

# The Nipple Factory

by JLNicky and Hunnybakedham

Disclaimers:

[JLNicky says](#) - Oh funny stuff here...protect your monitor from inadvertent sprays of drinks. Well we used some French AND Spanish in this...forgive us our sins for we know exactly what we do. We took liberties in translation. Read slowly to catch the underlying humor. Read fast to pass on the pregnancy TMI info EWWWWW! Hunny is a riot. Read her stuff.

[Hunnybakedham says](#) - Hooray for boobies and no, keyboards do not like the taste of Coca Cola.

## The Nipple Factory (part 1 of 3)

Major Sheila Patton strode through the warehouse passing between aisle upon aisle of assorted crates stamped with governmental symbols from the U.S. Army, Air Force, and Marines. Although she wore standard issue combat boots, she moved silently as she made her way to her office at the front of the warehouse. The equipment she passed ranged from clothing supplies and MRE's; meals ready to eat, all the way to crates of various weapons and ammo. Top security was required for her warehouse.

At six feet tall and sharply dressed in her fatigues, with her green ball cap tucked into the belt at her back, her military bearing was unmistakable. The crisply ironed outfit was formfitting and showed her athletic body to perfection. Her pant legs were bloused into the boots and she had rolled up her sleeves to the appropriate 2 inch-wide cuffs. Her raven colored hair was pulled back into a bun at the base of her head. She wore her sunglasses regardless of being inside, or out.

Carrying a clipboard of the detailed shipping documents from yesterday's cargo drop, she had already begun the processing in and sorting of the crates when her radio crackled with noise.

“Major, we ahhh seem to have a...a...a shipment that I can’t find the forms for.”

*He sounds scared. Good. It means that I don’t have to re-train him. Why do they keep sending me these half-trained Labradors? At least they are housebroken for the most part. I haven’t had one piss on the floor in a while. Anytime there is a problem, they call on me to fix it, then I get to chew ‘em out for being morons.*

*Some days, I just love my job.*

Hearing of another shipment's arrival, with potential problems, she noted her place on her current inspection and turned with tight precision to march over to the problem site. Never one to chitchat, or waste time, she had responded curtly and professionally with an abrupt “I am en route now, out!”

Her mind rambled with various chatter, full of complaints and petty details concerning her never-ending cataloging of information.

*I will never get through this endless mountain of forms that cross my desk. Every time someone wants anything from a roll of toilet paper to an F14 Tomcat, I have to slave through the damned forms from hell. Gotta love the military; we have forms for everything imaginable. You want a haircut; you got to fill in a C2635 in duplicate and a K13 in triplicate. You broke a Blackhawk Chopper and need a new one? You need to have an MS166 in quadruplicate, a DF7629 in quadruplicate and don’t forget the XJ188673, just for luck. Why hasn’t the DOD heard of email?*

Her sixteen years served in the armed forces had provided her with the top-most professional management skills training available in the world. When it came to problems, she was a full, take-charge frontal attack kind of soldier. But the military, only taught her the How-To’s of completing a mission, not the Why-For’s. And after sixteen years, she had begun to question the Why-For’s. Her career, although stellar, was beginning to frustrate the hell out of her.

She arrived at the scene of the delivery and noted it had been forklifted off the truck onto the compound. She practically growled at

the Master Sergeant as she ripped the tight band of saran at the top of the pallet and extracted a transmittal form. He stood at attention and avoided her gaze.

She looked the full pallet over, noting the 14 huge boxes were saran wrapped together. The transmittal she had in her hand, stated that the 14 boxes, were to be delivered to some other address. The particular address showing was right down the road. Sheila found it peculiar, knowing full well that place had been closed for over a year now. The contents of the crates were clearly stated on the bill of lading. Baby bottle attachments otherwise called 'replacement nipples' times 100,000 was listed.

*Do you think anyone would notice him missing? I could kill him in one of 27 different ways and stuff his remains into a crate and ship it to Kazakhstan to be opened at the FREEZING OF HELL! I wonder just what the hell is in..."*

Using her trusty Bowie knife, she sliced through the saran wrap, opened a box, and took out a handful of its contents.

"What the..."

She fought down an embarrassing blush and girded her mental loins, then thrust the handful of tan-colored rubber baby bottle nipples into the sergeant's face.

"Do these look like anything that would belong to THE U.S. MILITARY, SERGEANT?"

"Ahhh, no Ma'am."

"Then why the hell did you allow them to be unloaded? Do we look like a Babies-R-Us Store?"

"Ahh, no Ma'am."

"THEN WHY DO I HAVE 100,000 OF THESE," she raised her voice dramatically, waving the handful of nipples in his face, "TAKING UP SPACE! IN MY WAREHOUSE! SERGEANT?"

*I'll dismiss the idiot before he can answer idiotically and force me to kill him. I don't have time for a court martial. Damn it! Now, I have to fix this damn mess and get rid of those...those...Thingies. Maybe I can make someone wet themselves by the end of the day. Master Sergeant Moron, looks and acts like a good candidate.*

As she stalked toward her office, Sheila turned to move toward the other three men standing on the docking area. She loved the way everyone cleared out of the way, diving and skittering behind every possible defensive piece of equipment in the area.

*Maybe that rumor about shooting my assistant back in 83' is still roaming around. Lord, these men are wuss material from a dollar store. No wonder, I'm still a virgin and happy about it.*

Sitting at her desk, she grumbled and huffed until she took a few deep breaths to calm her temper. She dialed the company who had made the shipment to her dock.

"Babies 1st Nipple, this is Candy; how can I help you?" said the sickeningly saccharine voice on the other end of the line.

Sheila looked at the receiver in disdain. "Yes, this is Major Patton from the Fort Walton, Supply Depot. I seem to have received a shipment from your factory that was not ordered by us."

"Really? Can I ask what product you received?"

"Ahh well, no, you can't; suffice to say 'THEY' were not ordered."

"Well, Major Prutton, I can't really transfer you to the right department if I don't know what product you have."

"That's Major Patton, P-A-T-T-O-N and OK, fine, I received a shipment of baby bottle attachments. I would like this problem rectified ASAP, Ma'am." *You can't make me say the word. I WILL NOT, say the word. I can't help it; just thinking of the word makes me flush bright red and stutter like a 14 year-old boy with his daddy's porno mags.*

“Nipples? You were sent a shipment of nipples? This is the fourth time this week, someone received nipples that weren’t ordered. I will transfer you to our accounting department. They will straighten out this mess.” The line was suddenly ringing again on their end.

“Babies 1st Nipple, accounting department, Betty speaking!”

As she flexed her head left and right to hear a satisfying pop take place, Sheila restated the obvious. “Yes, ma’am. This is Major Patton from the Fort Walton, Supply Depot. I have received a shipment of baby bottle attachments from your factory that we did not order.”

*I am in hell. How the hell can you run a company like this? You need to shove an M80 up their Asses to get them to do anything.*

“Thank you for this information, Major Portal. What is your account number?”

Sheila rolled her eyes heavenward. *Please, Lord, strike me down and save me from this agony.*

“That’s Major Patton, P-A-T-T...oh forget it. I don’t have an account with your company. This shipment was received in error at our loading dock. Can I please speak to your shipping department?”

Betty said ‘certainly’, probably ecstatic at not to have to deal with the growling bear of a woman. The phone rang again in Sheila’s ear.

“Shipping, this is Davy, it’s your dime!” Sheila’s eyebrows rose into her hairline, as she listened to this smart-ass kid answer the phone.

“This is Major Patton from the Fort Walton, Supply Depot. I have received a shipment of baby bottle attachments from your factory that we did not order. I need to have these picked up right away.”

A hand abruptly covered the phone and Sheila listened to a muffled conversation.

“Charlie? Where the hell did you drop that pallet?”

“What? Shit!”

“The freakn order is from...yeah, I know...but they ordered the crap!”

“Some Major from the depot.”

“You should have just brought it back!”

“I’ll just transfer her to...yeah...she can deal with it!”

Sheila suddenly heard ringing again as she was transferred. The brief struggle to maintain her cursing out loud was for naught. As a vulgar phrase, something about sexual gratification with a donkey, she had learned in Saigon from a street hooker, rolled smoothly off her lips into the now pregnant pause at the other end of the telephone. Sheila winced as she heard deep breathing.

“Hello? I’m sorry to keep you waiting. This is Bobbi Dellicroix. How may I help you? Said a sexy, sultry voice, pouring through the phone line like a 12 year old whiskey. The hint of a French accent was noticeable as Sheila heard the name roll out fluently.

Sheila swallowed against the sudden dryness in her mouth and sat up straighter in her chair.

“Ahh, this is Major Patton from Fort Walton. We have a shipment here from your company that we did not order. I have been transferred to various people, none of whom seem to want to help me. I need this shipment gone and I want you to do it.”

“Did you speak with shipping; they are the ones who handle this sort of thing.”

“I did speak to shipping and they transferred me to you.”

“I’m sorry, Major Patton. I seem to be having some problems with my shipping department lately.” Sheila heard the phone move and a rustling along with a quickly spoken ‘*Merde*’.

Sheila listened to a low groan and then a thump and more cursing.

“Dammit all to hell! *Vache stupide!*” Deep out-of-breath breathing into the phone receiver had Sheila concerned.

“Ms. Dellicroix, are you all right? Is something wrong?”

“*Non, Pardon moi!* I mean pardon me! I am having a condition.” Her velvet voice rose in pitch with the explanation. The musical French trill was beautiful and yet filled with frustration, or anger. Sheila frowned and tried to understand. Shaking her head, she just pushed it aside to get back to the heart of the matter.

“What can we do to get this shipment returned? I cannot have a stray pallet sitting on the dock. Especially with ‘THESE’ things, content wise.”

Sheila didn’t want to mention that her retarded battalion personnel would consider the breast look-alike thingies as fair game for crude jokes and possible ammo to play with. She could just see it now. Stray baby bottle squirt gun covers. Ewwww! “Can one of your people come pick it up?”

The rousing French timbre asked Sheila to ‘*attente*’ as the phone was set down. The sound of a one-sided conversation took place as Sheila listened to the distant speaking.

“Davy, can *vous* schedule *une* pickup for *les militaries*. The package was delivered *inexactement*. Ummm, but...Davy. *Non?* But, I have asked you to do this. You must!” Sheila heard a pause, it was quiet and then, the phone was slammed down hard. Sheila winced.

“*Hommes! Une telle arrogance et stupidité!*” The French woman began an obviously angry tirade. Sheila didn’t understand much, but she knew that something was wrong. She heard the phone being jostled as it was picked up.

“My apologies Major. I am in a condition. My men are telling me *non*. The problem is unforgivable.” Her explanation was confusing and continued on with a few French terms that Sheila felt were possible curse words. As she listened to the broken tones of Ms. Dellicroix, she suddenly heard a snuffle.

“Ms. Dellicroix? Are you all right?” Sheila listened harder.

“Non! I am with condition and am not... *mon dieu*. My *docteur* is no here. I am not possible to work...” The voice trailed as Sheila listened in growing horror to the distant sounds of sobbing.

*I have served ops team leader at the AT Commando division Echo squadron, 8th Battalion, Infantry, an M-72 light anti-armor weapon (LAW) specialist for my hummer team, black belts in the study of Ju Jitsu, Akido, and Tae Kwan Do and yet...I can not handle a woman's tears. I never could; just ask any of my 11 sisters. Even through the phone line, it's making me sweat. Please make her stop.*

Panic ensued on Sheila's side of the phone. She jumped up with the receiver in her hand and began frantically pacing.

“Please Ms. Dellacroix, don't cry. Bobbi? Oh, my God. Please stop crying!”

The length of the cord reached it's maximum limit the minute as she reached the corner of her desk and jerked loose of it's connection. The phone went tumbling off the surface even as Sheila looked at the dangling, broken cord in her hand, both amazed and horrified at being disconnected.

*Holy crap! I hung up on her! Of all the stupid things to do! Of all the pond scum in the world, I am the scummiest, if that is even a word.*

Sheila stared blankly at the receiver in her hand before launching into action and plugging the phone line back into its socket. She replaced the receiver and picked it back up. Dialing the number of the factory listed on the invoice, she once again heard the voice from hell.

“Babies 1st Nipple, this is Candy; how can I help you?” The saccharine dripped off the tones with rolling waves of syrupy sickness.

Sheila began to worry that she would ever be connected to Bobbi again as she got transferred twice more before the phone rang over and over. Being patient with military stubbornness, she waited it out.

*I am beginning to think, that the whole company is a corporate conspiracy. You know one of those shell companies that are great ways to avoid taxes and legalities. This cannot be normal; even a civilian should know better. Poor Bobbi. No wonder she snapped.*

A sniffing voice finally picked up the line.

“Allo?” Bobbi’s now even more husky tones had Sheila shivering with instant goose bumps. She stood at attention, while listening to the phone not even realizing her actions.

“Major Sheila Patton, ma’am. I am so sorry for causing you any problems. I...” Sheila was at a loss. Her military, hard-ass attitude was put in check. An extremely rare occurrence in her life, she was suddenly stricken with the inability to think under duress.

“Non, non, Major Patton. It is my problem. I am, how do you say, most apology.” Bobbi sniffed again, causing Sheila to feel lower than a snake’s belly. “I have no idea what to do. You still have the shipment on ze pallet, yes?”

“I, Ahhhhhhh, Ummmmm... YES MA’AM, I do indeed have a full pallet load of your ummmm rubber bottle ‘Thingies’.”

“Major Patton, I would send a truck out to pick them up, but all my drivers are unavailable for the next few days, or so the shipping department is telling me. Is there any chance I could ummm...‘recruit’ you to bring my nipples back to me?”

