

HERE COMES THE JUDGE

By Katherine Standell

CHAPTER 1:

It was the first time in weeks Helena had been called out on a civil matter. This time it was to a DD, a Domestic Disturbance; it seemed that she, a highly respected and specially qualified FBI Agent, was also on call and available to the local law enforcement for 'delicate female' related issues. It would appear that she was very popular when this sort of case came up. The usual excuse of a possible hostage negotiation was most often used but Agent Judge believed that the true reason for calling her was much simpler than that. Most of the Southern male's, especially law enforcement officers, were simply terrified by women with sharp tongues or shiny tears.

So here she was, again, in her baby, her personal vehicle, a black unmarked, *Hello I am the police*, 1996 Impala SS on her way to what she had been told was possibly a brutal Domestic Disturbance case. She really didn't mind the call; it gave her a chance to blow out the engine gunk in her big block. Now, she really loved the big black car and had restored it herself, replacing the 100k mile blown Impala engine with a more powerful 460 Ford Big Block. It was an older engine but it came from a car that had been totaled only a year after it had been made which was the late 1960's. She had chosen the Ford engine over a newer Chevy because it was the biggest stock engine ever produced and it could take up to 600 horsepower worth of abuse, and she liked that. With the exception of the leather interior and the triple coats of black Imron paint the entire car was her build, a project that had been three years in the making and had helped her through much of her recovery at home. Most of the parts including the body shell and the frame of her car came from a parts yard not far from her village and both were in near perfect condition. Most things stayed in good shape in the desert, and metal took forever to rot in the sun. Since she had rebuilt the car with the beautiful Chevy body, some GM parts and the incredible Ford engine she removed the badges from it and had new badges made, that read Fempala, these often caused inquiries at gas stations. Which in turn led to free beers at the local bars and long conversations about engines and power and all sorts of magical mechanical things, the bottom line was always whose car was faster. She never did accept the invitations to race and explained why with the flip of her wallet and a grin. That did not stop the friendships however and she still got the occasional invitation to

run on weekends or to watch some of the older cars get put through their paces on Daytona's famous race way. At the end of it all, most of the men and women were glad she had not accepted their offer of racing for pinks.

Today however, her baby was racing and it definitely wasn't at Daytona, it was down a filthy rock strewn back road in the country. It wasn't the rocks that really bother her. The Imron paint that coated her baby six times, five in black and once in a high gloss clear, was used on everything from Fighter Jets to the original Space Shuttles and nothing had damaged the paint, so a few rocks wouldn't harm it. No, what bothered her was the fact that it was going to be one of those famous, humid, Carolina days. Yep, one of those beautiful sunny days, when you could wring out your underwear two or three times in an hour after just standing outside in the humidity. So, of course, this was going to be a long standoff between the Law and the idiot. In other words, a huge waste of her time and she hated wasting her time.

Her car's police radio blared at her as she headed down the narrow, heat cracked, back roads of Lexington County, South Carolina. Her recessed blue and white lights flashing behind the black grill, she watched as other cars far ahead of her slowly moved over as they noticed her approach. Things here in the South always moved slowly and the old folks, oh yeah, they were slower than most things but that was fine. At least they were moving over. But there were always those few rolling rectums that made a point of pulling over at **their convenience**.

She always thought of herself as a nice, pleasant sort of person and tried to look for the rainbow behind the black cloud. So when she thought of the inconsiderate ass wipes that blocked the roads, she remembered that she had one of her favorite fantasies directly as a result of situations just like this.

*One day she would walk into the lobby of the FBI building downtown and would just make to her office only to be told that her baby, her Impala, had just been sent to the shop for maintenance. Oh, yeah she would be pissed off beyond all comprehension until a beautiful female mechanic showed up in a tight 'jump me' suit with the keys to her loaner. She would give her a sexy smile then point out to the FBI reserved parking lot where sitting neatly in her assigned slot was not her gorgeous low slung Impala, oh no, this was something that made her heart go pitter patter and her eyes tear up with emotion. There in HER SLOT, the one marked "Do not park here because Judge Hell will blow your shit up!" She discovered that for just a few hours her assigned vehicle would be a **Military Police Combat HUMMV** with blue bar, wench (no not the female kind), ram bars, cage, the whole works and it was her's... all her's, well at least for a few hours. She would walk around it slowly, shoving aside all the other Agents that were*

