

# shirley holmes creative

'the adventures of shirley holmes' fan fiction and fan art

## Best Friends With Benefits

A Shirley Holmes Fan Fiction

by Sunshine

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Rating: NC-17!!! Chapter 1 mild R, but it's gonna get hotter later on...No Kiddies!

**Category:** Bo/Shirley Romance. No mystery.

**Feedback:** Please please please!! Tell me that you like it or why you don't at [vee\\_sunshine@yahoo.com](mailto:vee_sunshine@yahoo.com)

**Authors comment:** I know this is a show for younger viewers and I watched it when I was younger too. But I grew up, and Shirley and Bo will too... So if you don't want to imagine them being normal teenagers with normal \*urges\*, stay clear of this story.

### Best Friends With Benefits : Chapter 1

Shirley Holmes slowly opened her eyes to the rain outside her window and wondered why she had woken up. Suddenly the doorbell rang again and Shirley jumped off the bed to run to the door.

Her parents were both away on a conference for a few days and had agreed to let her stay at home alone because her grandmother wasn't there either. She was on vacation - again - in Fiji. She had loved it so much the first time that she had gone back there a total of three times already.

Rushing down the stairs Shirley looked at her watch and gasped. It was already 7.40 am! Usually her alarm clock rang at 6.30 am but it obviously hadn't today. 'Damn it, that'll be one more unneeded tardy!' And they had Mr. Howie first period, he wouldn't let her down easy that was sure.

She already knew who was going to be at the door before she opened it. Her best friend and the Watson to her Holmes Bo Sawchuk always picked her up when it was raining.

Shirley smiled thinking about Bo. Although he could be pretty dense sometimes and wasn't as smart as her he was the best friend she could ever have wished for. For her it wasn't very easy to find friends because everybody was put off by her interest in criminology. But Bo, at first seeming an unlikely guy to ever befriend her, had done so, and was apart from Alicia and Bart the only one who didn't mind about her sometimes abrupt and impolite behavior.

Since having met him five years before, a lot of things had changed, her included. After having known him for some time Shirley had stopped being afraid that he would, in her opinion, find out what a freak she was and stop the friendship and so she had opened up to him. Their friendship had gotten stronger year after year and they were now so comfortable with each other that they sometimes seemed to read each other's thoughts, even in non-crime related situations. They often spend the weekends at Shirley's, every once in a while they'd even have sleepovers.

So after opening the door she greeted him and ran back up the stairs immediately, only stopping to tell him why she wasn't ready yet.

"Sorry Bo, I overslept. My alarm clock seems to be broken and I was still asleep when you rang, good

thing you did, otherwise I'd still be asleep. I'll be ready in ten minutes, okay? I'll do as fast as I can, promise. Come on in and make yourself at home."

Just catching a look at her legs as she was going upstairs Bo smiled appreciatively, glad that she was wearing a nightgown instead of pajamas. Then he turned towards the kitchen and called up to the second floor.

"Sure thing Shirl. I'll make your breakfast if you want. What would you like? Scrambled eggs, toast, anything?"

From out of the bathroom he could barely understand her answer because she was just brushing her teeth.

"Can A haf tost wif gello? Two? Shanks!"

"Alrighty. On the way!"

While Bo started to get everything he would need he thought about what he had just done. Lately he had noticed himself watching Shirley quite often, looking at her face, her clothes and her body. He liked it when she wore skirts, or when she was in her pj's during their sleepovers. He preferred not to think about the reason why he did it, because deep down he did know why. But they had been only friends for so long now, and he was sure that his wanting something more was one-sided. So he just watched, smelled and touched and pretended nothing was different.

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Fifteen minutes later Shirley came down the stairs with her backpack in her hand and smiled as she saw Bo standing with a plate in the one hand and a glass of milk in the other at the bottom of the stairs. Looking at him standing there, so handsome and grown-up, she felt funny inside. He could be so considerate sometimes, and at times like this she noticed how much he'd grown up. He had changed not only in looks, but also somewhat in his behavior.

A few years ago it wouldn't have been this natural for him to offer to make her breakfast and not whine about her being to late. He wasn't the same boy with a criminal record and macho behavior anymore, although that sometimes shone through. But their friendship had changed both of them to the better, and Shirley was very glad that she had him. She knew that if it weren't for him, she wouldn't be the same person today.

"I thought you wanted something to wash it down with, too. And, you know, the toast would still be warm if you had only taken 10 minutes...Oh you girls, you can't ever be on time!"

"Bo... You can be lucky that it was me, Alicia would have taken at least an hour! But thank you so much for breakfast. You're an angel. I'll eat on the way, maybe we can still get to school in time."

"You're welcome. Let's go. But you know, for taking 'only' 15 minutes, you look pretty okay to me...compared to Alicia." he added quickly and held the door for Shirley. After locking it they went to the car and he helped Shirley get in.

"Well thanks", Shirley said surprised. She didn't get compliments from Bo or anybody very often. Sometimes she thought that because everybody knew she was so smart and inquisitive, the boys didn't even see her as a female anymore. Only Matt had, but then he wasn't there that much. They hadn't seen each other in quite a while anyway.

And Bo? Well Bo had never put her down because of her mind, but he hadn't ever seemed to think of her as a girl either. Even though she had grown up too, and had started to try to be more feminine, which included going shopping with Alicia sometimes, he just didn't see anything more than a friend in her. Which was perfectly okay she added quickly, 'I wouldn't want him to think of me like that anyway. No. No I don't. Really not'. Not wanting to dwell on that she looked out of the window while eating her toast. But her thoughts didn't leave that train of thought until much later.

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They made it to school just in time for first period. The day went by okay, but during last hour Chemistry Stink played a joke on Alicia that led to an uncomfortable situation between Shirley and Bo. Stink had let

some of the chemicals explode on Alicia who ended up screaming because some of the mixture had splashed on her new shoes. When Alicia started chasing after him, Stink unintentionally bumped Shirley hard who then crashed into Bo and fell down on top of him.

Awkwardly she tried to get up, but her hair had wrapped around one of his buttons and she was stuck. While Bo carefully untied it, she took the opportunity and breathed his smell in deeply. Her nose was in his neck, and she could feel his skin under her cheek. Pretending to get her hair out of her face she lightly rubbed her nose into his skin.

Oh, he smelled and felt so good. His body was muscled and hard, and he smelled male and clean, not like after-shave. The feelings he inspired in her body were delicious, but Shirley chided herself for being stupid. She knew she'd never have a chance at Bo. He preferred the pretty, helpless girls that looked like they needed to be protected. And she knew, that she would never belong into that category.

Trying to untie her hair from his button, Bo fought the urge to hug Shirley close to him. She smelled so good, part vanilla and part herbal, and he remembered that during a case it usually mixed with various chemical smells. He used to pretend to read over her shoulder or grab any opportunity to let her show him something just to smell her. And to now have her tight on top of him was just an added bonus. When she rubbed her nose in his neck Bo had to suppress a shudder, it just felt so good. He felt himself get hard, and quickly tried to think of something less arousing than the girl nestled close to him. Even though he took his time in separating them from one another because he knew he wouldn't get another opportunity like this anytime soon.

