

Making the Grade

(Lessons Learned Part Two)

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Disclaimers, the story and characters are the sole possession of the author and may not be reproduced, posted or sold without the author's permission. So there! If for any reason real or imagined you are not comfortable with or do not wish to read a story containing graphic descriptions of two consenting adult women in a loving and sexual relationship then do not read this story or anything else I have ever written. If for any reason it is illegal for you to view this material go away and do not return until it is no longer a crime. This is a members' choice story selected by the members of my egrouop as a ditty they wanted to see more of. I suggest you read part one. Again I find myself wondering why do stores put out Christmas stuff before Halloween is over? Nothing to do with the story it just bugs me.

A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Mountain Girl.

As always this is for Heather.

Sharna pumped her hips wildly, thrilled by the feel of Kellie's fingers digging into her flesh. She took Kellie urgently with the phallus. She could barely breathe the sweat rolling off her body. She plunged in and out of her lover's wetness. Kellie wrapped her legs around her body tightening with each thrust until she was crying out, the sounds of her ecstasy echoing throughout the bedroom.

Sharna fought to maintain her balance hovering above her lover's quivering body. Kellie's pleas were like a symphony. She rolled her hips only to hear Kellie gasping; pleading for her to stop. Sharna swallowed hard catching her breath while enjoying the feel of Kellie climaxing against her flesh.

She brushed the hair from Kellie's brow slipping from her warmth. "Thank you," Kellie murmured her eyes glazed over from the impromptu encounter.

"My pleasure," Sharna sighed happily while extracting the toy from her body. They had only planned on meeting for lunch. One look in her lover's eyes told her that Kellie didn't need to go to lunch. What she needed was something far more intimate. It only took Sharna half a second to realize that Jerome Montgomery was once again causing strife in Kellie's life. "Not good," she muttered before taking her lover by the hand and whisking her off to her home.

Kellie's amazing blue orbs lit up when Sharna guided her into the bedroom and without a word stripped the both of them and donned the strap on. Kellie's excitement was overwhelming. She leapt from her perch on the bed and clasped the phallus in her hands begging Sharna to take her.

The torrid encounter wouldn't solve whatever troubles her soon to be ex-husband was causing, but Sharna understood that it would make Kellie feel a lot better. "Ready to talk about it?" She questioned Kellie who had curled up behind her and was now caressing her shoulders.

"Nothing to talk about," Kellie grumbled. "I met with Alicia after I left work and Jerome is being a dick head. I don't understand him; I should be divorced by now."

"No kidding," Sharna groaned in agreement. "Most men would be thrilled with the nice, quiet divorce you are trying to pull off. You're not asking for alimony just child support, you let him see the kids whenever he wants, and your not dragging his or your dirty laundry into court."

"I know," Kellie sighed as they made their way towards the bathroom. "I just hope he shows up this weekend. Ashley will be heartbroken if he blows off her birthday."

"I wouldn't be surprised," Sharna slipped. "I'm sorry, but he did it to Jack. He was supposed to take the kids for Jack's birthday and instead of showing up he takes off to Atlantic City with some bimbo," she fumed turning on the water in the shower.

"Don't," Kellie cautioned as they stepped into the shower. "I'm trying to be understanding, but he keeps canceling on spending time with the kids. I know we weren't that important to him before I walked out."

"So why then is he fighting you for custody?" Sharna fumed. "I give you a lot of credit for not bitching about him in front of the kids, but Kellie the guy is an asshole. Of course I thought he was an asshole before I knew he was your husband. I hope you're not mad, but I have a cake and stuff ready just in case the kids are spending the weekend here with us."

"You are so good to me," Kellie moaned from the feel of Sharna's soapy hands gliding along her body. "You won't mind if it isn't just the two of us this weekend?"

"No," Sharna reassured her washing quickly knowing that Kellie would have to leave soon so she could pick up her children from school. "I love it when the kids are here. Hell I didn't want you to move out."

“Neither did I,” Kellie confessed. “I think Jack and Ashley were more upset leaving here than they were when I left Jerome. But I have to live on my own for awhile.”

“I understand,” Sharna conceded knowing that neither of them wanted to rush things. “Of course Kirby is broken hearted,” she added with a smile. “You, Jack and Ashley are welcome here anytime you know that, right? If it is just you and me this weekend great, if not, that is great too.”

“I know and I love you for leaving it up to me,” Kellie sighed contently as they stepped out of the shower. “You know that first day I ran into you after all those years I sat at dinner with Jerome that night and I realized that he was Rudy only with a better job. I hate that I wasted so much of my life. Just because I was too blind and too much of a coward to accept who I am. But then I see my kids and I can’t imagine my life without them.”

“They’re great,” Sharna beamed as they dressed. “Speaking of your adorable ankle biters you have to go.”

“Sorry,” Kellie pouted before bestowing her lover a lingering kiss. “I’ll call you tonight.”

“I might be working late so call me at my office,” Sharna explained locking up the house before guiding Kellie to her truck.

Later that night Sharna was finishing up some work at the landscaping company she owned. She glanced at her watch instinctively knowing that Kellie would be calling soon. Since the two of them began their relationship Sharna was truly happy for the first time in her life. The only bump in the road was Jerome Montgomery who seemed hell bent on making everyone miserable.

The lawyer seemed to blame his missing out on an appointment to the Governor’s office on his wife and, of course, Sharna. He didn’t consider the fact that the candidate he had zealously supported failed to win the election. No his troubles were because his wife left him. Sharna just couldn’t understand Jerome’s attitude. Even if Kellie hadn’t made that one mistake in her past or was in the closet, the man didn’t treat her right. He cheated on Kellie, ignored her and his children, and somehow everyone was to blame for the dissolution of his marriage except for him. “Asshole,” she muttered under her breath.

“A fine greeting,” a familiar voice purred.

She smiled glancing up to find her former employer lurking in the doorway. “How did you get in here?” She questioned Vivian waving for her to come in.

“I have my resources,” Vivian teased with a brilliant smile taking a seat. “How are you Tobie? I’m sorry Sharna.”

“Good,” Sharna smirked quivering from hearing her old name. It was the past; still it haunted her at times.

“You’re lying,” Vivian chastised her. “Problems?”

“Just Jerome Montgomery,” Sharna hissed tapping her fingers nervously on her desk.

“There is a name I had hoped never to hear again,” Vivian sneered. “Yet sadly I heard it just the other day. It was some charity dinner; you know how those bore me. I heard some trash about his divorce. I would have thought that would be over and done with by now.”

“It should be,” Sharna barked. “That bastard is dragging it out.”

“Didn’t Kellie leave him over a year ago?” Vivian shook her head with disgust.

“Almost,” Sharna groaned.

“I never understood that girl,” Vivian sighed wistfully. “The two of you were so gaga over one another. How is it she ended up not only with a man, but a son of a bitch? Never mind I’ve heard these things happen. The two of you are together now aren’t you?”

“Yes,” Sharna carefully responded. “Is that what brought you around, feeling nostalgic?”

“You flatter me,” Vivian laughed. “Then again you were one of my favorites,” she teased with a gleam in her eyes. “No, I was just worried and wanted to offer my assistance if you need it. Who is your girl’s lawyer?”

“Kellie’s lawyer is Alicia Kendell,” Sharna corrected annoyed by the way Vivian could refer to people as possessions. *‘Then again the woman literally owned me at one time,’* she ruefully recalled.

“I know that look,” Vivian cautioned her. “You did what you had to do to survive. I suppose that is how Kellie ended up married to that jackass. I didn’t stop by to be an ugly reminder. Alicia is good she’ll crucify him, and she’ll probably enjoy doing it. The hold out must be his connections. After all he did work for the attorney general. I will see what I can do. Perhaps I could make a few inquiries? I already know great things about Mr. Montgomery that could prove to be embarrassing.”

“Kellie doesn’t want to fight dirty she just wants out,” Sharna quickly asserted. “Besides that river flows both ways.”

“It was one week out of her life,” Vivian groaned. “And he can’t use her sexuality against her not in this state.”

“Thank goodness for that,” Sharna blew out. “Still even in this day in age it doesn’t bode well. I just don’t understand him. He is fighting for the kids and won’t spend time with them. Kellie has to twist his arm just to have him take them to dinner once a month. What kind of person does that?”

“You know why he is doing it don’t you?” Vivian offered thoughtfully. “He wants to hurt her by taking her children. And just maybe get her back by threatening to take them.”

“Freak,” Sharna spat out.

“Well if you need me,” Vivian offered just before the telephone rang. “In the meantime I dropped your name to Lauren Saunders. She needs a good landscaper.”

“New girlfriend?” Sharna teased watching Vivian stand.

“I’m a bit long in the tooth for that,” Vivian sighed dramatically. “She’s a friend,” she concluded with rakish grin before departing.

