

Chapter Six

Cathy stepped out onto the beach into a warm sunny day. The villa they were renting on the gulf side of Mexico was on the beach and away from most of the tourists. She passed Owen asleep on a lounge chair next to a girl he picked up on the beach the night before. He came down with Wendy and her not knowing what to expect, but he did expect for more of their together time from the compound. What he found was that the two ladies wanted to sleep and argue the entire trip. Owen got tired of watching them fight, so he went out looking for some fun. This latest piece of fun looked like she might be legal but just barely. She was topless with her leg draped across him just covering his manhood with an empty bottle of tequila nearby. Cathy covered the two in the largest beach towel she could find. Their villa was out of view from most on a beach that while not officially clothing optional it was lacks in enforcing any law, but Cathy didn't want to take any chances. She was tired of taking chances, and she was sick, but it was morning.

The drive down to the coast was uneventful with Cathy sleeping most of the way. They were in Sam's 1970 gold Cadillac Deville convertible with the top down. The villa they were going to rent was on the beach with a hot tub and a small pool. Owen took some time off and came with them. He sat in the front with Wendy with the two touching each other when times permitted. Wendy had his shorts down with her hand on him as a car came up next to them with four teenage girls on their way to a spring break type trip. Cathy was awake and saw the reaction of the first girl in the back of the Jeep Liberty. The first reaction to the car then to the naked man being stroked by a woman who was nearly topless. The jeep nearly swerved into them as the passengers erupted in an awe that only teenagers could do at the sight of all of him. Wendy put her foot down, and after a few choice maneuvers she lost the gawking girls and was back to driving and stroking.

That night Wendy and Cathy went to bed early so Wendy could recover from the drive. They lay in bed watching a Spanish language version of *The Princess Bride*. Out of what seemed like the blue, Cathy asked, "*are we doing what's right or are we just as wrong as the dealers?*"

Wendy cocked her head saying, *"I don't remember that line from this movie?"* Cathy replied, *"you know what I mean."* Wendy sighed knowing this question won't end well. She said, *"we don't kill the innocent."* Cathy said, *"I don't know about that. We hurt a lot of innocent people along the way."* Wendy sighed again and said, *"we helped far more than are inadvertently hurt."* Cathy pulled away from Wendy and said, *"I was thinking about George. He walked away from a partnership in a large firm to help innocent people get out of jail. He was doing something worthwhile, but we made him a killer, and that led to his death. I was thinking about all the good he could have done."* Wendy said, *"George was no saint."* Cathy turned back to her and asked, *"how could you say that? He was the only reason you are free."*

Wendy got out of bed and poured a shot of vodka from a bottle in a small refrigerator in the room. She came back and drank the shot. She said, *"George didn't quit he was asked to leave and paid well. Think about it. all of his clients were women from a fifty-three-year-old to that seventeen-year-old sent to jail for defending herself during a rape."* Cathy asked, *"so what does that matter?"* Wendy took in a breath and said, *"he slept with all of them."* Cathy growled, *"how could you know that?"* Wendy replied, *"I know because he told me."*

Tracy, back before she took the name Wendy was in a knee-length tan skirt with a white blouse and dark brown short heels. She felt like it had been years since she dressed like a woman and the clothes felt like a costume. None of the guards would look her in the eyes. They knew what she lost in their prison under their watch. At the entrance to the prison, she found a man holding a sign with her name. She followed him to a limousine out in the parking lot. George was in the back with a bottle of champagne and two glasses. Tracy slipped into the back across from George and made sure the partition between the front and back was closed. George asked, *"so Tracy, now what are you going to do with your freedom?"* She slipped out of her skirt and over into his lap facing him and said, *"Tracy? No, Tracy died in that cell. Call me Wendy."* She took the bottle from him and drank straight from it letting the champagne run down her front turning her shirt translucent. She took another drink then kissed George letting the bubbly go from her mouth into his. George asked, *"maybe we should slow down a little?"* Wendy pulled his pants down and said, *"maybe you should just shut the fuck up."*

