Fever

by Durinsbride

Summary

Penny is ill, and Sheldon is there to help her.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Thursday afternoon, Sheldon encountered Penny down in the lobby when he was checking his mail, and noticed that she looked a little ragged. Quite pale, too. She usually had a pleasing, warm complexion, but today she looked ashen.

"Hello," he said automatically, locking his mailbox and turning to face her, his head listing sideways in contemplation as he gazed upon her.

It was...curious.

He could never abort the impulse to hail a greeting whenever he saw her. Simple cordialities rose to his lips and he spoke before he could ever command his vocal cords to submission, to dignified silence. It was almost autonomic, or involuntary in nature, these greetings, whether he said hello or her name; for it was now the same matter of two effortless and somehow necessary syllables. He could not pass through 24 hours without their utterance or their reception, it seemed.

"Hey Sheldon," she answered, her voice oddly muted and listless. She shuffled towards her box, key in hand, turning it in the lock with an almost indifferent motion of her wrist. She did not lift her eyes to meet his as she always did, something he'd grown to anticipate and expect as much, if not more, than their daily exchange of pleasantries, and he found that he missed that transitory connection.

Fascinating…

As she was not looking at him, he found himself free to look at her, and he took the opportunity, since he rarely did so consciously, to study her entire form from head to toe. Her bright hair was swept up high in a simple ponytail, a spangled band spanning her forehead, flashing sliver under the overhead lights with every movement of her head. His eyes traced over the familiar features of her face, paused for a moment at the perfect bow of her mouth, and continued down her neck, over the length of her red leather jacket, a white frilly blouse with an open neck. He paused again at the swell of her cleavage, lingered for another moment on the shadow between, his face heating slightly, before quickly moving on, downward. Mustard yellow vest, denim skirt, blue apron.

Her work uniform.

"I thought you had to work until close this evening," he said, glancing back towards her face, still waiting for her gaze to turn to his, bracing himself for the moment when her gray-green eyes would meet his own, his pulse suddenly thread-like and distracted, heat lingering in his cheeks. Was it growing warmer? Perhaps he was coming down with something…

"I did. I asked to go home early."

It was there again, that odd, muffled quality to her voice. He studied her face.

"Penny, are you ill? Truly you don't sound well…” He resisted the urge to cover his mouth, fighting back the instinctual panic he felt about such germs and contagions, since that sort of thing tended to offend her, and it would be a futile gesture anyway, given the length of time and likely transfer speed of an airborne pathogen he was already likely infected. (He seemed particularly prone to Penny Pathogens, after all.)

"No…I mean…I guess I feel a little blah, but not too bad." She looked up at him then, and he felt the moment of visual contact with the sharpness and depth of true physical contact, like she'd somehow touched him with her eyes, and a little jolt knocked him square in the chest. He actually took a step
"Oh, don't worry, sweetie," she continued, smirking at him, a slight hardness falling over her features as she started to walk past him and up the stairs. "I'm leaving now. I know you don't want to get sick."

"I was merely ask—"

"Go take a bath in some Purell," she shot over her shoulder as she mounted the stairs, moving quickly now, and for some reason he wanted to reach out and stop her, but he wasn't quick enough. "I'm sure you'll be fine."

He could have sworn there was an odd wobble to her voice, an uncharacteristic vulnerability. He stood a moment longer at the bottom of the stairs, looking after where she'd gone, contemplating what he had seen and heard for a moment longer. Then he shrugged, and started to climb the stairs himself, heading for home.

Friday night, as he left the apartment with Leonard and the others for a late night showing of A Clockwork Orange, they passed Penny on the stairs as she returned from work. He didn't get the chance to call out a hello (since Leonard beat him to it), so he had the luxury again of looking at her at his leisure (something he found himself becoming accustomed to in short order) and noted again the pale, waxen look of her face, the droopy appearance of her eyes.

"Penny…are you ill?"