After helping Shirley up, Bo turned back towards his assignment to hide his still half-erect member, but his thoughts weren't on it anymore. He was sure the incident hadn't meant anything to Shirley, not like it had to him. Her taste in boys tended to the intelligent guys that were at least as smart as her if not more so. Matt and any other guy Shirley had ever shown interest in had been like that, and Bo knew he was anything but smart. Even after having picked up on a lot in all the years with Shirley he knew he couldn't reach her level if he studied 24/7. He just had to try to be content with their friendship the way it was and finally stop thinking and feeling about her \*that\* way.

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On their way home in Bo's car they talked about the day and therefore the last period.

"Man, I can't believe Stink did that! I mean he knows that Alicia just goes crazy when something happens to her clothes...That was plain stupid of him!"

"I know. But he hasn't done a prank in a while, he was probably just going through withdrawal and not thinking straight...", Shirley chuckled.

"You are right. Withdrawal, well, I never thought of it that way but it certainly fits. Stink without practical jokes - that would be like m... ahhm, soup without salt or something." Bo almost said 'like me without you', but he had caught himself fast. Not that it wasn't right, but it would have sounded just a little bit too intimate in his mind. At least the way he meant it.

"Yeah, exactly. You know Bo, why don't you let me make you dinner tonight because you made me breakfast this morning? Or, since I really cannot cook that well, I'll order some pizza and we'll have a movie-night. We haven't done that in a while...you can even choose some of the movies, and if you want to you can stay the night."

Shirley was surprised at how couple-ish her suggestion had sounded at first, and had therefore changed it to something they normally did. And since they really hadn't had a video-evening since before their last case almost a month ago and their last real movie-night was at least a few months back, she looked forward to doing one.

Apart from them having lot's of fun watching the movies and eating pizza and pop-corn, a movie-night would also mean them both in pj's, especially Bo in boxers and a T-Shirt 'Which is NOT why I like it so much - ohh, stop that Shirley, you know it is. Just admit it, you're hot for his body'. Having thought that out loud, Shirley had to stifle a giggle. Being 'hot' for somebody was not something people would expect from her, but it was definitely true in this case.

"I'd like that. We really haven't done that in a while...and yes, I'd love to spend the night. It's much more

fun that way."

Bo was happy that Shirley had suggested it. He much preferred the movie-night to the video evening and was sorry that the last few times he would have wanted to stay the night something always had come up and he hadn't been able to. But this time nothing was planned for the day after, since it was the week-end they wouldn't even have school, her parents were gone and his parents had stopped worrying after he had explained to them that he and Shirley were NOT a couple, and NOTHING would happen between them there wouldn't be anything preventing him from staying the night. `If they knew how much I want something to happen they would lock me in my room - even though I'm almost eighteen...'.  
"So when do you want me to come over?"

"How about eight? Or Seven? I'll order the pizza for eight, but you can come anytime between seven and eight if you want to."

"Yes, sure. My parents want me to help them in the shop though, so it'll probably be closer to eight. Do you want me to get the movies?"

"That would be good. I just wanna see ...ahhm,..."The Wedding Planner". And don't you dare laugh. So what if I wanna see a girly movie..."

"Ohh, don't worry Shirl. You know I'd never make fun of you - actually, I do. So haha..."

Bo laughed out loud. But as he saw how embarrassed Shirley acted he stopped and smiled at her.  
"Shirley - I wouldn't laugh so much if you saw these kind of movies more often. But you never do. Is this an exception, or what?"

Shirley blushed a little. She started playing with her fingers as though it was making her nervous to be talking about it, and Bo couldn't help but look at them. They were so soft but capable, slender and strong. And she looked adorable with her red cheeks. He just wanted to reach over and take her hands in his, but then he noticed that she was talking.

"Well, ...ahhm... I kind of like girly movies. Just because I don't act much like a girl doesn't mean that I am not one. But most people don't understand that, even Mom and Dad don't seem to. I always thought that you might not understand either, but you're my best friend and I should be able to tell you that kind of stuff. You know?"

"Yeah. I'm sorry that I laughed about it before, I didn't realize how important that was to you. And I know that you're female, believe me, I wouldn't hold that against you. I'm honored that you told me."

Having said that, Bo gave in to the impulse and reached over to take her hand. He quickly pressed it, and then let go.

"Well, we're here. I'll see you tonight."

"Bye Bo. And thanks."

"You're welcome."

And after Shirley had left the car and was about to close the door, he called out to her.  
"Hey Shirl? You're my best friend, too, you know."

She closed the door and smiled at him, then waved and headed for the front door.

## **Best Friends With Benefits : Chapter 2**

At seven p.m. sharp Bo rang the bell at the Shirley home. When several moments passed by without anybody opening the door, he leaned forward to ring again, but at the same time Shirley opened the front door. She was clad in a terrycloth robe and her hair was wet.

"Bo. I thought you were going to come later; I was just taking a shower. Come in."

"No, I just have been trying to catch you unaware. And it even worked twice today...no seriously, I'm sorry

Shirley. My parents didn't need my help after all, so I decided to head over early. I hope that's alright." While they were talking, Shirley had closed the door and had started heading upstairs, Bo right behind her. In front of her bedroom she stopped and turned around.

"Oh no, you know it's not a problem. You go ahead and take the videos to the attic, I'll be right there."

"Sure."

After Shirley closed the door behind her, she shrugged out of the robe and put on her usual sleep-over nightclothes, black boxers and a red tank top. Feeling quite daring, she didn't put any panties on underneath. When she was alone she usually didn't either, but when Bo or Alicia slept over, she put them on. That day she just didn't care, it was not as if Bo would ever find out. She quickly put on the robe over it but didn't bother tying it up.

When she had finished dressing she toweled her hair to keep it from dropping water to the floor and then grabbed her pillow and blanket from the bed to take them upstairs. She wanted to have a real sleepover, and didn't want to go back to her bedroom later on. She and Bo would just sleep on the couch and the mattress she had stored in the attic.

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When Bo heard Shirley gasping on the stairs he went and saw her legs sticking out from a pile of bedclothes. Quickly he grabbed one of the pillows that was falling down from the top and then preceded Shirley to the couch. They dumped the pile next to the couch and Shirley then went to where the mattress was stored. Bo helped her get that out as well and they put it next to the other side of the couch. Having done that, Shirley let herself fall on top of the mattress and stretched.

Bo looked her over, the robe had fallen to the side and her tank had ridden up so that a small part of her belly could be seen between the hem of the tank and the boxers. He could even barely see her navel and had to repress the urge to bend down and lick that naked piece of flesh. She looked too good lying there like that and as he could feel himself starting to get aroused he turned around and busied himself with the videos. With his back turned to her he asked her which movie to watch first.

"Well, I've got "The Mummy 2", "Skulls", "Scary Movie" aaand..."The Wedding Planner"...I vote for "The Mummy 2", but first lets order some pizza. You haven't already done that, have you?"

"No, of course not. I thought you'd be here later. Remember? Anyway, I'm okay with the Mummy. Bacon, Mushroom and extra cheese like always?"

