

~ Weekend Bliss ~

by Larisa

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Disclaimer: Nope, I don't own them. You guys know the story; I just borrowed the girls for my own sick little pleasures.

Sex, bad language and everything else that I've thrown in here that could have me locked up in numerous States. If you're not 18 then run away and come back later.

Blair was walking up the drive with Gregory one of her weekly boyfriends, pretending to be interested in what he was babbling about. Not like she had heard a word he had said all evening anyway. She had found someone who was even more self-centered than herself! Gregory kept bragging about all the stocks in his portfolio and what his net worth would be in five years.

"In just two months I sold 1000 shares of a small company and made a \$22,000.00 dollar profit. And then I invested it in to long term CD's, with that money, I plan on having our dream house built."

"That's nice Gregory." Blair replied without even hearing a word.

"So Blair, how many children would you like to have?" He asked thinking that everything was in the bag for him and the gorgeous blonde.

"Skin tight." Blair stopped dead in her tracks and stared ahead, her breathing became shallow and her glossed lips parted to let a small sigh escape.

"Excuse me, skin tight?" He thought for a second then answered. "Yes, I suppose that your skin does tighten during pregnancy. However, with lots of exercise you can get back in tiptop shape for the next child, so how many years would you like to be pregnant Blair?"

Blair wiped the trickle of sweat from her temple and chewed her bottom lip in thought. "Forever, I could handle that forever." She mumbled to herself forgetting that she wasn't alone.

Gregory's brown eyes grew large at the thought of her perfect figure being pregnant forever and how cranky she would be.

"But Blair that could be a little difficult on you."

She suddenly snapped out of her self-induced hypnosis. "What, I'm sorry did you say something?" She batted her soft brown eyes at him and tilted her head to the side.

"Uuhmm." He wiped his sweating palms on his Chino's. "I should be going, I have to call my accountant." He leaned forward and touched his cheek to Blair's. "I'll call you." He turned and practically ran back to his red sports car.

Natalie sat at the small desk in the room she shared with Jo, Blair and Tootie. She was working on one of the papers she had to do for her classes and was distracted by the squeal of tires coming from the driveway, rising up out of the chair she looked from the window in front of her.

"Mrs. G's going to kill you Jo if you ruin the tires on the car," she was shocked to see Jo still leaning into the hood of the old car and a red sports car taking off down the street. "Sorry Jo." She said to herself just as Tootie stepped into the room.

"I think you need a break Nat. You're talking to yourself and that's just not normal."

"I heard tires squealing and I thought it was Jo." She sat back down and turned to her best friend. "I think it was Blair's date, funny none of the others ever peeled away from here."

"If they were smart they would stay away from the ice princess, but then again she is Blair Warner, most popular and filthy rich."

Nat looks back out the window and her brows rise to her hairline.

"And acting very strange! Would you look at her Tootie, I swear she looks like she wants to grab Jo's ass."

Tootie pushes in front of Nat and looks out the window to where Jo is working and Blair has crept up behind her.

"You really need help Nat. She's just talking to Jo, I can see her licking her lips like she does before she's going to give Jo both barrels."

Nat looked at Blair, then back to Tootie and rolled her eyes.

"What ever Tootie, I still think she want's to grab Jo's ass."

"And I think you're nuttier than a fruitcake! Come on I'm giving you a break." She grabbed her best friends hand and pulled her from the room. "You can help me rehearse my part in the play."

Blair walked up behind Jo as slowly as she could trying not to make a noise, she reached out and ran her hand down Jo's ass to the inside of her thigh.

"What the hell," Jo yelled. "Ooowww! I'm gonna kill you!" She rubbed the top of her head where she had busted it on the hood of the car; she spun around to find a startled Blair standing behind her.

"Blair why the hell did you grab my ass, have you gone nuts or somethin?" She asked with her blue eyes flashing fury.

"I ...you have dirt on your pants." She stuttered.

Jo cocked a dark eyebrow at her then held out her arms to show that they were covered from fingertip to elbow in grease. "Like you should be surprised that I'm not clean like your boring boyfriends, who take their cars to the shop to have the windshield cleaned?"

Her face still a healthy pink color, Blair planted her hands on her hips and glared at Jo. "I date very busy gentleman and it's easier to have someone else do it, besides it's impressive to have that kind of money to just throw it away on frivolous things."

"Well, send them over here," she turned back to her work. "I'll spit on their windshields for ten bucks." She peeked under her arm at Blair.

"You are sooo disgusting, no wonder no man wants to date you!"

"That's where you're wrong Lady Warner." She turned and wiped her hands on a shop rag. "I find them disgusting and don't wanna date them."

Jo shot Blair a crooked grin and watched as her friends face turned red right before she humped and strutted off towards the back door.

"God she is so irritating!" Blair said to herself. "But she's so damn hot, especially with those tight faded Levi's on. A bright smile came to her face. "Grease and all."

"I just love to piss her off." Jo remarked to herself. "She's so hot when she's mad at me, makes me want to do things ta her." An evil grin covered her face. "Don't even go there Jo." Her thoughts ran rampid with the sway of Blair's hips as she stomped away.

"Blair how was your date?" Mrs. G asked her as she stole a cookie from the still hot cookie sheet on the counter.

"Date?"

"You went out with Gregory didn't you?"

Blair's dark brows dropped over her brown eyes. "Gregory? Oh right! It was ok, he's so boring." She dropped down into a chair and snatched another cookie and thought that she didn't even remember him leaving. "If he calls for me tell him I joined the convent."

Mrs. G. wiped her hands on her apron and smacked Blair's hand from taking another cookie. "You'll spoil your dinner, but I thought you liked him?"

"Ohhh he's ok if you don't want to get a word in edgewise, would you believe that he didn't even comment on my attire? After I spent all morning going through my closet to find just the right thing to wear and not even a single word from him!"

"Maybe he was just shy about saying something?"

"Oohh nooo! He made comments about his own clothes and I could have been standing there naked and I don't think he would have noticed!"

"I would have," Jo said from behind her. "The guys blind I tell ya." She reached over Blair's shoulder to grab a cookie and got her hand smacked instead. "Hey!!!!"

"Keep your greasy paws away from the cookies." Blair pushed her hand away with the second try, she could feel the warm heat radiating from the closeness of their bodies, and thought that she would pass out right there.

"I don't mind a little dirt with my food." Joe said as she tried a third time.

"You are so maddening! Here." Blair took a cookie and shoved into Jo's mouth. Jo tried to talk around her full mouth only to be stopped by the hand held up in front of her face. Her temperature rose when Jo's tongue snaked out to pull the rest of the cookie into her mouth. "You have nooo manners what's so ever, you're like an animal!" Blair huffed as she rolled her eyes causing her to not see the wooden spoon full of cookie dough being flipped in her direction.

"EEEEWWW JO!!" She wiped the dough from her face and took off running after the grease monkey. "You just wait until I catch you!"

They flew up the stairs right past a startled Nat and Tootie.

"See what I mean Tootie! They're acting weird!"

"No they're not, they always fight about something."

"Yeah and they always look like they want to tear each others clothes off to!" Her mind screamed at her. "Tootie, there's fighting and then there's fighting to get someone's attention and that's what those two are doing right now."

