



**the  
Facts  
of  
Life**



**the Debutante  
and the Delinquent**  
by Kodi Wolf

---



the  
Debutante  
and the  
Delinquent

Kodi Wolf

Wolf Moon Rising Productions

## The Debutante and the Delinquent

Copyright © 2002 by Kodi Wolf.

All rights reserved.

This story may not be reproduced in whole or in part by any means without prior written permission. For more information, please visit: [www.kodiwolf.com](http://www.kodiwolf.com).

This story and the graphics used for the cover image are a work of fan fiction/art based on the television show The Facts of Life, which is produced and owned by Embassy Pictures Corporation and TAT Communications Company. Together, these constitute a derivative work, created without permission from the copyright holder(s), and may not be sold or used for profit in any way. No copyright infringement is intended.

Cover design by Kodi Wolf.

First online edition: April 2002

First PDF edition: December 2004



## Author's Notes

---

I was searching the Internet for more Stargate: SG-1 fan fiction involving Samantha Carter and Janet Frasier (I've read through everything on Pink Rabbit, and most of the stuff I've found on other sites involves the male characters of the show, which doesn't really interest me that much), when I saw a listing for The Facts of Life. I read the two short stories that were posted and decided I sort of liked them, but I didn't think they really fit the characters I remembered, so I went searching for more.

What I found was a collection of short scripts written by what appeared to be teenagers, none of which presented Jo and Blair in a romantic relationship (they were just incomplete stories that dealt with the kinds of topics that were shown on the series). I searched for several hours and basically turned up a dozen or so sites that all contained pretty much the exact same stuff (pictures, bios, show summary, episode guide, where are they now?, etc.), but no alternative fan fiction. (I also only found one episode transcript, which really annoyed me. If I can't see the

show, I'd at least like to be able to read it, and I know there are people out there with taped episodes.)

Well, when I first got into writing Xena fan fiction, it was because I hated all the bad writing I'd seen, and I told myself either "put up or shut up," so I put up. So, I realized if I wanted to read a story about Blair and Jo getting together, I was going to have to write it myself, so I did.

There are a few caveats with this story. First, I think I've seen maybe two episodes in the past few years, so I'm a little rusty. However, I was a religious follower of the show when it was on in the 80's (I wanted to *be* Jo, and I think I came pretty close), so hopefully my memory isn't too faulty when it comes to depicting these characters. I also tried to remind myself of the way they talked by reading every quote I could find on the different sites I browsed.

I've also taken some liberties with Blair's family, since I can't remember anything about them except that her parents were divorced (I think, but I'm not sure, which is why I don't mention anything about it in the story).

Also, there is motorcycle riding without helmets, and I want to stress strongly that I in no way condone such behavior. It's a good way to get yourself killed, so don't do it. However, don't worry, the characters don't get hurt (this is *not* a "hurt/comfort" story; it's a "sexual tension gets resolved repeatedly" story :)).

Also, you might notice that this story isn't quite... It's not my usual style, let's put it that way. I'm not sure why it came out the way it did, but I think it had something to do with trying to write from the point of view of a couple sixteen-year-olds. And I at least had more than a few problems when it came to grammatical structure at that age. I've tried to keep the run-on sentences to a minimum, but I think it adds a certain adolescent flavor to the story that works.

This is also the only story I will be writing for this TV series. All I wanted to do was write a story in which the two girls got together, and now that it's done, I'm done. So, please don't ask for more if you're so inclined (if you're not, you don't need to tell me to stop because I already have).

Any details that clash with your knowledge of the show, or the state of the gay/lesbian movement in the 80's, please just let it go and consider this an alternative universe. :)

Oh, and the title is courtesy of my wife. I had no idea what to call this thing, and I think she came up with the perfect title.

I also wrote this over the weekend (I started Saturday morning, the 13<sup>th</sup> of April, 2002, and finished it Monday morning on the 15<sup>th</sup>) as a break from working on Bloodlines, and it hasn't been beta-read. However, I'm really not interested in making this a perfect story, so the only feedback I'm looking for is whether you liked it or not.

As a short refresher course on what point we're at in the timeline of the series, Jo showed up at the start of the second season, and she and Blair, Tootie, and Natalie stole the school van to go to the Chug-a-lug bar. They wrecked the vehicle and ended up in jail and expelled from Eastland. As part of their deal to be allowed back in the school, they were put on probation and forced to work in the kitchen and live over the cafeteria.

# Chapter One

---

“EEEEENOOOOUUUUGH!” came the shrill voice of Mrs. Garret.

The two combating teens immediately snapped their heads around to look at the older woman in surprise, but a moment later, they were back to glaring at each other.

“This constant bickering has got to stop,” Mrs. Garret continued in a more normal tone of voice, though it was just as emphatic.

“Well, if her highness here would just...” Jo began.

“That’s right, *peasant*...” Blair sneered.

“Why you...!” the brunette started to lunge for the blonde, but Natalie and Tootie each grabbed an arm and managed to hold her back.

“Stop it this instant!” Mrs. Garret cried out in frustration.

Jo shook off the restraining hands and stomped over to the redheaded woman.

“Mrs. G, I hate her! I can’t stand her. I just wanna kill ‘er!” Jo practically yelled.

Mrs. Garret could see the hint of tears forming in the tomboy's eyes, and she reached out a comforting arm around the girl's shoulders.

"Now, I know you didn't mean that, Jo. You're just upset."

She turned to Blair and held out her other arm. The young girl hesitantly stepped into the embrace, obviously wary of coming so close to her angry nemesis.

"I think I know exactly what the two of you need," Mrs. Garret declared, as she led them out of the dining area and up the stairs to their dorm room.

But instead of stopping at their assigned room, Mrs. Garret continued down the hall to an old storage/bathroom. She gently nudged them ahead of her into the room and stood in the doorway, as they looked around the dirty place. Boxes were stacked haphazardly around the room, and in one corner, a freestanding sink and toilet sat exposed. The two young women looked back at Mrs. Garret fearfully.

"You two need to work things out. So, for the next month, you will spend every waking moment with each other until you learn to work together and respect each other."

As understanding sunk in, both girls began to protest.

"Mrs. Garret!" Blair exclaimed. "You can't possibly expect me to stay in this filthy room with this... this... with *her*!"

"Nothin' doin', Mrs. G. No way am I gonna be cooped up in here with her *highness* for a whole month," Jo glared daggers at the rich debutante. "I won't be responsible for what I'm gonna do to her if I have to be alone with her for that long," she continued menacingly, staring hard at Blair.

"You girls *will* live together, work together, eat together, and sleep together. Or I'll have to talk to the Headmaster about your recent behavior. May I remind you that you're both still on probation for the stunt you pulled with the van," Mrs. Garret trumped Jo's threat. "Now, I expect you to have this place cleaned up and ready for your belongings in an hour." She picked up a couple of brooms leaning against the wall by the door and handed one to each of them. "I suggest you girls get to work."

Mrs. Garret turned around and pulled the door closed behind her as she left. Even Jo was shocked when she heard the click of the lock being engaged. They were trapped.

“Well, I hope you’re happy with yourself. Look what you got us into,” Blair immediately started in.

“Me?! You’re the one who couldn’t keep your mouth shut. Now I gotta put up with your ugly face for the next month,” Jo said miserably.

The young brunette abruptly turned away and started harshly sweeping the floor. Blair looked at the broom in her own hand distastefully. After a minute had passed and Jo hadn’t heard Blair start cleaning, she stopped sweeping and looked up.

“I’m not doin’ the whole room by myself. Either start usin’ that thing or I’ll beat you with it,” Jo threatened.

Blair snorted, but Jo took a step toward her with her own broom, and Blair quickly backed away and started awkwardly dabbing at the floor with the clumsy instrument.

“All right, all right. I’m sweeping. See?” Blair exaggerated her movements with the broom.

Jo watched her in disgust for a few moments and then went back to cleaning up her immediate area.

By the time Mrs. Garret returned, they’d managed to sweep up the whole room, and the many boxes had been stacked up around the ‘bathroom,’ creating a semblance of privacy. There was just enough room for the girls’ beds to be brought in, along with a single dresser for them to share. Once the furniture was in the room, there was barely a foot of walking space from the door to the nearest bed, and the beds had been forced together, basically making one almost queen-sized bed.

“Please, Mrs. Garret. I can’t live like this,” Blair whined, as she tried to wheedle her way out of this insane punishment.

“It’s only for a month, Blair. You’ll survive just fine,” Mrs. Garret promised, as she patted her on the shoulder in what was supposed to be a comforting gesture.

“If I accident’ly kill her in my sleep, I can’t be held responsible, can I?” Jo questioned hopefully.

“You both get some sleep,” Mrs. Garret ignored the obnoxious comment. “Goodnight, girls,” she trilled and then locked the door behind her.

"I hate you," Blair told the other girl angrily.

"Ask me if I care," Jo threw back at her.

Jo turned to the dresser and opened the top drawer where she'd put her pajamas. She pulled out a light blue pair and tossed them onto her half of the bed. Then she climbed onto the bed herself and started undressing.

"Hey. What do you think you're doing?!" Blair yelled.

Jo turned to look at her with a frown.

"Getting ready for bed. What's it look like I'm doin'?"

"You can't just do that right here!" Blair informed her.

