her hips pushed forward into Blair's hand. "I'm kinda..."

Blair slipped a finger between swollen nether lips. "Wet."

"And in big trouble!" Jo moaned against her lover's neck when she felt her finger slip into her and start to pump slowly in and out.

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With a lot of moaning and groaning, Jo and Blair got ready to go to their jobs, Blair kept snickering every time Jo groaned when she tried to zip her Levi's.

"Problem Joey?" She cuddled up against her side. "You could wear a skirt, less pressure on your delicate parts."

Jo growled at her. "That's OK I'll suffer." *For a few weeks!* She thought to herself.

"I'll pick up some KY on my lunch hour for you, or maybe some whipped cream."

"And maybe one of those packs ya put in the freezer for me ta sit on?"

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The Cohorts sat at their desks writing notes when they heard the clicking of heels come in to the office. They both glanced up to see Jo come striding in with a smirk on her face. She went over to her desk and eased down into her seat with a groan, she turned her head when she heard snickers coming from Jack.

"SHUDDUP!"

Taking a piece of paper she crumbled it up and threw it at them only to have it go left and hit another officer in the head, when he turned around Jo pointed at Jack.

"She did it! Smack the shit outta her!"

Jacks green eyes grew large at the thought of being smacked around, then an evil grin came over her face.

"Got a whip? I love ta be whipped." She wiggled her dark brows and laughed when the officer shivered and turned around, she turned to Jo and wiggled her tongue between her index and middle finger.

"Sick bitch!" Jo growled after her face turned red.

Jack clapped her hands together. "YES!" She put her hand out across the desk to L. "Pay up, I won!"

"How do you know, she may just be PMSing?"

"Uuuuhh aahh! 1. She's late. 2. She hasn't pulled me in to the gym to beat me up. And number three. Look at her, she got laid last night."

L looked over to see Jo with a stupid smile on her face. "Ohh for Christ sakes." She slapped a five-dollar bill into Jack's hand. "You're buying lunch today since you have all my money."

"OK, two happy meals for lunch." She pulled a purple crayon from her desk drawer and made a note.

Jo lifted the file folder from her in box and flipped it open, she chuckled when she saw *Xena and Gabrielle* in the center of the paper. Checking the header, it read. "From Jack's messy desk." She read further down the page and seen that it was notes from last night. When she was finished reading she knew that she had missed a lot. She flipped to the next page and snorted loud enough to get the attention of the other officers present. She cocked an eyebrow at L. Using her index fingers she made the shame on you motion and grinned.

"What did I do?" L looked to Jack.

"I don't know?" She grinned and shrugged her shoulders.

"Liar!" She hit Jack between the eyes with a rubber band.

"Hey! Why'd ya do that?"

Jo folded the paper into an airplane and flew it onto L's desk then sat back and waited for the fireworks, L opened the paper and went Postal.

"Jack! You're a dead woman!" She held out the paper for Jack to see. "I can't believe you did this!" The picture in the center of the paper was of Capt. Janeway wearing a strap-on and screwing 7 of 9. The header said 'From L's dirty mind.'

"It fits ya sewer slug!"

"Troll!"

"Gutter snipe!"

Before L could say a come back the Captain yelled for them to get their simple asses in her office and bring Jo with them. The three of them walked into her office, Jo was the last to enter and closed the door behind her. The Captain gave her a funny look as she sat down on the edge of her desk.

"Why are you walking so funny?" Jenner asked.

"New boots." Jo replied then smacked Jack in the back of her head when she snickered.

"OOOK, I got your notes from last night." She looked right at L and shook her head. "L change your stationary." L turned red and then smacked Jack on the side of her head and whispered.

"You're dead!"

"Anyway, I've talked to MacPherson already. She's going to see the Judge and have the charges dismissed on you Jo, I've also contacted Internal Affairs, so you three will be working with them on this case, I want these assholes." She looked at her detectives. "That means we have to stake out Harrison, he's got to be the leader behind all this. While he's here we don't worry about him, but once he leaves for the night I want you guys on his ass. Got it?"

All three of them nodded their heads. "OK, work it out who does what and let me know. Now get out there and do some damn work." She stopped Jo before she was able to get out the door. "J, come here a minute." She gave her the come-hither motion, When Jo was close enough to her, she buttoned one button of her shirt for her. "New boots my ass." She chuckled at her.

Jo pulled her shirt to the side and looked down to see a huge hickey on the upper part of her right breast. Her face turned beat red and she stuttered a thanks and left the Captains office shuffling her feet.

She had just returned to her desk when she caught a whiff of *Red* perfume, a large smile came to her lips. She tilted her head back and watched as her lover came towards her. Blair leaned up against the side of Jo's desk, a bright smile on her face as she handed over a paper.

"You're a free woman."

Jo winked at her. "Not anymore I'm not." She glanced down at the paper then put it in her top drawer. "What cha doing later tonight?"

"Hopefully a lot of exercising, what about you?"

