

~ Lost ~

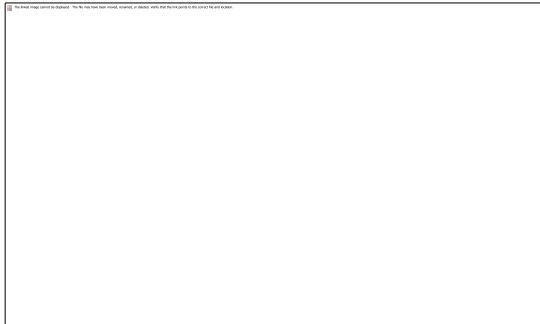
by Larisa



Disclaimer: I know who they remind ya of. But they're all mine!

Sex: Yep.

Violence: Sorta, flashbacks.



Language: Yep, I'm a gutter mouth.

The rest of the story: If your not old enough (18), go read Harry Potter. Any complaints send them ta Hecate3366@frontiernet.net

Lost
By Larisa

The day was blistering the sun beating down to scorch every thing it's tendrils touched, a light breeze ruffled the leaves on the tree limbs but did nothing for the thickness of the heated air. A lone figure sat on a swing using one bare foot to push to and for on the wooden deck that it sat, the small eave of the roof doing nothing to shade the sun darkened body that suffered from all the voices that ran through her head. Years of snide remarks made her take a back seat to the human world and just function. As an outsider, she was always looking in and never part of what was going on. Even her job, she picked the most hated area to work. Desolate was a kind word for the small concrete office with no windows that she worked in all alone doing computer inputs for 8 hours a day. Then it was home to her small forty-year old house surrounded by nothingness, the peace and quiet disturbed only be the voices she heard. From a small child she knew she was different and so did the other children who either ignored her completely or beat her up every day.

She tried to fit in by going out for team sports but never quite fit in, she always managed to pick the sports events that put her alone, long distance running, cross country running, road marathons and pentathlons where she was part of a team but not. Even after graduation, she decided to serve her country and join the Marine Corps, where she spent most of her enlistment doing the jobs no

one else wanted. Because it put her where no human would willingly go. She became known as the bag lady of the base, for the days on end she walked the roads on base with a cargo pocket full of empty trash bags that she filled picking up trash. And when not doing that she was edging sidewalks and roads with a square spade, digging drainage ditches or painting the lines and curbs bright yellow in the parking lots with a two inch paint brush.

She could never figure out why everyone pushed her away, she had tried to start conversations with people only to have them ignore her or leave in the middle of a sentence she was trying so desperately to get out before they ran off.

Even with living in the barracks where you were assigned roommates, the longest she had one was two days. The woman would rather move into an over crowded room then live in the one that contained only her. She made her choice then to withdraw completely into her own world and do her best to keep people away no matter what, even if it meant that she was considered insane.

She stretched out her long legs clad in ragged slippers, feeling her thigh muscles pull tight she stood up to stretch out her back. After numerous pops from her vertebrae, she walked in the house tilted to her one side, holding her lower back, and groaning.

"Damn FiFi why the hell did ya let me do that?" No one answered her, which she didn't really mind, after years of talking to the little voices not all the time did they answer her. They got tired of her belly aching and just went away. The last time they had been gone for almost a 2- week period. She was getting scared at that point. If the voices left who would she talk to?

"Fine ya don't wanna talk ta me then you can got to hell! Who needs ya anyway?" She dropped down on her threadbare couch and flipped the TV with the masking tape covered remote. Skipping through the channels, she found nothing and as a last resort, she put on shopping network and flipped on her computer. Blue eyes sparkled at the gaudy housecoat with feathers around the sleeves and collar. They were nuts if they thought someone would actually buy the ugly damn thing.

"Isn't that pretty FiFi?" She sounded sarcastic to even her ears. "I think I know the perfect person to get that for!" She searched her files on her computer and came up with the whole works, Credit card number address and phone number she even had the blood type of the person.

Signing on to her ISP, she went to the web page for the shopping network and ordered the gaudy housecoat in XX-Large. She Knew in less than a week that one of her enemies from her time on base would be getting the ugly damn thing delivered right to his office. She then set up an e-mail that would come about the same time telling him about his present. And another to tell someone else to be in his office ASAP for the same day.

"To be a fly!" Her wicked laugh made the little voices run for the deepest hiding space in her demented mind.

She looked down and grinned. "It's giant chocolate cookie time FiFi!!!"

Searching for the web site that she needed, she opened the account that she had made for someone, who made her feel like her six-foot frame was something left over from the prehistoric times.

"Scrawny assed anorexic bitch! You get a dozen double chocolate, walnut and macadamia nut cookies this week!!" She spent hours sending out dirty E-mails to people that had always caused her problems. They would never be able to trace where they came from, she was too good at hiding.

"Being a computer terrorist is tiring FiFi, guess it's time for bed." She fell to the floor on her knees and crawled to the recliner across the room. Pulling the footrest out, she flipped herself over the side and laid down. Her knees bent over the back of the chair with her head hanging down of the footrest. She fell asleep with poor FiFi wondering '*what the hell she is doing this time.*'

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She woke the next morning with FiFi stretched out across her chest, little woofing noises coming from her tiny little nose as her whiskers twitched back and forth. Blue eyes squinted at the sun shining in on her face. Forgetting where she was she ended falling out of the chair onto her head, FiFi squealed as she hit the floor on all fours and her mistress smashed her tail with her hand while she fumbled around trying to right herself.

Breathing hard, with her legs twisted in the footrest of the recliner she was able to pull her feet free but her slippers stayed hung up.

"Go ahead and laugh your scrawny little asses off!" She yelled into the vacant room. "See if I talk ta you guys today! I may just ignore ya all day, and then who would ya have ta talk to. Huh?"

Crawling to her feet, she fought with the recliner and reclaimed her raggedy slippers, hopping on one foot and trying not to step on FiFi's tail she pulled them on. "Come on FiFi lets go to Denny's restaurant for breakfast. I'll get ya your grand slam with lotsa bacon." Walking to the front door FiFi ran behind her, jumped on her leg, and ran all the way up her body until she was laying across her shoulder.

With the window rolled down in the car FiFi hung on for dear life so that she wouldn't get blown into the back seat, like the last time her mistress thought that there was a forest fire and drove at 90mph down the road. Her ears flapping faster than a humming birds. "*I swear she has some screws loose upstairs!*" FiFi grumbled to herself. *Cledus Judd* blasting on her portable CD player. Chance sang at the top of her lungs as her little rusty Ford Escort lurched its way down the road. Whenever she stopped at the traffic lights the cars that were next to her rolled up their windows and locked the doors.

"FiFi I don't sing that bad do I?"

Coal black eyes peeked over at her. *"I don't think it's your voice lady, I think it's the stupid song your singing!"*

Chance continued to sing *My cellmate thinks I'm sexy* at the top of her lungs right up until she walked into Denny's restaurant. The waitress saw who it was and ran to the back of the kitchen and refused to come out and seat her. Doing what she did every morning she grabbed a menu, silverware and a cup of coffee and seated herself in the back where she could sit with her back against the wall. Pulling FiFi out of her shirt, she put her on the bench beside her and told her to not make a peep or they would get thrown out. Opening the menu, she pretended to look at the choices, like she didn't order the same thing every morning for the last six years. She laid the menu down, reached for ten sugar packets, and dumped them into her cup of coffee. Within five minutes, she was so hyper that her feet were doing the River Dance under the table. FiFi covered her head with her paws and pretended that she was somewhere else, like Kangaroo Island. With fingers tapping in time with her feet, Chance started singing under her breath *Goodbye Squirrel* by *Cledus T Judd*.

A new waitress had just punched the time clock, her short blonde hair still wet from her rushed shower. She looked around with worried green eyes hoping that no one saw that she was five minutes late. With rapid small steps, she went to the back of the kitchen to grab an apron to pull over her white dress shirt and black pants. That's when she saw the entire crew hiding back in the corner by the walk in freezer. Curious as to why they were all there she snuck up on them from the side.

"What are you guys doing?" She whispered low.

AAAHHHH!!!!!! The whole crew screamed as they fell all over each other to get away from her. Betty the hostess/head waitress looked to see who it was and sighed with relief.

"Ohh it's only you."

"Well, gee thanks! Makes me feel real welcome." Giving them a pout that turned into a grin when she realized that they really looked scared.

"What is wrong with you guys?"

"The Psycho is out there!" Betty groaned from between clenched teeth. "We refuse ta serve her, she nuts!"

"Ohhh for Gods sake." She shook her head at them. "Bunch of wooses, did anyone take her order?" Just then, the cook yelled Psycho Special ready and slid it across the counter in back.

"That's hers Sarah." Betty pointed at the two dishes. "We usually put it on a push cart and just send it down to her, it's safer!" Green eyes bugged at them, she couldn't believe that they treated a customer like that. She grabbed a large tray and put the plates on them. Grumbling on her way

out to the front about her co-workers being complete idiots she had forgotten to ask where this woman was. All of a sudden, the hair on the back of her neck prickled and a slight tingle went down her spine. Turning she saw who they had been talking about. Her russet left brow raised up into her hairline as she looked at the Psycho. Long raven black hair looking like a nesting area for wild animals flew around the jumping woman as she sang to herself. Sarah approached the table slowly until she was one-step away.

"Here's your breakfast, can I get you some more coffee?" She spoke in a soft voice.

Chance froze in mid jump, the last word died off slowly from her lips, opening one pale blue eye she looked to see where the voice had come from. Jumping over on the bench she felt little teeth sink into her leg, she had sat on FiFi's tail and FiFi was quick to show her mistress her displeasure. Two pale blue eyes were captured by green, not knowing what to do she hissed at her and held up her index fingers like a cross. Sarah chuckled at her and shook her head as she walked away. Before she was half way back to the kitchen she turned to look over her shoulder.

"Don't worry; I had my last victim before I came in this morning."

While serving the other tables Sarah kept looking over at the Psycho, she had filled her coffee cup a couple of times and was still amazed that the woman slid to the wall so that she wouldn't be too close to her. It became a game to Sarah; she tried numerous times to sneak her coffee without her jumping. Her co-workers kept giving her funny looks, they couldn't figure out why she wasn't afraid of the Psycho lady. Betty pulled her to the side to talk to her.

"What are you doing, are you as crazy as she is?"

"She hasn't done anything to me so why shouldn't I serve her like the rest of the customers?" She was now really curious because of the startled look on Betty's face. "What has she done that everyone's afraid of her?"

Betty rubbed her crossed arms and shivered. "Ok, one of the bus boys touched her on the shoulder one morning, she let out this ungodly yell, punched him in the nose then crawled under the table and wouldn't come out for hours!" Betty's brown eyes widened further behind her black framed glasses. "When she left she kept talking to this invisible friend that she calls FiFi!" She dropped her voice low so that only Sarah could hear. "She's looking at you with one of those crazed looks!"

"Is she now? Well, two can play at that game." She chuckled when Betty hid behind her. "Now watch real close Betty, you might just learn something." Sarah turned and caught pale blue eyes with dark brows drawn down over them. She wiggled her eyebrows and gave her one of her most brilliant smiles possible along with a little wave. She laughed when the Psycho's mouth fell open and she slid down in the booth so that only her pale blue eyes showed above the tabletop. Sarah turned to Betty and grinned.

"See she's harmless, from now on when she comes in I'll wait on her. OK?"

"You can have her, but I'll warn ya now she's a crummy tipper." Betty left shaking her head at her co-worker. "She's just as nuts!" She mumbled under her breath.