leaving huge puddles of drool on the asphalt around it. She would pop the hood and see a chromed out engine that had just been polished, with pipes coming out of the sides and up the rear doors to blow black exhaust smoke back on the drivers trailing in her dust. Looking at the keys, she noticed an alarm button and just for kicks she pressed it and a huge train diesel horn blasted out Mega tonnage of sound blowing out windows around the block. She was a happy camper- especially when she looked down at the rear wheels, or where they should have been, and saw...tank treads! These things could traverse any and all terrain so she could run over people who pissed her off. There would also be a brand new Mark 19 grenade launcher mounted in the turret to take care of impeding obstacles like tractors hauling chicken poop on state roads. It would be painted black and have the words 'Kiss my Ass, I'm the FBI' painted on the side doors and 'If you can read this I can shoot you!' painted on the rear hatch.' Just like the one she had lost in Iraq. Then she would walk up to it with tears in her eyes and give it a big ole wet kiss on the nose. The next thing she would see was herself rolling at high speed to an emergency, sirens blasting while the blue and white light bar was blinking angrily on the top of her vehicle. Suddenly there it was, a Battle Star Galactica size Buick, year, 1984, cruising down the middle of the road hogging both lanes and refusing to yield the right of way. She'd duck back down into the seat of her sweet ride and turn on the engage button, launching a grenade up the exhaust pipe of one 1984 Buick and KABOOM! She sat back laughing. Then she saw a couple of old farts doing 25 in a 55 zone while they drove an ancient Cadillac down the road. CRUNCH no more Grandma or Grandpa. Oh, now don't misunderstand; she had a great deal of respect for the elders, just not the ones behind the wheel of battle cruisers at 1000 hrs in the morning especially on the highway doing 35 in a 70 zone. There should be a mandatory "turn your damn license in" age for seniors and a test to pass to make sure that they are one of the "none driving" varieties. Because all senior citizens weren't pokey, her Grand Father still drove his hot rod on two wheels whenever taking a rolling turn, he should have turned his license in when he was 30 because he was just too damn dangerous even then.

The sweet dreamy smile disappeared from her face as she drove only to be replaced by an evil little devilish smile that most assuredly caused some of the drivers she had passed to take a second or, if possible, a third look. She often daydreamed like this when she was on her way to a nonsense call and calling the Senior FBI Agent in Charge of all of South Carolina to a DD was definitely a nonsense call.

As her siren blasted away, Agent Judge found herself stuck once again behind or large late model sedan which, again, refused to obey the law to yield the right of way by moving over. As usual, the driver had elected to roll, slowly, just

about down the middle of the narrow two lane road. As she got closer she was able to see that this was no oldster with grey hair but a younger person wearing a NY Mets ball cap, backwards. So apparently, some young snot had decided that he was having a bad day so he was going to be big and bad ass and piss off a cop, he had seen it done before so he thought he could get away with it and get a chuckle for his troubles. Well, she was MIGHTY sick of these dumb fucks and no one, especially some young, wet behind the ears, Mama's boy was going to slow her up for personal glory. Well, since he had decided to refuse to yield the right of way to an emergency vehicle she was now able to move on to her favorite tactics: One: turn up the volume on her sirens to 'loud enough to blow out idiots' few remaining brain cells', Two: blast the loudest siren you have, in this case the big 'WHOOOP WHOOPER' just for your own pleasure and to annoy the idiot in front of you, and Three; now this is the best part, key mike (which will sound like a gunshot to the idiot driving down the middle of the road) and explain in an incredibly loud and obnoxious voice; "I am a Federal Agent, I am not your Mama, your Daddy your local Deputy or State Trooper; and if I have to pull you over I have no intention of slapping your hand. I know that with your limited intelligence you could not see or hear me coming up behind you. But now that I am here YOU, Butt Head, are impeding a Federal Law officer in route to an incident of Federal interest. So, Ass Wipe, unless you would enjoy seeing what a FEDERAL citation looks like, one which will follow you throughout the US and into parts of some foreign countries, with a VERY LARGE FINE and guaranteed JAIL TIME, I would suggest that you move, your SORRY ASS, off the road...NOW! Damn it!" Then she sat back and watched the fun as the idiot in the vehicle jerked to the side. "Just like on the TV shows. Yeah, Bad Girl, Bad Girl what 'ya gonna do? What 'ya gonna do when I come for you?"

"It was always the same, they don't just slow down and ease to the side of the road... oh nooo, they always jerked the steering wheel." She told herself aloud, "This was usually accompanied with the slamming on of the brakes, which resulted in putting the sedan into a wild fish tail skid." She gritted her teeth as she watched the old sedan slip and slide on bald tires. "This usually resulted in the sedan almost going airborne and landing in the dirt embankment, or in the drainage ditch or in the mostly dirt and always debris covered repair lane." There was a loud 'CARUNCH', then the old car flew up into the air landing nose first in a ditch. "All of these scenarios which could and, usually would, result in a call for a tow truck." It was a nail or broken glass in the tires, wire and various other bits of trash in the engine manifold and at least one piece of an old eighteen wheel rubber tire up the car's wazoo. "Ah, the killing blow that usually put the old battleship out of commission, forever." Now in a normal situation she would feel some sort of guilt over this but not today. Today she had declared it, "**Be Unkind to Idiots**

Day”, she pushed her glasses back up on her nose and pressed the accelerator. Had the dumb bastard eased over when he had first heard her approach he could have had his choice of areas to park. But now, she shrugged her shoulders, oh well at least he was off the road. He jumped out of his car and watched with a slack jaw, as the big black Impala shot past him, its driver a mere flash of black leather and blacked out sunglasses in the darkly tinted window.