"We went back and forth for a while until we both saw we weren't compatible," Wendy said looking down at the glass in her hand. Wendy said, *"he told me about the others including the teenager. He said how he didn't ask for any quid pro quo, but it still happened, and it cost him his business partnership."* Cathy said, *"he didn't do anything wrong."* Wendy quickly replied, *"she was seventeen and just out of jail. For my part, I wasn't sure if I could feel anything anymore. After they tried to gut me, I thought I might have lost all feeling, so I was afraid to touch myself, so I didn't. He smelled so good, and I was just ready for something..... well anything good, and he was good."* Cathy looked at the open bottle of vodka on the dresser near the refrigerator and said, *"it started with a bottle of that mead he made. You were gone out in the desert for that three-day training, and I didn't know if I wanted to stay. He talked about all the good he thought we were doing, and I just watched him. Whether it was the mead or the talk I ended up with him and."* Wendy interrupted her saying, *"yeah, you and about a hundred other women."* Cathy asked, *"how many of them did he knock up?"*

Owen could hear most of their conversation from the room he was in next to theirs. He replayed their interactions think about how he never actually went all the way with Cathy, how she was more of a supporting character rather than a featured player. The screaming intensified until one of them stomped out of the room and slammed the door. From their room, he heard, *"Owen I know you're awake and you heard what was said."* Owen got up and walked over to their room. Cathy was sitting up in bed. She patted the bed calling him over. Owen climbed into bed with her. He turned over and said, *"wow."* Cathy replied, *"yes, wow indeed. I was told I had a better chance to get hit by lightning than get pregnant."* Owen replied, *"so maybe you should stay out of the rain."* After he replayed his words he stammered and try to talk, but Cathy said, *"don't worry. I know what you meant, and I know not to read too much into your words."* When the movie ended, he left Cathy in the room and stepped out into the living room and found a blanket and pillow on the couch with his door closed.

The next day Owen found the two ladies in the kitchen like nothing was ever wrong. The couch was softer than the foam cot he slept on in his trailer, so he had no problem sleeping there. Wendy was making scrambled eggs with a mix of peppers both hot and mild along with sausage. He couldn't tell if there was tension in the room or was that just the smell of the peppers. The eggs were a fiery inferno that stayed with him for the rest of the day. Wendy went into the room she was supposed to be sharing with Cathy to take a shower. Cathy joined her, and soon the fighting was back on. About ten minutes into the screaming the screaming stopped. Owen peaked in and saw the two holding each other in the shower. His only hope was that all that was over, and they could go back to enjoying the vacation. He went back and cleaned the kitchen hoping to take some of that hot pepper smell out of the air. The two ladies stepped out in sundresses that were the reverse of the other. Wendy was in a yellow dress with white flowers and Cathy in a white dress with yellow flowers. Cathy said, "*we are going to be gone most of the day so.... I don't know, go to the beach, have fun.*" Owen changed into a pair of board shorts and a tank top. He headed out to the beach.

Wendy and Cathy got in the car and headed to a small beach resort further south. They didn't tell Owen that this part was why they came to Mexico in the first place. They came to see where an old friend was buried. The ride out was filled with silent tension. They passed a large, lavish hotel with a large swimming pool. Wendy said, "*yeah, that's where it happened.*" Cathy stared at the place trying to picture Ruth in a swimming suit standing over David with a gun. Wendy said, "*it should have been you.*" Cathy just stared. Wendy replied to herself, "*I mean you should have been the one to kill that bastard.*" Cathy smiled and said, "*I know.*" From the hotel, they turned west into the country. Out in the middle of nowhere, they found a stone marker that to a passerby would appear to be a property marker and not the tombstone of a serial killer. Cathy walked over to the stone and stared. She said, "*it still doesn't seem real. I wanted this for so long and now..... it just doesn't feel real.*" Wendy said, "*we have a shovel.*" Cathy said, "no, let's let the past stay buried." She pulled her panties down and off. She then squatted over where the body should be and let a stream of urine go. Wendy said, "*the sad thing is he might have liked that when he was alive.*"