Sarah continued to fill her coffee cup and was about to make one more round when she noticed the table where the woman had been sitting was empty. She walked over and found three dollars under the stacked plates.

"Hell she gives me more of a tip than the rest of these people." She put her tip in her pocket and cleared the table. While walking to the scullery she felt the hair rise on her neck again, turning she saw the woman getting into an old rusty Escort that had tinfoil stuck all over it. She thought nothing of it and went about her job.

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"Big trouble FiFi!!!" Blue eyes looked down into tiny coal black blinking eyes. "She's going to be harder to scare." Thinking as she pulled into her drive. "Well little voices, what have you got to say about it? You're always giving me your shitty views on my life." A frown pulled at her features as she tilted her head at different angles listening for her voices that never came. "OOhh so you guys are still pissed at me, GOOD! Peace and quiet for a while!" She skipped into her house, went right to her PC, and turned on the monitor. "Let's see if I have any hate mail today." She looked down at her Pittsburgh Penguin watch and smiled.

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The Sergeant Major was stretched out in his office chair, looking up at his clock he saw that he had a couple minutes until his date for the afternoon would arrive. Smoothing down the feathers around his neck a wicked grin came on his face as he thought of how kinky his wife was acting. He always thought that after 25 years of marriage that sex was forgotten amongst other things. "Ohh was I wrong about that!" He said to himself as he placed his bare feet at opposite corners of his desk and spread the gaudy robe open from his overweight body. Just thinking of what he and his wife were going to do in his chair gave him a throbbing hard on.

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The click of heels accompanied the humming of a very excited person making their way to the Sgt. Major's office.

"This is what I've been waiting for; I've waited for this for a verrrry long time!"

Opening the door to the office the two people stared at each other, lecherous grins fell from their faces to be replaced by open mouths as gasps and screams filled the air.

"OOOHHH SHIT!! I'm sorry Sir I...FUCK!" The Drill Sergeant spun on his heel and stood in the doorway with his back to the bright red Sgt. Major.

"What are you doing here!?! " The Sgt. Major asked as he struggled to make himself more presentable to one of his senior Drill Sergeants.

"I got your e-mail that I was to be here at this time for a meeting concerning my promotion." He groaned and covered his red face.

"What e-mail? I never sent you an e-mail!" Both men groaned at the same time as the truth hit them. "Son of a bitch!!!"

"She got us again Sir. And don't worry, what happened here today will stay here." He grinned to himself.

"Carry on Staff Sgt. And this had better not leak out or you'll be standing in Alaska within 24 hours!"

The Sergeant Major covered his eyes and groaned once his door was closed. He could not for the life of him figure out why Lcpl Chance Gregor kept terrorizing him. "Crazy damn bitch!"

Across base, a very thin woman sat at her desk waiting to eat a weight watchers meal, her waif like arms struggled with the thin cardboard top. She ended up using a pair of scissors to open her meal, just as she lifted a spork full of the artificial food to her mouth a UPS man dropped a huge box on the end of her desk. He scanned the label, tipped his hat and left her sitting there with a look of complete confusion on her face. Opening the box, she looked at the name on the paper inside, it read.

Sgt. D.L. Williams U.S.M.C.
aka Kate Moss Jr.

Her screams could be heard echoing through out the building after she looked at the huge cookies.

"I HATE YOU CHANCE!!" She screamed again.

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Chance danced around her living room to Polka music, poor FiFi would have stuffed her ears with cotton if it was possible. Instead, she crawled under one of the pillows on the couch and prayed that her mistress didn't sit on her.

"Are ya going nuts yet!?! I hope so ya damn little voices, teach you to ignore me all day!"

The voices looked to each other and mumbled amongst themselves.

"Ok you guys ready?" The head voice asked her cohorts. "We start on three."

Chance froze when she heard the little murmurs, and then cringed as they started singing the theme song from *Titanic* in their horrible off key singing voices.

"OKAY I'LL TURN THE POLKA OFF!!!! She yelled at the top of her lungs.

Her voices stopped singing, and then in their normal way they spoke to her all at the same time. "One at a time! Gods ya drive me crazier than I all ready am! Now tell me about that scary woman in Denny's." She thought back at the green eyes that held her captive and made her want to run away or crawl under the table. "How do I scare her?"

"Scare her? Why the hell would you want to do that?" One of the voices asked. "Did you really take a good look at her? DAMN Chance, I'd jump her if I could!"

Chance thought about it for a minute, a wicked look came to her face. "Jump her? But I don't like touching people!" The look was replaced by one of disgust. "They have cooties!" She nervously wiped her hands on her pant legs and shivered. FiFi looked out from her hiding place and shook her little head. "She's such and idiot! How the hell did I get stuck with her for a mistress?!" She asked herself.

Chance racked her brain for something to do to get that waitress to stay away from her table. Changing into her tartan boxers and a Tank top T-shirt she went into her back yard and sat in the swing, she had hanging from one of the tall oak trees.

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Sarah was grinning like an idiot the rest of her shift; mainly because her co-workers kept giving her funny looks. Betty would look at her, shake her head, and tell her she had balls the size of cantaloupes for even going near the Psycho woman. She remembered the pale blue eyes looking at her from over the table, a warm feeling started in the pit of her stomach to conquer the rest of her body. Tossing her apron in the dirty clothesbasket, she punched out and left for home.

"Well, Psycho woman we'll see what I can do to you tomorrow. Maybe I can get you all the way under the table." That night she dreamed of the strange woman and woke late for work again, she rushed around her small apartment looking for her work clothes to only find the ones she had worn the day before. "What the hell, who's gonna know that I wore them yesterday?" She shrugged her shoulders and pulled her pants on.

She ran into Denny's and punched in, she looked to the back table and saw Psycho woman peeking from over the top off her menu. A quick smile came to her face and without going for her apron; she grabbed an order book from near the cash register and headed to the back table. She stood there watching as blue eyes kept peeking back and forth between her and the menu.

"What can I get you this morning?" Sarah jumped when she heard the voice come from over the menu.

"My usual, cook knows." Chance had used her Darth Vader voice to see what the waitress would do.

"Okay and may the force be with you." Sarah chuckled as she went with her order pad to the cook's window.

"FiFi it didn't work! Now what do I do?" She whispered down along side of the table where FiFi sat on the bench. "Maybe the Linda Blair exorcist thingie? I'll try that when she comes back." She grinned at her little friend, wiggling her dark brows over mischievous blue eyes she growled deep in her chest. "Time to play!"

"Sarah looked in at the bewildered cook through his window. "I need a Psycho special." She smiled at him before she ducked away to go get an apron to cover up her wrinkled shirt. After making her rounds filling up coffee cups she heard the cook yell for her. A huge grin formed on her face when she wondered what the woman had planned for her this time. Carrying the plates to the table all she could see was her back humped up over the bench.

"Here ya go; I'll be right back to fill your coffee cup."

"MORE SUGAR!!!" Chance growl in her best-possessed voice.

Sarah jumped a little at the voice; she turned to see flashing blue eyes looking at her. Grinning she went to get more sugar for her nutty customer. "Ok, let the games begin!" She said to herself while grabbing a handful of sugar. She watched from around the corner as Chance slipped a piece of bacon down under the table. "I wonder what she's doing with her food?"

"Most likely stashing for later when she creeps off to her under ground bomb shelter, ya know stash away food for the end of the world thing?" Betty remarked as she tossed a note at her co-worker.

"What's this?" She held up the paper to Betty.

"From one of the guys over in my section." She dropped her voice to where only Sarah could hear her. "If I was you, I'd take it in the back and toss it in the garbage disposal, the guy gives me the creeps!"

A russet brow rose over a concerned green eye. "Worse than the Psycho woman?"

"Baby, she's normal compared to this guy! Do me a favor and don't go back there near him. He really scares me."

Sarah could tell that Betty wasn't kidding; she agreed and continued on her way to deliver the sugar. When Chance looked up at the little blonde coming her way she slid FiFi behind her.

"Here ya go, that should be enough to last you a while." He reply was a deep growling noise. Dipping her finger into ketchup, she marked a cross on Chance's forehead, placed the palm of her hand on top of her dark head and yelled "Demon come out and leave this woman!" Stunned blue eyes looked up at her; she was sliding down in the booth away from Sarah. Cupping her soft cheek, she whispered. "Your healed, now finish your breakfast before its cold." Then she left to do the rest of her duties until the lunch hour would start.

"She touched me FiFi! Now what do I do!?! " A warm feeling worked its way up to flush her cheeks, she felt like giggling for some strange reason. She never giggled, maybe laughed hysterically for no reason but never the other. After wolfing down her food, she put Fifi in her normal carrying place and left her tip for her little blonde waitress.

Sarah came back over and cleaned the table off; she picked up the five-dollar bill that had been folded into the shape of a dove. Being careful, she slipped it into her top pocket. Tears threatened to fall from her eyes at the thought of the blue-eyed woman taking the time to do such a sweet thing. She stood there a minute to regain her composure, she felt a presence behind her but didn't move figuring that it was another customer waiting for the table and she didn't want to have them wait any longer.

Chance was just getting into her escort when she noticed her waitress pick up her tip, a lopsided grin came to her face and quickly left when she saw the tall man come up behind her and press her into the table. Her temper went from none to boiling point in a matter of seconds. She put FiFi in the car and went back into the restaurant.

"Come on sweet thing, I know what you want and I have it right here." The man that had given the note to Betty earlier pressed himself into Sarah's trapped body; he reached down and grabbed her ass with one hand while the other pinched her right nipple. She gasp at the pain and tried to get away from him but he was much bigger than her.

"I'll make you scream for hours on end."

"I'm sure you would, to bad you'll never get the chance!" Chance's deep growling voice came from behind him making him look over his shoulder at her.

"Get lost bitch, me and Sarah are leaving so we can have some fun."

He never got the chance to say another word; he found his arms twisted up behind his back to the point that he could feel the muscles start to pull loose.

"Don't think so!" Chance's exorcist voice crooned into the mans ear just before she picked him up so that only his toes were touching the ground and walked him out the door.

"GO AWAY!!!!" Her silvery eyes glared at him. She walked towards him baring her white teeth. He did the smart thing and ran to his truck with his arms weakly hanging at his sides.

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Sarah stood in the doorway with tears flowing from her eyes, Betty stood behind her rubbing her arms and whispering in her ear. Chance went back to her Escort; she shot a brilliant smile to Sarah then left the parking lot singing another one of her stupid songs.

"Who would have known that your knight in shining armor was the Psycho woman?" Betty remarked before she pulled Sarah inside. "Go ahead and go home, I'll tell the boss what happened and make sure he pays you for the whole shift.

"Thanks, I really appreciate that." Wiping the tears from her cheeks, she gave Betty a small smile. "Still think she's nuts?"

"Ohh more than ever! That guy was huge and she just tossed him out of here like he was a toddler!"

"Yeah I know." Sarah's smile grew bigger; her thoughts fell right into the gutter to romp around with the sewer slugs. "Sexiest thing I've ever seen." She whispered under her breath.

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Chance stood in the shower scrubbing her body with a lofu sponge, the hot water turning her skin a bright pink from the heat and the hard scrubbing.

"COOTIES!!!! FiFi, I got cooties off that creep!" FiFi sat on the edge of the large garden tub watching her mistress with bored eyes. "Don't give me that look! He did, and now Sarah has them to! I hope she uses Lysol tonight to get rid of them." She shivered from the thought of the mans germs running across both of their skins. Then her eyes grew wide at the thought of her poor baby FiFi having them. Yanking the curtain back, she held the sponge over FiFi's little head and squeezed water and soap over her. Fifi panicked, her little nails sliding on the wet surface, she lost her footing and slid down into the bathtub. Swirling around the drain until Chance picked her up and put her inside a towel to dry her off.