"Yup. I'll go ahead and start the previews while you order."

"Sure."

While Shirley called up the pizza place and ordered for them, Bo popped in the video and sat back on the couch. He took off his shoes and sweater because he was more comfortable in t-shirt and jeans. Having made himself at home he turned on the TV. The previews were already on, but he turned around and looked at Shirley. She was done with the call and put the phone on the desk, then turned around and went to sit next to him on the couch.

When the door rang they stopped the movie and Shirley grabbed her purse to go downstairs. Before she reached the stairs Bo stopped her.

"You can't go down there like that. You're not properly dressed. Give me the purse, I'll get the pizza." Shirley was too surprised to react so Bo took the purse from her and went to the door. While he was gone Shirley went and sat back down on the couch. 'What the heck was that?' she asked herself. 'He has never done anything like that before. Why could he have done that? He didn't want anybody to see me like that. He can't be embarrassed about it, because even if the pizza guy knew him, he couldn't know that he was here with me. Well, actually he could since his car is parked in front of the house. Therefore maybe he was embarrassed. Or maybe he was jealous? No, he just doesn't want anybody to think that we could be doing something other than watching a movie up here. That must be it.'

Soon Bo came back up with the pizza and a couple of Cokes. He knew she had glasses up in her little

lab, so he hadn't bothered with those. They continued watching the movie while eating pizza and then started on "Skulls" when "The Mummy 2" was over. Shirley had curled her legs up under her and leaned against Bo with her upper body. He had put his arm over the back of the couch and tugged her head down on his shoulder about halfway through the movie.

When their second movie had finished Shirley asked him to put in "The Wedding Planner" and they watched through it almost exactly like the other ones. At the end Bo firmly put his arm around her only to take it back minutes later when he put in their last movie of the night.

By then Shirley was in that state of almost sleep that she didn't say or think anything about it. It felt right and she didn't want to analyze anymore. Halfway through "Scary Movie" Shirley proposed to get ready for bed because she was really tired, so they paused the movie and turned the couch into a fold-out-bed. While Shirley placed sheets, pillows and blankets over it Bo went to the bathroom and changed into his usual nightclothes, boxers and a t-shirt. When he had come back, Shirley also went to the bathroom. She came back quickly, took off her robe and sat down next to Bo on the sofa. He'd already put a pillow for her on it so she just adjusted the blanket over her legs and motioned for him to restart the movie. At first he didn't react because he was concentrating on the way her thigh brushed against his, but when she nudged him again he pushed "play".

"Hey, you already asleep, Bo?"

"Na, I'm alright. I was just lost in my thoughts, sorry."

"S'okay."

With that she turned back towards the TV and leaned into the pillow. Bo smiled at her and when he saw that she was already engrossed in the movie, he again put his arm around her and focused on the TV screen. When he pulled her closer Shirley felt slightly breathless and hot inside, but she tried to ignore the feeling and concentrated on the movie.

About half an hour later the movie was over and Shirley turned towards Bo to tell him to turn back the tape, but as she saw that he was fast asleep she took the remote from him and rewound the movie herself. As the tape had finished rewinding she stood up to take it out of the VCR and place it back with the other movies. Going back to the couch she smiled at Bo who had fallen asleep sitting up, and because she thought that he might be stiff in the morning she started moving him into a more comfortable position.

He wasn't very light, so it was hard for her to move him from the side; therefore she went over to the other side of the couch and climbed in. She crawled over to him on her hands and knees and when she was half above him she put her right hand behind his head and used her left hand to pull him down. That didn't help much so she shook him a bit.

"Bo, help me a little, please. You're too heavy you big oaf!"

"Hmm. Shirley", was all he said, but he moved the way she wanted him to. When he had settled down in an apparently good enough position he kept a hold of Shirley's left hand and pulled her down with him so that she was laying half on top of him, cradled into his armpit. She tried to get loose without much effort and when he didn't let go she admitted how good it felt to be in his arms. 'He won't notice anyways, by tomorrow we'll have ended up on opposite sides of the bed. It won't matter', she tried to convince herself, and soon she was asleep.

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Throughout the night Bo and Shirley did indeed shift positions every so often, but they didn't let go of one another. On the contrary, by morning they had intertwined so much, both laying on their side facing each other with their arms around each other and one of Bo's legs between Shirley's whose upper leg was thrown over both of Bo's, that it was hard to see where one ended and the other began.

Bo woke up first, and at first he wasn't too sure about where he was and what had happened. There was a curvy female body in his arms with her head nestled in his neck and he could only see dark brown hair before him. Soon though he remembered, and the recognition that it was Shirley who was in his arms, warm, sweet smelling - pressed against him - Shirley, did nothing to diminish his morning problem. He stayed with her for a few more minutes, breathing her in and enjoying the feeling of her body next to his,

but when his body started feeling too good he tried to untangle himself from her.

His movements roused Shirley from her deep sleep and she began to move. Her body rolled into his even more and when she seemed to register him next to her she broke out into a content smile. Her eyes didn't open though and when he tried to stand up again she moved against him in an unconsciously enticing way. Bo swallowed and couldn't help but to thrust back against her, she felt too good. The thrusting continued for several moments more, but suddenly Shirley moaned.

"Hmm...Bo."

He stopped immediately for fear that she had woken up, but she didn't say anything else. Realizing that she must still be asleep he finally got out of her grasp and sat on the edge of the bed, although he felt like it was the hardest thing he'd ever done.

His actions must have awoken Shirley for real, as he heard her sighing behind him and he said good-morning without turning around-he didn't dare to in the state he was in right then. If he turned around and saw her sexy body stretching on the bed he wouldn't be able to restrain himself and jump her. Yeah, he would jump her. He would start by licking that little strap of skin between her boxers and tank, and then he would kiss up her body to finally settle on her mouth. He would kiss her, long and tender, but after a while things would heat up and they would share hot open-mouthed kisses. He...

" Mmm, 'morning to you too. Did ya sleep well?"

God, her throaty sleep-drunken voice. It was so hard not to turn around and push his tongue down her throat, so hard not to push her tank up and...

"Bo?"

"Good Morning Shirley, yeah, I slept well. I'll be right back."

With that he almost ran to the bathroom. Shirley was taken aback by his behavior but she was too preoccupied by what had just happened. She had woken up in Bo's arms, his large erection pushing into the V between her thighs. It had felt so good and she couldn't help thrusting back. She still felt hot all over, her nipples were engorged and she was pretty sure that her upper thighs were coated. Her body felt tingly and she ached for Bo to come back and resume the thrusting.

After a few minutes she had calmed down and stood up herself. She stretched and worked the kinks out of her muscles, and as she was doing her back and turned around, she came face to face with Bo. He broke out into a wide grin when he saw her almost falling from the quick step back she'd taken when she'd almost crashed into him, and he grabbed at her arm to keep her up.

"Easy there!"

"Thank you. I wasn't prepared for that, you were so quiet...I didn't hear you coming."

"You're welcome. Well, what do you want to do? Are you hungry for breakfast yet?"

"Yes sure. Scrambled eggs with bacon or pancakes with syrup?"

"I'll go for the eggs."