"The same," she licked her top lip and winked at her lover. "I know some good loosening up stuff."

They continued to banter back and forth unaware of what was happening across the room.

"Let me see damn it!" Jack growled at her partner.

"Go ta Hell!"

"That's not a very nice thing to say to your Cohort in crime." Doc stood beside their desks with her arms crossed over her chest. "Now give me the damn binoculars and let me see." Doc snagged them from L's fingers; she aimed them across the room at Jo and Blair. "You wicked little dykes." She chuckled.

"WHAT?" Both of the Cohorts asked.

"They're talking about exercising."

"Sooo, we do that in the gym a couple of times a week." Jack replied.

Doc lowered the binoculars and gave Jack a cocked eyebrow. "Not the kind they're talking about you don't."

"OOOHHH!" They both said.

"Damn! We never have any fun, especially now that we have ta spy on Harrison at night, ya game Doc?" Jack asked.

"Come on Doc, ya can't leave me alone in a car with Jack for twelve hours! I might kill her!"

"OK, I'll bring the pizza, you guys get the rest."

They made plans to pick Doc up later that night for the stakeout at Harrison's house then went back to spying on Jo and Blair.

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The undercover car sat at the street corner across from Captain Harrison's house. The lights shown from the windows in the upper floors, they saw forms walking back and forth in front of one of the windows. The three women sat in the car watching the small screen that was sitting on the console.

"What the Hell was she thinking?" L. yelled. "She's never made a shot from outside the key!"

"Ahhh they just suck, face it Snuggles." Jack snickered as she reached for a Zinger.

Doc leaned over the front seat and looked between her two friends. "Aren't we supposed to be

watching Harrison's house?"

Jack turned to look at her and almost put her eye out with her night vision goggles. "We are!" She pointed towards the house. "See he's still there." The two of them watched bodies passing in front of the window. "Ya done with the green crayon, I have ta finish Kermit's feet?" She held up her Muppet baby coloring book to show Doc.

"Uuhhhh Jack? Why is Kermit's head blue?"

Giving Doc a big smile, she replied. "Easy, I hate Kermit so I had Animal strangled him."

L thumped Jack's coloring book with her finger. "I told you she needs mental help." She tossed a Twinkie at the small TV screen. "You dipshit, give the ball up, stop hogging it!"

Doc watched as Jack pulled a rubber hose with a metal clip on the end up to her mouth; she removed the clip and took a deep breath. She then speed dialed her cell phone and spoke into it. Her voice was high and reedy; she sounded like one of the munchin's from the wizard of Oz.

"Hello. Domino's, I want a large pizza with everything, deliver it ta this address." She gave the address of the house they were sitting in front of.

After all of them had taken deep hits on the helium, they sat in the car and sang *Meredith Brooks* song *Bitch*. When the Dominos guy showed up, he refused to take their money because they were all acting a little too funny as far as he was concerned.

Hours later, the three women were asleep in the car. They never noticed the other car pull up behind them or the two darkly dressed figures come up on either side of the car, L just about had a heart attack when she felt a hand grab her by her shirtfront.

"OOHH SHIT!!!!"

"Sleeping on the Job L?"

"Christ Jo! You scared the shit outta me!"

"Good, now will ya wake up the others, Harrison is on the move."

"What...where?"

"Right there." Jo pointed to the car backing down the drive.

Jack kept swatting at the fingers pulling on the top of her ear, she then groaned when warm air blew into it. "Not tonight, I'm tired." She jumped in the seat after Doc smacked her in the head. "Hey watch it! Ya might damage somethin!"

"Doubtful." Blair said close to her ear.

Jo slid across the hood of the car to pull Blair down out of sight when Harrison's car went past. "GO! We'll be right behind ya!" She pulled Blair by her hand to the Saturn; they crawled through the passenger side and took off after L. They followed two car lengths behind L and she was the same distance behind Harrison. They made turns down streets that no one in their right mind would go down during the bright of day let alone at night.

Both cars hung back when they seen that Harrison and his wife stopped outside of an old abandoned building. Jack got on the radio and called for back up, just in case there was trouble. L looked into the back seat at Doc. "Doc you stay here, if there's any trouble you haul ass and call the Captain." Checking their guns, both women crawled through the car windows and crept back to where Jo was getting ready in the car behind them.

"Baby, I want you to stay right here." Jo's blue eyes were deadly serious.

"Joey, I can't let you go out there." Her eyes became teary. "What if there's trouble?"

"We're just going to spy on them." She pulled her cell phone from her pocket. "If you hear shots or we don't come back in ten minutes you hit speed dial ta the Captain." She leaned over her lover and pulled a black canvas bag off the floor; she pulled her vest on over her shirt then put her leather jacket back on. Blair started to panic at once; she had never seen Jo wear a vest before.

"Jo, please!"

"No, Baby, I can't be worrying about you and trying to watch them to." She gave her a tender kiss. "I'll be right back, I promise." She crawled out the window just as Jack and L came up to the side of the car. "Are we ready?" Jo asked in a whisper.