Leonard turned to him with a frown, his dark brows bent in a sharp "v" above the heavy rim of his glasses. He peered up at him (de rigueur, of course, there was no other way for Leonard to look at him) and scowled.

"Hey…I was talking to Penny. Don't you think it's a little rude to interrupt?"

Sheldon only marginally noted the nasally, selfish whine of his roommate, it didn't signify as he continued to look her over, tracing over her face as her weary eyes met his. There was that little jolt again, which wasn't unpleasant, followed by a sense of foreboding when he noted that the usual flash of her gaze was dulled, lacking her usual fire.

"I don't know," she said, looking directly at him and answering his question as if there had been no interruption, something strangely…pleading in her gaze. "I do feel kinda bad. I didn't want to go in but I couldn't exactly call off…can't afford to miss the hours."

Now Leonard was studying her face, and seemed concerned.

"You do seem a little white, Penny. Are you sure you're okay? We could take you to the clinic, if you want…" but he didn't sound particularly enthusiastic about the idea.

Howard started to shift on his feet, frowning, obviously disappointed at the suggestion.

"Well, maybe you could…" Howard was muttering, trying to be subtle and failing miserably. Penny didn't seem to have the energy to look offended, and merely shook her head in the negative.

"No—that's okay. I'm fine, really. Just a little under the weather, I guess."
Leonard mouthed another token protest, but even Sheldon could see through it. None of the others were truly willing to forego their outing to take of Penny…and before she could fully protest again they had already started down the stairs. Sheldon paused on the landing, reluctant to follow.

"I could stay, if you like…" he said quietly, so that the others would not hear. They hadn't seemed to notice that he wasn't following them anyway.

Penny looked up at him, a small but genuine smile curving her mouth. Her perfectly shaped, bow-like mouth…

"Thanks…but it's okay, really. Go see your movie, sweetie."

He waited a moment more, but she'd already cleared the top of the landing and was heading for her apartment door.

"Alright," he said simply, watching her walk away until she opened the door to her apartment and slipped inside, shutting it quietly behind her.

Suddenly, the movie didn't seem to matter so much…

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A couple of hours later, as Leonard and Sheldon were returning from their night out, Sheldon paused at the top of the landing while Leonard dug around for his keys, glancing at Penny's door. It was dark inside her apartment—no light shone from beneath the door. She must be asleep. Getting her rest.

"You coming?" Leonard asked, and Sheldon turned to see Leonard standing at the threshold, eyeing him, his gaze darting back and forth between Sheldon and Penny's door. He shook his head at Sheldon then—

"You can go check on her if you want—I don't want to catch whatever she's got…and I know you don't…come on, it's late." He turned and walked into their apartment, not even looking back to see if he was following. Sheldon paused a moment, took one more look at her darkened door, and then stepped inside his apartment to get ready for bed.

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Three hours later, he gave up trying to sleep. He simply could not close his eyes thinking about her lying there in the dark across the hall. Lying there, miserably sick, in the midst of that horrifying chaos she called a living space.

So before he could think it through he tossed back the covers, took his housecoat from the end of the bed and flung it around his shoulders, tightened the belt and left his room. He stopped in the kitchen for some supplies, piling them into a small burlap grocery bag: teabags, honey, a supply of aspirin, vaporub, rubber gloves and a surgical mask.

He made his way quietly across the floor and stopped at the entrance to the apartment, reaching into the bowl of keys next to the door, rooting for his own and a copy of her set, dropping them both into the pocket of his robe before he left.
After he opened her door, he stepped inside and called out for her softly, not wanting to startle her in case she was sleeping. The apartment was dark, and the door to her bedroom was halfway open, and he could see inside, the light of the moon illuminating her bed.

Her empty bed.

"Penny?" he called again, and was met with silence.

A prickle of something unpleasant skated down his spine at her lack of response, and he crossed the floor to her bedroom in three quick strides, opening her door all the way.

It was then he noticed the pale light shining from beneath her bathroom door.

