

# ~ Coming Home ~

by Larisa

[Hecate3366@frontiernet.net](mailto:Hecate3366@frontiernet.net)

---

Disclaimers: Yeah it's all the same, I'm too lazy to change anything.

Sex, violence, bad language and grammar: It's all in there one way or another.

Age thing: Go away if you're not 18, besides you weren't born when Facts of Life was on TV so ya have no idea who these peoples are.

---

Just out of the blue, Nat had called Mrs. G and asked her opinion on having a reunion. She quickly agreed to have it at the one place that made sense. Everyone's former home, now at the last minute Mrs. G fluttered around the kitchen getting the last of the finishing touches done. It had been years since they had all gotten together in one place. With every one taking off for different parts of the world, it was hard to keep in touch. Nat was in Buffalo where she was an Editor with the Buffalo Times. Tootie, now an actor had an apartment in both New York and Hollywood. Blair, was everywhere, from East Coast to West, over seas and to the desert in Egypt? Some of it was business for the Warner legacy; the rest were Blair collecting what she called 'experiences'.

Now Jo was a completely different matter all together. She was never one to do things the normal way or fit into a certain mold. After Graduating from college, she had stayed around for a while but then one day she just disappeared off the face of the earth. Even Blair, whom everyone thought would be the one person that Jo would keep in touch with, had not heard from her in years.

So, it was to be the four of them for the next week, catching up on what had happened over the years and having fun just sitting around and doing nothing.

Mrs. G had just pulled a New York style cheesecake from the refrigerator when she heard the front door close and feet coming towards the kitchen. Before she could look to see who it was, she heard an unmistakable voice.

"Mrs. G I'm home!" People four blocks away had to have heard her. Mrs. G's face broke out into a huge smile as she pushed through the door to meet her guest.

"Natalie! I'm so glad to see you." She cried out as she wrapped her friend in a tight hug. "I thought Tootie was coming with you?"

"Ohh she's here." Nat rolled her eyes. "She's getting her luggage out of the u-haul it of a vehicle she drives." Her eyes squinted as she smiled at her older friend. "You know how we always thought Blair was bad, well, Dorothy is far worse than Blair ever was!"

"Dorothy?" Mrs. G's brows rose to her hairline.

"Ohh yeah, she doesn't like being called Tootie anymore."

"Ohh well, that will take some getting use to." She shook her head, thinking that her girls were all grown up.

\*\*\*\*\*

The door burst open as Tootie fell in with four huge suitcases, two under her arms the other two being dragged behind on leashes. Her huffing and puffing brought grins to her friend's faces.

"Thanks Nat for all your help!" She gave Nat a fierce look. "You could have at least gotten the door for me!"

"But this was sooo much fun just watching you struggle, Blair Jr." She chuckled at Tootie's stunned expression.

"Blair Jr. how do you figure that?"

"Easy, it took you two hours to get ready to come over here." Mimicking Tootie from earlier. "I don't know what to wear?" Nat waved her hands in the air in agitation. "Tootie, Mrs. G has seen you run around in your PJ's."

Tootie shot her a glare, dropping her suitcases she came nose to nose with her oldest friend. "My name is Dorothy! Not Tootie!"

Mrs. G stepped in to pull her in to a hug. "That's going to take some time getting use to...Dorothy." She pulled both women into the kitchen with her, telling them what she had planned for supper that night. Once they were seated in their normal spots, Mrs. G put on a pot of tea.

"Where's Blair, I thought she would have been here by now?"

"Who knows?" Tootie shrugged her shoulders. "You know Blair, she's late for everything."

"I am not!" Blair said from the doorway. "I'm fashionably late." She gave them a wicked grin, flipped her hair over her shoulder then sat down at the table.

"Where have you been?" Nat asked. "I tried calling you three times today."

"Oohh I was in the Bermuda Triangle, otherwise known as LaGuardia Airport, I really hate the damn place." She took the cup of tea from Mrs. G and smiled. "It's been a long time since I had a good cup of tea. Anyone heard from Jo?" She watched as heads swung back and forth. "Kind of figures, she's probably in prison."

Mrs. G was shocked at what Blair said. "Blair really, why would you think that?"

She looked around the table at her friends and shrugged her shoulders. "The last time I heard, she had quit her job as a teacher and was robbing guys of their money by being a pool shark."

Nat chuckled at the thought of Jo making money by playing pool. "But Blair, Jo has always taken guys money playing pool."

"Not like this she didn't!" She leaned over the table. "I heard that she's been playing high stakes, I'm talking a lot of money here!" She rubbed her fingers together on one hand. "Thousands of dollars a game!"

Tootie rubbed her hands together and grinned evilly. "I wonder if she needs a girlfriend." Three sets of eyes stared at her. "What, I'm an actress remember? I can play the part." She ran her fingers down her body seductively. "If I'm seen with an infamous pool shark, maybe I could get some good movie parts," she sighed. "Instead of doing all those stupid commercials for hand cream."

Mrs. G looked at Tootie as if she had grown a third eye. "Just what are you saying Too...Dorothy?"

Tootie leaned over the table in a conspiratorial way. "I've heard from the rumor mill that Jo prefers the fairer sex."

"Get out!" Nat yelled.

"Now girls, Jo isn't here to defend herself." She refilled every ones cups. "I think it's a lot of mean people that have nothing better to do than spread hogwash."

Blair shook her head. "I don't know Mrs. G. Jo was always so tomboyish when we were kids." She smiled showing all her teeth. "More men for me!"

@@@@@@@@

After they had eaten supper and cleaned the kitchen, they sat down to reminisce about the past. None of them would let Tootie live down the fact that she had spent a whole year on roller skates. It was late in the evening and after such a long day, they were all exhausted, Mrs. G put Nat and Tootie in their old room and Blair in the back bedroom. She went to bed herself after making sure the house was secure and lay in bed with a huge smile on her face. It felt good to have the girl's home for a while.

Although exhausted, Nat and Tootie lay awake for a while talking just as they had years ago when they were younger. Blair on the other hand was dead to the world minutes after her head hit the pillow. None of them heard the back door knob being rattled.

A black gloved hand tried the door handle and found it locked. Whispering curses, the leather-clad person pulled a thin piece of metal from a boot and picked the lock. Within seconds, the door was open and booted feet crept silently through the house. Checking each downstairs room with a small penlight, they made their way to the staircase. Climbing the stairs on silent feet, they leaned close to each door. Sharp ears listened. Soft snores and mumbling was heard at the first one. The next door, were chuckles and giggles, then finally the last door. Leaning closer to the door sounds of snorts, grumbles and talking came from inside the room. Turning the handle, the door opened slowly and the penlight turned on to travel across the bed with the lone figure snuggled down into the blankets.

"You are such a tease Blair." Was whispered from between pink lips as a slim hand with long blood red fingernails swiped at the air in a coquettish manner.

"Don't I know it, even in your sleep, you're full of yourself." Jo whispered, sat on the edge of the bed and ran the back of her gloved knuckles down Blair's soft cheek. She pulled off her boots and shoved them under the bed, then silently striped out of her clothes. Moving to the other side of the bed, she slipped under the blankets. After wrapping an arm around Blair's waist, she spooned up against her back. Blair stirred then ran her hand up Jo's forearm then back down to grip her hand, she sighed then pulled it to her breast.

"You are gonna be sooo pissed in the morning princess." She grinned against Blair's neck and let sleep claim her.

@@@@@@@@@@@@

Nat and Tootie both woke at the same time; they smelled breakfast cooking and knew that Mrs. G would be coming shortly for them to get up. It was like De ja vu. They shared a good laugh over the fact that after so many years, they still acted the same. Sitting on Tootie's bed, they flipped through her portfolio looking at all her pictures from all the premieres and movie sites she had been to. When Mrs. G knocked on the door, Nat had just turned to the last page and grinned.

"Mrs. G, look what Tootie has!"

"DOROTHY!" Tootie slapped her in the shoulder. "D-O-R-O-T-H-Y!"

"Yeah, yeah, anyway look what she has hidden in the back of her portfolio." She held up the book to show a picture of all five of them together. It was from right after Jo had come to the school. The look on her face could have melted steel and it was directed right at Blair.

Nat shivered at the picture. "Demon Spawn."

"Which one?" Asked Tootie.

"Both of them! You know I never seen two people that irritated each other as much as they did." Nat looked at her two friends. "Kept us all entertained." She grinned.

Mrs. G rose from the bed and looked between the two women. "Speaking of entertaining, breakfast is ready, who's going to wake up Blair?"

Nat and Tootie looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Naa ahhh!" They said in unison. "She can come down after she's had her beauty sleep." Replied Nat.

"Yeah, she's still scary in the mornings. Plus, I can't handle her smiling at herself in every mirror she sees, it's to damn early for that!"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Jo lay on her back with one arm behind her head the other wrapped around a warm body. She opened one eye to see the crown of a blonde head resting on her chest. An evil grin came to her lips at the thought of Blair waking up and screaming bloody murder, nothing thrilled her more than to terrorize her friend, and this would defiantly set her off on a rampage. Taking her arm from behind her head, she ran her fingers through the long blond hair at Blair's temple. She couldn't resist her fingers their wish; she traced the dark brow over Blair's left eye. Running her finger against the normal way the brow grew, she made the hair bristle and lay all disarrayed. She stilled as Blair started to nestle further into her chest; the hand that lay across Jo's stomach came up to rest on her right breast. She inhaled and held on to her breath afraid to release it in fear the Blair would wake. When she had settled, Jo let her breath leak slowly from her parted lips.

Closing her eyes she was just about to drift off when a warm thigh moved across hers and settled in between them. Blair mumbled in her sleep then pressed closer to Jo, her face rubbed back and forth across a now hardened nipple. Jo's body started to scream at her by sending flames shooting through her body to settle in nether regions. She kept telling herself that it was only Blair. Then, she wanted to kick herself in the ass for putting herself in the position to begin with.

*"You could have slept on the couch. But nooo, you wanted to terrorize Blair for old time's sake!"* Her little voice said to her. *"Now look what's happened, she's playing with your tits!"*

Blair moved her leg up so that her knee was pressing into Jo's center; she wiggled around against Jo's side and flexed her fingers that were resting on her breast. Jo covered her eyes with her hand and bit back a moan. She didn't know how much more of this she could take. She was kicking herself for her stupidity when fingers traveled down from her breast to her stomach. Her breath was coming in shallow gulps; long fingernails trailed across her skin going lower and lower. A deep moan rumbled in Jo's chest, she felt the hand still right at her hairline. Peeking from between fingers, she looked down into fierce brown eyes.

"Hi ya princess." She wheezed.

"YOU ROTTEN GOOD FOR NOTHING GOD AAAHHHHH!!!!!" Blair screamed bloody murder; she jumped from the bed and grabbed the pillow from beneath Jo's head. She raised it over her head to bring it down on top of Jo's face repeatedly. "I can't believe you JO!" She kept hitting her even as Jo tried to get out of the bed. She fell to the floor and tried to grab her clothes up but Blair crawled over the bed and continued to hit her. She struggled with her pants and shirt and was able to get them on even though she was up against the door. Blair pummeled her with a pillow by with every bit of strength she had and screamed the whole time.

"I ought to break both your legs Polniaczek!" She slammed her in the face with the pillow; Jo was laughing hysterically at her friend's anger. "I have never in my life! AAAHHHHH!!!!!"

Jo got the door open and ran all the way down the stairs with Blair beating her with the pillow. She fell through the doorway to the kitchen and ran around the table with Blair right on her heels.

"Princess I give all right!"

"NO!!! I can't believe you did that!" She was jumping back and forth from foot to foot as she faced Jo down from across the table.

"Hold on girls!" Mrs. G stood up from the table; she put her arms out between them keeping Blair from getting to Jo. "What is going on?"

"Blair stood with the pillow flailing around in her hand, her face was a bright red and she was huffing and puffing while trying to explain what had happened. "Woke...up...Jo...naked!"

"Huh?" Nat and Tootie said in unison. Jo was laughing hysterically at how flustered Blair had become.

"OK, Jo what happened, since Blair is hyperventilating."

"She was taking liberties with my body." She wiggled an eyebrow at Blair and ducked as the pillow flew at her.

"I did...Shit!" She dropped in to a chair and dropped her forehead on the tabletop. "It's her fault; she's the one who was in my bed naked."

Mrs. G gave Jo a funny look. "When did you get here?"

Jo dropped in to the chair across from Blair and winked at her. "Late last night, everyone was asleep. I didn't wanna disturb you, so I shared Blair's bed." Her pale blue eyes twinkled across the table at her friend. "Little did I know that princess there would molest me?"

"I didn't know it was you! I thought it was...I don't know who...I was asleep!" Her brown eyes blazed into pale blue. "You're a dog!"

Jo raised a dark eyebrow at her. "Do all your boyfriends have tits? 'Cuz what you were doing ta mine..." She held her hands up in the air.

Nat, Tootie and Mrs. G kept swinging their heads back and forth as if they were watching tennis.

"Just like old times!" Nat said as she rubbed her hands together.

Tootie pointed a finger at her friends. "Who ever said that everyone grows up hasn't met them yet."

Blair leaned over the table towards Jo. "I didn't know what I was doing. OK?"

"If that's the case ya could kill me after a little practice!"

"I could kill you right now!"

"You two can kill each other later, right now its breakfast time." Mrs. G said and pointed to their plates.

While everyone ate their breakfast, Blair kept tossing dirty looks at Jo. Jo in return kept winking at her and doing disgusting things with her bacon.

"You're a pig Jo! I've never known such a huge pervert in my life." Blair threw a piece of Bacon at Jo and was shocked when she caught it in her mouth. "If I throw a stick will you fetch?"

"I thought you only threw your panties around?"

"At least I wear them!"

"My lovers like easy access." She winked at her.

"Lovers as in plural, how can anyone put up with your mouth?"

Jo wiggled her tongue at Blair and received chuckles from Nat and Tootie. Mrs. G covered her eyes and sighed while Blair's mouth dropped open. "They like my mouth just fine."

"You are so...God...Sick!" Blair stuttered as she got up from the table and left the kitchen.

"So Jo, how did you know we were having a reunion?" Mrs. G asked.

"Seems that someone has enough clout to take up half a page in the Buffalo Times and a couple other big newspapers," she looked over at a blushing Nat. "I thought it was an FBI wanted poster at first, until I read what it said. Now I'm quoting here. 'WANTED preferably alive for a reunion,

Jo Polniaczek." She winked at Nat and Tootie and continued. 'Hurry Blair needs you!' She pulled the ad from her pocket and handed it to Mrs.G. After she opened it, she started laughing. The picture was of Blair in a striped prison uniform with bars in front of her, at the bottom was a message telling Jo the date of the reunion.