The three women took off towards the building leaving two women to sit and worry about what they hoped wouldn't happen that night. Jo took off to the left while Jack and L went to the right. Scanning the windows from below the windows edge, they check for movement in the lower floor. When they saw no sign of anyone, they continued until they met up at the back. Jo gave them hand signals that she would go first with them following as cover. She crept along the building until she came to the door that the Harrison's had gone through. She opened the door silently, looked around then rolled across the floor to come up onto her feet against the wall. Seconds later, the Cohorts were with her. They made their way through the lower floor to where a set of stairs led downstairs. Taking them slowly, they went down to the point of being able to hear voices.

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Blair was chewing on her fingernails and looking out the window towards where her lover had

gone. She couldn't stand it anymore; she searched through the canvas bag that Jo had brought. Pulling out two Glock's she checked the clip. Then pulled extra ones from the bag and stuffed them into her jacket pocket. She copied Jo and crawled through the window to go up to the car that Doc was waiting in, she tapped on the window and watched Doc fall over on the seat.

"Doc?" She whispered. "I'm going in there." Doc came flying over the front seat and scampered out the window.

"Not without me your not." She grabbed Blair by the hand and they took off towards the building. When they reached the side, they peeked through the windows, but saw nothing. Blair pulled the Glock from her waistband and looked at it with utter confusion.

"Can you use one of these?" She held it out towards Doc.

"Yeah, why?"

"Because I have no idea what I'm doing." She put the pistol into Docs hands and handed her two clips. "Just don't shot me."

They found the door that the others had gone through and crept in still holding onto each other's hands. "Tell me why were doing this?" Doc asked.

"Because my lover is in there and I can't sit in the car and do nothing."

"Okay, lets go."

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Jo went down the stairs first; she stopped mid-way when she was able to make out the Harrison's and four other officers from her former office. She watched as one of the female officers pulled a young woman with her from a small room at the side of the basement.

"I told you assholes to lay off for a while!" Harrison's voice boomed through out the basement. "That damn dyke Polniaczek is on to us along with that other dyke Jenner!" He grabbed the man standing in front of him by his jacket. "I told you last week to get rid of Polniaczek but you fucked that up to!" He shoved him away and started pacing. "You were supposed to kill that bitch and dump her body somewhere, not take her ta the damn lock-up!"

"But boss, we had all those witnesses." The man looked to the others for support.

"I told you that I would take care of that. Haven't I taken care of everything else?" He came nose to nose with him. "Has anyone figured out what we've done with all these missing women?"

"No boss." He flinched when Harrison raised his hand then relaxed a bit when the older man

gripped his shoulder. He turned to the female officer and motioned her forward. "Now you two take her to the drop off point at the docks. And make sure that slimy asshole has the money with him." He turned on his heel, going towards where there were other closed doors in the basement; he looked through the small windows at the top.

"Tell him we've three more for him as soon as he has the money."

Jo signaled for L and Jack to stay back until she called for them. She came down the stairs with both .9mm's out and pointed towards Harrison.

"Tell the slimy bastard that as of now you're out of business."

Harrison spun around and growled at her, he then turned to the others and yelled. "KILL HER!"

Jo sprinted towards the nearest cover trying to avoid the bullets flying around her; she dove across the floor, rolled to her knees and stopped with her back against a large wooden crate. She checked her .9mm's, peeked around the box and felt bullets whiz past her face. She looked up towards the stairs and saw the Cohorts firing from safe positions.

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Doc and Blair jumped at the first sound of gunfire; they ran towards the sound and stopped dead when they couldn't get down the stairs because of Jack and L blocking the way. Blair watched as Jack motioned to L then took off down the stairs firing her pistol at will. Blair tried to push past L but was held back by Doc.

"No! Stay here!" Doc yelled in her ear. "Call 911!" She handed her a cell phone then took a position beside L to help cover Jo and Jack.

"Damn it Doc what the hell are you doing?" L yelled as she took aim at one of the officers.

"Shooting bad guys!" She opened fire and hit one of the female officers. "See! I'm good at this!"

"Good! Cover me; I gotta go save Jacks stupid ass!" She took off down the stairs as Doc covered her.

Blair was going nuts; she couldn't see Jo and felt totally helpless just standing there. She crept down next to Doc and looked for her lover. She gasped when she saw that she was behind a crate and bullets were piercing it sending pieces of splintered wood towards her.

The other officers had circled around and taken up positions behind other crates and boxes. Harrison had pushed his wife in to one of the small rooms and hid behind the door jam firing at Jack who had just rolled across the floor to get out of the line of fire. She watched as L came running her way and on instinct alone, jumped up into the line of fire to tackle her partner. They

hit the floor with a thud and a whoosh as the air was knocked from their lungs.

"Damn it Jack!" She groaned. "Ya stabbed me with your bony ribs!"

Jack wheezed into L's back. "Well then I stabbed both of us." She rolled off L and crawled over to hide behind a wooden box. She reached down to where her side was throbbing and pulled her hand away covered with blood. "Damn! And my favorite shirt to!" She reached out and dragged L closer to her side.