"Oohh come on Nat, you're imagining things, now come help me with my part in the play."

Jo beat Blair to the bathroom, she slammed the door closed and leaned against the bathroom sink with her arms crossed over her chest, she counted to four and watched as the door slammed open to reveal a flushed faced Blair. Her hair disheveled and her breathing heavy, she waved a finger at her.

"I can't believe you did that!" She walked forward and came toe to toe with her friend, her brown eyes flashing as they connected with twinkling blue.

"And I can't believe ya grabbed my ass, so we're even."

Blair planted her hands on her hips and leaned closer to Jo. "I didn't mean to grab your ass."

"And I did mean to do this." Jo wiped her greasy fingers down Blair's nose." She grinned at the startled blonde then turned to wash her hands. "Are ya gonna stand there and breath on my neck or what?"

Wicked thoughts came to Blair as she looked at the back of Jo's exposed neck beside her ponytail, she moved right up against Jo causing her to straighten up and take a ragged breath.

"Or what?" Blair leaned forward, wrapped her arms around Jo's waist and bit the side of her neck. She moaned deeply while sucking hard on the warm flesh and shocked both of them. Releasing Jo's neck, she backed up and then ran for the door.

Jo leaned forward on the counter; breathing was a problem at this moment. She could feel her face burning among other parts of her anatomy, she had always thought Blair was attractive but never thought that she stood a chance since Blair was sooo straight laced and dated men. Maybe she had been wrong all this time, she harassed Blair because that's what the guys did when they were interested in a girl, at least that's what the guys did that she grew up with.

Blair leaned against the wall in their shared bedroom. "What the hell did I just do!?!". She rubbed her face with her hands then noticed that she hadn't washed the cookie dough or the grease from her face. "First I grab her ass, then I bite her on her neck, next I'll probably tackle her and rip her clothes off!" A huge smile covered her face then disappeared. "What am I thinking I date men, I don't date women? But I would make an exception for Jo." A wicked smile came to her face. "Yes I would, in a split second!"

"In a split second what?" Nat asked from the doorway.

"Huh?" She looked at the goofy smile on Nat's face. "How much did you hear?"

"Oohh not much," she chuckled loudly as she went back into the hallway. "Dinners ready Blair unless you wanna rip Jo's clothes off."

Blair groaned and slid down the wall to sit on the floor.

"Oohh Jooooo!" Nat called through the closed bathroom door.

"What!" The door was jerked open to show a scowling brunette.

Nat wiggled her eyebrows. "Blair wants to rip your clothes off."

Jo narrowed her blue eyes at her friend. "Get real Nat." She pushed her way past to head down to dinner.

"Nice hickey ya got there Jo, Blair's teeth really are perfect aren't they?"

Jo slapped her hand on the back of her neck and spun around to face a very pink Nat. "Not a word! Not one single word about this, ya hear me?"

Nat made a zipping motion over her lips and busted out laughing when Jo tried to pull the collar of her T-shirt up over the bit mark.

"I'm gonna loosen some teeth!" Jo mumbled as she went down the stairs.

"I gotta write this down!" Nat said as she skipped off to the bedroom. "I could be the next Judith Krantz! I can call it Sorority Smut!"

Everyone was sitting around the table; Blair and Jo kept kicking each other under the table and shooting glances at each other.

"Don't start with me!" Jo growled. "Or I call the boys and have them make ya a cement dress!"

"You have friends that are clothes designers?" Tootie asked.

"Geez!" Jo seethed as she rolled her eyes.

"Tootie that's not what she meant." Nat said as she wrote it down in her notebook.

"What are you doing Nat, I've never seen you write and try to eat at the same time?"

"I'm taking notes for the new story I'm writing." She grinned at her friend.

"Am I in it?" Tootie started to primp.

"Maybe."

"Ohhh come on Nat, who else would be more perfect to write about than your best friend?"

Nat looked up from under her brows at Jo and Blair making strange faces at each other. Tootie looked to see what Nat was looking at and groaned. "What are you writing a book on children's behavior problems?"

"Nope, foreplay." She grinned at Tootie's shocked expression.

Mrs. G had been watching the girls with interest; Jo and Blair were acting a little different than usual, she would have to keep an eye on them because something just wasn't right or maybe it was and they were just now realizing it.

Joe was propped up in her bed reading a motor cross magazine when Blair waltzed into the room in her silk robe. She had left it hanging open to show off her new silk baby doll nightgown that covered very little. Acting very out of character, she walked across Jo's bed on her way to her own, Jo cocked an eyebrow and growled at her.

"I have your dress size, one phone call that's all it'll take Blair!"

Blair whipped her robe off and pushed her scantily covered breasts out at Jo.

"Would you like to take measurements just to make sure?" She fluttered her eyes and moved right to the edge of Jo's bed and leaned over. "You wouldn't want to make a mistake now would you?" Jo's eyes wandered down to linger on the firm breasts within a few inches of her.

"Nope, size 38 AAA, no prob." She hid her true feelings well, at least she thought so.

"Try again grease monkey." Blair ran her glossed nails down over her breasts and watched darkened blue eyes follow her fingers, dropping her magazine onto the floor Jo crossed her arms over her pounding chest.

"What is up with you Warner?"

"Not a thing," she grinned. "Do you think Gregory will like my new nightgown I bought it thinking of him?"

Jo's eyes narrowed as they connected with brown. "What the hell do I care who you bought that thing for?"

"Ohhh never mind." *I already have my answer.* She thought to herself. Crawling into bed she stretched her arms over her head, looking over at Jo she said good night then rolled over with a smile on her face. "Ohhh you are so easy grease monkey!"

Jo took a deep breath and covered her eyes, shaking her head she exhaled through her parted lips. "I am so in trouble here, she's gonna drive me ta be ignorant!"

Sleep didn't come easy for Jo that night, before she knew it her alarm was ringing in her ear. She reached out and slapped around for it but found something warm and soft instead. Cracking one eye open, she saw that it was Blair's hand that she was touching. Her hand lingered a little to long where it covered Blair's; she pulled her hand back and covered up with her blanket.

"Go away Blair and keep your paws off my clock."

"Paws? I do not have paws, I'll have you know that I spend a lot of money on manicures."

"Well tell them ta do somethin with your claws then, ya could hurt someone with those things."

"With all the dirt under your nails you could infect the whole country with a strange incurable

disease."

"Can I try and infect you?" She shot an evil grin at Blair.

"You WISH you could touch me!"

"Ohhh please!" She laughed. "And join countless others? Not a chance Warner!" She rolled over onto her side away from Blair. "*I guarantee if I touch you it would be like no other!*" She thought to herself.

Tootie sat up in her bed and glared at them. "Do you two ever stop? It's too early to have to listen to you two argue, I need my beauty sleep you know."

"Tootie, they are not arguing," Nat said from under her pillow. "I told you it's foreplay."

"What!?!!" Jo yelled and threw her pillow at Nat. "Foreplay for what, killing Blair?"

"Don't mind her, she's read too many of those mushy romances." Tootie said as her pillow joined Jo's on top of a struggling Nat.