"Penny?" he said again, crossing over to her bathroom door, pausing at the threshold, his hand raised, poised to knock. "Penny, are you alright?"

"In here..." came the muffled response, and it set off alarms the moment her heard her. Something wasn't right. "Penny? What's the matter? May I come in?"

"Sheldon..." she answered. "In here..."

He would prefer to wait for permission to enter, but this did not seem like the time, and since this was an emergency, he steeled himself to it. He took the doorknob in hand and opened the door, stepping into her bathroom—only to glance away almost the moment he stepped inside. She was sitting in the bathtub, lying with her head back against the wall, and she wasn't...clothed...

"Sheldon...help..."

He felt a strong sense of déjà vu then, because he'd been in this situation before, only that time she'd managed to wrap a towel around herself. There was no such barrier this time.

He kept his head turned away to protect her modesty, his face heating in embarrassment, even though this appeared to be something of an emergency situation. It wasn't honorable to peer at a lady in dishabille.

"Penny...you appear to be...bathing...and you're unclothed, at the moment, and I think that you should really—"

"So cold, Sheldon..."

Startled at the quality of her voice, nothing more than a rough whisper, he risked a glance sideways at her, trying to keep his gaze above the slope of her shoulders. It appeared that she had been taking a bubble bath...there were the fizzling remnants of soap bubbles all around her, her skin slick and silvered from the oils of her bath salts, her breasts...

He flushed and looked away, finding it hard to swallow. He could tell by the sound of her voice that she was seriously ill, and deduced the situation at once. She had woken some time ago in the throes of a fever, drew herself a bath and must have fallen sleep in the tub, judging by the lack of humidity in the bathroom and absence of condensation on the mirrors. She was groggy and disoriented, and the sooner she left the cold water of the tub, the better.

"Penny...you must get out of the tub immediately and into bed. Your body temperature is dropping and you need to lie down. I'm going to get you a towel and some pajamas, okay?"

"Please...help me..."
He risked another glance in her direction, noting the pallor of her face and the half-closed appearance of her eyes. She looked exhausted.

"Are you feeling weak?" he asked.

She nodded her head, unable, it seemed, to do more.

Sheldon hesitated at the doorway, started to shift from foot to foot.

"Perhaps I should get Leonard…I could wake him…"

There was the sound of her movement in the water, a sudden motion as she struggled to sit upright.

"No—don't want Leonard…"

Sheldon was already turning to leave. Yes. Perhaps Leonard was better suited to this. After all, they had once dated. Had coitus with each other. If anyone should be here, it was—

"Yes…I'm going to get Leonard."

Another splash from the tub, and abrupt motion.

"No! Please Sheldon…"

Her plea was all it took. He could not deny her now. Not when she needed his help. So he swept into her room and quickly opened her bureau and snatched a pair of panties and a camisole top, and then stopped at her hall closet to grab a towel (he knew where to find everything—it was his organizational schematic, after all) and returned to the bathroom.

"Penny" he began, as he advanced toward her, trying to keep his eyes downcast, "I apologize for this…I hope you'll forgive the unintentional ogling, as I have no choice…"

He risked another look downward and met her eyes, and saw that they were foggy, without guile or design, and again he felt a measure of panic at her condition. Perhaps he should wake Leonard after all, so they could take her to a hospital.

"Cold…Sheldon, help me…"

Swallowing, figuring it was no guts no glory, Sheldon bent down and slid his hands under her arms, hauling her to her feet. He kept his touch gentle, and tried very sincerely to keep his eyes from her but it was ridiculous at this point. In for a penny, in for a pound, he thought, followed by his breathy little laugh.

He helped her step out of the tub and then quickly threw the towel around her, tucking it secure under her left arm, and he found himself rubbing her sides and the tops of her arms to increase her circulation and warmth. She sighed and staggered against him, falling against the length of his chest, her wet head landing on his shoulder.