"Well, where else am I gonna do it?! We're locked in, remember?"

"Go into the bathroom," Blair pointed at the wall of boxes they'd set up around the area.

"Why don't you? Then I can change out here in peace," Jo said resentfully.

"Have you seen what's on that toilet seat?" Blair replied. She turned away. "This is intolerable. She can't do this to me," Blair huffed.

"Yeah, well, she did it, so let's just try to get through it, okay?" Jo teetered between ordering and pleading.

"I know *you're* used to slumming, but I..." Blair began haughtily.

"You don't know anything about me, ya stuck up, rich, conceited...!" Jo stopped in exasperation as she ran out of insults. "Just shut up before I shove my fist down your throat!"

"Is that the only way you know of solving your problems? With violence?"

"You wanna find out?" Jo asked ominously.

Blair rolled her eyes and sighed, as she made her way to the dresser to pull out her own nighttime clothing from the third drawer. She looked over at Jo who was waiting to see what she was going to do.

"Just turn and face that way, and I'll face this way," Blair offered as a compromise.

"Fine," Jo said, as she scooted herself to turn away from the blonde.

"And no peeking," Blair added.

“Like you have anything I wanna see,” Jo threw over her shoulder, as she changed into her pajamas.

There was no reply, as Blair carefully removed her clothing and pulled on her nightgown. Jo crawled under the covers of her half of the bed and faced the wall.

“Get the lights, wouldja?” Jo requested.

Blair harrumphed, but she took the two steps to the light switch and flicked it off before returning to the bed and climbing under her half of the covers.

With the stress of the day, the two teens were quickly asleep.



## Chapter Two

---

“We haveta what?” Jo asked, feeling sick to her stomach.

Mrs. Garret finished tying off the short string around the two girls’ wrists. There was barely a foot of length between Jo’s left wrist and Blair’s right.

“You girls are going to do everything together. That string is as far apart as you’re allowed to get, and you can only take it off when you’re in your room,” Mrs. Garret informed them.

“But Mrs. Garret... I can’t be seen like this... My reputation...” Blair said in horror.

“This is just like what they did to Haley Mills in The Parent Trap,” Natalie supplied genially.

“Yeah. Hey, maybe you guys are like long-lost sisters, and you were separated at birth,” Tootie said enthusiastically. Then she looked at her best friend, and they both shook their heads at the same time. “Naaaah.”

“Mrs. G. I get what your tryin’ to do here, really, I do. But I don’t think you’ve really thought this one out. I mean, what

about goin' to the bathroom? And I got P.E.... I can't be luggin' her carcass around with me," Jo said reasonably.

"And I am certainly not going to have her tagging along with me when I go shopping. What will my friends think?" Blair added as though she were actually helping their case.

"Well, I don't know what to tell you ladies," Mrs. Garret said, though her tone sounded as though she had several choice thoughts she'd like to express. "You're just going to have to find a way to work together. Now, off you go. You don't want to be late for class."

Blair reached for her books stacked on one of the dining tables and immediately wrenched Jo's arm as she did so.

"Hey! Watch it!" Jo yelled, yanking her arm back and pulling Blair partially off balance, which forced her to drop her books.

"Ow! Mrs. Garret, look how she's treating me!" Blair complained.

"Work it out, girls," Mrs. Garret told them and walked into the kitchen.

"Lets go, Nat. We're going to be late," Tootie said.

"Have fun, guys," Nat told them cheekily and then followed her best friend out of the room.

"Oh, this is just great," Blair said to no one in particular. "I'm chained to Jonan the Barbarian and then deserted by the people I thought were my friends!" Blair yelled the last in the direction of Natalie and Tootie's departure.

"Well, it ain't no picnic for me either, Princess," Jo returned the sentiment. "Come on. Get yer books so we can go."

Blair glared at her, but she stooped down to pick up her books from the floor, pulling Jo down with her. Jo tolerated it, but only just barely.

The walk to class was silent, and they found seats next to each other so that their arms could hang down between them in the aisle. Several of the students looked at them strangely and laughed, but then the teacher began the lesson.

When it came time to work, Blair dragged Jo's arm with her onto her desk so that she could write.

"Hey, it's attached," Jo reminded her, as her arm was pulled beyond what was physically comfortable.

"I have to be able to write," Blair responded.

“Is there a problem, ladies?” the teacher asked sternly, as he walked up and down the aisles to check on the students’ progress.

“Problem? No. No problem,” Blair replied sweetly and turned to Jo. “Do you have a problem? No, she doesn’t have a problem. We were just discussing the wonderful points you made, Mr. Hinkle. You’re such an inspiring teacher.”

Mr. Hinkle eyed them.

“I know about your little punishment, ladies, and I expect you to keep it from interfering with your schoolwork. Are we clear?”

“Crystal, sir,” Jo replied icily.

“As long as we understand each other,” he said and then continued on his way to check on the other students.

The two girls glared at each other, but Jo finally picked up her desk and moved closer to Blair. She let her arm rest on Blair’s desk and tried to ignore their proximity as she worked on her own paper.

The rest of their classes went similarly until lunchtime came. They finally decided to just take turns eating so that they didn’t spill food all over themselves. But then they had to figure out how they were going to do their jobs in the cafeteria. As they stood behind the serving counter, they didn’t have too many problems offering up the food one-handed, but once it was time to clean up, things became a little more difficult.

“Mrs. G., how am I supposed to clear the tables with one arm?” Jo asked plaintively, as she held up her left arm attached to Blair’s right to illustrate her predicament.

“You’re two intelligent girls. I’m sure you’ll be able to figure something out,” Mrs. Garret told them, as she took the leftover food back into the kitchen.

“Now what?” Blair asked unhappily.

“Just don’t get in my way,” Jo warned her, as she headed for one of the plastic bussing tubs.

Blair was dragged along until she stood her ground and brought Jo to a screeching halt.

“Wait. Maybe we should talk about this. There has to be a way for us to get this done without yanking each other’s arms out,” Blair said, being reasonable for once, mostly because it was her arm that kept getting yanked around.

“Fine. What’s your plan?” Jo asked impatiently.

“Well, what if we do the tables together? You can grab one side of the tub, and I’ll take the other. Then you can pick up the dishes, and I’ll wipe up after you.”

Jo thought it over. She was getting the heavy work, but she didn’t really mind. She always liked showing off how tough she was to the other girls.

“Fine.”

It took them a little while to get into the rhythm of coordinating their movements. First, Jo removed the plates, and then Blair wiped down the area after her, as they went around each table counter-clockwise. But by the time they were done, they were moving pretty fast, and they actually finished earlier than they normally did when they worked separately.

They carried the last tub of dirty dishes to the sink where Natalie and Tootie were washing them up. Normally, they were supposed to help, but neither of them was sure how they could do it.

“Well, don’t just stand there. Start drying,” Natalie scolded them, as she tossed them each a towel and then went back to rinsing the soapy dishes that Tootie gave her.

“Yeah. Get crackin’,” Tootie backed her up.

“Oh, I’m sure there’ll be plenty of crackin’ ... the dishes hittin’ the floor,” Jo replied sarcastically.

“As much as I hate to say it, Jo’s r-...” She tried again. “Jo’s ri-... r-, r-... I can’t say it,” Blair gave up. “But we can’t dry dishes one-handed.”

“Maybe we can,” Jo disagreed, as she got an idea.

Jo picked up a dish and handed it to Blair. Then she took the towel in her right hand and swabbed it over the surface of the plate to remove the excess water. When she was done, Blair set the dish down with her left hand and picked up another one from the drying rack.

“See? Now that’s teamwork,” Natalie enthused with a grin, but the two older girls glared at her, so she ducked her head and went back to rinsing.

The time passed quickly, and then they had to go to the rest of their classes. Finally, school was over, and they walked into the common room to do their homework.

“Would you quit it, Blair?” Jo said in aggravation, as her arm was continually twitched every time Blair turned the page of her book.

“I’m just reading,” Blair replied innocently.

“Yeah, well, can you read without moving? You’re driving me crazy.”

“And you two are driving *me* crazy. Can’t you guys get along for one hour?” Natalie requested.

“Yeah. Some people are actually trying to study here,” Tootie chimed in.

“Fine. Come on, Blair. Lets go to our room, so we can take this stupid leash off,” Jo ordered.

Blair sighed.

“All right. Let me just gather my things.”

They made it to their tiny room, and Jo didn’t waste any time releasing herself from the string handcuff.

“That feels so much better,” Jo sighed in relief, as she tested the movement of her left arm in wide circles.

“Tell me about it,” Blair agreed, as she rubbed her right wrist.

They both settled onto their halves of the bed and studied in peace until it was time for dinner. They got through dinner as fast as they could by taking turns eating again. Their cooperation had nothing to do with wanting to help each other. They just wanted to get back to their room where they knew they could be free of the string and put at least a few more feet of space between each other.

Once they were in their room again, they continued studying, since there wasn’t much else for them to do without their normal accoutrements from their regular dorm room. That had actually been part of the arrangement; less distractions, so they couldn’t completely ignore each other in the more confined space, but the girls were doing their best to thwart that plan.

Eventually, Mrs. Garret knocked on the door.

“Come in,” Blair called.

“Lights out, girls,” she told them from the doorway, since there wasn’t much room for her to come in very far. “So, how did it go today?” she asked them, as they put their books away.

