

Disclaimer: This story is mostly mine. I borrowed from the Wizard of Oz which does not belong to me. I'm sure the lion from MGM would turn over in his grave if he knew how I misused parts of the movie.

That being said, there is no sex and no violence, just zaniness. Sorry, but I was feeling a little crazy and let it out the only safe way I have available to me.

Sheena's Sight
By
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Sheena Lynette Masterson couldn't say exactly when she had her first psychic experience. Her mother claimed it was when Sheena was three and told her parents about the fire at grandma's house. Her father thought it was when she told them about the location of a lost ring at two and a half. Her siblings preferred not to think about it.

Having this ability had not always been in Sheena's best interest. When she was six, she had a vision of her oldest sister's boyfriend kissing another girl. She had immediately run to her sister, Margaret, and ratted out Danny. Instead of getting her sister's gratitude, Sheena had gotten a pop upside the head and instructions to mind her own business.

Then when she was seven, she'd "seen" her brother, Tommy, skinny dipping with Lisa Hackerman. She had hesitated a minute, remembering Margaret's warning, before running to her mother and telling all. When her brother found out who'd ratted him out, he popped Sheena upside her head and told her to mind her own business.

After being popped upside the head for the second time, Sheena decided she would keep her mouth shut, and pretend her special ability had gone away. But silence wasn't something she knew much about, and when a week later she saw her sister, Lilly, changing her report card, Sheena felt honor bound to tell. Even knowing that she would get a pop upside the head didn't keep her from going to her mother and tattling.

Lilly, who was only a year older than Sheena, gave her little sister much more than a pop upside the head. Sheena was saved from a thorough thrashing when their mother, alerted by Sheena's screams, came to the rescue. For almost a year after that, Sheena hardly said a word about anything. She would speak only if asked a question, despite having to almost swallow her tongue on a number of occasions. But she figured that swallowing her tongue was easier than getting the snot beat out of her.

Then one day, an eight year old Sheena snuck into her brothers' room to play with their action figures. In the middle of her imaginary war, she received a vision of her brother, Freddy, being pulled off his bike by some older boys. Without thought of retribution, she ran to her mother and told. For once, she got praise from her siblings, and that taught her a little bit about discretion. She decided then and there, to only share her sightings about her siblings if someone was in real danger. Of course, as she got older and wiser, Sheena wasn't above using a bit of blackmail when she needed a big favor.

Despite her abilities, Sheena managed to have a fairly normal childhood. Her mother and father managed to impress upon her the seriousness of keeping her talents under wrap by likening it to Spiderman and his secret identity. Unfortunately, it had then taken her parents six months to convince their youngest child she that wearing a Spiderman mask was not a necessity for keeping secrets. After that concept took hold, they worked out a system to disseminate the important stuff from Sheena's sightings without linking it back to the source.

Now, as she sat in her cubicle staring into nothingness, a grown up Sheena wished she had an anonymous way to let her favorite boss know his girlfriend was cheating on him. She felt really bad for Gar, but she knew telling him would only lead to a verbal pop upside her head along with a possible job loss. Gar mistakenly believed the sun rose and set on Jennifer and therefore wouldn't take any negative information about his girlfriend too kindly. She considered for a moment telling one of his friends, who were also her bosses, but quickly dismissed that notion. Gar would have to find out on his own that Jennifer was triple dipping.

Sheena squeezed her eyes shut, willing the skank ho and her cheating ways from her memory banks. The last thing she needed was to run into Gar and blurt out something stupid. Even though she was older, and to her way of thinking, wiser, Sheena still had a problem with brain to mouth coordination. More times than she would ever admit to on the witness stand, she had spoken before her brain had a chance to filter the contents. Since she really liked this job, she didn't want that to happen today. And as it was Friday afternoon, with any luck she would be able to hole up in her cube until it was time to leave.

"Sheena, I need you to redo the graphics for the Lambert file ASAP."

Damn! Lilly is right, I am cursed! Suppressing a scream, she turned around and looked in Gar's direction, making sure not to make eye contact. She cleared her throat, giving her brain time to get in gear. "Sure Gar. Did I make a mistake?" she asked with a nervous laugh.