"Crazy damn bitch! There's no such thing as cooties!" The poor drowned animal thought as she tried to wiggle free of her mistresses hands and the towel. "You just wait! I'm going to chew holes in your water bed tonight!" She scampered off towards the bedroom still trying to shake the water out of her ears.

Jumping into bed Chance flipped from side to side to end up spread eagle on her back, her mouth hanging open as she slept making a God awful snorting noise with each breath. Fifi fed up with the noise crawled under a pillow hoping it would make a sound proof sleeping area.

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Sarah was curled up in a ball with the extra pillow hugged tightly to her chest. She kept having the same dream over and over again every night, all she could remember was three crazy women all dressed in these raggedy looking red dresses and their evil sounding laughs. The louder the laughing the tighter her grip became on the pillow until the California Valley Girl sounding voice told them to go play with some three headed dog in hell and to leave Blondie alone. Before she knew it all 10 of her alarms clocks where going off telling her it was time to rush around and get to work. She stumbled around her bedroom trying to turn them all off before she went deaf. She went stumbling towards her bathroom and fell over her scruffy looking cat Bill, he didn't move as she tripped over him and slid across the tiled floor of the bathroom. She groaned and rolled onto her knees, shooting Bill an evil glare. "You asshole! I know you do that on purpose every morning." Crossed greenish yellow eyes looked at her then he heaved and spit a furball on the floor. Giving her a crooking meow, he trotted off swishing his tail that was jagged and bare of fur. "Sick BASTARD!!!!" She yelled at him as he found her work pants and rolled all over them leaving as much of his orange hair as possible on them. After her shower, she picked up her pants and shook them as hard as she could to get rid of Bill's hair. "I really need to do some laundry." Looking at her watch, she saw that she had five minutes to get out the door and make it to work. She was thankful that her small apartment was only five minutes from the restaurant.

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Chance had accepted to go into work four hours early on overtime; this would be the first time in months that she would not make it to Denny's for her usual breakfast. It wasn't the food that she would miss but a certain waitress, for some reason she couldn't explain she would miss peeking into her smiling green eyes. "I must be nuts!" She told herself. "I'm thinking of another person."

After briefing, she went to her office, pulled out her working supplies from her backpack, and arranged them on her desk. She looked up at the ceiling where the security peep windows were, she knew that someone sat up there and watched her. Every half hour she pulled a small mirror and shot a beam of light right into the window. Checking to make sure that her work area was ready, she went to pick up her paperwork that she would have to input into the computer system for the Post Office files. Dropping her one shoulder and humping her back she dragged one leg behind her as she made her way to the main office where her paper work was. The other employees saw her coming and scattered like ants, those who didn't move fast enough were growled at.

Back at her desk, she pulled Fifi out of her shirt and put her in the out box where her little pillow was. "Ok, Fifi ya ready to ref the match?" Black eyes rolled as Fifi thought 'Not this again!' She rolled over onto her back, stuck her legs up in the air, and played dead. "Fine I'll play all by myself!" She put her Callisto doll in the middle of her desk then put Xena across from her with Gabrielle standing off to the side. She had them all in a huge fighting match when her supervisor came up behind her.

"Chance what the hell are you doing?" This man had no idea what he had just done, Chance spun around in her chair and shot silvery blue eyes his way, a deep growl rumbled in her chest. Rising up from her chair, she shot her arms out from her shoulders and clenched her hands so hard that all he heard were cracking knuckles. His eyes grew huge as her muscles flexed and rolled from

wrists to shoulders. A loud bark erupted from her chest and then she lunged at him, he fell backwards onto his ass and crab crawled out of her office screaming for help. He got to his feet and ran as fast as he could from the maniacal laugh coming towards him.

"Stupid bastard must be new." She told Fifi and her dolls. "Okay, where were we?" She wasn't bothered for the rest of the day by anyone.

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Sarah was running like a maniac around the tables, it was racetrack night and every moron from the tri-state area had decided that Denny's was the place to eat. They were short one bus boy so she had to clean tables as well as take orders and serve her customers. She hadn't had a break all day and couldn't wait until it was time to punch out and go home where she could take a nice long hot bath and relax with a cup of orange spice tea. The back table was cleaned and ready for the next bunch of rude ass people, before she could turn around a blue blur flew past her and dropped down into the booth.

"Hey you have to wait to be..." Her next words died on her lips as she saw a pair of pale blue eyes peeking over the menu at her. A small smile came to her face as she recognized the lurking person.

"I missed you this morning, so what can I get you?"

A dark brow raised over her left eye, her voice was that of Marvin the Martian when she spoke. Sarah chuckled at her, giving her a wink she went to turn in the order with the cook. After filling her apron pocket with sugar packs and taking a deep breath, she grabbed two pots of coffee so she could make her rounds again. Placing all the sugar in front of Chance, she filled her cup and went on to the other tables. A low thank you was heard coming from behind her. She knew then that she was getting somewhere with the strange woman and only time would tell what the future held.

"Fifi she winked at me!" Chance had a goofy grin on her face when she looked down at the disgusted animal. "You're a simple bitch Chance!" She flipped over on her back to play dead. "I wish you could read my mind and see just how weird you really are." With in seconds Fifi was snoring.

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Sarah was relieved when the crowd had died down and she was within a few hours of being able to go home, she kept an eye on the back table making sure that no one bothered her strange customer, what she didn't know was the same thing was being done for her. Pale blue eyes kept watch for anyone getting to overly friendly like that creep had done the other morning. Chance had this feeling that she was suppose to protect the small blonde, not actually a feeling. Her voices told her to watch out for Sarah because that's what she was here for.

"So crazy one, what do you think of Blondie there? Nice ass huh?" The Valley Girl voice asked

her. Chance leaned to the side of her table to get a better look at the mentioned body part, she purred in her throat as she watched the firm rear move beneath the tight black pants. She was still leaning over when Sarah walked past her; she followed her with her eyes until she was laying across the bench on her back.

"Hey crazy one, why don't you make it a little more obvious to what your doing, like maybe drool all over her feet or something?" Valley Girl snickered.

Sarah came over to the table and stopped, she gazed down into mischievous blue eyes. "Having fun?" She asked then gave her a lopsided grin. She was rewarded with a beautiful smile that sent fire to her core.

"Can I get you anything before I punch out?"

Chance winked at her. "May the Swartz be with you." Sarah walked away shaking her head thinking of the Mel Brooks movie *Space Balls* that the line had come from. She would have to brush up on her movies if she was going to have any kind of conversation with her.

Chance straightened up behind her table and watched Sarah, she realized that she would be leaving and would not get her tip for serving her. Stashing Fifi in her shirt she got up to follow Sarah out the door, coming to the last table she waited for her to come back out front.

"Looky here what we have in front of us?" A scruffy man with rotten teeth said to the other occupants of the table. "What I wouldn't like to do to her in a dark alley!" His grating laugh made Chance's ears ache. Reaching forward she shoved his hand up between her legs, she let out a horrible hair raising scream that sounded like a screech monkey and dove under the nearest table. With the screech came the sound of crashing plates and silverware from the back of the kitchen. Everyone's hair was standing on end from the experience. The people that were sitting there scurried out and stood looking at the snarling woman, a man kneeled down to get a better look but jumped back when she hissed and spit like a huge cat.

"Jesus Christ! She's nuts!" He yelled to his friends.

Sarah came running along with Betty from the back, she stood looking at all the people with frightened looks on their faces. The scruffy bastard was laughing his fool head off and pointing under the table where Chance was hiding.

"Ya guys see that? I grab her pussy and she hides!"

"You what?" Sarah grabbed him by the front of his filthy shirt. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" Grabbing his plate of food, she dumped it on his head then poured his hot coffee in his lap. He screamed and jumped up from the table trying to pull his pants away from his skin.

"You're as crazy as she is!" He yelled at her.

"Ohh nooo! I'm worse than she'll ever be!" Grabbing him by his long greasy hair she dragged

him out the door, pushing him in front of her she drop kicked him from behind and lodged his nuts in his throat. She came back in and went right for his friends who jumped over the back of the bench to get away from her.

"Betty can you take care of these people and I'll try and get her out from under the table?" She pointed to the disrupted people.

"Sure no problem."

When the area was clear, Sarah leaned down to look into crazed blue eyes. Taking her chances, she crawled under the table and sat across from Chance. "Ya know it's much more stimulating if there's women sitting above in short skirts with no panties on." Chance tilted her head sideways and gave Sarah a funny confused look.

"I'm Sarah, what's your name?" She asked as she put out her small hand. Chance looked down at what was being offered to her, taking her fingers she brought Sarah's hand up to her lips and place a kiss on her knuckles. Sarah didn't know what shocked her more the kiss or that she could swear Sean Connery as 007 was under the table with her.

"Secret missions my dear are always stimulating if handled correctly." Her dark brows wiggled over twinkling blue eyes. "The names Gregor, Chance Gregor."

"Well, Chance Gregor what do you say we get out from under this table?"

"After you my dear." She answered in her best Sean Connery.

Once outside Sarah watched as Chance bowed over her hand placing another kiss upon her knuckles then opening the door to her car for her. She didn't know what to think of the way Chance was acting towards her, no man had ever opened a door for her and here was a crazy woman who had just thrown a fit and crawled under a table acting like a gentleman. Once her door was closed, Chance bowed again then went to her own car and pulled out of the parking lot.

"Uuuuhmm crazy one?" Valley Girl spoke in an astonished voice. "You are just one of a kind! That poor little blonde doesn't know what to think of you!"

The other voices joined in to give their opinions of her actions.

"What the hell was with the 007 shit?! Are you insane or something?"

Chance tilted her head from side to side thinking. "Yep, crazy as a loon! Psycho bitch from hell! She's got a nice set of tits on her too!" Hitting her CD player on she sang at the top of her lungs to Rick James song *Super freak*.

"I've had it!" Fifi yelled at the voices. "Can't you bimbo's do something about her sucky taste in music?" She looked for a way to end her suffering but Chance had closed the windows so that

was out. "I know you bimbo's stuck me with her as a form of torture, what did I ever do to deserve this?!?" She asked right before she covered her ears and started humming the theme song from Alvin and the chipmunks.

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Sarah sat on her couch with Bill sprawled across the coffee table licking the clumps of fur he still had on his body. A goofy grin was plastered on her face as she thought of how it felt when Chance kissed her hand. "She's really strange Bill." Looking at her cats crossed eyes. "One minute she's Marvin the Martian and the next she's 007, I wonder what the real Chance is like?" Her imagination ran off with her and the next thing she knew she was picturing a tall dark leather clad warrior with pale blue eyes.

"Ooohh baby come ta mamma!" She fell over on the couch and moaned.

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The next day Chance was pulled into the operating manager's office for scaring the new supervisor, it was not the first time nor would it be the last time it happened but he would have to have her sign a statement just the same. He didn't even say a word to her he just slid the paper across his desk and pointed to the big red X where she was to sign. She scrounged around in her backpack pulling out her toys and putting them on the edge of his desk. The manager recognized some of the toys from what his wife bought their 6 year old for his birthday. She gave a huge sigh of relief as she pulled out a large green crayon, her tongue poking out the side of her mouth she signed her name. She put her toys back in the bag and left the wondering manager's office.