“Yeah a friend,” Sharna laughed before answering the telephone. “Hi sexy.”

“Hi there,” Kellie purred in response. “Not working too hard I hope.”

“No,” Sharna smiled leaning back her body warming from the sound of Kellie’s voice. “Actually Vivian was just here.”

“Oh?” Kellie responded nervously.

“She offered to help out with your divorce,” Sharna explained. “And to toss me some business. Why do you sound nervous?”

“It is silly,” Kellie sighed. “It is just that you were her mistress at one time.”

“That was a long time ago and it is how we met,” Sharna quickly protested. “Kellie I don’t apologize for my past. I’m not thrilled with it, but that is what life handed me. Vivian and I are still friends; honestly I owe her a lot. Does that bother you?”

“No,” Kellie reassured her. “I can’t help being a little jealous of someone who used to see you naked.”

“I hate to say it, but it isn’t a short list,” Sharna explained with a grimace.

“I know,” Kellie softly responded. “I also know that none of that matters. Speaking of seeing you naked, thank you for this afternoon.”

“Again it was my pleasure,” Sharna smiled feeling relieved that Kellie wasn’t freaking about the past. “Somehow I sensed that you didn’t want lunch or to talk.”

“You were correct,” Kellie softly confirmed. “Why is Vivian interested in my divorce?”

“She heard some scuttlebutt at some charity function and thought you might need help,” Sharna explained relaxing from the soft lilting sound of Kellie’s voice.

“I don’t miss those days,” Kellie laughed. “Those charity functions were nothing more than a bunch of pompous assholes preening for the cameras and gossiping about everyone they know. I’m certain my divorce has made interesting conversation.”

“Don’t you have any friends left from your life back then?” Sharna curiously inquired. Finding it odd that after ten years there seem to be no one who stood by Kellie.

“No, I never really did,” Kellie, sighed. “No matter how many times I explained to Jerome that the other wives were nothing more than a bunch of snippety gossip mongers he couldn’t understand why I didn’t enjoy doing lunch with them. I did throw fabulous parties and showed up at functions looking perfect. I just never felt a need to bond with any of the other trophy wives. At least when I left I gave them something interesting to talk about.”

“You don’t seem bothered by that?” Sharna questioned.

“Why should I be?” Kellie laughed. “Not a one of them was nice when your back was turned they drank far too much and lied about their face lifts. Frankly in the short time I knew her Vivian Lakewood treated with more respect than any of those women. I don’t miss my old life in fact I thank God every day that I finally got out.”

They talked for a bit longer each regretting that tomorrow was a workday forcing them to end the conversation far too early.

Vivian drummed her fingers on her desk contemplating what or if there was anything she could do to help Tobie. “You look troubled?” Marcia, her lawyer, inquired when she entered Vivian’s office.

“Jerome Montgomery,” she said slowly in an effort to explain her scowl.

“What is he trying to do to you now?” Marcia barked.

“Not me,” Vivian shrugged. “I hate when people I care about are hurt because they know me. Back in the day I never dreamed or stopped to think that by utilizing the Clarksdale Agency I would cause so many people trouble.”

“I beg your pardon, although your motives may have been lurid, you did help a lot of women, including myself, escape that life,” Marcia snapped. “Tell me what I can do to help you? Is this about Kellie Landers? I heard rumours that Jerome is being a prick about the divorce, and frankly it is ruining his reputation.”

“As much as it pleases me to hear that he is sticking it to himself I am concerned that he is going to drag Kellie down with him,” Vivian thoughtfully explained. “She doesn’t want to fight dirty, so I shouldn’t interfere. Still give Harper Winston a ring and tell her to have a look at things. If she finds anything useful have her pass it onto Alicia Kendell.”

“Done,” Marcia readily agreed.

“Happy?” Vivian coyly inquired. “Is it helping me that makes you happy or a chance to see Harper?”

“Both,” Marcia purred.

“Harper?” Marcia beamed smoothing out her skirt watching the tall, dark haired woman strolled into her office.

“Marcia,” the private investigator beamed. “Always a pleasure. I just wanted to stop in to let you know that I finished checking into that matter for Vivian. You were lucky that I happen to be in Newport visiting the family.”

“I appreciate that you handled the matter personally,” Marcia beamed her heart racing. “But you could have told me this over the phone why the personal visit?”

“I wanted to see you,” Harper toyed with her flashing a brilliant smile. “Mrs. Montgomery should be thankful that I’m on her side and that Vivian is very meticulous when it comes to paperwork. She and Ms. Tobias will come out clean. Well mostly clean. Jerome Montgomery on the other hand is a very shady man. Frankly if I were in his shoes I’d be more concerned about his secrets coming out and avoiding jail instead of making his ex-wife’s life hell. Here is a copy of my report for Vivian and I’ll be dropping off a copy to Alicia on Monday. So unless Mr. Montgomery does something incredibly stupid over the weekend my work is done. Which means I’m free for dinner.”

Kellie paced in the living room of her tiny apartment wishing she was at Sharna’s instead of constantly checking her watch and lying to her children. It was well past nine o’clock and time to put the children to bed, and Jerome was still missing. She called his office, his home, and his cell phone to no avail. “I’m sorry,” she apologized to her children who were waiting patiently with their bags packed for the weekend. They knew long before their father was over three hours late that Daddy wasn’t coming. She would have to make up another excuse.

“Can we go to Sharna’s now?” Ashley timidly requested. “I want to play with Kirby.”

“Yes honey we can go to Sharna’s now,” Kellie blew out her insides churning with anger from Jerome’s callous attitude. “Get your stuff.” Before she could finish her comment Jack and Ashley were eagerly waiting by the front door. “I just need to make a couple of calls.”

She dialed Jerome's cell politely informing him that she and the children wouldn't be there if and when he decided to arrive. Then she called Sharna the sound of her lover's warm, inviting voice instantly warming her heart.

"Why can't we live with Sharna?" Jack complained kicking the back of her seat.

"Honey we've discussed this and at this time we can't live with Sharna," she wearily tried to explain knowing she would love to move in with her lover, but the timing just wasn't right. Plus Jerome would have a field day if they moved in before the divorce was final. She was not going to give him any ammunition. "It is a grown up thing," she meekly offered praying that somehow he would understand.

Kellie was amazed when they entered Sharna's home and found it decorated for Ashley's birthday. "When did you do this?" She quietly inquired watching the kid's devouring chocolate cake which was, of course, Ashley's favorite.

"I had a feeling," Sharna shrugged shooing Kirby away from the table unable to stop the large dog from begging for food. "You can't have chocolate." She chided the beast.

Kellie was constantly amazed at how well her children got along with Sharna. They went to bed two hours later after the sugar wore off and had completely exhausted Kirby. Kellie laughed at her children's excitement Ashley from her gifts, and Jack eager to see if it would snow in the morning so he and Sharna could play outside and maybe build a snowman.

"You amaze me," she smiled, while they entered the bedroom and locked the door. "Ashley loves that game you bought her."

"Well she mentioned it," Sharna hedged trying to hide how pleased she was. "We're alone now you can say it."

"Jerome is an asshole," Kellie growled happy to finally say it now that the children couldn't hear. "I don't understand him. All he had to do is show up for his daughter's birthday. Why is that so hard?"

"He's a jerk," Sharna explained wrapping her arms around Kellie's slender waist. "Kellie he is doing this just to hurt you. You offered him a clean break, no fault, no alimony just a mere five percent of his income for child support and to spend time with his children."

"Five percent?" Kellie shook her head never realizing how little she was requesting. "That quick mind of yours never ceases to amaze me. Truth is I wouldn't even ask for that if I could do it on my own. But I can't, and since he claims to want the children full time you'd think he would at least spend time with them. I go back to court this week. I am not looking forward to this."

"It doesn't help that the judge plays golf with your husband," Sharna noted while her hands slipped up along the front of Kellie's body.

"Mmm," Kellie sighed allowing her lover to unbutton her blouse. "No way around that. Jerome knows every judge in the county."

"It isn't fair," Sharna groused brushing open Kellie's blouse. Kellie quivered from the feel of Sharna's fingers dancing against her flesh. "Maybe it is time to start letting Alicia fight dirty."

"I don't want to do that," Kellie groaned her blouse slipping down her shoulders.

"I just don't think you have a choice anymore," Sharna pointed out turning Kellie in her arms and capturing her in a searing kiss.

“If I start he could slam me,” Kellie tried to explain allowing Sharna to continue undressing her.

“One week ten years ago,” Sharna argued. “And no one can prove that you were anything but the gardener’s assistant. Given his affairs and the way he neglects the kids I’d say it wouldn’t hurt you.”

“Our little cottage,” Kellie smiled stepping out of her pants her focus quickly turning to assisting Sharna out of her clothing. “Until I left him it was the best week of my life.”