Owen walked around the beach until he found a spot and sat down. Growing up in the desert, so much water didn't seem real. Nearby a group of girls was laying in the sun drinking some sort of beer with lime wedges. One of the girls came over with a bottle and sat down next to him. She handed him the bottle and leaned in whispering into his ear, "*my friends bet me I couldn't get you to kiss me.*" Without thinking about it, Owen moved in and kissed her on the lips. He heard her friends gasp. He said in Spanish, "*I hope that counts.*" She looked at her friends then back to Owen and kissed him again knocking him over onto the sand. She left him there laying in the sand a pool of spilled beer from the bottle he was holding. A few hours later and the same girl came over to him. She said, "*my name is Ana Maria, but most of my friends call me AM.*" She sat on his lap. Owen asked, "*can I call you AM?*" Ana put her hands on his shoulders and said, "*it depends on just how friendly we become, but for now how about Ana.*" Owen said, "*we seem to already be getting friendly.*" Ana smiled and kissed him again. She leaned back and said, "*it would help if I knew your name.*"

On the long drive back, neither Wendy or Cathy spoke after leaving David's grave. Cathy sat in the front with Wendy, but she was as far as she could get from her. They pulled into the driveway and Cathy got out. She turned to Wendy and said, "*I need some time to think about all this so could you sleep in the other room tonight.*" It wasn't really a question, and Wendy just nodded her head. Neither of them had anything to eat. Cathy took a long bath then climbed into bed while Wendy took a bottle of vodka to bed with her. On her way to her room, Wendy told Owen, "*this trip might be ending soon so just be ready.*" Owen stepped out onto the patio wondering if this was his last night here in Mexico or maybe he should stay. He heard some splashing and the motors of the hot tub. He found Ana inside the tub. She was topless with her right nipple pierced and an infinity tattoo on the side of her left breast. She had a glass of something clear in her hand. Ana said, "*I was wondering if you were ever coming out.*" Owen took off his shirt and went to get in when Ana stopped him and pointed to his shorts saying, "*take it all off gringo.*"

Owen looked down at his shorts then he untied them and let them fall. He slipped into the water and sat across from her. Ana brought him a glass of the same clear liquid. She got into his

lap again and smiled. Owen could feel she was wearing shorts underneath the water. Owen took a sip and nearly spit it out. The liquid was stronger than the typical tequila. Ana said, *"this is something my papa makes. I guess you would call it moonshine or tequila shine or something like that."* She took a little into her mouth and kissed Owen letting the shine into his mouth. Owen looked at the piercing and the tattoo. Ana took the glasses and put them aside. She leaned in and whispered, *"this isn't like me at all, but there is just something about you."* She got up and pulled her shorts off and got back into his lap. She whispered, *"I want you, but not in the water."* Owen said, *"it's hard to explain, but I don't have my room anymore, so it's either here or on the couch."* Ana got up and out of the tub. She pulled a large towel off a bench and spread it across a lounge chair and sat down. She patted the lounge then she waved him over. Owen got out of the water and over to her. Ana sat back in the lounge and spread her legs. She said, *"this is all new to me, so please be gentle."* Owen said, *"we don't have to do anything you don't feel ready for."* Ana pulled him closer and said, *"but I want you."*

After Cathy covered the two with a towel, she smelled the bottle and pulled it away. She never thought about these boys Wendy would bring to their bed. Most of them didn't last long, but what did last was their relationship. They had been together ever since the ranch. In many ways, they were the old married couple of the group even though they weren't married. Neither women liked labels, but now she was about to get a big one, that of mother. She walked out to a bench that overlooked the beach and the gulf. Wendy passed the two on the lounge and walked over to Cathy. She sat down next to her and put her arm around Cathy saying, *"I'm sorry about what I said. It was easier to put what happened away by thinking about him like that rather than the man he was. It's hard not to think it was my fault, he wasn't built for this kind of work, and I pushed him because he was a good shot."* Cathy patted Wendy's knee saying, *"he was where he wanted to be. He chose to do what he did not you."* Wendy kissed her then her stomach. She asked, *"maybe we should step away from our project and focus on our family."*