"Good thing you didn't put her in an orange jumpsuit or it would have hit the front page when she killed you." Tootie remarked.

"She may make it there yet!" Blair who had been eaves dropping burst into the kitchen and looked at the picture. "Why my picture, now it looks like I want her?" She flinched. "That didn't come out right." Her brows drew down over her nose.

"It came out all right this morning." Jo whispered under her breath.

"You stay away from me, before I really get pissed!"

"Will you beat me?" Jo wiggled her brows.

"I'm going to take a shower." Blair stomped from the kitchen.

"Need help; I could wash your back?" Jo yelled after her.

"How about I wash your mouth out with Lysol instead?" Blair yelled back at her.

The four women sat at the table chuckling over how Blair was acting. Tootie being brave that morning delved into Jo's personal life without a second thought.

"So is it true that you date women and you're a pool shark?"

Jo answered from around a mouthful of eggs. "Yep and yep." She searched her friend's faces to see if they were shocked at her response.

"See, I told you guys!" Tootie patted herself on her back. "So are you rich?"

"I do all right, its easy money."

Nat looked at her with a huge smile on her face. "Are ya as rich as Blair?"

"Now that's my secret," pale blue eyes twinkled at her friends. "Anyway, I drove here from Virginia yesterday. I was at a pool tournament, that's why I got here so late. Which reminds me," she wiped her hands on her pant legs and got up from the table. "I have my gear on my bike." She returned a few minutes later carrying her backpack and a medium sized box. She handed the box to Mrs. G with a huge smile on her face.

"I saw this and it had your name on it."



Mrs. G opened the box and pulled out a sterling silver tea set. "It's beautiful Jo." Tears came to her eyes as she looked at Jo. "Thank you." She gave her a big hug and kissed her cheek. Jo now a bright pink, handed each of her other friends small boxes. She watched them as they opened them to find gold and diamond tennis bracelets inside.

"Jo, you didn't have to get us anything?" Nat said with tears in her eyes.

"Hey, you're my friends; I wanted to show you guys how much ya mean ta me." Tootie's wicked grin had Jo knowing what she was going to ask. "Go ahead Tootie, ask."

"What did you get Blair?" Tootie was silent for a second; her brows drew down over her brown eyes. "This ain't fair! I try to go by my real name and every one calls me TOOTIE!"

Mrs. G gave her a hug and smiled. "You will always be Tootie to us."

"Yeah, I guess. So what did you get her?" Her eyes were twinkling.

"Ohh she already got it this morning." She paused for effect. "My body." Snickering she showed them a box like the one she gave them.

"I don't remember you being such a pervert." Tootie remarked.

"That's because you never heard the discussions me and Blair had." She winked at her then went in search of Blair.

"Do we want to know what they talked about?" Nat asked her friends and received shakes of their heads.

@@@@@@@@@@@@

Jo ran up the stairs and stopped outside of the bedroom door that she had shared with Blair, she tapped and waited for an answer.

"If that's you Jo, go away!"

Jo ignored her and opened the door; Blair was sitting on the edge of the bed brushing her hair. She took one look at Jo and pointed at the closed door. "OUT!" Her eyes blazed a golden brown when Jo continued to come towards her.

"I never could get the hang of taken orders." She shot Blair a grin. She dropped down to her knees in front of Blair and handed her the box.

"Truce?"

Blair looked at the box in her hands, one brow quirked upward. "What's this?"

"Something I saw and knew you'd like it."

Blair opened the box to see a gold chain with a diamond pendant suspended from the bottom. Her brown eyes filled with tears as she pulled it from the box. She looked up in to pale blue. "I feel so bad." She whispered.

"Why?" Asked Jo.

"For the way I treated you this morning and then you give me such a beautiful gift."

"That's my fault, I started it; I'm just so use ta being around guys that I forget that not everyone is as crude as we are." She took the necklace from Blair's fingers and placed it around her neck. She held the pendant in her fingers for a few seconds before placing it gently against Blair's chest. She looked in to brown eyes, giving Blair a small smile; she rose to her feet and paced the floor in front of Blair.

"Jo?" Blair was a little worried about her friend; she had never seen her pace before.

"Damn!" She ran her hands down her face then turned to look at her oldest friend. "I have this little...OK it's a big problem." She dropped down on to the edge of the bed. "I have this big tournament ta go to, and there's this woman that will be there that refuses to take no for an answer." She looked over at huge brown eyes. "I don't know what ta do?"

"Where's this thing taking place?"

"A pool hall in Manhattan." She sighed and fell back on the bed.

"What about asking Tootie to play your girlfriend for the night, after all she's an actress?" Blair lay down on the bed and propped herself up on one elbow. "Why is this woman after you, I mean besides the obvious?"

"She wants my money." She turned her head to look at Blair. "What's the obvious reason?"

"Jo, you're a very attractive woman, who wouldn't want you?"

"You'd be surprised." She thought for a few minutes then got up from the bed. "I guess I better go ask her huh?"

"That would probably help, when is this thing?"

"Uuhhmmm...tonight, I feel bad 'cuz this is the first time that we've all gotten together in years and I have ta go play pool shark."

"Is it important for you to be there?"

"If I win, then I go to Madison Square Gardens."

Blair just about fell over, she clutched her chest and squealed. "You're going!" She jumped up and pulled Jo out of the room by her hand.

@@@@@@@

Everyone was in the living room watching the news when Jo and Blair came down the stairs; they looked up to see Blair with a pensive expression on her face.

"That's scary!" Nat said as she shivered.

Tootie looked at her. "What?"

"Blair looks like something might just be working in her tiny little mind."

Blair sat down next to Tootie and gave her a bright toothy smile, Tootie moved as far away as she could from her and smashed Nat up against the arm of the couch.

"I didn't do it!" Tootie yelled.

"Not yet you haven't!" Blair poured on the charm. "Jo needs your expertise in the acting area, she needs a girlfriend tonight and you've been chosen."

Tootie's eyes opened wide and brightened. "Its academy awards night!" She was about to jump up and do a little dance when something hit her. "Uuhhmmm, Jo, I'm not going to have to kiss you or anything am I?"

Jo started laughing so hard that tears flowed down her cheeks. "No Tootie, you don't have ta kiss me or anything, just stand near me and pretend that you're a possessive lover."

"Wait a minute here," Mrs. G said. "What is going on?"

Blair explained Jo's problem where the woman was concerned and how Tootie would be her 'body guard' for the night. "And get this; if she wins tonight, she goes on to Madison Square Gardens!"

"Our Jo, at the Gardens!?!?" Mrs. G jumped up and gave her a hug. "Then what's after the Gardens?"

Jo shrugged. "Semi-retirement."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Jo was sitting in the living room waiting for the others to come down; she had her pool stick between her feet spinning on its gold end cap. The gold inlays flickered off her pale blue eyes making them appear to be on fire. Blair stood on the bottom step and watched her, for some strange reason her heartbeat picked up as she looked at her friends strong profile. Her eyes traced the strong jaw and straight nose; the way Jo's chin jutted out when she was thinking.

Jo dropped her head down and rested her forehead against her pool stick. Her long dark hair falling forward to cover her face, Blair silently approached, she reached out to push Jo's hair behind an ear.

"You OK?"

"Yeah, just thinking is all." She looked up into soft brown eyes. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"Asking Tootie, I don't know if I would have been able ta do it, the more I think about it, the more I feel that maybe it's not such a good idea."

"What are you talking about?"

"Blair, think about it. If Tootie is seen with me at this tournament, then she's marked as being my lover. This could hurt her career." She fell back against the couch. "I don't want her to do it, I can handle that bitch."

Blair sat down on the couch next to her; she looked deeply in to pale blue eyes. "We're still going with you."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

The place that they had come to for the pool tournament was no more than a dirty over crowded bar. The customers looked like they would sooner kill you than look at you. With the exception of Jo, the others clung to each other for dear life.

"JO, if I had known it was going to be like this I would have hired the NYPD for protection!" Blair had come chest to chest with her, their noses touching while brown eyes drilled in to smiling blue. "Are you nuts, we could get killed here!"

"Calm down Blair." She placed her hands on her shoulders. "They may look a little rough but they're nice guys."

Blair grabbed the front of Jo's shirt and pulled her close. "If just one of them touches me, I'm coming after you!"

"I'll be waiting." She gave her a roguish grin. "Believe me I'm worth the wait."

"You are so full of yourself."

"I learned from the best." Jo said as she wrapped an arm over Blair's shoulders. "Ready?" She asked the others as she made eye contact.

She held the door as the small group of clinging women tried to all fit through the door at one time. She had never seen such a mess in her life; they were pushing and shoving each other to 'not' go in. A wicked grin came to her lips; she stepped close behind them and grabbed Blair's ass. Blair let out a yelp and slammed into Nat's back causing the whole group to be forced in to the bar. Blair turned around trying to see who had grabbed her, only to see a grinning Jo.

"You did that didn't you?" She pinned Jo with her flaming eyes.

"I could say no, that some guy did it but then I wouldn't be able to gloat." She walked around them and headed for the back of the bar where the pool tables were. Blair watched how men moved out of Jo's way; she was certainly in her element here. Blair was still trying to get over the tingles that flowed through her body from what Jo had done to her, when she felt a body press into her from behind. She was just about to give the person both barrels of her anger when she saw a set of dark green eyes looking down at her.

"If you want to see tomorrow morning, I suggest you keep your hands off Jo, she's mine."

Blair watched as a tall dark haired woman in a blue silk suit strutted past her. Her temper was flaring; she had never had her life threatened before with the exception of Jo that is. Tootie came close to her ear; she asked her who the woman was, all Blair could do was shake her head.

With Mrs. G in front, they made their way to the back where Jo was talking to a bunch of men. She suddenly froze when the same woman stepped behind Jo, whispered in her ear and ran a hand from shoulder to hand. Jo pulled away, her eyes blazed as they looked at the offending hand.

"I told you to leave me alone, I'm not interested!"

Green eyes twinkled at her, a lecherous grin formed on red lips. "Oohh you will be when you hear my deal." She backed Jo up against a wall. "You see, your presence here brings me a lot of money. The little pittance that I give to the winner is nothing compared to what I could give to you if you become my partner." She ate up Jo's body with her eyes. "And I mean in every sense," running her hand down Jo's chest, she leaned close to her ear. "If you don't I'll crush you!"

Jo pushed away from the wall, her blue eyes shining with anger. "Crush away Melanie, you're not getting me!" She went over to the table where she was assigned to play her first game.

Removing her jacket, she threw it on a near by chair along with the case that her pool stick had been in. She looked up to see her friends all grouped around a ferocious looking Blair. Their eyes met and held to be broken long seconds later when a man touched Jo on her shoulder.

"What was that all about?" Nat whispered in to Blair's ear.

"That was the bitch that Jo needs protection from." She slipped her leather jacket from her shoulders and handed it to Nat. "Hold on to this for me, I have some ass ta kick."

"Blair, you've never kicked anyone's ass before!" Tootie held on to her friends arm with a death grip.

"Then I think it's time to start." Her face took on a wicked look; her eyes changed to a light shimmering brown. "No one threatens my life or fucks with my friends." She walked along the edge of the crowd that had gathered to watch the players.

"Nat, Blair swore! She used that "F" word."

"Tootie, I sure that Blair has used that word and others quite often in her life time," Mrs.G squeezed her shoulder. "I don't know a single soul that hasn't swore at least once in their life."

Blair picked up Jo's leather jacket; she folded it over her arm and then picked up her cue case. Looking over to her friends, she motioned for Tootie to come over to her. "Hold on to her case and jacket, once this is over, we may have to run for our very lives."

Tootie's eyes grew twice in size. "Great! And I had to wear heels!"

@@@@@@@@

Blair stood a few feet back from Jo and watched as she bent over the table to break the balls. Her eyes swept from hips downward then back up to linger on Jo's tight leather clad ass. She raised an eyebrow in study, as Jo's hips twitched with the rhythm of her shoulders when she was lining up for her shot. A warm feeling traveled all the way down to her toes, her palms began to sweat and fingers tingle from watching Jo bending over for each shot. Not knowing what to do with her hands, she wrapped her arms under her breasts. Looking to either side of her to see men looking directly at her cleavage, she pushed her arms upward and made her breasts fuller and her cleavage deeper. She turned her attention back to her friend, when the sound of numerous sighs echoed in the room. Jo had tried to make a combination shot; instead, she sunk the other person's ball.

Pale blue eyes caught brown; Jo shrugged her shoulders then came to stand a few feet in front of Blair. She looked at the men staring at her friend then followed their eyes, sighing; she shook her head and closed in on Blair.

"What are you doing, working the room?" She asked in a voice only for them to hear.

"Nooo protecting your ass," Blair gave her a wicked grin. "I seem to have caught the attention of your friend. She threatened that if I didn't keep my hands off you, then I wouldn't see tomorrow." She placed her hands on Jo's hips and pulled her closer. "I never take orders from anyone either." They stared into each other's eyes for a few seconds before Jo broke the contact.

"Just be careful, the bitch is crazy." She pulled back just far enough so that she could button one button on Blair's silk blouse. "You're giving those guys some serious hard-ons." Blair was about to say something, when Joe was called back to the table. Jo walked around the table, checking each angle as a prospect to pocket one of the solid balls. Dropping down to eye level with the table, she checked and was relieved, what to most people would be an impossible shot was cake for her. A quick grin came to her face; she looked over her shoulder and winked at Blair.

Tootie leaned in between Nat and Mrs. G. "Tell me something, why can Blair go over there and act like Jo's girlfriend and I can't?"

"Because Jo was worried about you hurting your career," Nat pointed towards Blair and snickered. "What's Blair's career? She doesn't have one to ruin."

"Now Nat, Blair does work, she travels for Warner Industries and throws parties." Mrs. G humphed at what she had just said. "You're right, she doesn't have a career."

"Well, she should look into acting, because she's doing an academy award performance over there." Tootie pointed to where Blair was watching Jo with a very hungry expression on her face.

Nat snickered. "Would ya look at those sparks flying around?"

Jo lined up the shot with careful aim; she struck the cue ball and closed her eyes. Listening for the sound of the 8 ball going into the pocket. The tell tale noise brought a crooked grin to her face, she straightened from the table and before she could move Melanie had her pinned up against the table.

"Two more matches Jo and you're mine."