Bo had managed to get a grip on his problem in the bathroom but when he came back the sight of Shirley arching her delectable body met him. She seemed to do that a lot lately, or maybe he'd just never noticed before. It made the inch of naked skin from her belly wider, the fabric of her top stretched over her breasts and he could see the outline of her nipples, which was quite prominent. Either she was cold or their previous situation hadn't left her as untouched as he'd thought. She \*had\* been asleep when he'd lost it, hadn't she? It was just from sleep that she'd counteracted his movements. And it was coincidence that she had moaned his name out loud, hadn't it? Of course it had. Had it?

Bo wasn't completely sure, but the more he thought about it, the more secure he was in his belief that she had been awake, if only barely. Her breathing pattern had changed when he'd first moved against her. And when he looked at her right now, her eyes still were a little unfocussed, hazy, just as if she'd been aroused. Could that be true? Could she have the same feelings towards him that he had for her? And even if it was just plain desire, that was still better than just plain friendship. Because he wasn't

completely sure about his observations, Bo decided to pay more attention to Shirley's behavior and find out if she was indeed attracted to him. 'Well, that is going to be fun', he thought while breaking out into a huge smile.

### **Best Friends With Benefits : Chapter 3**

Before he went downstairs after Shirley, Bo ruffled his hair and pulled down his boxers a bit, so that the skin of his belly and with it the hair tracing towards his groin would be visible. He knew that most girls found that arousing and he wanted to try it on his best friend. Still smiling he went to join Shirley in the kitchen where she had already started taking out everything she needed for the bacon and eggs. Bo walked over to her until he could almost touch her and when she turned around she bumped into him. "Whoops!...Sorry, I didn't hear you coming."

"That's okay, Shirl. Can I help you with anything? Plates, glasses, that sort of thing?"

"Yes, that'd be very nice. You know where everything is."

"Sure."

When Bo got the plates out of the higher cupboard he made sure that his t-shirt rode up, And when he turned around he could see Shirley turning her head away. She seemed flushed, her cheeks were red and she was very busy with the eggs - too busy in fact.

Bo smiled and continued setting the table while starting up a conversation with Shirley. "So, am I supposed to go home soon or do we make the best out of this parent-free weekend and extend the sleep-over? What do you think?"

"Oh no, you don't have to go right now. In fact, I like that idea! We could do something like bowling or going to the movies - you know, something \*normal\* and then you can stay over again if you want to. We haven't done anything normal these past few weeks."

"Yeah, that'd be cool. Hmm, what else can we do? Hey, what do you think about going over to Haysville and doing some stuff there? They have way more fun things to do than Redington. Like the skating ring, if you don't think that's for babies, or the mall and the paint-ball game."

"Oh yes! We could start out over there at the mall, they have this cool arcade. Then we could go to the paint-ball game, to the skating ring and when we're through with that it's already late afternoon so we can come back to the bowling alley and maybe the movies after that. And we could grab a bite to eat at the mall and over at the Quazar Cafe.

You think?"

"Great! That will be fun!"

During the meal they decided to get dressed right after breakfast. They had already slept in late, and if they wanted to do everything in one day they had to get started right away. Continuing the meal in a comfortable silence they were used to with each other, they mostly concentrated on their food, but every once in a while Bo would look up and catch Shirley looking at him. Sometimes she turned her head away quickly and sometimes she just smiled at him, but her actions made him remember how often this had happened before. He had never noticed consciously and he now wondered why. Deciding that it was probably just thinking too much of her and trying to hide that from his part he asked Shirley whether he could take a shower at her place and then run by his place to grab some more clothes later on. Shirley of course told him yes, and so he left and went to take a shower while Shirley put away the used plates. He came back out ten minutes later and deliberately wore only the towel slung over his hips when he went to tell Shirley that she could use the bathroom now. When he got the reaction he had expected he smiled, now that he had started paying more attention she had become pretty predictable. First she took a long look at him, then her eyes glazed over and her breathing became shallow, and then, when she noticed that she was staring she tried to focus and smiled at him.

"You can go in now, Shirley."

"So, you're wet- ahm...done? Then I'll take you now. Take a shower now. Yes, shower. Not you. Oh,

whatever. Thanks for telling me."

Shirley Holmes was \*not\* speechless very often. In fact, Bo could count these occasions on the fingers of one hand. So for her to be this confused must mean some serious attraction on her part, of that he was sure. And now that he was, he had only to either make her admit it or make her act on it. And if she wouldn't do it, his name wouldn't be Bo Sawchuk if he wouldn't make a move on her himself.

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Soon after they both had gotten dressed they left for Bo's. During the drive they chatted animatedly about the day ahead, and when they arrived he went in to get the clothes. He left a note for his parents on the table, they wouldn't mind him staying out but he knew they preferred it if he told them about it. Shirley had waited for him in the car and when he came back they quickly drove off.

The drive to Haysville took them roughly thirty minutes, and when they arrived it was around 11.30 a.m. The mall wasn't yet that busy, so they didn't have any problems playing at the arcade. Most of the computer games were exciting, but they enjoyed two of them most. The first was a racing game that two people could play at the same time, and the second one a gun-shooting exercise.

After grabbing a bite to eat at the mall Bo and Shirley went across town to the paint-ball game. Fortunately it wasn't very busy there either, and they managed to completely splatter each other with the color. Laughing they left the game and headed for the car.

"Oh my gosh, I can't believe you hit me right in the face, Bo!"

"Ha ha ha! You looked so funny when I did that! Bet you didn't expect it."

"No, of course I didn't. That was sneaky!"

"Tough luck! No seriously, the look on your face was just worth it. I could still crack up thinking about it!"

"Jerk! Anyway, are you sure you wanna go to the skating ring like this? I mean our clothes were covered by the suits, but our faces look like colored with war paint..."

"Well, I don't care if you don't. It'll be fun, come on."

"Ok, let's go!"

Although the people looked at them funnily, the two friends very much took pleasure in skating. They raced each other, fell down numerous times, bumped into other people and behaved like small children out on their own. When Shirley finally looked at her watch it was already 6 p.m., so they left and headed back to Redington. They both wanted to take a shower before going to the bowling alley and decided to not go to the Quazar Caf/ but eat something at Shirley's.

"Well Shirley, what movie do you wanna go see? Or would you rather stay in and rent some more videos?"

"Oh, I don't really care. What is on at the movies?"

"I don't know. Oh wait, that's not true. They're playing "American Pie 2", "Planet of the Apes" and "The Others", the rest I don't know."

"Well, I don't really want to see the first two, but I might go for "The Others" if there's nothing better."

"Okay. Then let's go get cleaned up first and then see what we're going to watch at the movies, and if there's nothing else we'll go with that."

"Sure."

Throughout the day Bo had let up on his seduction a little, but he had still made sure to touch her more than usual. A helping hand here, a pulling along there - not enough to make her say anything, but enough to make her notice. He was determined to have her admit her feelings for him this same weekend, and he knew he had to speed up the action. It was time to turn up the charm and blatant

sexual provocation, and what better place was there to do that than a scary movie?