"No, Mark decided that he wanted something different," Gar replied easily and leaned a hip against her desk. "I'd really appreciate it if you could finish it by four so I can get out of here by five. Jennifer and I have a hot date tonight." He smiled, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

Don't you dare say a word! Keep your big mouth shut! Sheena smiled as best she could with her lips clamped together, and reached for the document. She leafed through it, pretending to check for changes. "I should be able to finish this in a couple of hours," she said slowly, carefully examining every word before it left her lips. "I'll e-mail you the changes as soon as I'm done." *So me and my big mouth don't have to see you again today.*

Gar squeezed Sheena's shoulder. "You're a life saver," he said and left her cube.

Relieved, she released a whoosh of air and started working on the changes. There was no way in hell did she want Gar to have a reason to return. It had been hard enough to keep from spilling her guts when he talked about a hot date. Somehow Sheena didn't think the date was going to be all that Gar wanted it to be. Surely the other woman would be tired and sore after all the gymnastics she'd gone through.

Sheena shuddered. *Slut!* She wished her hands were around the other woman's throat. But no, then she'd end up in lock up, forced to give Big Bertha a tongue bath. Not that she had anything against tonguing big women, she just liked to have a choice. And besides all that, a quick death was too good for Jennifer. That woman needed a very public lesson in humiliation.

In her mind, Sheena could see the Wicked Witch of the East putting a long, curved finger nail against her chin and saying, "Yes, but how to do it? These things must be done delicately." *I really need the guidance counselor.* She laughed at her own foolish imagination and returned to the report. After completing the changes, she said a quick prayer and sent an electronic copy to Gar.

With that done, she went back to worrying about rescuing Gar from Jennifer's evil clutches. He was too nice a guy to be saddled with one of the evil stepsisters. This guy was as close to Prince Charming as any straight woman could hope for. He was six feet of nicely muscled body, with dazzling blue eyes, a strong chin with a cleft and handsomely arranged features..

Biting her lip, Sheena resisted the urge to call home for help. *This matter is none of your business, Sheena. Remember the last time you meddled and all the fall out that caused!* She winced, remembering the fiasco her last rescue effort had turned into. She gave a shudder, thinking about how close she had come to being pummeled when her boss figured out she'd convinced his meek wife to turn him in for racketeering. Only the quick responses of one of Tulsa's finest had saved her.

And what a fine one she was. Sheena gave a sigh for hot memories and checked the time on her monitor. She sighed again, discovering she still had an hour before she could leave. Opening her internet browser, she did a search on 'slow torturous death', surprised at the number of kooky sights that showed up.

Promptly at five o'clock, Sheena logged off her computer and gathered up her backpack. Normally, she would have checked in with her bosses before leaving, but today wasn't normal. Being as quiet as possible, she crept past Gar's office and scuttled to the exit. With a satisfied smirk, she hurried down three flights of stairs and away from trouble.

Once Sheena was out of sight of the three-story, stucco building, she reached in her backpack and pulled out her portable music player. It was Friday and the only day she allowed herself not to worry about going deaf. She cranked the music up loud and sang along, oblivious to the

stares. Summer had barely begun, making the temperature bearable for her fifteen minute walk to her apartment.

Sheena lived in an old, rundown house which had been converted into apartments. The place wasn't much to look at, but the rent was cheap, allowing her to put away money for med school. Her dream was to one day find a cure for cancer. At twenty-three, she was almost afraid her time was running out. Well, that and the fact she was having trouble with the Medical College Admission Test. But she figured she had two more times to get it right before she had to come up with a new goal of what she wanted to be when she grew up.

Grabbing the rusted railing and saying a prayer, she made her way up the shaky outdoor stairs to her second story apartment. She was glad it was Friday even if she didn't have enough of a life to have any plans. Just knowing she could sleep late the next two mornings was enough to make her happy. She unlocked the door, lowered her shoulder and shoved the door open. Almost overcome by the stifling heat in her tiny apartment, she turned on the window unit in the living area and stripped off her clothes, letting them fall where she stood.

Naked, Sheena walked to the kitchen, yanked open the refrigerator and pulled out the pitcher of ice tea. Crouching down so the pervert across the street with the binoculars couldn't see her, she hurried past the window. *Next payday, I'm splurging on curtains*, she decided once on the other side of the room. She stood up, grabbed a glass from the cabinet and repeated her actions. As she reached to open the freezer door she experienced a vision.