"Think again!" Blair pushed her aside and wrapped Jo in a tight hug; she brought her lips up against Jo's ear and whispered. "Think she's falling for it?" Jo closed her eyes and buried her face into Blair's hair.

"Don't know you may have to act more possessive." Blair pulled back and looked in to darkened blue eyes, cocking a dark eyebrow she gave Jo a small grin.

"No problem." She leaned in and gave Jo a soft lingering kiss. After they separated, Blair used her thumb to wipe her lipstick off Jo. "It clashes with your leather." Casting a glare at Melanie who still stood not two-foot away she growled. "Get lost, she's mine." She shocked both herself

and Jo with her words.

Their friends stood with their mouths hanging open, they were in shock after watching Jo and Blair. Tootie gulped loudly then looked to her friends. "She kissed her!" Nat nodded her head and smiled.

"Oohh yeah she did!"

"Blair should get an Oscar when this is over." Mrs. G said as she took a deep breath. "Let's go over and congratulate Jo on her win." They started over towards them only to be met halfway there.

Jo came up to them holding Blair's hand in hers. "Come on, I'll get us a table so we can all sit down." She led them in to a different part of the billiard room where there were tables set up. She held out a chair for Blair to sit in, then told them that she would go get them all some drinks.

"My Gods Blair, what are you doing?" Tootie asked as she leaned over the table. "You kissed Jo!"

"Did it look real?" Blair looked to her friends.

"Any more real and we'd think you and Jo had something going on." Wiggling her eyebrows at Blair, Nat continued. "Is she a good kisser?"

"I don't kiss and tell." Blair gave them all a wicked grin.

Mrs. G sighed then looked at the others. "You girls are giving me gray hair, today is just like it used to be years ago."

"Scary ain't it?" Jo placed a pitcher of Coke and clean glasses on the table. "If you guys want anything alcoholic, I have a tab at the bar; just have the bartender put it on there."

Blair looked across the room to see Melanie heading their way, she got out of her chair pushed Jo down into it and sat on her shocked friends lap.

"Blair?" Jo questioned her with a look.

"She's coming this way." She wrapped her arms around Jo's neck and laid her head on a strong shoulder.

"That's it, I'm giving up acting." Tootie looked at Nat with pleading eyes. "Need any help in the mail room?"

Melanie stopped along side the table and gave Blair a dirty look; she pointed a finger at Jo and said. "Remember what I said."



"The answers still no, I have what I want." She pulled Blair closer to her. "Now go away."

"You're making a big mistake Polniaczek."

"No you're making the mistake lady." Brown eyes drilled into green, dueling for seconds before Melanie stomped away from the table.

"I should have brought a pad to take notes on!" Nat pulled a napkin in front of her and started writing. "This is good!" She snickered as she wrote.

"Blair, you can get up now, she's gone." Jo whispered near Blair's ear.

"I'm comfortable, I'm not getting up." She snuggled closer to her friend not knowing what she was doing to her mind, body and soul.

Jo's little voice was laughing hysterically at her. *You're toast tough stuff!* Jo bit back a moan when Blair started running her fingers through the hair at the back of her neck. Her name called over the speakers for the next match, saved her from embarrassing herself.

"Well guys, duty calls." She helped Blair off her lap and walked on weak legs to the pool table.

Rubbing her hands together, Blair could still feel her fingers tingle from where they had been in Jo's hair. She was confused with the feelings she was having, never had she thought that she would be somewhat attracted to Jo. They were from very different worlds or were they? She played with the diamond pendant that hung from her neck, lost in her mind with thoughts of her friend.

"Earth to Blair!" Nat yelled at her. "Are you going to watch your girlfriend kick ass?"

"Huh?" Her eyes showed confusion.

Tootie waved her hand in front of Blair's unblinking eyes. "Jo, your woman."

"Ohh, yeah, right." A smile came to her face as she went after Jo.

@@@@@@@@

Jo knew the moment Blair stepped into the room, the hair on the back of her neck stood up and a fire burned across her shoulders. She looked under her arm to see brown eyes watching her. She gave her friend a quick grin then went back to aiming up her shot. Three shots later, she stepped beside Blair, leaned back against the wall next to her and whispered.

"You know you're very distracting?"

She flipped her long hair over a shoulder and leaned into Jo's side. "How's that?"

"Look at all the men looking at you."

Blair gazed around the room then back at Jo. "They're looking at us; you know how men have that fantasy about two women together?"

Darkened blue eyes connected with golden brown. "But we're not." Jo said in a hoarse whisper.

Blair ran a finger across Jo's lips and watched as her eyes closed. She took another chance and let her finger run down Jo's throat to hook in the top of her shirt. "They don't know that." She leaned up and kissed Jo's chin, then the hollow of her throat. "Now go out there and kick that guy's ass."

Jo took a deep shuttering breath, nodded her head and stumbled off to the table. With two combination shots, she cleaned the table and sunk the 8 ball on the third. She now had one more match and that would deem the person to go to the Gardens for the Grand Championship. She just hoped that Blair didn't give her a heart attack before she could get there.

Melanie stood off to the side and watched Blair go up to Jo and pull her in to a tight hug. Something bothered her about the two of them, and then it hit her. The blonde was the one putting all the moves on Jo. "So they're playing games."

@@@@@@

Jo and Blair went back to the table and were swamped by hugs from their friends; Blair was confused as to why she was being hugged when she didn't do anything.

"Hey! Stop all ready, I didn't do anything." Blair wiggled free of Nat's hug.

"Ohh yes you did!" Nat chuckled. "You gave the performance of a lifetime, the men have been running back and forth to the bar getting ice water!"

Tootie and Mrs. G were fanning themselves with napkins. "You put me to shame Blair, I feel like an extra in a TV commercial next to you!"

They took their seats to wait for the next match to be called; Blair excused herself to the restroom leaving Jo to stew in the flames she had stirred up. When she stepped from the restroom, Melanie was waiting for her.

"I almost fell for your little game." She backed Blair against the wall. "I've been watching you, you're just a tease."

"I may be many things but I'm not teasing Jo, so back off bitch."

"Right! I know Jo and she would never go for a woman like you."

Brown eyes glittered at Melanie. "That's where you're wrong; you see we just happen to have come here right from our bedroom. You're the type she doesn't go for." She pushed past Melanie to return to the table, she sat in Jo's lap and hugged her tight. "I hate that woman!" She growled in to Jo's ear.

Jo pulled back to look at Blair. "What happened?"

"She cornered me outside the bathroom; she knows we're not together." She dropped her head down into Jo's neck. "I lied and told her that we slept together."

Jo started laughing; she hugged Blair closer to her. "Blair we did sleep together."

"We just slept, we didn't do anything...I take that back, you didn't do anything." She groaned. "She's still right; she said that you would never go for a woman like me."

Jo buried her face against Blair's neck; she inhaled deeply of the perfume she wore. She said a prayer to who ever, and then she did the stupidest thing in her entire life. She licked Blair's neck all the way to her earlobe, then captured it between her lips and sucked lightly. When she heard Blair moan, she released it and whispered in her ear. "Yes I would."

They had completely forgotten that they were not alone at the table. Three sets of eyes watched them in confusion. Mrs. G looked at Tootie and Nat and asked. "They're still acting right?" The shrugging of their shoulders gave her the answer, Nat saw Melanie heading their way so she kicked Jo under the table and mouthed the word.

"Trouble" and shifted her eyes to where the woman was. Jo took the hint and went for broke. She lifted Blair's hand to her lips and started sucking on her fingertips, she watched, as Blair's eyes grew darker with each fingertip she sucked. She shifted her eyes in Melanie's direction. Blair nodded her head in understanding; she ran her fingers through Jo's hair until she came to the back of her neck. Slipping her fingers down inside her collar, she ran her fingernails across warm soft skin. They were in a world all of their own until Jo jumped when Nat kicked her again.

"I hate to break up your lust-fest, but they just called you name."

"Oohh! Guess I better get over there huh?" She stood up with Blair in her arms and put the limp body in the chair, kissing her forehead she whispered. "Breath."

After Jo had left, Mrs. G shook Blair by her shoulder. "Are you OK, you look a little flushed?"

Blair blinked her eyes and took a deep breath. "Uuhhmmm...yeah." She got up from her chair and stumbled to where Jo was standing by a table waiting for the other person to break. Hooking the fingers of her left hand into the back of Jo's waistband, she leaned in to her for support.

"You are going to owe me big time when this is over." She whispered in to Jo's ear.

"Name your price and I'll pay in full."

"I'll have to think on it; now go win this so we can get out of here." She slapped Jo on her ass when she walked away. "*Ohh you'll pay all right Polniaczek,*" she said to herself. "*For the rest of your life!*" Looking over to the table where her friends were, she motioned for them to join her. She had a feeling that Jo was going to wipe the table clean. The man Jo was playing against didn't waste any time in putting his pool cue away. With her first shot, he knew that he had lost, he bid his friends good-bye and left the room.

Only the 8 ball was left on the table, Jo stood up and took in the picture before her. Spinning her stick between her fingers, she turned to face her friends, her eyes locked on Blair's. She slipped her stick behind her back, pointed to the far corner pocket. Called it, then lined up the shot and hit the cue ball all with out breaking eye contact. She listened for that sound; instead, she heard a roar of claps and yells.

Blair broke the eye contact and looked around Jo, a huge smile lit up her face when she saw that the table was barren. From out of nowhere Melanie appeared, she was about to hug Jo when a blond blur pushed her to the side. Blair pulled Jo's head down and captured her lips in a soft kiss. When she pulled back, what she saw in Jo's eyes made her heart pound in her chest. Jo leaned forward and brought their lips together again, she licked across Blair's lips until she felt them open. She slipped her tongue in to her mouth and moaned deep in her chest. Their tongues dueled against each other until Jo felt someone pulling on her sleeve; she broke the kiss to look in to the smiling eyes of Nat and Tootie.

"OK, guys I think you two can come up for air now."

"Sorry. It's just that..."

Nat held up her hand. "We saw her, in fact, she told us to tell you that they would be doing the presentation on the dance floor stage. That was like five minutes ago!" Nat and the others left Jo and Blair and headed for the stage area, Blair was still trying to catch her breath when Jo looked down at her.

"Come on; let's go get my check so we can go celebrate."

Blair's knees felt like Jell-O, she would collapse to the floor if she let go of Jo. "Uuhhmmm...do you kiss like that all the time?"

"Nope, I can do better." She wrapped an arm around Blair's waist and walked her to the stage area.

@@@@@@@@

Jo was standing on the stage next to Melanie, after she gave her speech, Melanie held out the check to Jo. She spoke only loud enough for Jo to hear. "The deal is I give you this check and

then twice the amount when you warm my bed."

"And I say give me the damn check and you go crawl back in your hole!" Blair grabbed the check from her fingers and stuck it inside her bra.

Melanie glared at Blair. "You fucking little whore!" She looked over at Jo. "I didn't know you went for prostitutes?"

"Prostitute?" Blair growled, pulled back her fist and slugged Melanie right in the jaw; Melanie hit the floor and remained motionless. "Slag bitch!" Blair growled before she grabbed Jo by her hand and pulled her from the stage.

"Come on lets get out of here before I end up with a whole closet full of orange jumpsuits."

They joined up with the others who had their jaws on the floor from shock.

"You decked her!" Tootie yelled.

"And if we don't get out of here I may go back and jump up and down on her! She called me a prostitute!" She shook her hand and looked at her reddened knuckles. "That really hurt."

"Oohh that's not good at all!" Nat groaned at the thought of what could have happened to the woman had Blair not hit her.

"We're going out to celebrate, my treat." Jo told them as they stopped outside the door. She handed Tootie her pool stick and helped Blair put on her jacket. She leaned down and whispered in to Blair's ear. "Remind me ta never piss you off."

@@@@@@@@

The five of them sat at a table in one of the fanciest restaurants in New York City, Tootie almost fell out of her chair when she looked at the prices on the menu.

"Jo! Do you know how much just one of these meals is?" She gulped before reading off the lowest price. "For a Cornish hen, I would have to rob a bank, \$75.00 for a tiny little chicken?"

"It gets worse as you go down the list." Jo replied with an evil grin. "You guys like seafood, ya know like stuffed lobster tail and shrimp?"

Mrs. G and Nat looked at the price of the lobster and choked on the water they were drinking. "Jo, this place is too expensive. Let's go somewhere else; I don't want you spending all the money you won tonight."

Jo chuckled at their shocked faces; she reached over, ran her fingers down between Blair's breasts, and pulled out her check. She took one look at it and smiled. "I don't think we have to

worry about that." She showed the check to a red faced Blair.

"My Gods Jo!" She grabbed Jo's arm to keep from falling from her chair. "\$250,000.00 for playing pool!?"

"Yep, so we're having lobster and Champaign to celebrate my measly little check." She folded it and put it back in Blair's bra.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

The waiter brought them two bottles of the best Champaign they had, after opening them, he filled their flutes and left them. Jo held up her glass for a toast.

"To my best friends and the most important people in my life." She looked directly at Blair with her last words.

When the waiter brought out their food, Jo couldn't help but chuckle at the looks on her friends faces. With the amount of food they had, you could feed a small army.

"Hope your hungry, 'cuz they've got the best desert menu in town."

"Do you eat here a lot?" Blair asked with a glint in her eye.

"Yep, you could say that, you rubbed off on me in more ways than ya can imagine." She looked deeply into brown eyes and jumped a little in her chair when Blair's hand ran up her thigh.

"Maybe I can rub on you some more?" Blair wiggled an eyebrow and grinned.

"Uuhhmm...maybe later." She gulped when said hand moved higher.

Nat had been watching them with great interest; a wicked grin came to her face along with an even worse case of curiosity. She accidentally on purpose knocked her knife on the floor, when she was picking it up; she looked over to see Blair's hand nestled up between Jo's legs. Her jaw dropped open and she jumped up from under the table. Unknowingly under the watchful eye of Mrs. G, she then took Tootie's knife and dropped it to.

"Sorry Tootie." They both leaned down at the same time and hit foreheads.

"Geez Nat! What are you doing?"

Nat held a finger up to her lips then pointed over to their friends, Tootie gasped and brought her head up and smacked Nat in the head again.

"What are you two doing?" Mrs. G whispered.

"Uuhhmmm giving each other brain damage?" Tootie answered.

Mrs.G followed Nat's eyes and almost fell out of her chair. "I don't think Blair's acting anymore."

"Excuse me, but what in the Hell are you three doing?" Jo asked then snorted when three heads hit the edge of the table. Three sets of eyes looked around the table; none of them knew what to say.