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While Shirley took a quick shower she considered what had happened that day. Bo had been acting funny ever since waking up. First the evading, then the taunting- no, she was sure that he wasn't deliberately taunting her. That would first of all mean that he knew about her silly infatuation with him, and secondly that he had the same feelings. She knew that he would never tease her with something like that. If he knew he would either not say anything or tell her that he didn't feel the same. Since him having similar feelings was totally out of the question, and he would never set her up - it was probably wishful thinking on her part. She was just seeing things.

"Yes, nice male things. Nice male Bo things. Shoot... He looks so good, damn it. His chest is muscled from the exercise in basketball, his abs seem stone hard and that little trail of hair - yummy. God, when did I become so girly? I don't think that I have ever in my life said or thought 'yummy'. Damn it but he \*is\*... there was this little drop of water that slid down his chest and into the towel...God. Inside the towel... Shirley you are going crazy! Stop it!"

With that thought she turned the water to cold. If that helped boys to 'cool' down, why shouldn't it help girls, too. Shuddering she stepped out of the shower moments later and wrapped herself into the warm towel. Maybe that had been just a little bit too cold...

Several minutes later she opened the door to the bathroom and started to go to her bedroom to get dressed. She had barely rounded the corner when she bumped into Bo.

He stumbled and lost his footing, and down they went again. But contrary to their fall in the classroom the day before, this time Shirley landed on the bottom. Bo tried to cushion her fall a bit with his arms, one of them going around her upper body, and ended up in exactly the position he had planned for. Her towel had ridden up to her hip and her legs had fallen open, leaving room for his boxer-clad body. Chest to chest they laid, her breasts crushed against his torso, his thighs in between hers. When he moved his body as if to get up he made sure to rub against her top to bottom, and as her towel chose that moment to open completely and he could finally see her naked body, his already half-hard member became fully erect.

Damnit, he hadn't planned on revealing his feelings this soon. He should have known that tripping Shirley would lead to the same position they had been in the day before, and if he had trouble controlling himself then, how much harder was it if both of them were more or less naked. Oh whatever, he thought, a boy's gotta do what a boy's gotta do.

Shirley had turned beat red, partly from embarrassment but mostly from excitement. Bo felt just too good right on top of her, and she was sure she could feel something hard in between her legs - ooh! Hard...legs...Bo...if his boxers were gone and they would move just the slightest bit...she was getting so wet lost in her thoughts that she wasn't paying attention to what Bo was doing, and so he took her completely by surprise when his lips suddenly were on hers.

Taken aback she didn't close her mouth, and after a few seconds of just covering her lips with his Bo carefully licked them. He caressed her teeth, her palate and finally, her tongue with his own. Shirley felt breathless, hot all over and needy for him. At first she just let him lead, but soon that wasn't enough and she mirrored his movements, every caressing of her mouth was followed by a counter swipe of her tongue inside his. He thought she tasted like chocolate, sweet, white, melt-in-your-mouth chocolate he couldn't get enough of. Although they hadn't ever kissed before, it felt so familiar. She knew his smell, his way of moving, but she wanted to learn everything about the noises he made, what he liked and what he loved. One long slow kiss developed into several short and hot ones, the more they kissed the more they wanted to continue. It was madness, it was impossible and still they \*needed\*.

They needed each other, to breathe the other's breath, to be close, closer. Their hands started roaming all over each other's bodies, his hand on her back, her rear, her thighs then back over her front and up to her breasts. He formed it with his fingers, then fingered her nipple. Stroked it, pinched it. Wanting to taste it he licked and sucked all over her breast causing her to moan loudly. She was groaning, too, no - that was him because she had moved her hand from his back. First up to his neck, then down, down onto his ass and around into his boxers and...oh...yes...

Shirley had been curious about the male anatomy for a long time, particularly Bo's. Of course she had

seen pictures, and she and Matt had been together - but that was so long ago, and pictures couldn't accurately show everything. It certainly hadn't shown how velvety soft a man's penis was, or how strong it seemed to be. And the noises Bo made were just divine. He was moaning and groaning and gasping for breath and sighing her name and it all was just making her so hot, she could feel the wetness between her thighs increase and she wanted him there, wanted his hand there or even his mouth 'Oh God, his mouth...' and finally \*him\*. It was an almost painful desire to have him closer, inside her.

Suddenly his hand moved, while he was still suckling on her nipple it wandered down into the nest of hair at the apex of her thighs and stroked her there. Shirley knew he had had some experience before, how much she wasn't sure, but she was fairly certain he'd had sex before. That definitely showed in his movements, the finger slowly invading her, the thumb slowly circling her clit...oh yesss...She didn't care about any of it, just as long as he didn't stop doing \*that\*. She herself was all the time swiping her fingers along his manhood, trailing the drops of precum she had found at its head along the shaft. With her free hand she now searched for his chest, his nipple. She had read somewhere that a man's nipple could be as sensitive as a woman's, and if it was she didn't want him missing the same attention he was giving to her.

As their passion rose, the speed of their movements also increased. Bo had added a second finger to the one already penetrating her and his thumb on her clit was adding to the pressure she was feeling in her belly. Not wanting to be the only one to climax she sped up the hand moving up and down on his cock, which was already twitching heavily.

Both of their groans got louder and louder and when Bo felt his orgasm coming he stopped tending to her nipple and again covered her lips with his.

Time seemed to stand still for a few moments and then the feelings crashed through them. Shirley screamed, but her cry got lost in Bo's mouth as they fell off the cliff into nothingness together. For a few moments they couldn't think, couldn't breath, could only hold onto each other while they rode out the waves of their orgasm.

Continuing to kiss slowly and languidly after their climax both of them slowly recovered the power to breathe normally. Bo had rolled them over to their sides when he had been able to move again and now took his mouth from hers. His eyes moved all over her body as if to make sure it was really her, and finally he broke out into the widest and happiest grin Shirley had ever seen on him. She couldn't but smile back, she felt so giddy and happy and good and she wanted to stay that way forever. Then the telephone rang.

## **Best Friends With Benefits : Chapter 4**

Disclaimer: They don't belong to me. Never have, never will. Or maybe?

Rating: R for this chapter, but the NC-17 will hopefully be back soon.

Category: Bo/Shirley Romance. No mystery.

Feedback: Please please please!! Tell me that you like it or why you don't at vee\_sunshine@yahoo.com

Author's comment: I know this is a show for younger viewers and when I watched it I was younger. But I grew up, and Shirley and Bo will, too... So if you don't want to imagine them being normal teenagers with normal \*urges\*, stay clear of this story!

PLEASE: Until now I haven't had the problem, but I know that other writers have: If you don't want to read NC-17 rated stories - \*don't\*! Don't read it and send flames anyway, or worse, \*not\* read it at all and send flames to anybody who writes stories with that rating...

A \*big\* "Thank You" to my beta Piper and Damon Ford, who helped her revise this chapter. You two rock!!!

\*\*\*\*\*

"Hello?"

"Shirley? This is Alicia. Look, I know this is kind of late, but I was wondering if you wanted to go to the movies tonight? I'm so bored and I really wanted to see "American Pie 2" and I knew you were at home alone and I thought you'd maybe want to go with me. If you don't want to go alone with me we could ask

Bart and Bo. What do you think? Ohh, I didn't interrupt any plans for tonight, did I? I guess I didn't. I mean, you don't really go out that much, do you? Anyway, what do you say?"