“It was okay,” Jo said vaguely.

“Mrs. Garret, can I *please* make a request?” Blair pleaded.

“What is it, Blair?” Mrs. Garret asked in concern.

“I know you said we have to keep that string on unless we’re in here, but can using the restroom be an exception? It’s just too horrifying,” Blair complained.

Mrs. Garret considered saying no, but she decided this one exception might make them more cooperative.

“All right. But as soon as you come out, you have to put it back on. And whichever one of you is left outside, you can’t go wandering off,” Mrs. Garret compromised.

“Thank you,” Blair sighed in relief.

“Well, goodnight girls. Sweet dreams.”

“Goodnight,” the two young women replied in unison, as Mrs. Garret closed the door behind her.

“At least she didn’t lock us in again,” Jo mumbled when she didn’t here the click after the door shut.

Jo got up and pulled out her pajamas from the top drawer. Then she opened the third drawer and withdrew a nightgown. She tossed it over to Blair.

“Here ya go,” Jo said.

“Thanks,” Blair said in surprise.

“Yeah, well, thanks for getting us that break on the bathroom,” Jo offered reluctantly.

“You’re welcome,” Blair replied.

They both faced away from each other to get dressed for bed, and then Blair cut the lights.

“Goodnight, Jo,” Blair said cautiously, unsure of how her attempt at civility would be received.

“‘Night, Blair,” Jo replied easily.

They were asleep in no time.

## Chapter Three

---

The days passed, and the two young women learned to devise ways of doing things to compensate for their limitation. They traded which wrists would be tied together each day, since they were both right-handed.

They took a lot of ribbing from the other students, but Jo's brawler attitude put most of it to a stop after a few days. And since Blair didn't want to let Jo get the better of her, she just laughed off the cutting remarks and said they were beneath her. She did her best to avoid her friends, though, and Jo was perfectly happy to help her in that department, since she didn't like Blair's friends anyway.

But after a week, Jo realized she was having withdrawals from her bike. She hadn't been able to work on it or ride it anywhere since being tied to Blair, and that was unacceptable.

"No, Jo. I'm not getting on that death machine of yours," Blair argued.

"Come on, Blair. I'll let you wear the helmet," Jo tried to persuade her.

“No,” Blair remained firm.

“It’s a lot of fun, ya know; the open road, the wind on your face,” Jo enthused.

“No,” Blair said again.

“Ah, come on, Blair. Please? I can’t go the whole month without riding my bike.”

“No.”

Jo tried to think. What could she offer as a bargaining chip? She didn’t have money, not that Blair needed money; she had plenty of her own.

“I’ll take you into town, and we can go shopping, okay?” Jo finally offered.

Blair perked up at the mention of shopping. She hadn’t been able to go anywhere with her usual friends, and she’d been feeling some withdrawal symptoms of her own at not charging anything to her credit cards for several days. Against her better judgment, she nodded her head.

“All right. But if we get into an accident, I’ll never forgive you,” Blair warned.

Jo decided not to comment. She didn’t want Blair to change her mind about going.

“Great. Just let me get my jacket,” Jo said happily and donned her jeans jacket over the green army fatigues T-shirt she was wearing.

“What about me?” Blair asked plaintively.

“Oh, right,” Jo said, as she realized Blair would need some protective clothing, too. “All right, here. You take my jacket, and I’ll just wear a couple flannel shirts. They’re thick enough to keep me warm,” Jo reasoned, as she handed over her jacket for Blair to put on.

Blair took the jacket and slowly put it on. It was a little big on her, but it fit well enough. She noticed it smelled like Jo, and it wasn’t an entirely unpleasant scent.

Jo finished pulling on a second long-sleeved shirt over the first and then handed her white motorcycle helmet to Blair. They tied the string onto their wrists and headed down the stairs and outside.

“Wait. How is this going to work?” Blair asked, as Jo straddled the bike.

Unless Jo drove one-handed, there was no way for Blair to sit behind her with her left wrist tied to Jo's right. Jo looked at her wrist in despair. Then Blair grinned.

"Oh, I think I just had another one of my *brilliant* ideas," Blair said smugly, though she wasn't sure why she was so happy she'd figured out a way for them to ride the motorcycle.

Jo waited, as Blair untied the string around her own left wrist and retied it to her right. With their right wrists tied together, Blair was able to climb onto the bike behind Jo, and then she just held onto Jo's forearm in order to keep from letting her arm hang from the string.

Jo smiled happily.

"Hang on," Jo told the blonde and started up the bike.

Blair wrapped her left arm around Jo's waist and closed her eyes. She knew Jo knew how to handle her bike, but she was still scared.

Jo took a few deep breaths. She'd never ridden with another person on her bike. Her heart was beating kind of fast, and she suddenly wished she'd only put on one flannel shirt because she was feeling really warm. She could feel Blair's body pressed into her back, which was where she felt the most heat, and she did her best to ignore how nice it felt having Blair's arm around her stomach.

Jo decided she was thinking too much, and she suddenly gunned the engine, almost doing a pop wheelie out of the driveway. They roared down the street towards the center of town. After a few minutes, Jo called back over her shoulder.

"Hey, do ya mind? I'm tryin' ta breathe up here."

Blair minutely loosened her grip on the girl's waist. Their sudden movement onto the street had almost sent her off the back of the bike, and she'd held on for dear life. But now that they were moving steadily, there wasn't as much need to hang on so tight.

"Sorry," Blair yelled into the wind. "So, how am I going to bring anything back from the stores? This thing doesn't have a trunk," Blair pointed out needlessly.

"Just have 'em deliver," Jo yelled back.

Blair nodded, satisfied. It would be like sending presents to herself, and she'd get the thrill of opening the packages to see what she'd bought all over again.

They arrived at the main strip of stores, and Jo parked the bike at the end of the block. Blair switched the string to her other wrist again so that they could walk side by side, and they headed towards the nearest boutique.

After two hours of shopping, Jo was beginning to regret her bargain. She'd only gotten half an hour of bike riding, and Blair was getting four times that for shopping. She said as much to Blair, but the girl didn't seem too disturbed.

"We can just ride around a little more on the way home," Blair offered.

Jo frowned. She couldn't understand why Blair was being nice to her.

"Are you feelin' all right?" Jo asked curiously.

"I'm fine. I kind of like riding on your bike, that's all," Blair admitted reluctantly.

"Oh. Okay," Jo replied, a little surprised, but pleased nonetheless.

After another hour, they finally left the last store, and Jo drove them down every road she could find for another two hours. By the time they returned to the school, it was after dinnertime, and Mrs. Garret began questioning them as soon as they walked through the door.

"Where have you two been?" Mrs. Garret asked.

"Jo took me shopping. I needed to spend some money," Blair explained.

"Yeah, and then we just rode around for a bit," Jo added.

Mrs. Garret looked at them in surprise. Maybe her plan to get them to stop fighting was actually working.

"Well, next time, let me know if you're going to miss dinner. I was worried," Mrs. Garret told them.

"Sure, Mrs. G," Jo promised.

"Hey guys. We're playing Gin Rummy. Want us to deal you in?" Natalie asked from where she and Tootie were sitting at the table in the common room.

Jo and Blair looked at each other, and Jo shrugged her shoulders.

“Sure,” Blair responded.



## Chapter Four

---

“Tonight?”

Blair looked over at Jo, who was sitting at the table with her arm held in the air, so that she could be a few extra feet away from the blonde while Blair was on the phone.

“Um, tonight isn’t really... No, tomorrow won’t be any better. But what about next month? I’ll be available then,” Blair offered hopefully. “Oh. Well, of course. If your parents insist that you go with them to the Swiss Alps, you can’t very well refuse and risk your inheritance... Yes, of course I understand completely... Ciao,” Blair said brightly, but as she hung up the phone, her face crumbled into a mask of despair.

“I just refused a date with Conrad Stewart, the Third. The world must be ending,” Blair said dejectedly, as she sat down at the table.

“Ah, come on, Blair. I bet when he gets back, you’ll be the first girl he calls,” Jo tried to soothe her.

“But it’s not just him. I’ve had to cancel every date for the entire month,” Blair whined.

“Don’t remind me,” Jo mumbled.

She’d had to sit through each and every call that Blair had made to let the boys know she wouldn’t be able to go out with them as she’d planned. Jo had actually heard some of them crying, even from where she was sitting several feet away, with her and Blair’s arms stretched as far as they would go.

“I haven’t been out to dinner or a movie for two whole weeks. Do you know what the last movie I saw was? Final Exam,” Blair admitted.

“But that’s a slasher flick. I thought you hated those kinds of movies,” Jo commented.

“I do, but when I get scared, I have the boy right there to protect me,” Blair shrugged. “It makes them feel needed,” Blair confided.

Jo rolled her eyes.

“Well, if you really wanna go out, I was kinda wantin’ ta see Raiders of the Lost Ark. I heard it was right up there with Star Wars,” Jo said.

“Well, Harrison Ford *is* kind of handsome,” Blair mused. “But we were going to go see Superman II,” Blair hinted.

Jo thought it over. There would still be plenty of action, and she’d liked the first Superman well enough.

“All right. Lets find out what time it’s playin’, and then we can go,” Jo agreed.