She didn't take a breath until the glass shattered at her feet. In a daze, Sheena jumped over the broken glass and sat down at the table. "Holy shit!" Propping her elbows on the table, she lowered her head to her hands and fought to fill her lungs with air. *What the hell is going on?* In her vision, she and Gar were seated in a family style restaurant having dinner. The kicker was the small child who looked a hell of a lot like a cross between her and Gar. Running her hands through her short blue hair, Sheena shook her head, unwilling to believe what she had seen.

She stood up abruptly, knocking the chair to the floor, suddenly compelled to go to her room. With a feeling of unease, she walked to the tall dresser and opened the top drawer. Reaching inside, she started rifling through the business cards, searching for the colorful one with the raised, red letters that almost looked like blood.

"Here it is." She gave a sigh of relief and picked it up gingerly, trying hard not to touch the letters. She stared at the card as if imprinting the image in her mind. "Okay Sheena, you can do one of two things. You can stand here like an idiot, or you can go call the woman."

A part of Sheena wanted to say there was absolutely nothing wrong with being an idiot, but it was silenced by the majority part that thought Sheena should make the call. "I really do need the guidance counselor," she shared with the row of stuffed animals that lined her twin bed. Given the state she was in, Sheena wouldn't have been at all surprised if they had responded. She had long believed that the hugging monkeys thought she was crazy. It wasn't that they said anything, but more the way they looked at her.

Before she could chicken out, she marched to the living room, pulled out her cell phone and punched in the number. She held her breath, not sure if she wanted anyone to answer.

“Hello,” a melodious voice said.

Sheena swallowed loudly. “May I speak to Mrs. Anna?” She hated how timid her voice sounded.

“This is she, dear. What can I do to help you?”

“You probably don’t remember me,” she began. “My name is Sheena--”

Ms. Anna interrupted, saying, “But of course I remember you, Sheena. I guess this means you’re ready to talk?” she asked gently.

Sheena cleared her throat and said, “Yes. I really need to talk to you soon. It’s kind of urgent, I think.”

“Well of course it is, dear,” Ms. Anna said kindly. “My office is on Peters near Long. How soon will you be here?”

“Twenty minutes.” Sheena started sorting through the pile of clothes and grabbed her panties.

“Splendid. The address is 555 Peters. And don’t be put off by the appearance of the house. It was just a momentary lapse. I’ll see you when you get here, dear.”

Sheena held the phone to her ear, listening to the dial tone. She turned her head to look at the Wizard of Oz figurines on the beat up book case nearby. “Maybe she needs the guidance counselor more.” She turned off the phone, suddenly cognizant of the time constraint she was working under. Dressing haphazardly, she grabbed her small leather backpack and headed for the door. *I must be totally insane.* She raced down the stairs to the basement area where she kept her bike locked up.

Fastening the strap on her helmet, she started peddling as fast as she could. This was one appointment she didn’t think she should be late for. After all, it wasn’t everyday that she sought help from a palm/tarot card reading psychic. Of course, she wouldn’t have this problem if her lovely gift had come with an instruction manual. And no matter how many times she searched the internet, she still hadn’t been able to find one of those yellow Dummy books for Visions.

Fifteen minutes later, she pulled up in front of a brick encased mailbox with the address of 555 Peters Street. Breathing heavily, she swung her leg over the bar and started pushing her bike up the long driveway with wooded area on both sides. Her mouth gaped open when the house came in sight. Now she understood Mrs. Anna’s cryptic remark. Sheena guessed the original part of the house to be about a hundred years old. Two additions, not in keeping with the original style, had been added. They gave the house a lopsided appearance. That might have been okay except the house was painted the ugliest, brightest orange Sheena had ever seen. “I can’t believe they

would keep that color in stock anywhere,” she muttered under her breath. Thinking that maybe the owner had been swindled by some contractor, Sheena wheeled her bike up to the front door.

As she raised her hand to knock, the door opened. Startled, Sheena jumped back, almost falling off the porch.

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you.”

By the Goddess! Sheena found herself looking up at a tall woman with stark grey hair. The woman’s face was so pale Sheena couldn’t help speculating whether she was real. Maybe she had stumbled into a live wax museum of sorts.

“You must be Sheena,” the other woman prompted, her expression as somber as her voice.

“Uh ...yeah,” she said looking up into eyes so dark, they appeared to be black. *Am I in a Tim Burton movie?* She was reaching out a hand, wanting to make sure the woman was indeed real, when her brain kicked into gear. *She can’t be a ghost you idiot.* She let her hand drop and willed her legs to stop quaking. If she had been made of tin, she would have sounded a lot like a clinking, clanking, quivering pile of caliginous junk.