"Oh. Well. It is kind of sudden..."

"Shirley come on! You know that last time that we were going to watch a movie you didn't show up because you had some mystery to solve and you didn't tell me about it and I stood there for like hours until you finally remembered and called? You owe me!"

"Ahm. I guess. Well. You wouldn't mind asking Bart and...Bo to go with us, though?"

"No, of course not. I mean, movies are way cooler with more people. And I could even ask my new friend Diana - did I tell you I met her at the mall a week ago? She was reaching for the exact same sweater I wanted, and when I told her about how I had looked for this kind of sweater \*forever\* she was so sweet and she gave it to me and it ended up looking silly on me so I gave it to her but she didn't like it that much either, so we had bonded over that and we went to drink some coffee and she was \*so\* nice. You would like her. I mean, she's outspoken and she knows what she wants, but still, she's really sweet. Anyway, I could ask her if she wanted to come, too, and she could ask some friends and it'll be so much fun. In fact, I'll go ahead and call her right now, could you call Bart and Bo?"

"I guess-"

"Great! See you at eight!"

"Bye..."

Shirley hung up the phone still a little dazed. Alicia always spoke fast, but right then Shirley had barely been able to follow her. Although maybe that wasn't Alicia's doing, but Shirley's own preoccupation with Bo...He had come over while she was talking on the phone and put his arms around her so that he could kiss her neck. When Shirley had agreed to go out with Alicia he had grimaced into her skin and she had almost started to laugh out loud. She had caught herself just in time, but she had missed some of what Alicia said. Something about that girl she'd met? And she was supposed to call Bart and Bo?

Well, calling Bo wouldn't be necessary she thought and turned around.

"Bo. You heard what she said, go take your shower and get dressed. I mean, that war paint is kind of sexy, but I doubt Alicia would let you come with us..."

"Okay. But this isn't finished, Shirley. We have to talk."

"I know."

She smiled at him and then reached up to give him a light kiss.

"By the way, that was nice. \*Very\* nice. I wouldn't mind a repeat performance..."

"You can have that, Shirl. Go ahead and call Bart, we'll make it through the movie and then we'll come back here. To talk - and to do other things."

With that he turned around and went to the bathroom. Shirley admired his backside for a moment and then started dialing Bart's number. 'This is so going to be fun. Not. "American Pie 2" with Alicia, Bart and that girl...at least Bo's with me. And the theatre is usually dark...that opens up some possibilities.'

\*\*\*

When she had finished talking to Bart she went up to her room and got dressed. She'd almost forgotten that she was wearing only a towel and laughed when she imagined Alicia's reaction to her 'new dress'. It was already 7.30 p.m. when she came down to Bo, who was waiting at the bottom of the steps. As she went by him he grabbed her around the waist and pulled her flush against his body. Then, he slowly lowered his lips to hers and licked her upper one. Looking up at him through half-lidded eyes Shirley flicked out her own tongue to meet his and soon they were kissing hot and heavy. After several breathless minutes they pulled apart and Bo adjusted his pants that had gotten just a little bit too tight. Shirley grinned at him and took his hand as they went outside to the car. Once they had reached it and

sat down inside Bo turned the ignition and they started.

"Shirley?"

"Yes?"

"How do you want to handle this right now? I mean, are we dating and should I buy your ticket? Or do you want to keep it down and not tell anyone right now?"

"You know what? I think that if you don't mind I'd like to keep it quiet. It sounds kind of forbidden to have a secret relationship, and I'd like that right now. Only if you don't mind though."

"No, I definitely don't mind...In fact, this could be fun, don't you think? Yeah, this could be some serious fun. Imagine sneaking away during breaks at school or having a little nookie during lunch..."

"I know. We'll have a great time. And if somebody finds out - whatever. It's not like it actually \*is\* forbidden...we could just keep it that way for a while, and when we're both ready to tell everyone and behave like a couple, we'll do that."

"Great."

"Yah."

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Alicia and two girls Shirley didn't know were already waiting for them. They were introduced as Diana and Fiona, and when Bart arrived a few minutes later the six went inside together. While Shirley, Bart and Bo went to get the tickets the other three got popcorn and drinks, and finally they went to their seats. There were some problems about who would sit next to whom, but Shirley and Bo managed to sit next to each other at one end of the group.

Since they had been late the previews had already started and after only a few moments the movie began. The conversation died down as the teens became engrossed in the film, and when Bo was sure everybody was paying attention to it he reached over and took Shirley's hand. She squeezed it and smiled at him, then went back to watching.

About thirty minutes into the movie Shirley became restless, she hadn't really wanted to see "American Pie 2" anyway, it was too childish and unrealistic for her taste. She looked around the room trying to find something to distract herself with and ended up looking at Bo. He seemed to enjoy the movie, but Shirley was sure he wouldn't mind what she was about to do.

She slowly took her hand out of his pretending to reach for the popcorn with it, and when he turned to look at her questioningly she quickly feigned interest in the movie. From the corners of her eyes she watched and waited until he had turned back towards the screen, then she gradually put her hand on his knee. He looked at her again, but this time she just smiled at him innocently. During the next minutes she ever so slowly started caressing his leg in strokes that got closer and closer to his groin area, never quite reaching it.

By now Bo had of course guessed what she was doing and about to do, and after looking around in the movie theater, especially at their friends, he decided that two could play this game and put his arm around her nonchalantly. While she kept on stroking his leg he started caressing her side, getting closer to and finally touching her breast. She started when he did that but quickly composed herself again, although he noticed with pleasure that her breathing had become a little heavier.

Not to be outdone Shirley chose that moment to reach his groin and touch the bulge that had long since formed in his pants. After one long breathless pause he inhaled laboriously and tried to calm down. Bart looked over at him and Shirley quickly pulled her hand away, only putting it back slowly after he had turned back. By now Bo had managed to control his breath and instead started focusing on what he was doing to Shirley's breast.

At first he caressed the swell of her breast leisurely, learning her curves anew. When she started pushing her breast into his hand he gave in and started toying with her nipple, at first careful and slow and then faster and harder. When he tweaked it she jumped and moaned out loud.

They pulled their hands back just in time because even Alicia sitting next to Bart in the row had heard her and turned towards them.

"What's up Shirley? You okay?"

Thinking quickly and slowing her breath Shirley nodded.

"Kinda. I just bit my tongue while chewing on the popcorn. God, that hurt!"

Bo gave her the Coke sitting right in front of her.

"Here. Maybe the cold will help", he said innocently while smiling wickedly at her with his back to the others. She took a big gulp of Coke and then turned back towards the movie. The others followed her example and soon Bo slid his arm around her again.

This game continued all throughout the movie although they managed not to alert the others anymore. Small touches turned to light making-out, but they didn't dare do anything too heavy because they knew that they couldn't keep silent. They were passionate with each other, each caress inflamed twice more than the previous one. More than once they had to stop altogether and take some deep breaths. All in all they didn't pay attention to the movie anymore, and after it was over and the others discussed the various jokes and situations Bo and Shirley just nodded and laughed.