*Sheila paused before she answered, her thoughts in turmoil. I wonder what she looks like? Crap, what the hell do I do now? Oh hell, I can feel my face burning away with a now constant blush. Why am I shaking, I didn’t shake in Iraq? Why do I feel all nervous? I survived HALO training with the TOP from hell and never broke a sweat. I even survived childhood, with 11 sisters and 3 brothers. My stomach is churning and I think I’m gonna puke. Why does she have to say that ‘N’ word like that? Soooo..... like they are her anatomical ‘Thingies’ we’re discussing.*

A voice saying 'allo' broke through her ridiculous musings and she stared at the phone blankly for a moment to remember what she was doing. Forgetting her anal tendency to be a perfectionist in uniform, she did something that was totally out of character. She played dumb and winced at how lame sounding it was, when it came out.

"I'm sorry? Must have a bad connection; could you repeat the question please?" Sheila asked, trying to sound as innocent as possible while she enjoyed the sound of the strange woman's compelling voice.

"Well, I was wondering if you would be so kind as to return my nipples to me? I don't have any drivers available in the next few days to pick ze nipples up and well, we are *L'usine de mamelon.*"

*Mammal what?* Sheila listened fascinated at the French words, but frowned with the conflict. She had a pallet load of 'Thingies' that are useless and taking up space in her warehouse. She decided to bite the bullet and take them over herself.

"I do believe that can be arranged ma'am. I will have that delivery arriving by..." Sheila checked her diving watch and calculated the driving time. She could skip lunch and take them over to the factory. It was only one town over off the highway. "...1500 hours at the latest, ma'am." Sheila hung up the phone after listening to a delighted laugh that made her skin tingle.

She grabbed a nearby forklift and drove it out to the loading dock to grab the pallet and load it onto a nearby 5-ton truck. She snickered at the lone pallet, sitting in the back of the huge Army vehicle. If her commander ever got the balls to say anything to her about it, she just might get into trouble. Sheila rolled her eyes at the thought of her commander and his pansy ass.

*I wonder if he still lives with his Momma? He stutters and can't even eat without dropping it all over his uniform and he is always spilling coffee on himself. But then again, it may have something to do with his little conversation with Lucy, my trusty Bowie knife. I'm a good soldier and respect my superiors, but he is not my superior in any way, shape, or form. He only got his commission because his*

*Momma works at the Pentagon and has more stars than Orion. He decided to throw his weight around causing problems that I had to fix, so Lucy and I set down the laws in no uncertain terms. Besides, I wear the pants in this man's army.*

By 1200 hours, she was on the road. A swiftly created D4 298-4c form had been printed up and the delivery itinerary was a valid drop. Of course, the Major was not usually the driver, but...she had made some concessions on this one. The D4 298-4c had 'TOP Secret', printed on it's cover sheet. Sheila carried her handgun and her assault rifle, as only TOP Secret clearance allowed. She wanted it to look official, after all.

*Besides, no one is gonna mess with a TOP secret delivery.*

Arriving at the warehouse, she wondered at the six delivery trucks still parked in front of the five available delivery bays. She shrugged and professionally backed the 5-ton up to the unloading dock honking the big truck's horn. Five minutes later, another short blast of the horn and five minutes after that, she added a longer blast as she continued to watch for the delivery warehouse door to open. She watched at least for someone to arrive outside via the fire door nearby. Sheila sat in the silence for the whole ten minutes. No movement and no personnel had responded to her arrival. She decided some reconnaissance was in order.

Before leaving the cab of her truck, she slung the M-16 over her shoulder and quickly checked the safety on her two weapons. The small snap clip of her bowie knife was secured as well. She jumped down from the cab and walked over to the fire door.

A test of the doorknob and she was easily pulling the door open. Her concern at the security risk had her quirking an eyebrow and frowning. She moved into the short hallway of the warehouse and mentally cataloged the three nearby small offices full of high-end computer equipment as empty and unsecured, their doors standing wide open. She wondered at the company ethics as she neared the larger warehouse environment.

Before she entered the warehouse through the swinging double door, she heard the sound of a boom box, that was blaring out a rap song, coming from the areas interior.

*You call that music?? That should be governed by the Geneva Convention and possibly listed as cruel and unusual punishment. We coulda won WWII, without dropping the Fatboy, with that crap. Maybe I should suggest it to Colonel Bryant; he's always looking for new methods to torture his SEALS with in training.*

She quietly pushed open the swinging door of the warehouse and took a swift glance around the large room. Her eyes narrowed into slits of anger.

Three men sat playing cards at one table over on the south end. Just next to the warehouse door, where her truck was sitting on the other side. They were smoking cigarettes and drinking beer. Another man was sleeping in a hammock that was strung up and connected between two huge tire racks. The racks filled with tires, were obviously available for the delivery trucks that she'd noticed, while sitting outside. Another man was reading a magazine of some sort over at a circular station, which housed the security monitors for the other 4 bays. She watched as he opened up a fold out and turned the magazine so it was vertical, whistling at the displayed picture.

Sheila recognized slackers when she saw them and grew full of anger.

*I HATE slackers! Waste of space and perfectly good oxygen. These guys are walking, talking billboards for conscription and compulsory national service.*

Sheila took one more minute to strategize, and then she unholstered her pistol and shot the boom box dead.

*Oh yeah! That felt goooooood. This is going to feel even better. Time to go to work Lucy. Is it wrong that my favorite person is a Bowie knife? Lucy, we got some 'splaining to do!*

The sudden quiet in the hangar had no effect on her as she moved swiftly over to the hammock and dumped out the dazed and rocking form that was halfway, sitting up. She turned just as quickly and flung her Bowie through the air toward the 3 men sitting at the card table. A solid 'thunk' of embedded blade had one man taking the Lord's name in vain as the three men sat staring at Lucy sticking out of the nearby warehouse door button.

The warehouse door began to rise with the Bowie commanding it to open.

Sheila shook her head at the man who had dropped the magazine.

"Don't make me do anything to Ms. February. That would be a hell of a waste."

The man swiftly put his hands in the air in surrender.

Sheila kicked the stunned man on the floor and told him to get his worthless butt over by the other three. She motioned for the magazine man to move over there too. Her handgun had been re-holstered, but the men were clearly aware of the open flap dangling freely at her side.

She moved over toward the group of men and fearlessly walked between them all to jerk the embedded Bowie out of the now cracked button. Each one of the men stepped back a pace, as she headed toward them with Lucy in her hand.

"I am Major Patton. And I am seriously troubled by what I have experienced today. I have never seen such complete incompetence, and that in itself is incredible. You boys are all in serious trouble now."

She started to hear a pathetic whining from one of the card playing men, as well as an excuse-filled entreaty from magazine man, but it was instantly silenced as she lifted Lucy and began to clean her fingernails. Her steel blue eyes focused in on each man standing before her and held him accountable for all of his transgressions, either real, or imagined. It was a trick she had learned in the

academy, when she took 'Intimidating The Peon 101', a very interesting class to say the least. Luckily, she'd made someone cry during her final and had passed the course with 100%. Thank goodness her course instructor had been a wimp.

Sheila swiftly sent the two individuals that were the farthest away from her to get a forklift and unload the pallet. They turned and ran, flying into action to escape her. She regarded them for a few extra moments noting which direction one of them headed to retrieve the forklift and how the other quickly started to lower the manual tailgate on the huge truck.

She turned back to Mr. Napthedayaway and told him to go get some fresh coffee made and bring the pot in, putting it on round table. She pointed to the circular desk, knowing it was the hub of the warehouse. He raced off swiftly into another bay.

The last two remaining men trembled as she regarded them carefully.

"Who is the paper guy?" She calmly inquired. Mr. Magazine, sensing a weakness, tried for bravado.

"How do you know that it wasn't one of those three guys?" Sheila had her answer and noticed the silent man relax. Sheila looked over, met his silence and nudged her head toward the two men that were now starting to unload the pallet. He turned to help them instantly.

Mr. Magazine frowned at her response and shivered as her ice-cold eyes turned back to him. Sheila had instantly recognized the voice as the one belonging to Davy, the shipping department phone voice she'd heard earlier. Ole' Davy, was doomed to die an early death.

"Well, that was easy!" She commented stepping forward slightly to be closer to Davy boy. He looked at her, his frown deepening.

"What was easy?" he grumbled. She chuckled as she watched his confusion grow. Deciding that she would rather finish this portion of the Major Patton indoctrination quickly, she answered his question.

“The analysis of your operation here can be broken down quickly. Sleeping beauty was the youngest of the group. The card sharks who are numbers, 1 and 2, were speaking Spanish together, but neither, spoke English very well, which left card shark number 3 and you!” Sheila poked him in the chest as she moved in, so that they were standing toe to toe. It helped that she was three inches taller than him, 40 pounds heavier in sheer muscle and was carrying loaded weapons and also, the one other fact that he suddenly realized, she didn’t really need weapons. The look on her face alone was enough to have him clenching his ass cheeks and hoping the worst didn’t happen.

“Since card shark number 3 had the brains to figure out when to keep quiet, I figured that he was not the talker here. That narrows it down to only one conclusion.” Sheila flipped out Lucy and twirled it gracefully between their bodies. His eyes opened wide as he noted how close the razor sharp blade was flashing in front of his fly.

“You are the paper guy for this company and I want to see the papers.” His eyes, which were glued to the flashing blade, never moved as he mumbled a reply.

“Which papers?”

The blade stopped, pointing in the wrong direction for Davy. His gaze rose quickly to meet hers as the sweat began beading on his forehead. She grinned a feral grin. He swallowed.

“All of them, Davy boy...all of them.” Davy didn’t even struggle to figure out how she knew his name. He was feeling an inner panic grow at the thought of someone actually going through his shipment paperwork. He thought of the serious gaps involved in his last two months of paperwork. He braved the intensity of her gaze and the direction of Lucy and blustered denial with his response.

“You can’t see my paperwork. That’s private company business! It’s against policy.”

Sheila gave him credit for a few moments of bravery, right up until he whimpered at the small tip of the Bowie knife poking him under the

chin. She invaded his space and bumped her ball cap rim against his forehead.

“I do not think that you’re in any position to resist my authority here, Slacker. Get your lazy ass over to that desk and start running some reports from that computer, ASAP. Don’t make me bring Ms. Dellacroix, the policy maker, down here to prove just how wrong you actually are.

*Oh shit, shit, shit, I’m a dead man. I think I’m gonna wet myself. Oh God, I haven’t done that since the 9th grade,* poor Davy thought to himself. The guys over at the dock studiously stopped working and stared. Their thoughts displayed by the drool at the corners of their mouths.

*¡Ululación una qué mujer, tan resistente, tan macho! ¿Dónde puedo conseguir uno?* thought Fernando from the forklift. His upbringing in a small Mexican town of ‘Guapo Ass’ kicked in. He mentally tried to translate his Spanish to English to ask the guys later. ‘Wow! What a woman. Where can I buy one?’

Juan was in awe of her knife skills. *¿Ella realmente lanzó ese cuchillo?? Ella es quizá hermana de Rambo. ‘Did she really throw that knife? Is she Rambo’s sister?’*

The pricking needle of the sharp object beneath Davy’s chin disappeared, along with his last remaining speck of courage and dignity. He caved like the proverbial loser he really was. She nudged him toward the counter and he practically jumped into the console to start bringing up reports. Ben, the youngster of the group, returned and set up a coffee pot; the strong aroma of java quickly permeated the area.

The three guys unloading the pallet made short work of it and tentatively came back into the area.

“*Senorita*, the box. *Se hace!* It es done.” Sheila looked over at the three men.

“Name?” she quirked a sharp eyebrow upward with the command.

“Fernando.”

“Juan”

“Charlie,” Mr. Silence stated clearly as her gaze fell on him after scanning through the three men.

“Fernando, you and Juan are on loading detail. Charlie, you’re deliveryman as of this moment. You and Ben will ride together to complete the shipments. Sheila looked everyone over and turned to Davy. “You’re in charge of getting this mess cleaned up and getting back to running a shipping department. I will be here until it’s done right.” She stated calmly, watching Davy pale at the Bowie knife that flashed out and began twirling again. He nodded and bent to the task of creating reports again.

Sheila tossed Charlie the keys to her 5-ton and ordered him to move it into a shady spot.

“Load up a delivery for today. You still have...” she glanced at her watch, surprised she had only been in the area for thirty minutes, “...three hours of day shift to cover. I expect delivery to start in less than an hour. Davy will give you the pick list, so you can begin loading the trucks.” She abruptly turned away and headed toward the other four empty warehouse bays that were down the far hallway.

As she marched through the four warehouses and followed the hall, she heard the sound of a huge industrial fan. She stopped at a sliding metal doorway as she eyed the brick walls to both sides. The warmth from inside was floating in the air. She didn’t have to assume that this was the factory where the ‘thingies’ were in production as she stood before two doors reading multiple cautions and warning signs for entrance. The entrance beyond was sterile. Nylon booties must be worn. Sheila read a few of the signs before she reached over and slid the door open a few feet, entered, then pushed it back closed. A highly ludicrous safety committee had bombarded the entryway with way too much additional information. Posted warning signs and safety posters splattered the walls and plastic drapes cutting off the production floor from where she stood. Material Safety

Data Sheet's (MSDS's) for many products used on the floor were tacked onto the corkboards to both left and right of the entry. Small wooden cube shelves were available to leave your belongings in. Watches, ball caps, jewelry were just a few of the items listed to be removed. Masks were provided to be used for the presence of chemicals and fumes that might lurk in the air, although 60,000btu fans were cycling air throughout. Everyone was ordered to follow Operational Safety and health guidelines while moving about on the floor.