“Are you okay?” The apparition tilted her head and regarded Sheena inquisitively.

That would be no! Sheena took a shaky breath and blew it out. “I’m okay and I’m Sheena.” She tried to force a smile and shifted her eyes away from the cleft in the other woman’s chin. She got the feeling she could be lost in it for days. “A Mrs. Anna told me to meet her...here?”

“Come on in. Her office is the second door on the right. And bring your bike in too,” she added off hand. “I wouldn’t want it to get stolen.”

Not fucking likely. Who in their right mind would come here? They really need a sign that says, ‘I would turn back if I were you!’ Swallowing the huge lump in her throat, Sheena crossed the threshold, trying hard not to notice anything. If there were ghost or monkeys flying around, she didn’t want to see them. She parked her bike, and with her head held down, made her way to the second door.

Sheena stood in the doorway, clearing her throat to get the attention of the thankfully normal looking, older woman seated on a low to the ground sofa type thingy.

“Come on in, Sheena. I’ve been waiting for you.” The woman smiled and beckoned her forward. “Did you have any trouble finding the place?”

You mean other than the ghost at the front door? “No ma’am,” she replied with a nervous smile. She took a step then stopped. “I’m not sure why I’m here,” she admitted, her gaze fixed on the old globe in the corner. She was almost afraid it might levitate or turn into a crystal ball.

Anna smiled and patted the seat beside her. "I promise this will be painless. And do call me Ms. A."

I'm already here, I might as well see if she can help. Sheena hastened to do the other woman's bidding. "I'm...nervous."

"Quite alright," Ms. A beamed. "You've had quite a shock. Now tell me what you think your problem is."

"I should start by saying I'm gay. I hope that doesn't shock you and normally that wouldn't matter, but it's important for you to understand my problem." She looked at Ms. A for her reaction.

Anna laughed. It was a rich heartening sound. "You'll have to do much better than that to shock me, Sheena," she assured the scared young woman beside her and patted her arm. "Continue."

"Well, I've been fixating on trying to help out my boss and I had this vision that he and I were sitting at the table and there was a kid there with us and somehow I knew he was ours and how can that be 'cause I'm lesbian?" She stopped and sucked in some oxygen. "You've got to help me. I don't want to be straight, I love women!" she wailed.

Anna took a deep breath and counted to ten. This was going to be more difficult than she planned. "I can tell you do. Calm down, I promise the situation is not as bad as it appears."

"I don't see how that can be, ma'am. I never have visions of myself and I never see the future. It had to be the future, I don't have any kids and I'm pretty sure Gar doesn't have any either and I know we don't have any together and I don't want to have any with him and can you please help me?"

"All in good time." Anna placed a comforting hand on Sheena's thigh. "Now tell me, have you always known what your vision meant?"

Sheena shrugged. "Yeah, pretty much. It's always been something that's happening."

"Okay. How do you explain knowing where lost items are? You don't see them being lost do you?"

"Well...no." Sheena scrunched her face up in confusion. "I just know."

"Now let's go back to this issue with your boss."

"Gar."

"Gar, then. Are you attracted to him?"

Sheena shook her head vehemently. “No! He’s a nice guy and all, but I just want to save him from his cheating girlfriend. She’s screwing around and he doesn’t even know. I mean he’s such a nice guy and if he were a woman, I would definitely be interested in him. No...her, you know what I mean.”

“Actually, I’m afraid I do,” she said wryly. “Have you considered that he has a role in your future that hasn’t yet presented itself?”

Sheena rubbed her forehead and groaned. “That doesn’t make sense,” she whined starting to think that she was wasting her time. “I don’t want him to have that kind of role in my future. That’s why I’m here,” she explained impatiently. “I need help now before the sighting becomes my future.” She put her hands beneath her thighs and started rocking back and forth. “Don’t you have one of those hour glasses or something like that?”

Anna shook her head and sighed. “The young, they’re so impatient.”

Sheena looked around nervously, wondering who Ms. A was talking to. *I bet the ghost just came in here and I can’t see her.* She peered at the porcelain monkey on the table near the ancient TV console, waiting to see if it moved. In the back of her mind, she recalled reading something about familiars. What she couldn’t remember was if they had to be living.