"Get real Natalie. Why would you think it was foreplay, I mean Jo and I? Men are much more exciting than she ever could possibly be," Blair got out of her bed and stood right in front of Jo. "She's so crude and manly." *That was smart Warner!* Blair would have slapped herself if it wouldn't have looked stupid.

"Yep, I am crude and more manly than the idiots you go out with." She got out of bed and stood chest to chest with Blair. "At least I know the difference between a lug nut and a lug wrench."

"At least the men I date can't sand a car with the palms of their hands!"

"No they can use their faces instead!"

Jo and Blair were nose to nose and getting louder with each insult.

"Come on Nat, let's go down for breakfast and let them scream and yell at each other." Tootie pulled her friend from her bed and out the door, Nat made smooching noises to Blair and Jo then ran after Tootie when she saw Jo start to come after her.

Jo lunged and tripped over Blair's feet, falling forward she fell into Blair knocking her back on her bed and ended on top of her. They were so close that they could feel each other's warm breath. Jo's hands rested on either side of Blair's head, her fingers tingled where they were buried in her soft blonde hair. Her one knee was wedged up tight against Blair's center and she swore she could feel an inferno of heat.

"I really don't like you Warner." Jo whispered.

"That's ok, I don't like you either!" Blair wrapped her arms around Jo's neck and pulled herself up to place a soft kiss against Jo's lips. They both held their breaths as they parted.

"Why did you do that?" Jo asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Because I wanted to." Blair answered with a voice just as hoarse.

"No wonder the men run from here, you can't kiss worth a shit."

"Like you can do better?"

"A lot!" Jo dropped her head down and captured Blair's lips, she nipped at the full bottom lip until Blair moaned and opened her mouth. Slowly she ran her tongue over the soft lips, teasing until Blair buried her fingers into her long dark hair and pulled her closer to deepen the kiss. Their tongues dueled against each other and moans were swallowed before they could escape. Jo pulled away and moved across the room when she heard feet running up the stairs. She spun around and pretended that she was looking in the closet for something to wear. Blair still laid on her bed taking deep breaths trying to still her pounding heart.

"You guys breakfast is getting cold." Nat said from the doorway. "Did I interrupt something?" She asked with her head tilted at an angle, a mischievous grin on her face.

"Just me finding the ugliest clothes I can so that Warner can throw a fit."

"Right. Well hurry up before Tootie eats all the waffles." She looked at Blair and asked. "Are you all right Blair, you look a little red in the face?"

"Yes I'm fine, we'll be down as soon as we dress."

"Ok." Nat raised both her eyebrows and gave Blair a funny look. "*Dress for breakfast, there is definitely something going on between those two?*" She thought as she smiled and rubbed her hands together.

Blair got up from her bed and approached Jo, turning her around she pushed her up against the wall. "I want more lessons." She tilted her head to the side and placed small kisses across Jo's jaw all the way down her neck. Nipping lightly at the soft tender skin under her ear, she moaned when Jo tilted her head and gave her more room.

"I can't believe we're doing this." Jo mumbled into Blair's ear, running her hands up Blair's sides, she pulled her closer so that she could nuzzle the warm junction between shoulder and neck. Blair pulled away and captured Jo's lips and immediately deepened the kiss. She could hear their breathing becoming ragged and her knees becoming weak. Moans rumbled in their chests as hands roamed across clothing looking for a way to find warm flesh. Blair had her hands under Jo's worn football jersey and was making her way up across her strong muscular back when they heard Mrs. G yell for them. Breaking the kiss, they both moaned with frustration.

"We'll finish this later." Jo growled against Blair's shoulder.

"Yes we will, right after breakfast and somewhere we won't be disturbed."

Jo leaned over Tootie grabbed a waffle off her plate and the bottle of syrup from beside her plate. Pouring syrup in the middle, she folded it in half and ran out the back door.

"Did you see what she did, she stole my waffle!" Tootie's brown eyes were huge in disbelief. Nat chuckled at her.

"Your lucky, she had on Blair's favorite polo shirt and we all know she stole that!"

Blair gave Nat a shocked look. "She had MY shirt on? I thought that it looked familiar."

Everyone at the table just stared at the blonde; they couldn't believe that she was just sitting there and not going after Jo to get her shirt back.

"Uuhmm Blair, that was your favorite shirt and Jo is going to be working on the car again."

Blair shot up from the table and ran out the back door yelling after Jo. She came to a sliding stop when she saw that Jo was leaning up against her bike in the driveway.

"Took ya long enough Warner."

"Why are you wearing my shirt?"

"Cuz, you're lucky I coulda taken your underwear." She slapped her forehead with the heel of her hand. "Ohh wait, I forgot ya give those out like greeting cards."

Blair planted her hands on her hips and glared at her. "I do not, I give out gift certificates for Frederick's of Hollywood."

"Same thing, ya coming?" She asked as she held up her spare helmet.

"On that? With you the menace to all drivers?"

"Come on I haven't run over anybody this week. Scared?"

"No, I just don't want to mess up my hair and what if someone I know sees me on that wreck?"

"Suit yourself," she pulled her helmet on. "There's this cute little blonde at the gas station that likes ta flirt with me and I just happen ta need a fill up." She swung her leg over the seat, flipped out the kick-start and started her bike. "Later." She started to pull away when Blair ran up and

jumped on the back.

"Not by yourself your not, give me the damn helmet already." She pulled the helmet onto her head gently. "I can't believe that I'm doing this." She mumbled.

"Now hang on or you'll end up on your ass."

"Hang on where?" Blair practically yelled into Jo's ear.

"Me, Warner, just wrap your arms around my waist and hang on. Geez, you're so difficult!"

Blair locked her hands over Jo's stomach, moving closer to Jo's back, she could feel her body heat penetrate her thin blouse. Dropping her chin onto Jo's shoulder, she whispered against her neck.

"I could get use to this." She moved as close as she could without ending up in front of Jo.

"So could I Warner, so could I." They pulled out of the driveway and took off down the street under the observing eyes of Nat and Tootie.

"See, I told ya something was going on between them two."

"Like what Nat? They just went for a ride, what's wrong with that?"

"Tootie! On Jo's bike for Gods sake!"

Tootie's brown eyes grew large and her mouth fell open. "Jo's bike!" She covered her chest with her hand and wheezed. "Jo's going to dump her somewhere isn't she?"

Nat rolled her eyes at her friend then dragged her into their room. Picking a book up of her nightstand, he handed it to Tootie. "Here read page 66 and maybe you'll see the light."

"Eeeww this is one of your mushy romance novels!" She looked at the cover and gave Nat a cocked eyebrow, and then started scanning the pages. She read a paragraph silently, "Yeah right, like that really happens!" She read further then flipped back half a dozen pages.

"Tootie that's not the right page."

"SSshhh, I'm reading!" She plopped down onto the edge of her bed and continued to read.

Jo took the turns like she was part of her bike, mere inches from pavement to foot rests had Blair almost hyperventilating. Then they hit the open stretches of road and Jo gunned the throttle. The wind whipped past them, fluttering their shirts like flags on the wind. The sun had come up high in the cloudless sky and warmed their faces with its long fingers. Blair leaned her head back and smiled from the warmth of the sun and the freedom she felt on the back of Jo's bike. She had to admit that she had never felt like this before, even being in all the fancy sports cars didn't make her feel like this. She realized that she felt content, like this is exactly where she was supposed to be. Who would have known that the answer to all her questions laid with Jo?