"On three you take out the asshole on the left; I'll get the asshole on the right!"

Jo crawled across the floor on her stomach; she came to the very edge of the large crate where she was able to see an officer looking around the edge of a crate at her. She aimed her pistol and fired. She watched him pitch backward and lay motionless. Looking around she saw that only Harrison and two others were firing at them. Taking a chance, she got up and made a run for one of the rooms to her right. She had just made it to the door and was diving for it when she felt a hot flash cut through her left thigh and across her lower back. She hit the floor hard and lay still trying to catch her breath.

Harrison stepped out from the doorway and crept to where Jo was laying on the floor. He kicked her in the ribs and head.

"Fucking Dyke!" He pointed his pistol at Jo's head but stopped when he heard a blood-curdling scream.

Murderous brown eyes drilled into him, he smirked at Blair for the way her hand was shaking with the Glock in it.

"Drop it you stupid bitch!" He started to raise his pistol towards her.

"FUCK YOU ASSHOLE!" She screamed then unloaded the clip into his body; he jerked as each bullet tore threw him, and then crumpled on top of Jo.

Doc came down the stairs firing at the last officer; between her and the Cohorts, he didn't stand a chance. He dropped as three bullets tore a hole in his chest.

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Blair dropped to her knees and rolled Harrison off her lover, tears poured from her eyes as she struggled to get Jo turned over. She sobbed when she saw the blood covering her hands and her lover's body. She pulled Jo into her arms and sobbed into her chest.

"God damn it Jo! What the fuck were you doing!?" She rocked back and forth with her lover cradled against her. "Don't you fucking die on me!"

Jack, L and Doc pulled Mrs. Harrison from her hiding place and cuffed her to a railing near the stairs. They then released the other women from the rooms and had them sit down on crates across the room. As they were going over to check on Jo and Blair, Jack started to weave all over the place and dropped to her knees.

"Uuhhmm guys?" She hung her head down and wheezed. "How much blood do ya gotta lose before your dead?"

L and Doc went over, picked her up off the floor and dragged her across the room to lean her against a wall.

"Doc, check on Jo." L said as she looked at her partner. "I can't believe you got shot! You dipshit!"

"Hey I saved your dumb ass! Besides, I'm not the only one." She pointed to the red stain that was working its way down L's side.

L looked down and groaned. "Just great!" She pointed a finger at Jack. "You owe me a new shirt."

"I'll buy ya a new shirt if ya buy me one."

L dropped down beside Jack and leaned against the wall. "We need a vacation!"

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Blair held Jo in a death grip; she continued to rock Jo in her arms and sobbed.

"I just got you back and you're going to leave me! You fucking bitch!"

"You know you're fucking sexy as hell when you cuss."

Blair stopped rocking and looked down in to pale blue eyes. "Joey?" She buried her face against Jo's neck.

"Can ya help me up? My back is killing me laying like this." Just then Doc kneeled by their side. She reached out a hand and felt Jo's face. "Blair take off your coat, we need to keep her warm until the ambulance gets here."

Jo grabbed Docs arm and looked into her dark eyes with concern. "Doc how's the Cohorts?"

"Shot up but they'll survive, they're over there arguing about shirts or something, and you just take it easy."

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After threatening to kill the paramedic, they allowed Blair to ride in the ambulance with Jo to the hospital. She held her lover's hand the entire way to the hospital and all the way to the doors to the OR. She paced the hallway waiting to hear word of Jo's condition. She was about to tear the place apart when Captain Jenner came rushing down the hall towards her. The Captains red hair was all over her head from where she kept running her fingers through it. She stopped and pulled Blair into her arms and held her for a few minutes, when she pulled back, she looked in to swollen brown eyes.

"She'll be OK, she's a fighter and she has you."

"I can't lose her Captain, I wasted years hiding and now it may all be gone." She broke down and clung to Jenner.

"Now listen to me." She pushed Blair away a little. "That stubborn Pollock in there has gone through a private hell for years and until you came along I thought she was going to drink herself in to an early grave, she'll pull through this."

Captain Jenner sat with Blair in the small waiting room along with the Judge and other officers who had heard of the fatal shoot out at the building. L had been patched up from the bullet grazing her side and Jack and Jo were still in the OR.

Captain Jenner rose from her chair when an Internal Affairs officer came in to the room; she signaled to the judge and followed the IA officer into a small room. Minute's later the IA officer left and two grinning women came from the room. They were about to take their seats when two doctors in scrubs walked up to them, they talked briefly and then motioned for Blair to follow.

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Blair sat in a chair beside Jo's bed holding her hand; tears flowed down her cheeks as she looked at her lovers pale face. She ran her fingers across Jo's cheek and broke into sobs. Laying her head on Jo's chest, she fell into a fitful sleep.