"Stop pushing each other in there!" She spoke to her toys in a harsh tone. "Do you want me to put the Spawn creature in there with you?" Satisfied with the results she skipped down the hallway and out the door singing her own rendition of I'm a little teapot.

"I'm a little craaaaazy, one card short."

"Here are my papers from the court."

The rest was lost as she tripped and fell over her shoelaces and fell down the stairs. Getting to her feet she not only heard the voices laughing but bells, whistles and roaring in her head.

"They tripped me! Now I have proof! There are invisible people around here!" She would have to remember to go on line and report her findings to the paranormal webpage. She had gotten to her office minutes before the shift change, pulling her supplies from the bottom desk drawer, she was ready to give them their farewell performance to hasten their departure.

Standing on her desk with a blue blanket with the United Airlines Logo on the back tied around her neck for a cape, horned helmet on her head covering her long black hair and a plastic sword in her hand she sang parts of the return of the Valkeries in Elmer Fudds voice. No sooner had she finished than the operating manager was standing in her office with a airport cop. He handed her

a paper that told her she was to take a mandatory vacation and seek mental help. A huge smile came to her lips, shoving the paper in her backpack, she flung it over her shoulder, stuffed Fifi in her shirt and was escorted from her office. On the way to her car, she did little lunges in the air, while flapping her arms she yelled 'fly and be free!'

Cranking her CD player all the way up she blasted the area with Lawrence Welks greatest hits. "Well Fifi, I get another vacation!" Counting on her fingers she came up with four fingers raised. "Not bad, four months off and the years not over with yet." Her pale blue eyes flashed as an idea came into her crowded head. "WHAhahahaha! Off to Denny's to celebrate! No Grandslam today Fifi, were going to live dangerously and have Rueben sandwiches instead!"

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Sarah was having the worst day of her young life, so far that day two customers had bumped into while she was carrying a tray of food, she now wore an assortment of colors on her white shirt. Her feet were squishing around in a couple ounces of Coke and Sprite and if not for her apron, everyone would know that her zipper on her pants had broken in one of her mishaps that day and lack of clean clothes made her choose to go native. Frustrated with everything she kept pulling at her hair making it stand out at all angles around her head. Betty couldn't help but snicker at her when an older man kept yelling that his coffee wasn't hot enough and made the mistake of calling her a blonde bimbo to her face. Betty saw her back stiffen, she spun on one foot and stomped all the way to the back of the kitchen with the mans cup in her hand. A minute later, she came out with an evil grin on her face and winked at her friend.

Betty in the short time that she had worked with Sarah found out that she may not be big in stature but she sure than enough makes up for it with her clever mind. Sarah came to stand by her side, right there meant that all hell was going to break loose. They watched the man take a huge gulp of his coffee, red worked it's way from shirt collar to hairline. He waved his hand in front of his mouth and panted, grabbing his glass of water, he drained it all at once. A loud bellow came from his open mouth, teary eyes look at her from across the room. Sarah smiled then gave him a little wave as she went into the back to hide. Betty watched as the man got up and ran out the door, her curiosity got to her and she just had to know what Sarah had done to him.

"All right spill it girlfriend, what did you do?"

Green eyes sparkled with a mischievous glint. "Half Louisiana hot sauce the other half coffee. Teach that bastard to call me a bimbo."

"I haven't seen your girlfriend today, did you scare her to death last night?"

"My girlfriend?" Her brows rose to her hairline in confusion.

"Yeah the Psycho."

"Ohh, no I didn't scare her but I found out her name is Chance and she does a good impression of

Sean Connery." The slight blush and twinkle in her eye told Betty all she needed to know.

"I see a soft spot for tall, dark and nutty."

"I don't know what your talking about." Sarah used the excuse to search her apron pocket for nothing.

"Ohh yeah big soft spot! You know those blue eyes follow you every where you go." Sarah's head jerked up at that. "They do not!" She denied.

"Okay so she wasn't checking out your ass last night or laying on the bench on her back as..."

Sarah cut her off from saying anything further. "So what if she does watch me, it has no effect on me."

"Right, that's why you get the stupid grin on your face every time you go near her table." Betty had to jump to the side as the bus boy came running past. "What the hell is your problem?" She asked him, the minute she saw his pale face she knew. "Looks like your girlfriend is here."

A goofy grin covered Sarah's face, no matter what she couldn't erase it before Betty pointed a finger at her.

"See there it is! If I didn't know any better I say you were as nutty as she is." Betty searched her green eyes. "Your not are you?" She deadpanned.

Sarah slapped her in the arm and went about her business, the goofy grin was still on her face until she saw Chance standing on top of 'her' table scaring some customers that made the mistake of seating there. Her cape hanging down her back moved with the air coming down from the air conditioning vent, her black hair flowing down over her shoulders from beneath her horned helmet swayed with the swinging of her head. The customer's eyes huge as she passed her plastic sword beneath their noses.

Her voice ringing out strong would have scared Hades himself if it had not been Elmer Fudds.

"Oooh shit!" Sarah groaned. Walking up to the table she looked up into silvery blue eyes, her left brow lifted over her amused green eye.

"Hey Oden, will you come down if I move these mere mortals?"

"Yep, or it's Valhalla time for them."

Before Sarah could say a word, the four people scurried from the seats and left the restaurant with out looking back. She was further surprised when Chance did a back flip off the table and landed on light feet beside her.

"Very impressive! What else can you do?" Her brows wiggled seductively. Chance tilted her

head back, her eyes narrowed as she looked down her straight nose. "I have many skills." She took in Sarah's disheveled look. "I can do laundry." She flashed her a wicked grin.

"Very funny, now get your ass over there and sit down." She pulled out her order pad and pen. "Your usual?"

"Nope, Fifi wants two Rueben's and chocolate milk."

Green eyes looked at her with surprise. "Are you all right?"

"Yep, celebrating." She gave her a huge toothy grin. Sarah reached over and pulled her horned helmet off her head and put it on, winking at her she left to put in the order.

Betty was drinking a cup of luke warm coffee when Sarah walked by, the second she saw the helmet on her head coffee spewed out of her nose and mouth all over Sarah's side. Sarah threw her arms up in the air. "Why me?!" She groaned. "I'm going to wear raingear in here from now on! Bright yellow raingear with the hat and boots and play Gorton Fisherman!"

Betty reached out to feel her cheeks to see if she had a fever. "Feeling ok?" Brown eyes narrowed at her. "When was the last time you had a day off?"

Sarah's eyebrows danced around for a few seconds. "I haven't had any since I started months ago, why?"

"Cuz your getting the next two days off, I'll tell the boss." She shook her head at the thought of him doing the schedule and cringed. "You've been here six months, 2 weeks on this shift and not one day off?"

"Nope, he said we're short handed."

"Bullshit! We're short buss boys not waitresses. I'm gonna plant a foot up his ass."

"Thanks Betty, I really need the break."

"You really need to do some laundry!"

"Yep, that to."

Making her rounds with a coffee pot, she was not surprised at the looks she received because of the horned helmet on her head. As she thought more about it if the assholes got any nastier, she was going to get the sword from Chance as well. The customers acted like the food should have been all ready cooked and on their table before they handed her their menus. One man complained because he was going to be late for the beginning of the horse races at the track across the street. She plastered a phony smile on her face, looked him dead in the eye and told him that McDonalds was right down the street. Needless to say, she didn't get a tip from him when he left. Hearing the cook yell out her order she went over to find it missing the French

fries, she went off on him asking him where the hell his brain was.

"It's for the Psycho, she won't even notice there missing." He then turned back to his cooking.

"You son of a bitch!" She grabbed a large mixing bowl full of raw scrambled eggs and dumped them over his head, before he could move a bag of biscuit mix was added to it. When her temper had calmed down, she added all kinds of extra food to Chances plate and left him howling in the kitchen. Betty had come running when she heard Sarah call him an SOB and with her first glance of the white powder all over Sarah and the fire flaring in her green eyes she didn't even want to ask her what had happened. The next instant the cook took off stomping out of the restaurant carrying a huge butcher knife in his hand to return minutes later with a smug look on his face. Betty feared the worst, most of all their jobs since the cook was the managers son.

Sarah carried the large tray over to Chance's table, she wasn't expecting to find her playing with dolls. What she saw was Buffy the Vampire Slayer getting her ass kicked by Xena the Warrior Princess while Gabrielle was doing her own ass kicking with Xander as the target. Her heart warmed at the thought of the tall dark and nutty one just being a great big kid and not a Psycho.

"Where's Wills when I need her witchy stuff?" Chance said for Buffy in a high voice.

"What's the matter Slayer can't fight live people?" Her voice dropped to a low throaty purr that sent tingles right to Sarah's toes when she did Xena. Chance hit the button on her Xena doll and the Chakram flew across the table and hit Buffy, picking her up she bit her head off, without looking she spit it to the side. Sarah watched as the little head came right towards her, bounced off her forehead and landed in the glass of chocolate milk. She fought to not bust out laughing when she put the glass on the table with the rest of the food.

"Uuuhhmmm Chance, Buffy's head is in your chocolate milk." She covered her mouth with her hand to hold in her laugh. Blue eyes looked up at her full of innocence, then to the floating head in the glass.

"Ooopps." A big grin came to her face then disappeared to become an evil smirk. "Take that Slayer!" She said in her Xena voice. "Buffy!!" She did Xander with a faggy lisp. "God Wills is going to kill me!" Taking the Xander doll she retrieved Buffy's head and body and tossed them in her backpack.

"It's not fair Xena! I always get the fags and old men to fight, why?"

"Because my little Amazon Queen, you'll need all the energy you can get 'cuz you get to take care of my battle lust!" Chance had Xena pick up Gabrielle and jump in the backpack. She did moans and groans before she zipped it closed.

"No subtext there that's for sure." Sarah moaned as she replayed the deep purr of Xena's voice over and over in her mind like a broken record.

The owners of the little voices were bombarding the duo, Chance ignored them when she saw all

the food but Sarah was not that lucky. The Valley Girl kept saying to her "*Definite sparkage! I see a love connection here! Go Blondie!*" Chance's voice cut the voice off in midstream.

"French fries French fries French fries!" She said in the voice from a McDonald's commercial from many years ago. She held one out and popped it into Sarah's mouth.

"I'll come and check on you later." Running her hands through her hair she moaned deep in her chest when she thought of the deep purring voice. "I could listen to that voice all night!" She said to herself.

"Listen Sweet pea, you could if you'd show some damn guts and toss her down on top of that table and make her scream your name!" Valley Girl told her.

"Then I'd really be looking for a new job!" She said out loud. Covering her eyes she wandered back towards the scullery, before she knew what happened she was laying on her back in a huge puddle of water, her foot in a bucket and the dirty wet mop laying on her chest. She didn't move a muscle she just lay there thinking that her could not possibly get any worse. Betty and the buss boy who had the mop bucket in the small hallway came running to her side.

"Oohh geez Sarah I'm so sorry, I was just coming back for the bucket." He apologized as he pulled the mop bucket off her foot and grabbed the mop. Betty helped her to her feet, she couldn't help but chuckle at her friend. "Are you ok, should I call an ambulance or anything?"

"No, I think I'm just going to call it a miserable fucking day and go home." She didn't even bother punching out, she'd had enough and was afraid if she went near anything that could possible give her a jolt of even static electricity she would be a pile of ashes on the floor. She went right out the door with a little wave over her shoulder. Betty knew her friend was going to be sore the next day and she was glad that being the head waitress that she was allowed to change the schedule giving her the next two days off.