Jo pulled the bike into a rest stop and climbed off, she had to help Blair because her legs were numb and she almost fell over.

"How do you stand riding that thing all the time, my legs feel like they vibrated off!"

"If ya sat right something else would be vibratin."

"You're as nasty as a guy!" Blair tried to walk away on her trembling legs and not think that she knew what Jo had meant.

"Ya should try it sometime Blair, its battery doesn't go dead."

Blair spun around and gave Jo a narrowed eyed disgusted look. "And just what are you getting at?"

"The toy that ya got hid in your underwear drawer."

"I have no such thing!" She started to yell but her voice fell quietly. "Don't you dare tell anyone about that or I'll kill you."

"It'll cost ya."

"You're bribing me, why I've never!"

"I know you haven't, it's still in the package it came in." She wiggled her brows. "But we're gonna change that real soon."

Blair's face turned a deep red as she thought about her little toy that she thought she had hidden away. "Wait a minute here Jo, what were you doing in my drawers?"

Jo stuffed her hands into her front pockets and grinned. "They were the only ones that I thought I could get into."

"You are so demented and sick!" She whispered hoarsely.

"I was looking for my socks that you seem to always have, why is that?"

"They look better with my loafers."

They walked towards the small building that housed the bathrooms, pop and candy machines. Blair stopped to look at all the junk food that she stayed away from and would kill to just be able to wolf down and not have to worry about her figure.

"I'm going to the john, I'll be right back."

Jo couldn't have been in the stall for a minute when she heard Blair whispering for her.

"What?"

"Where are you?"

"I'm hiding outside in the bushes, go find me!"

"Cute Jo."

Jo almost had a heart attack when she saw blonde hair drop below the stall door then two brown eyes look up at her.

"Your dead Blair!"

"Ohhh please." Blair huffed.

Jo watched as a finger nail file slipped between the door and it's frame and flipped the latch up.

"Don't you dare come in here Blair, this is not a group stall!"

In a flash Blair was in the stall and practically standing on top of her.

"What do you think your doing?" Jo asked in a harsh whisper.

"The other stalls don't have any locks on them."

"Get out Blair!"

"You can't be that shy Jo?"

"Turn around! I can't do this with you looking at me."

"Your kidding right, want me to sing or something?"

"SHUDDUP!"

When she was finished she quickly pulled up her Levi's and tried to get past Blair.

"Ohhh no you don't! You're staying right there and watching the door."

"Is someone gonna steal you?"

"Someone may barge right in here on us."

"Yeah, like the police!"

"Well they should arrest the people who are suppose to clean and maintain this place! It's disgusting!"

When Blair was finished Jo tried to get out of the stall but Blair was quicker and in a second she had her pinned up against the door and was ravaging her mouth. She was kissing her deeply and trying to get her hands up under her polo shirt. Their moans echoed though out the bathroom, Jo was sure that passers by could hear them outside, but she didn't care. She pushed Blair backwards until she was sitting on the edge of the toilet, dropping down so that she was straddling Blair's thigh. She pushed forward until she heard Blair gasp; she flexed her thigh muscle against her center but was not prepared for Blair to grind her hips and moan so loud. Blair wrapped her arms around Jo's neck and pulled her closer causing her to loose her balance, hit the handle and flush the toilet.

"DAMN!" Jo jumped up and pulled Blair with her. "This ain't the place for this." Grabbing Blair by the hand, she pulled her from the stall; she stopped so fast that Blair ran into the back of her.

"PERVERTS!!" An older woman with a young guy yelled at them.

"Looks who's talkin! At least we don't have a guy in here with us, come on lets get outta here before her pimp comes in to."

Blair pulled her over to the area map and looked for the arrow showing where they were, then traced the main road to a small town that she had been to once before years ago.

"We're going right here." She pointed to the small speck on the large map.

"Why?"

"Because, there just happens to be the cutest little bed and breakfast there, that's why."

"Ya know what your saying don't cha?"

"Yes and if we don't hurry, I'll forget that I'm a Warner and haul you back into that disgusting

bathroom."

The girls were downstairs with Mrs. G; Tootie was still fully engrossed in the Judith Krantz book that Nat had given her earlier and Nat was working on her new story. Mrs. G. kept looking up at the clock and wondering where Jo and Blair were. They never went anywhere together willingly and this was just not like them, they had left that morning and it was now 7pm. She was worried because of them being on Jo's bike, not because of Jo's capabilities, but the other drivers that forgot about motorcycles sharing the roads.

"Are you two sure that they didn't mention where they were going?"

"No Mrs. G, not a word to us about anything."

Mrs. G put down the sweater that she was knitting and checked out in the driveway. "I'm really worried about them, they haven't called and that's just not like either one of them to forget."

"Don't worry Mrs. G." Nat said. "They're probably...ahhh having lots of exercise out in the country." Both Mrs. G and Tootie gave her a funny look. "Well, they could be?" She shrugged her shoulders and went back to writing.

"Blair we have to call home and let everyone know where we're at, you know Mrs. G is pacing the floor right about now."

"Mrs. G does not pace, she makes a dozen pots of tea and pretends to have been sleeping when I sneak in at night."

"Still, I'm gonna call." Jo reached for the phone that's on the small nightstand by the queen size bed.

"You do that while I freshen up and tell them we'll be back on Sunday."

"Sunday?" Jo coughed out. "What are we gonna do until Sunday?"

"Don't worry about it, I'll think of something, after all I'm used to entertaining."

After Jo made her call to Mrs. G and explained that, they were staying at a bed and breakfast because she was too tired to ride back and that they were going to do some site seeing the next day. And that they would be back Sunday afternoon so that they could rest up for their college classes on Monday. She hung up, laid back on the bed and waited for Blair, she knew that Blair was a bathroom hog but it never took her this long to do anything! Then she noticed that the water was running in the tub.

"Blair are you taking a bath?"

"No, I thought I'd scrub the tub out just for fun."

"Hey, ya know I think I'm startin ta rub off on ya!" She chuckled to herself.

"If you come in here you can rub on something else."

"Oohh am I in big trouble!" Jo said to herself before she slowly got up off the bed. "Now what the hell do I do?" Slowly making her way to the bathroom, she peeked around the door jam. Blair was reclined in the tub with bubbles all the way to her chin, her brown eyes were closed, her pink lips slightly parted enough that her breath made the bubbles dance in front of her. Jo's eyes feasted on the sight before her, she had never before saw Blair in anything less than her robe, so this was a heart thumping experience not to mention that other parts of her body were answering to the primal call. Here knees close to buckling under, she crept to the edge of the tub and sat down.

Blair opened one eye and looked over at a blushing Jo, grabbing the front of her shirt she pulled her into the tub with her.

"Glad you could join me."

She pulled Jo to her, running her soapy hands under her wet shirt, she peeled it from her body and tossed it on the floor. "Why exactly did you steal my shirt this morning?" Jo lowered her eyes to look at the bubbles bursting before her.