“Sometimes, it’s good to be the Queen.” Helena grumbled.

Taking the next exit she turned onto a state road and followed her Tomtom’s directions and the faithfully screaming sounds of sirens. Turning again she sent the Impala roaring down an even narrower, and beautifully shady pine tree lined, back street to another turn. It was really amazing how you could leave the congestion of a major metropolis like Columbia, the Capitol of South Carolina, and in less than 20 minutes you could be in pristine farm land. She looked at the area she was passing through quickly and saw first cotton fields -the huge fields of corn and grains, followed by low lying fields of strawberries. It was all so green. Slowly the crops faded and large, as well as small, homes that had probably been built anywhere from the late 1700’s to after the Civil War began to dot the country side. Most of the larger homes were in perfect conditions to include the tiny slave cabins that were now converted into storage buildings in the back. Huge fields that were once filled with cotton and tobacco were now converted to corn and wheat or alfalfa. When the wind touched the grains they shivered like the green waves on the ocean. This was the country that the Goddess had created and was being used as she had intended it to be used. Helena loved it.

It wasn’t very often that any huge law enforcement group or activity had to be called into the Heartland to handle some problem but every once in a while things would go wrong and in the farming community when they went wrong, they went terribly wrong.

In this wild land there were still wild turkey, quail, deer and even beaver. There was not a farmer in the South that did not hunt his land which meant almost every farm had at least one working gun. And these were the type of old fashion down to earth country folks who took care of their own business and expected the law to keep out. They had no trouble letting the law now how they felt about it either. Many a Deputy or State Trooper has a road, a bridge or a causeway named after him posthumously because he walked onto a farmers land, without asking first and straight into a feud. Getting himself killed believing his badge allowed him certain privileges, which it didn’t, in the country. He usually got himself filled with lead in the process of trying to bring things to a positive end.

Finally, she turning again she found herself on a hard red clay road, a county maintained cut out, the old cracked pavement disappeared with a sudden thunk and all was replaced by red clay and gravel. She knew from the clay that she was

almost there. Like most of these back woods roads it was usually cleared at least once a month to help it stay reasonably flat, unfortunately, this was not its time of month yet. But it really didn't matter much to her.

She knew how to drive these hard clay roads; she grew up in a place something like this and had cut her driving teeth learning her first bit of driving on a country road. When at the nubile age of 13 her Daddy had given her keys to the family's tractor and told her to go out and practice. He chuckled to her mother about how he was sure that the great big blue beast was something she couldn't destroy. But by the Goddess she had come close a few times, she grinned remembering the clay cliff wall she had tried to climb one sunny afternoon. She was still sure that there was a cave up in that wall and had promised herself that the next time she was home she would climb up that clay wall and check it out.

As her car tires hit the slick red clay, mixed with bits of rock and granite, to give drivers traction on rainy days, she knew better than to slow down. The first thing you learned about driving these kinda roads was that slowing down meant more jarring bumps and broken teeth than going fast. So she flew past shack after shack with the occasional beautifully restored plantation styled home complete with a tasteless cement black jockey in the yard and a pasture full of fine horses. These beautiful estates usually had Giant columns supporting the front porch, topped with curled tobacco leaves or cotton balls in full bloom, the life's blood of the South in the seventeen and eighteen hundreds. Their porches were often decorated with gorgeous and intricately woven wicker furniture complete with a love chair rocker for 2, a table and at least 2 chairs. The roof was usually covered with tin, red, black or green and there was always at least one huge chimney and 2 or 3 Giant trees around the yard. Most had privacy fences on at least one side of the property blocking the view up to 8 to 12 feet, sometimes more. Helena always found this funny, these fences were up because right next to this breath-taking, multimillion dollar estate was nearly always a Chicken farm or a rundown old stock yard or worse: a smelly pig farm. But most often it was a filthy old beat up trailer park. There were always at least 10 to 12 very happy and very dirty children playing in cut offs and t-shirts, running bare foot under a sprinkler in the rarely cut grass of the trailer park in the early morning Carolina sunshine.

Passing one more dusty dirt street she saw the peeling house number on a dilapidated shot up old mailbox and a front yard with very little grass that seemed to have grown a bumper crop of Sheriff and State Trooper cars. She gunned the engine as she turned off her Tom-Tom and figured that she had reached her destination.