Doc sat in a chair between her friend's beds reading the new copy of Psychology today while L was throwing wadded up paper at the TV screen. Jack was still knocked out from the medication the nurses were forced to give her after she convinced L to roll her bed and all down the hallway to the candy machine. Doc read the same paragraph three times and still didn't know what it said. L's yelling keeping her from being able to concentrate, she looked at the TV to see why she was so mad.

"Hi, welcome back to Jenny Jones. Our topic today is "My 14 year old daughter is too big to dress sexy."

L and Doc watched as a fourteen-year-old girl dressed in a spandex mini and sports bra came wiggling up on to the stage. She wiggled her extremely large breasts and all the rolls that were around her gut. The crowd went nuts and started yelling Pillsbury dough girl, L covered her face with her pillow and screamed.

"Dear Gods!" Doc covered her face with both hands and peeked from between her fingers. "Just say NO to TWINKIES!"

The girl struck a pose and wiggled her huge ass at the audience.

"Men think I'm sexy and buy me things."

L uncovered her face and yelled at the TV. "Those men must be fucking blind!"

"What? Large burlap tarps ta wrap your lard ass up in?!" Doc remarked with a horrified look on her impish face.

"Did someone say twinkie's?" Two green eyes looked around the room, when they reached the TV; they widened twice their size, Jack screamed and hid her face behind her pillow.

"What is all the noise in here?" A nurse asked from the doorway. Three fingers pointed to the TV and the uniroyal man looking teenager jumping around on the stage. "Someone needs to slap the shit out of her and her parents!"

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Pale blue eyes opened to a bright light shinning into them.

"What the hell?" A rough voice asked.

"Joey? My Gods, I was so worried about you." Blair sobbed as she laid her head on her lover's chest.

"Ms. MacPherson, I can't examine her if you're laying on top of her." The doctor said with a huge smile on his face.

A bright blush covered Blair's face as she pulled back from her lover. "Sorry, it's that I've been so worried."

"No problem, now if you'll excuse us I have to check on her sutures."

"Doc, she can stay." Blue eyes drilled into the doctors. "She's seen more of my body than you have." She wiggled her brows at him.

His brows drew down over his nose at her remark. "Huh?" He thought for a second then noticed them holding hands. "Ohh right, OK then."

When he was finished with his examination he left them with good news; Jo would be able to be released in a couple of days. Blair leaned up towards Jo and gave her a tender kiss; she looked into pale blue eyes.

"Don't you ever do that again!"

"Baby, I didn't plan on getting shot. In fact I didn't plan on even doing anything but spying on them last night." She took Blair's face between her hands. "I love you Blair, I'm not going anywhere so stop worrying." She leaned forward and tried to give her a kiss but ended up groaning deeply.

"Joey, stop moving around, you've got all kinds of pretty colors on your body and not to mention a lot of sutures." She crawled up into the bed beside Jo, gave her a sweet kiss then lay down with her head on Jo's shoulder. "Just rest for a while," she covered a yawn with her hand then snuggled down against her lover. "I love you Joey."

A few hours later Jack and L had escaped from their room after Doc had to go to her office. They crept down the hall towards Jo's room with their hospital gowns on backwards. They peeked into the room to see their friends sound asleep in each other's arms.

"Excuse me," A voice said from behind them. "What are you doing near my daughters room?"

L and Jack looked at each other in confusion; Jack shook her head at L. "Jo doesn't have a mother."

The older woman stood looking at the Cohorts with a look of disdain. "You must be mistaken; this is my daughter Blair MacPherson's room."

Nuuhh aaahh! It's Jo's...well it's their room right now." Jack snickered as she looked over her shoulder and L smacked her in her head.

"Stop it Jack! You'll get them in trouble." She whispered hoarsely.

"What are you talking about 'Their room'?" She tried to get past them but was blocked by two twisting bodies in the doorway. "Get out of my way you twits!" She pushed them out of her way and gasped at what she saw. She covered her mouth with her hand and stood there next to the bed where Blair and Jo were sleeping in each other's arms.

"Blair Warner MacPherson!" She waited until brown eyes opened to look at her.

"What are you doing in bed with that lowlife?" Her face a deep angry red when she saw her

daughter's hand was resting between Jo's legs.

Pale blue eyes opened to look at Mrs. Warner. "Do ya mind I'm trying ta recover here from being shot?" A cocky grin covered her face at the horrified look on the older woman's face. When Blair tried to get up, she wrapped a reassuring arm around her. "Nope, you're staying right here." She pulled her closer and raised the bed a little.

"Blair! Get away from that...that lesbian right now!" She stuttered.

Blair rolled her eyes at her mother. "Mother please, this is a hospital not the middle of the damn street." She pulled herself up so that she was on her back. Her brown eyes hardened as she looked at the woman who still tried to control her life. "What are you doing here?"

"I called your office and they told me that you were here at the hospital because of some altercation with the police, so I took our private jet here as soon as I could." She threw her hands in the air. "And I find you in bed with her!" She came closer to the bed to glare at Jo. "You finally caused enough problems that the police shot you!"