They checked the newspaper and found out there was a double feature that would let them see both movies, but they had to hurry to make the first show time of Superman II. They arrived at the theater with only a few minutes to spare, but they still stopped at the refreshment line for soda and popcorn.

Four hours later, they were back outside, having just finished watching Raiders of the Lost Ark, and they headed for Jo’s motorcycle.

“I think the best part was when he shot that guy with the sword. He was just so cool about it,” Jo said enviously.

“But the ending was appalling. I just can’t believe they put the Ark in a storehouse. They could have made millions at an auction. My father would be horrified,” Blair declared.

Jo looked at Blair like she was a little touched in the head, but then she shrugged her shoulders. They'd had a good time, and she didn't want to start fighting and mess it up.

They came to Jo's bike, and Jo suddenly stopped when she noticed something was missing.

"Son of a bitch! Someone stole my helmet!" Jo exclaimed.

"What?!" Blair asked in shock.

"My helmet's gone. Look," Jo pointed at the handlebars of her bike.

"But that's illegal," Blair protested.

"No kidding," Jo replied.

Blair rolled her eyes.

"You know what I mean. I can't believe someone would steal it. It was so banged up."

"Thanks," Jo said sarcastically, but Blair ignored the tone.

"Well, what do we do now?"

"We go home. What do you think?"

"But it's not safe," Blair complained.

"Look, if something happens, you'll probably just land on me," Jo reasoned.

She really didn't want to have to call Mrs. Garret to come pick them up if Blair refused to get on her bike without the safety gear.

"You really think so?" Blair perked up.

"Yeah. Now, come on."

Jo climbed on the bike, and Blair retied the string to her right wrist. She swung her leg over the bike and took her position behind Jo. She slid her arm around Jo's waist and waited for the brunette to get them moving.

Jo could feel the tingling sensation begin in her stomach where Blair's hand was laid flat against it, and she tried to shrug it off. She'd felt it that first time she'd ridden with Blair, and she'd felt it earlier that night on the way to the movies. She'd been able to sidetrack herself with the action on the big screen, but now that Blair was touching her again, it was as if the last four hours had never happened. She was right back where she'd started.

Jo turned on the bike and pulled them out into traffic to take them home. The sooner they got back to Eastland, the sooner she

could get some space again. But even as Jo's eyes watched the road, most of her concentration was on the body pressed into her back and outer thighs and the arm holding tight to her midriff.

The tomboy wanted to tell herself that she wasn't feeling what she was feeling, but it was no use. She was aroused, and she couldn't blame it on anything other than Blair's close proximity.

Being attracted to a girl wasn't a new thing for Jo. She'd known for a long time that she preferred girls instead of boys, but she knew her family would go ballistic if she ever mentioned the "L" word to them. So, she kept dating boys.

It was the fact that it was Blair that bothered her more than anything else. Blair was a stuck up, self-centered debutante who didn't care about anyone but herself. There was nothing there to be attracted to.

But despite all her protests, her body had a mind of its own. Even her mind betrayed her, and she recalled all the times Blair had been there for her when she'd needed a friend to talk to. Though Blair tended to be a pain in the ass a lot of the time, when it really counted, she was a loyal friend.

Jo mentally smacked herself in the head. She had to stop thinking like this. Blair was way out of her league, not to mention straight. Any romantic encounter she had with Blair would be completely in her head. And it would have to wait another couple weeks until they were back in their regular room where their beds were on the opposite sides of the room rather than right next to each other.

Jo put on some speed to bring them home faster.

In the meantime, Blair couldn't stop thinking about where her left hand was. She could feel the muscles of Jo's stomach flexing, as the girl controlled their balance on the bike and maneuvered them through traffic with confidence. Blair had an overwhelming desire to caress the flesh beneath the thin T-shirt, but she tried hard to ignore it.

She also did her best to ignore the throbbing between her legs where she was pressed up against Jo's butt. The vibration of the bike's motor and the intimacy of their position on the bike played havoc with her libido, and she was finding it very difficult to stay still.

Blair knew she was in trouble. She was attracted to Jo, a juvenile delinquent from the Bronx. The fact that Jo was a girl wasn't nearly as much of an issue as it could have been. Blair's family was actually quite liberal when it came to homosexuality, so she wasn't too worried about that aspect. Her father's older sister was a lesbian and had been in a relationship with the same woman for as long as Blair could remember.

Blair had considered the option before, recognizing those feelings within herself, and she'd even talked to her mother about it. They'd discussed bisexuality and the potential to fall in love with the person, rather than their gender, so Blair had been open to the idea from the beginning. She'd just never met any girls she wanted to date before, and boys were so much easier to control anyway. Plus, they paid for everything, which was exactly the way it should be.

But Jo?

No one in Blair's family dated beneath their status without risking a scandal. Her aunt's wife came from a wealthy and highly respected family in upstate New York. If Blair introduced Jo as her girlfriend, her father would go through the roof, and her mother would probably pass out. They'd never be able to accept a blue-collar girl like Jo as a potential suitor for their upper-class daughter. They'd probably think Jo was just after her money.

But Blair knew better. Jo didn't care anything about money. In fact, she was the complete opposite of Blair. She didn't care who you were, just what you did. And Blair knew that was the real reason why her attraction could never be returned, even if Jo were inclined to like girls, which Blair thought was a pretty good possibility, judging from the way the girl dressed and acted.

The real problem was that Blair had always put Jo down because of her rough background. Blair had been raised to believe that wealth and social standing were more important than anything else, but the more time she spent away from them, the more she learned that those were not the best reasons to like or dislike someone.

The perfect example was Jo herself. Even with all the fights, Jo had always been there for her when she'd needed help. Even now, it was Jo that had offered to take her out when she'd been

unable to accept the invitation from Conrad, and Blair couldn't think of any other friends who would do that for her.

And Blair had to admit she'd had a much better time than she probably would have had with the stuffy boy. Jo made a great date, even though they'd each paid for their own tickets and refreshments.

As they neared the school, Blair realized she didn't want the ride to end so soon. Though her head told her it was better to end her torture now, her body didn't want to lose the intimacy with Jo's body. She felt comfortable, and the cool breeze was nice after spending so much time in the theater, which had been very warm from so many bodies packed into the small space.

"Hey, Jo?" Blair called out.

Jo turned her head slightly so that her ear was closer to Blair's mouth.

"Yeah?" Jo waited.

"Could we keep riding around for a while longer?" Blair asked hesitantly.

Jo felt her heart skip a beat at the request. She wanted to prolong their contact too, but she wasn't sure how much more she could take. She didn't want to take the chance of inadvertently giving away her feelings. If Blair found out she was attracted to her, the girl would probably tease her about it until the day she died.

"It's pretty late. We should probably go home," Jo apologized.

Blair remembered what time the movie had let out and added another twenty minutes.

"It's only nine-thirty. We don't have to be back until eleven on the weekends, so we have plenty of time," Blair argued.

Jo sighed, though she really wasn't all that upset.

"All right. Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere," Blair said.

Jo smiled. That was the approach she usually took to riding her bike. It wasn't the destination that mattered, only the journey.

Jo turned off the main road and headed into the more deserted areas on the outskirts of the small town. The roads tended to wind a little more, and she really enjoyed the feeling of flowing down the road. It was almost meditative.

After nearly an hour of driving, Jo started them heading in the direction of home. She was getting tired, and she'd felt Blair sigh and possibly yawn several times. But she wasn't expecting it when she felt Blair's chin rest on her shoulder. The feeling was indescribably warm, and Jo couldn't stop herself from leaning her head to the side to sort of hug Blair's head.

Blair grinned when she felt Jo tilt her head to touch her own. She was sleepy and had just needed to remove some of the strain from her neck. Her eyes had closed against the wind, but now her body was wide awake. She knew Jo's ear was barely an inch from her mouth, and she was having a hard time not moving to kiss it or lick it.

By the time the two sixteen-year-olds were pulling into the parking lot, they were both more aroused than they'd ever been before. Whether it was conscious or not, as Blair removed herself from the bike, her hand slid just under Jo's breast, causing them both to suck in some air in surprise.

Blair felt herself blushing in the darkness and occupied herself with untying the string from her right wrist in order to transfer it to her left. She couldn't believe she'd just copped a feel on her friend. She just prayed Jo hadn't noticed.

Jo kept her eyes fastened on Blair's fingers, as she worked the knot in the pale light of the moon. The feel of Blair's fingers brushing across her ribs and grazing the underside of her left breast had been more than her brain could handle. If she'd had the guts, she would have pulled Blair into a kiss, but as it was, she just followed the girl inside and up to their room.

They immediately shed the string that tied them together and prepared for bed. Jo considered peeking, but she restrained herself. She didn't need any more fuel for the fire that was raging between her legs. And if Blair caught her, she'd have to explain herself, which was the last thing she wanted to do.

Blair was way beyond peeking. She was so lost in her thoughts of undressing Jo in her mind that it never even occurred to her that all she needed to do was turn around to see how close her fantasy was to the reality.

Jo finished buttoning up her pajama top and pulled the covers over her body. She turned on her side to face the wall and waited

for Blair to turn off the lights. A minute later, the room went dark, and she could hear Blair getting settled.

Neither of them spoke, as they tried to forget each other's presence and go to sleep.