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The sound of the big car drew the eyes of many gawking law officers who watched the long black sedan shoot from the clay road in the woods to first skid then slide sideways into a space just barely big enough beside the local Sheriff's New Personal unit. Everyone held their collective breath outside the tiny trailer that squatted in the junky yard as the big black Impala rocked to a standstill, its heavy chromed bumpers just inches from the fiber glass bumper of the Sheriff's beautiful, brand new, Crown Victoria. As the powerful car finally stopped rocking a great orange cloud seemed to magically puff up from the Impala's under carriage. Slowly and with all eyes watching it travelled up and over the Sheriff's beautiful metallic bronze car changing the color to a sickly orange, just before the black sedan's powerful V8 engine went silent. As the blue and white lights stopped spinning the heavy driver's door silently swung open. Now all eyes were wide as they focused on the car door and waited to see what kind of person had the nerve, the Giant balls, to paint the Sheriff's new car. They all took a step back expecting Clint Eastwood or the Rock to step out. But slowly, quietly, a shapely long leg covered in black denim slid out, the foot attached to that curvaceous leg was equally attractive and slender. Encased in a highly polished black leather boot with a thick three inch squared heel, it hit the ground and slowly twisted as it dug in. This first leg was soon followed by an equally long and beautifully shaped second leg and, as they straightened, the gawkers all began to notice that both of these extremely long legs were attached to a body that now stood in its entire glorious six foot, five inches (counting the boots). Her movements were smooth enough to give the impression of feline grace and power. Eyes began to bulge and young men began to swallow loud and hard as the baggy pants they had put on that morning suddenly became very tight and uncomfortable. They felt at their throats wondering if that last hard swallow had actually been their tongues. Older men just reached for their wedding bands and began to twist them mumbling something that sounded a lot like 'you're married remember, you're married'.

All the Law Officers there had heard of Police Women, there were some there now; and well, police women had even gotten their own television show. Topping that off, most of the men there had met, worked with or been partnered to a few police women. At the Sheriff's office every cop around had met Hazel; they knew she was on the force and considering her curves she was most certainly a woman. The Sheriff had even hired a female 9-1-1 operator named Clair who also worked the main desk. But, well, she looked great, but at 60 plus she was more like everyone's favorite Auntie or Mother than a sweet hot thing like this. Oh no, no, no, this was something totally hell and gone different. This was the type of woman they had all dreamed of; this was why most of them joined the force and most important of all this was the type of woman their Mama's warned them about.

Oh yeah, the type they had always wanted to meet once upon a long, long time ago. She was the embodiment of all the women they had ever dreamed of rescuing from some evil doer while bullets bounced off of their mighty police chests. ‘Fuckin A’ yeah they all wanted to be her hero, to hold her tight in their mighty arms, dry away her delicate tears and love away her horrible fears. Oh yes, she was all their dreams come true except for one little thing, they needed to see her eyes.

The woman appeared to be black, but not the rich coffee brown of most African American women; she was more like a warm cup of golden brown latte on a cold winter day. Her hair was long and flowed back past her shoulders in a graceful soft blue black cascade with loops and swirls. It dropped in beautiful large curls over her shoulders and down her back stopping only to tickle her slender waist. Her neck which was long and elegant was also powerful and tapered like a gazelle which suited her perfectly. She wore a long black duster, much like those worn by cowboys out on the plains but you could bet that no cowboy ever looked like that in a duster. Long lean muscles showed whenever the wind blew; it swept her hair back and off of her neck, pasting the soft leather against her firm body. As she turned her back to the wind the duster outlining a small waist and firm powerful thigh muscles. When she turned into it the duster opened like great wings to reveal, much to the delight of onlookers, her tight shirt and the swell of firm breasts, just the right size to fit into a man’s hands. Yes, she was a creature out of their dreams or at least what they could see of her was. The one thing missing, the only thing that they were still all waiting for was to see what was behind those dark wraparound sun glasses. What they could see of her face was beautiful, strong, high cheekbones and the smooth forehead of classic beauty; full lips with just a hint of a pout and enough natural color not to need lipstick. It was all there as if created just for the masculine eye to behold and they, as well as a few feminine eyes, were all beholdin’. But they still needed to see those mystery eyes to complete their own personal fantasy.

Some, men and women, who had never met this exotic creature, had already begun their fantasy of being with her, taking her to bed, having sex with her right there in their police cars, staring down into a pair of soft, brown doe like eyes. They all looked at her with goofy smiles on their faces. Every Deputy and every Trooper who had never met her unknowingly placed a hand over some part of his or her body either their heart or in the case of several of the younger men, his little brain, in anticipation of what was to follow. Ever so slowly, she reached up towards her dark glasses.

The Sheriff looked on knowing that all of them were about to have their little sexual fantasy bubbles burst, in about “Three, two, one and POW!” He grinned and watched as their tender little hearts and dirty little minds were thrown

into the meat grinder of lust. She turned and cocked a black winged eyebrow at them, staring with half closed lids through a pair of stormy golden orbs.