"Sheldon…so glad you're here…"

He found it easier to continue the rubdown with his arms more fully around her, circling over her back and her waist. He marveled at how small it was—that one long hand almost spanned the whole of her waist. He stopped for a moment and let it rest in the curve of her hip, surprised at how it seemed to fit there perfectly, as if it belonged there.

"Should have woken Leonard," he said, watching his hand move over and around the curve of her
hip, distracted by the perfect geometry of her form.

"Don't want Leonard…want you." She whispered somewhere underneath his ear, her soft breath tickling the back of his neck. His arms curled deeper around her in response. Her words barely registered.

"What?" he murmured, still distracted by the shape and feel of her body against his as he continued to explore her back, hips and sides with his hands.

For the rubdown, of course.

"Always wanted you…” and she followed that statement with a little kiss, right under his ear, just at the corner of his neck.

He groaned softly, involuntarily, at their brief, soft press, and it was that sound more than anything that drew him out of his stupor, this weird and unsettling haze he'd suddenly fallen into. He'd been reduced to nothing more than hands and skin and sensation, the usual cacophony of his thoughts receding to a gentle hum.

"Penny," he said thickly, his throat dry and his cheeks heated from her brief kiss, "I must get you to bed…"

She snorted against his shoulder, smothering a giggle. He felt the vibration of it in his chest. It was…not unpleasant…

"Yes…get me to bed!" and she giggled again. "Take me, Sheldon!"

The flirty, breathy sound of her voice seemed to wake something within him. That part that was usually content to sleep a dreamless sleep in the background of his mind and body, that part of him that seemed to have no difficulty supplying what was involved in taking a woman…to bed or otherwise. There were even helpful, graphic images in accompaniment.

"Come on now," he said in her ear, unaware that a slight twang, the lazy drawl of his childhood had crept into his voice, "you hafta get ta bed…you need your rest."

Penny shivered against him, her arms tightening around him. And for moment they stood there, locked in each other's arms.

Sheldon broke away first, though it took more willpower than he thought it would, and without a word, suddenly swept her effortlessly and swiftly off her feet and into his arms, and he carried her to her bed.

As they crossed the floor, Penny looked up at through the veil of her lashes, panting slightly with the force of some kind of emotion. He was unable to look away from the heat in her eyes.

He set her on the edge of the bed, and bending to his knees, he took hold of one corner of the towel, and without warning, yanked it down and off of her body in one swift movement.

Penny gasped, her eyes widening in surprise, moaning softly. There was something about the soft, needy sound that almost made him want to howl in response, such an absurd reaction, but he managed to ignore the impulse as went back to the bathroom for her clothes, and when he returned he bent down beside her once more, holding her panties just off the floor, gesturing to her feet, his gaze skating briefly over the darkened shadow between her thighs.

"Legs," he said, nodding his head at her, unwilling, and unable, to say more.
Penny complied, resting her hands on his shoulders as she shifted to step into her underwear, shivering as he tugged them up and over her hips.

"Your shoulders are so…broad…" she said, smoothing her hands over their length, seemingly surprised at this discovery.

He helped her slip on her camisole, his hands ghosting over her breasts before he snatched them away.

"Hardly unusual…I am…male, Penny…" he answered, looking up at her at last.

Her gray-green eyes were still shadowed with her sickness, but there was a compelling awareness there, lurking in the background.

"I know," was all she said.

In short order he had her tucked into bed and snuggly beneath the covers. He brought her a cup of water so she could take an aspirin, and as she settled back against the pillows he took her temperature with the thermometer he brought, pulling away after it beeped and frowning, though he didn't look too concerned by what he saw.

"What's the verdict, Doctor?"

"100 degrees…not too high but not dangerous, either. I don't think it's necessary to take you to a hospital…yet…" he finished, placing a hand on her forehead.

"Sing me soft kitty?"

He did, without complaint, and more than once as he stroked her hair away from her brow. Within moments, she was fast asleep.