"Well, we ahhh...Uuhhmmm..."

"Dropped our knives." Mrs. G tossed in at the end of Tootie's stuttering.

Blair cast them an amused look. "Synchronized knife dropping, that's a new one," She applied pressure to Jo's crotch and snorted when Jo bumped the table. "And table flipping." She gave Jo a seductive smile.

She matched the look. "I'm good at flipping numerous objects." She bit back a low moan when Blair's nails scratched the seam running over throbbing nether lips. She cleared her voice and looked at her other friends. "Sooo...after supper what do ya guys wanna do, ya know this place has a bar downstairs with a live band and dance floor."

"What else doe's this place have?" Nat asked with great interest.

"A billiards room with professional tables, game room and a smoking room for the cigar smokers because the rest of the place is smoker free." She was interrupted by the headwaiter; he whispered in her ear then excused himself. "I'll be back in a minute." She got up from the table and went towards the back of the restaurant. Three sets of eyes pinned Blair.

"What are you doing Blair?" Tootie asked.

"What?" Blair put her most innocent look on her face.

Nat snickered at her. "We saw where you hand was."

Blair's face turned a deep red; she stuttered and fell over her words. "Uuhhmmm...Paybacks for this morning."

"Oohh so that kiss you two shared was just paybacks?"

Blair dropped her head down on the table and moaned. "I am sooo busted!" She mumbled.

Mrs. G placed a hand on her shoulder. "Blair what is going on?"

"I don't know Mrs. G; I'm so confused with everything that's happened today."

"I think maybe you and Jo need to talk." She looked at the other two and pointed a finger at

them. "And you two leave them alone." She received mumbles in response. "Is there a Hotel in this area that we can get some rooms for the night, it's getting late and I don't want any of you driving us home?"

Blair ran her fingers through her hair. "I'll ask Jo, she seems to know this area pretty well."

Jo came back over to the table; her face fell when she saw the look on Blair's face; she placed a hand on her shoulder and leaned down near her ear.

"What's wrong?"

Blair took a deep breath and held it for a few seconds before looking into worried blue eyes. "Is there a hotel around here somewhere Mrs. G won't let us drive this late and I need to talk to you like yesterday?"

"Yeah, there is." She squeezed Blair's shoulder. "If we're done here, I really need a drink."

@@@@@@@@

The table that they sat at was in the front of the bar, the music blocked by a set of glass doors that led to the band and the dance floor. Jo's friends looked around at the interior; it was all in rich walnut wood with leather couches and chairs. They felt like they were in a gentleman's club. Servers dressed in Black tuxedo pants and crisp white shirts served the tables.

"How did you ever find this place?" Blair asked as she ran her fingers across the soft leather couch she and Jo shared.

"Got lucky one day, I fell across it when I was doing a tournament." She sipped her glass of whiskey and sighed as it warmed her throat. "I like it here, it reminds me of you."

"Me? How?"

"How do I explain this? It makes me feel the same way as you do, warm and comfortable. Does that make sense?"

"Yeah, I feel the same way." She rested her head on Jo's shoulder.

"Are you tired, we can go get some rooms?" She ran her fingers through Blair's hair. "First I have to take care of some business, wanna come with?"

"Where?"

"Just upstairs, we won't be long."

Jo told her friends to get anything they wanted from the bar that it was all ready set up for them.



They excused themselves and went back upstairs to the restaurant area. Blair was confused when Jo took her down a hallway in the back and opened a solid walnut door; she reached in, flipped on a light and motioned for Blair to precede her. Blair looked around at the richly furnished room; she ran her fingers across a black leather couch and inhaled the leather scent. As she moved around, another scent caught her attention, her brows drew down over her eyes and she looked at a grinning Jo.

"Come here." She wiggled her fingers in the come-hither motion.

"Huh I didn't do nothing, I'm totally innocent, and I have an alibi!"

"Ohh shuddup and come here."

When Jo got close to her, she came chest to chest with her and started smelling her clothes then her neck.

"What? I took a shower today."

"You wear Obsession for men, and this whole office smells like it. Explain." Blair's eyes were narrowed and fiery.

"I have a man tied up under the desk?"

"Ha-ha funny, why Jo?"

Jo sighed, she took Blair by the hand over to the desk where she pulled out the chair and sat down. She pulled Blair so that she ended up in her lap.

"Look at the picture."

Blair turned her head and saw a picture of her and Jo during vacation in Australia.

She grabbed Jo by her shirtfront and pulled her so they were nose to nose. "This is your office?"

"Well, yeah."

"You manage this place?"

"Well, yes, no, sorta."

"Damn it Jo which is it?!" Her eyes grew wide. "Wait, managers don't have offices like this, ohh my God you own this place!"

"Surprise!" The shit-eating grin on her face made Blair smack her in her shoulder. "Hey what was that for? Anyway, I get free food and I figured it was a good investment." She ran her fingers across Blair's lips. "I ran in to a little problem that maybe ya could help me out with."

Blair placed a soft kiss on Jo's lips then her neck. "And what would that little problem be?" She pressed her hips down into Jo and grinned when Jo moaned.

"That's a big problem, the little one is my accountant fucked up so I fired him, do ya think Mrs. G would take the job?" Her blue eyes searched Blair's.

"Ask her, you know she's good with book keeping."

"My other problem is I need a manager."

"What about Tootie or Nat?"

Jo's eyes darkened as she looked at Blair. "I was thinking of you."

"Why me?"

"Because you're good at business stuff," she hugged Blair to her. "We can talk about this in the morning. Let's go get some rooms, I'm worn out and I need a cold shower."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

They entered the bar holding hands and found only Mrs. G at the table.

"Where's the snoops at?" Jo asked as she looked around the room.

"Dancing, Tootie said something about working off all the food she ate and Nat wanted a good laugh by watching her."

"OK, well I've got us some rooms for the night so lets go get them then they can come back and dance until they fall down."

After collecting Nat and Tootie, they rode up in an elevator to the top floor, when the doors opened they gasped. It was a huge living area with a sunken living room.

"Jo, what is this place?" Mrs. G asked her as she looked around at the richly decorated room.

"Ohh I'm a personal friend of the owner."

She laughed at the stunned looks on their faces.

"How personal are you?" Nat asked with a lecherous smirk.

Jo dropped her voice an octave and replied. "Very! I sleep with her every night."

"EEWWW gross! I didn't need to hear that!" Tootie wrinkled her nose and made a swipe at Jo.

Blair raised an eyebrow at Tootie. "What's so gross about it, I've slept with her to?"

Mrs. G covered her ears and hummed to block out the gross details she hoped wouldn't come out of Jo and Blair's mouths.

"Kinky! You guys in ta threesomes?" Nat moved up to lean in between Jo and Blair. "Tell me I need some writing material."

"I'll leave that up ta your wicked little imagination, come on I've got four bedrooms with your names on them."

"I wanna see the master bedroom!" Tootie chanted as she skipped after Jo.

Nat shook her head at her young friend. "And she said it was gross but wants to see where all the kinky stuff happens!"

"All right, but I'm telling ya it ain't nothing great, it's just a bedroom."

Jo gave them the nickel tour and ended it with the master bedroom. When they entered the bedroom, Blair went over and fell back on the bed.

"This is mine."

"Yours, that ain't right." Tootie whined.

"Why not, I've already slept with the owner and she had better put some damn clothes on tonight?"

"Blair have you fallen out of the closet?" Nat asked her. "Wait a minute here!"

Eyes swung to a blushing Jo. "OK, so I own the place."

@@@@@

After the others went to their rooms, Jo went to her bedroom to find Blair sound asleep. She removed her shoes and pants then pulled the blankets over her. Bending over she placed a kiss on her forehead. Striping out of her clothes she put on a T-shirt and boxers and went out into the living room. Lying on the couch, she pulled a blanket off the back and covered up with it. Moments later, she was asleep.

Blair woke up in the early morning hours; she ran her hand on the other side of the bed and found it empty. A frown came to her face from not finding Jo in bed. She got up, wandered out

to the living room, and found Jo asleep on the couch. She sat down on the edge and ran her fingers over Jo's cheek pushing her long hair off her face. She traced her dark brows with a fingertip then ran her finger across parted lips. Carefully she stretched out on the couch beside Jo and buried her face in Jo's neck, her hand went up to curl silky dark hair around her fingers and lay against Jo's jaw. As she lay there, her mind tried to untangle the feelings that she had for her friend. She had always loved Jo; they had grown up together after all. At times, she could have killed her in a heartbeat for some of the things she had done. Now after so many years apart, the feelings were far stronger than ever before. She felt like a tidal wave hit her. At first that night, she had played the part to protect Jo and to piss off Melanie, but after she had kissed her, things changed. Then when Jo had kissed her that last time, she felt like her body had been set on fire.

She felt Jo stir against her, a hand came up to rest at the back of her head and press her closer, while Jo's other arm wrapped around her back. She ran her fingers down to Jo's neck to end up resting against her chest where she could feel her heart beating slowly. She kissed and nipped the warm skin beneath her lips and felt Jo's heartbeat speed up.

Jo felt the warm body pressed against hers. She opened one eye to see a hand resting on her chest and turned her head to see golden brown eyes looking at her. Her voice hoarse from sleep she asked. "Why aren't you in bed?"

"Because your not there." She brought their lips together in a soft kiss.

"Blair, what are you doing?"

"I have no idea but it feels right."

"We need ta talk about this." She leaned her forehead against Blair's.

"Later, now kiss me."

Jo pulled back enough to look in to Blair's eyes, what she saw there made her heart slam in her chest, leaning forward she, captured Blair's lips in a soft lingering kiss then to something so much more. She slipped her tongue into Blair's mouth, moaning deeply in her chest when Blair's tongue wrapped around hers. Without breaking apart, she rolled them over so that she was covering Blair's body. They kissed for long moments until lack of air broke them apart. She ran her fingers across Blair's lips.

"Have ya any idea what ya do ta me?"

"I hope it's the same as you're doing to me." She pulled Jo's head down and kissed her deeply. Their moans swallowed as they kissed hungrily. Jo felt Blair's hand slip under her shirt and caress her breast; she moaned and pressed her hips forward into her. She could feel her wetness building with each kiss or caress; she knew that she had to stop this before it was too late. She didn't want to make a mistake and lose Blair, she broke the kiss and groaned in to Blair's chest.

"Princess, we have ta stop before it's too late." She rolled over onto her side and looked in to

Blair's passion darkened eyes.

"It's all ready too late." Blair brought Jo's hand down between her legs and let her feel the wetness soaking her silk panties, Jo closed her eyes and moaned deep in her chest. "Jo, no one has ever had this effect on me." She pulled the elastic at her leg aside and placed Jo's hand against her. "Do you want me Jo?" She asked in a deep sultry voice.

"God yes." She ran her fingers through Blair's wetness, keeping eye contact with her the entire time.

Blair's lips parted releasing a low moan. She slipped her panties off, then pulled Jo's T-shirt up over her head and tossed everything on the floor.

"Make love to me."

Jo kissed her deeply as she ran her fingers across her nether lips, teasing her until her hips were pushing up against her hand. She broke the kiss to nip at Blair's chin then kiss and suck the skin of her neck. She knew that she would leave a mark from what she was doing, but at that moment, she didn't care. Blair was trying to get her silk shirt opened; she gave up the fight, yanked the front of it and ripped all the buttons off.

Jo lifted her head and saw the dark purple bruising and grinned, she knew that Blair would kick her ass in the morning.

Blair tangled her fingers in dark hair and pulled Jo's head down to her breasts, she moaned when she felt Jo's teeth nip at her tender flesh, then jumped when she heard footfalls run past the couch.

"Fuck Jo!" She growled and pulled Jo down on top of her.

Jo snorted against Blair's breast; she lifted her head to whisper. "Busted!" She lifted her head up and looked over the back of the couch but saw no one in the area. Getting off the couch in one fluid movement, she pulled Blair up and they ran down the hall to the bedroom. On their way, Jo noticed that both Nat and Tootie's doors were open. After she closed the bedroom door behind her, she started laughing.

"What is so funny?" Blair stood before her naked from the waist down, with her silk shirt torn and her bra hanging down at her ribcage.

"I feel like a teenager getting caught making out on the couch."

"We did get caught!" She advanced on Jo. "Who was it?"

Jo pulled her up against her chest and rubbed their breasts together. "The snoops," Blair groaned then buried her head in Jo's neck and mumbled. "Nat will probably put it on the front page of the times."

"We could tape it and give Tootie a copy for a film festival."

Blair started laughing against Jo's neck. "I'm in deep shit here!" She replied seconds later after she gained some control.

"How so?"

Blair ran her hands down to Jo's hips and pushed her boxers down until they fell around her feet. "Because the thought of filming us making love has me so hot I can't move."

Jo swung her up in to her arms and carried her to the bed.

"You've had me hot since yesterday morning." She gently laid her down then crawled into the bed next to her. "I take that back, you had me years ago." She captured her lips in a passion-filled kiss that had Blair gasping for air when it was broke. Jo sucked and licked her way down to Blair's breasts; she gazed up in to dark brown eyes that watched every move she made. She teased a nipple with the tip of her tongue until it grew hard. Taking it between her lips she nursed like a starving newborn, Blair's head fell back on the pillows. A deep rumbling moan escaped from her chest, she arched her back offering Jo more of herself. Not to leave the other breast out, Jo rolled the hardened nipple between her fingers until Blair begged her to lavish the same attention on it.

She grazed her teeth across the tender nipple, and then nipped the soft flesh underneath her breast. She had Blair's body thrashing beneath her with every touch. Trailing a finger down between her breasts, she stopped right at her patch of dark curls to draw designs in her short-cropped hair. Blair's hips thrust upward, her eyes opened to glare at Jo.

"Please don't tease me." She wrapped a leg over Jo's back and pulled her down on top of her. "Please Joey." She raised her hips up to press against Jo's stomach.

Jo's voice deep like the purr of a large cat. "What do you want?"

Blair's eyes widened in shock. "Huh? I don't..."

"Tell me." Jo purred.

"I can't say it!" Blair was terrified as to what Jo wanted her to do.

"Princess, it's just me, look in my eyes and tell me how to please you."

"Jo...I...this is hard." Her face turned pink with embarrassment. "I've never told anyone what I wanted."

Jo dipped down to circle Blair's naval with her tongue; she felt the muscles twitch in her stomach. "Tell me." Licking at the very edge of her hairline, she traced along the top and each

side. "Do you want me ta lick you?" She watched Blair's eyes go half-lidded and her head nod. "Tell me." Flicking the hardened nub, she looked deeply in to Blair's eyes.