With a stunned gasp several of the men took a step back, the black deputies took two as they remembered somewhere in the past a relative telling them about such black folks with 'Dem light colored eyes'. They reached out blindly grabbing for their partners and pulling them behind, as they headed towards their cars murmuring about how their Mama or Daddy or some such relative had warned them about "dem black folks with dem funny colored eyes". *'You just don't mess with 'em; they can be downright hell nasty, mean and evil and if it's a woman turn and run. They is the worst of 'em. They can put the evil eye on ya and your thing will shrivel up and fall right off.'*

Once they reached the relative safety of their cars they would turn and stare back at the woman with a haunting look of desire and apprehension in their eyes. While their now equally well informed white deputy friends stood next to them their eyes bugged wide open, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, those officers that did not have the fortune to grow up black or around black children or those who were too pig headed to make friends with all the officers on the force, to include the black officers, were suddenly hit with a second dose from those burning golden daggers. And, just like the herd of gazelle being hunted by the lioness, there are always those one or two that stop to see what type of lioness is chasing them and become mesmerized by the huntress. Like the gazelle that were still a little slow to catch on the last two deputies finally got the news, when the message arrived loud and clear. Helena slid the length of her long leather duster back and made a show of taking out her weapon and checking the rather large Colt 1911a. Removing it from its shoulder holster she dropped the magazine tapped it on her thigh to make sure the rounds were against the back of the clip and glanced down the immaculate barrel. This done, she then slammed the magazine back up into the butt of the automatic. Then she looked up and made eye contact with each and every officer still stupid enough to return eye contact with her. *'Thus completes the lesson for today'*. The Sheriff thought with a snort. Oh, yes, they got the message loud and clear, they took several steps to the rear.

"If you can't run with the lioness don't come out on the plains." Helena whispered softly giving the still stunned law officers a wicked half grin.

Their Commander, Sheriff Tobias Thorton, was a blond haired Giant of a man, with his hair cut in a buzz cut that would have made a Marine proud, a thick cookie duster mustache just a bit darker than his hair sat neatly trimmed below a slightly crooked nose. Dark bronze skin from days spent outside working or fishing helped him deal with some of the heat. He had broad shoulders and huge football player proportions that made most criminals think twice about shooting him for fear of just making him angry. His thick neck, heavy arms and powerful

thighs gave the impression of a Sasquatch that had decided to shave and pretend to be human for a while. To men he could be the real god of thunder, but to most women, even bad ones, he was just a Giant teddy bear, sometimes a grumpy one, but a teddy bear none the less. He had watched the whole procedure with a frowning face and now moved purposely towards her. His large ham like fists were balled up and his Giant biceps swung back and forth making his fists appear to be two mighty sledge hammers. He stomped to a stop directly in front of Helena, his big meaty hands on his hips. As he looked down on the tall woman from his six foot seven inch height he reached towards her with one powerful hand. His deputies gasped in unison, many were now ducking behind the doors of their cars watching and waiting, expecting him to turn into a burning pillar of salt at any second. They were relieved when he wasn't, after years of working with him they all kinda liked their Commander. Plus none of them would want to spend the rest of the day, not to mention half the night, sweeping him up in a big ash can from the orange clay of the yard.

“Hey there Hell, how’s it goin’?” He asked in a rumbling loud voice as he gripped the woman’s soft leather gloved hand in a hard hand shake. Helena was not surprised at all, but he was, when he was given an equally rock hard hand shake in return. She simply smiled at him when he stared at her, stunned at the firmness of her grip, at which point he pulled her into a bear hug and slapped her on the back.

“Oh, fair to midland, Thor, how about you?” Helena replied after catching her breath.

“Bout the same, ya just had to paint ma new car didn’t ya?” he snickered. “Oh well it looks like I have a couple of slow Deputies that have just volunteered to wash it for me. He shrugged his shoulders after all it got dirty coming out here anyway.” He sighed looking up at the two still dumbfounded men standing with their mouths agape looking at Helena. “So, how’s your lady treating you?” he asked quietly or as quietly as an avalanche of a man can.

“She’s not; we kinda went our separate ways a couple of months ago. She couldn’t deal with my being a cop and being committed to a cop. And, well you know how it goes, the same old story, they claim to worry, they don’t know whether you are alive or dead, yadda, yadda, yadda. She said making a talking motion with her leather encased hand which made Thor chuckle. “So fuck it for now, maybe I am better off alone.” She replied.

“Well, I say if they love ya they’ll stick with you through all of that and if they don’t, well then maybe you’re better off without ‘em rookie.” Thor replied chucking her in the shoulder with one ham fist, kinda pleased with himself when her shoulder actually moved a bit.

“Who you calling rookie, rookie we graduated within days of each other.” Helena replied

“Yep, but if I recall you were days after me that makes you the rookie, rookie.” Thor laughed, poking a thick finger into the center of Helena’s chest.