"For God sakes mother, Jo is a police detective; she was shot trying to save lives." She crossed her arms over her chest trying to look tough but ended up busting out laughing when she saw Jack who was standing behind her mother, open her hospital gown and flash her mother's back. "You two get in here." She waved at them. "These are Jo's partners, Jack and L. They were there with my self and Doctor Rabinowitz when the altercation happened. They stepped up to stand beside Jo's bed; Mrs. Warner flinched when she looked at them. They stood looking at her with their eyes going in two different directions.

"Wanna see my boo boo?" Jack went to open her gown.

"Blair, please can we talk somewhere, more normal?"

Jo looked to the Cohorts and grinned at them. "Guys can ya get me some chocolate milk, I'm dying of thirst here?"

"No problem boss." L grabbed Jack by her arm. "Come on Jack, you can carry the cow this time." They shuffled from the room leaving the three women to stare at each other.

"Now tell me what is going on here and why David refuses to return my phone calls since his return?"

"He's a twit Mother, obnoxious, egotistical and rude! I can't believe that you would try and set me up with a man, when a man is the very last thing I want or need." She took Jo's hand in hers and placed a kiss in the palm of her hand. Much to mother's horrified look, she placed Jo's hand against her chest and held it there as she looked deeply in to Jo's blue eyes. "I'm in love with Jo and plan on spending the rest of my life with her."

Mrs. Warner gasped and grabbed at her chest, her brown eyes huge with disbelief. "What has

happened to you, you can't be serious about this?"

"Oohh were very serious!" Jo chuckled. "In fact we're getting married as soon as I get out of here." Blair gave her an astonished look.

"We are?" She choked then caught herself. "Yes we are and we'd like for you to be there." They both watched as Mrs. Warner's mouth dropped open, her eyes rolled back in her head and she hit the floor with a thud.

"Was that a yes or a no?" Jo asked.

"Uhhmm I think that was a thud." She placed one hand along Jo's face and turned her head so that their eyes were locked. "Did you mean what you said? About us getting married?"

"I had this all planned out in my head, ya know the romantic stuff and all but..." Her words fell from her lips when Blair pressed her back into the bed and tortured her with a pair of ravishing lips. The kiss left them breathless, Blair looked down into darkened blue eyes with all the love she felt in her heart.

"When were you going to ask me?"

Jo thought for a second. "Truthfully?" She asked and received a nod from her lover. "Many years ago, but things didn't quite go as I wanted them to."

"What do you mean?" Blair asked in confusion.

"A little matter of you getting married," she looked down at their joined hands; tears formed in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks. "I left New York right after that and came here." She looked in to tear filled brown eyes. "You tore my heart right out of my chest. I tried to forget by throwing myself in to my work but every time I would read something about you in the papers, it would hurt all over again. I started drinking to numb the pain and pretty soon that's all I lived for. That bottle became my lover, it soothed my tortured soul."

"I'm so sorry Joey, I wish I could turn back the clock and do things all over again." She snuggled down in to her lover's side and cried for all the pain she had caused her lover.

"That's over and done with and in the past." She lifted Blair's chin. "Will you marry me?"

Blair answered her with a heart stopping kiss, the alarms on Jo's heart monitor went off causing a whole swarm of nurses and staff to come barging in to the room to fall over Mrs. Warner's unconscious body. Jo and Blair looked up at the commotion and started laughing at the tangle of bodies rolling on the floor. They had just sobered when Doc came pushing a serving cart into the room with Jack and L sitting on top of it and handcuffed together.

"What the hell happened in here?" She asked as she helped one of the nurses off the floor.

"Her heart monitor went off the scale, we thought she was in cardiac arrest." She looked at the two women in bed together. "Obviously the machine must be on the blink."

Doc looked down at the Mrs. Warner and smirked. "Blair, would this be your mother down here?"

"Well, uuhhmm yep. That would be the infamous matchmaker."

Jo chuckled at the Cohorts predicament; she gave them a little wave and grinned.

"Got caught didn't ya, Doc where'd ya get the cuffs?"

"Ohh that's part of my S&M costume came in real handy." She gave them a big grin.

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After the false alarm, the nurses removed the heart monitors from Jo, along with all the other paraphernalia that was now un-needed. That included Mrs. Warner who was still passed out.

Jack and L had been moved in to Jo's room to keep them from terrorizing the rest of the patients and staff and were now in the bed handcuffed to Mrs. Warner, who was in between them. Every time Blair looked over at her unconscious mother, she busted up laughing.

"She is going to be soo pissed when she wakes up!"

"I can't think of any better way to welcome her into the family."

Doc chuckled at the comment. "But I don't think this was the kind of family your mother had in mind." They looked over to where Jack and L were painting Mrs. Warner's fingernails with permanent magic marker.

Jack grinned like an idiot and held up one of Mrs. Warner's hands to show her friends.

"Pretty!"

"Gruesome!" L tossed in showing Mrs. Warner's other hand with black fingernails.