“Mine too,” Sharna beamed her clothing falling to the floor. “The best is yet to come. Maybe someday you’ll move out of that tiny apartment and back in here?”

“I’d love to,” Kellie confessed her hands exploring Sharna’s newly exposed flesh. “But I need to be on my own for awhile, and if I do it before the divorce is final Jerome’s lawyer will have a field day. They already have an edge.”

“I don’t think they do,” Sharna argued moaning softly from the feel of Kellie’s hands drifting lower.

Kellie giggled pushing Sharna down onto the bed. Sharna gasped with pleasure. Kellie climbed up and began kissing her way down Sharna’s body. *‘No one has ever made me feel this way,’* she thought happily nuzzling her face between Sharna’s thighs clasping her backside. She drew Sharna’s passion closer murmuring softly drinking in the musky aroma of her lover’s desire.

She parted Sharna’s slick folds before slowly gliding her tongue along Sharna’s sex. There was an unspoken understanding that they needed to be quiet since the children were just down the hall. Since being reunited with her lover Kellie was quickly learning that slow and quiet was nice. She slowly licked Sharna’s throbbing clit suckling it gently knowing that she was driving her lover crazy. She continued her slow tantalizing torture until Sharna’s passion spilled over her. Soon she was wrapped up in her lover’s arms her screams smothered by her lover’s kisses. Sharna’s knowing touch drove her over the edge.

One brown eye slowly opened; Sharna grumbled from the persistent sound of someone knocking on the bedroom door. She forced her other eye open; her lover grumbled diving back under the covers. She glanced out the window smiling when she spied the frost. “It is Jack,” she whispered. “I promised him that we would play in the snow today. Just a second Buddy,” she called out nudging her lover. “Come on we need to make ourselves decent.”

“Hang on Jack,” Kellie yawned while the couple scrambled to get dressed.

“I’m curious about something,” Sharna softly began finishing buttoning her flannel shirt. “When you first started staying here we had to lock the door and teach the rug rats to knock.”

“Yeah,” Kellie yawn quickly brushing her long blonde hair. “I didn’t want them walking in on us.”

“I understand that part,” Sharna conceded. “It just seemed like it was a new thing. I mean you were married.”

“It is a new thing,” Kellie almost laughed. “When I lived with their father there was a very slim risk that they would be walking in on any adult behavior. I told you before if I wasn’t pregnant I would have ended the charade before our first anniversary.”

Sharna blinked with surprise completely befuddled by Kellie’s former life. “Okay,” she stammered opening the door allowing Jack and Ashley to race in.

“Play in the snow,” Jack demanded.

“Boots,” Sharna insisted pointing to the little guy’s sneakers while his sister climbed onto the bed and hugged her mother. “Now,” she added. Jack offered a heart wrenching pout before dashing off. “And what will you ladies do while we are outside?”

“Mommy is going to teach me how to make pancakes,” Ashley boasted.

“Don’t you want to go outside?” Sharna teased.

“Wet and icky,” Ashley scowled. “Can we rent movies tonight?”

“Ask your mother,” Sharna responded knowing that she would gladly grant either child anything they desired and learned the hard way that it was best to check with Kellie first. The first time she learned that she needed to check with Kellie was when Jack convinced her that having ice cream in bed was a good idea. She shook her head recalling that no matter how many times she ran his sheets through the washer the chocolate stained mess refused to vanish.

“Yes,” Kellie readily agreed. “And since it is your birthday weekend you can pick the movies.”

Both adults covered their ears in an effort to block out Ashley’s squeals of delight. “Thank you Sharna,” Ashley blurted out jumping from the bed.

“For?” She questioned.

“The game boy,” Ashley giggled. “This was the best birthday.”

“Well I’m glad you enjoyed your party,” Sharna nodded graciously. “I’m sorry your father had to work,” she added not missing the way the tiny blonde child rolled her eyes. ‘*She knows,*’ she mentally sighed.

“S’okay,” Ashley beamed. “I wanted to come here. Why can’t we stay here all the time?”

Sharna’s jaw hung open for a moment watching Kellie burying her face in her hands. “Maybe someday,” she promised feeling out numbered when Ashley shoved her hands on her hips preparing to argue. “Oh no, we are not going to play the why-because game. Now go get dressed.”

“Okay,” Ashley sighed before darting out of the room.

“She’s like a miniature you,” Sharna noted just as Jack stumbled into the room. “Well I’m off to face the snow. Let’s get Kirby.”

“Kirby!” Jack bellowed racing down the staircase.

“Hold on,” Sharna cautioned gently catching him by the collar of his jacket. “No running.” Jack giggled and Kirby barked from the bottom of the stairs wagging his tail eager to join the duo in their adventure.

Sharna was exhausted and covered with every snowflake that had fallen during the night. She guided Jack and Kirby towards the front of the house. “Pretty flowers,” Jack beamed spying the crocuses. She was about to thank him when she saw a car pulling into her driveway. Jack grabbed Kirby and hid behind her.

“What’s wrong Buddy?” She asked not seeing the tall man storming over towards them.

“Daddy,” Jack whispered glumly.

“Peachy,” Sharna hissed under her breath. Suddenly Jerome Montgomery was standing toe to toe with her.

“Jack get in the car,” he barked glaring down at his son.

“Hold on,” Sharna calmly interjected.

“Shut up bitch,” Jerome spat out stunning Sharna that he would be so crass in front of his own child.

“Jack why don’t you take Kirby inside and tell your mother that your father is here?” Sharna calmly suggested despite the overwhelming desire she felt to pummel the arrogant man. Jack moved swiftly before his father could object.

“Where is my wife?” Jerome demanded stepping even closer to Sharna.

Sharna smiled cruelly at him folding her arms across her chest knowing that he was trying to intimidate her. “Your soon to be ex-wife is in the kitchen making breakfast,” she dryly countered not wavering. “Would you like to come in? Perhaps you would like to wish your daughter a happy birthday?”

“Listen you piece of trash,” he fumed leaning in so that his nasty breath was assaulting her senses.

“Mr. Montgomery,” she quickly cut him off. “I’m being polite even though you are on my property and behaving badly I suggest that you do the same. Now you’re a bright man you must be aware that I can call the police and have you arrested for trespassing and even if the charges don’t stick it will make the papers. So are we going to act like adults?”

“Are you threatening me?” He laughed.

“No,” she calmly responded. “I will call the police, but I’d prefer that we all behave if for no other reason than I don’t think your children need to see this.”

“Get my wife,” he sneered shoving his hands into the expensive camel haired coat he was wearing.

“She’s not your wife any longer,” Sharna snidely responded with a wry smile. “Again I suggest that you behave. Now would you like to step inside?”

“I’m not setting foot in the pit,” he growled nudging Sharna with his body. She simply sighed in response extracting her cell phone.

“I hate bullies,” she sighed starting to dial 911 smiling boldly slowly punching each digit. She knew he was trying to bait her into doing something stupid. What this well educated man failed to understand was that she lived on the streets and she knew how to survive. It would take more than the likes of him to make her blow up.

“She’s not bluffing Jerome,” Kellie bellowed hurrying towards them. “Sharna hang up.”

“Okay,” Sharna shrugged snapping the cell shut keeping it in her hand just in case.

“I want my kids,” he demanded not seeing Kellie’s eyes light up with anger. “They are supposed to spend the weekend with me not you and this pervert.”

“You’re about fifteen hours late,” Kellie dryly informed him. “No,” Kellie firmly instructed him. Sharna’s body tightened watching his face turning red with anger. “I know I said you could see them whenever

you wanted, but you reek of bourbon. There is no way they are getting into a car with you. Now you can spend time with them here or I can drop them by the house in the morning. It is up to you.”

“I’m taking my kids,” he raged. Kellie stood firm.

“No,” Kellie flatly refused pushing past Sharna and standing up to him.

Sharna glanced over her shoulder her heart sank spying the kids watching from the picture window. “Shit,” she muttered. “I’m going to check on the kids,” she whispered.

“Thank you,” Kellie tenderly responded watching Sharna rushing into the house.

“Where are those pancakes?” She teased guiding the children away from the window.

“Do we have to go?” Ashley whined.

“Not today,” Sharna promised silently vowing to beat Jerome to a pulp if he even tried to put the children in his car. “Now where is this fabulous breakfast?” Her query received two sullen stares in response. “Not hungry huh?”

“No,” Jack pouted.

“Okay well Kirby needs to be fed,” she explained. “And someone needs to take off his boots and coat.”

Sharna was filled with dread watching the two of them sulking about the sounds of the parents arguing from outside invading the house. She couldn’t believe that an hour ago the two of them were bouncing around full of life now they looked as if someone had just told them there wasn’t a Santa Claus.

Sharna finally got the kids settled in front of the television. They were calm, but still sporting miserable expressions. She blew out a sigh of relief when Kellie returned. “Hey gang,” she chimed brightly. The smile she was sporting was not reaching her eyes. “I should finish breakfast.”