She looked down at the finger then raised her eyes to meet his. He was grinning. There was a collective gasp from the crowd. Helena raised one ebony eyebrow and leaned forward bending Thor’s finger back as she continued to look into his now straining eyes. “Yeah, right, well we will continue this conversation later, blondie.” She said then punched him hard in the stomach forcing him to gasp, remove his hand and grab his soon to be bruised gut and step back to let her pass.

“Right. Now, what do we have here Thor?” Helena asked, back to business now as she returned her sunglasses to her eyes.

“Well, first glance says we have the basic DD.” He stated still rubbing his ribs. “Looks like a fight between common law couples. One of those ‘He said, she said,’ things; only she ain’t said a thing and his story just ain’t workin’ for ‘im. His neighbors tell me that he doesn’t have a woman stayin’ with ‘im, never has. Usually he’s just got some old hooker coming and going, mostly going and cussing him a lot.” Thor laughed as his vivid imagination pictured a nearly bald woman storming from the old trailer with one shoe on as she cussed him putting her teeth back in while carrying her wig and her other shoe under her arm.

Helena smiled at the comment. “Well then who’s he fighting with if he doesn’t have a ‘wife’ in there?” She turned to look at Thor to see if he had found out any more information.

“That is the number one question” Thor replied, “He keeps telling me that his ‘wife’, he made quotation marks in the air, “is pissed off at him because he wants to watch the game and all she wants to do is have sex. So there was some mutual slapping and cussin’ but they kissed and made up so it’s all good now. Problem is he won’t let us in to speak to her and he won’t let her out to speak to us. Now when we first got here we heard some slapping and cussing still going on but it was all from him, we also heard the sound of a woman screaming and a body hitting something like a wall or a table so we know there was a violent fight. Now the law in South Carolina says that we gotta talk to both parties to see that they are both alright before we leave the sight of a Domestic Disturbance; so we gotta see the woman and make sure she is okay. What if he really hurt her?” Thor asked worried. “We know she isn’t his wife but she may be some prostitute who is being held there against her will and until we find out what’s goin’ on we can’t leave and that bastard isn’t letting us in. Looks like it’s gonna be a long day.” Thor sighed.

Hearing a loud thump Thor turned again to look at the small house with the barred door and windows. “There he goes again beatin’ that poor woman.”

Helena turned to stare at the trailer then she began to visually roam the yard; her eyes, behind the glasses, were now glittering slits of gold.

The place was a pit of filth; it was full of trash, discarded beer cans, ropes, wire and car parts, not to mention the rusting chains attached to low hanging tree branches. The chains looked as if they had been used for purposes other than pulling engines and she thought of walking towards them, when she noticed the prerequisite pack of dirty flea bitten dogs defecating anywhere and everywhere that they found an open space. A pair of dogs were urinating on the exposed cinder block supports for the ancient trashy trailer while another pair were mating furiously near the garage with a few of the pack waiting their turn to breed with the willing female next. The trailer itself was an old creaky looking sway back thing that was probably built around the late 60's or very early 70's. It had at one time been painted a bright blue and white and had stood on eight black wheels which in turn were blocked from sight by rows of cinder blocks stacked four high. There may have even been a porch at one time judging from the pile of rotting wood sitting off to one side nearly buried in brush and trash. Now it looked like a tired old woman who had been neglected and unloved. Her paint had faded or simply peeled away to be replaced by rust and patched with cheap plywood. Her once beautiful cinderblock foundation had been dismantled one block at a time as they were sold off for beer money and her porch had simply rotted away. Both ends were now sagging towards the center and her roof was ready to cave in as she sat sadly on what was left of her tires, exhausted, she was ready to collapse at the first thought of a strong wind. Helena wondered what was keeping the old girl standing, each time the man inside moved the trailer swayed and groaned. She knew that it was more of a death trap than a home but that was not her problem, right now her problem was the woman inside that dilapidated old shack.

“Why didn't she scream? Helena mumbled to herself then turned and repeated the question to Thor. “We both heard her scream the last time, well why didn't she scream this time?” Agent Judge began to work on the answer while talking to herself aloud in a quiet voice. “Hum, could be because he either beat her unconscious, or he beat her to death.” Commander Thorton was use to her mumblings having worked with her for years now. He knew that this was one of her tools, something she used to work out all the ‘what if's’ and ‘could be's’ in a scenario and, so far, on all their cases it seemed to have worked. Helena once again checking her shoulder holster this time in earnest. She removed the deadly .45 caliber pistol from the holster, dropped the magazine into her palm and flipped it over so that she could see the tiny holes in the back. Clearly visible were the brass colored casing of the rounds in the magazine, showing her that it was full. She returned the clip to the butt, rammed it home then pulled back on the slide. With a solid ca-chink a round was chambered, she dropped the magazine into her

palm again, now she slipped the 45 back into the holster and while holding the magazine in one hand she reached into her the back pocket of her jeans and slipped out another .45 round putting one more round into the magazine. Sliding the .45 back out she slapped the magazine home and now had as many rounds in her weapon as it could carry. She cocked the hammer back and with a smile kissed the side of the weapon. The weapon had never failed her in all the years she had been using it and being the only one who performed maintenance on it she knew it was in perfect shape and should not fail her now. She adjusted the heavy weapon in her hand feeling it balance perfectly and smiled at the familiar weight. Holding the gun low she glanced out of the corner of one eye and nodded at Thor, she was ready to proceed and began to move towards the trailer. Thor on the other hand was not sure what Helena was doing, but he pulled his Glock 9mm and was determined to stay at her side, come hell or high water