## Chapter Five

---

“Delivery for Blair Warner,” the delivery guy called out.

He was carrying a large box, though it didn’t appear to be too heavy.

“Ooo, I wonder who it’s from,” Natalie inquired eagerly.

“Uh, Motorbikes ‘R Us, Incorporated,” the young man read off from the label on the box.

Tootie frowned.

“Are you sure that’s not for Jo Polniaczek?” Tootie questioned.

“Well, it says Blair Warner,” the boy repeated.

“Blair!” Natalie called out.

Blair came into the dining room with Jo attached to her left wrist. She looked at the box, and her eyes lit up.

“Oh, good, it’s here,” she said, as she took the box from the man and set it on a table. “Thank you,” she said in dismissal and the guy left.

“I thought you already got all the stuff you bought last week,” Jo commented.

“Oh, I did. This is something else,” she said cryptically, then turned to the brunette. “Here, you open it.”

“Why me?” Jo asked suspiciously.

“Just open it,” Blair encouraged.

Jo hesitantly reached into her pocket for the little knife she kept there and sliced open the top of the box. She pulled back the flaps, and cautiously looked inside. As she dug through the Styrofoam, her hand hit something hard, and she pulled the object out of the box.

It was a jet-black motorcycle helmet with the name “Jo” airbrushed on the back in white letters. Jo stared at it in confusion.

“What the hell is this?”

Blair grinned.

“It’s a helmet, stupid.” She reached into the box and pulled out a second helmet, but this one was a sparkling gold and had “Blair” written on the back in silver. “While you were taking a shower the other morning, I snuck into our room and found one of those biker magazines you’re always reading. There was an ad circled for the helmet, so I figured it was the one you wanted. Now, we don’t have to worry about getting ourselves killed on your bike,” Blair said cheerfully.

Jo turned the helmet over in her hand. It was exactly what she’d wanted. She’d seen the ad in her motorcycle magazine every month for over a year, but she’d never had the money to buy one. They were over a hundred and twenty bucks each.

“I can’t accept this, Blair,” Jo said, as she replaced the helmet in the box, and Blair’s face fell. “It’s too much.”

“But we need helmets, Jo. Aren’t these the right kind?”

“No, they’re perfect. They’re just... I can’t afford to pay you...” Jo started.

“Consider it a gift,” Blair said quickly.

“No!” Jo said harshly and everyone jumped. “Just return it. I’ll get one for myself when I’ve saved up enough money.”

“But Jo...”

“I said no,” Jo said with finality.

If she could have, she would have walked away, but all she could do was stand there and avoid everyone’s gaze. It was bad enough that everyone knew she was poor. But then to have Blair

go and give her charity... It was just like Blair to not care how she treated others.

"I don't understand you Jo. I go out of my way to do something nice for you, and you just throw it back in my face," Blair said, as she angrily put both helmets back in the box and closed the flaps over them again.

"Yeah, Jo. It isn't safe for you to be riding around without a helmet," Natalie agreed.

"You could always pay her back in installments," Tootie added.

"No, it was a gift. I wouldn't expect you to pay me for a Christmas present, so I won't take any money for this either," Blair argued.

Jo realized she'd reacted badly to the whole situation. If she'd given something to Blair, she would have wanted her to just accept it and not make a big deal out of it.

"All right, all right. Quit yer yappin'," Jo said irritably.

She opened the box again and dragged out the black helmet. She put it on and flipped up the tinted visor.

"How's it look?" she asked in resignation.

Blair grinned and pulled out the gold helmet to put it on, too. Her visor was clear, so she just looked at her friends through the hard plastic.

"You're just a couple of motorcycle mamas!" Natalie said enthusiastically.

"Are you going to try them out now?" Tootie asked.

Jo looked over at Blair. They both still had some homework to do, but a short ride wouldn't put them too far behind.

"What do ya say?" Jo asked.

"Huh?" Blair asked, her voice muffled by the helmet, which also made it hard to hear.

Jo reached out and flipped up her visor.

"I asked if you wanna go for a ride," Jo reiterated impatiently.

Blair grinned.

"Well, that *was* sort of the reason I bought the helmets in the first place," Blair replied condescendingly.

Jo rolled her eyes.

"Come on, then," she said and headed out the door.

They went through their usual routine of switching the string so that their right wrists were tied together, and then they were off.

Jo had originally intended to only drive around the block a few times, but instead she kept going rather than turning to complete the circuit. As much as she wanted to end the torture of having Blair so close to her, she wanted just as much to keep it going. It felt so good, and she couldn't stop herself from indulging in the guilt-ridden pleasure. If Blair ever found out she was deriving sexual enjoyment from her presence, she'd hate her.

As the ride continued, it didn't take long for Blair to realize she was in way over her head. She'd managed to manipulate the situation so that she could be close to Jo again, but the thought of Jo finding out about her attraction and not returning it just made her feel nauseous.

She squeezed Jo a little tighter in unconscious fear of losing the girl's friendship. It wasn't that she thought Jo wouldn't like her anymore because she was attracted to her. Jo seemed to be pretty cool about things like that as long as people were honest. But if Jo realized she'd been using their bike rides to be close to Jo without her permission, she'd feel betrayed, and rightly so. Blair knew she had to figure something out soon, or Jo would never forgive her.

Jo gripped the handlebars of her bike a little harder. When Blair's hand had pulled Jo more firmly against Blair's body, she'd just wanted to melt into the embrace, and her reaction scared her. If she wasn't careful, she was going to end up revealing her attraction to Blair, and then that would be the end of their friendship. There was no way Blair would understand. But one way or another, she had to figure out what to do, or Blair would never forgive her.

## Chapter Six

---

It had been three weeks since Mrs. Garret had imposed the “string punishment” on Jo and Blair, and things had been going pretty well. The fighting had gone down to a minimum, and the two had found that they could actually carry on a civilized conversation when they really tried.

Still, things had been strained. They could both feel it, and so could most of the people around them, though they just attributed it to the two girls’ usual attitudes towards one another. The fact that the blonde and the brunette appeared to be getting along better than they ever had before tended to be overlooked.

As they readied themselves for bed, Blair couldn’t help wondering why they’d gotten off to such a bad start. Jo was a little rough around the edges, but she wasn’t a bad person. But from the first moment they’d met, they’d traded insults as though they’d hated each other from birth.

She remembered something her mother had said one evening after a party in which two of her cousins had been arguing most of the night, much to their parents’ dismay. The fighting had

been embarrassing for both families, but Blair's mother had commented that she thought the boy and girl would be married in less than a year. She'd been right, and the wedding invitations had arrived only a few months later. All the friction had just been sexual tension.

Blair considered her own relationship with Jo. It had been heated from the very beginning, and sometimes just looking at Jo made Blair want to scream. The girl could be absolutely infuriating at times, but Blair didn't think she saw anything sexual in that at all. However, the intensity of her emotions had always been over the top when it came to Jo. Maybe it had just been the only way she could deal with her feelings at the time.

"Jo?" Blair asked hesitantly into the darkness.

"Yeah?" Jo said.

"Did you really mean it when you said you hated me?"

Jo rolled over to face the girl, though she could just barely make out her features in the minimal moonlight coming through the window.

"What are you talking about? I don't hate you," Jo replied.

"But you said you did," Blair reminded her.

"Well, you said you hated me, too, so why do you care what I said?"

"I was just wondering why we fight all the time."

"Because you're an annoying rich girl who thinks she can get anything she wants by batting her eyelashes a few times and throwing around her daddy's money," Jo said without thinking.

"And you're a juvenile delinquent with no fashion sense and even less manners," Blair replied in a huff and turned over to face away from the brunette.

Jo rolled her eyes and turned over onto her back to stare up at the ceiling. Okay, so that hadn't come out right, but Blair had asked and she'd answered. After a few minutes, Jo frowned in consternation, as she heard a snuffle come from Blair's direction.

"Blair?" Jo asked hesitantly.

There was no answer, so Jo sat up and leaned over towards Blair to see if the girl was asleep.

"Blair?" Jo whispered, just in case, but she still reached out a hand to lay gently on the girl's shoulder.

"Leave me alone," Blair said and shrugged off the touch.

Her voice was thick, and Jo realized she was crying.

"Blair, what's wrong?" Jo asked, suddenly concerned.

"Nothing," Blair said shortly.

"You're crying. I can hear you," Jo retorted.

"Sorry if I'm keeping you awake. Maybe I can pay you for the inconvenience," Blair said sarcastically.

Jo heard the hurt in the blonde's voice and realized she was crying because of what Jo had said to her.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean..." Jo trailed off.

She didn't know what she was apologizing for; everything she'd said was true. Blair had been mean to her over and over again, putting her down for her lower-class upbringing, and rarely ever considering anyone else's feelings besides her own. She'd been a lot nicer recently, but Jo could still remember each and every cutting remark Blair had ever thrown at her, and though Jo had never admitted it, the words had hurt.

"What," Blair waited angrily.

Jo remained silent, and Blair eventually turned over to see what the girl was doing. She was sitting with her knees drawn to her chest and her chin resting on her knees. In the bluish light of the evening, she could see glistening tracks running down Jo's cheeks. Jo slowly turned her head to look at Blair, and even in the dark, Blair could see the hurt in her eyes. She suddenly realized she didn't have a whole lot to be mad about since she hadn't exactly been kind in her own remarks towards the tomboy. They'd managed to tie in that particular race.