"Cuz it smells like you." A smile came to Blair's lips showing her even white teeth.

"You know how I always complain about your leather or your Levi jacket."

"Ya mean your bitchin?"

"Yeah, well to be honest. I don't hate them, in fact I love the smell of your leather jacket."

Jo turned so that she was now straddling Blair's hips, pulling the pins that held her long blonde hair in place she set the locks free so that they fell around creamy white shoulders. "And all my bitchin is 'cuz I don't know how ta talk ta ya."

"Jo. I don't want to talk right now." Pulling Jo's hair out of its usual ponytail, she ran her fingers through it so that it fell across her back, the humidity from the hot bath causing it to curl on the ends and cling to her wet skin. Running her hands down over Jo's strong shoulders she twisted her bra strap in back to unfasten it and then tossed it onto the floor with the wet shirt.

"I don't wanna know how ya knew how ta do that so quick." Jo gasped as long fingernails ran down her back. Her head fell back leaving her throat exposed for Blair to nip with her teeth, leaving small red marks from the center all the way across to where she sucked on the side of Jo's neck to leave a huge purple mark.

Jo forced out from between clenched teeth. "Ya better not leave any marks on me."

Blair grinned against warm skin. "Oohh I won't."

Their lips met in a hungry kiss that stole their breathes away, gasping for air, Jo struggled to get out of the tub with out killing herself. Standing beside the tub, she offered her hand to Blair who was devouring Jo's naked upper body with her darkened brown eyes.

"I never knew you looked like this." She let a finger trail down between Jo's breasts.

Her face a pink color from the heat of the water and what they had just been doing.

"It's not like I run around naked, and you're the only person who has ever seen me like this."

"What about all those guys you went out with?"

"We played basketball not doctor!"

"Well, I don't plan on playing basketball with you."

She grabbed Jo's hand and pulled her into the bedroom, stopping before the bed Blair ran her hands down across Jo's damp body until she came to the button of her Levi's. With one hand she undid the button and zipper, the other hand was busy caressing her left breast. Jo held her breath as she watched the long red nails glide across her heated flesh. She closed her eyes when the nails traveled further down to stop at her waistband, soft warm lips trailed afterward then she felt Blair's tongue circle her naval. She rested her hands on Blair's shoulders to keep from falling over. She had never dreamed of being in this position with Blair, actually she did but it was a fantasy nothing more.

A red-hot fire erupted between her legs; she had never felt quite like this before. She felt a hot tongue licking at the very edge of her underwear, she moaned as it snaked beneath and the chill of the air touched her now completely naked body. Her wet Levi's around her ankles, she stepped out of them and allowed Blair to push her back on to the bed. Only Blair could get away with handling her like this, anyone else would be picking their teeth up off the floor. Blair worked her way up Jo's body, paying special attention to the faint hair line that went from dark curls to breast bone. Every time her tongue touched flesh, Jo sucked her stomach in and moaned.

Blair licked the underneath of each breast to stop in the center and make her way up to Jo's body to end at her lips. They kissed with a hunger unknown to either of them before, hands glided over heated flesh and moans rumbled in heaving chests. After breaking the kiss Jo flipped Blair over in one easy movement, leaning down she brushed their breasts together bringing a low moan from her soon to be lover. With one finger she traced the kiss-swollen lips, Jo's blue eyes gazed down into brown. "I've never done anything like this before."

"Neither have I Jo, I guess we'll learn together."

"Guess so." She eased her body down to lie on top of Blair; sliding her one thigh up she felt the hot wetness cover her leg. "God you're so wet." She whispered against Blair's parted lips.

"You make me that way." The rush was gone; their kisses were soft and lingering. Joe wanted to take her time to explore Blair's body as well as her own growing feelings for the blonde. With each movement of their bodies against each other, she could feel the rise of heat in her neither region. By instinct, they moved their hips into each other, soft moans escaped from their parted lips. Blair dug her fingernails into Jo's back when she suckled on the soft skin of her neck.

Dragging her tongue down across a collar bone, she then circled an erect nipple, Blair arched her back to get closer to the warm tongue. Jo's long fingers ran across the other nipple, pinching and teasing until it was hard, its sensitivity driving Blair to pull Jo's head over to it.

"Jo suck on it."

"Whatcha say?" She growled.

"Please?"

Jo's warm lips pulled the nipple in; her tongue circled around it making Blair thrust her hips harder upward.

"You're driving me crazy!"

"Good, planed on it."

Slowly she nipped her way down to the soft curls that hid what she wanted most to taste. Placing lingering kisses in the area between her nether lips and thigh Jo took her time driving Blair crazy. She felt fingernails running across her scalp, tingles ran down her back as the nails came to dig into the back of her neck. Breathing warm air across the glistening lips before her, she took a deep breath, taking in the aroused scent. Her center throbbed from excitement and she didn't know how long she would be able to keep her body from exploding. Taking her first taste, she moaned deep in her chest and growled when she felt fingernails dig deep into her flesh.

Blair opened her legs further giving her lover more room; she could feel her body throbbing and muscles starting to bunch under the attentions Jo was paying to her body. Wrapping one leg over Jo's back, she pulled her closer; arching her back, she thrust her hips in a rhythm that closely met her erratic heartbeat.

"Oohh Gods Jo!"

Licking the juices that flowed from her lover, she moaned against the swollen flesh. She could feel her own wetness coating her inner thighs, something she had never experienced before. On their own accord her hips started to thrust downward into the mattress, she felt that she was getting close to loosing the battle of wills with her own body. Spreading Blair's nether lips, she slid her tongue deep inside of her and felt the satin muscles grip her tongue. Pulling back out, she once again pushed her tongue in while using one hand to rub against the hardened nub that made Blair pant every time she touched it. Blair's moans had become louder and her hips were

thrusting into her face, taking the hardened nub between her lips, she sucked until Blair bucked against her then stilled.

"JOOOO!!!!" She grunted as every muscle in her body tightened and her body erupted in its first climax. Tears flowed down her cheeks while she gasped for air, pulling Jo up to face her, she crushed her lips in a deep soul searing kiss. Breaking the kiss, Blair looked into deep blue eyes.

"I think I love you Jo." She searched the familiar face in front of her. "No, I'm mistaken, I know I love you." She kissed her softly and ran her hand down to cup Jo's wet curls.

"Come for me Jo." She slipped one finger halfway inside of Jo and watched the half lidded eyes drill into hers.

"Go ahead Blair, all the way." Blair did as she was told and felt the barrier at the tip of her finger. "Jo are you sure?"

"Yeah, I want you to be the one." She thrust her hips forward and froze as the thin membrane tore; taking a deep breath she slowly moved her hips. She pressed her hips tightly into Blair's hand forcing it into her own womanhood. Both women moaned as their bodies cried out for more, Jo laid her head on Blair's chest and pumped her hips until she felt her body being thrown to the heavens along with her lovers. She screamed out her release into the sweat-dampened flesh of Blair's breast. With her breathing ragged and her arms weak, she dropped down on top of her lover and sighed her contentment. Long minutes later, she crawled up her lovers body then moved over to lay on her side and wrap her arms around Blair and pulling her close into her body. Nuzzling her face into damp blonde hair at her neck, she mumbled.