With the tip of a finger he traced the long, curved sweep of her lashes against her cheek. The soft push of her nose. The full pout of her mouth. Trembling, shaking with feelings he didn't quite understand and didn't want to claim, he bent forward and pressed his lips to hers, and all that feeling was there. The hard and the soft, the gallant and the not so gallant, the romantic and the lurid at once. He was sorry when he pulled away.

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Penny woke the next morning feeling like a bunch of moths had spun a silk cocoon in her head, and she struggled to clear her thoughts of the gauzy haze that lingered. As she squinted into the sunlight, she was surprised to find that although she most definitely felt like shit, and was truly and royally sick, she was strangely and inexplicably…

Aroused?

Whoa…that was weird, and maybe a little freaky. Since when was the flu such a turn on?

She glanced down at herself, surprised to find that she was dressed in panties and a camisole top, which she didn't remember putting on. She kind of remembered taking a bath, but not much afterward. She must have been really, really out of it…

But still…
Some nagging thought at the back of her mind kept trying to surface. The memory of something unusual and precious. She tried and tried to think of what it was, but it was fragmented and dream-like.

And perhaps that's just what it was, a dream. Something about being carried aloft in a man's arms. A tall, dark, handsome man that kind of looked like…

No.

He wouldn't come within ten feet of her when she was sick.

Throwing back the covers, she staggered to the kitchen to make herself a gotta-get-better cup of tea.

As she waited for the water to boil, she found herself reaching up to touch her lips. For some reason she could feel something there. The remnant of another set pressed against hers, as if she had been branded somehow…

She felt herself longing for their touch again, even if they weren't real, and only a dream.
A stolen kiss leads to a prompt investigation…

Sheldon Cooper didn’t have a deal.

Not for boys, girls, or sock puppets. According to Howard, one day he would eat too much Thai food and simply split in two. Ask Leonard, and he would tell you that Sheldon would spin a cocoon and emerge two months later with wings and an exoskeleton.

But according to Dr. Sheldon Lee Cooper, Mr. Homo Novus himself, he was simply too evolved to be afflicted with a sexual appetite, or the need to reproduce.

Bull.

He had a deal.

He so had a deal. She just knew it somehow.

The trick was getting him to admit to it, which was about as easy as scaling Mount Everest in heels and a mini-skirt.

With a baby on your back.

A colicky baby.

How Penny knew this, well…that was a matter of luck, really. Chaos Having Its Merry Un-way With Her (as Sheldon would describe it, and she could just see the capital letters, and the snooty British sidekick, also a physicist, at his elbow, sucking on his pipe and chuckling in wry amusement at such an insouciant observation).

Penny paused for a moment on her climb up the stairs, thinking that last bit over, and grinned smugly to herself. Her vocabulary had really improved thanks to her little nerd herd.

But her smile faded a moment later when her steps brought her to the landing for the 4th floor, and she caught sight of 4B. She hadn't spent much time with the boys lately, especially so with Sheldon. For the past two weeks she hadn't seen very much of him at all—he'd made himself pretty scarce. He'd missed laundry night, for instance. Not once but twice in a row. And that just didn't happen with Sheldon. Not with all his sacred and unvarying routines. Something was very wrong…

She sighed, staring at their door as she thought back, trying to trace the beginning of his strange (well, stranger than usual) behavior. It seemed to start about 2 weeks ago, when she’d come down with a bad case of the flu. She didn’t remember too much about the first 24 hours of her illness, that is, when the fever first presented itself…

But she’d woken up the morning after with such a startling ache in her chest, like a bruise just beneath her skin, because it felt like something was missing inside of her. Something sweet, and warm, and electric.
She'd wandered around her apartment that day in a daze, stopping every now and then to touch her lips, to try and stop the lonely feeling...there was no other way to describe it...to try and soothe her lonely mouth, that continued to feel the ghostly press of another. A mouth with a full, pouty lower lip, set above a strong jaw on a handsome man.