“Not hungry,” Ashley scowled.

“You have to eat,” Kellie asserted. “Sharna, could you help me in the kitchen?”

“Share the remote,” she cautioned standing so she could join her lover in the kitchen. “Should he be driving?” She whispered while they went about finishing breakfast.

“No,” Kellie trembled. “I mean he seems to be okay, but no way were my children getting into that car.”

“Come here,” Sharna requested wrapping her arms around Kellie’s body. She held the smaller woman tightly allowing Kellie to release a strangled sob. “Everything will be alright,” she lied.

“They didn’t hear did they?” Kellie sniffed wiping an errant tear from her cheek.

“Yeah, I’m afraid they did,” Sharna cringed. “Not what you were saying, but enough to know that you were fighting. How nasty did it get?”

“Bad,” Kellie choked out. “I can’t believe the things he said. I always thought Jerome was a decent guy. It was one of the things that attracted me to him. Now he is just so nasty I can’t believe that he is the same man I married. I should have figured it out when he tried to hit me the day I left him.”

“What?” Sharna shouted her fist suddenly clenched.

“Ssh,” Kellie cautioned rubbing Sharna’s arms in an effort to calm her. “Don’t worry I decked him. I let one man do that no one is ever going to hit me again.”

“Good,” Sharna exclaimed her jagged nerves calming only slightly. “I still could call the cops I mean he is driving under the influence.”

“I don’t want to be malicious,” Kellie muttered. “But I am worried that he could hurt someone or himself. I don’t know what to do?”

“We can be discreet. He never has to know that it was us,” Sharna suggested quickly snatching up the telephone that hung on the kitchen wall. “Vivian?” She greeted her old friend when she answered. “I need a favor.”

Marcia rolled over her dark flesh still quivering from Harper’s touch. “God woman you are amazing,” she panted covering the taller woman’s naked body with her own. Marcia’s hands drifted along the supple curves of Harper’s body. Dinner on Friday night had concluded quickly. Both women were eager to spend their limited time together in more intimate surroundings.

Marcia had always been attracted to the private investigator. To finally manage coaxing her into her bed had been her desire since the first moment they met. Still she understood that Harper was out of her reach for anything more than a quick encounter. Harper lived on the other side of the country and had a nasty habit of not being able to maintain a relationship beyond the second or third date. It was Saturday morning and Marcia was doing everything in her power to keep the beautiful woman in her bed for as long as possible.

She dragged her tongue along the brunette’s collarbone pleased by the tiny whimpers Harper released. Harper’s body squirmed beneath her own spurring on her desires. “How long can you stay?” Marcia whispered huskily her tongue drifting along the supple curve of Harper’s breasts.

“I Uhm,” Harper gasped when Marcia’s tongue brushed against her erect nipple. “I have all weekend.”

“Good,” Marcia groaned before capturing the rose colored bud between her lips. Harper’s long legs wrapped around her body trapping her. The brunette ground her wetness against her firm flesh. She suckled Harper’s nipple urgently while her fingers captured its twin pinching and teasing it while Harper cried out with pleasure.

Marcia growled fiercely when the sound of her cell phone disrupted the passionate moment. “Son of a,” she snarled slipping from her lover’s embrace. Checking the caller ID she knew she had to take the call. “Vivian this better be good,” she barked into the phone her terse greeting met with laughter. “Vivian,” Marcia hissed then listened patiently when her favorite client explained why she was disrupting the attorney’s morning.

“Bad news?” Harper inquired thoughtfully when Marcia concluded the call.

“You remember how you said you were done unless of course Montgomery did something stupid,” Marcia wearily began angry that her time with Harper was about to be cut short. “He just might have. Vivian got a call from Tobie. It seems that Jerome showed up at her home and left in a snit and just might be driving under the influence. Vivian has already called a cop friend of hers in the area.”

“Good,” Harper smirked climbing off of the bed and searching her discarded clothing for her cell phone. “Kennedy?” She barked into the phone. “I need you to check with the police in Winthrop and tell me if Montgomery gets into any trouble out that way and get documentation. All done,” Harper announced snapping her cell shut. “Did you think I would leave you so soon?” She teased climbing back onto the bed slipping her arms around Marcia’s waist. “Now where were we?” She questioned in a breathy tone while gently guiding Marcia back to her breasts. “Oh yeah,” Harper murmured happily allowing Marcia to guided her back to the bed.

Marcia shook off the interruption and eagerly returned to the task at hand. Her teeth taunted and teased Harper's nipples. She slipped her hand between Harper's trembling thighs. She moaned deeply when Harper's wetness greeted her touch. She licked and tasted Harper's flesh while her fingers stroked Harper's throbbing clit. She loved the feel of Harper's body thrusting against her own driving her lover closer to the edge.

Harper's blunt nails dug into her flesh. Marcia slipped inside of Harper's wetness teasing and taunting her engorged nub with the pad of her thumb while plunging deeper inside of her. The moment she felt Harper's body climaxing her own body began to tremble. Her touch slipped from Harper's warm, wet center gliding down Harper's long body and buried her face between her lover's thighs.

She frantically feasted upon Harper's wetness needing to feel her lover's passion spilling over her. She was spurred on by Harper's incoherent pleas suckling her harder. Finally Harper's body exploded. She licked the last traces of passion from her lover's quivering thighs smiling glancing up catching the glazed over look in Harper's eyes. "Oh Baby we are just getting started," she playfully promised.

"Can I set your husband on fire?" Alicia, who was Kellie's attorney, questioned when they entered her office.

"Feel free," Kellie groaned checking her watch her employer was not pleased when she requested more time off from work. *'If this keeps up I'm going to lose this job,'* she grimly assessed. "What did he do now?"

"He claims that you refused to let him see the children last weekend," Alicia explained while studying a file that was sitting on her desk. "Is that true?"

"Yes," Kellie confirmed while Alicia cringed.

"Not good," Alicia noted. "I don't get it you usually have to bribe him to spend time with them, why did you refuse?"

"He was supposed to pick them up on Friday night around six," Kellie wearily began taking a seat. "When he was late I began calling his office only to have that snotty assistant of his give me the run around. I called the house and his cell. Finally after nine thirty I took the kids with me to Sharna's. He showed up on Saturday morning after blowing off Ashley's birthday demanding that I hand over the kids. He was rude and abusive even after Sharna invited him in. He called me a whore and most importantly he had alcohol on his breath. I couldn't let him take them not if he had been drinking."

"I warned you about spending so much time with Sharna. There are far too many things in her past that could hurt you," Alicia cautioned her client. "Now what time did Jerome show up to pick up the kids?"

"Ten in the morning," Kellie grimly supplied.

"Besides you and Sharna did anyone witness this?" Alicia pressed.

"The kids caught part of it, but Sharna kept them busy," Kellie expanded. "He is still their father I don't want them to see us fighting. Deep down they love him."

"Anyone else?" Alicia pleaded.

"No," Kellie explained with a heavy sigh. "I know, again, it is just my word against his. Although Sharna did give Vivian a call, I was worried about him driving in the snow and his drinking. She asked if Vivian knew any cops in the area. I don't know if anything came of it."

"Good old Vivian," Alicia snickered snatching up her telephone. "I'm going to ask for a continuance, but I doubt we will get it. I have a feeling that today is the day Busfield gets nasty."

“You mean Jerome’s lawyer has been nice?” Kellie sputtered. “Jesus on the first day he called me unfit and hinted that I’m a prostitute. What the hell else can he do?”

“Don’t worry,” Alicia cautioned. “Frankly I think Busfield and Judge Avery are getting sick of this case. Relax I have some calls to make, pray that I get everything I need in the next hour.”

“Great,” Kellie shuddered dreading the rest of the day.

Kellie spent the next hour pacing and drinking far too much coffee while her attorney was glued to her telephone, computer and fax machine. The only break was when Alicia’s assistant would scurry into the office carrying piles of papers or messages. The only other interruption came when a tall, dark woman was escorted into the office carrying a stack of files. “Ms. Kendell,” the tall woman smirked when she entered the room. “I think you will find these most helpful. Mrs. Montgomery,” the stranger offered to the bewildered blonde before departing.

“Thank you Vivian,” Alicia beamed before immersing herself in the new stack of paperwork. Kellie simply stood there lost in confusion before she began pacing once again. By the time she entered the courtroom she was ready to burst.

“And here we are again,” Judge Avery groaned before calling the hearing to order. Kellie’s spirits lifted slightly when she caught the way the chubby, gray haired judge glared at Jerome. “We are here in the matter of Montgomery vs. Montgomery any chance we can wrap this up today?”

“Mrs. Montgomery would certainly be pleased with that outcome,” Alicia announced standing while her assistant entered carrying a large stack of files.