"Oohh God!" Blair's hips thrust upward. "Lick me!"

Jo slipped her tongue between swollen nether lips, taking her first taste of her lover's nectar. She moaned when she felt Blair's lips quiver against her tongue. She circled her tongue around a pulsing center, lapping up the juices that flowed from within. Wrapping her arms around Blair's hips, she lifted her slightly and buried her face into her womanhood. Growling from deep in her chest, she plunged her tongue in to a warm center. Flicking the hardened nub with her finger, she felt Blair's hips start to thrust against her.

Blair dug her heels in to the bed; her hands clutched at the bed sheets. She could feel her body tensing as her climax came closer. She felt like she was on fire as tremors coursed through her body, and then stopped. She growled then looked down at Jo who was watching her. Jo ran a finger through her wetness and licked it clean.

"Tell me." She repeated the process using two fingers, but this time she slipped them in to her mouth. She was driving herself nuts; she could feel her own wetness flowing like a river. Her center was throbbing like it never had before and she didn't know how long she could hold on.

Jo pulled her fingers from her mouth. "Baby?"

Blair groaned. "I wanna feel you in me." Her back arched when Jo's fingers pushed in to her. She was quickly rising to that pinnacle as Jo pushed and rotated her fingers inside of her. Her breathing was coming in gasps, when she sucked on her hardened nub it sent her over the edge. Her hips shot up, she groaned out Jo's name as lightning coursed through her body and shook as each tremor went through her.

Jo crawled up her body to lie against her side; she rubbed her lower stomach in a calming fashion and placed soft kisses on her shoulder and neck. Blair ran her fingers down Jo's face to her chin, leaning close; she kissed her sweetly then tasted herself on her lips. Deepening the kiss, she moaned and ran her hand down between them to discover the slickness covering Jo's inner thighs.

"You're so wet." She brought her fingers up to taste her lover's juices, Jo thrust in to her hip when she saw what Blair was doing and dropped her head down on to Blair's shoulder.

"Tell me." Blair repeated the question Jo had asked her.

"Touch me baby." She looked up with silvery blue eyes. "I wanna feel you in me." Blair ran her fingers down Jo's chest and circled a nipple, re-wetting her fingers with her lover's juices she covered her nipple then licked and sucked until Jo was ready to shred the bed sheets.

"I'm dying here Baby." Jo whined.

"So am I."

Blair ran her hand between them and slipped her fingers between her lover's nether lips; she pushed in to her and felt a warm silkiness surround her fingers. Slowly pulling her fingers back out of her, pushed back in further, Jo bent one knee to give her more room then pulled Blair's leg up over her hip. She entered her and soon they were in harmony with each other. They came together in a soul-searing kiss, thrusting against each other they climbed higher. Jo bent her fingers and pushed upward hitting the spot that sent her lover over the edge. With Blair's gasp, Jo joined her in an earth-shattering climax. She yelled out her release against Blair's neck and then fell silent.

Moments went by with just the sounds of breathing coming from the lovers. Sable brown eyes blinked open to look down on a dark head resting on her upper chest. She ran her fingers down Jo's jaw and tilted her head back to see closed eyes.

"Joey? Jo? Ohh God!" She slipped from under her and lifted one eyelid to see nothing but white. Dropping her head down on her chest, she listened for a heartbeat. "I killed my lover!" She sobbed.

"Sure felt like I died." Jo mumbled.

"You're not dead!"

"Unum no, passed out yes, dead no."

"Passed out? You passed out on me?"

Jo rolled over to face Blair; she wiped the tears from her face. "Baby, take it as a compliment."

"Compliment, I made you pass out, how can I take that as a compliment?" She looked into smiling blue eyes.

"Baby, I have never passed out before, because no one has ever done what you did to me."

Blair was becoming hysterical; she kept feeling Jo's forehead.

Jo grabbed her hand and kissed her knuckles. "Have you ever had a climax so intense that you saw colors before your eyes, your ears rang and you couldn't breathe?"

"Well, yeah once."

"OK, well did that person take it as a compliment?"

"I don't know, I haven't told you yet."

"Huh?" Jo's brows gathered over her nose.



"I came to just before you did."

"Ohh...Ohhhh!" Jo smiled and pulled her close to her chest. Kissing her softly she looked deeply in to her eyes. "Blair, are you OK with this, I mean I never planed on this happening between us?"

"I came to you Jo, I wanted this." She paused for a few seconds and ran her fingertip across Jo's moist lips. "I love you Jo, I've always loved you."

From Blair's words, tears filled Jo's eyes. "I'm in love with you Blair, I always have been."

With a fingertip, Blair wiped the tears that flowed from her lover's eyes, as she looked into teary blue, she saw straight in to Jo's soul.

"No one has ever said that to me before." She kissed Jo softly. "No one has ever made me feel the way you do." She snuggled close to Jo, buried her face against her neck, and sighed. Running her fingers up Jo's back, she tangled her fingers in dark hair. Nipping soft skin then pulling it between her lips, she sucked hard enough to make Jo yelp. She kept sucking until Jo was squirming, when she let go, she looked to see a huge bruise forming on Jo's neck.

"Why'd ya bite me?" Jo asked her while rubbing her neck.

"Because I'm in love with you, Joey, make love to me."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

"There they go again!" Nat rolled over on the bed and grinned at Tootie. "That makes it twenty bucks ya owe me!"

"You cheated!" Tootie whined as she slapped a twenty in to Nat's hand.

"Sure, I told them ta give each other multiples. Get real!"

"That's what they're doing?" Tootie's eyebrows buried themselves in her hairline.

Nat leaned in close to her friend. "Where have you been hiding all these years?"

"Obviously not in the right place, I've never had one of those."

"Join the club."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Mrs. G walked into the living room and was about to sit down on the couch when she noticed clothes lying on the floor. She did a double take when she noticed that one article was a pair of silk panties. Throwing her arms in the air, she groaned. "Finally after all these years!"

She went in to the kitchen and was just about to sit down at the table when a strange man came walking in pushing a cart.

"Morning Ma'am."

"Morning, ahhh who are you?"

"Oohh I'm the cook Tim, when Jo's here, I bring up her breakfast." He pushed the cart over to the table and started placing trays at each chair. "I was told this morning that she had guests, enjoy." Mrs. G sat in stunned silence, she never figured Jo for one to have a servant. She pulled the lid off the tray and smiled, Jo had arranged for her favorite breakfast items.

The cook took a bed tray down the hall to the master bedroom; he tapped on the door then opened it. He placed the tray on the dresser than went over to the bed; he leaned over and whispered in Jo's ear.

"Jo, your breakfast is here." He heard her mumble something. Just before he left he looked down to see a blonde head come out from under the blankets. He was shocked to see that it was a woman in bed with his boss. Sable colored eyes opened halfway then bulged.

"Joey! There's a man in here!"

"No, that's the strap-on."

Blair's face turned a beet red color. "Joey!" She shook her lover by her shoulder, sleepy blue eyes opened to see a panicky Blair.

"What baby."

"Him!" Blair pointed a finger from where she was hiding under the blankets.

Jo turned her head to see Tim standing beside the bed. "Tim, this is my lover Blair, Blair meet Tim, my cook." She pulled Blair back against her chest. "Thanks Tim, Baby go back ta sleep." Blair watched Tim walk from the room and close the door.

"Joey, you have a personal cook?"

"Nah, he does it thinking he can get in my pants."

"Not in this lifetime," she nipped Jo's neck. "You're mine."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Nat and Tootie came downstairs to find Mrs. G eating her breakfast; they looked at the lay out on the table.

"Geez! Look at all the food," Nat said as she lifted a lid off a plate. "Where did this come from?"

"Jo had it sent up for us."

"Speaking of Jo and the screamer," Tootie leaned over her plate. "Those two kept us up all night!"

Mrs. G's face turned a light pink color and she choked as she tried to swallow her eggs. "I didn't hear a thing." *Thanks to the earplugs, I had in.* She said to herself.

"Mrs. G how could you not!" Nat's voice was an octave higher than usual. "I thought they were being killed!"

"You're exaggerating Nat." Tootie waved her hand at her friend. "We knew what they were doing. After all, we did catch them making out on the couch last night." She covered her mouth and looked to Mrs. G. "I didn't say that!"

"Don't worry girls, I found their clothes on the living room floor."

"Ohh!" They both said.

"Oohh my!" Her eyes grew.

"What?"

"The cook went to Jo's bedroom!"

"Well, we didn't hear anyone scream so they must be all right."

They heard the door chime of the elevator and a deep voice mumbling something about damn dykes.

"I wonder what that was all about; I mean we knew about Jo years ago." Tootie buttered her toast then looked up when no one agreed with her. "What? Oohh all right, so some people knew, I just wasn't one of them."

"I can't believe it!" Nat threw her hands in the air. "Tootie the gossip monger admits she didn't know something."

"Hey, I knew all the other stuff that went on in school."

"That's only because your ear was attached to a door."

Mrs. G smiled at them; she was remembering all the trouble that Tootie had caused because of being an eavesdropper. "Now Natalie, she was just a kid."

"Then what was her excuse last night?" She cast a narrowed look at her friend. "She dragged me out in the living room to investigate the moaning noises."

@@@@@@@@

Blair lifted her head from where it rested on Jo's shoulder. "Jo, do you think the others are talking about us?"

A pale blue bloodshot eye opened. "Why aren't you sleeping?"

"Because I'm worried, what are we going to do?"

"I'm gonna grin like an idiot."

"What? Why would you do something like that?"

"Because, I'm rich, semi-retired, I have you and they didn't get any sleep last night."

"Neither did we, well, unless you add up the minutes that we were passed out." Her face colored slightly. "Joey?"

Jo leaned up on an elbow. "Baby, don't worry." She leaned forward and gave her a small kiss. "Let's go out to the kitchen and break up their jawing."

"I can't go out there!" Blair yanked the blankets up over her head.

"Sure ya can, come on let's go give 'em something else ta talk about."

"Like what?" Her sable eyes searched pale blue.

"I'll walk out there wearing just the strap-on."

"No you won't!"

@@@@@@@@

Blair hid behind Jo as they walked out in to the kitchen. If possible, she would have tried to sink in to the floor. Jo tried to pull her from behind her to have her put a death grip around her waist.

"Come on Blair, they know you're here." Jo threw her arms up in the air.

Everyone in the kitchen snorted at Blair's lame attempts to hide.

"You really need to sound proof your bedroom." Nat grinned at Jo. "Sooo how'd the strap-on work?"

Tootie and Mrs. G covered their mouths to keep from laughing at the look on Jo's face.

"Just fine," her eyes narrowed at her friend. "What else did you guys hear?"

"Everything!" Tootie piped up. "Nice tattoo Jooooey."

Mrs. G's attention was grabbed. "Jo, you have a tattoo?"

"Uuhhmmm yeah, it's nothing really."

"Nothing!" Tootie laughed. "She's got an angel on her ass!"

"Huh, no I don't!" Her eyes grew wide. "Oohh Blair." She turned around to find Blair lying on the kitchen floor passed out.

"Uuhhmmm guys that was Blair's ass ya saw."

Blair woke up on the couch; she peeked out of one eye to see her lover leaning over her. "I'm getting good at this passing out, maybe next time I shouldn't do it on the floor."

"Getting good at passing out?" Echoed in the room. "We're not alone are we?" She slapped a hand over her eyes.

"Nope, we got an audience, if it'll make ya feel better, I'll flash them my ass."

"Ahhh well, we all ready saw your ass." Tootie remarked.

"And we're not impressed." Nat deadpanned

"Gee thanks guys."

"And I'm so glad that I missed all of this." Mrs. G handed Jo a cup of tea for Blair. "What are your plans for the day Jo?"

She lifted Blair up and laid her in her lap. "I wanted ta run something by ya Mrs. G." She brushed Blair's hair off her forehead. "Should I?" She asked her lover and received a nod. "Mrs. G, would ya be interested in being my book keeper here?"

"Your book keeper, Jo, I don't know what to say?"

"Say yes." Jo's eyes pleaded with her. "I can hire help if ya need it."

"Jo, Mrs. G won't need extra help." Blair reached up to cup her cheek. "You'll have me as your manager, remember, I'm a Warner." A bright smile lit up Jo's face.

"You'll manage the place for me?"

"Didn't I just say that?"

"Thank you." She pulled Blair up to her and gave her a lingering kiss.

Mrs. G cleared her throat. "Uuhhmmm excuse me, about this position."

"Sorry." Jo erased her sheepish look.

"Where would I be doing this job, here?"

"Or I can arrange a computer set up at your house, you could work from there." She gave puppy dog eyes to Mrs. G. "Please."

"Oohh all right, I'll do it."

Tootie gave Jo a wicked little grin. "Hey Jo, how much you gonna pay Mrs. G?"

"I don't know, how's a hundred thousand a year sound?" She looked to Blair who was nodding her head yes. She looked over to see Mrs. G with her mouth hanging open and her eyes closed.

"Mrs. G?" Jo raised an eyebrow at the others. "Uuhhmmm, is that too low a wage 'cuz I think I put Mrs. G in a coma?"

"I feel left out here, Nat do you feel left out?" Tootie shot Jo and Blair a look. "How about us, ya got jobs for us to?"

"Uuhhmmm, well Boss lady what have ya got?" Jo squeezed Blair.

"Do you have a publicist or someone to arrange the entertainment?"

"Nope." Jo shook her head.

"There ya go." Blair waved at them. "Two jobs, now I'm going to take a shower." She got off the couch and looked back at Jo. "You coming?"

"Ruined my plans, I was gonna...never mind." Jo ran after her lover.

"Demon spawn's." Nat chuckled.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Blair scrounged through Jo's closet looking for something to wear, she was shocked at what Jo had or as it was that, she didn't have.

"Jo, you still can't shop worth a damn." She pulled out a flannel shirt. "I'm not dressing as a lumber jack."

With a roguish grin planted on her face, Jo looked over her lover's shoulder in the full-length mirror. "Blair, you'd look good in a flannel shirt, just the flannel shirt and nothing else."

"And end up in jail." She cocked an eyebrow at Jo. "It wouldn't be the first time we were in jail."

"But it could be fun, hot sex in public, sex in an elevator, sex on a pool table?"

Blair leaned her head back against Jo's shoulder. "Sex on the mind?"

"Only where you're concerned," she kissed Blair's temple. "Look in the far right hand corner; I think you'll find something you'll like, I'll be in our office."