Alicia wanted to go to the Quazar Cafe afterwards, but luckily Bart had to get up early the next morning and Diana and her friend had to drive back all the way to Haysville. That way Shirley and Bo agreed that they should do that some other time, excused themselves and went to the car.

The drive back to Shirley's was spent quietly, the two being content just holding hands. When they turned into her driveway she broke the silence.

"That was close several times... but I think it was the most fun I have ever had!"

"Was it? I thought you had the most fun ever a few hours ago?"

"Bo! That was something else. That wasn't fun, it was ... great. No, better than great, terrific. Wonderful. Beautiful..."

"I know. Just wanted to tease you. You know, most of the time you're so serious and smart and all closed up in your - admittedly gorgeous - mind. That's why I loved our sleepovers or any time we spend together that way so much, and it's why I love being with you this weekend so much. You're more relaxed, open, you smile a lot more. You laugh and you make jokes and, of course, you kiss and make out..."

Shirley had to smile. Bo could be so sweet sometimes! This weekend he was showing of his sweet, caring and generally nice side a lot more than usual. Apparently, this weekend brought out the best in both of them - and then some.

"Thank you. You know, sometimes you say these wonderful things and I just don't know what to say. Saying 'Yeah, you too' just doesn't cover it...You have got to know I love being with you, too. Just doing stuff like reading or watching TV in your presence is just...great. Sometimes I think that if it weren't for you I would be a way sadder, more bitter and alone person today. You keep me - I don't know - grounded. That sounds kinda cheesy, but it's the way I feel."

"Well, then thank you too. And I don't think it's cheesy, in fact, it's the way I feel about you, too. I'd probably still be the criminal I once was..."

"You were never a criminal! Just...misguided."

"Shirley, it's nice but also untrue of you to say that. We'll just leave it alone and admit that we very much influenced each other then, and still anchor each other now."

"Yes. And now can we go inside? It's getting kind of cold out here..."

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Half an hour later they were sitting on the couch in the attic with their nightclothes on - but save the t-shirt for Bo and still without panties for Shirley. They had decided that they were going to watch another one of Shirley's own videos since they were too keyed up to sleep.

Bo had already put in "Scream" and Shirley had gotten the leftover Cokes from out of the fridge, so they now sat next to each other in companionable silence. He had his arm around her and her hand was on his thigh, but otherwise they weren't doing anything but watching the movie.

"Well, what do you wanna do tomorrow Shirl?"

"Hmm. We already did so much stuff today; I don't think I have the energy to do anything tiring tomorrow. Maybe we could just hang out, go to the Quazar for lunch, watch TV - that kinda stuff, if it's okay with you."

"Sure. You know what? I haven't played Monopoly in forever, and we could do some card games. It's supposed to rain again anyway, we were lucky that it was so nice today."

"Yes, that's true. We'll just take it as it comes...and now quiet, I like this part."

About an hour into it Bo could feel Shirley start to relax some more, and when he looked over he saw that she had fallen asleep. Her face had a childlike quality to it, and although she wasn't smiling she had a very comfortable facial expression. He caressed her cheek and slowly stroked her lips with his index finger, then he carefully eased her down into a lying position. After arranging her comfortably on the pillows he turned off the video and the TV and finally fitted himself tightly next to Shirley. Her back to his front he put his left leg in between hers and his left arm over her body, tucking it into the front of her tank close to her belly.

## **Best Friends With Benefits : Chapter 5**

Best Friends With Benefits  
by Sunshine

Disclaimer: They don't belong to me. Never have, never will. Not even the title is mine.

Rating: NC-17. This is definitely not suitable for any young Shirley Holmes watcher!

Category: Bo/Shirley Romance. No mystery.

Feedback: Please!! Tell me that you like it or why you don't at [vee\\_sunshine@yahoo.com](mailto:vee_sunshine@yahoo.com)

Authors comment: I know this is a show for younger viewers and I watched it when I was younger. But I grew up, and Shirley and Bo will too... So if you don't want to imagine them being normal teenagers with normal \*urges\*, stay clear of this story.

Since the story is finally finished, I would very much appreciate getting feedback with constructive criticism as well as any wishes etc. on whether people would read other stories written by me. I have an idea about a Bo/Shirley romance with them both in their mid- to late twenties, but I'm more into other fandoms right now, therefore it depends on you readers whether I start on it or not. It would still take a few months for it to be finished anyway...

Now, you go and have as much fun reading it as I had writing it!

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Some time into the night Shirley woke up to find herself in bed with Bo, intertwined as they had been the last few nights they had spent together. She loved this intimate feeling, touching inches of his skin with her own in an embrace so tight it should have felt uncomfortable to sleep in but didn't.

It was really amazing. Only a week ago - no even a few days ago - she would have never thought it possible that she would be lying in bed with Bo. That she would have done things with Bo she hadn't done with anybody else before...very nice things...

She raised her head so that she was able to see the VCR where the time was inscribed in red letters. 1.30 a.m. She should be going back to sleep, and not muse about the changes having transpired over the last few days. Tomorrow - no, actually today - her parents would come back, and this quiet time with Bo would come to an end. She wouldn't have the chance to be really alone with him for weeks, but she

knew her parents had some trips scheduled for November. That was two months from now, and even though Shirley was positive she'd have lots of afternoons for quality time with Bo it wouldn't be the same. She had gotten to know a different side of him, although she wasn't surprised at his behavior in a relationship. Plus, she was definitely pleased by the way it had turned out - they could still be friends and have fun as such, but then an instant later he would grab her and kiss her so thoroughly she couldn't remember what she had been about to say.

Although not much of it had become obvious in their time together, Shirley could conclude from the behavior he had shown that he would be a demanding lover. Lover. She liked the sound of that word. Boyfriend had always sounded more like something Alicia would say, and Shirley deemed herself grown-up enough to be able to have a lover. Yes, it did leave a very nice feeling in her chest and she was quite sure that they would soon cross the line and be \*real\* lovers.

She turned around in their embrace as throughout the last hours they had rearranged themselves into a spooning position and raised a hand to Bo's face. It looked so young and boyish relaxed in sleep and it was hard to conjure up the image of the man who had ravished - ravished her? What kind of mental state was she deteriorating into? - her a few hours ago.

With her index finger she lightly traced over his eyes, nose and finally his lips. They were so soft, and she couldn't help caressing them a little longer. When he turned into her touch she smiled and the aching pressure in her chest increased until she could hardly bear it anymore. It was pleasure and pain both, and only after a long moment of taking deep breaths she realized what this had to mean. She was in love with him.

Completely and utterly, head over heels in love with him.

What now?

She had been convinced that these feelings for him were based on lust, not love, and that had enabled her to act more freely around him. But in retrospect she recognized the signs. She had been in love with him for some time; her feelings must have changed at some point without her realizing it before today. What an idiot had she been? How should she behave now that she knew the truth? Should she tell him, and hope that the intensity of her feelings wouldn't scare him but prompt him to return them? Or not say anything; risk him feeling the same but being to afraid to do anything about it himself?