Sheila looked in through the plastic drapes to see a well-lit factory area with visible employees wearing ear protection, facemasks, gloves, and nylon pink booties. She swiftly grabbed the ear protectors placed inside some cubed storage boxes to the left of the door. A nearby dispenser gave her a thin looking surgical mask to wear. The heat floating in the air had breathing behind a mask twice as hard. The sweat on her face soaked the small cloth in seconds. The pink booties barely stretched over her combat boots.

A distant memory of an episode of Laverne and Shirley tickled her thoughts as she eyed the conveyor belts moving haphazardly around the room. *Shameel, shamazal, pot in rep in corperated!*

Looking for the main exit on the other side she walked through the factory, slowly, taking a good look at the process. She winced in commiseration as she watched tray after molding tray of baby bottle nipples float along a trolley into a heating area spraying sterilization chemicals over them. The comparison of bottle nipple to breast nipple was too surreal. Watching for a moment she absently rubbed her palm down her chest to verify that the appendages were still present. She followed the heated trays coming out the other side and watched as the rubber tipped pert cups were moved along jiggling as they hardened in the cooler air outside the heat oven.

Absurdly, Sheila caught herself whistling the Jello Theme song. Watch it wiggle; see it jiggle...Jello mound gelitan. She shivered at the obvious destructive thoughts of her beloved jello and looked away from the passing trays.

As she moved she read the signs. 'Warning! CRANE CROSSING.' An amber light circled around warning of automated factory equipment moving from one end of a conveyer line to another. 'DO NOT TURN VALVE OVER 90 degrees' said a sign, hand written in black indelible ink up the slope of a pipe. 'STOP, DROP, ROLL,' was the instructions for putting out a fire on your person.

Sheila rounded a mess of metal that was cranking out tray after tray of substance and found herself near some not so automated employees. The three women running the cooking factory line were absorbed in their tasks of inspection and seemed unaware of her presence. The plant air system drowned out any noise her combat boots would ever dare to make.

Sheila watched on the far side of the conveyor belt, as globs of rubber substance in batch groups of 100 were spooed out onto cooking sheets. She watched the trays move down the trolley as the inverted molds formed the specific shape. It was truly ingenious and fascinating to watch. The women checked each tray and marked off the numbers from the tray corner as they inspected and made notes.

Sheila narrowed her eyes but could see nothing directly amiss. She moved on toward the exit. She had a mission to accomplish.

Seeing a doublewide doorway along the far eastern wall, she headed onward, and exited the huge space to enter the office area. Stripping off the booties and mask she readjusted her guns and belt. As she strode down this obvious office hallway she ignored the voices she heard within the small rooms. She moved with confidence until she reached the end of the hallway. Trying to decide if she wanted to turn left or right, she hesitated. Looking behind her, she caught four heads peeking out of their office doorways to watch her. She unsnapped Lucy's sheath causing all four heads to disappear simultaneously. She smiled. Well, she bared her teeth anyway.

*God, I love this knife!*

*Is there anyone in this god-forsaken place that does ANY work? It needs some serious discipline and I am just the Major to do it. I will*

*have this place running shipshape, even if I have to maim, kill, or torture every last one of them.*

Sheila felt a slight urge to turn left and simply followed her instincts. She marched down the smaller hallway until she came into an empty secretarial office. The mahogany wood of the desk and fresh, crisp, computer cover currently protecting the monitor, conveyed a sense of a position that was not currently filled. The empty feeling of the position was abundantly clear. Sheila cocked her head as she heard a noise coming from behind the office doors further along the hallway.

She moved to the door and hesitated. Her gun swung off her shoulder and she frowned when it tapped the door.

“Who’s there? What do you want? Please go away!!!” A rich voice stated all in one rush of breath. Whoever it was sounded stressed and tired, along with scared. Sheila turned the knob after recognizing the tone of voice from the phone.

“Ms. Dellicroix? Bobbi? Is that you? It’s Major Patton from the Fort Walton warehouse.”

She pulled the door open and looked for the owner of the voice that gave her goose bumps. She frowned, when she didn’t immediately find the occupant.

She moved into the entryway and was immediately surprised by the inner recesses of the office. It was not an office. It was a loft. Instead of business furniture, there was the equivalent of an apartment room with a vaulted ceiling, multiple spinning lighting fans running down the center of the ceiling, art and photos adorning the stucco walls and the complete arena of living room/ bedroom furniture placed strategically throughout the large one-room living space. A flushing noise from a smaller door across the room had Sheila’s eyebrows arching into her hairline. *Two room*, she mentally corrected herself.

As she continued her curious perusal around the home, her frown turned into a scowl. The bed was not made and pillows of all sizes

were strewn at the head and foot of the strangely low-leveled mattress. The brass headboard seemed to be detached and tilted, leaning against the wall. She noted a small kitchenette area in the far left corner and wondered at the immense pile of dishes in the sink.

The couch of the living room was a curving piece of solid maroon matching one of the decorative pictures of what seemed to be a overly bright large Norman Rockwell portrait of the Rosie the Riveter cover from Saturday Evening Post that rested above the small portable fire place. Both ends of a Maroon colored couch were covered in stacks of draped clothes. The coffee table nearby was obscured by stack upon stack of all kinds of paperback and hardbound books piled dangerously high and leaning on one another.

Sheila heard a low moan from the partially opened bathroom door. Her frown deepened, as she wondered if Ms. Dellicroix needed rescuing. Before she could take a step closer a woman emerged from the small doorway.

Sheila immediately noticed two things. One, the woman was small in height with a mass of bright red hair hanging down all over her head. Two, she had the biggest pregnant belly sticking out from her that Sheila had ever witnessed. Instantly thinking back, she realized she had never really seen a pregnant woman up close. Without hesitation, she stripped the side arm off her belt and flung the M-16 off her shoulder to stow them at the foot of a nearby hat rack. She turned to face the little woman again and found herself colliding with the most beautiful green eyes. Their long sweeping lashes and deepest emerald held her gaze. She would have stood there forever if she hadn't noticed the wincing of the woman's facial features as a pain struck her.

Sheila's eyes widened in panic and she took a quick ten steps over to help the pregnant woman into a chair.

"Are you supposed to be up? What do you need? Can I call a doctor for you?" Sheila pushed out one question after another. The green eyes looked up at her and blinked.

*I will not panic. I will not panic. I can fix this, I can fix anything.*

“You do not work here! Who are you?” Sheila recognized the French accent immediately and shivered in reaction to the sultry sounds. She would have swallowed her gum if she had been chewing any.

**JLNicky says** - This part is tricky. Needless to say...you read and I'll listen to your laughter.

**Hunnybakedham says** - Hooray for boobies and no, keyboards do not like the taste of Coca Cola.

## The Nipple Factory (part 2 of 3)

Sheila knelt down to better meet the green-eyed siren. That emerald gaze looked back at her with anger and a touch of fright.

“Ms. Dellicroix, my name is Sheila Patton. I came to deliv...” Sheila hesitated on speaking the word for fear other things might happen...”drop off your...baby bottle things back to you, like you had asked me too.”

She winced as Bobbi grimaced and then groaned loudly clutching at her ribs. The pain filled gaze was suddenly hidden as Bobbi closed her eyes in agony.

“Must...lie...down.” Bobbi gritted out her distress.

Sheila quickly reached over and carefully twisted the small handle at the base of the reclining chair and lowered the woman backwards into a fully horizontal position.

Bobbi moaned out at her instant temporary relief. The back pain slowly subsided as she lay in the recliner. She remembered the intruder and turned her head to take a look at the Major Patton woman. As she looked over the BDU dressed military figure she raised her eyes and clashed with the brightest blue she had ever seen. *Mon Dieu! She is beautiful.*

Sheila suddenly felt her world tilt as she stared down at the short woman's seductive expression. *Lord! Look at those eyes, those lips...she's gorgeous!*

Sheila was totally captivated by the unique dynamo of a woman in front of her. She trembled at the thought of losing her butch rep if she got caught drooling. Catching some of her suddenly stolen breath, she managed to ask if Bobbi was all right?

"Non! Can you not see? I am in condition and it ez full of ze pain. I am non able to sit. It is ze babie's." Bobbi expressed her frustration. Sheila was entranced at the accent and almost did not understand the statement, while she absorbed the beautiful 'whining'. Looking around the apartment to find some pillows, or something to further ease the discomfort Bobbi was facing she saw, fully, the disaster of an apartment. She knew Bobbi was in trouble.

"When are you due?" Sheila asked, gasping as her hand was suddenly clutched by the swollen woman and squeezed. Sheila's eyes grew wide and frightened as she noticed the other free hand of the woman waving three digits at her.

"Trois...trios semaines. Three weeks of this must see me in ze bed. Merde! Le docteur is an evil one and must be mort. Can you do that for...?" Bobbi moaned and clutched her stomach, interrupted from saying 'moi'.

Sheila, feeling the beginning strain of hyperventilation striking down, saw no other options as she released the small woman's hands and walked over to where she had noticed a phone residing.

Picking up the receiver she quickly punched in 10 digits and spoke into the receiver.

"This is Blade calling in Code 4, I repeat...Code 4. Tell The Boss to hurry."

Sheila hung up the phone, barely noticing the sound of the female voice on the other end, gasping in surprise. Sheila clicked on a

metallic device that looked suspiciously like a watch. It began to blink, meaning that her special issue locator beacon was activated.

She walked to the small figure and sat down, clasping the hand of the woman and began the wait for the Cavalry to arrive.

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A series of events were set in motion from the instant the call was received. Captain Hillary Buchanan gasped, as she heard the click of the receiver going dead. Her mind was in shock for all of half a second as she recovered from the coded message. Then she jerked herself out of the stupor and began to relay the message to the proper authorities, namely her other ten sisters and three brothers, along with their mother. Hillary's position as FBI director of the bureau's Houston office, allowed her to use certain resources that were available for emergencies. She employed them now. Her dancing hands typed encrypted messages out over the Internet and addressed messages to two of her siblings; who would in turn contact other siblings, setting off the 'Patton Family Emergency Phone Tree'. Her mother was altogether an easy contact to arrange.

Hillary picked up the red phone that she had installed at her office right after she had been promoted and waited for that voice to pick up.

"This had better be good. The history channel is replaying Jacques Cousteau's 'The Silent World'."

"It's good mom; believe me, its good. Blade just called in a Code 4. I repeat...Blade just called in a Code 4."

Hillary heard a clunk on the other end of the telephone as the receiver was set down hastily. She continued to listen to slight scuffling for a few minutes and then her mother's voice came back on the line.

With military precision she went down a mental list of the information she wanted Hillary to relay.

“Where is she? Who is she with? How long do I have? I’m ready to leave, have a car sent here for me to go to the airport immediately.

Hillary noted the commands and immediately buzzed her secretary. She could just picture her mother standing with her giant handbag full of gizmo’s already waiting at the door.

“I’m sending your car immediately. I’ve scheduled a direct flight down to Florida and a driver will be waiting. You will meet with Greenback, Klingon, and Spook. The trio Razorback, Warthog and Wildboar are hooking up with Wingnut and flying over shortly. I’m just getting info from Wesson that the signal has been locked onto. She will meet up with me and we will fly over. Cain and Abel are going to arrive late as usual. Squid, is out to sea and Piglet, is currently on an undercover assignment. Animal is still in Africa on that Zoological conference. Three short, but the rest should all converge within 24 hours.”

Hillary quickly motioned to her entering secretary to take the hastily scrawled message from her hand, while she still listened into the phone. “I don’t know, ma’am.” Hillary answered her mother’s questions even as she jotted down more notes. She shooed away the already nodding secretary, who was leaving to make the flight arrangements and car rentals.

She heard the ding of having received email, even as she replaced the red handled phone receiver.

Her sister Lieutenant Amy Winger, code name Wingnut had replied immediately and confirmed she was en route from her post at San Antonio in Kelly AFB where she served as a helicopter pilot, flying the Apache Helicopters for the USAF. She noted the included stop to pick up Razorback, Warthog, and Wildboar on Amy’s itinerary.

*Code 4, wow. What the hell is Sheila up to?* Hillary also code name Smith to match her twin sister Wesson, pulled out an old black book from her smallest desk drawer. It was an address book for her family members. She scrolled all the way to the back of the book and rechecked the Codes once more.

1. Code 1 - Come Home

2. Code 2 - Medical emergency
3. Code 3 - Wedding announcement
4. Code 4 - Birth Imminent
5. Code 5 - Potential Date Interrogation/ Background Check required
6. Code 6 - Babysitter Needed ASAP.

The long elegant finger slid down the list and went back up to Code 4. Yep, it said, Birth Imminent. Hillary quirked an eyebrow at the crazy turn of events taking place. Sheila was most certainly NOT pregnant.

*Oh well, I always wanted to be the eldest child; Mama is probably going to kill her. I hope that she's had her will redone recently.*

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The silken feel of the water inside their mommy's tummy felt wonderful as long as they were floating; but mommy would never stay lying down. Baby one was always complaining to baby two about the sloshing water that occurred every time they were put on a vertical slope. The thumping thing above them was beating very fast and the muscles surrounding their cocoon were trembling with exhaustion. They were tilted left, then right and all three kicked out in misery as the squishing continued. Baby two rubbed his hand over his almost completely formed eyes. Baby one muttered some bad word his mama was always saying.

"Would you quit touching me?" Baby one yelled at baby two. Baby two gave an exaggerated sigh.

"She must be out of bed. Again."

"How can you tell? Is it because your foot is crushing my armpit, or did the elbow to my stumpy thingy on the way down give it away?" Baby two complained while attempting to twist around and remove the offending appendage. "We need a bigger place; I'm fed up with this living on top of each other crap, I want my own pad."