It was as fragmentary and illogical as a dream, and that's what she ultimately concluded it was, a fever-induced dream that was erotic and romantic at the same time...despite this she hadn't been able to let go of it, and the half-memories, the shadowed recollections, continued to occupy her thoughts.

And for the first time in a long while, she felt like Penny the girl, the one that she used to be, the innocent girl dreaming of her gallant hero, the one that would sweep her off her feet and carry her away to his castle...like Madmartigan, or Robin Hood, or King Arthur.

She winced in response to her own foolishness, then and now. She was a grown woman, an experienced (definitely experienced) woman, and she had long ago lost her belief in romance. She was strong and could take care of herself. She was her own hero...

But...there was a part of her that still dreamed of ballrooms and sparkling lights, King Jareth and an endless waltz...

She'd replaced it with hard bodies and long legs—she really liked tall guys—and men with a sense of adventure. The kind that would say, Come on, Penny! Let's get the hell outta here! Let's go to California!

Not guys that (while tall...and okay...kind of cute) made sure to sort all the blueberries into similar-sized stacks before he made blueberry pancakes, so that each pancake was "dimensionally consistent," or the kind of guy that labeled everything, including the label-maker, or had a separate wardrobe just to ride the bus...

She wasn't aware that by this time she was staring at their closed door with an expression close to longing. Didn't want to admit to herself that she wanted, more than anything else, to see that door swing open and reveal his familiar long-limbed, skinny frame and quick blue eyes...but that wasn't likely to happen. Not with the way things were going lately...

She sighed.

Dammit, Sheldon...why are you hiding from me?

But beneath the usual frustration was another emotion, a newer, though not unfamiliar feeling—she took a deep breath, felt her face heating as she thought it—attraction.

There. She'd finally admitted it. Now was that so hard?

Mmm...hard. She groaned at her own lurid imagination, feeling like Howard for her pervy response to a simple word, but she was feeling a little frustrated in the nether-department lately. She was, quite simply, horny. And it was messing with her head. Making her think about doing dirty things to her bat-crazy neighbor. (Over and over and over again...mmm)

One problem, though. Just one tiny problem. This was Sheldon she was thinking about. She might as well be spitting in the wind or trying to seduce a stone, because no matter what, there was no gaining entry into The Fortress WackADoodle.

Shaking her head, she dug into the bottom of her purse for her keys, not looking forward to another lonely night at home. But as she stepped inside her apartment she thought that maybe she'd actually consider watching that series that the boys were so crazy about. What was it called again?
Oh yeah…Firefly. They were obsessed with it. Howard had even lent her his copy of the entire series on DVD, almost begging her to watch it. He'd made some weird comment about her making the perfect "companion," whatever that meant. So it was settled. She'd have a little supper, and then settle in with a glass of wine…

Homo Novus was in control of his functions, his routines, and all his faculties. He was supremely independent, and had no need for tiresome and vapid social interaction, and certainly no need for female…companionship. None at all. No. He was best suited to a life of pure reason and a relentless search for the truth and knowledge.

But when he heard her light footsteps in the hall, he found he could not draw his next breath, could not summon the necessary neural power to command his lungs to draw in much needed oxygen. In that moment, when he first heard her tread outside his doorway, the universe shrank to just three points—the cushion upon which he sat—his spot, and the two points where her feet rested as she paused outside his door.

Time stopped.

(Time was a false abstraction, anyway, at least the common notion of time as it was understood, as something a clock measured—when it fact it is was integral piece of the of the universe, a viable dimension inseparable from the fabric of space, matter, energy…)

She seemed to hesitate; at least he heard no further noise indicating that she was moving towards her apartment. He risked a glance at the bottom of his door, to the small gap underneath, and then turned away quickly. But it was enough to see that her shadow was there. She was just outside.

He waited for a knock. He hoped it would not come. She, too, was integral to the fabric of the universe.

A moment later he heard her digging for her keys, and he let out a shaky breath.