Blair sat up and crossed her legs beneath herself. She didn't know what to say, but she didn't feel right just turning away and going to sleep. She'd only seen Jo cry a couple times, but it had never been the result of something she'd said. She looked up and found Jo still watching her.

"I'm sorry, too," Blair finally whispered.

"Why? It's all true. I'm a thief, and I don't have designer clothes, and I don't know how to act around all you rich girls. It's just a matter of time before they kick me outta here," Jo said.

"You're not going to get kicked out," Blair argued. "And we all took the van, so I guess we're all delinquents," she continued, trying to get a smile from the tough girl.

Blair reached out and brushed at Jo's cheek to wipe away the tears. Jo closed her eyes and felt her skin tingle where the tips of Blair's fingers touched her skin. She pulled away from the contact and rubbed harshly at her face to remove the wetness herself, as her legs dropped naturally into the pretzel position.

"Now what did I do?" Blair asked angrily.

Jo looked up and sighed in frustration, as she let her hands fall into her lap.

"Nothing. You wouldn't understand, so just drop it," Jo warned.

"Drop what? You were crying, so I was trying to make you feel better, and now you're mad at me for being nice. That doesn't make any sense," Blair declared, though she was terrified that Jo had figured out she liked her and that now she was afraid of Blair's touch.

"Never mind," Jo dismissed.

"No, Jo. Make me understand. I thought we were starting to get along, and now we're back to fighting."

Blair wanted to stop pushing, but she couldn't. She'd never backed down from a fight with Jo, and it seemed she was simply incapable of doing so, even if it meant Jo told her she was horrible for wanting to put the moves on her friend.

"We're not fighting," Jo argued.

"Then why won't you let me touch you?" Blair asked brazenly.

She realized she was tired of hiding her feelings, so she was trying to force Jo into talking about them first. It was cowardly, but Blair didn't know what else to do.

"It doesn't matter," Jo said, as she felt herself being cornered.

"It does to me," Blair said seriously.

Jo closed her eyes. She'd been afraid of having this conversation ever since she'd recognized her attraction to Blair. But Blair's tone sounded like maybe she had already figured it out, and she just wanted confirmation. Either way, it was clear that she wasn't going to leave Jo alone until she talked.

Jo opened her eyes and made a decision.

"Promise you won't tell anyone, ever," Jo said.

"I promise," Blair swore, suddenly wondering what Jo was thinking, since it should have been Blair who was worried about being outed if Jo had figured out about her.

"I mean it. You can't even tell Mrs. Garret or anyone or I'll kill you," Jo threatened.

"I said I promise," Blair said indignantly.

"And you can't go all crazy either. You asked, and I'm tellin' you, and that's it. All right?"

"All right," Blair agreed impatiently, wondering what on earth Jo could possibly be so scared about telling her, not daring to hope it was what she hoped.

Jo swallowed.

"When you touch me... It feels good," Jo said slowly.

"Okay," Blair swallowed, as she gained a glimmer of hope. "Why is that bad?" Blair asked fearfully.

"Because it feels *really* good," Jo said.

Blair sat in silence, as the realization of what Jo seemed to be implying slowly dawned on her. Blair's heartbeat picked up speed, and she found it hard to breathe.

"What do you mean?" Blair whispered, still too afraid to talk about her own enjoyment of Jo's touch.

"It just... feels good when you touch me," Jo said, unable to do anything but repeat herself.

"Like how?" Blair persisted, needing to hear the words.

Jo sighed in frustration.

"Like that it makes me want to kiss you, all right?!" Jo replied harshly, though her voice didn't raise much above a whisper.

They sat in stunned silence for several minutes, as they both tried to get a handle on their feelings. Finally, Blair raised her arm and reached out to touch Jo's face again, but the brunette pulled away.

"What are you doing?" Jo asked irritably.

Blair swallowed.

"You said... When I touch you, it makes you want to kiss me." Blair paused. "I want..." Blair swallowed again, as her heart leapt into her throat. "I want you to kiss me."

Jo felt her stomach drop and a low-grade tingle began in her abdomen to replace the missing organ.

"What?" Jo asked hollowly.

Blair slowly moved herself closer to Jo so that their knees were touching. Then she leaned closer so that their faces were only inches apart.

“Kiss me,” Blair whispered.

“I-I, I don’t know how,” Jo stuttered in shock.

“You’ve never kissed anyone before?” Blair asked in surprise.

“Yeah, I’ve kissed someone, but I’ve never kissed a girl before,” Jo admitted.

“Well, I think it’s probably done the same way,” Blair reasoned.

As Blair waited, Jo licked her lips and tried to figure out an approach. Finally, she just leaned forward and lightly brushed her lips against Blair’s. The sensation shot straight to Jo’s groin, and her entire body tensed. Blair gasped at the soft contact against her mouth and realized she’d been mistaken; this was nothing like kissing a boy.

Jo reached up her hand to hold Blair’s head in place and moved her lips over Blair’s a little more. Blair responded and kissed the girl back, pulling on Jo’s upper lip slightly and letting the tip of her tongue caress the soft skin for a split second. That was all the time it took for Jo to register the sensation, and she groaned softly and kissed Blair’s bottom lip.

As their lips brushed together again, Jo opened her mouth slightly and tested Blair’s lips with her tongue. Blair parted her own lips and let her tongue dart out to meet Jo’s. The contact sent electricity through both of them, and Blair pushed her tongue out further, trying to find a way past Jo’s tongue and into her mouth.

Jo felt the pressure Blair’s tongue was putting on her own, and she opened her mouth wider for the blonde. At the same time, she pushed her own tongue out and grazed it over Blair’s. They both moaned at the same time, and Blair put her hand on Jo’s thigh to hold on.

Jo reached up with her other hand and held the other side of Blair’s face, pushing her fingers into the girl’s hair. Tingles swept over Blair’s scalp, and her fingers gripped the cloth covering Jo’s leg. Her other hand was clenching in the blanket, but she quickly let go and brought it to Jo’s waist, sliding her palm around and up Jo’s thinly covered back.

As they gasped for breath, the kiss broke, and they reluctantly sat back. Blair's hands rested on Jo's thighs, and Jo's hands remained on Blair's shoulders.

"Wow," Jo whispered.

Blair nodded and leaned in again. She wanted more.

Their lips touched again, but this time, they immediately opened their mouths and began exploring. Jo used her hands to pull at the back of Blair's head to force her mouth more firmly against her own, and Blair reached for Jo's waist, wanting to bring their bodies closer. Unfortunately, in their current position, that wasn't really possible.

Blair reluctantly broke the kiss and then immediately uncrossed her legs. She pushed Jo's legs apart and then scooted forward, her thighs resting on top of Jo's, as she wrapped her legs around Jo's waist. She then wrapped her arms around Jo's back and pulled them closer together.

Jo was surprised at how quickly Blair had taken the initiative, but then she realized she shouldn't have been. Blair had always gone after what she wanted. She'd never been very shy about making her desires known, and now was no different.

Jo ran her hands through Blair's soft hair and decided she couldn't let Blair get the upper hand. If Blair thought she could control her the way she did all the boys she dated, she was out of her mind.

Jo pressed her mouth to Blair's again and used her legs to bring the lower half of Blair's body closer to her own. As their tongues moved over and around each other, Jo maneuvered her arms underneath Blair's and pulled up on the hem of Blair's long white nightgown. Jo's hands were quickly moving over the bare skin of Blair's lower back, and Blair moaned.

Blair's arms had been forced up onto Jo's shoulders, and Blair combed her fingers through the girl's dark locks. Then her hands began to trail down Jo's shoulders and then across the top of her chest. Her fingers found the top button on Jo's pajama shirt and began undoing it.

Blair got through three more buttons before Jo broke the kiss to see what she was doing. The blonde undid the rest, as Jo watched her. Blair slowly pushed back the two halves of the shirt and saw Jo's breasts for the first time. They were rounded and

just slightly smaller than her own, and the areolae were dark with small nipples standing erect in the center.

Blair looked up into Jo's eyes. Her hands slowly moved to cup the girl's breasts, and Jo gasped as Blair's fingers brushed over her nipples. She closed her eyes and just enjoyed the sensation of having her breasts touched by another human being for the first time in her life. She opened her eyes again and found Blair watching her, as she repeatedly rubbed her thumbs over Jo's nipples.

Jo could feel moisture gathering between her legs, and her sex ached. She wasn't sure if they were ready for what they were doing, but she couldn't bring herself to stop it. She just wanted more.

Jo pushed the material of Blair's nightgown up. The move temporarily forced Blair to relinquish her hold on the other girl's breasts, but once her clothing was gone, she found herself in the position of being the one on display. Jo just stared at her for the longest time until she actually started to worry if Jo liked her. Her breasts were slightly larger than Jo's, and the areolae were light pink against the rest of her skin. Her nipples were still soft, but Blair could feel them beginning to contract.

Then Jo leaned forward and kissed her, pushing her back down onto the bed. Their chests touched as they went horizontal, and Blair arched up into the contact. She'd never gone this far with anyone, boy or girl, and she knew she couldn't stop now. With the boys, there always seemed to be some internal alarm that went off when they wanted to go beyond the barriers provided by her clothing. But with Jo, she wanted to remove those barriers as quickly as possible, or have Jo remove them for her.