“As would Mr. Montgomery,” Mr. Busfield concurred. “But there have been some recent developments regarding the custody of the children.”

“Of course there are,” Judge Avery sighed. “My apologies strike that from the record,” he quickly asserted. The stenographer failed to hide her smirk before she complied with the judge’s instructions. “Precede Mr. Busfield.”

“Your honor this weekend, despite reassurances from Mrs. Montgomery that Mr. Montgomery would have the children for the weekend so he could celebrate his daughter Ashley’s birthday, he was forbidden to see his children,” the redheaded man proclaimed. Kellie couldn’t refrain from glaring over at him. “Mr. Montgomery arrived on time at Mrs. Montgomery’s apartment to find no one at home. He finally found his wife the following morning at her lesbian lover’s home and was threatened when he asked to see his children.”

“Objection!” Alicia jumped up. “Your honor as I’ve stated on numerous occasions homosexuality is not a factor in custody hearings in the Commonwealth. Once again I’d like my opposing counsel to refrain from making comments regarding Mrs. Montgomery’s love life since it has no bearing on these proceedings.”

“Sustained,” the judge reluctantly agreed. “Mr. Busfield from day one you’ve made it perfectly clear that Mrs. Montgomery is dating another woman, which is not a crime in this state. From now on please refrain from referring to Ms. Tobias as Mrs. Montgomery’s lesbian lover. We know. Move on.”

“Understood your honor,” Mr. Busfield conceded while Jerome grumbled. “Mr. Montgomery is very upset that, one he isn’t allowed to see his children, and secondly that they are being exposed to a woman who has a criminal record. We once again respectfully request that Mr. Montgomery be granted full custody and Mrs. Montgomery’s visitation be allowed only under supervision.”

“Ms. Kendell?” Judge Avery prompted as Kellie felt her skin crawling. She was surprised to see her lawyer smiling as she stood opening a file.

"Your honor," Alicia began confidently. "Mr. Montgomery did not arrive at the scheduled time. In fact Mrs. Montgomery and the children waited over three and half hours for him to arrive last Friday evening. If it pleases the court here are Mrs. Montgomery's phone records. The highlighted portions show the calls that Mrs. Montgomery made that evening to Mr. Montgomery's office, cell phone and home. After keeping the children up past their bedtime she decided to take them to her friend's home. She left a detailed message on Mr. Montgomery's voice mail. The following morning Mr. Montgomery did arrive at Ms. Tobias' home. He was verbally abusive to Ms. Tobias and Mrs. Montgomery demanding to see his children. Ms. Tobias graciously invited him into her home for which he responded with some very derogatory comments in front of his son. The reason Mrs. Montgomery refused to allow Mr. Montgomery to take his children that morning was because she smelled alcohol on his breath and feared for the children's safety."

"Objection!" Busfield cried out while Jerome hissed. "That is a blatant lie. Counsel has no evidence that Mr. Montgomery was under the influence. Granted, he may have been upset over the situation, which is not surprising since he had been searching for his children all night."

"Your honor if I may," Alicia interjected approaching the bench handing the judge a slip of paper.

"You might want to take a look at this?" Avery smirked calling Busfield to the bench. The lawyer's face dropped. "Step back."

"As your honor can see by the arrest report Mr. Montgomery was pulled over not two miles from Ms. Tobias' home. Mr. Montgomery failed the field sobriety test and two subsequent tests at the police barracks. I am curious as to why after being arrested by Officer Dickens, the charges were dropped by the D.A. in that area who by the way is a former colleague of Mr. Montgomery? I am also concerned by the fact that the original arrest report and breathalyzer results were deleted from the computer over the weekend. If it weren't for the diligence of the arresting officer there wouldn't be any record of Mr. Montgomery's offense."

"I'd like to know the answer to that myself," Avery glared over at Jerome.

"It was a misunderstanding I was upset not drunk," Jerome argued.

"I see," Avery grumbled. "Not according to Officer Dickens who signed an affidavit swearing that you were not only intoxicated but failed the breathalyzer tests. He was so convinced that he photocopied the original tests results. Now if a seasoned police officer assumed that you were under the influence it isn't hard to believe that your wife might come to the same conclusion. I can understand her refusing to allow the minor children to get into your car. And according to these phone records, unless you have something to counter them, it does appear that Mrs. Montgomery went to extensive lengths to contact her husband on the night in question. Objection over ruled," Avery grunted.

"Thank you, your honor," Alicia gloated.

"Not so fast," Avery cautioned her. "I want to know about Ms. Tobias' criminal record. Frankly I am concerned."

Kellie held her breath watching Busfield darting over to the bench and handing the judge something. "Shoplifting, petty theft," Avery read off. "Pandering and assault and battery?"

"Your honor," Alicia quickly jumped in. "If you look at Ms. Tobias' age when the charges were filed you will see that she was a teenager living in foster care, and that the pandering charge was dropped. There is no proof that she ever engaged in such deplorable activity."

"Ms. Tobias was employed by the Clarksdale Agency an escort service that was later shut down for soliciting," Busfield boasted.

"A decade after Ms. Tobias was employed by the Agency," Alicia cut him off. "And Ms. Tobias was only employed by that establishment for a few months."

"After which she went to work for Vivian Lakewood," Busfield snickered. "I would also like to point out that Mrs. Montgomery was also employed by Clarksdale and Ms. Lakewood."

"True," Alicia conceded. "Mrs. Montgomery worked for both of them for one week over ten years ago. At that time there was no evidence that the agency was involved in any criminal activity. And Ms. Lakewood has a stellar reputation as a businesswoman. As your honor can see by Ms. Tobias' tax returns she was employed as Ms. Lakewood's gardener," she containing handing the judge more paperwork. "And Mrs. Montgomery worked as her assistant, again for only one week ten years ago."

"Gardener right?" Busfield scoffed.

"Quiet," Avery bellowed slamming down his gavel. "Mr. Busfield has Ms. Lakewood ever been charged with a crime? Or been investigated?"

"No," Busfield choked out. "Although she was investigated by the Attorney General's office."

"By Mr. Montgomery shortly before Mrs. Montgomery left him," Alicia interjected with a cocky smirk.

"Is that true? Was it right before Mrs. Montgomery asked for a divorce?" Avery pressed. Busfield looked to his client for help.

"Yes," he finally grunted.

"Ms. Tobias owns Henning's Landscaping doesn't she?" Avery asked seemingly confused.

"Yes," Busfield sputtered with equal confusion.

"Gentlemen I'm confused," Avery confessed. "From what I am looking at Ms. Tobias made some mistakes in her youth, but according to this she worked as a gardener for a couple of years before opening her own shop. If she went into some other line of work I might be suspicious, but I'm familiar with her company. The woman is a landscaper."

"Your honor?" Busfield squeaked.

"Harvey?" Jerome bellowed.

"Quiet," Avery fumed. "I'm not done yet. I'm not thrilled by her youthful transgressions but they did happen over twenty years ago. Now what about this assault charge Ms. Kendell? I won't place children in harms way."

"Your honor that was an unfortunate isolated incident," Alicia began once again handing the judge a large stack of papers. "One which Ms. Tobias regrets, but as you can plainly see the charges were dropped and the arresting officer signed an affidavit confirming the events. Mr. Rudy Timmons was at the time Mrs. Montgomery's boyfriend. He beat her after stealing her money. She was in the hospital for over three weeks. Ms. Tobias was on her way to visit Mrs. Montgomery when she and Mr. Timmons engaged in an altercation. As your honor can see Officer Michaels couldn't confirm who started the altercation, but he did suspect that it was Mr. Timmons, and since Mr. Timmons was the one who was convicted of assault not just once but several times. As a matter of fact he is presently serving a sentence for manslaughter. Your honor as you can plainly see by Officer Michaels; affidavit he is convinced that Mr. Timmons is a violent man who more than likely attacked Ms. Tobias who was simply defending herself."

"I can read," Avery cut her off. "It does appear that Officer Michaels was convinced that Ms. Tobias was not the instigator of the fight. Does opposing counsel have anything to contradict any of this?"

"No sir," Busfield conceded. Jerome on the other hand decided to bang on the table.

“Keep that up Jerome and I’ll be fining you for contempt,” Avery cautioned. “Now you said that Ms. Tobias threatened your client last Saturday what did she do?”

“She threatened him with bodily harm and verbally abused him,” Busfield lied while Jerome gloated.

“That’s a lie!” Kellie blurted out slumping in her chair when Avery glared at her. “I’m sorry, but it is.”

“Mrs. Montgomery I’m not in a patient mood,” he cautioned her. “Now tell me exactly how she threatened your client?”

“As I’ve stated she threatened Mr. Montgomery physically and verbally,” Busfield back peddled.