Before Thor could ask what her plans were, they both heard the sound of a small 4 cylinder engine rumbling to life. The sound was coming from the back side of the trailer. Thor, his Glock carried low, to the side and pointed towards the ground, also started to move, their strides equal in length though Thor was still a good two inches taller than Helena in his flat shoes. As they got closer they heard the sound of flesh hitting flesh, a woman scream again, then the sound of a car door slamming. They both paused waiting to see what would happen next before proceeding. Thor turned to look at Helena but she continued to stare straight ahead as their walk turned into a run towards the house, she had now lifted her .45 and with the hammer cocked back she was ready to fire. They has run past the side of the trailer and around to the back where they had heard the car engine. They discovered a small shack there with an old wooden garage door slowly beginning to creep up. Noticing that the back door to the trailer was now open she wondered if the man that had been doing all the slapping was trying to flee the scene. Tempted to enter the trailer she was just about to turn and signal Thor when she heard a slight noise. Turning back around she found that she was staring at the door to the garage when just for a second she caught a glimpse of a face, for a second their eyes met, then in a second he was gone. Within heartbeats of the door closing they heard the sound of the small engine roaring again, followed by the garage door again grinding open. The driver was apparently too anxious to wait for the door and came crashing through the half raised rotted wood opening.

It was a small; slightly beat up, red Mazda sports car that shot out of the building. The little car dodged the haphazardly parked law enforcement units in the yard and was heading for the clay road. The Deputies and Troopers all stood there stunned at what had just happened. Helena however, had followed the action and responded immediately, trying to stop the car. The moment the door burst open and the nose of the small red car showed itself outside the garage she had

turned and running at an angle, was determined to meet the car on the road and stop it, by force if necessary. Seeing the driver crouched low in the seat now wearing a burgundy ball cap Helena believed it to be the same male, possibly the half of the DD, that she had seen at the back door. She also believed that he may have indeed killed the woman whom he had been keeping inside the trailer and who was now attempting to flee. That was something that just wasn't going to happen on her watch. She lifted her weapon and braced for a standing shot but she wanted him alive. In addition she had not seen him carrying a weapon so she would not be able to justify shooting him no matter how badly she wanted to squeeze one off. So she stepped aside raising her arms like a bull fighter and let the car pass her. It had come so close that the breeze from its tires had blown red clay dust up and dirtied her black boots; she looked down at her now dusty boots and concluded that this was indeed not a shooting threat...yet. Looking back up she watched as the car continued to fishtail then take a shaky turn right and rapidly disappear around a bend in the road. Turning, she raced back to her black sedan opening the passenger door, which was the one nearest to her, she slid across the long front seat and into the driver's seat; buckling in with her keys still in the ignition, she cranked up the powerful V8 engine and spun the back end of the car around. The wide Yokohama tires spun in the red dirt, first throwing loose clay and dust on the men that were too close to the butt of her sedan then spewed small rocks and dust onto the County and State cars as she headed off in pursuit.

“Damn! Damn! Damn! I hate chasing idiots!” She yelled as she pounded on the steering wheel of her beast. “ They know they've got no chance of getting away but they all gotta try, what shit heads.” Helena down shifted the powerful car into a lower gear and followed the tiny Miata as it whipped onto the highway and began to interact with early lunch hour traffic. Her sirens, still at full volume, screamed blasting the big WHOOP WHOOPER as she passed three sedans and a soccer Mom van. The poor harried woman behind the wheel of the van staring wide eyed at her as she flew by. The vans five small passengers, all dressed in tiny football pads, stopped fighting each other long enough to pump their small balled up fists up and down in a sign of encouragement, wanting her to go faster. As soon as she knew that she was clear of the van filled with little grit iron tikes she did just that. Stepping harder on the gas pedal she felt herself being thrown back into the seat of the big Impala as it leapt forward.

The chase had gone on for nearly five minutes now and the last maneuver had nearly cost her, she had almost run up the ass end of a double towed tractor trailer missing it by only inches. Her heart was now in her throat and she was angry, convinced that once she caught this butt head she was going to have the pleasure of beating the crap out of him if for no other reason than being the driver

who was almost responsible for damaging her baby, yep, that was reason enough in her book.