“I see we are not going to get anywhere this way,” Anna said dryly, following the direction of Sheena’s gaze. “We need to look at the cards and see what they tell us.”

Tearing her gaze away from the monkey, Sheena refocused dazedly on Ms. A. “Cards,” she repeated.

Anna nodded. “I realize talking will do no good, I have to show you,” she explained patiently and took Sheena’s hand in hers. “Will you trust me?”

When she looked into Ms. A’s big blue eyes that seemed so familiar, her fears dissipated. Almost against her will, Sheena nodded her head. She chewed on her bottom lip as the older woman arranged the cards on the table.

An hour later, Sheena rolled her bike out the front door. With shaky fingers, she fastened her helmet and wheeled her bike to the driveway. Mounting the bike, she took one last look at the house. “And I thought I had problems before,” she mumbled. Shaking her head, she peddled for home to get ready.

The first thing she did when she got home was to clean up the mess she’d left in the kitchen. Then she took a shower and got dressed per Ms. A’s instructions. Sheena gave her reflection a cursory gaze, deciding she had met the specifications. She blushed thinking about the wispy bits of lace that made up the bra she had on underneath her silky, red shirt. Somehow Ms. A had known about the impulsive purchase from a furtive trip to Victoria’s Secrets. Sheena didn’t really want to know how Ms. A had also known she had it hidden in the back of her sock drawer.

Squirming, she pulled at the waist band of her tight jeans – another of Ms. A’s requirement. At least she had put her foot down at wearing a thong. The thought of having dental floss between her butt cheeks just hadn’t excited her at all. And lucky for her, she hadn’t picked up a pair so Ms. A had backed down on that stipulation. It should be good enough that she was wearing bikini briefs instead of her usual boxers. With a last glance, she declared herself satisfied that her body still looked half-way decent.

Since she didn’t know when she would be back, she ordered the trolls, positioned on either side of the door, to guard the place, grabbed her keys and backpack and ran downstairs. As she paced on the sidewalk in front of her apartment building, doubts began to creep in. How the hell was she supposed to save Gar from the slut while managing to find her one and only?

Sheena frowned. Their plan to snare this one and only had sounded so easy when Ms. A laid it out earlier. But she was strictly average in looks and most everything else. And even her damn sight thingy wasn’t always a good thing. “Damn, I’m just as nutty as she is,” she said, smacking herself upside the head. Looking around sheepishly, she rubbed her sore head. “Boy do I need the guidance counselor. Why did I never listen to her? Oh yeah, I was too busy drooling over her 34 Ds.”

“Looking good.”

Sheena whipped around to see one of her sleazy neighbors walking in her direction. The problem with living some place cheap was that creeps lived in places that were cheap. “Hey Doug,” she said, surprised he was still sober. Usually on a Friday he was drunk by four.

“You must have a hot date, huh?” he asked with a leer. “You should wear those tight pants more often. I didn’t know you had such a good looking ass.”

Forcing down the need to hurl, Sheena quirked her top lip in acknowledgement and glanced at her watch. It was seven on the dot. She was debating going back to her apartment when a big black car which looked suspiciously like a hearse, glided to a stop in front of her. *Please tell me that’s not her.* She watched silently as the tinted window on the front passenger side was lowered.

“Oh good, you’re on time.” Ms. A gave her a beaming smile. “It shows you have wonderful manners. Well, don’t just stand there, hop in.”

Sheena opened the door and almost balked when she saw the white faced apparition, wearing a baseball cap backwards of all things, driving the car. Wishing for a rabbit’s foot, she got in. “Hi,” she said, desperately searching for a seat belt. She was positive ghosts didn’t give a damn if they crashed.

“Let me help you.”

Sheena jumped and was unable to suppress a scream. She’d been so fixated on the driver, she hadn’t noticed there was another passenger in the back seat. She cleared her throat and said,

“Sorry.” The arm that reached across to fasten her seat belt seemed human, so she allowed herself to relax a teeny, tiny bit. “Thanks.”

“Are you okay, dear?” Ms. A asked having turned around when Sheena screamed.

“I’m just a little on edge,” she replied, rubbing her reddened cheeks.

“Okay. You met Vicky earlier and that’s Missy sitting next to you.”

Pasting on a smile, Sheena turned her head in Missy’s direction not sure what she would find. When she met the teasing blue eyes and smiling face she held out her hand. “Sorry again, I’m Sheena.”