Furthermore, Homo Novus, he told himself, did not feel disappointment.

Penny reached the end of her bottle a little sooner than she expected. It had snuck up on her a little fast, and she was certain that could mean only one thing—it was time to stop drinking so recklessly, and get ready for bed.

"God, this place is a mess…” In her usual way, she'd been meaning to get around to cleaning up the place, but she just hadn't had the time, or the inclination. When she got sick it was simply out of the question.

She stopped to pick up a few bits of trash from the coffee table, an old magazine, an empty cup, and carried the armful to the kitchen. She dropped the empty wine bottle in the recycle bin, and noticed that the trash can under her sink was almost overflowing. Heaving a great, reluctant, sigh, she took the can out from under the sink and removed the stinky, overflowing bag, grabbing two corners in preparation to tie it closed.
It was then that she noticed a set of latex gloves in the trash. White, surgical gloves resting right at the top of the bag.

"Wait a minute…" she murmured, puzzled by the sight of them. The wrists of the gloves were neatly folded together, one pulled over the other much like you would fold a pair of socks you just pulled out of the dryer. They were perfectly, symmetrically folded, and there was only one person she knew that wore, or used latex gloves. Or folded things like that—so straight you could use the edge as a ruler…

Sheldon…

She paused…thinking…and then it struck, suddenly, the reason it seemed so odd.

"Eureka…" she breathed, (another word her nerds were so fond of, and she'd finally had a chance to use it!) hardly daring to believe the evidence of her own eyes—

Gloves. In the trash. The kind of gloves that Sheldon uses. Folded the way he folded them. In a trash bag that she hadn't bothered to change for nearly two weeks—from when she'd first got sick with the flu—that first terrible night when she'd dreamed, or thought she'd dreamed, of a tall, handsome man carrying her to her bed—

Her face heated then when she started to remember other things…things like long hands tracing over the curve of her hips. A broad set of shoulders. The rumble of a Texan drawl in her ears—

"Oh my god—"

No. It couldn't be. But here was proof. Real, solid proof.

He so had a deal. That lying little fucker…

She laughed, a giddy, euphoric feeling starting somewhere in her stomach and racing through her arms and legs, making her shiver. Her breath deepening when she recalled just a little more from that night. A towel. A heated look. A hedonistic groan.

"Not afflicted with a sexual appetite my ass…" she said aloud, flushed and excited, and more than a little aroused. Oh yeah. It was on. The Siege to Take The Great Fortress WhackADoodle.

Now all the remained was one thing. One tiny, little, insignificant thing.

How to reach the top of Mount Everest. In heels, and a mini-skirt. With a big baby—a big, stubborn, deep-in-denial Homo Novus Do Touch Us, Baby.

It was Junior Rodeo Time…

End Notes

I wrote this story a long while back when I used to be a Big Bang Theory fan. The operative word here is used, as in past tense. Some time ago, I can't remember exactly when, I really started to dislike the show and the writer's relentlessly unchanging portrayal of Penny in particular: the boozy slut. Long story short, I'm no longer a devoted fan.
Despite that change, I thought I would post this story to Ao3 (since prior to this it had been archived at FF.net for a long time) and share it as it is, which is unfortunately unfinished.

I know! It doesn't seem logical, or fair, or even kind to current fans to post a story that isn't finished, but in truth, we all have our favorite fan fiction stories out there for our current and past OTPs that remain unfinished to this day, so this is no different. It's not my intention to hurt or annoy anyone, but merely to share with Ao3 readers the product of a once beloved show/ship. I'm proud of this work, even if it's unfinished (and will likely remain so).

So, that's basically it. I hope that you'll give this a try despite it's cliff-hanger nature, and feel just a little of the love that I used to feel for this show, this pairing, and the optimism that excellent chemistry between two actors (regardless of the sexual orientation of either) can generate. Even for an impossible ship such as Penny & Sheldon...

Please *drop by the archive and comment* to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!