“How? Exactly how did she threaten him? Come now Mr. .Montgomery is a gifted attorney certainly he understands that he can’t simply say she was mean to him. Now exactly what did she do? Come now Mr. Montgomery seems more than physically capable of protecting himself from a woman. What did she do?” Avery pushed pleased when Busfield responded by expelling a terse sigh. “I see. Mrs. Montgomery what did you see?”

“Jerome was shouting making very nasty comments regarding Sharna’s lifestyle. Sharna requested that Jerome behave or he would have to leave her property. If he refused she was going to call the police,” Kellie explained. “The only physical altercation I saw was when my husband nudged her. After that I asked to speak to Jerome alone so the children wouldn’t witness the argument. Sharna then went into the house to look after the children.”

Avery scratched his head looking over at Jerome with disbelief. “One more thing your honor,” Alicia continued handing yet another stack of papers to the judge.

“My goodness you have been busy,” Avery sighed.

“I didn’t have much choice your honor,” Alicia confidently, yet respectfully, began. “Mrs. Montgomery is simply requesting the dissolution of her marriage. She has been more than willing to share custody, and as you’ve heard, over the past several months Mr. Montgomery, who is seeking sole custody, rarely visits his children. Respectfully your honor Mrs. Montgomery simply wants a divorce and minimal child support. She honestly never wanted so much of their personal lives paraded around in court. These are affidavits confirming Mr. Montgomery’s numerous affairs and one from a Louisa Sanchez. Mrs. Sanchez worked for the Montgomery’s as a maid. She over heard the argument on the night Mrs. Montgomery moved out of the domicile. She clearly heard Mrs. Montgomery request that they not fight in front of the children and Mr. Montgomery making an attempt to strike his wife.”

“Have a seat,” Avery demanded his face turning bright red. “I want everyone back here on Thursday morning and I want to speak to the children. After that I am rendering my decision.”

“Your honor,” Busfield stammered.

“What?” Avery barked. “The only issue is the well being of the children. I wish to know how they feel about things. Your client seems convinced that his wife and her partner are a deviant influence. If that is in fact the case I want to know. I expect everyone including the children here at Ten A.M Thursday in the meantime the children are staying with their mother.”

“What does this mean?” Kellie asked exiting the courthouse.

“It means that after Avery talks to Jack and Ashley he will grant your divorce. As far as custody goes it is anyone’s guess,” Alicia explained. “But I’m getting the feeling that you don’t a have thing to worry about.

When this all started Avery probably would have given Jerome anything, but now I think he wants to spit on him. Seriously I think Busfield wants to do it too, and they are friends.”

“Once upon a time I thought Jerome was a sweet man,” Kellie explained. “Now I never want to see him again. I hate that it had to come to this.”

“You did everything you could to make this amicable,” Alicia reassured her. “Jerome was the one who insisted on bringing things out. Idiot, his reputation has been slipping since all of this started, and after what I revealed today, he is screwed politically. Kellie he did this not you. Speak of the devil.”

“Bitch, why are you doing this?” Jerome demanded.

“Tell your client to back off,” Alicia threatened. “And remind him that this is a crowded corridor everyone just heard him calling his wife a bitch.”

“Jerome,” Busfield cut in. “Come on walk away.”

“Fucking dyke,” Jerome hissed before storming off.

Kellie shrank in disgust then was surprised when she thought she heard Busfield calling Jerome a dumb ass.

Sharna’s dark brown eyes glanced up at the clock for the one-hundredth time that day. She was worried about Kellie. “Easy there Buddy,” she cautioned Jack who was pounding on the computer in her office.

“Sorry,” he sheepishly apologized before he began to tap the keys in a more respectful manner.

She smiled looking over at him and then his sister. Ashley was busy planting seeds in a pot of soil eager to grow flowers like Sharna did. She glanced at the clock once again mentally tallying the amount of time Kellie had been in court. She couldn’t help it doing math in her head truly calmed her. She smiled once again glancing over at Jack and Ashley who were enjoying spending their afternoon with her. She had eagerly agreed to look after the children while Kellie was in court.

She adored Kellie’s children, and couldn’t help thinking that when she was their age she was already being shuffled from her mother’s home to her grandparents depending on the man in her mother’s life. Finally she was placed in foster care, forgotten and abused until she finally ran away. By the time she was fourteen she was living on the streets stealing food and realizing that she would have to market her body to stay alive.

Thirteen some odd years ago she thought she was happy when Vivian took her on as her pet. Now she understood what happiness really felt like. She loved Kellie from the very beginning and now her children were a blessing. For whatever mistakes Kellie and she had made they were becoming a family. *‘No one is ever going to hurt them,’* she silently vowed.

“Can I use your bathroom?” Ashley questioned holding up her dirty hands.

“Yes,” Sharna smiled laughing at the small blonde who loved playing in the garden but hated to get dirty. “You know where it is,” she pointed to the door that connected with her office. She glanced over at Jack to ensure he hadn’t cracked the parental control code she had placed on the computer. She sighed with relief when she spied the innocent game he was playing.

“All clean?” She inquired when Ashley emerged from the washroom.

“Yup,” she beamed planting herself in Sharna’s lap. “Sharna, who is Tobie?”

“Where did you hear that?” She fearfully demanded. “I’m sorry I didn’t mean to snap at you Honey.”

“I heard Mommy say it once when the two of you were talking,” Ashley innocently explained. “She called you Tobie.”

“Uhm,” Sharna hesitated for a moment. “A long time ago when your Mommy and I first met it was my nickname. I don’t like to be called that anymore.” *‘Now I hate it,’* she silently shuddered at the painful reminder of her past.

“Why?” Ashley innocently persisted.

“Well, Uhm,” Sharna stammered trying to collect her thoughts. “You remember how you told me that first year in school everyone called you Bug? Back then you liked it now you don’t.”

“I hate it,” Ashley fumed.

“I feel the same way about being called Tobie,” she concluded.

“Okay,” Ashley innocently accepted. Sharna’s heart sank fearing the day the kids would find out the truth. Knowing Jerome Montgomery some day they would, and all she could hope for is that somehow Jack and Ashley wouldn’t end up hating her or their mother. “Are we going to have to live with Daddy?”

Sharna’s heart stopped when Jack and Ashley looked up at her with sad blue eyes. “What?” She gulped.

“Daddy said we would and we heard him and Mommy arguing the other day,” Ashley sullenly explained. “I don’t want to live with Daddy. I love Daddy, but I want us to live with you and Mommy.”

“Ashley,” she gulped once again. “Chances are that someday the four of us are going to live together, but your Daddy does want you to live with him. He loves you, but I don’t think that you will be living him.”

“I don’t like what Daddy says about you and mommy,” Jack fussed.

“I’m not thrilled either Buddy, but just remember he loves the both of you,” Sharna tried to reason. “Now when Daddy says mean things do what I do and ignore him.”

“Or you could stop eavesdropping,” Kellie suggested strolling into the office.

“Daddy doesn’t talk quietly like you and Sharna,” Jack argued.

“What a surprise,” Kellie grimaced. “For now remember what Sharna and I have told you, Daddy loves you and the next time you hear us whispering stop listening. Got it?”

“Okay,” Ashley glumly conceded.

“Do I want to know how this started?” Kellie asked sitting down on the edge of Sharna’s desk.

“My old name, Ashley heard you use it,” Sharna sheepishly explained. “Hey rugrats can you play nice while your Mommy and I take a walk?”

Twin blonde heads bobbed up and down. Sharna removed Ashley from her lap and took Kellie by the hand. They strolled down the main floor in silence towards the garden. “Those two don’t miss a trick,” Sharna finally said breaking the silence. “It is going to haunt us forever isn’t it?”

“Yes,” Kellie sighed deeply her body relaxing. “Sharna we can’t change the past, you’re the one who keeps reminding me of that. I’m not ashamed of it or you.”

“Yeah but your jerk of an ex-husband is going to tell them,” Sharna fumed suddenly filled with remorse.

“They adore you,” Kellie quickly asserted squeezing her lover’s hand. “Just our being together causes problems for them. I don’t think that when they know the whole truth it will change anything.”

“I hope you’re right,” Sharna conceded. “How did it go?”

“Awful,” Kellie groaned. “But Jerome did more harm to himself than to either of us. Oh and thank Vivian. It seems Jerome got arrested, and of course his arrest disappeared. Judge Avery wasn’t happy about that. I think Jerome has played on the friendship card one too many times. It all came out including our past which thanks to Alicia didn’t look quite so shady.”

“How did she pull that off?” Sharna gasped.

“She’s a damn good lawyer and the paper trail screams that you were a gardener,” Kellie laughed. “I have to bring the kids to court on Thursday morning. Avery is going to make the final decision then. My boss is going to hit the roof.”

“Let him fire you,” Sharna suggested. “You can find another job.”

“I have rent to pay,” Kellie argued.