“Just you wait...” Helena growled, “I am gonna to beat the shit out of you just before I kill you, after I catch you and my car squashes that piece of crap little car you’re in into a soda can when she crushes it against a pine tree.” She pressed one slender foot down harder on the accelerator enjoying the fresh roar of the engine as the Impala once again sprang forward.

Realizing the threat to other drivers Helena prayed silently to the Goddess, *‘Just do us all a favor Mister, if yer’e gonna kill yourself don’t take anyone else with you.’* She watched as the driver of the small car once again whipped in between sedans and trucks traveling at an ungodly 115 miles an hour along the I-20. Accelerating again the engine in her more powerful car once more sprang forward, assuring her that she would be able to catch the smaller car with ease. As she gained on the red sportster she realized that the driver was becoming more frightened and more erratic, swerving off the road and onto the shoulder when making lane changes or coming too close to other cars when pulling back in. She decided that backing off on the gas might calm the driver some, then she would wait for a clearer section of road with fewer cars, once that space was reached it would not matter how close she came, it would only be her and the driver of the little tiny soon to be squashed Mazda, she thought. She didn’t want to throw the driver into a panic that may end in a multi car fatality but she didn’t want to lose him either. Gradually she gained on the red car she could see the bright blue and white lights flashing from the grill of her car and off of the sides and bumpers of other cars and this time there was no need to alert the slow movers to get out of the way, by the time they saw her she had already passed them.

Finally just passing exit 34, the road ahead was clear of traffic; reaching the edge of the red sportster she positioned herself at the driver’s side rear quarter panel. She had decided that the safest thing she could do at this point was to very gently and very carefully PIT the little tin can, forcing the smaller car onto the side of the road. This close to the car she knew she was going to get the chance to see the driver and she hoped it was the same man she had made eye contact with back at the trailer. She crept closer and was able to see strands of white blond hair hanging down from under the bill of the ball cap. Stunned she realized instantly that it wasn’t the same man, as a matter of fact it wasn’t a man at all; *‘It’s a woman! The damn driver’s a woman!’ Great that must be the wife and she is pissed off at Sugar Daddy and has decided to take it out on the road.’* Helena thought, as she slipped back in behind the smaller car. But somewhere in the back of her mind a small voice was telling her that this wasn’t a joy ride and this woman was no one’s hired whore. Remembering her glimpse of smooth skin and soft looking lips she had a feeling that all was not what it appeared to be. The thoughts

ran through her mind and she vetoed the PIT as she reached for her mic and switched on the megaphone. “Okay, that’s enough! Pull your damn car over to the right lady!” When the driver made no effort to move as directed, Helena keyed up her mike again, “I said to pull your car over, NOW!” She bellowed. Then without looking right or left the driver pressed harder on the gas and pulled away. The rear end of the small car seemed to dip closer to the road as if to grip it tighter as it attempted to gain distance. Helena slipped up closer behind the small car and tapped on the gas pedal hearing the powerful Ford V8 roar and felt the huge chrome bumper gently tap the back of the Miata. Helena saw the drivers cap fly off, her head jerk back and her long hair fall as what she considered a gentle reminder reached inside the car to tell the driver she meant business. But the driver only pressed harder on the accelerator. Helena considered returning to the PIT when only moment’s later; she saw oily black smoke spew from the exhaust and from under the hood as the little four cylinder engine blew. Within minutes the turn indicator came on and the driver pulled off at the next exit. Helena pulled up next to her making sure that the body of the big Impala blocked and protected both her and the driver of the smaller car. There had been occasions when officers and passengers of stopped cars had been struck by an inattentive rubbernecker, driving too close in an attempt to see what was going on. She opened her glove box and grabbed her note recorder which she slid into the breast pocket of her shirt and a pair of like new handcuffs which she slipped into her waist band. She was not in the habit of having to chase down and cuff offenders, usually that was a job for the ground pounders and roadies, but this was a ‘special case’ and a smile of satisfaction slid onto her lips. She slipped her wrap around glasses on over glittering golden eyes and headed towards the little car. As she approached the back end of the car, she removed one leather glove and, reaching out, pressed her hand on the rear quarter panel marking it with her handprint. This was done in the outside chance that the woman driver tried or succeeded in over powering or killing her then the print could be used to ID the car.

She reached the back window of the coupe, as she replaced her glove. Next, she tapped on the glass, within seconds she heard the sound of the window motor grinding. The driver’s window slide down and she grunted her approval, “Driver, please show me your hands.”

Small bloody fingers poked through the open window. Startled by the response, she found her hand closing around the grip of her .45 which had, until now, been resting in her shoulder holster. She retrieved the side arm and with one foot took a careful step back to give herself a stable platform to balance on. She glanced into the mirror on the driver’s side of the car really seeing the woman up close for the first time.