Missy laughed and shook her hand. “I don’t blame you, Vicky scares me too,” she said in a stage whisper. “I’ve told her to loose the paste, the hideous clothes and the wig, but she won’t listen to me.”

“Now Missy, you know she does it to aggravate you. She likes the horrified expression people get on their faces when she tells them she was born three minutes after you.”

“Don’t I know it.” Missy sniffed and flicked her long dark hair behind her back. “One of these days, Vicky. One of these days.” She raised her fist.

“Yeah, yeah,” Vicky replied with an evil grin. “Serves you right for stealing Lucy from me.”

“It wasn’t my fault,” Missy huffed. “She’s the one who climbed into my bed.”

“Now girls, can we talk about something else. Poor Sheena is nervous enough without the two of you stirring things up. One would think I raised you with no manners what so ever.”

Sheena blinked rapidly. “You’re all related?” she squeaked and cringed at how girly-girl she sounded.

“Unfortunately,” Vicky said dryly, meeting Sheena’s eyes in the rear view mirror. “A slut for a sister and a card reading kook for a grandmother. Is it any wonder I’m so maladjusted?”

Clapping a hand over her mouth, Sheena bit back laughter that bordered on hysteria. *I guess she is real.* She snuck another look at Vicky, this time noticing the thick, white makeup. “Doesn’t that stuff itch?”

Vicky grinned showing even white teeth. “It’s worth it to aggravate what’s her name back there. Granna we still going to Rictor’s?”

“Of course, evil child. If you ever listened to me you would know that.”

“We’re just waiting for our own reality show,” Missy offered when she realized Sheena was trying to hold back laughter. “It would be titled something like a kook, a beautiful woman and a *dead* person,” she added spitefully.

Sheen bent over laughing, her earlier reservation forgotten. She sat up, looked at Missy and started back laughing. “Thanks, I needed that,” she said breathlessly once she regained control. “I didn’t realize I was traveling with a comedy routine.”

“Aren’t surprises wonderful?” Ms. A asked impishly. “And look, we’re already at our destination.”

“The parking lot looks empty,” Missy complained. “How am I supposed to have any fun trying to pick up straight girls under their boyfriend’s eyes?”

“Sluterrella will you remember we’re here for a purpose. I can’t believe we shared the same womb.” Vicky took the key from the ignition and turned around to give her sister the evil eye.

“You did, Deaderrella, so suck it up.” Missy stuck out her tongue and crossed her eyes.

Ms. A let loose a dramatic sigh. “What’s a poor grandmama to do?”

“Drink?” Sheena suggested helpfully. “Rictor’s has discounts on margaritas until nine.”

“What are we waiting for then?” Missy perked up, smiling. “I’ll buy the first round as long as you lend me some money, Vic.”

“Troll,” Vicky replied and growled, barring her teeth. “You still owe me money from last time.”

“Shut up, both of you. You know damn well I’m paying. Now get your asses out of this car right now!”

“Yes ma’am,” said Vicky and Missy together and managed to look contrite.

Ms. A got out of the car, muttering under her breath about the mark of the devil. “Come on Sheena don’t be shy. We’re going to have fun,” she promised.

Sheena slid out of the car wondering how they could possibly have more fun than they had on the ride over. She quickened her pace to join the others who were halfway to the door. As soon as they walked through the door, Ms. A directed Missy to get a table for four, grabbed Vicky by the ear and pulled her off.

“Don’t worry about Vicky,” Missy said catching the look of concern on Sheena’s face. “Granna just went to perform some magic on the Deadone. I just hope she doesn’t use the toilet to wash that gunk off this time,” she added matter-of-factly.

“I’m not on Punked am I?” Sheena grinned while looking around for suspicious cameras and that goofy looking tall host.

Missy laughed and gave her name to the hostess. “No, but thanks for giving me an idea,” she said with a wink. “I like you. You’re a lot of fun.”

“I guess that was a compliment,” Sheena deadpanned. Her eyes narrowed when she spotted her boss and his skanky girlfriend. “I can’t believe they’re here,” she whispered. “How did she know that?”

“Who’s here?” Missy whispered back, looking around inquisitively with a big grin on her face.

“My boss and his aerobic girl friend.”

Missy’s eyes widened with interest. “Aerobic?”

“You don’t want to go there.” Sheena curled up her lip and snarled. “What I wouldn’t give to expose her little game.”