“Not if you moved in with me,” Sharna smirked. “It is what we all want. Look if he does fire you I just want you to know that you can live with me. As always the choice is yours. Never misunderstand that I don’t know just how important that is to you.”

“I know,” Kellie smiled. “I have to go court this is my children we are talking about so yes if I get the ax we will move in. I wonder what he is going to ask them, the judge what do you think he will ask?”

“Hopefully he’ll ask what they want,” Sharna smiled. “Which according to them is for the four of us to live together. I know you were planning on heading back to your apartment tonight but would you feel better staying at my place?”

“Thank you,” Kellie smiled taking a seat on one of the stone benches located in the enclosed garden. “I love it out here, reminds me of the cottage. When I would help you plant flowers.”

“And then make love,” Sharna added with a grin joining her lover. She glanced around ensuring that her crew wasn’t lurking about. She wrapped her arms around Kellie’s waist her heart racing. Pleased that they had some privacy she captured her lover in a searing kiss.

“That was nice,” Kellie smiled happily after the brief make out session and they headed back upstairs to Sharna’s office. “Hey guys I’m not in the mood to cook who wants pizza?”

“Yes!” Jack squealed.

“And to spend the night at Sharna’s?” She added brightly pleased when her children jumped with joy.

The following Thursday Kellie was a nervous wreck. She waited for her children to return from the judge's chambers. Her only source of comfort was that Sharna was sitting behind her and Alicia's insistence that everything would be all right. Over pizza the other night she had to explain to her children that the judge needed to talk to them. Which naturally frightened them. She quickly calmed their fears ensuring them that they had done nothing wrong and no matter what to tell the truth.

Kellie blew out a terse breath when the children finally emerged with the judge. They waved to their father, hugged their mother before climbing up on the pew next to Sharna who they also hugged. The judge called the court to order.

"I'd like to request that the minor children be removed from the courtroom," Judge Avery began.

"It is okay," Kellie reassured them before Sharna took them by the hand and led them away.

"Not with her," Jerome bellowed.

"I don't see a problem with Ms. Tobias looking after the children," Judge Avery cautioned the pompous man.

"That's a very good sign," Alicia whispered placing a comforting hand on Kellie's shoulder.

"Now in the matter of Montgomery vs. Montgomery," Avery began dryly. "I have to say that your children are delightful," Kellie beamed while Jerome had the bad manners to flash her a confident smirk. "I talked with both Jack and Ashley for quite some time and was very impressed by their manners and that their mother told them to just tell the truth. I have to be honest I see a lot of unhappy families pass through these doors cases that break my heart. I've seen lives broken by abuse and the pressures from the outside world. What troubles me about this petition is that there was no reason why this matter should have taken up so much of the court's valuable time. It is painfully obvious that both parties are to blame in the failure of this marriage. The original settlement offer by Mrs. Montgomery eleven long months ago was not only fair it was a gift. I can only assume that Mr. Montgomery allowed his pride or ego cloud his judgment. This is my final judgment and if anyone wants to fight it be prepared for a lengthy agonizing battle," he added sternly. "The minor children shall be placed in the care of their mother. Mr. Montgomery will be allowed visitation rights one weekend out of the month and alternating holidays."

"Your honor?" Busfield protested. "Why is my client being denied full access to his children?"

"Because his children don't wish to live with him," Avery growled. "They went into great detail as to why. Frankly what the children told me about their father made me sick. The reason I am limiting their visits to only one weekend a month is because they told me that Mrs. Montgomery kept reassuring them that both of their parents loved them and Mr. Montgomery spewed the most vulgar expressions it has ever been my displeasure to hear a child repeat. He not only spoke ill of his wife in front of them he tried to poison them against her. It was painfully obvious that he was using his children to hurt their mother. Mrs. Montgomery has been raising them in a healthy and loving environment I can't say the same for Mr. Montgomery. Now as to the issue of child support I find it disgusting that Mr. Montgomery is offering to spend less on his children every month than he paid for the suit he is presently wearing. I order that Mr. Montgomery pay six thousand dollars on the first of every month. I understand that Mrs. Montgomery isn't seeking any assets from the home except her car. But she did keep that home running while her husband's career soared. She gets the car and the house is to be sold the profits divided equally between the two parties. I hear by order that this marriage is dissolved. Case closed."

Kellie was shaking still not believing what she had heard. "Your honor," Busfield fumed.

"I said case closed," Avery growled before standing. "Trust me and accept that this is over and caution your client I don't want to hear about him bothering his ex-wife. Sign the papers and get on with your life Jerome."

“That’s it?” Kellie gulped in disbelief.

“Just a couple of papers to sign and you are a free woman,” Alicia pronounced. “Well Miss Landers how does it feel?”

“Incredible,” she stammered.

“Well?” Sharna questioned once Kellie stepped out of the courtroom shaking like a leaf.

“Let’s go home guys,” Kellie announced. “Oh I did get fired this morning but since Jerome has to sell the house and give me half the money I’m not real worried about it.”

“That house is worth two point three easy less the outstanding mortgage you’re looking at about million even?” Sharna quickly assessed. “I guess you can go back to school like you wanted to.”

“That is frightening,” Kellie laughed still amazed by Sharna’s quick mind. “Yes I’m looking at a lot of money. Plus more in child support than I asked for. but I wouldn’t be surprised if Jerome filed for bankruptcy just to slime out of it. Jack, Ashley, I know this has been really hard on the two of you but you still get to see your father once a month.”

“Once a month?” Sharna whispered. “I thought the judge was his friend.”

“Apparently not anymore,” Kellie whispered in response. “What about the two of you are you okay with this?”

“Yes,” they chimed in unison.

“When do we get to move in to Sharna’s?” Jack innocently quipped causing Sharna’s heart sank.

“Next month,” Kellie sheepishly inquired. “It will be a year by then,” she reasoned.

“Great,” Sharna gasped with relief happy to know that even though circumstances didn’t demand it Kellie still wanted to live with her.

Kellie couldn’t help noticing how tired Jerome looked when she arrived at his apartment. It had been four months and several failed attempts to appeal Judge Avery’s decision later. Jerome had fallen from grace with his cronies who began taking a dim view of his obviously vindictive actions. “I’ll pick up the kids at six on Sunday,” she explained helping the children with their bags.

“I need to talk to you,” he grimly began.

“In the kitchen,” she demanded groaning at his callousness.

“Fine,” he conceded with a sneer.

“For the last time there is no reason for us to discuss adult matters in front of our children,” she cautioned him once they were in the tiny kitchen.

“Fine you win,” he blew out rubbing his brow.

“This was never a contest,” she hissed. “When are you going to learn that? I just want our children to be happy. I have apologized up and down for deceiving you but that was my only mistake.”

“Right,” he snapped. “Like I said you win. I’m done in this town. At the end of the month I’m going back to Texas where I might still have a shot at a career. You and your bitch finally screwed me.”

“You did that to yourself,” Kellie asserted her eyes narrowing with disgust. “I offered you a nice quiet out and a chance to be a part of your children’s lives. You chose to make our break up a spectacle. Jerome I never meant to hurt you.”

“But you did,” he snarled.

“Yes I did and you hurt me,” she countered. “Like I said this isn’t a contest. We both made mistakes but we have two beautiful children do them and yourself a favor enjoy the time you have with them. I will do everything I can to make sure they visit you in Texas.”

When she left his apartment she knew her pleas fell on deaf ears. “It doesn’t matter,” she grumbled during the drive home. She stopped at a red light suddenly deciding to change directions. She pulled into the right lane and headed towards Henning’s.

She smiled when she entered her lover’s office lingering for a moment in the doorway watching Sharna becoming frustrated. “As I said Mrs. Jarworski that particular shrub needs shade if we plant it on the edge of your property it will die,” Sharna slowly and painstakingly repeated to the caller.

Kellie watched Sharna fighting to keep her ire in check until she finally convinced the caller to listen to reason. “Long day?” She quipped finally stepping into the office locking the door behind her.

“Exhausting,” Sharna grumbled. “I know that people think they know what will grow where but I honestly don’t understand why they can’t accept that not everything will grow where they want it to? Speaking of unreasonable idiots how did it go with Jerome.”

“The same,” Kellie shrugged placing herself on the edge of Sharna’s desk. “But it looks as if we won’t have one weekend a month to run around the house naked for much longer. He is moving out of state.”

“Pity,” Sharna smirked. “Not the naked part but not having him around is something I am looking forward to. Somehow I think that the kids are going to be happy about it as well.”

“I know,” Kellie grimaced. “It makes me sad sometimes that he is more concerned with making me pay for my mistakes then getting to know his children. They know or sense it and they don’t like him because of it. As much as I hate him for what he tried to do he is their father.”

“Not unless he starts acting like it and the kids know that,” Sharna gently corrected. “Kellie he wasn’t much better when the two of you were married.”