Jo pulled back a little so that she could bring one of her hands to wrap around one of Blair's breasts. She squeezed the soft flesh and looked down to watch, as she rubbed her thumb over the large nipple. Her mouth was watering, and she realized she wanted to taste.

Jo looked into Blair's eyes and then slowly moved down so that she could wrap her lips around the hardening nub.

"Oh god, Jo," Blair whispered harshly, as she felt Jo's wet mouth engulf her nipple.

Jo moaned, as she flicked the nipple with her tongue and sucked lightly, then progressively harder, as her need for more increased. By divine accident, or maybe it was by divine design, she repositioned her legs, and her upper right thigh pressed hard against Blair's panty-covered crotch.

Blair gripped Jo's shoulders and felt the lower half of her body buck up against Jo's leg. She'd masturbated plenty of times, so she knew exactly where to rub to gain the most pleasure. Jo seemed to understand perfectly, and she pushed her leg harder into Blair's body and gyrated her own hips to add a little more friction.

Blair could feel pleasure racing through her body. It was like nothing she'd ever felt before. The pleasure she'd given herself didn't even come close to what she was receiving from Jo. She felt like she was going to burst.

Jo released the nipple and went back up to Blair's mouth. She wanted to taste her tongue again. She also wanted to do more than just rub against Blair's sex with her leg.

Blair devoured Jo's tongue. She didn't know how much she'd missed it over the past couple minutes until she was tasting it again. Then she felt Jo's hand reaching underneath her panties.

Jo knew she had to move a lot more than she was if she truly intended to get Blair's underwear off, but she was hoping Blair would help her out. If she didn't, then she'd know Blair wasn't quite ready, though everything Blair had done so far said she was more than ready.

Blair lifted her butt off the bed and tried to angle herself so that Jo could pull the thin silk off without too much trouble. Jo had to remove her thigh from between Blair's legs so that Blair could bring her thighs together.

Finally, after a little more wiggling, Blair's underwear was gone, and Jo started to move to retake her place between Blair's legs. But Blair stopped her and started pulling at Jo's pajama bottoms. Jo smiled sheepishly.

"Sorry, I forgot," Jo whispered.

"It's okay. Just take them off," Blair said impatiently.

The two girls quickly pulled the long pants off, along with Jo's underwear, and then they looked at each other's bodies as they lay side by side. Blair's hair was a medium brown, while

Jo's was pure black. Jo reached down to brush her fingers over the soft curls, and Blair's body seemed to have a mind of its own, as her legs parted in supplication.

As Jo went a little lower, she felt something warm and slippery, and she couldn't resist pushing the tips of her fingers between Blair's nether lips to look for more.

"Jo!" Blair gasped, as Jo's fingers briefly rubbed over her clitoris.

Jo stopped and looked over at Blair's face in alarm.

"Did I hurt you?" she asked fearfully.

"Not hardly," Blair exclaimed.

Jo grinned. She hadn't thought she'd done anything wrong, but the sudden gasp had startled her. She slowly moved her fingers back over Blair's clitoris and gently rubbed the hard little nodule.

"Oh god," Blair whimpered, as she pushed up to increase the contact.

Jo leaned down and covered Blair's mouth with her own, as she continued to massage Blair's clitoris the way she'd touched her own sex when she was sure Blair was asleep and wouldn't hear her.

Blair lost herself in Jo's mouth, as her body was treated to pleasures she'd never thought possible. However, as the pressure built, Blair knew she wanted more. She just wasn't sure how to ask for it.

"Jo?" Blair panted out.

Jo slowed down her passes over Blair's sex and waited.

"You okay?" Jo asked.

"Yeah. I just..." Blair stopped.

"What? Do you want me to stop?" Jo asked in concern and halted her movements completely.

"No!" Blair cried out and reached down to push Jo's hand into moving again.

"Then what?" Jo asked in confusion.

Blair slowly guided Jo's fingers lower, as she stared into Jo's eyes, willing her to figure it out without Blair having to say it. Jo felt the indentation where Blair's vagina opened, and she realized what Blair wanted.

“Are you sure? I heard it hurts a little when girls lose their virginity,” Jo said.

“It’s okay. I fell off a horse when I was little, so it’s already gone,” Blair explained.

“Really? I fell off the monkey bars when I was seven and did the same thing,” Jo replied.

Blair wasn’t really listening though. Her mind was on other matters. Jo remembered what they were doing and let the thoughts of childhood drift away, as she rubbed her fingers up and down the length of Blair’s sex, scraping over Blair’s clitoris and then dipping slightly into the entrance of Blair’s vagina.

Blair was moaning and breathing heavily, the anticipation only intensifying the feelings running through her body. Then Jo stopped and slowly began pushing a single finger inside. Blair bit her bottom lip to keep from crying out and possibly waking the whole household. It just felt so incredible to have Jo inside her. Her hips were rocking, and Jo slowly removed her finger before pushing it all the way back in again.

Jo was amazed at the sensation of having her finger enveloped by Blair. It was so slick and hot and soft. After a few dozen more times of sliding her finger in and out of Blair’s sex, Jo cautiously added a second finger. She just wanted to feel more and adding another finger seemed like the best solution.

Blair felt the extra width, and her stomach clenched, as she was filled a little more. She was going to lose her mind if this continued. She reached up for Jo and pulled her down to her mouth. Once their mouths were joined, Blair stopped resisting the urge to cry out, and she moaned loudly into Jo’s mouth.

Jo answered her immediately, the sound being drawn from somewhere deep inside. She pushed her fingers deeper inside Blair and dove her tongue further into Blair’s mouth, the two somehow being connected.

As Blair’s hips rocked faster, she felt Jo’s thumb move to begin rubbing over her clitoris again, and that was the breaking point. Blair whimpered and then gasped, as fireworks went off behind her eyes, and her body was rocked repeatedly with orgasms. She couldn’t help crying out, and Jo quickly buried Blair’s face into her shoulder to try to muffle the sounds.

“Oh god, Jo!” Blair cried out and clung to Jo, as her body seized over and over again.

Jo finally stopped pumping her fingers in and out of Blair’s vagina and just let them rest at the entrance, her hand partially cupping Blair’s sex. She let Blair lie back again and slowly lowered her head to kiss Blair gently on the lips. Then she slid her body down a little more and relaxed so that she was lying next to the blonde, the lengths of their bodies touching all along their sides.

Blair tried to regain some sense of lucid thought, but it took a little while. Her body was still twitching from her first partner-induced orgasm. There was also the little realization that she was no longer a virgin.

Blair looked over at Jo and found her staring at the ceiling. She frowned.

“Is something wrong?” Blair asked.

Jo turned her head to look at Blair.

“No. I just... I never had sex before. That was pretty amazing,” Jo said, still in awe and more than aroused from watching and listening to Blair come in her arms.

Blair smiled.

“Oh, it isn’t over yet,” Blair said huskily.

She rolled over and partially rested on top of Jo’s body, as she kissed the brunette thoroughly.

Having an aunt who was a lesbian had given Blair a bit of an education. After having “the sex talk” with her mom, she’d been confused about how two women could have sex, and she hadn’t had the sense to be afraid about asking any questions. She’d actually received an honest answer, which had disgusted her at the tender age of twelve when she’d still thought French kissing was the most revolting thing she’d ever heard of. But now that she was in the situation, she found herself very interested in trying the whole thing out. She also thought it might surprise Jo, and she always liked getting one up on the cocky girl.

Jo returned the kiss fervently. She hadn’t had much of a release yet, and her body was screaming for attention. She pulled at Blair’s hips, trying to rub herself against them, as her mouth was filled with Blair’s tongue, but Blair slowly pulled her face away and began kissing down Jo’s neck.

The light touches sent quivers through Jo's body, and her breathing rapidly changed from moderate to panting. When she felt Blair's mouth sucking on her nipple, she grabbed the sheets and held on to keep from yelling. As it was, her breaths were coming out in loud gasps, and she wasn't sure if they could be heard through the walls, but she couldn't calm them down regardless.

Blair rolled her tongue around Jo's nipple and reached out to squeeze Jo's other breast with her hand. One of Jo's hands slid through her hair and gripped the base of her neck, pulling her harder into Jo's chest. She decided she liked the feeling and allowed herself to be held in place, as Jo received pleasure from what Blair was doing to her.

After a few minutes though, Blair gave the nipple a final kiss and repositioned herself over the other one. She licked her tongue over the erect nipple and then drew it into her mouth, sucking hard all at once and bringing a sharp gasp from Jo. She smiled around the flesh in her mouth and then went back to sucking.

Jo arched up and stayed up, as she tried to increase the sensations. Blair was driving her insane. The slight pain from having her nipples pinched and lightly bitten only seemed to make her need more. But it was her sex that seemed to need the contact.

Jo pushed her pelvis up, and Blair let go of the nipple in her mouth, as she looked up at Jo's face. It looked like Jo was in pain, but she hadn't told Blair to stop, so she didn't. But she did start kissing Jo's chest and then licked over Jo's stomach, unable to stop tasting Jo's skin for even a moment.

As Blair neared the dark patch of hair, she could smell the strong sexual scent coming from Jo's pubic area. Blair licked a line across the edge of Jo's hair, and Jo's stomach twitched hard.