Chance had just finished eating her food and was coloring in her Muppet Babies coloring book when she heard all kinds of screaming in the parking lot. Grabbing Fifi and her back pack she ran for the door only to jump back when a pissed off little blonde flung the door open with so much force that she nearly shattered the glass.

"Who's the sorry fuck that slashed my tires!?! " She went straight for the kitchen, she had a good idea who had done it. "Where's that bastard at?!" She tried to push her way past Betty and the other employees to get to the cowering cook who was hiding in the corner. Betty wrapped her arms around her and tried to hold her back. "Let me go Betty! I'm going to kill him!" Betty felt her feet sliding backwards. "Sarah stop, it won't do any good. Let me handle this." Sarah let out a roar and used all of her strength to push her and Betty all the way to the cook. She was within reach of grabbing him by his scrawny neck when she felt her body being picked up from behind by strong arms. She kicked her feet and flung her arms with no chance of getting free.

"Easy little one or your going to hurt one of us." A deep voice purred into her ear. Her struggles

stopped when she discovered that the strong body holding her belonged to Chance, a great warmth seeped into her back and where thickly muscled arms held her. She could smell coconut shampoo and a citrus cologne. Taking a deep breath she tried to calm her rage. The little voices were whooping up a storm at the developments, Valley girl was jumping up and down and doing hip thrusts. The voices gave Chance back some of her mental control, they could feel the strength flowing through her body. Easing up on her hold she put Sarah down on her feet.

"Do I have your word that you won't strangle him?" Her voice a whisper still.

"Anything." Her knees became weak with the warm breath caressing her ear and neck. Chance took her by the hand and led her from the mess in the kitchen, Betty had a huge smile on her face when she saw her friend gazing up at tall dark and nutty.

Sarah told Chance where she lived, as they pulled in front of her apartment building Chance jumped out and opened the door to help Sarah get out. Before they could get up to the doors the whole building lit up and went completely dark along with the rest of the town. The only lights that could be seen where up on top of the mountain miles away. Chance pulled a roll of tin foil out of her backpack and pulled a piece big enough off to hold over their heads.

"THE ALIENS ARE LANDING!!!!!!" Chance yelled. "Gotta call Mulder and Scully!" Sarah grabbed Chance by the front of her shirt and pulled her head down so that they were eye to eye.

"Chance, now listen very carefully to me." She searched blue eyes to see if Chance was listening. "It's a power failure, no aliens are landing." She let go of a confused Chance. "Just great! Now I can't even take a shower because there's NO DAMN ELECTRICTY!"

"Damn we're good at this tricky stuff!" One of the voices said of their little power surge that put out the whole town.

"No aliens?" She shook her head in disbelief. "What about Roswell?" A stubborn look came to her face, her left eyebrow cocked the other eye narrowed as she looked down at Sarah. "Are you a Febbie and your covering up and alien landing?"

Chuckling at her strange friend she replied. "No Chance I am not the FBI, I'm a dirty filthy Denny's waitress that will have to stay this way until they get the power back on." She planted her hands on her hips and stared at the dark building. "I don't believe this shit."

"Sarah, you can come home with me." Her hands behind her back she scuffed her toe along the concrete as she looked up at Sarah from her lowered head. "My house has power."

"Thanks for the offer Chance but look around, no one has any."

"I do, see." She pointed to the mountain. "I live up there." Sarah didn't know what to do, she battled with herself whether to just stay here and be miserable or spend the night with a possible nutcase.

"What are you waiting for an invitation to come in the mail!?! GO WITH HER!" Valley Girl yelled at her.

"Ok Chance, I'll go home with you but no funny stuff." She pointed her finger at her.

"No funny stuff?"

"Never mind lets go, I feel like the floor of a pornography booth."

"Smell like one too!"

"Gee thanks for the compliment." She back handed Chance in her stomach.

Chance showed her to the bathroom and handed her a robe to use until she could find something for her to sleep in. Sarah looked around the small house, it wasn't what she expected. It was normal! She thought Chance would have tin foil on the walls and all kinds of weird traps set up to catch trespassers. It was a nice cozy lived in house with soft colors and well worn furniture. After her shower, she came out to find Chance in a one piece light blue sleeper with feet in them. With a picture of Pooh Bear on the front. She couldn't help but chuckle at her, she looked like a huge toddler.

"Here's a shirt for you to sleep in, I hope that's ok."

"It's fine, thank you."

A bashful Chance looked at her. "You can have my bed, I'll sleep on the couch with Fifi." Sarah still hadn't seen this Fifi that everyone had told her about, she was kind of leery that maybe Fifi was an imaginary friend of Chance's.

"I can't take your bed, I'll sleep on the couch."

"Nope, the voices like you and they said to give you the bed."

Sarah's eyebrows buried themselves in her hairline at the mention of Chance hearing voices.

"*Surprise Blondie, your not the only one!*" Valley girl started laughing at the thoughts that ran through Sarah's mind. "*Go with it sweet pea your two of a kind!*"

"Ok, I'll make a deal with you." Clearing her throat and not believing what she was going to do she went on. "I'll take one side of the bed and you take the other, ok?"

"Sleep over!" Chance took her hand and skipped off to her bedroom pulling her behind. Sarah looked at the queen-size water bed with a black satin comforter covering it, huge pillows lay against the head board in precise order. Chance was becoming one giant surprise to her. Chance pulled her to the bed then released her hand so that she could do a flying leap onto it. She rolled

around until she got to the top and pulled the comforter back to show Spiderman sheets. The first thing that went through Sarah's brain was that this would be the closet she ever wanted to be to sleeping with a man.

"You can have that side." She pointed to her right then squirmed around until she was comfortable. Sarah didn't know what to think of the position she was laying in but it reminded her of an accident victim. Chance had one leg crossed over the other and thrown over the edge of the bed while her one arm was wrapped around her ribcage and the other covering her eyes. She rubbed her face with her hands then carefully crawled into bed. She just about jumped out of her skin when Chance told Fifi to get the lights and they went off.

"What have I gotten myself into this time?" Sarah asked herself.

"Don't worry about it sweet pea, everything will be crystal clear in the morning."

"Great" she thought "I get to share the voices with her!"

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Sarah woke with the sun shinning in her eyes and a pounding in her ear from something she couldn't figure out, then a tickling of her nose. Cracking one eye open she couldn't make out anything but a pink form laying next to her face surrounded by light blue. Lifting her head up a little she found that she had her head resting on Chance's chest and the pink thing was a hairless rat.

"OOHH GODS!!" She yelped as she jumped away from a now wide awake Chance.

"What's wrong?" Chance looked around with sleepy blue eyes, she covered her ears trying to drown out the hysterically laughing voices.

"There's a rat on your chest!"

"That's not a rat, that's Fifi!" Fifi sat up on her haunches yawned real big then used her paws to scrub her face. Sarah thought she was going to pass out, her heart was pounding in her chest and she could swear that she heard voices laughing at her.

"It ain't funny so stop your damn laughing!" Chance bellowed. "Damn voices drive me nuts!"

"You hear them?" Sarah asked in complete astonishment.

"All the time."

"Oohh geez!" He eyes rolled back in her head and she fell over onto Chance almost squishing Fifi.

"Control we have a problem! Fifi go get a wet wash rag."

Sarah came to after a few minutes, she felt a cold rag on her fore head and a little warm spot on her chest. Taking a peek she saw that Fifi was curdled up in a ball right between her breasts, she groaned and covered her eyes.

"She likes you, she usually hides from strangers ya know."

"Chance please tell me that you don't have a strange relationship with a bald rat."

"Uuhh ahhh, I may be crazy but I'm no pervert!"

"Thank the Gods for that, I think?"

"Cartoons are on!" Chance turned the TV on that was hanging from the ceiling and started to sing along with the Animaniacs theme song. Sarah was shocked when she felt hands pull her up so that she was laying with her head on Chance's shoulder. She felt like she was suppose to be here, a warm comforting feeling wrapped around her body when she felt Chance's arm come around her and a large hand lay across her stomach. She sighed and just went with it as her crazy friend watched *Pinky and the Brain*.

Sarah had dozed off again sometime during the cartoons, she woke later in the morning to find Fifi laying on her back still between her breasts, she watched as tiny little feet moved like she was running, her long pink tail whipping back and forth. She had to admit that she was so ugly she was cute. Smelling food being cooked her stomach announced that it knew as well, she was about to get up when she heard Chance yell for Fifi. Little black eyes opened and she flipped over took one look into startled green eyes and ran off the bed. Minutes later Chance came in carrying a tray with huge amounts of food on it and Fifi running behind her mistress carrying a piece of bacon in her mouth.

"I made you some breakfast, I hope it's ok." Sarah looked on the tray and saw that the pancakes were in the shape of Mickey Mouse's head but the rest of the food looked normal.

"Can I ask you something Chance?"

"Yep."

"Are you a Trekky to?"

Chance came to parade rest, her hands clasped behind her back as she tilted her head slightly to the side. "Relatively speaking Bones, the planet is composed of the same compositions as your earth, but the inhabitants are of the... as you would call them, alien life form. But they do bare a strong resemblance to Tammy Faye Baker."

"Guess that settles that Mr. Spock." She didn't know whether to push any further or not.

Valley girl jumped in. "*Go on Sweet pea, see what she says.*"

"Have you always been this way, I mean with the different personalities and stuff?"

Chance crawled up on the bed to sit next to her, running her fingers through her long hair she turned her head to glance at Sarah.

"I don't think so, not at first anyway."

"Ok, let me ask you this. What do your family and friends say?"

"My parents ran away and Fifi thinks I'm just weird."

"Your parents ran away?"

"Yep, came home one day during my Senior year of high school, it was my fourteenth birthday cuz I found a box of cake mix that my Ma had left sitting on the kitchen table with a note." She jumped up and pulled a shoe box from inside a drawer from under the bed, flipping through some papers she pulled out a yellowed piece of paper and handed it to Sarah.

"Here it is, thought I still had it. Go ahead read it."

Sarah opened the note and read.

Chance

A wonderful thing has happened! Your father and I have moved to Russia. I left the mix for your birthday cake, have fun!

Sarah read the note over numerous times, she couldn't believe it.

"They moved to Russia and left you here!?! Were they nuts?"

"Nope, hippies."

"How long ago was this?"

"20 years ago, I wonder what happened to them?" Her eyebrows had drawn down over her nose.

"You've never heard from them in twenty years?" Sarah's green eyes darkened with anger with the thought of Chance's parents leaving her all alone at the age of fourteen. "What did you do, did relatives take care of you?"

"Don't have any, went to college got my PHD in Nuclear Physics then joined the Marine Corps.

Now I'm on mandatory vacation from my job."

"Mandatory vacation?"

"Yep, happens all the time." A huge grin came to her face. "Guess scarring the new supervisor wasn't their idea of fun."

"Okay, what about your friends?"

"Only Fifi... unless your my friend? Don't really like people and men have cooties." Sarah burst out laughing at the men with cooties part. "I've never had a human friend, just the voices and Fifi." She went on to tell Sarah about her childhood with the kids ignoring her or beating her up, she talked for two hours but by the end Sarah was up to date right to the last 30 seconds of them sitting there.

"Chance your IQ is 330?!"

"Yeah, kinda low huh? I missed a quantum physics question."

Sarah didn't know what to say, no normal person had an IQ of 330. She was pretty sure Einstein's was only in the two hundreds.

Chance took the empty plate and put it on the tray, crawling off the bed she headed towards the door. Sarah choked on a mouth full of coffee when she saw that Chance's sleepers were actually Dr. Denton's with the rear trap door. And what was visible sent flames right to her center, with each step Chance's muscled rear flexed.