Part Two

Wendy was in the kitchen cooking scrambled eggs with bacon and hot peppers. Cathy was sitting at the counter watching her cook. Owen walked in with his shorts and shirt in his hand. He passed the two and went into the second bedroom. They heard the water start in the shower. Cathy got up and walked over to the door to the patio. She turned and shook her head indicating the girl was gone. Cathy went into the bedroom than the bathroom where Owen was showering. She asked, *“so what’s up with the girl? Did we troll a high school looking for a little strange?”* Owen said, *“its nothing like that. Ana is eighteen, and we met on the beach where she and a few of her friends were out enjoying the sun.”* Cathy said, *“she’s cute, but are you sure she’s eighteen?”* Owen said, *“I watched her buy beer and from what I have been told they are strict about that whole drinking age here.”* Cathy smiled thinking just how naive he was being. She asked, *“so where did she go? Off to school?”* Owen said, *“I can hear your sarcasm, and no she had to work this morning. She works in that small hotel up the beach her father owns.”* Owen turned off the water and opened the curtain. He asked, *“how long are we here for because Wendy seems to think we were on our way back soon?”* Cathy said, *“we are here for the week no matter what but then we go home, and I do mean us.”*

Owen joined the two for another plate of eggs and heartburn. Afterward, he cleaned up. He was in his board shorts, but he left the shirt back in the shower. Wendy said, *“Owen, I think if you and your jailbait are going to keep doing it then you should take your room back.”* Owen said, *“I don’t know if she is even coming back. She never gave me her number.”* Wendy smiled and showed him a permanent marker she found on the porch. She said, *“yeah it’s a good thing you couldn’t reach your back.”* Owen went into the bathroom and checked his back in the mirror. On his upper shoulder was a phone number surrounded by hearts. Wendy came in with a bottle of acetone and said, *“this should take that off.”* Owen turned around blocking the number on his back. Wendy smiled and said, *“you just met this girl.”* Owen sat on the counter with his back to the mirror. She put her hands on his shorts. She looked at where his manhood is, and for the first time, she didn’t see him as a walking sex toy. She found she didn’t want to be here with him. She pulled the marker from a pocket and wrote the number down on a piece of paper from a bag. She gave him the paper then she kissed him on the lips and left him in the bathroom.

Wendy found Cathy in the bedroom watching a Telemundo morning show. She slipped into the bed with her and snuggled close. She said, *"I just made a move on Owen and then stopped. I found I didn't want him I wanted you."* Cathy stroked her head and said, *"maybe we are ready for something more than just some cheap sex."* Wendy said, *"but I don't want to grow up if it means leaving the sex behind."* Cathy replied, *"we can still have fun but just not with him. I think just maybe you.... well we are just too fond of him to see him like that anymore."* Wendy said, *"marry me."* Cathy stopped stroking Wendy's hair and said, *"don't play with me."* Wendy got up and said, *"I want this child to be as much mine as yours, and I want to be with you forever even if it means a label."*

Cathy said, *"I want all that too, but I also don't want to give up our lives. I want to be a part of the fight; a part of our extended family, and I also want to have our fun."* Wendy got up and went over to a bag on a dresser. She said, *"there are some people, our family that are right now thinking that we are breaking up the band, but maybe we can show them something different."* Wendy came back to the bed with a ring in her hand. She said, *"I bought this in a pawn shop when I was twelve. I didn't understand why but just maybe I do now."*

"Hello white boy," Ana said as she answered her phone. Owen asked, *"how did you know it was me?"* Ana laughed and said, *"only you and my grandma call me."* Owen thought about that when he said, *"are you doing anything tonight?"* Ana giggled asking, *"that depends on whether you consider yourself a thing or not?"* After a long silence, Owen asked, *"what are we?"* Ana asked, *"why do we have to be anything?"* Owen looked over at the door to the two ladies' room and said, *"I like you, but I know we didn't start off well and trying to make something of what could have been a one-night-stand could be difficult, but I want to try, and I think you do as well."* Ana sighed saying, *"you are leaving in a couple of days, and I can't see having that long-distance thing with someone I just met."* Owen asked, *"well, what if I don't have to leave?"* Ana asked, *"maybe we should talk about that together?"* Owen asked, *"do I meet you or the other way around?"* Ana said, *"I get off tonight at eight, so I'll be over afterward."* Owen said, *"and then you'll get off again."* Ana snickered saying, *"not with lines like that."*