"Ahhhhhh!" was all baby three could say as the other two babies turned and adjusted their much larger bodies taking up way more

than their allotted space. There was going to be some serious paybacks when they were free of this prison.

“I wish she would send down some of that peanut butter. That stuff is fantastic!” Baby one said with an elbow firmly digging into Bobbi’s spine.

“Nah pickles are the best and that cold stuff that they come down with. Mmmm pickles. HEY MOM I WANT PICKLES!” Baby two demanded yanking on the umbilical cord coming down from above for effect.

“Ow! You big goober! That was MY umbilical cord. Pulling on it will only cause me to...” Baby two mentally yelled at his sibling.

“OUCH! Stop kicking me. It was an accident. I’m just hungry. She hasn’t been eating right.”

“Ahhhhhh!” The third baby cried out again agreeing with that statement hoping for some pharmaceutical medication to be sent down, her tummy wasn’t feeling so good.

“You’d better hurry up and grow, or you’re gonna get left behind!” Her larger sized brother lectured to the third baby. “Momma might not care for a little, undercooked thing like you! Besides, look, your stumpy thing hasn’t even grown yet.”

Baby three assumed that if you grew the stumpy thing between your legs it meant that your brain was underdeveloped, and didn’t mind not having one. The other two just played with it all day anyway.

“Shhhhh!” Baby two said to baby one. “Quit teasing the little one for a second. Someone is talking out there. Someone new, listen!”

All three babies strained to listen to the voices. The gentle deep rumble from the newcomer had all three baby’s attentions. Suddenly the much more comfortable horizontal position was achieved and the three small ones inside the womb gave a nice sigh of relief. The erratic thumping sound from above slowed and began a sweet lullaby to the three angels beneath.

“Whoever it is...Momma is finally lying down. I like them already.” Baby two yawned and performed a full stretch in the liquid heat. The other two babies agreed as the three of them started floating nicely and decided to take a nap.

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Sheila held the phone to her ear tightly. She is whispering demands into the phone and getting laughter on the other end.

*They probably think that I'm some psycho freak. I cannot believe I am doing this. Oh God, I wish The Boss would hurry up and get here, I have no idea what I am doing here.*

A tinny voice responds from the other end of the phone line.

“Lady! We can send you over peanut butter sandwiches and some sliced pickles on a quart of ice-cream; and I can only gather from your selection that your taste in cuisine is disturbed for a reason. No problem. My wife had kids too, unfortunately. I feel for you. But, I must say this is the funniest call I've ever received here at Jean Luc's Supreme Cuisine. We are a French restaurant for goodness sake. Peanut butter. Hahahaha.” His voice left the phone again as he started laughing.

*Pickles and peanut butter sandwiches are at least slightly better than the tuna fish on ice cream that Hillary had been so fond of when she was pregnant with her boys.*

Sheila just managed to relay the factories address from a business card that was lying on the nearby desk and she stood before hearing a throat being cleared behind her. Standing tall, she felt her muscles bunch at the noise. Having turned her face away, she wrinkled her face into a major wince before clearing it to turn around.

At the door to the apartment, stood her mother. Who was Code-named 'The Boss'. The shorter woman waited, with her huge black purse in hand, her stout body wrapped in a one-piece colorful muumuu. An impatient foot tapping could be heard clearly as the

silence thickened. She looked over at Sheila with an eyebrow raised. Sheila was filled with great trepidation at the action. Things did not look good toward her continuous existence. She was about to get 'told' and she could feel it. The elderly mother of the Patton clan started to open her mouth and demand an explanation.

Sheila took one look at the older woman's face and realized she was in big trouble if she didn't move quickly.

"Mama, shhhhhh." Sheila pointed over toward the recliner that held a sleeping Bobbi. She was half hidden from the doorway by the tall stacks of books and debris. Her beautiful, thick pile of red hair, was splayed out over the maroon cloth of the chair and her delicate, pale features were visible. Mrs. Patton moved closer to the chair and took in the beautiful creature there. Her angry features softened and then widened in shock as she took in the monstrously swollen stomach. Sheila stepped closer to them and yanked a blanket off the back of another chair, draping it over the resting figure.

"She is sick mama. I just want her to be OK and I needed your help."

Mrs. Patton looked over at her eldest child and took in the frightened expression and tense stance. Sheila was extremely upset. If she didn't know any better, she would say that the girl was about to hyperventilate. She frowned and quirked a curious eyebrow at her eldest child.

*HALLELUJAH. A redhead! Finally some new blood in the family and it's been a long time in between redheads. That also raises the question, WHY THE HELL DID I NOT KNOW ABOUT THIS? My eldest and usually most responsible child has gotten some poor girl pregnant and didn't even tell her Mother! And they had better have at least gotten married, I wont have any of my Grand-babies born out of wedlock.*

The older woman's expression turned serious and dreadfully intimidating. Mrs. Patton, code named 'The Boss', assumed the full role and started giving the 3rd degree to the eldest of her 15 children. She needed the when's, where's and why's before she would let herself be mistaken at a critical time like this. A woman with a child

on the way was in the crossfire. As she listened to the chaotic explanation pour out of Sheila, her small smile began to grow. Her blue eyes twinkled, even as Sheila leaned down and slightly adjusted the blanket over Bobbi's shoulder before continuing to pour out her worries and fears. If everyone played his, or her cards just right, the clan might expand a bit before the month was out.

Just as she was starting over with a complete history of the useless people over in the warehouse, two dark heads peeked inside the door. A man, who was the same height as Sheila, decided the coast was clear and opened up the door. He required a wide berth as his chest came into view and the snuggle pack, complete with a six month old, sleeping infant was crookedly strapped to his \$4000.00 Armani business suit. His silk tie was dangling free and rested over the babies thick dark hair, down into the drool being provided free of charge from the sopping lips. He cleared the door and carried in one hand a small rolling business carry on bag and the other hand was clinging to an enormous diaper bag covered in a garish display of pink and purple elephants. The contents of which were poking outward and clearly jumbled in various shapes.

He swept his eyes around the room and focused in on Sheila and her mother. Sheila was looking downward at something and he thought he could see someone, or something reclining in the chair.

His attention was diverted by a small wire that ran from his suit pocket up into his ear and he focused on the voice speaking into his brain. Frowning, he stood just within the entryway. In a whisper, he spoke into the microscopic mic near his chin.

“No, I said a 20% margin markup with the inclusion of 2.3% liability across the 4 years probate. Mr. Gates will require the charts, which I have sent over by email. Get the Netmeeting arranged for 10pm Central. I'll call you tonight.” His quiet professionalism never raised above a whisper as he watched the small baby breathing on his chest.

Sheila mentally checked off her sibling James, code named Greenback, from the arrivals list.

James turned to see his sister, who was two years younger than himself, stepping through the entrance behind him. With her code name Klingon, Riley was identical in height, color and build to James. Her attire however, was so completely 180 from his; the two of them could be considered Oscar and Felix from the odd couple. She was dressed in a ripped at the collar sweatshirt that had the sleeves severed off at one point and sporting the name of a favorite college team. This was enhanced by the faded blue jeans, with the appropriate rips and holes from being eaten in bleach. At her waist, she wore a small plastic covered badge. Disregarding her casual dress, Riley propped her black duffle bag inside the doorway and stood quietly, with 'at ease' precision, hands crossed behind her back and feet that were exactly 18 inches apart. She regarded the occupants of the room, then leaned slightly toward James and whispered without moving her lips...

"Uh oh....mama looks mad. Who's the redhead? Get a load of the dishes piled up in that sink!!!"

James whispered back with just a slight movement of his lips. "She does look mad. In fact, I haven't seen her this mad, since you came home with a Mohawk in the 10th grade. Sheila is in for it. Where is Spook?"

Riley jerked her head back toward the hallway.

"Some laughing French looking guy showed up and asked if this was the delivery place. She is paying for the food. Hope Blade ordered enough for everyone?"

James nodded and ran his hand protectively over the small baby in his care.

"I can't wait for little Emily to start eating pizza. I think I've forgotten how a pepperoni tastes."

"Well you won't get it from this order." A smooth low voice stated, as a huge bag moved inside followed by another spitting image of James and Riley. Megan, code named Spook, for her work employed in the CIA branch of the government; was born in between

James and Riley, by one year on both sides. The twisted humor of her code name was not far off in terms of job requirements. She was a high-ranking agent for her level in office. And she had scared the crap out of her siblings for years, with her twisted sense of humor and her ability to soundlessly stalk and pounce on her prey. She looked over at her oldest sister, who was getting the third degree from their mother and shook her head. "Looks like Hillary, may get to be number one child after all. Mama is maaad!

The three siblings at the door all moved as one, when the low-toned-conversation taking place between the two women stopped.

James grabbed his baby bag and started searching through it for a bottle just incase his itty bitty widdiw babikins awoke. Riley started to unbuckle the buckles of her big brother's snuggle buddy, so she could hold the baby for a while. He kept looking and held the baby with one hand while searching with the other.

Megan brought the bag closer to the pair inside the apartment. As she neared, the mop of red hair started to move.

"I smell ze peanut spread." Green eyes looked up and around vaguely trying to remember what had happened. Her confused gaze searched the room's occupants and swung around until they landed on Sheila.

'You have cloned some of your DNA? What ez happening?' Sheila was shaking her head in denial, when Mrs. Patton stepped between the two women.

"My Sheila, was so worried about you that she's asked us to come help her. She said, she needed a few extra hands to make sure you are being taken care of during this last month of your pregnancy. The doctor said you were supposed to stay in bed and we think that you'll need a few friends. What do you say, Bobbi? My name is Mrs. Patton. We are gonna be pals, so you may as well call me Mama. Rest here a moment and eat something, while we get your bed fixed up."

Mrs. Patton didn't give Bobbi a moment to speak as she pointed to the bed and then to Megan and Sheila.

"Get it fixed and change the sheets. We will make a schedule in a few hours. Hillary can handle the organization stuff." The two women rushed over and stripped the bed, while Riley hunted down some clean sheets. James, finally unencumbered by Riley's abduction of his *lil pookie wookie*, went over to see if he could repair the footboard and headboard. Obviously, the lady had removed them to lower the bed, but now that their family was helping, she wouldn't need to get out of bed so much. He found the screwdriver and a hammer and began his task.

As the day moved on into the evening hours, the rest of Sheila's relatives began to arrive. The birth of a new baby was always a cause for both, celebration and concern. Code four was considered a mandatory attendance, nothing is more important than family.

The second wave of arrivals was Hillary and Hailey, code names Smith and Wesson, respectively. Both twin sisters tested for the FBI academy and were accepted at the youngest entry level available. Hillary was like James in the business acumen and proceeded to obtain a bachelor's degree in Business Administration while attending the four-year FBI academy. She was instantly promoted to a position of authority over a small contingent in Austin. Over the years, she met her husband, had three boys, and with determination and keen insight, she had become the head of the FBI resources of the Southern Division.

She arrived with a small suitcase and one of her three boys. Toby, was the youngest of triplets by six minutes. At twelve years of age, he was gangly, thin and cute as a button. His Aunt Sheila, was his hero and he hoped to one day, follow in her footsteps as a member of the military.

Looking at Hillary's twin was another story all together.

Hailey's identical resemblance stopped after their faces and hair color were examined. Hailey's body had changed over the years. She had pumped enough iron to physically dominate all of her sisters.

Although, she was by no means, exaggerated to the point of being grotesque, she stood tall, however and looked most intimidating. The built up mass of weighted muscle covering her broad shoulders and enhancing her thickened legs, showed Hailey's own method of determined focus. Her tapered waist and flat abdomen showed that she had put time in maintaining her body well. She spent her entire academy stint improving the physical side of her persona. She took on bodybuilding as a means of improving her physical fitness and allowing her to beat the crap out of men. Some of who would never expect a woman to dominate them. And, she wanted to show off to the ladies.

Hailey was always a rebel, seeking to follow her own path and fully aware of her own lesbian inclination, she didn't feel that path was going to be found in her hometown. Following her sisters steps into the FBI, she was plucked out of her class for specialized training after taking on the hand-to-hand combat instructor and pinning him. She began instructing lower academy trainees in basic hand-to-hand during her 3rd year. Eventually, she was asked to take on the position full time. Upon graduating, her career was interspersed with road trip demonstrations to promote the FBI career field, or the occasional bodyguard mission during escort duty. She was the consummate dyke and gloried in her freedom.

They looked around the apartment that James, Riley, Megan and Sheila had begun to straighten. Their mother was speaking with some little redheaded spitfire. Hillary and Hailey, aka Smith and Wesson, the twin sisters, looked at each other and nodded with a strange silent communication. Their telepathy was right on target with each other. Sheila was involved and it would probably be up to the two of them to get the goods and straighten out this mess.

"Toby, go take little Emily from Uncle James and find a nice quiet corner to babysit in. I'll reimburse you with 'golden time' spent only with you and your Aunt Sheila and her damn knife. Looks like she may have tons of time in the dog house if there 'is' a dog." Hillary murmured that last sentence to her sister next to her as they watched Toby head toward his cousin.

“Yep, mama is mad. Look at that clenched handbag. Gheesh. Can you see the size that belly is? Has a pregnant woman ever burst? I thought you were big with the boys. Dern. I’m so glad Darla, decided she was the pregnant type, or my three girls would never have been around. Wow! Can you feel your legs having that much weight resting on them?”