"I love you Warner, always have." Pulling the blankets up over them, Jo snuggled into her lover and let sleep claim her. Blair ran her fingers through Jo's long dark hair; smoothing it from her forehead she placed a soft kiss there. "I love you to grease monkey." Sleep claimed her seconds later.

Nat rolled over and covered her head with her pillow, flipped back in the other direction pulled her blanket over her head, which was still under her pillow and then gave up the fight.

"TOOTIE! Turn off the light all ready!" Her face was wrinkled from flopping around and her hair was sticking up on one side of her head.

"Eeewww! You look awful Nat, are you feeling all right?" Tootie asked with concern showing in her brown eyes.

"NO! I'm not all right, there's this roommate that won't turn off the light and it's driving me nuts!"

"I'm sorry Nat, it's this book you gave me to read." A sheepish look covered her face. "Do women really do those kinds of things?" A light pink tint graced her cheeks. "I mean have sex together?"

Nat crashed back into her pillow and groaned. "Ask Jo and Blair when they get home."

"Why would I ask them?"

Nat rolled up onto one elbow and gave Tootie an exasperated look. "What do you think they're doing right now at that Bed and Breakfast?"

"Sleeping."

"After they had hot, steamy, unadulterated sex with each other!"

"Natalie!" Tootie tossed her pillow at her. "They hate each other, why would they do that. Besides Blair dates men and Jo...plays basketball with them." She became very quiet. "Do you really think they did...you know?"

"We'll know as soon as they get home."

"How? I don't think either one of them is going to say, 'Hey, we just had lesbian sex together!'"

Nat rolled her eyes and sighed. "Women glow after they've had sex and they act different."

"How do you know, you've never had any...or have you?"

"Of course not, I read a lot remember, you'll see." A wicked grin came to her lips. "Hickeys, Blair seems like the type to leave great big hickeys to mark her property!"

"That's funny I always thought Jo would be the type." Tootie said with a pensive look.

"Nah, Jo would just knock your teeth out if you got too close to her woman." She chuckled at the picture of Jo beating up all the yuppies that came calling on Blair.

"Jo sure would be busy wouldn't she?" Tootie giggled then turned off the light. "Night Nat, oh and thanks, I really like this book, it's very educational."

Nat's eyes grew wide in the dark, she wondered if she just opened the door and let her best friend out of the closet.

The room was dark, the smell of sex hung in the air around her. Blair turned her head to the side and looked into the peaceful face of her lover. She could just make out the whiteness of her teeth through parted lips, her breath slow and even made wisps of blonde hair stir where her head

rested on the same pillow as Blair. They were wrapped around each other in a tangle of limbs, Blair looked at the difference between them. Joe was all angles and muscle where she was soft and curvy. Complete opposites in every way possible, maybe that's why they had such chemistry when they were together, she would never have thought of Jo as a gentle lover, how wrong she had been. She traced one dark brow with her finger, letting it wander down to trace soft moist lips.

"You are beautiful Jo, no matter what I've said to you in the past." She leaned forward and kissed her softly.

Jo had woke when she felt Blair stirring against her, she couldn't believe that her fantasy had come true nor that they had fallen asleep in each others arms. She was in heaven and hoped that she wasn't tossed through the golden gates and out into the cold by the Ice Princess, cracking her blue eyes open a bit, she looked into the most beautiful face she had ever seen. Blair's brown eyes were warm and loving as she gazed at her.

"Are you ok?" Blair asked with a sleep-roughed voice.

"Never better. You?"

"Hungry."

"We can go get somethin ta eat if ya want." She was moving to get out of bed when she felt a hand caress her breast.

"Not for food Jo, for more of what we had earlier."

"Oohh!" That's all she was able to say before her lover pushed her back into the bed and crawled on top of her.

"I want to keep you right here until we leave for home. Any problems with that Polniaczek?"

"Nope, not a one."

They rolled around in the bed for hours until falling asleep from exhaustion. Before Jo fell asleep, she wondered if Blair was a nymphomaniac that was after they had made love for five hours straight. And then from some of the positions Blair had twisted them into; she wondered what kinds of books she had hidden away in their room.

Late Sunday morning and after they had used all the hot water in the shower, Blair and Jo hobbled out to her bike, neither one of them were to thrilled about sitting on the huge vibrator for hours.

"Next time we bring your car."

"Right, this is not going to be comfortable is it?"

"Nope."

Blair pulled Jo to her and gave her a kiss that made her knees go weak; pulling back she looked into passion filled eyes.

"We should have done this a long time ago."

"Yep, but we can make up for the lost time."

"With Nat and Tootie around all the time?"

"I'll find a way, I promise." She leaned forward and suckled Blair's neck until she felt Blair start to sink towards the ground.

"We have to stop or we'll never get home."

"God that's depressing, Blair you do realize that we're out in public don't you?"

"To hell with it, I don't care, she gave Jo one last kiss then crawled onto the back of the bike."

The girls and Mrs. G were in the kitchen baking pies when Blair and Jo came walking stiffly in through the door. They gave each other a look then went to sit down across from each other; Blair tangled their legs under the table and gave Jo a small smile and a wink.

"Oohh sure you two show up when all the hard work is done." Tootie approached the table and planted her flour-covered hands on her hips. "So, how was the site seeing?"

Nat came to stand behind her and gave both Jo and Blair long investigative looks, she nudged Tootie in the back and made head tilting movements in Jo's direction.

"So, did you two share a be...room at this bed and breakfast?" Nat asked with a conspiratorial look to Tootie.

"Actually, Warner here whipped out her platinum card and rented the whole place for the entire weekend."

"Yep, I sure did and we tried out different beds every night." Blair tossed in, and then jumped when Jo kicked her under the table. "That is we slept separately but in the same place."

"Blair, just stop before you get yourself so behind that you'll be back in diapers."

Mrs. G came over to the table wiping her hands on a dishtowel. "What was the name of this place that you two stayed at?"

"Uuhmm...Grayson's I think." Jo answered with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Grayson's?" Mrs. G tilted her head up and looked off towards the ceiling. "Was there a small woman about my age by the name of Dotty?"

"Yes, she was the sweetest person. Very helpful to us, even brought us extra blankets when ours got..." Blair let out a grunt from the two-footed assault under the table.

"When it got very cold at night, we should have taken our jackets with us."

"Well, I'll be, I went to school with Dotty Grayson. I'll have to give her a call and catch up on old times." Their eyes grew huge with this information. Mrs. G gave them all a smile then returned to her baking. Nat was all but busting her seams to keep from laughing at her friends.

"Must have been wool blankets, you both have some kind of rashes on your necks." Nat couldn't help it; she broke out in a boisterous laugh and had to leave the kitchen.

"I don't get it?" Tootie remarked as she ran after her friend.

Jo grabbed her neck and gave Blair a dirty look. "Warner, didn't you say something about having laundry to do?"

"But I take all my clothes to the dry clean...ers. Oh right. I do have some under garments to wash."

They rose from the table and headed for the laundry room at a half walk half stumble pace. "Girls, will you throw the wash in the dryer for me, I totally forgot?"