“Did you get us a table?” Ms. A bustled up to Missy and Sheena. She was ready for a drink after dealing with her recalcitrant granddaughter. It was a good thing her purse was big enough to hold a suitable outfit and all the other paraphernalia she had needed.

“Look around Granna, this place is practically empty. We can have our choice, but they won’t seat us until the whole party is present. Where’s the freak, I’m ready for a drink?”

“You? What about me?” Vicky grumbled, stepping up to stand behind Sheena and hide her extreme makeover.

Missy’s lip twitched, wanting to return her sister’s conspiratorial grin. “I’ll tell the hostess we’re ready,” she announced and quickly walked away with a big grin on her face. This was going to be a splendiferous evening, she thought.

Stepping closer to Anna, Sheena whispered, “My boss is here, just like you said he would be. He and that woman who’s going to ruin his life are at the table closest to the bar. We should sit near them.”

Ms. A dug around in her purse and pulled out her glasses. “Oh yes, I see them. You’re right, she is bad news.”

“What are we whispering about?” Vicky asked, sticking her head between them.

Sheena turned to answer and accidentally brushed Vicky’s cheek with her lips. Heat from Vicky’s skin infused her lips and spread through her body. She put a hand to her lip, surprised at how warm they felt. “Sorry,” she said, taking a step back. Checking her hand for white makeup,

she was surprised when it was clean. She looked from her hand to Vicky's face and her mouth dropped open. "But...but--" she stammered.

Vicky grinned and wiggled her dark brown eyebrows. "Surprise."

After rubbing her eyes, Sheena looked from Vicky to Missy. They were obviously fraternal twins, but that didn't explain why Vicky looked so much like Gar. "I'm in the Twilight Zone." Clicking her heels three times she chanted, "There's no place like home."

Resisting the urge to cover Sheena's mouth, Ann said kindly, "You're getting your shows mixed up, dear. That line only worked in hollyweird."

"I'm allowed," she retorted full of indignation. "You mixed up my brain somehow. I demand a reconfiguration."

Anna motioned to her youngest grandchild. "Vicky, plan B."

Vicky nodded, stepped up to Sheena and kissed her on the lips. A light went on in Sheena's mind as soon as their lips met. She couldn't explain it, but suddenly she was in heaven. The absence of fluffy, white clouds and people dressed in white robes didn't take away from the experience. In Vicky's arms, she felt draped with a security that was sure to last her at least ten more minutes. She snuggled closer, deepening the kiss and moaned when Vicky brought their hips into close contact.

"I think you've proven your point." Anna tapped her Vicky's wide shoulder while smiling reassuringly at the gawking patrons.

Sheena reluctantly removed her fingers from Vicky's thick dark brown hair. She couldn't believe how hard she was breathing. "Are we in Oz?"

"I'm wherever you are," Vicky replied, her blue eyes hazy with desire. She rested her cheek on Sheena's head and tried to regain her breath. "I've been waiting for you for a long time."

"How can that be? I'm strictly average, no sane woman would wait for me."

Vicky gave Sheena a hard kiss. "You think I'm sane?"

"No." Sheena uncrossed her eyes and sighed. "I won't even ask how you knew it was me you were waiting for." Her expression sobered. "I'm just glad you did." She pulled Vicky's lips back to hers.

"If you two would stop giving a free show, we can be seated," Missy said with a sly smile. "When we get home, I could make some tapes we could sell on the internet for big bucks."

"No way, Slut Puppy," Vicky growled and reluctantly stepped back from the temptation of Sheena's sweet, soft lips. Taking a deep breath, she reached for Sheena's hand. "Are you ready

to save the third musketeer?" she asked, pointing her head unobtrusively at Gar who was so wrapped up in the wiles of the Evil Witch of the East he hadn't noticed their arrival. "We really do need your help to get rid of Jennifer."

Sheena tilted her head to the side and scrunched up her nose. "Only if you answer me one thing. Are you a good witch or a bad witch?"

Vicky wiggled her tongue and winked. "I can be bad in a good way," she purred and smirked when she noticed Sheena's shiver. "Want to stay around and find out?"

She swallowed then nodded her head like a bobble doll while grinning crazily. "Just tell me what I have to do," she said panting.

"Come on girls, we need to get to work," Ms. A said, drawing their attention from one another. "First we rescue your brother then you can do all that other stuff. Thank God I had the forethought to soundproof your room."