Hillary rolled her eyes and let her sister ramble down. Hailey had always been the verbal one, out of the two of them. Hillary tended to listen and smirk appropriately, inferring her superior attitude. This method had come in good stead with her FBI position and strangely, also with her husband. Of course delivering his three boys in one night of hell, she had managed to cower him sufficiently at the hospital prior to parenthood. She guessed the smirks, were now more for control and to fulfill the promises she had screamed while clutching his hand in a death grip.

Toby was just goo-gooing at the baby, when the three police officers arrived at the door.

Code named Razorback, Warthog and Wildboar respectively, Sarah, Samantha and Sandra stood at the entrance in an easy repose and looked in curiously at the earlier arrivals. James and Megan, were replacing books onto the bookshelf, while the other women converged over on one side of the room looking at the little scrap of a redhead, who was eating everything she found out of a brown bag.

“Looks like the little missy is gonna need some help. I see why Sheila called us. That loser at the warehouse bays looked ready to bolt, when I told him I was here at my sister’s request.” Sandy said, raising a dark eyebrow toward Samantha.

“You must not have passed the freaky people in the small offices back there. They eyeballed me like they were criminals for the mafia and needed our specific degree of guidance.” Samatha said, as she shoved a fist into her open palm, making a slight smacking noise.

“Well I don’t know bout you two, but this factory is just perfect for you both. It makes freak’n baby bottle nipples. Oh Lord! I’ll bet that Sheila, had a fit about that when it came up in conversation. We all

know what the 'N' word does to her. It's too bad that the sets of twins you two both had are a bit too old to appreciate the added convenience of the produced product spitting it's little rubber self out in that automated conveyer belt next door. I bet James is gonna place an order." Sarah grinned at her older brother and all three women grinned together. They looked quite similar, almost eerily so. The three women all had short bob cuts to easily maintain and commonly enough had the same relaxed stance of leaning slightly toward one, or the other of their triplet siblings.

"Whats the story, bacon breath?" A low voice of authority stated from behind the three sisters. Two of which got goosed, as they stood jumping in place. All three turned to look at the lone figure behind the main door.

"Not much, Wingnut! You're gonna get tackled and our oldest sister is in lust with a prego. The boss is mad!" Each sister responded with a sentence in sequence to the other. The shorter, dark-haired woman looked up at her three triplet siblings and blinked. She shook her head at the weirdness between them and shrugged.

"Not the first time you three have tried to pin me down. But, as I've always said...you'll never keep my feet on the ground." Her wide grin was infectious as her three sisters smiled back once again, appearing eerily identical. Their second to youngest sister Amy, was well known for her about bragging on her ability to fly any plane in the USAF. She stood now in her blues and was casually tucking her flight cap into her navy blue belt. The three cops turned back to the tableau of Patton kin and started one by one pointing out the strange happenings.

After a bit of time the group moved from the door and split up to help with the various tasks of getting reconnected with their siblings, whom they hadn't seen since the last holiday of July 4th over four months ago. They weren't officially due to gather again until Thanksgiving. This little fluctuation of the schedule was four weeks early.

Twenty minutes later, a soft knock on the front door had Hillary nodding at Toby to go open it. The he gave a big grin to his two uncles standing outside.

Uncle Michael, the taller and older of the two men, stood looking down at his nephew and smiled at the youth showing his Patton charm. Toby beamed upward at the sparkling blue eyes and relaxed features hoping once again, that he turned out as handsome as his Uncle. Michael, code named Abel, was dressed in his robes of trade and was prominently wearing his collar. The official sanctity of the religious side of the Patton clan was saved, when Michael took to the catholic study during his early years and found his niche in life.

The man rested his hand on Toby's shoulder as he passed. Toby felt the love in his touch and let his gaze move to the next visitor. The same royal blue met his own and an arched eyebrow held his gaze as an equal.

Uncle Mathew, code named Cain, twin brother to Michael, showed his sharp wit of the lawyer he had become, when he grinned down at Toby and whispered, "He can save your soul, but I can make you rich!" Mathew snickered and Toby rolled his eyes. Mathew grabbed his chest and acted as if he were in pain. Toby couldn't restrain the giggle that escaped and Mathew laughed with him.

Hillary waved at the two men and motioned them over. The walked in and stood side-by-side, perfect identical twins the only obvious difference was the height and a blaring white priestly collar. Mathew had a suspicious habit of using his black eyebrows to make more effective communication, but Michael had that steady look of solidity that priesthood had ingrained in him.

"Where is this baby birthing Mama? Did Sheila break a commandment?" Mathew teased his eldest sister as he took in the entire group gathered.

Michael had leaned down to look at the sleeping baby that Toby had recovered from his Aunt. He shook his head at his twin's remark.

“Can we penetrate this den of inequity?” Mathew eyeballed his brother and continued the tease. Michael elbowed his brother as the comments deepened around his calling.

“Sheila isn’t called Blade as a joke. She might not like you teasing her new friend.” Hillary nodded toward the now sleeping red-head, who was lying in her bed which was across the loft. Michael and Mathew both looked at the woman for a minute then glanced at each other. With eyes wider than they had been, they both swallowed and turned their amazed gazes toward Hillary.

“What exactly is she having? God bless her.” Mathew commented, as he glanced back at the protruding belly on the small woman in the bed. Hillary raised her own dark eyebrow.

Michael nodded in agreement. “She is extremely tiny. Is she a fighter?”

Hillary laughed. “She is ze perfect one for our obtuse and love struck sister.”

Hillary laughed softly as she motioned to the now dish-washing, eldest child. The two men watched as their mother waved at dishes to the far left and Sheila gathered them up meekly and went back to washing. They looked back at each other and then down at Hillary with similar smiles.

“I can think of at least ten things that she will need to do over the next few days. Wanna make a list?” Mathew asked his brother with a exaggerated leer and wiggling eyebrows.

Hillary watched, as the two men became more like the two childhood brothers she remembered from her youth. Their infamous grand plans had been extremely trying for all the family members. Memories of fireworks going off in the trunk of the car as mom drove down the road flashed through her mind. The embarrassed image of the family dog, who was shaved bald and the boys using a magic marker to cover the pink skin in Indian symbols as they created the ‘ultimate’ Indian mascot was another recollection. The two rascals had created a few memories in stirring up the cauldron of drama that

her family had endured. She suddenly found an iota of empathy for her older sister, who had helped their mom raise the unruly terrible twosome.

“You two keep it together. Mama, has taken a liking to the little spitfire. She seems really sweet and miserable. Sheila did the right thing in calling Code Four.”

The low hum of voices whispering around the loft area made Sheila suddenly aware that the room was becoming quite crowded. Even lacking the three siblings, Nicole the Zoologist of the family, Teagan, the Navy Officer and Jessica, who was the fourth police officer of the crew and the youngest, the loft was covered in Pattons. Nicole was at a conference in Africa to save a particular species of fowl that was nearing extinction, earning her the code name Animal.

Teagan was aboard ship, pulling duty in the Navy as they cruised the Pacific Theater of Japan, Korea and the DMZ regions, hence the code name Squid. Jessica was the baby of the 15 siblings. She was graced with the unfortunate codename of Piglet. Which she only raised an eyebrow to and promptly unclipped her sidearm. Out of the bunch, she seemed to favor her eldest sister most. She was undercover on a sting. They heard from her through Hillary’s covert actions and the few emails that she'd managed to send.

Sheila suddenly took her wandering eyes off of the redhead; long enough to see quite a few of her other siblings had suddenly appeared. She didn’t want Bobbi to freak out from the crowd, so she walked over and spoke to Hillary. After a 15 minute briefing on the factory and its inhabitants, Hillary spoke with the cops, her twin and Riley. She sent them off to investigate the ongoing procedures in the factory, effectively removing them from the room. James took off to oversee the two kids and start booking hotels for everyone. He spouted out the numbers of his credit card, his driver’s license and his cell phone, while reaching over and retrieving a bottle for his little one from his ever-handy baby bag. The other sisters and brothers managed to find tasks to take care of in the vicinity. They were there to help and the Patton crew was notorious for succeeding at their goals. The brothers and Toby made off to explore the plant. Amy

and Riley, took the baby and the changing bag off to the bathroom. The room managed to quiet down and thin out fairly quickly.

The Boss, Mrs. Patton, had spent a considerable amount of time calming the French woman down and explaining to her that they were here to help her out. She explained there was no charge and it was the same service that any of her children would get in the same situation. Being blunt, Mrs. Patton blatantly growled out her daughter's concerns and scolded Bobbi for not being more careful with her pregnancy.

At the beginning of the scolding, Bobbi had dropped her head down and winced. She began to realize that she was weak and only growing weaker during these last critical weeks. Her disaster of a girlfriend, leaving her in the first trimester had sustained her enough in anger to carry on for quite some time. Now, she could barely make it to the bathroom every 10 minutes, when one of her babies would do jumping jacks on her bladder and God only knew, what her company was doing.

She accepted the scolding, knowing it was due. She glanced over at the woman, who was the pebble to this avalanche of bodies now taking over her apartment. The green eyes watched Sheila push a book across the table and stare at some smudged food stain on the it's surface. Suddenly that frowning face looked up in her direction and Bobbi found herself falling into the depths of blue all over again.

*Mon Dieu, those eyes are dangereux. So blue, so magnifique, just like the woman. Look at those arms, so strong. The thing I would do to have them wrapped around me at nighttime.* Sheila smiled at Bobbi before turning to put the book back on the lower shelf of the bookcase, unwittingly giving Bobbi, a fabulous view of her rear 'attributes'. *Bunz of ze steel, ripe like a cantaloupe! How I would love to bite into a piece of that.* Bobbi blinked at the fascinating thought.

Time started to move again and the Patton family settled into creating a firmament for the newly found, French, baby factory owner. Sheila, however, was practically banned from the redhead. She decided her sister Hillary had finally gone mad. Unfortunately, Sheila was the sole victim of her madness. She was starting to think that

every task between cleaning the toilets and sweeping the streets of Timbuktu was going to be her responsibility. She stood, slack jawed, as she continued to listen to the list of tasks being rattled off that were going to require her attention.

*Right! Armpit high gloves, check!*

*Acidproof rubber apron, check!*

*Helmet, check!*

*Jump Boots, check!*

*Goggles, check!*

*Right! We are prepared for a GO, GO, GO.*

The only task that she hadn't been given, was socializing and spending time adding some nutritional foods to the frail form called Bobbi, like everyone else had gotten to do.

*Laundry is on, with the whites separate. Megan is talking to Bobbi and putting extra pickles on her vanilla ice cream. Floors are vacuumed and mopped and ready for inspection. Now, Hillary is talking to Bobbi. Books are back on shelves, magazines are stacked and under the coffee table, surfaces have been dusted and 'Pledge-polished'. Now Toby is talking to Bobbi, when's it my turn? Ornaments are dust free, windows cleaned and opened to circulate air. The bathroom smells like bleach and is spotless. Bedding has been stripped and changed, hell after so long in the army you CAN bounce a coin off of it. Mama is laughing with Bobbi.*

*Damn it, I want MY TURN! NOW!!*

Sheila removed her rubber gloves and was about to force her way over to Bobbi, when 'The Boss' gave her a direct command to restock the food supplies. Part of being a good soldier is following the commands given by your superiors and in the Patton Family; Mama was the Commander and Chief. So down to the local 'Food Lion' she went. James had sent her off in his hired luxury SUV with a suggested shopping list. She did enjoy the way people scattered out of her way; a soldier in BDU's with a side arm was a great way to avoid Shopping-Cart Rage. She filled the cart quickly with the required supplies and even tossed in a couple of books that dealt

with childbirth and babies. An informed soldier is a live soldier after all. The line for the checkout was a mile long.

*Why is it, when the store is incredibly busy that only three of the two-dozen checkouts are open?*

No one can resist the pull of the Tabloid magazine, while waiting in the supermarket queue and Sheila for all her disciplined training was no different than the rest of the world.

*Whoa! I wonder if Riley has seen this yet. She loves all this alien baby stuff. Let's have a look in here.* Sheila flipped through the tabloid and came to a stop at the alien birth photos.

Old Mrs. Davison with her Metamucil in hand, watched as the tall uniformed woman in front of her went a subtle shade of green.

“Are you alright, Deary? You look a little pale.” She asked with genuine concern. She caught a glimpse of the Tabloid and saw a heavily pregnant woman in the middle of birthing a green alien baby. The disturbing thing about it, was the small, but clearly defined foot that was pushing up against its mother’s belly from the inside.

“Oh don’t worry, it’s perfectly normal in the last couple of weeks, especially with a big baby, or twins. There just isn’t enough room for them by then. So they push at the walls around them. Why I remember Frank, went that very same shade of green the first time he saw our first do that, he was such a big boy, 12 pounds he was...”

Sheila had tuned out the little old lady after she heard 12 pounds in regards to a baby. She remembered a former Commander who had a 12-pound shell from the civil war on his desk; she had used it to threaten him a time, or two and knew its weight well. It was enough to make her feel even worse. The checkout girl called for her to come forward; thrusting the magazine back haphazardly onto the rack, she quickly paid for her supplies and double-timed it back to the SUV and the relative safety of the ‘thingie’ factory.

## **The Nipple Factory**

by JLNicky and Hunnybakedham

**Disclaimers:**

[JLNicky says](#) - Ahhh! The great conclusion! You'll never guess. We took a few liberties about the birthing process since GASP never been there, never done that! Hope you laugh with us. I had a great time writing this with Hunnybakedham. She is a nut. Hope we can do it again sometime. Thanks for reading. Is my biological clock ticking? Do you hear it?

[Hunnybakedham says](#) – This was a whole lotta fun writing, who would have thought our off the wall conversations would lead to something productive?? It's literally been a coke-snorting trip into madness and let me tell you the bubbles hurt. It's been a fun journey into Bedlam as JLNicky's smart-mouthed sidekick and thanks for coming on the ride with us. Who knows we might even do it again.