"If it's a boy then George for his father," Wendy said while stroking Cathy's naked stomach, long before she was showing. Cathy smiled and said, *"boy George."* Wendy went on saying, *"if it's a girl then Tiffany or Amber."* Cathy started to belly laugh saying, *"yeah right then we'll buy her baby's first stripper's poll. No, there is plenty of time to think about names."* Cathy looked at the ring in the light of the television. They spent all day in bed making love and talking about what was next. Cathy asked, *"do you think Owen's coming with us?"* Wendy quickly replied, *"oh yes he is, or Sam might not work with us again."* Cathy replied, *"I don't think we should stop him if he wants to stay. I don't think Sam would mind either."* Wendy said, *"I don't want to fight about this, but he just met her a day ago, and we know nothing about her."* Cathy pushed her hand away and wrapped herself around Wendy who closed her eyes and said, *"we won't interfere with whatever he wants. We will just make sure he has an out in case this thing goes south on him."* Cathy kissed her neck and whispered, *"that's all we should do, and I think little Prudence would agree."* Wendy said, *"just for that I'll make sure her name is Prudence."*

Owen sat on a bench near the hot tub waiting for Ana. He had a bottle of wine and a plan. Ana came out of the dark in a short white dress with thin yellow straps. The dress was cut low and meant to be worn with a shirt underneath, but Ana didn't wear the shirt. The result was that it looked like she was just wearing an apron. Ana took the bottle away from Owen and took a long drink. The wine was dry and dark with a chocolate and berry overtone. She untied the strap around her waist and got into his lap. She untied the straps around her neck and pulled the apron off. Without taking his eyes off her body, Owen asked, *"you're trying to change the subject, aren't you?"* Ana kissed him again and said, *"you are leaving in a day or two, so I don't see what there is to talk about."* Owen turned her over, so he was on top. As he did, he took off his shirt and worked on taking his shorts off. Ana finished the job. Owen said, *"I have no real reason to go back, but I can see one to stay."*

Cathy made a fist then made a jerking motion back and forth. She said, *“you don't get pregnant doing this Scott.”* The rest of the group snickered as Scott gave her a confused look asking, *“but we?”* He made a penetration gesture with his hands. Cathy smiled and said, *“think about what we did. We never connected the P to the V. Lots of other things but not what Clinton would have called sex.”* Sally put up her right hand saying, *“I think we're off topic here and just maybe we should leave the private talk private.”* She stood up and walked over to Cathy going to one knee. She took her by the hands and asked, *“are we still on mission?”* She saw the ring in her left hand and smiled. Cathy leaned in and whispered, *“more on that later.”* Wendy said, *“our situation hasn't changed with the FBI. With all the heat working out in the open will be difficult. Also, Owen decided to stay in Mexico for a while to see if he can make something work.”* Sally said, *“that doesn't answer the question.”* Wendy looked to Cathy who smiled and said, *“while we need to be careful we won't stop the missions.”* Scott asked, *“and there's no possible way the kid could be mine?”*

Owen opened the windows to let in some fresh air and sun. After filling out the paperwork, he rented a house closer to town and the hotel where Ana worked. The house was a one bedroom with a small courtyard in the back. The place was smaller than the villa on the beach, and it didn't have a pool or hot tub. He would also have to buy his drinking water in bulk. After calling a friend back home and having him sell his car, he would have enough money to live on without needing a job for at least a year. Ana was coming over to help him buy some furniture and decorate. He decided not to buy a television. He had good cellular reception, and the local cable company offered a good deal in an internet connection. He felt kind of racist to think he would be thrown back into the dark ages outside of the country. The first thing he ordered was a portable hot tub. A knock at the door and Ana came in wearing a long rose-colored skirt with a white top and matching vest. Her nameplate was gone. She came over to him and said, *“I have good and bad news. My father found out about you and fired me and kicked me out of the house.”* Owen asked, *“so what's the bad news?”*