“Hey speaking of your divorce did you ever find out who that woman was the one who visited Alicia right before you had to leave for court?” Sharna questioned after they had arrived home dropping the groceries they had purchased on the way in the kitchen.

“Some private investigator Vivian hired,” Kellie smirked. “She found more dirt on Jerome than we will ever need. Vivian sent me a copy of the file just incase.”

“Cool,” Sharna smiled brushing her fingers through Kellie’s long blonde hair. “So any suggestions on how we should spend the weekend since we are going to be all alone?”

Kellie’s face lit up while pondering the possibilities. “I want to play,” her hands gravitating to the zipper of Sharna’s jeans.

“Checkers? Scrabble? A rousing game of Monopoly?” Sharna teased while her lover yanked her jeans down to her hips.

“Not exactly what I had in mind,” Kellie growled her eyes darkening with desire. “Turn around, grab the counter and don’t move or doing anything and I mean anything until I tell you too.”

Sharna’s jaw hung open her body trembling from the demanding tone in her lover’s voice. The passion still burned brightly but with two young children constantly around lovemaking was at times limited. Sharna quickly snapped her mouth shut before spinning around and clutching the kitchen counter.

Her knees buckled, her thighs quivered feeling her lover stepping behind her. She tightened her hold on the counter top. Kellie yanked her jeans down her body. She could feel Kellie’s breath caressing the back of her thighs while she stepped out of her pants and socks. She bit down on her bottom lip while allowing Kellie to nudge her thighs apart. She blew out a terse breath listening to the rustling sounds of Kellie shedding her own clothing.

She stifled a throaty moan. Enjoying the feel of Kellie’s erect nipples brushing against the back of her legs. Kellie’s hands clasped the firm flesh of Sharna’s backside kneading it while she dragged her tongue along Sharna’s legs. “Oh I am going to be so naughty,” Kellie whispered forcing Sharna’s thighs even further apart. Sharna could only squeak in response enjoying the feel of her lover’s body pressing against her bare thighs.

Kellie squeezed and teased the Sharna’s cheeks slipping her tongue inside of her lover’s slick folds. Kellie’s hands drifted lower parting Sharna while dipping her tongue deeper slowly licking and teasing Sharna’s swollen nether lips. Sharna’s hips thrust backward pressing her desire against Kellie’s eager mouth.

Sharna clutched the counter top hard her heart racing while Kellie glided her tongue along her sex. Kellie clasped Sharna’s backside harder flickering her tongue against her throbbing clit. Sharna’s thighs clenched her body giving into to feel her lover feasting upon her wetness teasing her slowly while nimble fingers caressed her naked flesh.

Sharna could barely stand her body shaking. Kellie seemed determined to take things very slowly. She gasped upon feeling Kellie’s talented tongue slipping from her body moaning when the Kellie’s fingers slipped inside of her wetness. Kellie slowly licked and kissed her backside while her nimble fingers explored Sharna’s passion.

“Kellie,” Sharna whimpered unable to say anything else. She was caught up in the feel of her lover’s fingers pressed against opening of her center.

“Don’t rush me,” Kellie taunted her while tracing her bottom with her tongue. Sharna was unable to speak. She felt Kellie painting the puckered opening with her passion. Kellie’s hands seemed to be everywhere teasing and taunting her. She jerked her hips backward in a silent effort to coax her lover to take her.

Her eyes snapped shut when she felt Kellie’s fingers returning to her center this time slipping deep inside of her while Kellie teased her back door with the tip of her thumb. “Oh God,” she managed to gasp her body rocking against Kellie’s touch.

“What do you want?” Kellie purred while wiggling her fingers inside of Sharna.

“Fuck me,” she meekly stammered in response fighting to remain standing. Kellie’s breasts teased her flesh. Kellie stood keeping her hands firmly against Sharna’s passion.

“Say it again,” Kellie taunted her slipping her knee between Sharna’s legs.

“Fuck me,” Sharna demanded pumping her hips in an effort to encourage her lover’s touch. Kellie murmured with pleasure slipping her free arm around Sharna’s waist while plunging deeper inside of her lover. Sharna cried out. Kellie’s fingers filling her completely. Her body tensed for a brief moment before giving into the waves of pleasure. Soon their bodies began swaying in a frantic rhythm.

Kellie pressed her wetness against her lover’s flesh riding against the taller woman plunging deeper and harder inside of Sharna. She pressed her throbbing nub against Sharna’s body fighting against the desire swelling inside of her trying to keep her focus on making her lover climax. “Yes,” Sharna chanted loudly over and over again her body tightening; the passion consumed her.

Kellie’s breathing became labored her own body quivering with pleasure as Sharna climaxed. She kept pleasuring Sharna whose passion was painting her body. “Feels so good,” she sputtered taking her lover higher.

Sharna’s body slumped slightly she tried to focus to hold on but she couldn’t as the passion ripped through her. She could barely stand or breathe when Kellie finally ceased her frenzied lovemaking. Everything was a blur as Kellie spun her around and tore open her blouse. She groaned with disappointment when her lover’s hands halted her movements. Her heart soared when Sharna greeted her with a bewildered gaze.

She watched with amusement. Sharna was struggling to breathe while trying to keep Kellie’s wandering hands at bay. “Baby I need to taste you,” Kellie pleaded leaning in and licking the swell of Sharna’s breasts.

“Oh you will,” Sharna stammered with a hard swallow. “Help me upstairs.”

Kellie responded with a mischievous smile before helping her quivering lover up to their bedroom. “Get on the bed,” Sharna instructed in a shaky tone her body still reeling. She was pleased when Kellie followed her instructions. Sharna tore off the remainder of her clothing before joining her feisty lover. “Hands and knees,” she managed to instruct while reaching over to the nightstand.

She smiled her body calming slightly watching Kellie eagerly balancing her body before her. She fumbled in the draw for a moment before finding what she was searching for. She climbed behind her lover’s body slapping the firm flesh of Kellie’s backside eliciting a deep moan. Pleased by her lover’s reaction Sharna spanked her a few more times nudging Kellie’s firm thighs further apart with each playful swat.

She slipped her hand between Kellie’s legs moaning with pleasure when she discovered the abundance of passion greeting her touch. “You wanted to play?” She purred turning on the vibrator she had pulled from the nightstand.

“Yes,” Kellie moaned responding to the steady humming echoing throughout their bedroom.

Sharna smiled wickedly slipping the toy between her lover’s slick folds pressing against Kellie’s clit. Kellie’s body swayed against her touch urging her for more. Sharna glided the shaft along her lover’s passion slowly teasing Kellie. She pressed her naked body against her lover’s clasping her lover’s hip with one hand while slipping the toy inside of her warm wet center with the other.

Sharna’s body tingled with excitement. She watched Kellie eagerly riding the toy begging the Sharna for more. Sharna was mesmerized by the vision of Kellie’s body frantically thrusting as she pleased her. She clasped Kellie’s body tighter taking her harder until her lover’s body was flushed and shuddering. She held her lover allowing the waves of passion rushed through her body. Finally she slipped the toy from Kellie’s body turning it off and casting it aside.

“You said you wanted to taste me,” she whispered hotly in Kellie’s ear receiving a strangled whimper in response. Sharna reclined on the pillows at the head of the bed. “Come here,” she beckoned her lover who was still shaking.

Kellie flashed a dreamy smile as she lowered her head eager to taste Sharna’s passion.

“No,” Sharna tenderly instructed. “I need to touch you.”

Kellie kissed Sharna’s thigh before turning her body offering her backside to the Sharna’s touch. She moaned deeply. Sharna’s fingers slipped inside of her. She dipped her head once again drinking in the musky aroma of her lover’s desire. She guided Sharna’s thighs further apart blowing a warm breath against her mound before dipping her tongue inside of Sharna’s wetness.

She slowly feasted upon Sharna’s passion enjoying the feel of her lover’s fingers dancing against her engorged nub. They slowly increased the rhythm until they were lost in the feel of the others touch. Her lover’s body muffled Kellie’s passionate cries as they climaxed in unison.

Kellie rested her cheek against Sharna’s thigh catching her breath. Her only thoughts curtailed around how truly happy she felt. “What?” Sharna merrily inquired turning and hovering above Kellie’s body.

“I’m just so happy,” Kellie confessed. “And not just because of this.”

“So am I,” Sharna brightly asserted. “I love you and our family. I know none of this came easily for either of us but I wouldn’t want it any other way.”

“I love you too,” Kellie smiled her heart soaring. “And I don’t plan on leaving this room all weekend.”

“Good,” Sharna smirked leaning in for a kiss their bodies melting together each wondering if they would survive the weekend or be able to walk on Monday. “At some point we are going to need to sleep,” Sharna quipped.

“Oh yeah,” Kellie laughed. “Later.”

The End.

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