Hours later Mrs. Warner woke up and blinked her eyes a few times; She looked up at the ceiling and was baffled as to where she was. She raised her hand to wipe her eyes and gasped when she saw another hand attached to her wrist with handcuffs.

"They've had me arrested!" She whined. "She then looked to her side and let out an un-lady like curse.

"Hey ya good lookin, wanna party?" Jack looked at Mrs. Warner with her eyes going in different

directions.

"We can have a threesome!" L said to her with her eyes also going in two different directions as well.

"I'm in HELL!" Mrs. Warner screamed loud enough to wake Jo and Blair from a deep sleep.

Blair looked over her shoulder to see her mother trying to get away from the Cohorts; she couldn't help but laugh at the antics they were pulling on her poor mother.

"We did your manicure for ya." L said then showed the older woman her black fingernails. That set her off again, Jack leaned over the edge of the bed to pick up an oxygen mask, she slapped it down on the struggling woman's face and smiled.

"One alligator, two alligator, three alligators, four. Now you'll smile for ever more!" She pulled the mask away and stuck her tongue out at her, Mrs. Warner busted up laughing for no apparent reason.

Jo arched a brow at Jack and L. "What did you two steal this time?"

"Who us?" L pointed a finger at her chest. "The term is re-location." She grinned showing even white teeth. "Laughing gas."

Doc came into the room with Capt. Jenner trailing a step behind. Both women looked at the three hysterical women sharing the laughing gas, Capt. Jenner raised a russet eyebrow at them then at Jo and Blair.

"Who's the prisoner with the mustache?"

Blair and Jo looked confused. "Mustache?" They said in unison, then looked closer at Mrs. Warner who now sported a dark pencil drawn mustache and unibrow.

"Ohh my Gods!" Blair said right before she busted up laughing. "She's gonna go postal!" She said in between her laughing.

"Captain, that's Blair's mother." Jo said with a big grin. "She kinda freaked when she found out that we're getting married."

"Married? You two are getting married!" She threw her hands in the air and clapped them together. "Thank God! Someone to make Jo an honest woman." She looked at her. "No more beating up my Detectives in the morning?"

"Well, maybe just Jack." She grinned back at her Captain. "So what brings you here to the nutward?"

"Ohh just some news about the case you guys blundered in to. We had a Suuue weee contest at

the precinct, Mrs. Harrison squealed like a pig!" She tossed a folder on to Jo's lap. "We now have all the officers that were involved in the kidnapping ring and the location of all the missing women." She sat at the foot of the bed and laced her hands over a knee. "It seems that some drug lord in South America wanted to start his own Harem. He, as we speak being picked up by the DEA and the women will be back in the states in the next couple of days."

"And with all the charges dropped against you, that means no Psyche Eval from me." Doc tossed in at the end and then looked over to Jack and L. "But those two will definitely be in my office for a very long time!" She watched them conducting an invisible choir with Mrs. Warner.

"Does anyone know why no back up was called?" The Captain asked.

Doc drew her dark brows down over her nose. "But they were called, I was there when the call was made."

"OK, that means that we have a dirty cop in the dispatch room." She got up off the bed and gave both Jo and Blair hugs. "Congrats you two, let me know when you're going to get hitched and I'll bring the what ever."

"Deal." Jo said as she shook hands with her.

"I almost forgot, how many pistols did you take with you Jo?"

Jo thought for a second. "The two I always have, why?"

The Captain ran a hand down her face. "If you're asked you tell who ever that you took four." She looked to Doc and Blair. "Nice shooting girls." Blair and Doc looked at each other and grinned.

Doc un-cuffed the Cohorts from their play toy and told Blair that she would take care of her mother for the night and not to worry.

"She's gonna feel like a bus hit her in the morning, laughing gas gives ya one hell of a headache if you take to much." She winked at her friends. "I'll be sure ta be very loud in the morning." She helped the still laughing Mrs. Warner from the room leaving the four women to themselves.

Jo pulled Blair into her arms and gave her a deep loving kiss. After it broke she ran the back of her knuckles down her cheek, her blue eyes showed everything that she had hid from her lover for so many years.

"How is it that the staff hasn't thrown you out yet?"

Blair gave her a cocky smile. "Easy, a nice big fat check does wonders for rule breakers."

"Gotcha. So when do I get out of here?"

"As soon as the doctor says."

"Come on Baby! Can't ya talk ta him, ya know use your charm?"

Blair gave her a small kiss. "Already did, you get out tomorrow as long as you stay in bed."

"I planed on doing nothing else." She captured her lover's lips in a fierce kiss.

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Jo and the Cohorts were released from the hospital the next day and given strict orders to stay in bed for the next week. That was no problem for Jo and Blair to keep to the orders but Jack and L had to be restrained by Doc. She was getting to use all kinds of S&M gadgets. However, Doc's conscious was bothering her, she had to go see Jo and Blair or die from holding onto a secret. She checked on her prisoners who were shackled to bunk beds in her spare bedroom then left to break her news to her other friends.