Jo sat at her desk, a pensive look on her face as she studied the computer screen in front of her, she looked up when she heard the door open and saw Blair walk through with a brilliant smile on her face.

"You like?" She spun around in the center of the floor. "Well?"

"See I have good taste in clothes." She looked Blair up and down; the rust colored silk blouse brought out the golden flecks of Blair's eyes. "Baby, you have my pants on."

"Yeah, they're nice and comfortable." She ran her hands down the threadbare thighs and looked down to where the holes in the knees were so huge that half of her shins were showing. "If the holes get any bigger, you might as well not have any pants on!"

"That's an idea!" Jo picked up a pair of scissors. "Come here." She waved them in front of her.

"Not a chance lover," she fell back on the couch. "I'm not about to go running through this place half naked. What are you working on?"

"Free cell, I'm stuck."

"You're playing card games?"

"Yeah, don't know anything else about this thing, except how to surf the Internet for bike parts."

Blair pushed Jo's chair back and crawled on to her lap so that she was facing the monitor. "Surf

the net? I bet you have all kinds of porno sites book marked?" Blair started scanning through the programs and came to a folder that had a big X on it. "What's this?"

"Oohh shit! Don't look in there!" She groaned and covered her eyes. "I'm a dead woman!"

"Joey! There's pictures of a naked ME!"

"Nooo, it's your head but the rest is who knows who."

"We can change that." She hit delete and wiped out the folder. "I just happen ta have some very good pictures of me in the buff."

She leaned around Blair's shoulder to look her in the face. "Really and who took these in the buff pictures?"

"A professional," she watched as blue eyes narrowed. "Oohh all right, I used the timer on my camera." A small crooked grin came to her lips. "Do I look like a wild woman who would strut around in front of someone naked?"

"You did this morning."

"In front of you yes, in front of some perverted guy, no."

"I'm a pervert."

"But you're my pervert." Leaning forward she bit Jo's lower lip. "And one of very few who has seen me strut in the buff."

"And the last."

"Yep, the last." She captured her lover's lips; she explored thoroughly until Jo was gasping for air.

"Do that again and I'll show ya what this chair can do."

"Please tell me that you haven't...you know in this chair."

"Oohh no, I got it because it reclines back, I sleep in this chair after a stressful day of solitaire."

"We'll change that later, right now I want you to teach me how to play pool. I figured we got about two hours before the doors open."

"We can do a lot in two hours and I'm the only one who has the keys ta the door." She wiggled her brows.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @



Mrs. G was exploring the kitchen while Nat and Tootie snooped around the other rooms of Jo's place. They came to a door that said security; Nat wiggled her brows, opened the door and went in. The one whole wall was monitors and control panels; she dropped down in to a chair and started flipping switches.

"Should you be doing that Nat?"

"What can I hurt and who knows we might get to see some famous people lurking around."

They watched, as one after another of the screens popped to life, each one was a different angle of the two floors and every separate room. Nat was moving from camera to camera when she flipped past movement on one of them.

"Go back!"

"What? Where?"

"That one!" Tootie pointed to the screen to Nat's left. "Flip it back!" She hit a key on the control panel and gasped when the picture came in to view.

Nat chuckled. "I don't think that's how you play 8 ball!" Jo and Blair were in the buff lying in the center of one of the pool tables. Blair had her hands inside each corner pocket while Jo was lying with her head between her thighs.

"I can't watch this!" Tootie covered her eyes then peeked from between her fingers.

"Who needs a porno channel when we have this!" Nat was cheering Jo on much to the amazement of Tootie.

"Nat! You're a sick bitch!"

"I look at it as journalistic research."

"Come on pervert," she flipped the switch off and pulled Nat from the chair. "Give them some privacy."

@@@@@@@@

Jo and Blair lay on the pool table wrapped in each other's arms; their bodies glistened under the soft lights hanging over the table. Jo nuzzled a breast and sighed when Blair ran her fingers through her hair.

"That was an interesting way to learn all the angles of a pool table." Blair said as she ran a

fingernail down Jo's back. "I will never be able to keep my composure when I watch you shot pool again."

"That makes two of us; I'll never look at this table the same way again." She planted a kiss on her lover's breast. "We better get outta here before someone comes pounding on the door and remind me ta get the tape from the security room."

"Why?"

"Uuhhmm... 'cuz we're on it."

Blair groaned then started laughing hysterically. "You're telling me that we just did a home movie!"

"Yep, wanna watch it later?"

Blair reached down and pinched Jo's ass. "I would die of embarrassment!"

"It could be very erotic?"

"You're serious!" She looked to see Jo wiggling her eyebrows. "I'll think about it."

They had just finished dressing when they heard knocking on the door; Jo checked to make sure Blair was decent before opening it. Nat and Tootie stood in the doorway with goofy smiles on their faces.

"Hi ya Jo, we got something for ya."

Jo raised an eyebrow at Nat. "Uuhh huh and what would that be?"

"Oohh this," she held out a VCR tape and waved in front of Jo's nose. "Very interesting viewing."

"Gimme that!" She reached for the tape only to have Nat jerk it away then run off down the hall. Tootie broke up laughing; she grabbed her stomach and fell over on the floor at Blair's feet.

"What is so funny?"

"Nat...has the tape...with you...and Jo on it!" She forced out between bursts of laughter.

"Shit! I'll kill both of them!" She ran from the room yelling for Nat.

@@@@@@@@

Mrs. G plastered herself up against the wall when Nat came running past her screaming at the top of her lungs. She was about to go after her when Jo then Blair ran past yelling. "They'll never grow up!" She made her way in the direction that they had come from to run in to Tootie as she rounded the corner.

She grabbed on to Tootie before she could escape. "What is going on around here?"

"Uuhhmmm...Nat has Jo's tape."

"And that's cause enough to go screaming through the place?"

"It's what's on the tape that has Jo worried."

"And what is that?"

Tootie blushed; she stumbled over her words trying to find ones that wouldn't embarrass her further.

"Jo and Blair were in the Billiard room and they weren't playing pool."

"What were they...Oohh my! How did Nat..."

"Security camera's."

Mrs. G let go of Tootie and wandered down the hall with her mouth hanging open.

Tootie started after her friends but only got halfway before Nat came running past her still screaming, hot on her heels were Jo and Blair.

"Damn she can run!" Tootie said of Nat. "Could be the inspiration to." She turned around, went skipping after them and singing. "Nat's a dead woman!"

When Jo and Blair caught up with her, she was laying on one of the couches in the smoking lounge huffing and puffing.

"Hi...guys!" She rolled over and on to the floor and tried to crawl away on hands and knees; Jo and Blair pounced on her and struggled for the tape.

"I can't believe you watched us!" Blair growled in to Nat's ear.

"She took notes to!" Tootie said from the doorway. "You two are gonna be in her next book, it's called 8 ball in the center pocket."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Nat sat on the floor unwrapping the VCR tape from around her body. "Tootie, do you have any scotch tape?"

"Why?"

"Maybe I can tape this back together and use it for blackmail."

@@@@@@@@

Mrs. G was going over the books in Jo's Office with her; she had never seen such a mess in her entire life.

"Jo, did this guy ever go to school?"

"I have no idea; he was here when I bought the place. How bad is it?" She covered her eyes. "Go on Mrs. G, I can handle it."

"No you can't, this is awful Jo, he's been ripping you off!"

"What, how much?" Her face was turning red, eyes narrowed and flinty. "Mrs. G!"

"Oohh all right, from what I can see so far, half a million."

"Half a million? That son of a bitch!" She grabbed the phone and made two phone calls. "In one hour he will be praying that his new bunky takes it easy on him."

Mrs. G had a worried look in her eyes. "Jo?"

"Don't worry." Jo laughed. "I just turned him in to the IRS and the FBI."

"You know the IRS and the FBI?"

"Long story, well, I've got some plans ta make for the Gardens; you guys are coming aren't ya?"

"We wouldn't miss it." Mrs. G gripped her shoulder. "I'm proud of you Jo."

"Thanks Mrs. G." She gave her older friend a quick hug then left her to her work.

@@@@@@@@

Blair was in the kitchen checking the menu for that nights specials, she was shocked to see that

what they considered a special, was what her family would have at one of their functions. This would have to change; she went in search of Jo and ran in to her as they both came through the door.

"We need to talk!" She jabbed Jo in her chest.

"About?"

"This!" She hit Jo over the head with the menu. "These dishes are way too expensive for the everyday person. We need to change it so that if Joe Smoo comes in, he can treat his family and not file for bankruptcy the next day!"

Jo gave her a toothy smile and hugged her close. "This is why I love you."

"What me hitting you over the head?"

"No, you may think green backs, but what you want ta do is give the little guy a chance."

Her brows rose to her hairline. "Ohh God, I am saying that?" She kissed Jo then hit her over the head again. "You've rubbed off on me!"

"You can change the menu; anyway ya want ta do it. The truth is I'm kinda tired of all the richie food." Nipping Blair's neck, she whispered in to her ear. "Can ya put the stuff in English, most of the time I have no idea what the hell I've just ordered?"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Three days later, the four of them were standing in the Gardens; Blair gripped Jo's hand tightly while leaning in to her shoulder.

"This is unbelievable Jo; I've been her for events but never been this close to the action."

Pale blue eyes twinkled. "And when I win this, I want you right beside me."

Blair poked her in her ribs. "What about your girlfriend Melanie?"

"Why do ya think I want ya there so ya can punch her out again, what better place than where all the boxing matches take place?"

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Jo stood in the large room where they would be competing for the grand championship. With her

hands in her pockets and Blair's arm wrapped around her waist, she tried to take it all in. She had worked for years to get this far and when it was all over, she would have accomplished something that very few people could say they had done. What better way than with the love of her life standing beside her. Wrapping her arm around Blair's shoulders, she placed a kiss on her temple.

"Blair, I'm scared."

"The great pool shark Jo Polniaczek scared?"

"Yep, scared ta death." Hugging Blair close they walked from the room.

After having dinner with their friends, Jo and Blair returned to their room in the hotel, Jo groaned as she fell face first on to the bed.

"Are you tired?" Blair asked as she laid down on Jo's back.

"No, just really tense, my shoulders feel like I'm carrying around all of Brooklyn on them."

"I think I can help with that." She started kissing the nape of Jo's neck, pulling her collar down she nipped at each shoulder until Jo was moaning into the pillow.

"Is this helping?" She growled from where she was nipping Jo's skin.

"Now I'm tense somewhere else, you gonna fix that?"

"Thought you'd never ask."

Within minutes, Jo was completely naked and sitting on the edge of the bed. Blair was on her knees with her face buried between her lover's thighs. Moans filled the room as Blair pushed her lover closer to the edge; Jo gripped the covers in her hands, her hips thrusting with each lick of Blair's tongue. She could feel her body tensing and flutters starting in her stomach, when Blair started to suck on the hardened bundle of nerves, Jo arched her back and let the waves of her climax crash over her. Gulping for air as tremors racked her body, she fell back on the bed.

Blair crawled up her body placing kisses the entire way until she came to a sweat dampened neck. Pulling the flesh between her teeth, she sucked and nipped until she felt Jo's hips thrusting against her thigh.

Mumbling with each moan Jo forced out. "You're gonna put me in a coma!"

Releasing Jo's neck, Blair straddled her thigh as she sat up. "Or make you pass out." Putting her hands on either side of her lover's hips, Blair pushed her center in to a now wet thigh. She rode Jo's thigh pushing herself higher and higher until she pushed them both over the edge and in to oblivion. Collapsing down on to Jo's chest, they lay wrapped around each other panting and glowing in the aftermath.

"Blair, I think I'm relaxed now."

"Damn and I was hoping you needed a more intense treatment."

Jo pulled away to look in to sleepy brown eyes. "You're kidding right?"

"Yeah Joey, I'm kidding, let's take a nap, you'll need all the energy you can get for tonight."

"Tonight?" She gulped.

"Your first match is tonight."

"Ohh yeah, I forgot."

@@@@@@@@

Their three friends pounded on the door for what seemed hours, Nat was beginning to lose her patience and Mrs. G and Tootie were holding back chuckles when Nat tried to look through the key hole.

"Nat, will you calm down! Geez, ya act like there's a fire." Tootie massaged her friend's tense shoulders.

"Natalie, Tootie's right, they may be down stairs all ready."

"We're talking about Blair here, the one person in the world that will be late for the apocalypse!" She pounded on the door and when it opened, she almost pounded on an irritated Jo's chest.

"Why didn't ya just get the fire ax and smash the door down!" She held it open and as Nat walked past, she kicked her in the ass. "We were in the shower and thought you were gonna come right through the wall and join us." She blushed when she realized what she had said. "Sorry Mrs. G, little too much information huh?"

"Don't worry about it Jo, you're both adults." She dropped her hands on to Tootie and Nat's shoulders. "But these two I'm not to sure about."

Giving them a look, she remarked. "I know what ya mean, let me see if Blair's ready." She disappeared into the bathroom leaving their friends to make themselves at home. Nat grabbed Tootie by her shoulder and leaned next to her ear.

"Did ya see Jo's neck? The last time I saw bruising like that was in a whip lash case!"

"Which you will get when I kick you in your behind!" Mrs. G pushed them both down on the couch. "Behave; this is a very important night for Jo."

When Jo and Blair came out of the bathroom, they almost needed to call 911 for their friends.

"Oohh my!" Mrs. G fanned herself, as she looked her friend's over. "You two will have every man in the place stunned!"

"Thanks Mrs. G." Jo rolled the sleeves of her black silk shirt mid way up her forearms.

Nat was trying to get her mouth closed to comment on their appearances but failed. All she could do was stutter.

"You two look like twins!" Tootie got up to circle them. "Leather pants and silk shirts, are we going to watch you play pool or going to a leather bar?"

"We wanted to make sure that everyone knows that we're together." Blair replied as she stuck her hand in Jo's back pocket.

"Blair's idea," Jo explained. "But after seeing her in black leather pants, I'm not complaining." She buttoned up one button on Blair's shirt. "No cleavage, that's mine." She whispered in to her lover's ear.

Nat rolled her eyes at them. "OK guys, none of that or we'll never get to see you beat everyone's ass."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Jo was set up for the sixteenth table, she would play the winner of this match and then someone else would challenge her until there were just 26 winners left. On the second day, those winners would play off until just 13 were left, leaving them to battle it out on the third day for the Grand Champion.

She stood at the back watching the two men shoot 8 ball, she smiled when one of them, a little two cocky for his own good scratched. With two shots, the other became the winner. Grabbing her cue stick, she turned to look in to sable colored eyes.