## The Nipple Factory (part 3 of 3)

# CONCLUSION

Two weeks had passed and Sheila was still gathering up the garbage and leftovers from her family's staying at Bobbi's during the day. She wanted the place to be clean when the babies arrived and she found herself constantly picking up dishes and fast food containers. These, along with various business electronic devices such as Personal Digital Assistants (PDAs), cell phones, blackberry units and more were driving her to distraction. She grimaced every time she found one. In giving the devices back to the owners, she would give them an additional glare. They just rolled their eyes. Sheila felt that the electronic devices were unhealthy to be around during a pregnancy. She had read that information in a book somewhere.

*Another Mc Donalds wrapper! How can a cheeseburger that costs less than a phonecall have any nutritional benefits? How the hell do the triplets survive on this stuff? Grilled cardboard, fake cheese and a sugar bun, don't they know that to maintain a healthy body they need to eat from the entire food pyramid? And no, pickles do not count. I always thought it was donuts for cops, not cheeseburgers.*

*How the hell does James still have a wife? There are coffee rings everywhere he goes! I am going to find a whole new incredibly painful use for drink coasters if the boy doesn't start using them as god intended.*

*I must be adopted.*

*I hope I was adopted; too bad the Patton genes run strong and disprove that theory.*

*Another PDA? Mmmmmmm the question that must be asked is; Do PDA's float, and do they work after BEING FLUSHED DOWN THE TOILET?*

Lately, that was her hobby. She would spend all day cleaning up after everyone, make some sort of healthy meal for Bobbi to drink, then find herself lying on the couch drifting off to some book that she'd bought at the Piggly Wiggly. While waiting in an interminably long line and reading about pregnant women and their needs and wants.

Little did she know, she was being watched.

"Mom, you do know she will hit page 53 soon don't you?"

'The Mom' in question, looked over at her second eldest daughter and just grinned. Sometimes being the Boss is so good! Especially, when you read that same book many years ago. Every one of her children was given a copy when their own kids were on the way. Page 53 dealt with the crowning of the head in all its full color four page glory; or perhaps that should be gory.

"Wait until she hits page 68 and sees the placenta being passed." The mother says quietly, with a sly smile.

Hillary chuckles at her mother's evil sense of humor and remembers some other gory pages. "What about pages 95 and 96?"

"Ooooh! The Caesarean sections. Do you remember that picture?"

“Yeah I had nightmares for weeks, hoping I wouldn’t need one.”

“How about the section on breach births?”

Hillary and Mom both cross their legs in sympathy.

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She had watched Bobbi as much as possible for the last three days and recognized some of the signs that Bobbi becoming extremely sore from being bed-ridden. Bobbi’s twists and turns while trying to get comfortable; had Sheila looking up the proper massage technique for Bobbi’s special circumstances. After studying the movements described in the book Sheila watched for any opportunity to ask Bobbi if she could help.

They had hardly spent any time together, except for the occasional minute, or two before they were interrupted again. Sheila had barely been able to communicate her interest in the pregnant woman. She hoped Bobbi understood that she had someone on her side. Not just for the babies, but a new friend, or maybe something more. Every time Sheila looked into those green eyes, she felt her heart begin to flutter wildly in her chest. The woman made her melt. It was a peculiarly fascinating feeling. One idea, which Sheila wanted to explore more and more as the days passed by and her interests grew with every look. Not that her family had any idea of letting her spend a moment alone with the little French temptress.

*It’s a conspiracy. They are all out to get in the way and keep me from my target. I haven’t ever failed a mission and I do not intend to start now. I just need to be patient and bide my time, they will slip up and give me my opportunity.*

*Don’t make me use Lucy people! Family, or not, you are in my way.*

After the majority of the family had left for the evening to return to the motel down the road, Sheila thought she might be able to put her plan into action. The apartment held only Bobbi, Sheila and her two sister’s Hillary and Hailey. Hill and Hailey were way over in the living room area, 14 feet away, discussing some FBI case that had been

announced on the news earlier that day. Sheila had spent those 30 minutes of T.V. time waiting to turn it off. The electrical neon waves emitted from a television were known to cause birth defects. She had read that somewhere too.

Sheila walked over near Bobbi's bedroom area and watched frowning as Bobbi grunted and groaned and moved to another spot on the mattress to find a more comfortable position.

"Can I help you with anything, Bobbi?" Sheila asked in a low tone, fearing her sisters would jump up and come over at any minute. It seemed that whenever Sheila wanted to spend any time with Bobbi, one of her siblings, or her mother would rush over to stop her.

Bobbi opened her eyes and looked over at Sheila standing near by. The pain she was trying to ignore showed in her tired expression.

"How about a back rub? Sheila asked, stepping closer to the edge of the bed. "I read up on how to do them for pregnant women just in case." Her worried look evident.

Bobbi blinked then closed her eyes and sighed. Giving a quick nod she felt the bed mattress dip as Sheila put a knee on its surface.

Sheila's strong hands slid over the robe that Bobbi was wearing. They ran down the middle of her back to the lower back muscles and sent Bobbi heavenward. She groaned her appreciation as Sheila touched the sorest ache she had been suffering for weeks. Sheila couldn't hold back the smile as she gave Bobbi a small bit of relief from her pregnant state.

*Ooohh, mercie! She has the hands of a saint. They seem to be finding every ache and pain I have. Mmmm, just a little lower. Oh oui, perfectionner! Aaaaahhhh, right there qu'il exactement. As nice as ze family is, I wish that they would let us be alone un jour...sometimes. I want to talk and get to know her so beaucoup plus. Much better if she is as talented as this in everything. These hands could be put to such better use if I wasn't about to burst. She has such kind eyes and such an ass. Rock hard and perfectly ripe,*

*like a cantaloupe ready to eat. It feels so good to have her be in service to moi.*

Sheila tried to control her breathing and not pant recklessly.

*I wonder if I'm having a heart attack? I didn't know it could beat this fast without being shot at with an M16. I know my hands are shaking, but I can't help it. Her skin feels so good! Even through the satin robe, I can feel how smooth it is. No one ever told me that it was this nice to touch someone else. Hell, my skin, certainly doesn't feel this nice!*

Before Sheila realized it Bobbi seemed to have fallen asleep, soothed by the Major's fantastic touch. Sheila couldn't resist letting her hands slide down over the exposed skin as the robe rested high on Bobbi's hip. Bobbi released a heavy sigh and rolled back onto her back. The robe opened to reveal muscled thighs and tan flesh. Sheila stared, letting her eyes roam from the fully exposed hip up over the cotton t-shirt, covering the woman's protruding stomach. She looked at the slowly rising full breasts and soft shoulders. As her eyes lifted higher she ran into the open gaze of emerald seas looking back. Sheila felt a heat suffuse through her body. The twinkle floating in the depths of those green eyes had Sheila rising from the bed and backing away shyly.

*Oh God. I'm totally busted at being a pervert. Like I could help it? She is so beautiful; I guess it's true what they say about pregnant women, they glow. I'm in so much trouble here.*

*Mon Dieu, those eyes, they are dangerous. So blue and the way they twinkle, so very deep. I am in such trouble with this one.*

"Thank you for ze massage, Mon Cherie!" Bobbi's smile was radiant with pleasure. Sheila managed to give a lop-sided smile before turning at the sound of Hillary calling her name.

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After two weeks of babysitting, the two adults portions of the family had to return to their lives. The critical nature of Bobbi's pregnancy seemed to have eased with the direct interference of the Patton family. Sheila found herself saying goodbye and hearing last minute suggestions.

Megan hugged Sheila briefly and winked. She suggested that Bobbi, might like a ring to go with ready-made family. Sheila blushed and told her to go back to her spooky area 51.

Hailey flexed a few muscles and suggested Sheila might want to increase her carb intake to handle the little spitfire. After the kids were born she was gonna need it, wiggling eyebrows hinted to Sheila suggestively.

James ran his manly hand over the soft dark hair of his daughter back in her snuggle pack resting on his chest. He smiled at Sheila. Wishing her good luck he promptly turned to his mother and kissed "the boss" on her motherly cheek. Telling her he would visit soon he grabbed the ever present baby bag and hoisted his belongings to follow his sisters. Emily had practically slept through the entire stay as she listened to her dad's voice doing business on his phone.

Sarah, Samantha, and Sandra were on vacation and decided to stick around and help with the factory. Sheila couldn't thank them enough as she felt the niggling ounce of doubt for her sanity crawl back under the rock she had trapped it with before. The three girls would provide the perfect measure of security and leave the time before motherhood as rest for the pregnant Bobbi. This would leave Sheila free to look after her. The girls were a godsend. Sheila gave a huge sigh of relief to hear Sarah comment, "We just wanted to make sure there wouldn't be any strain on the little 'French gal'."

Hillary hugged her sister and explained the natives at home are getting restless having to eat T.V. dinners every night. Her two other sons and husband had called faithfully every night and asked when she was coming home. Toby had been having a blast. He was flourishing under the attention he had received from his Aunts and Uncles. He had even spent a good two hours, sitting with Aunt

Sheila and her Bowie Knife Lucy. She had let him hold it and everything.

Bobbi had watched the scene between aunt and nephew with a tear in her eye, it was very sweet even if there was a shiny sharp knife involved. It may have been strange, but it was very tender. It was obvious just how much she loved the young boy and the knife. After some of the women Bobbi had dated a little obsession for a knife was an easy thing to deal with. At least, she didn't have two-way conversations with it.

Riley had been called within a week's time to return to her assigned projects. A rocket lift was schedule in two months in Cape Canaveral, Florida. She had to prep her staff and inspect the equipment she had produced for the astronauts. Her parting advice to Sheila was one word..."Microwaves."

Amy had decided to stick around and help if needed. She walked the twin brothers, Mathew and Michael, down to their car after they both kissed their mom and sisters goodbye.

Sheila could hear them sniping at each other all the way down the hall.

"Save your breath God Lover... You'll need it to blow up your date seeing as you're not allowed to have a real one."

"Well Mike your proctologist called me... they found your head."

"Oh my poor collared brother, hey did I tell the one I heard at Hooters?"

Picture this: New York City, man is going to jump off the building. Up rushes a good Irish cop. The cop yells up to the man, "Don't jump! Think of your father!"

Man replies "Haven't got a father; I'm going to jump."

The cop goes through a list of relatives, mother, brothers, sister, etc. Each time man says "haven't got one; going to jump."

Desperate the cop yells up, "Don't jump! Think of the Blessed Virgin"

Man replies "Who is that?"

Cop yells "Jump, Protestant! You're blocking traffic!" Michael laughs at his own joke. Amy does her best to cover her own snort.

"Dear Lord, Michael, you do know that The Book of Revelations was written about lawyers don't you? And do I have to remind Mom of the time you tied Brownie the kitten to 3 balloons and let her float over the neighborhood?"

Bobbi had watched the mass exodus and was once again, totally amazed. She sat on her bed in her clean house; feeling rested, well fed and cared for. Nearly breaking down into tears, she watched as the family she had learned to love in such a short time, picked up and left. Watching carefully, she kept a close eye on the tallest woman there who continuously said goodbye to one sibling after another. Bobbi realized, that she was trying to avoid the thoughts of her Sheila leaving too.

Mama Patton, turned to check the sweet little woman only to see the French tigress, her eyes full of unshed tears, following her eldest child's form around the room. Staring at her possessively, without thought.

*And Touchdown! Scoring for a redhead daughter-in-law even if Sheila doesn't know it yet, she has already been tagged and bagged.*

As the crew left and the door was shut, Mrs. Patton watched as Sheila headed directly toward her heart's desire.

*Aww! They look so cute together; one more kid married off, three to go. Now, I just need to get them married before the babies come.*

Bobbi scooted over on the mattress to allow room for Sheila to sit, even though chairs had been drawn near the bedside for visitors.

Hearing a knock at the front door, 'The Boss' thought that one of the kids might have forgotten something.

She moved to answer and found a stranger standing outside. A short, fat, bald man, was glancing at his watch and tapping his foot impatiently. His surprised expression lasted for only a second as he looked over the woman standing between him and his patient. He quickly took the stranger in stride and shrugged it off.

“I’m Dr. Grimblen and I’m here to check in on my patient? Is Rosamonde Delacroix in?”

“Yes she is in. Where the hell have you been? Do you regularly leave your bed-ridden patients without support? Is she just supposed to survive the third trimester, without a checkup?”

Doctor Grimblen, looked outraged at the accusation. The short woman’s voice had risen louder and she was still blocking his entrance.

“She could have called me, madam. It is not in my schedule to check on my patients every month. This is a scheduled appointment, which she and I arranged.” Mrs. Patton’s expression darkened, as she eyed the liar. One thing she did not tolerate was a lie. Her fifteen children had each tried the trick and lost the battle and as the mother of her kids, she knew every trick in the book.

Bobbi had already mentioned her Médecin Obstétricien had been absent, even when she had called and left messages at his office. The Patton clan had immediately called their family doctor and a very nice older man had arrived to give Bobbi a thorough check up. He had even brought her a video to watch for the expected procedures. Bobbi had clearly been emotionally and physically reassured at his ethics and kindness to her. As the Patton crew had told her he would do...he reached in his bag before leaving and handed her a rootbeer-flavored lollipop. Sheila had waggled her eyebrows as she watched Bobbi promptly unwrap it and suck it into her mouth. Her sister Hailey had rolled her eyes and shook her head. Sheila stood across the room and watched fascinated as the lollipop was sucked inward. A towel was tossed at her head from the kitchen as her mother

gained her attention and pointed to 2, or 3 cereal bowls that were left in the sink. Sheila had sighed.