"Sure Mrs. G consider it done." Jo called out as she pulled Blair through the door."

"Wool blankets my ass, more like hungry little weasels." Mrs. G mumbled to herself. "But it's about damn time they did something about their feelings."

"You have to clue me in here Nat, I have no idea what is going on and neither one of them glowed!"

Natalie chuckled at poor Tootie; she wiped tears from her cheeks and tried not to bust out laughing again.

"Tootie, you didn't see all the hickeys on their necks? My GOD! They practically had hickey necklaces!"

"I wasn't looking at their necks, I was looking for the glowing."

"And did you see how they were walking?"

"Yeah, but that could be from riding for hours."

"Yeah, each other!" Nat's face was beat red from the thought of what her two friends had been doing together. "For the entire weekend! Oh to be a fly!"

"Gross! You would want to see them...doing IT!?!"

"Just for curiosity," she grinned. "Can you imagine those two?"

"Nooo...Yes...Maybe, Ohhh I don't want to think about that."

Jo closed the door to the laundry room, leaned up against it and crossed her arms over her chest. "You left hickeys on my neck didn't you?"

Blair batted her brown eyes at Jo then gave her a sexy smile.

"Just a few, how could I not, you bring out the animal in me." She came up close to Jo and pressed her body into her. "At least they don't know about the ones I put down lower." She cupped her lover's sex and licked her ear. "I want you." She purred.

"Oohh gods, you're gonna kill me."

Hands pulled at clothes, tongues explored the dark recesses of each other's mouths as they fought for some kind of way to quench the fire that was engulfing them. Jo had her hand down the front of Blair's pants; she could feel the wetness surrounding her fingers as she pumped into her. Blair dropped Jo's Levi's and underwear down around her ankles, she was running her fingers back and forth between her nether lips making Jo thrust her hips towards her. Their breathing was ragged and coming quicker as they came closer to falling over the edge.

"Girls, can you bring me a clean table cloth?" Mrs. G called to them. "Ohhh I'll get it Mrs. G." Nat said. "I have all those clothes to fold anyway."

"FUCK!" Joe growled into Blair's neck. They heard Nat's footsteps coming closer to the laundry room, fighting with their clothes, they redressed and ran over to the dryer and started folding the clothes that Nat was coming for. She opened the door and cocked an eyebrow at her flushed friends.

"You two ok?"

"Yeah, just a little warm in here from the dryer."

"Uhhh huh, right." She gave them a knowing grin grabbed the tablecloth and left the room humming.

"Oohh fuck she knows!"

"Jo, I've never heard you say that word before, and what does she know?"

"Us, she knows about us!" She dropped her head down onto her crossed arms. "Now what?"

"Maybe if we sleep together it'll make her and Tootie run for the hills?"

"I'm serious here Warner!"

"So am I." She winked at Jo.

"We gotta cool it when everyone's here."

Blair raised the back of her hand to her forehead and did an impression of a southern belle. "Ohhh help me lord, abstinence!"

"I'll figure this out, we always have the weekends and that hour after classes when no ones her but us."

"And between classes, during lunch break, study periods in the library."

"Library!?!?" Jo gasped.

"It's a thought and a challenge." She wiggled her dark brows.

Mrs. G took the tablecloth from Nat and gave her a funny look. "Why are you all smiles?"

"Huh? Ohhh, well, I've been writing this new story and I just got a new scene idea."

"Really, what's the scene about?"

"A sexual rendezvous in a laundry room." She smiled at Mrs. G and skipped off to find Tootie so she could give her the newest J&B development.

Mrs. G had a stunned look on her face. "They weren't!?!?"

That night Jo kept tossing and turning in her bed next to Blair, she had never before that weekend slept with another person and now she was missing it. It was worse, since her lover was

within touching distance and she couldn't do a thing about it. She groaned and flipped over to face away from Blair. Minutes later she felt the edge of her bed dip down and a warm body spoon with hers.

"What are you doing?" She whispered over her shoulder.

"Ssshhh, you'll wake Tootie and Nat, I can't sleep with you so close and not be able to touch you."

Little did they know that a certain giddy roommate was watching them. Nat had a huge smile on her face and wanted to share her happiness, she waited an hour when she knew that they would be sound asleep. She silently slipped from her bed and went over to Tootie.

"Tootie wake up." She shook her friend by the shoulder. "I have to show you something."

Two sleep blurred eyes opened and looked at her with a murderous glare.

"What, I'm trying to sleep here?"

"It's important look in Jo's bed."

Tootie gave her a dirty look; she pushed herself up onto one elbow and looked across the room. "So what, Blair's in bed with...Jo!" Her mouth dropped open and she let out a long breath. "They didn't you know..."

"Nope, but there's my proof, believe me now?"

"Ok, you win, can I go to sleep now?"

"You're no fun Tootie."

"I'll be more fun in the morning ok?"

"Yeah, when we sit here and wait for them to wake up!" Nat was so excited that she couldn't get back to sleep, she lay awake the rest of the night watching Jo and Blair sleep.

The next morning Nat was sitting watching Jo and Blair with her bloodshot eyes, she turned when she felt her bed dip down and Tootie sit beside her. Jo was on her back with her arm wrapped around Blair who had her head resting in the crook of her neck and shoulder. The blanket had come off the bed and showed that their legs were entwined and that Blair had her one hand resting on Jo's right breast. Jo opened her eyes, looked at her two roommates and groaned.

"Damn!" She shook her lover until she saw two brown eyes look at her, Blair snuggled deeper against her body and moaned when she felt the firm breast beneath her hand. Jo grabbed her

hand and moved it hoping that the other two hadn't noticed where it had been laying.

"Blair, we have an audience."

"That's nice." She mumbled into Jo's neck.

"Did you hear me, I said we're being watched by two grinning idiots?"

"Let them." She started to suck on the warm flesh of Jo's neck.

"Nope, can't do this." She struggled out from under her lover who finally woke up all the way and was ready to start yelling, until she saw the two grinning faces of their friends.

"Oh my God, Nat, Tootie it's not what it looks like! I had a night..."

Nat held up her one hand. "Stop, we know exactly what it looks like and it's about damn time!"

"Huh?" Jo narrowed her eyes at her.

"We know." Nat shrugged her shoulders at them. "It's ok with us, just no screaming in the middle of the night."

"Ohhh, uuhmm." Jo was at a loss for words, she sunk down onto her bed and looked at her lover. "Are you ok with this Warner?"

"Yes, but what about Mrs. G?"

"Oohh don't worry about me." All four of them dropped their jaws open. "It's Gregory that you'll have to break it to, and he just happens to be downstairs in the kitchen right now."

Blair rolled over onto her back and covered her eyes. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Ohhh I saw you two last night." She gave them a cocky smile then left to go back downstairs. "Hurry up girls, you have classes this morning."

Blair's mouth dropped open. "Saw us last night!?! JO!"

"Ohhh take it easy, she meant that she was doing bed checks."

"Ohhh thank god, I thought maybe..."

"Stop right there Warner."

Nat had a huge smile on her face her cheeks a deep red. "So folding laundry wasn't all you two were doing huh?" She ran from the room with Tootie in tow before Jo could get untangled from Blair.