"Wish me luck."

"You don't need it, you're the best there is." Blair kissed her softly. "At everything."

Jo blushed. "Thanks baby, I'll be back in a minute." She gave Blair a quick kiss before she walked over to the table; Blair turned around and gave an older couple an evil glare.

"Do you have a problem?" She asked with a sweet voice.



A woman with blue tinted white hair wrinkled her nose at her. "I find your kind revolting, it's not natural."

"Well, neither is your hair color." She looked at the old man with the woman. "You know if I was you, I'd look for a woman because that thing with you is disgusting." She turned and walked to where her friends were sitting at a table near by.

Tootie leaned close to Blair's ear. "Blair, what was that older couple talking to you about?"

"Ohh, she said that my kind was revolting." She gave all of them a grin. "I fixed her; I cracked on her hair color and husband."

"Your kind meaning?" She waved her hand around.

"Yep, who would have thought that I am now, another kind?"

Tootie's eyes narrowed, Blair knew that look and knew that there was going to be trouble. She looked to Mrs. G for help; but she was having a conversation with an older man.

"This is not good!" Before she could stop her, Tootie had grabbed Nat's hand and dragged her over to where the older couple was sitting.

"Nat, I want you to let me do anything I want, think of it as performing art or journalistic research. OK?"

"Uuhhmmm..." She looked trying to find someone to help her.

"Oohh come on Nat, haven't I always done all the stupid stuff you've asked of me?"

"Oohh OK, but if we get arrested, I get to write it and get part of the movie rights."

"Deal, now just go with it."

Blair watched her friends stop right in front of the older couple. Covering her face with her hands, she peeked from between fingers. A low groan escaped from her lips when Tootie slipped her hand in to Nat's back pocket of her jeans. The look of shock on Nat's face made Blair bust out laughing which got Mrs. G's attention.

"Blair what is so funny?"

Blair pointed to their friends. "They're causing trouble."

They watched as Tootie went up on her toes and whispered in to Nat's ear.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Don't you dare pass out on me!" Tootie said to her then bit her ear lobe.

From between clenched teeth, Nat asked. "Why are we doing this?"

"Because there are narrow minded people here," wrapping her other arm around Nat's waist she pulled her closer. "Just go with it."

"OK. I can do this." A wicked evil grin crossed her face, stepping back from Tootie, she pulled her to her chest dipped her and planted a kiss on her lips. When she heard chairs scrap back and disgusted curses, she pulled a bright red Tootie back up.

"How was that?"

"Uuhhmmm..."

"I was good wasn't I?" A bright smile came to her face, taking Tootie's hand she skipped back over to the table where Mrs. G and Blair were sitting.

"Hi guys." She cheerfully said right before she pushed a still stunned Tootie in her chair. "Blair aren't you supposed to be watching Jooooey?"

"Oohh shit!" She jumped up from her chair and made her way through the crowd to watch Jo.

\*\*\*\*\*

Walking around the table, she measured angles, she knew she could bank the shot but would prefer a straight on approach. Bending over the table, she realized that she would need the bridge. She hated using the bridge; she didn't have as much control over her cue. Taking a deep breath, she lined up the shot and blew it when the tip hit wrong and put too much English on the ball and causing it to miss it's intended pocket. Groans and sighs echoed around the table, everyone knew that if the other player made his shot he would knock her out of the competition. She handed the bridge over to the attendant and walked to where Blair was standing.

"I blew it." She started breaking down her cue stick.

"Oohh no you don't!" Blair took the cue from her hands. "It's not over until he clears the table."

"Blair. He won."

Blair pulled her close and kissed her gently. "Not yet he hasn't." She captured Jo's lips in a lingering kiss, groans reached their ears as the man sunk the cue ball, Blair released Jo and smiled.

"Now get over there and win."

Jo took her cue stick from her lover's fingers and smiled. "Thank you." She whispered just before she went back to the table. Examining the table, she had one ball left and then the 8 ball and it was all over if she made it. Taking a deep breath, she lined up the shot. In less than a minute, she sunk both balls and won the match. Cheers went up when the 8 ball dropped into the side pocket and Blair ran over and jumped in to her arms.

"I told you." She crushed Jo's lips with hers. "You should always listen to me, because I'm always right."

"You are?" Jo said with a smile.

"OK, I was this time."

They separated when the others joined them. Tootie kept giving Nat funny looks and Jo noticed it very quick. She bent down and whispered in to Blair's ear.

"What's wrong with Tootie?"

Blair acting like it was an every day occurrence answered. "Oohh Nat kissed her."

"Nat? Is she drunk?"

"Nope, stone cold sober; I'll tell ya all about it later."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Tootie was across the room, holding up her two index fingers in the form of a cross at Nat who lay across her bed winking at her. Every time Nat came near her, she dodged her to take a stand in another part of the room.

"What is wrong with you?" Tootie said as she ran around the room, over the bed and to a save place behind a chair. "Have you gone insane?"

"Nope." Nat fell back on the bed laughing hysterically. "Come on Tootie, I was just having some fun." She patted the space beside her. "I won't attack you, I promise." She sat up and snickered at Tootie's hesitant steps. "So, do you think I would make a good actress, I mean I've had you fooled the entire time?"

"I should smack you, scarring me like that!" She dropped down on the edge of the bed.

"Scarring you, how?"

"I thought I was gonna end up being your sex slave!"

"Has possibilities, but Tootie you're my best friend and besides you started it!" Raising her voice an octave she quoted Tootie from earlier. "Just let me do what I want, go with it!" She laughed as Tootie dropped her head in to her hands. "You could have warned me as to what you had planned."

"Sorry Nat."

"It's OK, next time tell me!" She shoved Tootie in her shoulder. "Come on let's call room service and bug the Hell out of them."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Blair lay propped up against the headboard watching Jo put a new tip on her cue stick. She had no idea that maintenance was needed on such an item, then again, she never worried about stuff like that.

"How long are you going to be?" She asked after watching Jo fasten a metal clamp on her cue.

"Another minute or so, whatcha got in mind?" She asked while wiggling an eyebrow.

"You and another kind of tip."

"Sounds kinky."

"Not that tip! I'm not talking about our strap-on; I'm talking about you losing concentration while shooting pool."

"I didn't lose my concentration, I lost...my concentration." She fell back on the bed with a groan. "This has never happened before; I've always been so zoomed in on what I was doing."

"What's changed that you're not doing that now?"

She crawled up on the bed and lay with her head on Blair's lower stomach. "I'm scared."

"About what, not winning?"

Wrapping her arms around Blair, she pulled her close. "Winning isn't everything, losing you is." Tears filled her eyes and flowed over to drip on to Blair's nightshirt.

She ran her fingers through dark hair in a calming way. "I'm not going anywhere Jo."

"It's that I see all the men looking at you and it scares me that you may change your mind about us."

"Come up here." She reached for Jo and pulled her so that her head was resting on her shoulder. "I will never leave you, people will always look at us but that doesn't mean that I'm interested in anyone but you. I love you Jo and that will never change."

"I'm scared because everyone always leaves me; a couple of times tonight I looked for you and you weren't there." She sobbed uncontrollably in to her lovers shoulder.

"I was watching the Nat and Tootie show, Jo I'm not everyone." She whispered in to Jo's ear. "I'll prove it to you one day." She rocked Jo gently in her arms until they both fell asleep.

@@@@@@@@

It was three AM when Mrs. G finally made it back to her room, so when Nat and Tootie came pounding on her door at eight AM, they were not exactly prepared for the growling and snarling disheveled creature that answered the door, or when it slammed in their stunned faces.

"Oohh ohhh, that was scary!" Tootie said as she held on to Nat's arm from where she was hiding behind her. "Talk about wrong side of the bed!"

"Tootie that was wrong side of the planet, let's go see if Jo and Blair are up, maybe they'll have breakfast with us before the matches start."

"We'll warn them about the Mrs. G body snatcher theory."

@@@@@@

All during breakfast Jo kept fidgeting in her chair, at times her face would turn a deep pink and sweat would break out on her upper lip. Everyone with the exception of Blair kept looking at her.

"Jo, are you OK?" Mrs. G asked with concern in her voice. "You're not coming down with something are you?"

Jo cleared her voice but it still came out like a squeak. "I'm fine."

"Are you sure, you keep jumping around over there?"

"Yeah, must be the starch in my chino's, they're a little stiff." She shot Blair a glance.

Blair batted her lashes at her and grinned. "I'll take care of the problem later Joey."

"If I survive that long." She hoarsely whispered.

Nat and Tootie noticed the way that Jo was walking all stiff legged, they sympathized with her dilemma and hoped that she would be able to shot pool in such pain.

"Jo, why don't you just change pants?" Tootie asked out of curiosity.

"Uuhhmmm...my others are at the cleaners." She hoped they bought the lie she had just told them.

@@@@@

Jo walked up to the table to make the break, as she leaned over, fire shot through her body. She gritted her teeth and gave Blair a look that could melt steel. Blair gave her a toothy smile and a little wave from where she was standing a few feet away, she mouthed the words *I love you* then blew her a kiss. Jo growled deep in her chest and put enough force behind her cue stick that when the balls went flying half a dozen sunk in to the pockets.

The attendant checked the catcher and asked her stripes or solids.

"Stripes." She called then looked for her next shot.

Her friends stood behind Blair watching her massacre the table; they had never seen her play so controlling before.

"Blair, what's wrong with Jo, she looks like she's going to toss the table across the room?"

"Ohh, it's nothing, we had a little discussion last night about her concentration."

Jo never gave the other player a chance to get near the table. Within fifteen minutes, she cleared the table and took the win. Advancing on her friends, she tossed her cue stick to Nat, grabbed Blair by her hand and dragged her to the elevator.

"She did not look happy!" Nat said as she broke her stick down and put it in the case.

"Nope, I don't think I'd want to be in Blair's shoes right now." Tootie shivered at the thought of a pissed of Jo.

"Come on girls, let's go get some lunch, I'm sure they'll work it out."

@@@@@

Jo hit the button to close the doors; after they had traveled two floors, she hit the emergency stop

button and turned to Blair.

"I've been in agony since this morning! I can't believe I let you talk me in to this!"

"It worked didn't it; you beat that guy in a matter of minutes." She came to stand in front of Jo, running her hands from thigh upward; she stopped when her left hand hit the bulge in Jo's pants. Massaging it, she smiled when Jo moaned and pushed her hips forward. "All you could think of was what we would do after you won." She unzipped Jo's pants and let her fingers run across the tightness of her jockey shorts. Locking eyes with her, Blair could see the fires of arousal dancing in the darkened blue. "And you knew it would be me doing this to you." She pulled the dildo through the opening of the jockey shorts, running her hand the length of it she pushed forward. Jo moaned deep in her chest, placing her hands on Blair's hips she thrust her hips forward sending the dildo attached to the harness, deeper inside of her. Raising Blair's skirt to her hips, she ran her hand up between her legs and moaned. She found no barriers between her fingers and her lover's wetness.

"You're an evil woman." She moaned as she ran her fingers back and forth across throbbing lips. Capturing Blair's lips in a searing kiss, she bent at the knees and lifted Blair up; slowly she lowered her onto the dildo.

@@@@@@@

Nat, Tootie and Mrs. G stood by the elevator waiting for the last fifteen minutes; they were growing impatient and decided to take the stairs up to their rooms. On the way, they passed numerous people coming down. Mrs. G decided to ask someone if there was a problem.

"Ohh the damn thing is stuck on the second floor!" One man said as he jogged down the stairs. Nat and Tootie looked to each other and grinned.

"Mrs. G, you go ahead upstairs, we're going to go see about this elevator problem."

"OK, I'll call you two later about diner."

@@@@@@@

Jo had Blair up against the wall of the elevator, her hands on her hips holding her to her as she pumped inside of her. Blair's back kept hitting the wall making it sound like they were pounding for help. They both felt the beginnings of their orgasms getting closer each time Jo thrust forward, Jo grunted loudly in to Blair's neck while Blair's panting echoed in the small room. Spreading her feet further apart, Jo thrust hard in to Blair and sent them both over the edge. Between Blair's scream of Joey and Jo's roar, they deafened each other.

They gulped for air as the last of the tremors from their shared climaxes coursed through them. Jo's hips still bucked with spasms, she felt Blair wrap her legs around the backs of her thighs and pull her tightly against her. Running her tongue along Jo's ear, she thrust in deeply and moaned when Jo thrust forward.

"Come for me Joey." Blair whispered in to her ear, she then rolled her hips against her. Jo picked up the pace; she thrust harder in to her lover until they were both falling again. Jo's legs gave out and she sunk to the floor with Blair still on her lap. They sat there until they were able to regain their composure; Jo slowly pulled out of her lover and heard Blair moan when they were no longer connected.

"Baby, I can't believe we just...you know in an elevator." Jo mumbled against Blair's neck.

"That makes two of us." She tilted Jo's face up and kissed her tenderly. "I love you Joey."

"I love you to; I'll never doubt you again."

Blair slid her fingers up the dildo and gave it a little tug. "You can show me when we get to our room."

@@@@@@

Nat and Tootie stood outside the elevator with their ears to the door, they both jumped back when they heard the loud noise come from inside. They burst out laughing and fell to the floor holding their stomachs. Tears rolled down their faces as they laughed harder when people came towards the elevator. Nat waved them away, which wasn't hard since they looked like they were both going in to epileptic fits. As they tried to calm themselves, they heard the elevator start back up. Getting to their feet, they stumbled to the door to the stairs and half ran and stumbled to where they knew the door would open.

@@@@@@@@

"Baby, how am I supposed to get to our room without someone noticing this?" She pointed down to the wet stain covering the front of her tan chinos.

Blair gave her an evil grin and winked.

"You could always carry me."

Pulling her close Jo whispered. "With how weak my legs are, I can't carry myself." Kissing Blair softly. "You walk in front of me and if the coast is clear, we run for it."



As soon as the elevator doors opened, Blair gasped, there stood Nat and Tootie with their arms crossed over their chests and grinning like lunatics.

"We knew if had to be you guys." They both said in unison. Jo pushed past Blair and was ready to beat them both senseless when Nat busted up laughing and pointed to the bulge and wet stain of Jo's pant's Tootie clasped a hand on a beet red faced Jo's shoulder.

"You know Jo; they have a drug now to stop premature ejaculation."

Jo growled at her and pushed past to head for her and Blair's room.

Blair leaned up to Tootie's ear and whispered. "Nat's been checking out your assets all day." She grinned evilly and took off at a fast walk after her lover.