Jo was laying on the couch with Blair beside her, they were watching the *X-Files* and arguing over who was hotter. *Gillian Anderson* or the new female that had joined the show when they heard a knock on the door, they both yelled for their guest to come in and were shocked to see Doc with a pensive and painful look on her face.

"Hey Doc, what's the matter did your buddies trash your house?" Jo asked knowing that their two friends were like toddlers.

"No, actually it's about the night that I took Mrs. Warner home with me." Her face paled. "We kinda did something...together." She twisted her hands together in nervousness.

Blair gave her an evil look. "Just what did you two do...together?"

Doc flinched at the look in Blair's eyes. "Not that! We kinda went to a bar afterwards." She pulled a paper from her purse. "And shopping, she bought you two a wedding present." She handed Jo the paper.

"She did what?" Blair asked in disbelief.

Jo opened the paper and started reading, when she got to the end she busted up laughing so hard that tears flowed from her eyes.

"Baby! She...bought us...a titty bar!" She handed the title to her lover.

"You took my mother to a titty bar!?"

"It was her idea, I mean she wanted to go out and see what all the fuss was about with being with

another woman so I thought...well...nothing happened. I swear." Then Doc mumbled under her breath.

"What was that part about Mrs. Warner dancing on stage?"

"Damn! I'm sorry Blair, it was her idea, really!"

Blair took one look at Doc's wide-eyed look and burst into laughter.

"Maybe your mother will be a new stripper for us?" Jo wiggled her eyebrows.

"EEEWWW!" She slapped Jo in the shoulder. "I don't want to see my mother's tits!" Blair gave Doc a smile. "It's OK Doc, I'm not mad at you, I should be thanking you for loosening her up."

Doc left feeling a whole lot better now that she had that off her chest, but that changed when she thought of her two charges at home. She stopped on her way home and got them Happy Meals; at least they'd have the toys from the meals to entertain them for a while.

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The Judge came into her office dressed in her robes; she stood before Jo and Blair with a bright smile on her face.

"I would never have thought that I'd be marrying you two." She grinned at the Captain and shook her head. "You were the first one Jenner, that's been what twenty some years ago?"

"Almost, and believe me the little woman won't let me forget it either!" She received stares from everyone in the room. "What?"

Judge Smithson used her intercom and called in her court clerk. She gave Jenner a wink and laughed when Jenner groaned.

"Hi honey." A small brunette came up and gave the Captain a kiss. "Guess what? Hell you'll never guess," her blue eyes danced. "This is going to be a double ceremony, we're giving our vows again."

"Amy, you will never cease to amaze and shock me." She said before she gave her a tender kiss.

Jenner took her wifes hand in hers and started the introductions. The judge made another call and Doc, L and Jack came in to be everyone's witnesses.

After the Judge had married the two couples, Jo pulled Blair to the side.

"Baby, once we get through all the bullshit with the court hearings we'll have a formal

ceremony." She kissed her tenderly. "I want you to know that when you came back into my life you pulled me from my private Hell. I love you Mrs. Polniaczek." Tears filled her eyes as she looked into her wife's soft brown eyes.

Blair wiped the tears from Jo's cheeks with her fingertips. "You are my best friend, my lover, my wife and the best thing that has ever happened to me. "I love you Detective Polniaczek." They shared a soul-searing kiss that had electricity bouncing off the walls. The kiss was broke when their friends opened a bottle of Champaign and the cork hit Blair in her ass.

"Nice shot Captain!" Jo spit out just before her wife slapped her in the shoulder for laughing.

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The bar had been closed that day so that the wedding parties could celebrate with their friends and families. Blair tried reaching her mother but was told that she was in Europe attending to some business for Warner Enterprises. She was a little sad at the idea of her mother not being there but she would tell her about the plans for their formal wedding when she got back. Everybody was having a good time including Jerry who brought his new boyfriend to introduce to Blair and the others. Jo and Blair watched Jack, L and Doc on the stage dancing their little hearts out when all of a sudden the floor lights came on around the stage. The three sewer slugs as they were now known by, stepped to the side and waited with huge grins on their faces. They looked down at their friends evilly.

Hip thrusting music blared from the speakers as a spotlight hit the curtains at the back of the stage. Jo looked over Blair's shoulder from where she sat with her wife on her lap. As soon as the curtain opened, she heard Blair gasp, she squinted her eyes and almost fell out of her chair laughing when Mrs. Warner came out dancing in a strippers costume. She started throwing pieces of clothing at the sewer slugs until she was down to a pink bikini with tassels attached to the front. Blair covered her and Jo's eyes when her mother started gyrating her breasts to get the tassels to spin.

"I've died and gone to HELL!" Blair yelled in to Jo's ear.

Jo peeked from between Blair's fingers "Baby it just got worse!"

"How could it!?! " She whined.

"Because Mrs. G, Tootie and Nat just joined your mother!"

That was a night that none would ever forget for as long as they all lived.

The end

Private Hell

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