"Oh god, Blair, what are you doing?" Jo breathed out, as her body did a few cartwheels.

Blair didn't answer, as she repositioned herself between Jo's legs and slowly spread her labia apart with two fingers. Jo whimpered slightly, as her wet sex was exposed to the cool air, but then a full-throated moan escaped her, as Blair's mouth descended on her clitoris.

Blair tasted the slick flesh of Jo's sex and gave a little moan of her own. The scent was strong in her nostrils, and she almost stopped breathing. But then she just started sucking the way she had on Jo's nipples. However, there was more to explore in this area, and Blair took turns between licking around Jo's inner and outer lips and sucking on her clitoris. No matter what she did, Jo seemed to have a favorable reaction to it, so Blair didn't worry too much about whether she was doing it right.

Jo couldn't stop writhing on the bed. Her entire existence had been focused down to a single point between her legs, and no other thoughts were able to intrude. She just didn't want Blair to stop whatever it was she was doing.

Blair heard Jo's breathing begin to pick up a little more, and she recognized it, having just gone through the same sensations not too long ago. She sucked a little harder, flicking her tongue over Jo's engorged clitoris again and again. In her current position, she couldn't quite figure out how to move so that she could enter Jo's vagina, but it didn't seem to matter. It was only moments before Jo's body slammed back into the bed, and Jo did her best not to simply scream, as goose bumps covered her body, and she came in a rush.

"Blair!" Jo choked out on a gasp, unable to form any other words.

Blair kept her lips locked around Jo's clitoris until Jo stopped moving. Then she tenderly kissed the throbbing nub and slowly climbed up Jo's body to hold her.

Jo was still gasping for air, and she almost thought she was going to hyperventilate. All the times she'd masturbated, nothing had ever felt like that. She'd never even imagined anything like that.

"Where the hell did you learn to do that?" Jo panted out.

Blair grinned.

"Did you like it?"

"Yeah. Couldn't you tell?" Jo replied.

Blair leaned down and lightly kissed Jo's lips. Jo smelled her own scent and was surprised at how it made her stomach clench in arousal all over again. She thrust her tongue into Blair's mouth to taste and realized she wanted to know what Blair's sex

tasted like. Jo quickly reversed their positions and filled Blair's mouth with her tongue.

The kiss was passionate, and Blair knew they weren't done yet. They were a couple of teenage girls, and stamina would not be a problem.

Jo moved her body so that she was between Blair's legs, and she ground her pelvis into Blair's. Her own sex was very ready to go again, and from Blair's reaction, she was sure the blonde was ready, too.

Taking a few lessons from Blair, Jo broke their kiss and traveled her mouth along Blair's neck to her ear. She didn't know what possessed her, but she sucked on the soft plump lobe and then whispered into her ear.

"I want to taste you."

The hot breath in Blair's ear made her hold Jo tighter, and she whimpered. Imagining Jo's mouth on her sex was a new and very potent image.

"Please, Jo," Blair agreed.

Jo smiled and kissed down the soft neck beneath her lips until she'd made her way all the way to Blair's breasts. It was the most natural thing in the world for her to pull one into her mouth and begin kissing it as though it were Blair's tongue. Her teeth grazed over the sensitive flesh, and Blair's hands wrapped around her head to keep her there.

Jo reached down between their bodies and started rubbing Blair's sex, as she sucked on her nipple. The two actions compounded Blair's pleasure, and she panted out a few moans, as she felt the pressure building again.

Jo released the tit from her mouth and continued on her way down between Blair's legs. Her fingers never left Blair's sex, but as Jo moved lower, she repositioned them so that she could spear them inside Blair's vagina. Then she used her other hand and spread Blair's nether lips to reveal her clitoris. Jo had never seen one before, and she still couldn't make out a whole lot of detail in the darkness, so she just let her tongue do the searching.

She found it almost on first contact, and Blair jumped as the pleasure shot through her groin. At the same time, Jo pushed her fingers up, and Blair felt herself being simultaneously sucked on and penetrated. It nearly sent her over the edge on the first thrust,

but her body acclimated to the new sensations, and then she was just floating in bliss.

Blair reached down and gripped Jo's hair, feeling her head move between her hands as the tomboy explored every inch of her sex, inside and out. Blair pushed herself up off the bed in time with Jo's movements, and the rhythm steadily built until Jo was pounding her fingers inside Blair's vagina and sucking harshly on her clit.

Blair had long since given up trying to remain quiet, and she moaned openly, as she felt herself nearing climax. She just prayed that their room being so far away from everyone else's would keep her from being heard by anyone.

Jo felt like she was about to come herself, as she heard Blair fighting for air. The hand she was using to hold Blair's lips apart wasn't really helping, since the flesh was too slippery, so she considered moving it to touch herself, but she couldn't work it out. She needed that arm to hold her up and give her room to thrust with her other arm while she licked at Blair's clitoris.

So, Jo just squeezed her legs together. It seemed to ease the pressure a little.

"Harder!" Blair croaked out, and Jo pushed her arm to the limit, driving her fingers into Blair with as much force as she could muster in her current position.

"Oh god! Yes, Jo!" Blair said, as she was consumed in orgasm.

Jo felt Blair clamp down on her fingers, and she rubbed her tongue over Blair's clitoris to sustain her pleasure as long as possible. Finally, Blair's muscles relaxed, and Jo withdrew her fingers. She licked at them before the stickiness could dry like it had last time.

Blair released her grip on Jo's head and tiredly pulled on her shoulders to bring her closer. Jo moved up and smothered the blonde with kisses, which she actively returned. Her own taste was slightly different from the way Jo had tasted to her, and she darted her tongue into every crevice of Jo's mouth to get it all.

Jo's clitoris was throbbing from unspent passion, and she couldn't help rubbing against Blair's hip to try to ease the ache. Blair didn't even think, as she trailed her hand down between their bodies and immediately began massaging Jo's sex. As Jo

raised one of her legs to give Blair better access, Blair took the invitation and slowly pushed inside Jo's vagina.

Jo was tight, and the penetration felt incredibly good. She groaned and hugged Blair's body to her own, as Blair lowered her head to fasten her mouth onto Jo's closest nipple. As the two points of pleasure met in the middle of Jo's body, she felt like she was being torn apart.

Blair withdrew her finger and pushed in again. The texture of the inside of Jo's vagina was soft and rippled. As Blair slowly moved in and out, she realized the sensitivity of her fingers was somehow connected to her sex, and she felt herself building again. The feeling slowly faded into the background, though, as she concentrated on what she was doing to Jo.

Jo pushed up onto Blair's finger and tried to make her go deeper. There was a place that Blair was almost touching, and she wanted to feel Blair there.

"More," Jo whispered raggedly.

Blair wasn't quite sure what "more" Jo wanted, so she just moved her hand a little faster. But she could feel Jo's vagina widening, and her one little finger wasn't meeting any resistance as it slid in and out of the slippery canal. So, Blair uncurled her middle finger to hold it against her index finger and pushed them both inside on the next thrust. Jo groaned and opened her legs a little wider.

Blair plunged her fingers as far in as they would go. At the tip of her reach, she felt something hard, and Jo whimpered. With that kind of encouragement, Blair went back again.

Jo felt her body explode into bliss as her G-spot was rubbed again and again. She cried her orgasm into Blair's hair and held on for dear life, as her body was racked with spasms. Blair kept up her movements until Jo stopped her hand by closing her legs. Then Blair carefully removed her fingers and curled into Jo's arms, as Jo hugged her tightly.

"God, that was incredible," Jo whispered.

Blair smiled sleepily.

"So were you," she complimented.

Jo looked down and kissed the soft lips that were so close to her own.

"I guess Mrs. Garret's plan worked," Jo whispered drowsily.

“Yeah. We stopped fighting anyway,” Blair replied.

“Yeah. And we slept together, too,” Jo grinned.

Blair chuckled, as she easily fell asleep in her lover’s arms, and Jo went right along with her.

# Epilogue

---

Jo and Blair woke up early and put their clothes back on before Mrs. Garret could find them naked.

They kept their relationship a secret for several years until they entered college, and then they told everyone that they were in love.

Mrs. Garret fainted when she first found out, but she quickly recovered and gave the girls her blessing.

Natalie and Tootie didn't even bat an eye, having figured it out a long time ago. They were both happy for their friends.

Jo's family did go ballistic for a little while, but once they realized Jo was happy, they accepted her with open arms.

It took a little longer for Blair's family to accept her choice of Jo as a girlfriend, but eventually, when Jo didn't ask for any loans, they decided to trust Blair's judgment and just ignore any scandals concerning their daughter's relationship with the lower-class girl.

After college, Jo opened a motorcycle shop. She got a loan from the bank, rather than accept any money from Blair's

parents, and eventually established a whole chain of the retail/repair shops and became wealthy in her own right.

Blair continued her education and studied fashion design. She went to Europe for a year, the time apart filled with phone calls and intercontinental flights back and forth for the lovers, but she finally returned home and became a well-known designer to the stars.

The two women were married ten years to the day of their first night together. They went to Vermont and eloped, having a nice private ceremony the way Jo had wanted. Then they came back home and had the wedding event of the decade the way Blair had wanted.

They've been together ever since.