The obviously not needed wannabe doctor was relieved of his duties, as Mama Patton opened the door and calmly called her growling daughter over to remove the nuisance. Sheila strode to the door and eyed the shorter man as she noted his small leather bag. Her eyes narrowed at him and Doctor Grimblen, suddenly felt a momentary loss of control over his bladder. The tall commanding woman seemed to prowl closer as her stealthy walk became that of a hunter seeking it's prey as she came at him from across the room. Mama Patton smiled and wished she could capture that intimidating tactic herself. Her shorter, broader frame just couldn't manage it.

Sheila reached outside the door and grabbed the blazer shoulder pads to practically lift the man to his toes. She half dragged, encouraging him to move back down the hallway toward the factory's exit.

Mama Patton smiled and shared a wink with Bobbi. Bobbi let her small grin grow wider. She blinked and yawned as she sat waiting for Sheila to return. Snuggling back down into her bed she blinked at the suddenly dimmer lights. Mama Patton had sat down across the room after turning off the overheads in the once again empty rooms.

The sudden quiet of the loft was delightfully soothing to her body. She loved the Pattons and the encouragement they had given her. The love they had shared was immeasurable. But, the quiet was health giving. For once, her babies were either resting, or without complaint. Bobbi closed her eyes and felt a soft touch of stroking fingers run her bangs back off her forehead before making gentle circles on her aching back. Feeling every muscle loosen up and relax, she took the bull by the horns and the major by the hand. Pulling the hand around her enlarged middle and capturing the stunned blue eyes with her own; she asked a simple question.

“Stay?”

Sheila simply nodded with a strangely dopey look on her face before lying down on her side. Bobbi immediately snuggled back into the

long strong body feeling better than she had in years. The large hand splayed across her stomach felt just right protecting her sleeping babies.

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“Go Long!” Baby One cried to his brother “Here comes the pass.” He watched in horror as his pass went wide and the ‘Football’ got tangled up in various cords and things. “Oh crap, now how do I get her out of there, knew we should have found something else to use as a ball.”

Baby Three knew she was stuck, stupid boys, thankfully her stumpy thing had never grown, so her brain had stayed intact, and too bad she wasn’t big enough to defend herself from the brutes she shared a ‘woom’ with. What she wouldn’t give for a ‘woom’ with a view.

“Help me; we have to get her out of there.” Baby Two said to Baby One. He grabbed the runts legs and pulled with all his might while Baby One was pulling on his legs.

It was bound to go horribly wrong and so it did, when Baby Two lost his grip and his hands slid down baby three’s legs suddenly.

We have all seen dominoes and know what happens next.

When the fall out had cleared Baby three was still trapped up above and Baby One’s was stuck head first down below and now there were strange ripples around they’re home.

“Crap. I’m gonna be grounded till I’m 3.” He then tried to pull his brother out to no avail.

When the cocoon around them tightened dramatically, he knew that he was in real trouble.

“Oh Crap! Houston we have a problem.”

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Bobbi yelled the first thing that came to her mind.

“Sheilaaaaaaaaa!” The cry was near hysterical and had Sheila running from making the bed with fresh sheets to the door of the closed bathroom. Before she busted it down with her bare knuckles it was flung open inward.

“My water just broke!” Bobbi whispered to the tall figure taking up the doorway. Sheila turned paler than the white sheets she still held trailing behind her in one hand.

“Waa...water...bb..br..broke?” Sheila couldn’t stop the stutter. Her last night’s visit to the VCR video movie from hell to watch the birthing tape had her vocals in a constant state of the beginnings of a scream.

Sheila reached out and dropping the sheet, she helped Bobbi come back toward the bed. Sitting her down on the side Sheila raced to the phone and picked it up.

Once again by rote she dialed Hillary and without a pause called in a Code 2/ Code 4. She heard an excited squeal on the other end of the phone, but hung up to grab the small suitcase her mother had packed for the 'going to the hospital' occasion.

Practically half carrying her companion, she juggled the suitcase and for some strange reason, she had picked the sheet back up off the floor and it was trailing behind her on her way to the car.

They rushed to the hospital and were situated in the delivery room within minutes. Sheila was strangely enough given scrubs and told to wash and get ready. She was so panic stricken that she followed along docilely, a lamb to the slaughter, a rat to the cheese trap, a bug to the zapper. The disguised nurses who were a secret society of sacrificing heathens had already held a forum and sacrificed Sheila to walk the Green Mile of death row. Sheila was guided into the room where a loud rebellious voice was screaming for more drugs.

The red hair was drenched with sweat as Bobbi laid in a small twin bed with her legs propped up for delivery. Her smaller hands were

waving in the air as she ranted. “You peons of pain! Listen to me, crackzepot women! I want zegood ones. Give me American drugs, not those cheap rip off versions flooding in from ze poor countries. Zut! Real brand name Morphine, not that façade’ watered down copycat Merde.

Sheila immediately reached out and held the closest waving hand and squeezed it for reassurance. Bobbi looked up with unshed tears in her eyes and swallowed at the kindness Sheila’s gaze held.

“You’ll be just fine, sweetheart!”

“Stay?” Bobbi asked in a tiny voice.

“Forever!” Sheila stated simply. Bobbi heard the truth in the promise and finally felt the shifting sands beneath her feet solidify.

The huge contraction quickly swept her into the rolling tide of chaos once again. At that moment, a nurse came in and announced that the Doctor had arrived. Another nurse held a needle the size of an elephants trunk and Sheila tried to avoid looking at the bulging stomach that the nurse had uncovered in fear of seeing that one special alien foot come pressing outward.

She managed not to squeeze too tightly as she watched the needle sink inward and disappear into her future wife’s body. For a second she was tempted to lean down and peek underneath the mattress to see if the tip had protruded.

Bobbi didn’t even wince as she was too busy trying to pant. The Doctor walked in and he smiled at the two women. The nurse aided him with his mask and he walked over. Checking Bobbi’s vitals as Bobbi panted roughly.

“Now would be a really good time for a lollipop Doc. I’m pretty sure she will let you live if you have a few!” Sheila watched the ever-increasing breathing taking place and tried to calm her own fear down of Bobbi panting her way out of the bed.

Then to everyone's relief; the drugs kicked in. Bobbi blinked a few times, then leaned back into the pillows behind her and smiled up at Sheila.

"You've got the cutest ass! I want to bite your cantaloupe!"

Sheila blushed scarlet and looked around the room hoping everyone had missed that little drug induced exclamation. But, alas, no! The three other nurses were looking back with various wrinkled facial expressions hidden behind the masks. All their secret society of sacrificing heathen's expressions managed to actually cause further blushing for the tall, dark haired militant. The Doctor coughed and pretended to study his clipboard.

"How far along is the dilation?"

"Nine centimeters, almost ten."

"Fine. Fine. Lets get to work." He said as he uncovered a tray nearby. Sheila eyed the formidable instruments on that tray. Her eyes roved over the huge forceps and gigantic tongs, stopping in shock at the sight of a giant leather catcher's glove. She gasped. The doctor's snicker brought her blue eyes to focus on him. Twinkling brown eyes full of affection at the young woman showed laughter and humor.

Bobbi's slurred voice broke the quiet atmosphere. "Come on Doc. Let's push these puppies outta here!" she groaned dramatically.

Sheila grabbed the other waving hand and caught it before the nurses' tray on the other side of the bed got flung to high heaven. Bobbi just slumped down and relaxed as Sheila rubbed their hands together.

The contractions must have increased as Bobbi feeling the pressure moaned in her drugged state. The doctor took his chair near the end of the bed and lifted the paper cover. His head was out of sight for about one minute, when Sheila heard the most awe-inspiring sound she had ever listened to.

The strong cry of a baby's vocal demand echoed around the room. Doc laughed and held a set of surgical scissors toward Sheila. She eyed the blood smattered gloves he wore and realized she was being offered the gift to sever the cord. Her swallowed fear slid down her throat as she barely nodded and hesitated for a second. Reverently she pulled her own scalpel out of its waist bound casing. Lucy gleamed under the florescent lights. "May I?" She asked Bobbi who was completely fascinated with the reflection of the blade in those large hands. The doctor rolled his eyes at the scene and waved to a nurse to sterilize the blade. The deal was struck. Sheila looked down at Bobbi finding drowsy eyes and a soft understanding smile.

"Hurry Sheila. The next one is almost here." Sheila reached over and found the bit of flesh bonding mother and child together and sliced it apart. She saw the blood spattered baby held by the nurse being moved to be cleaned and weighed and measured. She had forgotten to check the sex. Frowning she watched as the second baby slid outward. Her gorge trembled at the sight, but she held it in check.

"Wow he certainly didn't want to come out, he was fighting hard to stay inside." Chuckled the doctor.

The squall of vocal anger rent the air as baby number two was pulled from his womb cocoon. Sheila this time noted the dangling baby boy appendage as she quickly sliced through his cord too.

The doctor handed of the boy to a nurse and began to frown after a minute and glanced over at a nurse nearby having a silent conversation.

Sheila could feel it as the tension was rising swiftly in the room. The obvious beeping noises had quieted earlier and suddenly it registered as a loud and obnoxious squeal.

*What the hell? Last time I heard a noise like that our chopper ended up in the Gulf and I had to swim 12 clicks to shore, while dragging two guys behind me. Please God! I know that I'm not the best little catholic in the family, but please look after them both. I will take care*

*of them for the rest of their lives if you can just do this little bit for me. I promise to make them all happy and look after them the best I can.*

As her prayer was being said, she was playing with an antique ring that was resting in her pocket for just the right moment. It had been given to her by her grandmother many years ago.

And if your interested in what Bobbi was thinking, it went a little something like this. *Oooo eeee ooo ahhhh ahhhh ting tang walla walla bing bang. Agadoo doo doo push pineapple shake the tree. Agadoo doo doo push pineapple grind coffee. To the left, to the right, jump up and down and to the knees. Come and dance every night sing with a hula melody...*

Baby One's thoughts were more along the lines of *Being sucked down that drain headfirst really messed up my hair, geez, it's gonna stand up on end forever now. But if they give me some of that peanut stuff I might forgive them for touching the 'do.*

Baby Two's thoughts were divided equally between pickles, ice-cream and how long he was going to be grounded for.

Baby Three was strangely quiet. The struggle to get free had left her exhausted. She did however know that she was going to kill her brothers for playing football with her.

"Nurse lets put her under and perform the C-section. Looks like baby no 3 is gonna be a girl just as stubborn as her two moms." He smiled a tight smile toward the two women. Bobbi was still dancing in her head but Sheila frowned and tightened her grip on the Bowie.

The Doc eyed the tall woman and shook his head. "Bobbi will be fine Sheila. We are just going to get inside and extract the baby. No worries."

And that's what he did, perhaps with a little help from above. Sheila asking for help certainly got some attention upstairs.

The third child nicknamed Pepper, was born 4 pounds and 6 ounces during a C-section in surgery on November 17th. She was the

identical triplet to her two brothers, peanut and pickle. Both born 6 pounds 2 ounces, fifteen minutes earlier.

Sheila was gloriously led to hold the three babes as their mother recovered from the anesthesia. Her entire retinue of siblings and her mother showed up at the maternity wing to look through the window at their newest relatives. The nurses in the babies wing took one look at the mass crowd, full of tall, dark and beautiful people. They were obviously all related, then one glance at the oblivious woman holding three newborns and broke out the apple cider to hand out to the family behind the glass pane. They all celebrated as they watched a bonding take place between Sheila and the babies. She fell in love with the little tykes as she gazed at their wrinkled faces. They gazed up bleary eyed at her dark hair and blue eyes trying to imprint onto the future human jungle gym they would learn to climb on.

“Hey guys, you know, I’m gonna be around a long time, even if your mom doesn’t know about it yet. So I hope you guys don’t mind having me around.”

Although Sheila couldn’t hear them, each of the babies approved of the idea. Mom had been much more relaxed and she was happier, since the major came into their lives, even if they didn’t quite understand what a ‘Major’ was just yet, they figured it for a good thing.

Sheila was stunned that so much time had passed while she was bonding with the newborns, when the nurse came to take them up to Bobbi.

“Moms awake, would you like to introduce them to her?” She asked kindly, it was nice to see a ‘Dad’ so obviously in love with their kids.

“Uhhh yeah, how about it kids, wanna meet Mom?”

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Bobbi was just waking up from the anesthetic when she heard a soft gurgle and the low tones of the Major talking to one of the babies.

“So Pickle, when should I ask her? Should I do it now? On one knee beg her and give her the ring? Or should I wait and try dating her first?”

Pickle would have smiled if he could have, instead he just gurgled his approval for the first idea. Peanut from his crib agreed whole heartedly. Pepper just snuggled closer to Sheila’s heart, liking the strong thudding against her face.

If Sheila had been paying attention to Bobbi, instead of the kids she would have seen a lone tear making it's way from beautiful green eyes, she might have also seen the huge grin that graced Bobbi’s face as well.

“Then again kids, what if she says no?”

“She wouldn’t.” Bobbi said not wanting Sheila to talk herself out of it.

Sheila put Pickle and Pepper back into their cribs and made her way over to the bed.

“Ok so uh-hmm,” She fumbled around in her pocket for the small box and pulled it out. Opening the lid she showed Bobbi it's contents. A delicate antique diamond ring with two smaller emeralds glimmered in the stark hospital light.

“I know we haven’t really known each other all that long, but I don’t think life would be the same without you. So ahhh....” Sheila’s original question became blurry in her head, but Bobbi got it loud and clear.

“Oui.”

“Really?”

“Yes, I would love to.”

“Your sure? I mean....”