@@@@@@

The finals for the Grand Championship were to be held at noon. It reminded Jo of an old western the way they had played it up to the media, she had been watching out the window as car after car, pulled up to the over hang and people rushed in to the building. Her nerves were frayed, her hands trembled and she knew she would end up paying for the worn carpet in the room. She didn't know what was keeping Blair in the bathroom so long but she was ready to break the door down to check on her.

"Baby! Come on, I don't wanna be late!" She turned as the door opened and Blair stepped out in to the room. She gulped and just about fell to her knees when she saw what had taken her lover so long to get ready.

She stood before Jo wearing a black silk suit jacket over an ivory silk blouse that matched the pleated dress pants. On her feet were polished black cowboy boots with silver tips and heel plates. Approaching her lover, Jo ran her fingers from shoulder to hand; bringing them up to her lips, she placed a kiss on each knuckle.

"You are beautiful." She whispered as she leaned in for a kiss.

"So are you, but why is your shirt tail hanging out?" She lifted Jo's shirt and grinned. Running her hand across the bulge in Jo's crotch, she heard her moan.

"I figured it worked last night why shouldn't tonight?"

Blair wrapped her arms around her lover's neck and pressed close. "Uhh huh, I think you like what it does to me." Pulling away, she ran her hands down the front of the smooth leather vest that Jo had on.

"You know it doesn't take a strap-on ta get me wet, just looking at you does that." She ran her

hands under the vest and caressed Jo's hardened nipples.

"We can explore all the ways later.

Jo gave her a small grin. "We sure will."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

They watched all the people gathering around one of the pool tables, one of the men that was playing was one of the best shooters in the States. Jo was number two and he ranked as number three. What surprised her was, that he was making stupid mistakes that he shouldn't be doing. She waited for the match to end then followed him over to his table.

"Ben, what is going on?" She asked the older man in a low whisper.

"I can't tell you Jo." He shot a glance to a wall across the room.

"What? Come on Ben."

"Look Jo, I just had a bad day. OK?" He dropped his eyes and motioned with a slight nod towards the wall again, Jo pretended to throw her head back and loosen her neck. That's when she saw Melanie leaning against the wall with a smirk on her face.

"She paid you off didn't she?"

"Can't tell you Jo."

She gripped his shoulder and walked away. "Fucking bitch, I got ya now!" She mumbled under her breath. Walking back to her friends, she made eye contact with one of the guys she knew; she gave a slight nod of her head towards Ben then continued on her way. She came up behind Blair and rested her chin on her shoulder.

"Baby, I'll be back in a minute, I have a little problem ta take car of."

Blair turned with concern showing in her eyes. "Is every thing OK?"

"Yep, or it will be as soon as I win this thing." She gave a small kiss then went off in search of her friend.

Blair was worried when Jo didn't come back right away, she searched the room and that's when she saw Melanie weaving her way through the room. Her temper started to flare at just the sight of the arrogant woman.

"You OK?" Jo asked from over Blair's shoulder.

"No." She turned and buried her face in her lover's neck. "That bitch is here again."

"I know, I saw her earlier." Nuzzling Blair's neck, she moaned when the scent of her perfume surrounded her. "After tonight we'll never have ta worry about her again."

"Good, 'cuz my hand still kinda hurts from punching her."

Jo sent every one over to the table; she went up to the bar to get drinks and to see if she could get Melanie's attention. Her wish came true when out of nowhere, she felt a body press her into the bar.

"Two million if you throw the match." She whispered in to her ear.

"You're crazy!" Jo turned around and stepped back from Melanie.

"OK, three million and I'll fuck your brains out the way blondie can't."

"Tell ya what Melanie." She stepped closer to her. "You come with me and maybe the three of us can have some fun?"

Melanie's eyes grew wide along with a toothy smile. "A threesome, I never knew you were the kinky type?"

Jo gave her a seductive smile. "You wanna see how kinky?" At Melanie's nod, Jo lifted the front of her shirt and showed the bulge in her pants. "Kinky enough for ya?"

Stepping close to Jo, she remarked. "My juices just gushed down my legs." She moaned as she pushed her hips towards Jo.

"Come on over to our table." Jo walked away with Melanie close on her heels.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

"Baby, will you come with me, we need to talk?" Jo offered her hand to Blair and helped her up. "We're gonna have a little discussion with Melanie here in the back room."

As Jo led Blair towards a back room, she nodded at a man standing by the bar. As soon as the three of them cleared the door, he stepped in behind them and closed the door; Melanie spun on her heel and gave him a venomous look.

"Melanie, I'm placing you under arrest for money laundering, attempted bribery of a Federal agent and because you're a bitch!" She reached inside her vest and produced a set of handcuffs. "Turn around." She snapped the cuffs on her; read the Miranda then turned her back around to

face her.

"You have no proof!" Melanie yelled! "I didn't try to bribe you or any one else!"

"Tell that ta my little toy." Jo reached down the front of her pants and pulled out a small tape recorder. She then unclipped a small microphone from inside her vest and wiggled them in front of Melanie. "Wanna hear yourself offer me three million ta throw the match?"

"You fucking bitch!"

"That's the nicest thing you've ever said ta me." She gave her a cocky grin. "Special Agent Wilcox, take this bitch outta here." She handed him the tape recorder and waved at a pissed off Melanie.

"Bye bye, have fun! Ohh I almost forgot!" She snapped her fingers. "We also have statements from everyone that you've been bribing at the matches here. Surprise!" She busted up laughing when Melanie's face turned a purple color.

"Jo!" Blair grabbed her by her arm and spun her around. "You have a lot of explaining to do!"

Jo looked in to flaming eyes and gulped; reaching inside her vest, she pulled out a black wallet and held it out to Blair.

"Surprise baby." She whispered as she took a step back in fear, Blair opened the wallet and gawked at the picture ID and the FBI badge.

"Special Agent Polniaczek?" Blair's eyes rolled back in her head as she fell towards the floor, Jo's quick reflexes caught her before she hit; cradling her against her chest, she carried her to where their friends were. Putting her down in the chair, she looked to Mrs. G.

"Will you take care of Blair while I go play this match?"

"Jo?"

"I'll explain as soon as I'm done here." She quickly grabbed her cue and ran towards the table where she was to shoot her match.

Mrs. G slapped Blair lightly on her cheeks trying to bring her around, Nat and Tootie looked to each other and shrugged their shoulders.

"It's a Polniaczek mystery hour." Nat whispered.

Tootie had an evil grin on her face as she looked at Blair. "Mrs. G, throw a glass of water on her."

Mrs. G gave her a look that had her slinking down in her chair. "You two behave!" She turned

her attentions back to Blair; within seconds, she saw sable eyes opening.

"Blair honey, what happened?" Mrs. G asked.

"Jo's...a..." She held out the wallet she still had in her hand. Mrs. G looked inside, her mouth fell open and she gasped.

"What's that?" Tootie asked as she reached for the wallet. Both she and Nat had the same expression that Mrs. G had.

"She's a FBI Agent!?" Nat pulled the wallet from Tootie's hand. "It's real!"

"Where's Jo?" Blair looked around her.

"She's over there." Tootie pointed to where Jo was breaking the balls.

"Good, because when she's done I'm going to kill her!" Blair stood up on shaky legs and made her way over to watch her lover. The other three followed but kept their distance; they knew all about Blair's temper and didn't want to get in her firing range when she lost it.

Jo knew when her lover showed up; she felt the flames burning into her back. All she could do was grin; she knew there would be Hell to pay later. After breaking the balls, she never gave her opponent the chance to take a shot. After the 8 ball was sunk she shook hands with him and walked slowly over to her lover and friends.

"Hi ya Baby." A sheepish look on her face. "Are ya mad at me?" She looked up from lowered eyes.

"I ought to knock the Hell out of you!" She came nose to nose with her lover. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I couldn't take the chance on blowing my cover." Placing her hands on Blair's hips, she pulled her closer and kissed her. "Can we talk about this later?"

"We'll do more than that!" She poked Jo in her chest. "You will tell me every single teeny tiny thing about you!"

"I promise. Right now, I have ta go see about winning this thing. Wish me luck?"

"You have more than my luck." She gave her a soul-searing kiss that left her weak at the knees.

@@@@@

Jo's opponent broke the balls and immediately took control of the table. She was getting worried

when he pocketed every ball with ease. She was thankful that it was the best out of three that would determine the winner. So when he took the first round that left her with having to win the last two.

After breaking, Jo cleared half of her balls before she scratched. Her nerves were on edge when she went back to stand next to Blair.

"Joey, you can do this!" Blair pulled her close and whispered in her ear. "I have faith in you." Snaking her hand down between them she pressed against the bulge in Jo's pants. "Just remember the elevator." Jo's temperature sky-rocketed, her pulse picked up and sweat started to run down between her breasts. "Now get up there and beat the shit out those balls!"

They all watched as her opponent hit the cue too hard and sent it sailing off the table. He slammed his cue stick on the floor so hard that they all heard a crack. He picked up his cue and cursed a blue streak. A large split ran the length of the bottom part of his cue right up to where the brass connector was in the middle. He took it, broke it in two over his knee and tossed it aside. Jo knew that if he didn't have a spare that he would have to use a house stick and that meant that he was at a disadvantage. Within minutes, she sunk the 8 ball and took the match, that left one more game to declare the Grand Champion.

The next match was an all out battle; they went back and forth with control. After Jo scratched, Blair pulled her aside and massaged her tense shoulders.

"Joey, calm down. I know you can do this, concentrate. You're going too fast and hitting too hard."

"Huh?" Jo turned her head to look in to sable eyes.

"I've been watching you for how long now? You're rushing it."

Jo took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "You're right." Rolling her head to loosen her shoulders, she went back up to the table. Walking around it, she tried to find a good angle to shoot from. She had two choices. Either take two shots to get to the 8 ball or a combination shot that she had never been able to make before. She looked to her lover who gave her an encouraging smile and a nod. Taking a calming breath, she leaned over the table and lined up for the combination. After saying a silent prayer, she brought her stick back and hit the cue solidly. She closed her eyes and waited. A second later, she heard the sound of two balls hitting the pockets. A loud sigh escaped her lips, dropping her head for a minute she brought it up and was astounded to see that the cue ball was in perfect alignment with the 8 ball. A huge smile came to her face; she straightened up looked to the attendant and called the shot.

Blair closed her eyes and prayed. When she heard the crack of the balls hitting she waited until she heard the crowd start to scream. Opening one eye, she saw that the only ball on the table was the white cue ball.

Jo pumped her arm in the air and gave out a roar. She turned to Blair and her friends with a

triumphant smile on her face. Tossing her cue stick to Tootie, she advanced on Blair. Picking her up in her arms, she hugged her until she heard her plead for air; their friends soon engulfed them in a group hug.

"You did it Joey! You won!" Blair yelled in her ear so she would hear over all the commotion.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

Jo stood on the stage to accept the check and the huge trophy from the president of the National Billiards Association. After he made his speech and handed her the items, he asked her if she would like to say anything. Motioning for Nat and Tootie to take her stuff, she pointed to Blair.

"Come here Baby." She took her hand to help her up on to the stage. Taking the microphone, she looked directly in to Blair's eyes before she dropped down on to one knee. Looking up she saw tears flowing down her lovers cheeks.

"I know this isn't what you expected when I brought you up here." She took one of Blair's hands in hers and kissed her knuckles. Blair Warner, in front of all these people, I'm asking you, will you marry me?"

Blair ran her fingers across Jo's cheek; a small smile came to her lips as she looked down at her.

"Yes."

Jo got to her feet and hugged Blair close to her; pulling back, she kissed her tenderly at first until it became a very heated kiss. They broke the kiss when their friends came up on the stage to congratulate them. Jo put the microphone on the podium; she reached in to her pocket and pulled out an engagement ring. Slipping it on to Blair's finger, she smiled in to teary eyes.

"I love you Baby, you've made me the happiest woman on the planet."

"I love you to Joey."

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

They all sat in Jo's living room after the small ceremony where Jo and Blair exchanged their joining vows. Blair had decided that she would take Jo's last name with a hyphen. Jo took a deep breath and gave Blair a hug as they sat on the couch together.

"I guess I have a lot of explaining to do?" She looked around the room to see heads nodding. "OK. For the last three years, I have been undercover for the FBI, investigating Melanie's activities in the Billiards competitions. It wouldn't have come to our attention except for the amount of money she was throwing around. After numerous traces through banks and other

networks, we discovered that she is part of a drug cartel in New York. She would put up the money for all the competitions statewide. In return, the winners would cash the checks and return the laundered money back to her for a large fee."

"What about all the money you've made?" Nat asked.

"That was all legit." She cleared her throat and blushed. "I had ta start out at the bottom and work my way up. We knew which competitions she was backing so if I won, I turned that money over to the FBI."

"Then what?" Blair asked.

"They gave me marked money that I gave to Melanie." She turned to look at Blair. "I know you want to know about her and me and the answer is no. I never did."

Blair smiled at her and kissed her. "Thank you."

"We were able to trace that money all over the place. This last competition was where I needed to seal it up. We were afraid that she would disappear when it was all over."

Nat looked confused, her brows were drawn down over her nose and she kept shaking her head. "OK, but didn't you all ready have enough evidence on her?"

"Yep, but we wanted to make sure it would stick. So her bribing me to throw the competition did it. Not to mention all the others she had done it to."

"So is it over now? She's going to be wearing those ugly orange jumpsuits?"

"Ohhhh yeah, along with many other people. The FBI is right at this moment arresting a whole bunch of people across the states." She sighed, stretched her back and heard numerous pops. "And I am now officially retired. Except for when I have to appear in court, if that happens."

"From what?" Mrs. G asked.

"Everything! I'm gonna be a bum."

"Oohh no you're not!" Blair said as she smacked Jo in her shoulder. "You're going to help me run this place. I'm not doing it alone!"

"We know who wears the pants in this place and it ain't Jo!" The snoops said together.

@@@@@@@@

Jo and Blair lay wrapped in each other's arms; their bodies glistened in the moonlight coming through the skylights over the bed. Jo ran her fingers down her lovers back causing goose flesh



to rise in her fingers wake.

"Can ya handle being married to a former FBI Agent and pool shark?"

"I could handle it if you were a janitor." She kissed Jo deeply. "You made one of my dreams come true today."

"I did?" She cocked an eyebrow. "What?"

"You came home to stay."

The end

By Larisa

[Hecate3366@frontiernet.net](mailto:Hecate3366@frontiernet.net)

---

[Larisa's Scrolls](#)  
[Main Page](#)