"We might as well sell tickets! SHIT!" Jo sunk back into bed. "What about Gregory?" She turned her head; her half lidded blue eyes dancing with curiosity.

"I don't know, he's a family friend and..." Blair couldn't finish her sentence.

"You don't want anyone ta know about us." Jo jumped from the bed and paced with angry steps along side of it. "So, I'm just gonna be your dirty little debutante secret?"

Blair kneeled at the edge of the bed right in front of her angry lover. "No, that's not it, I don't want him running over there and telling my parents."

Jo stopped; a small smile raised one side of her mouth. "So, your telling me that you'll tell them?"

"As soon as they get back from Europe." She gave her lover a small smile.

"What about yuppie asshole down stairs?"

"I'll come up with something, don't worry about him." Blair gave Jo a sexy smile then pointed at her worn football jersey. "Take it off."

"What? Why? Now!?!"

"I want your jersey, now strip!"

When they came downstairs Gregory was telling everyone about his latest stock market conquest, Tootie was still engrossed in the Judith Krantz novel and Nat was reading the back of the cereal box.

"So, now that I'm the richest man that Blair knows I should have no problem getting her to marry me." He combed his blonde hair over his forehead and sprayed breath spray into his mouth. "I'm going to propose to her as soon as she comes down stairs."

Jo and Blair had heard the last of the one sided conversation. Jo grabbed Blair by her arm and gave her a worried look. "Blair?"

"Don't worry." She gave her a soft kiss. "I'm used to men doing this."

Nat choked on her mouthful of cereal, her face turning a purple color, she jumped up and tried giving herself a hard slap on the back. Tootie panicked and tried to give her the Heimlich maneuver but failed when she realized that she was too small to help. Jo rushed past Blair and gave Nat a hard slap on the back causing Nat to spew her cereal all over Gregory's expensive dress shirt. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she gave him a small smile and told him how sorry

she was. Tootie stumbled off to the side laughing hysterically and holding her stomach.

"It's ok, really." Gregory held his shirt away from his body with two fingers. "I'll just buy a new one." His eyes lit up when he saw Blair standing in the doorway. "Blair darling, I've been waiting for you." He gave her a bright smile that quickly disappeared when he saw her wearing the old raggedy football jersey. "Uuuhmm can we talk outside?"

"Yes, I think that would be best." As she walked by Jo, she ran her fingers across her cheek and winked.

Gregory stood in the backyard with his hands behind his back waiting for Blair; a look of distaste came across his face when he realized that Blair only wore the Jersey and nothing else.

"Shouldn't you put on a robe, it's not very lady like to be half naked and running around outside?"

"I don't care about that," Blair said as she ran her hands down the front of Jo's worn jersey. "I like this old thing."

"Well, it should be thrown away, I'll buy you a pure silk negligee with a matching robe." He dropped down onto one knee and held out a small black box. "Blair Warner will you marry me?"

Blair laughed at him, wiping a tear from her eye, she looked down at the ridiculous sight of him with cereal all over his shirt.

"I can't marry you Gregory."

"But I don't understand!" He jumped to his feet and came close to her. "But I have this all planned and all the time we've spent together and the intimate moments."

"Intimate moments?" She asked with a snort. "Really, you touched cheeks with me and that's all!" She ran her fingers through her tangled hair. "I'm involved with someone else and our relationship has to end right here."

Jo stood in the doorway and watched her lover; she was worried about the outcome of the conversation and was hoping that Blair wouldn't just kiss her off. Her hands were shaking and sweat was starting to dampen her hair at the temple, she watched Gregory drop to his knee and thought it was all over for her and Blair.

"I can not accept that Blair, I have everything all planned out." He braced his hands on his hips. "Just tell who ever he is that you're breaking it off."

Blair's temper was starting to rise. "You are sooo full of yourself! I will not break it off, I love this person and I plan on spending the rest of my life in their arms."

"What, does he have a huge bank account, mansion, what?"

"Nothing but a huge giving heart, now go away!"

Gregory lunged forward and wrapped his arms around Blair; he lowered his head and tried to kiss her, she put her hands on his chest and tried to push him away.

"NO! You son of a bitch, leave me alone Gregory."

"I won't take no for an answer."

"Oohh yes you will!" Jo said from behind him. "Now let Blair go before I break both your skinny legs!"

Gregory looked over his shoulder at Jo and snorted at her. "This is none of your business so leave us alone."

"I don't think so!" She held up her hands in a fighting stance. "Come on pretty boy wanna take a chance at survival?"

"Really Blair, you have the strangest acquaintances, now tell her to go back inside."

Blair escaped from his arms and moved to stand behind Jo, wrapping her arms around Jo from behind; she rested her chin on her shoulder.

"Gregory, Jo is my lover." They watched as his face went an ashen color.

"Your lying Blair, you're not a lesbian, you're just trying to get rid of me and it won't work."

Covering Blair's arms with her own Jo leaned her head to rest against her lover's. "Want me to knock his teeth out?" She asked.

"Nah, lets give him a heart attack instead." She pushed her hips forward into Jo's rear. "You up for it?" She asked in a hoarse whisper, releasing Jo, she stepped in front of her and captured her lips in a deep searing kiss.

Jo moaned deep in her chest when the kiss broke. "Do ya think it worked?"

Blair bit Jo's chin and licked her bottom lip. "It worked for me, how about you?"

"Oohh yeah!" She took a peek over her lover's shoulder at the yuppie. "Uuhmm Blair, we have a problem."

"Besides me wanting to take you right here?" She whispered.

"Yeah, look at manly man there."

Blair turned to find Gregory passed out cold lying in the grass. "Ohhh he is going to be sooo pissed when he sees those grass stains!" She laughed at the sight of her former boyfriend sprawled out.

Mrs. G stepped behind Tootie and Nat who were looking out the window at the scene unfolding.

"What are you girls doing?"

"Watching Jo and Blair scare the daylights out of the yuppie boy." Tootie replied.

"Why are they scaring him?" Mrs. G asked with confusion.

"Jo just put up her property markers." Nat said with a chuckle. "I think they may have killed him?"

Mrs. G looked to where Gregory was laying in the grass then to where Jo and Blair were sharing a kiss that would have the grass scorched around them.

"Guess it's time for Jo to put up a privacy fence." Mrs. G put her hands on the girl's shoulders and turned them away from the window. "Come on you two, you have to get ready for your classes." The girls mumbled as they left the kitchen. "And I have to get out the garden hose and put out a fire." She said to herself as she went to the back door.

Jo broke a heart-stopping kiss and looked into the passion darkened eyes of her lover. "What should we do with the yuppie?"

"Leave him lay there, maybe a dog will come by and mistake him for a tree." She placed a soft kiss on Jo's lips. "Are we going to class today?"

"Yep, can't miss class, we might not learn anything."

Blair sighed her disappointment and dropped her head down to rest on her lover's shoulder. "I guess we should go get ready."

"Girls you're going to be late!" Mrs. G yelled from the door.

"We're coming!" Jo answered back. "In about another hour or so," she whispered to Blair and then pulled her by the hand towards her car. "Maybe sooner."

The end.

Weekend Bliss

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