“Major, I order you to get that cute butt down here and just kiss me.”

“Yes Ma’am, I have a feeling I might be saying that a lot in the future.”

“Major, shut up.”

Their lips touched. Sheila had never felt so giddy. She practically fell ontop of Bobby with lightheadedness as the soft lips she was pressed against opened. Small guiding hands came up to turn her slightly to deepen the taste. Ambrosia. Sheila craved more. They broke apart, to breath each other in as they stared at each other. The glinting fire building in those green eyes made Sheila tremble with an unknown hunger.

“That was ze most incroyable, passionné...” Bobbi searched for words.

“I liked it too. Can we do it again sometime?” Sheila asked shyly. The nurse at the door cleared her throat and broke up the love fest. She glanced at the three babies resting near their mothers.

“Ten more minutes.”

Sheila, blushing scarlet at being caught smooching, just nodded. Bobbi winked at the nurse who winked back.

“So am I ever going to get to meet our little ones?”

Sheila lost her embarrassment and felt stunned “Ours?”

Bobbi nodded and reached out to touch the hand near her.

Well this little guy is Pickle, he's named for all the pickles you ate.” She said placing him in his mother’s arms. “This one is Peanut, who was named for the same reason.” She placed him in the crook of Bobbi’s free arm. “And this little heart breaker is Pepper.” She said not relinquishing her hold of the small girl with the soft reddish blonde hair.

“Pepper?” Bobbi asked curiously.

“Well yeah, you went through so much Pepto-Bismol, it had to be her. And Pepto, just isn’t a cute nickname.” She explained with a grin.

*The nurse came in to find the happy family camped out on Bobbi’s bed. With Sheila laying next to Bobbi, as they held Pepper and the boys in their arms.*

“Ready to try breastfeeding Mom?” She asked kindly placing each of the boys into a crib. She had Sheila hand over Pepper, the tiny girl was placed in Bobbi’s arms and the nipple was put near her mouth. The baby took to it like she was a desert nomad finding an oasis. Sheila watched the entire ritual and found herself amazed at the beauty. She practically fainted, when the nurse told her to get comfortable and prepare for her own breast-feeding. She looked down at her pert breasts and decided that maybe the nurse was funning with her. The nurse soon returned with Peanut and held him out to Sheila. Sheila swallowed and took him. She glanced once over at Bobbi and found a huge smile on her face as she looked back. Her green eyes sparkled.

Sheila put the little boy bundle into the crook of her arm and found a baby bottle being thrust into her face. She couldn’t help, but notice the company logo of Babies 1st Nipple stamped around the edge of the rubber thingy attached on top of the milk drink. Sheila grimaced and then looked down at the baby. She shook her head and brought it to his mouth. The ‘thingy’ disappeared instantly into the suctioning orifice. He guzzled the drink and looked back up at her thankful for being fed. Sheila’s grimace turned into a soft smile of wonder. She glanced back at her girlfriend and saw the same soft smile of wonder as Bobbi watched her own arm full of love.

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Seven days later, the Patton clan descended onto the Floridian household of one Mrs. ‘The Boss’ Patton. The happy holiday occasion of Thanksgiving was about to be celebrated. Smith, Wesson, Greenback, Spook, Klingon, Razorback, Warthog, Wildboar, Animal, Abel, Cain, Squid, Wingnut, and Piglet all arrived with families in tow. Hillary’s three boys, Hailey’s three girls, James’s Emily, Samantha’s twins, Sandra’s twins, Nicole’s four kids, and Amy’s single child all grouped together to form the Patton family

portrait of the next generation. The adults and spouses clapped and cheered for the children's rapid-fire lists of Christmas wishes.

Suspiciously Mrs. Patton kept looking out the window. All of her children had made it home, but for the eldest and her new family. She smiled remembering the two panicked phone calls from Sheila, since the arrival of the children. One to tell her Bobbi simply wouldn't stop crying at the fact she was no longer pregnant and the kids were fine. The other to explain that she had put in her retirement paperwork without notice. Her military career at the supply depot had ended and the kids were fine.

Mrs. Patton felt sure that the five of them, would be arriving any moment. She glanced back to see the entire house filled to the brim with Patton's and kin, wondering how the neighborhood had withstood the trails she had placed upon it. Looking back out the kitchen window she watched a Suburban van pull up in front. Her daughter was driving a mini van. If Mrs. Patton had been drinking a soda, she would have spewed it across the windowsill.

*How times change, she used to show up to family gatherings on that monstrous Harley, all chrome and noise. That was when she wasn't on some top-secret black-ops mission, doing God knows what; God knows where! My poor heart was never so happy to hear that she was retiring. Now I only have three more to work on. I want more Grandbabies.*

She watched as Sheila jumped out of the driver's side and ran swiftly around to the passenger door to open it for Bobbi. Mrs. Patton smiled as she watched the smaller woman slowly move from the van. The red hair gleaming in the afternoon sunshine was bright and cheerful. Bobbi's mouth was moving and her hands were waving with additional emphasis to her comments. Sheila just stood looking at her, watching with fascination.

*And so it begins Sheila, keep you're trap shut, do as you're told, follow you're superiors orders and you might live long enough to enjoy married life. And remember the most important rule; never piss off a redhead, especially one you sleep with.*

Mrs. Patton remembered her own departed Charlie and sighed with the memory of his stupidity. It was adorable at times.

Hillary wandered over to see what was so captivating.

“Watch her forget the kids!” Mrs. Patton commented as Hillary looked out the window.

“Yep. Bobbi is waving furiously toward the van. Sheila just qualified to join the ranks of husbands in this family that lost their IQ after marriage. I wonder if she sold her bike?”

“I bet, she remembered to lock the car though.” Hillary said under her breath as she burst into a fit of giggles.

“Yep. She has to go to the driver’s side to unlock the back hatch to get the stroller. She looks like she is about to pull out the Bowie.”

“Wait! She is going to forget the baby supplies. THAT will cause her blood to burn.”

“Bobbi looks like she is smiling. THAT will be the last straw.” Hillary murmured as the two relatives watched Sheila stomp back to the Van and Yank the side door open once again, almost yanking her shoulder out of joint when the locked door refused to budge.

“Ouch! Bobbi shouldn’t really be laughing. Did I laugh, Mom?”

“Yes, dear. We all laughed. It’s a family tradition.”

The 44 Patton relatives sat down and in the style repeated each year held hands with the ones next to them and gave Thanks in prayer. The solemnity of the moment was promptly indulged by each of the 15 children when they all stated the one thing they were most thankful for along with the one thing they couldn’t have made it through the year without.

Sheila started the list, being the eldest.

“My new family and disposable diapers! Thank you!”

Hillary nodded in total agreement as she glanced around the room at her triplets and husband.

“Dinner time with my family and paper plates!”

Hailey rolled her eyes. She looked over to her partner and then at the three little blonde girls they were raising.

“Mommy’s patience and the infinite clothing line for Barbie.”

James snickered and glanced to his wife and daughter.

“My wife and daughter and rubber ducky hour!”

The list continued down the age of the siblings.

Megan gave thanks for the “soldiers back from war and Riley gave thanks for the for “the successful three prior launches she had been involved with and the X-Files Complete special edition, all 9 seasons in one set along with Lucy Lawless doing a cameo in Battlestar Galactica.” Hailey yelled ‘Hallelujah’, Michael rolled his eyes. Sarah looked at her twin sisters, with their matching plump bodies and then their two sets of twin kids. She looked down at her physically fit trim and toned body and shook her head. She was thankful for her ‘good health and 100% effective contraceptives!’ Samantha sighed at her sibling’s vanity and tsked in her direction. She was thankful for ‘her desk job’ on the force and tee ball tee’s.” Sandra laughed. She was thankful for no undercover work that year and for Cable TV making her able to see the Australian Rules Football with the Sydney Swans, taking the Grand Final by 4 points.”

Nicole groaned at her sister and muttered ‘how does she have time?’ Being the only child with more than three children, she did a quick sweep of the room to see where her four kids were. Her husband held her hand under the table and gave the rest of the table a dopey grin.

“I’m thankful for my families support, while I travel and for the fact that there is no such thing as 100% effective contraceptives. I’m pregnant

again! Yay!” The whole table broke into exclamations of surprise and congratulations and one gasp of dismay that came from Sarah.

As the room quieted back down Michael gave a tilt of his head and smiled his endearing grin. I’m thankful for my marriage to God and my parishioners good health and welfare!” Matthew nodded his head.

“Yes, yes. It’s a great deal. I get to sin and you can save me later. I’m thankful for continued success in my sinning career as a lawyer and blondes, brunettes, and redheads. May they forever need lawyers!

Teagan sat to the left of Matthew and grinned at his audacity. She looked a little pale from the below deck lifestyle she had lead for the past few months. Her eyebrow cocked as she looked around the table. I’m thankful for fresh air, sunshine and my son’s ability to write me.” Amy smiled and ruffled the nearby head of her youngster, who was seven. He grinned at his mom with the obvious love for her shining strong.

“I’m thankful for being assigned stateside for war time and MP3’s.” Amy declared. Everyone nodded. Jessica sat at the end of the table near her mother and shrugged. Her gesture was a perfect replication of her oldest sister. Bobbi watched in fascination. “I’m thankful that my assignment is complete and Gabbie only had to talk once.” Jessica commented on her nicknamed handgun that she held dear to her side throughout the academy.

The family all waited with anticipation for Mrs. Patton to state her thanks. She looked around the table at her clan and shook her head. “I am very thankful for the new additions that have been made to our home. Those that are about to arrive,” she glanced in Teagan’s direction, “and those that arrived unexpectedly.” She looked at Bobbi and the babies all being held by members of family near her. I am thankful for you all and for all the grandbabies I am blessed with. I’m thankful for all those grandbabies yet to come.” She said as she turned glaring eyes at the childless ones.

Meagan laughed at the obvious command. “You’re a tyrannical fascist, mom. You’d be hard to beat on the hill.”

Toby had wandered near the table as the adults held their grownup conversation. He listened to Meagan and frowned.

“Did you just call Grandma a dinosaur?” The whole table burst into laughter and the feast went into full swing.

Four weeks later...

Sheila lay on the bedroom floor surrounded by three cribs and two changing tables. The three babies were lying on her, or around her as she talked to them.

“Who would have thought? Hey kids? Me? With a fiancé and kids? I know, I never thought the day would come, but I sure am glad it did.”

*C’mon, show me the knife again; I just wanna see it sparkle. When I grow up I want a big shiny knife just like yours, except I’m gonna call mine Elmo.* Peanut thought determinedly.

Pickle on the other hand, was wondering when he could have his lunch and a nap. Keeping up with daytime television was hard work. *Now I have to wait until tomorrow to find out if Hope is going to be blind forever and if they can exorcise the demon that has taken over Doc’s body. What will Bo do to save the day?*

*C’mon Major Mom, I want ze snuggle, pick me up rapidement! Why do those two boys talk funny? Why do the grown ups take so long to do as I tell them? Are they deaf or something? Se pelotonner, avec moi! A SNUGGLE! PICK ME UP BEFORE I THROW A TANTRUM YOU WILL NEVER FORGET!!*

Then it happens. Sheila picks up the littlest baby and cuddles her in the crook of her arm. Reaching over to a small book nearby Sheila painstakingly says “I love you and your brothers in French.” Pepper giggles and squeals happily. Tantrum averted.

“You think it will work on your mama? She may laugh at me you know?”

“No likely!” Bobbi says huskily, her voice full of happy tears. “Put the babies to sleep and come to our bed, mon amant.”

Sheila gave Bobbi a wide-eyed, thrilled and excited look. Carefully, yet swiftly, she tucked the little ones into their beds.

Sheila returned to the queen-sized bed where she had slept every night since their arrival back from the hospital. The two women shared a deep bond from the first moment they met. Circumstances being what they were, they had only imagined furthering their relationship. Bobbi lay in the bed a silk nightgown fitting to her soft curves. She was reading one of the books Sheila had picked up. Babies 1st Year was the title on the cover.

Sheila looked over the glorious woman in the bed and couldn't stop her heart from racing as she knelt with one leg on the bed. The movement had Bobbi adjusting as her silk nightie rode upward. Sheila noticed a small stretch mark along Bobbi's thigh. She reached out and traced the mark. Bobbi let the book fall from her nerveless fingers.

“Sheila?”

“Hmm?”

“Touch me!”

Sheila never took her focused gaze from the skin beneath her fingers.

“I am touching you, Bobbi!” Her mesmerized eyes watched her own fingers tracing a pattern.

“Touch everywhere, sweetheart! Make love to me!”

Sheila's eyes swept upward. Swallowing the instant spark of fear she looked into those deep green eyes and saw a love shining outward. Her panic receded as she leaned down to kiss her soon to be lover.

"Sheila?" Bobbi reached up and stopped the descending lips with a single finger.

The Major hesitated as her lips were pressed with the small digit.  
"Hmm?"

Bobbi smiled and glanced slightly down at the overly dressed woman. She reaches down and traces over a nice bulge Sheila has on her body. Sheila flushes with heat.

"Take off your clothes first and put Lucy away, baby. I think we can handle this one without the warrior weapon, don't you?"

Sheila nodded and then backed off to remove her clothing. Setting the scabbard-covered blade on the nightstand she turned back to her woman. Their eyes met and the air grew tension filled as they adjusted to each other in a whole new light. Sheila felt a sudden overwhelming urge to gather her lover into her arms and never let go. She took a quick look at Lucy and decided that she would understand. Lucy definitely liked Bobbi. She moved toward her lover and promised silently that she and 'Lucy' would just spend some time together tomorrow...or maybe the next day.

The End.