"Sweet pea, you little pedophile you!"

"I am not a pedophile! She's 34 years old and I must be going nuts because I'm talking to a voice in my HEAD!"

"Who said your going nuts?" She heard snickering bouncing around from different directions in her mind.

"I bet if I look in a medical book I'll see that I'm slowly going insane!" Swinging her legs out of the bed she then padded to find where Chance had gone. Coming around the corner of the door she ran smack dab into a warm bare chest. Strong hands reached out and caught her before she landed on her ass, following the bronzed skin all the way up to simmering blue eyes. Her breath caught in her chest at the emotions she saw cross the eyes in front of her. Taking a shaky deep breath she searched for words, even a grunt would have been good to break the silence between them. A huge grin covered Chance's face in a split second when the dark blush crept up Sarah's face.

"No clean clothes...wash day." She explained. But that didn't help the fire burning between Sarah's legs and the stampeding heart in her chest. She could swear that electricity surrounded them and arched between their bodies. Chance wiggled an eyebrow at her. "Wanna play?"

Sarah licked her dry lips at what her idea of playing was right now, she forced her head to nod and was some what annoyed that Chance took her in the opposite direction of the nice big bed.

"Your a DAWG Sarah, she's just a big kid remember. Take a deep breath and put your sex drive back into it's dark little hole." She could kick herself for almost losing control. Chance took to another part of her house to a small spare bedroom that was set up as an office, one whole wall was nothing but computer hardware, and then two walls were shelves filled with every imaginable action figure you could think off. What impressed Sarah was the wall dedicated to The Warrior Princess and her Bard, Chance had everything you could think of right down to a copy of Xena's armor. When she turned to take in the entire room she gasped when she came face to chest with a life-size card board cut out of the Warrior Princess. Grabbing her chest she wheezed as the air tried to fill her lungs. Chance still completely naked sat down at her computer and beckoned Sarah to come over to her.

"I started this game yesterday and I'm just about done with it." Sarah watched as Chance logged into the National Defense computer system.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?! You can go to jail for that!"

"They'll never catch me, I have many skills. One more keystroke and I'm all done." She hit the enter key and gave out a loud whooping noise. "Now watch the screen."

Five minutes later Sarah watched a screensaver start up with the words surprise scrolling across the screen, then a video of Vice President Al Gore in women's S&M apparel and Colin Powell dressed as a French maid do unspeakable things together.

"Oohh my Gods, is that real?"

"Yep, I tapped into the surveillance cameras in the Pentagon conference room and found this. So now when ever the computers around the Washington area go unused they get this screen saver." She chuckled at the slack jawed Sarah. "Last week I changed one of the sex line numbers on-line to the FBI's main desk number."

"Chance why do you do all this stuff?"

"Cuz it's fun and they can't figure out how it's done." She turned in her chair with a mischievous look on her face. Sarah knew there was something deeper there but she didn't know if she wanted to find out. Chance signed out of the area she was in and let her own screen saver of a naked Xena and Gabrielle chasing each other around the screen.

The rest of the day was harmless fun, they watched movies and threw popcorn back and forth at

each other then went outside to play on the huge (what Chance called her swing set) obstacle course type set-up. Sarah was on the wooden swing with Chance pushing her higher and higher until she was able to touch the leaves on the trees top most limbs. She felt like she was suspended in mid air for a few seconds before she swung backwards. She knew that it would take a while for the swing to finally slow down enough for her to be able to get off so she just closed her eyes and let the wind whip past her.

She felt hands come around her waist and lift her off the swing, her equilibrium was off just enough that she stumbled into Chance's strong body, she put her hands up and came in contact with firm breasts.

"I'm sorry about that I didn't mean to you know."

"Do what?" Her look was of complete innocence.

"Chance how come I can touch you and no one else can?"

"That's easy, you don't have cooties and the voices like you."

Chance dropped her hands and her head, scuffing her toe in the grass she pulled her lower lip between her teeth. Sarah knew what the look meant already.

"What is it Chance, can I help?"

"Well, I have to go to the doctor's office today and they don't like Fifi and if I leave her in the car she honks the horn until I come out." She peeked up at Sarah. "Will you go with me and watch Fifi?"

Sarah thought of sitting in the car with a bald rat, then she looked at the tall beautiful woman before her and knew she would do anything including rat sitting.

"Of course I'll go with you and watch Fifi, which doctor is it?"

"A head shrinker, I see him when my boss gives me mandatory vacation time."

"Are they trying to fire you?"

"Yep, but can't. I'm certified nutty."

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They pulled up outside of the VA hospital front doors, Sarah found out that it was strictly for Veterans with mental health problems and since Chance didn't show serious problems until after she enlisted she was able to come here. Sarah was glad that the trip was short, Chance and her taste in music was driving her nuts, she didn't know if she would be able to handle any more Box Car Willy. She looked out of the corner of her eye at Chance, she watched as she ran her fingers

through her long black hair and leaned her head back. When she turned her head she had a goofy look on her face.

"All righty then! Time to protect the crazy one and remember we don't want her to be to scary." Valley Girl warned them.

"Your no damn fun! We like when she stirs up the crazies!"

Valley Girl snorted at them. *"When we're done here you guys can spend eternity stirring up the crazies but for right now I have to get this job done."*

Sarah watched the emotions fly across pale blue eyes, in a split second they became a silvery blue, a roguish grin came to her face that made Sarah gulp. Her voice lowered to a deep purr. "Time to play with the doctor." She pulled a pair of raybans from the sun visor and slipped them on. Chance reached out her hand and ran the backs of her fingers down Sarah's cheek. "I'll be back in a few minutes, don't let Fifi play with the radio, she changes the stations and puts weird stuff on it."

All Sarah could do was nod her head, she couldn't believe the change in her. It was kind of scary to watch, one minute she's a harmless kid the next she's a very dangerous looking woman. "But still so beautiful!" She said out loud after Chance had gone inside the hospital.

Fifi Jumped up on her thigh and stood up on her back legs with her little feet spread out to the sides she chattered at Sarah.

"What the hell does she have that I don't? So I'm a little shorter! I have a good personality and I'm house broken."

"Fifi knock it off or I'll find a nice hungry cat to keep you company!"

"Listen here you Bimbo! I'll... damn! I can't do anything 'cuz I'm a rodent! Ain't fair!" She fell over into Sarah's lap and sniffled.

Chance stepped out of the hospital, her body tall and proud as she walked towards her car, she leaned down in the passenger side window and looked over the top of her raybans into green mystified eyes. Sarah was held frozen, she didn't even move when Chance leaned in and brought their lips together in a soft kiss.

"Bimbo! Why'd you let her do that?!"

"Ohh come on, Sarah's gotta have a little incentive."

Chance pulled back and noticed that Sarah's eyes were still closed and her breath was coming in little spurts. She ran her fingers across her soft lips, Sarah opened her eyes and looked into deep blue and wanted to fall in forever. Chance grinned at her and in *Billy Crystals* voice she asked.

"Can you say Peeecaaan Piiiie?"

Sarah thought to herself. "She's Baaack!"

They sat in Sarah's small apartment and ate pecan pie and watched Fifi chase poor Bill the cat.

"I have to find some way of getting my car from Denny's and I have to call Betty to see if I still have a job after I tried to kill the cook."

"You need four tires that's for sure." Chance got a pensive look on her face, her brows buried in her hairline she peeked over at Sarah. "You like working there?"

"I like working around people but the pay there sucks." A bashful look crossed her face. "You made it fun for me."

"How?"

"I never knew what you were going to do and I felt safe when you were around."

Bill came trotting into the room with Fifi riding on his back, he jumped up onto the coffee table and laid down with a sigh.

"They seem to have ironed out their differences."

Chance flipped a pecan at Fifi who caught it between her little paws. "Funny since she hates cats."

"Can we go see about my car? I really don't like it sitting there."

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"Uuhhmmm Gee whiz Batman, it looks like the bat mobile has met it's maker!" Chance picked up part of Sarah's bumper. "I don't think Alfred can fix it."

Tears came to Sarah's eyes as she looked at what had once been her car, it was just one big heap of crushed scrap metal.

"Why did they do this?" She broke down into sobs. "I can't afford another car and my insurance doesn't cover vandalism." The voices gave Chance some control over herself. She pulled Sarah into her arms and held her close to her chest. "It's ok, I'll make sure they pay for this down to the last penny." Sarah felt Chance's body tightened against her. "We're going in there and we're going to call the owner and have him get his ass down here along with the manager and his asshole son."

Chance stood in the parking lot and waited for the men to show up, she had been the one to get

on the phone, the tone she used had Sarah shaking in her shoes. As soon as the manager's car pulled in she was jerking the cook out of the passenger side, when his father came at her she punched him in his gut and knocked the wind out of him. She pulled a pair of handcuffs from her pocket and cuffed both men together through the steering wheel. When the owner showed up a couple minutes later he was met the same way, Chance dragged him into his restaurant and forced into a booth with Sarah, Betty and herself sitting next to him so that he couldn't escape.

After 30 minutes all the problems had been handled, Sarah was now the manager with Betty as her assistant, everyone was to receive pay raises and he was to buy Sarah a new car. The former manager and cook were hauled off by the police and charged with vandalism and destruction of private property. In six months Sarah and Betty would be the new owners of Denny's and if that was not completed then Chance would be forced to take drastic measures. She made her point by numbing the owner's right side of his body until he signed a paper of agreement. He realized that having charges pressed against him like Chance had threatened or losing the business, his choice was an easy one. As soon as the owner left Chance went back to her nutty self.

"Is that the same woman who came in here with a horned helmet on?" Betty asked Sarah when Chance went to raid the kitchen for ice cream.

"Yep, she has her moments of being kind of normal." She blushed when she remembered the kiss that they had shared.

"Oohh boy, and tell me just how normal has she been?"

"What?"

"Your blushing so that means something has happened."

"Nothing has happened, I've just had a very relaxing and fun time with her."

"I see someone falling really fast! So have you kissed her yet?"

Sarah was startled by the question. "I wouldn't tell you if we did."

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"So crazy one how's it feel to be in control?" Voice number one asked.

"Uuhhmm different, I like helping her."

"Do you think you can handle it more often, like maybe a couple hours a day?" Voice number two asked.

"If we do this your not going to go on a rampage are you?" Voice number three asked.

"Nope, no more rampages or hurting people unless they try to hurt Sarah."

"So you'll take care of sweet pea and not drift off to your previous pillaging ways? 'Cuz if you do we put you back into your little nutty state." Valley girl told her.

"Will you guys still be around? "Cuz I've kinda gotten used to having you guys to talk to."

She heard chuckles in her head, they told her that when she was completely free and if she needed them then they would be there for her. Leaving her with some control Valley girl went to invade Sarah's head.

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Sarah sat drinking a cup of tea, her thoughts running to watching Chance take total control of the owner and the others. Her body throbbed at the thought of the strong body that held her as she cried. She wished that she could experience more of that side of Chance even though she enjoyed the fun side to. She knew Betty was right when she said she was falling fast for the tall dark nutty one.

Chance came over to sit beside Sarah at the table, she had a huge bowl of ice cream with lots of whipped cream and cherries and anything else she could find to put on it. Two banana's poked up looking like horns and on the front where eyes made from chocolate chips and mouths made from half cherries. Sarah rolled her eyes when she heard Chance talking to them.

"I want to thank you for what you did today with the owner, I didn't think he would just sign over the place though."

"Your welcome, he had no choice, the law is on your side." She looked over at Sarah with an intense look showing in her silvery blue eyes.

"Here we go! AND THEIR OFF!" Valley girl did a little bump and grind with the other voices.
"Set the beast free!"

Sarah watched as Chance dipped her finger into the whipped cream and spread it across her lips, she leaned forward and licked it off with the tip of her tongue then pulled Sarah's bottom lip into her mouth and sucked lightly. Low moans were swallowed when the kiss deepened and became a deep primal scream. Gone was tall dark and nutty and in her place was a woman who had come to claim Sarah's heart and soul. Sarah wrapped herself around Chance, she never felt her get up from the table and carry her outside to her car. She was still in a daze when she saw that they were in front of her apartment building. Chance took her by her hand and went inside.

Fifi took one look at her mistress and knew they were in for a long and noisy night. Her and Bill ran for the kitchen and hid under the sink in the food lion bags that were stored under there.

Chance picked Sarah up in her arms and carried her to the bedroom, sitting her on the edge of the

bed she stepped back to slowly undress herself. Green eyes watched her the entire time, Chance could hear her breath coming faster past her parted lips. Her own heart was beating a staccato in her chest, she would admit that she was a bit nervous but for some reason she knew Sarah was the right one.

Sarah couldn't hold herself back any longer, she stood up in front of Chance, running her fingers across the muscular chest she felt the warm soft skin jump under her fingers. Trailing her finger tips down to lightly touch nipples that were beginning to harden. Reaching out with the tip of her tongue she flicked one nipple as she watched darkened eyes roll up into Chances head. Before she knew it Chance was falling backwards onto the floor, she kneeled down beside her to find out that she was out cold for the count.

"Bimbo get your ass back here NOW! Our nut ball passed out before she even got any!"

Snickers could be heard coming from the other two voices and then Valley girls screech of. *"What the hell happened!?!"* Blue eyes looked to each of the other three voices. *"I know one of you did something, some one had better speak up or join Fifi for a life of a rodent!"*

"Oooohhh all right." The second voice spoke up, tossing her hands in the air she sighed. *"I kinda told her to hold her breath."*

"Oohh for Zeus's sake!" Valley girl smacked herself in the forehead.

Sarah lightly tapped Chance on her cheek and whispered her name into her ear. When she pulled back she noticed a slight grin form on her lips.

"Come on Chance wake up, please?" She sighed and leaned her head back. "Just my fucking luck!" Dropping down to the floor she laid her head on Chances shoulder and drew designs on her chest with her fingertips.

"I knew I should have looked after those two myself! But noooo, I trusted three BIMBO'S and went to watch the Women's basketball game!" She shot them a glare that could have sent them to an early grave if it was at all possible.

"HEY CRAZY ONE GET YOUR ASS UP!" She yelled and heard her voice echo back at her. *"HELLO? WAKY WAKY! HOT BABE ALERT, NAKED WOMAN RAVAGING YOUR BODY!"* She knew what she had to do though it pained her. *"You asked for it!"* She clapped her hands together and a loud thunder clap rattled Chance's brain, then tiny blue tendrils flowed out and zapped her.

Blue eyes flickered open, she looked around lost as to why she was on the floor. "Sarah? Uuhhmm...what happened?"

Green eyes shined down at her with amusement. "You passed out on me." She chuckled at the unbelieving look on Chance's face.

"Did not!"

"Did to!"

"NOT!"

"DID!"

"Oohh shit, I'm really sorry." She covered her face with her hands trying to hide the red that was creeping up her neck. "I can't believe that I listened to them!"

"Who?"

"The voices, they said to a...hold my a...breath." A sheepish look was revealed when Sarah pulled her hands from her face.

"Do me a favor?" Chance gave a nod of her head. "Don't listen to them." Sarah captured her lips in a breath stealing kiss that just about made her pass out again. She was just thankful that she was already laying down. Sarah straddled her hips pressing down into her with the same rhythm that her tongue was using against her own. By reflex her hips pushed upwards, a low groan escaped from Sarah when the pressure pushed against her throbbing center. Breaking the kiss Sarah got to her feet and pulled Chance up with her. With quick fingers she had Chance's Levi's undone and falling around her ankles in seconds. Chance pulled Sarah's shirt up over her head and tossed it somewhere in the room, she pushed her back on the bed and yanked her Levi's off and threw them out the bedroom door. A wicked gleam came to her eyes.

"Geronimo!!" She yelled as she pounced on top of a started Sarah. Teeth gnashing and hands searching they rolled around on the bed until they ran out of bed and landed in a heap of tangled limbs on the floor. Sheets and blankets fell over them tangling them further. Moans and grunts came from under the mess.

"OOhh GODS!" Sarah yelled at the top of her lungs. "Get that outta there! Sheet wedgie!"

"Sorry baby, I thought I was...never mind." Small hands found their way out of the mess and tried to pull the covers off of them. "Sar...aaggghhh...chokin...eeeeee!" Chance gasped when Sarah stopped pulling on the covers.

"Who ever said...this wasn't" Sarah fought with the blankets. "Harmful...was...LYING!!" She tossed the bundled up covers to the side and they lay trying to catch their breaths but soon lost them again to hysterical laughter. Chance lay on her back with Sarah resting on her chest, tears flowed down her face and dripped onto Chance's breasts.

"Your not gonna pass out on me again are you?"

"Nope."

"Good." She dipped her head down and took one of her nipples into her mouth while her fingers rolled the other into a tight nub. Chance arched her back up trying to push herself further into Sarah. Soft moans came from her lips when Sarah sucked harder and ground her hips down. She slipped one thigh between Chance's and pushed up against her wet center, she felt Chance buck against her, wrapping her other leg under Chance's she brought herself down to grind against her. Bringing her head up she latched onto soft lips, devouring them till they were bruised and swollen. Her tongue asked for entrance but was refused only to have her own mouth invaded by a wet warm tongue thrusting between her lips.

Chance braced her feet on the floor and raised her hips so that Sarah was held up off the floor, Chance thrust upwards slamming into her lover's thigh, she could feel herself getting closer. Sarah clung to her, nipping the soft skin of her neck and shoulder. Her body started to scream when she felt her lovers juices flow over her thigh, Chance froze with her hips raised as her climax shook through her. Her scream of "SHHHEEEYAA!" sent Sarah over the edge to join her with her own scream of something unintelligible. They collapsed into each others arms panting for air as their sweat moistened bodies trembled.

Chance buried her face against her lover's neck, breathing in her soft scent. "Hug her and squeeze her and name her George." She mumbled.

Sarah pulled away to look into twinkling blue eyes. "Who's George?" She asked with a hurt look on her face.

Dark blue eyes held her still. "I love you George." Winking at her before she kissed her softly and snuggled into her neck.

"George huh? Ok Elmer." Soft chuckles from her lover vibrated against her neck. "Wrascally wabbit."

Thrusting her hips Sarah replied. "Just call me humper."

The rest of the night they made love slowly, memorizing each others bodies until they fell into the arms of morpheus. Meanwhile the voices were still whooping up a storm and smoking cigarettes.

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Chance woke up felling stiff and sore in places she had never felt sore before. Stretching her legs she felt the muscles scream along with another part of her body, a grin came to her lips when memories of what had happened the night before to flood her foggy brain. A rush of fire poured from her heart all the way to her toes, she felt like she had experienced a combination of a tornado and earthquake all at one time. The warm moist weight that rested on her stomach snorted and grumbled against her, small fingers moved in a lazy circling pattern in the center of her chest. Chance sighed at the feel of a deep connection with her little blonde lover, brushing the blonde hair from her brow she traced the finely shaped eyebrow to the fine hair at her temple.

"You came like a thief in the night and stole my heart." Picking Sarah up she placed her in the bed and covered her up with the sheet, kissing her forehead, cheek and neck, she gazed down at the slumbering woman before her. "One half light the other half dark, to be never severed apart. Sleep little one." Grabbing a piece of clothing off her dresser she skipped off to the kitchen singing the theme song from *The Love Boat*.

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Sarah padded out into the kitchen when she smelled food cooking, a quick smile came to her face when she saw that all Chance had on was one of her shirts that came right below her ribcage. Her hips swung back and forth to the song playing on the radio, which was hard to believe since it was one of Mozart's piano concertos. Shaking her head she snuck up behind her lover and wrapped her arms around her waist.

"You dance to the weirdest music baby." Reaching over to the small radio/CD Player on the counter Sarah changed the station. The first few bars of the *Silks* song *Freak me* started. She reached up and turned the stove off the whole time moving against her lover in a seductive move of her hips, her breasts pressing into her back causing her nipples to harden from the friction. Soft moans came from Chance's chest from the small hands that traveled their way up to her breasts. Her larger hands came back to grip Sarah's hips and pull them in tighter to her own. Chance turned to face Sarah, sliding one thigh between hers she pressed them closer, their breasts rubbing together brought moans from them, hips grinding together awakened a passion unlike anything either one of them had ever felt. Sarah tangled her fingers into dark hair, pulling Chance's head down she captured her lips in a lustful kiss. Picking Sarah up she set her on the edge of the kitchen counter and kissed her way down to blonde curls.

Bill and Fifi peeked out from behind the cabinet door.

"Damn it! Bill we gotta get outta here or I gonna go nuts!" Her tiny black eyes tried to look into Bill's crossed orbs, slapping him up along side his head she watched his one eye pull away from the center. "Did you hear me?" A croaking meow came out of him. "I'll open the door and we make a run for it, ok?" She didn't wait for an answer, she pushed the door open and took off between her mistresses knees and across the kitchen floor, when she made it to the wall, she stopped to look for Bill. After bouncing off Chance, a table leg and finally hitting the edge of the wall he slipped on the tile to spin out on his belly. "Geez and I thought Chance was a klutz!"

The voices sat around being voyeurs, popcorn flew through the air as they yelled instructions to Chance, Valley Girls tongue kept falling out of her mouth as she watched. "*Damn Girlfriend! I didn't know you could do that with your tongue!*" Wiping the drool off her chin she leaned further to the side. "*I should be taking notes on this!*" She remarked to the others.

"Hey VG, when we gonna turn her completely loose on Blondie?" Voice number two asked.

"Bummer! I forgot about all her luggage." She thought for a few minutes. "*I guess we better do it soon, like tonight.*" Pressing her index finger to her pink lips she quirked one golden eyebrow.

"You guys think Blondie can pull her back without our help?" Turning she watched three sets of shoulders shrug. "I guess all we can do is watch and hope she has the balls to do it. We already know what's in her heart, lets hope she knows what to do with it."

Bill and Fifi peeked out from under the couch at the two bodies that lay on the floor gasping for air, sweat ran down from Sarah's shoulders making her skin glisten in the morning sun coming through the front windows. Tipping her head to the side she could swear that she saw ghostly figures smoking and drinking beer. She blinked her eyes and looked again but saw only the reflections of their bodies.

"Baby." Chance looked up into sparkling green eyes. "Wanna go to the mountain?" She gave her lover a pleading look. "I hear a Jacuzzi calling our names." A wicked grin slashed across Sarah's face.

"You have a Jacuzzi?"

"Uuhh huh, can we, please?"

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Warm water swirled around them, Sarah had her legs wrapped around Chance's waist, her hands laced behind her neck while Chance leaned back against the padded edge of the Jacuzzi. Blue eyes searched her lovers face, she didn't know if Sarah knew how she felt about her, she couldn't remember if she had told her or not. Her memory had small lapses in it, the doctor called them fugue states, she was just about to pour her heart out when Sarah spoke.

"We better get out of here before we turn into giant sized raisins."

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Sarah walked into Chance's bedroom and stood there lost in thought, so much had happened in the last few days, she felt complete in a way that she never had. Her heart was full to overflowing with an emotion that she just couldn't put a name to but she knew it had to be because of Chance. She had an idea but she didn't want to say what she felt and maybe scare her new lover off. She would wait and see if what she felt was real or just because of what they had shared. So instead of beating herself up over it she went over to Chance's closet looking for a button down shirt to wear. Somehow their clothes had gotten in the Jacuzzi and spread out through the house and yard and she didn't feel like looking for them so that she could cover herself from the prying eyes of the people that kept driving past the house. Chance was cleaning up their dishes from supper in what seemed to be her normal state of being native. The only thing she would put on was a deerskin breach cloth that was decorated with clay pony beads and silver conchos at the waist. She had no idea what she was doing to her lover being dressed like that.

Sarah pushed cloths to the side, a small gasp came to her lips when she found Chance's dress

blues. Pulling them out she ran her fingers across the medals on the left breast. The Marine Corps emblems shinned from the lapels along with the buttons down the front. She carried it out to the kitchen, she wanted to know what all the medals were for.

"Chance, what are all these medals for?"

Chance turned around to see her lover with her dress blues in her hand, her face paled and emotions flashed across her face and in her eyes to quick for Sarah to pick up what they meant. A high keening sound came from her chest, her knees buckled and dropped her to the floor. Covering her face with trembling hands her body started to convulse so hard that she was forced into a prone position on the cold tile.

"This is your Captain speaking." Valley Girl announced. "We are having some turbulence so to prepare ourselves for our landing in Hades, I must insist on everyone taking the crash position. Thank you for flying Psycho airlines." She gave a little bow before she sprawled across the others in a tangle of limbs.

Sarah didn't know what she did or what had caused Chance to fall apart, laying the dress blues on the table she took hesitant steps forward. When Chance looked up her eyes were a cold silvery color, a deep rumbling growl came from between bared teeth. Jumping to her feet she ran past her lover and out the door, Sarah heard an ungodly scream come from outside, she froze in her steps when the chills over took her. A low voice came to her telling her. *"You are the balance!"* She still didn't know what the voice meant by that but she knew she had to go to Chance. Taking a deep breath she ran out the door to search for her.

She kept calling her name but never heard an answer, she looked out across the open field to see Chance standing with her arms out to her sides raised at her shoulders, her dark head back as she howled like a wolf at the moon.

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Images of the past tore through Chance's mind, all her repressed memories came forth to haunt her. Pain and anguish ripped at her heart as she felt the physical pain all over again.

"Now your going to see exactly what it's like to be with a man!" The deep voice whispered in her ear, the stench of stale beer and sweat made her want to vomit. She moved her head to the side but had her hair pulled hard enough to make her yelp from the pain.

"Your gonna watch as we take care of your little girlfriend and when we're finished with her, then your gonna get yours."

She was made to watch as five grunts raped and beat her lover, both of their screams echoed through her head, she tried to break free only to have her handcuffed hands wrenched up behind her back. One of the grunts came up to her lover with an empty wine bottle, two of them held her lovers legs apart while he raped her with it. Her lovers screams died to a grunt as her back arched off of the ground then collapse. One of the men slapped her face a couple times trying to wake

her up.

"Fuck man! I think the dykes dead!" His angry eyes looked to the grunt holding Chance. "You better finish her off or we can kiss our ass's goodbye to Leavenworth for ever."

Chance tried to rise to her feet but was slammed down onto the ground, the man with the wine bottle came towards her. Raising the bottle over his head he brought it down across the top of her head. A flash of pain shot through her then blackness.

She hovered above their bodies out in the woods, tears flowed down her face at what she saw. Her scream of pain came to the attention of someone who had watched her for a long time but could not interfere until now. A golden flash came before to reveal a blonde woman, tears flowed down her pale cheeks.

"It's not your time so you had better get your ass back down there."

Pale blue eyes looked at her with confusion, Chance knew at that moment that she was dead.

"Now listen here, are you going to let those assholes win? You have never lost a battle and I'm not gonna let you start now! So get back down there and go after them!"

"Why!?!!" Her sobs making it hard for her to speak. "Everything that I had is gone! What do I have to live for!?!"

The blonde said one word to her. *"Destiny!"*

Chance felt her spirit being pulled back into her lifeless body, she felt rage ripple through her muscles. A loud howl came from between her lips, tasting her own blood across her lips brought about a bloodlust. Straining against the handcuffs she felt them give then snap loose. Getting to her feet she half stumbled and crawled towards where the barracks were across from the trees that they were in. She wiped at the blood that ran down into her eyes, she heard laughing coming from the enlisted club. She knew those voices and they would pay for it. Jerking the wooden door off its hinges she fell through the door to her knees, crazed blue eyes scanned the dark interior for her attackers among the silent crowd. Using a nearby table to get back on her feet she felt the stares of the men looking at her battered naked body. Growling deep in her chest made the men scatter from her, she made eye contact with one of the attackers and before he knew what happened she had crushed his throat with one punch. The last man fell to the floor with a gaping hole in his chest where she had torn his heart out with her bare hands. When the MP's and guards arrived she was still standing there with his heart in her hand.

Days later she woke strapped down to a bed in the hospital, every hour she was checked on by nurses and doctors. She heard them talking about her but she couldn't communicate with them. But she could talk to the voices that were in her head. The doctors put her away in a special place, she didn't understand why she was there. She had no memories at all except that she had been walking out to her car in the barracks parking lot. She was released three months later from the hospital to be returned to her office and that's when she overheard one of the men talking

about what had happened to her and her lover. She felt the rage building up in her body and then a calmness washing over her with the sound of the voices.

"Chance it's not worth it, if you hurt them you'll go to the chair and become a French fry. Just keep acting like a nut and your free."

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Sarah ran out into the field, she stopped just steps behind her howling lover. The pain she heard and felt was enough to make her heart stop and her knees go weak. She called her lover in a whisper, when silvery blue eyes turned and pinned her she almost fainted.

"Please Chance, let me help you." She pleaded with her. "Your scaring me."

Chance growled at her and back up a few steps.

"This is really ugly VG, do they have to go through all this?" Voice number 3 asked.

"I'm afraid so, it's the only way."

Chance lunged for a frozen Sarah, she felt her body hitting the hard ground, the breath forced out of her.

"Chance stop! Please Gods it's me Sarah!" She screamed at her lover who had her pinned to the ground. "Chance!" She looked into crazed eyes with tears welling in her own.

Chance felt a struggling warmth beneath her body, but her eyes were blind with rage. A voice came to her ears from the outside pushing the screams from within out. Her name was being repeated over and over in a pleading way. Closing her eyes she concentrated on that voice.

"Please Chance come back to me." Sarah was sobbing, tears flowed down her cheeks. She was not only afraid for herself but for her lover as well. Watching silver turn to blue she felt the grip on her wrists ease up enough that she could free her hands. Chance remained hovering over her, sucking in breaths of air from between clenched teeth. Sarah reached up and cupped her lovers face with her hands, tears flowed over her fingers to drip down onto her chest. Chance's body started to tremble above her, wrapping her hands behind her head she brought her down onto her chest and whispered into her ear.

"Please Chance I need you."

"Come on sweat pea, tell her what's in your heart!" Valley Girl grumbled. *"If you don't you'll loose her."*

Sarah didn't really care that she was hearing voices and it could very well mean that she was going insane, the person in her arms meant more to her than anything. She took a deep shuttering breath before she spoke.

"I love you Chance, come back to me."

Chance stiffened in her arms, her breath stopped as she raised herself up to look into tear filled green eyes.

"I love you!" Sarah repeated when she saw that her lover was looking at her. Pulling her self up she brushed trembling lips against her lovers. In between kisses she kept telling her that she loved her, she felt a tingling sensation flowing from her toes to the crown of her head then all around them. Capturing Chance's lips she deepened the kiss, their tongues gliding over each other.

"Battles over girls!" VG slapped her hands together causing a loud sonic boom and bright blue bolts to slam into them. Their bodies arched into each other and a feeling of rapture tossed them like they were on the open sea, a white hot fire washed over them leaving them to lay in the grass in a peaceful sleep.

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Green eyes opened to see a pair of pale blue eyes watching her, they were clear of all the painful emotions from earlier but were in someway different.

"Chance are you all right?" Sarah hesitated before she reached over to where Chance was laying beside her to stroke her cheek. "I love you Chance." Those three little words coming from her lovers lips brought tears to her eyes. Chance brought Sarah's palm to her lips and placed a soft kiss in the center. "I love you to."

They sat on the deck on the wooden swing, Sarah was curled up in Chance's lap with her head resting against her strong shoulder. Over the last hours Chance told her what had happened to her and her lover while she was on base. That she must have blocked it all out after it happened and seeing her dress blues must have caused the flashbacks.

Sarah's sat in total silence, letting all that Chance had told her sink in. She couldn't even fathom the pain and confusion that her lover had gone through at the sight of seeing her lover murdered before her eyes and then waking up with no memory of it. And to have only the voices for company in her state of madness. She was sitting in the lap of a person who was the same but totally different, more balanced.

Chance grew quiet for a while and listened for the voices that had been in her head for so long.

"Are you guys still up there?" She spoke to herself.

"The others have been reassigned but if you need help just give a yell and I be there."

"Can you at least tell me what happened?"

"Your soulmate is what happened. Geez and they call me a dumb blonde!"

"But why did I have to go through all that pain again?"

"Cuz nutty one, for you to be yourself again you needed to have all the bad stuff back that's what makes you who and what you are. And with Sarah your complete. Well girlfriend, gotta jet take care of Blondie."

Pulling Sarah closer to her she held on tightly for a few moments trying to dig up the courage to ask a very important question.

"Sarah, with all the stuff you know about my past I'll understand if you don't want to stick around."

Green eyes narrowed as they pinned Chance where she was.

"Your not getting rid of me that easily, where you go I go, got it?"

"Got it." A bright smile came across their faces, they knew that they would never have to face the uncertain future alone.

Fifi ran out onto the deck and up the railing to sit next to Bill, her tiny black eyes took in her two mistresses and the scruffy cat.

"This ain't fucking fair! Hey bimbo why the hell do I have to stay down here with them?"

"Will you stop calling me that!" A pale cloud of pink flickered in front of Fifi as Aphrodite appeared.

"Hoser!"

"Diphtheria!"

"Slag!"

"Diseased!"

"That's enough you two!" A loud voice shot down at them from above. "Dite get your ass to work and Discord, you think being a bald rat is bad, I could make you a cockroach and make you do *Raid* commercials!"

Dite snickered at the thought. "You shouldn't have pissed off Artemis."

"You better hope you don't Dite, I hear they have need of the Goddess of love in the men's prison." Artemis informed her sister.

"EEEEWWW GROSS!" In a flash she was gone leaving Discord the rat throwing a temper tantrum.

Chance looked up at the sun setting high in the sky, a wicked little smile lifted one side of her mouth.

"Sarah I need to ask you something and it means a lot to me." Chance closed her blue eyes and took a deep breath trying to build up the courage. "Will you move in with me?"

Green eyes filled with tears as Sarah's heart beat erratically in her chest.

"I don't want to be anywhere else." With Sarah's answer Chance leaned down and gave her a soft kiss.

"Good." She hugged her close.

"Guess what baby?"

"Huh?" Sarah asked as she snuggled deeper against her lover.

"TINY TOONS IS ON!"

She lifted Sarah in her arms and ran into the house.

Fifi stomped her little feet. "That Slag didn't fix her, she's still NUTS!"

The End.

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