She took some more calming breaths. She needed to do what she could do best - investigate. She would observe him, catalogue his actions and words and only broach the subject when she could be sure he loved her, too.

Relieved Shirley closed her eyes and succumbed to sleep.

\*\*\*

Shirley was dreaming. As with most people she usually couldn't remember her dreams the morning after, but lately she had been experiencing a series of erotic fantasies. Longer and more complicated every night, she would wake up in the mornings soaked in sweat and able to remember the tiniest details. She had been having these dreams for some time now, but tonight it felt even more intense than usual. In her dream she was having a picnic at the beach with Alicia, who was demanding that Shirley tell her about her relationship with Bo. Suddenly the beach vanished and she couldn't see anymore. When her initial panic had subsided she noticed that she wasn't blind after all, she was just wearing a silky blindfold that softly slid over her skin.

Somebody was caressing her now naked body, and when the person bent down to her she could smell Bo's unique fragrance. It felt so good, him stroking her sides, going up and down, up and down... Finally she felt his fingers where she realized she had wanted them the whole time, slowly inching closer to her nipples...oh, nice, very nice...ohhhh...

Then they were going down again, down to where she ached for them, where she needed them desperately...ohhhhhhhh...that was too good, how was she supposed to stand this ever-building pressure...it was too much...ouch! Oh that hurt, what was this throbbing pain...oh \*God\*, it was not...not a dream...and here she was with...with Bo...and oh God, he was inside her, and it hurt, and it felt good, and she couldn't stand it and the pressure rose and she had to open her eyes and there he was and... "Oh my Gooooood, Booo", she was moaning and he opened his eyes and where at first desire and plain

lust had been prevalent, his expression changed drastically when he, too, realized that it wasn't a dream, that he was indeed making love with his best friend, that they were joined in the most intimate way. "Oh no, Shirley", he panicked and started to pull out of her but she couldn't let him, the pressure was just too good and he had to go on, he had to!

"Nooooo, don't stop", she almost cried, because it was too good and spurred on by the feeling of her inner walls he went on, thrusting in and out and the little bit of pain that had stayed with her only added to the exquisite feeling inside her belly, and he looked at her, stupefied, not believing that he was \*inside\* her and she was so hot and he couldn't stand it and it was Shirley, his Shirley, and she was gorgeous, and her face was pulled taut and her eyes transfixed him and then she put her arms around his neck while her legs locked around his waist and they were kissing-

Kissing until they couldn't breathe anymore, pulling apart quickly only to be back at each other's lips as soon as possible because it was so good and the pressure rose and it was building and they couldn't stand it and then she felt him climax and slowly sink down onto her and they both had to catch their breath, panting, while Bo rolled them over, staying inside her, so close to each other that they couldn't tell where one ended and the other begun.

\*\*\*

For a while they stayed like this, still joined, panting and breathing in each other's breath. They had their arms around each other and were slowly relaxing from the exhaustion of the minutes before, and as his breathing returned to normal Bo grew increasingly frantic.

His eyes were fixed on a spot behind her and she knew he wasn't looking at anything but air. Shirley debated on what to do, and when his breathing seemed to speed up again she decided she couldn't hold off any longer.

"Stop that right now, Bo Sawchuk! I know what you are thinking, and it's not what really happened. It might have been a surprise, and a little sooner than we'd thought, but that doesn't mean it wasn't right!" At least his breathing was slowing down again, but by the horror and guilt etched plainly all over his face she recognized her words hadn't been enough to convince him. He was still sure he had done something against her will, ruined her first time somehow or hurt her more than he should have.

Shirley knew that she had been more than willing in the act [I think that tense makes more sense, but you native should better have a look at it again...], and she needed to find better words to convey her feelings to him. She was still thinking of a way to reassure him when he interrupted her trail of thoughts with his own.

"How can you say that? How can you be so calm about this? Shirley, don't you realize I almost raped you? No, not almost, I \*did\* rape you! You, Shirley Holmes, my best friend, the one I lo... like so very much!"

"Bo. Listen to what you just said - how ridiculous! You, raping me? Whatever gave you that idea? My screams for help, my begging for you to stop or my tears of pain? Bo. You'll have to excuse my sarcasm here, but you should know that rape is defined as going against somebody's will or wishes. Did I say "no" once during this...this...wonderful moment? Did you feel me pushing you away?"

"Well, no. But that's just because I surprised you, doing things with your sleeping body you weren't even aware of. I'm honored but horrified at the length you're willing to go to for the sake of our friendship! It's not worth this, I'm not worth this!"

Shirley was astounded at the way her passionate and self-confident lover of a few minutes ago had changed into this horribly frightened and self-doubting/-conscious boy she thought she had last seen years ago. It was endearing how she mattered to him so much he couldn't even see straight for fear of having done something wrong, but this was not the time to reminisce about his feelings towards her.

"Of course you would be worth this, but I'm not doing this because of our friendship. I'm doing this because you have to realize I wanted it, too. I enjoyed it; in fact, I probably didn't feel so much of the pain involved in this because I wasn't fully awake." While saying this, Shirley had taken Bo's hand and was now looking into his eyes intently. I love the closeness we shared, the sight of you climaxing in my arms - in me - and I do \*not\* regret a single moment! It was the most beautiful, terrific, wonderful, \*great\* thing I was ever involved in."

"Oh God, Shirley. It was breathtaking, wasn't it? You were so beautiful in my arms, so responsive, so warm and soft and a million other things that I don't have words for. If you're sure about this, then I don't regret it either - oh my God, what about birth control? Shirley, I could have gotten you pregnant, and then you won't be able to finish school, and you couldn't study, and-"

"Shhh. Even if it did come to that - which it won't, because I have been on the pill due to my irregular cycle for over a year - we could handle it. That's not to say we shouldn't buy some extra contraceptives, safe sex and all, but you know - between you and I, we'd work it out."

"Oh Shirley. You are simply amazing, do you know that? If you're completely sure, then I wouldn't have missed it for the world...it was great, better than anytime before - ah hell, it's different when you're in love, isn't it?"

He seemed to realize what he'd just admitted and opened his mouth as if to try to change its meaning, but then he relaxed and inhaled deeply. It was what he felt, and since Shirley was also his best friend, not only the girl/woman he loved, she deserved the truth - even if she didn't reciprocate his feelings. But he needn't have worried. On her face the largest smile ever had started forming and her eyes were glistening wet with tears. She hadn't taken herself for an emotional person before, but right then she didn't care. It should be allowed to be emotional with the man one loved - the man who loved one back! Oh God, he loved her!

"Bo! Oh Bo! If I ever get this weepy back in real life I allow you to officially call me Alicia from then on, but...oh, I love you too, of cour-"

With that she was interrupted by Bo's lips sealing hers while he almost crushed her in his tight embrace. Both of their thoughts were reduced to an immense feeling of love and for several long minutes they continued to kiss passionately.

However, they were reminded of the fact that they were still joined when Bo stiffened inside her once again. Shirley smiled, for it apparently was true what Alicia had told her about the young males ability to recuperate quickly, and decided to enjoy this last time without condoms. She wasn't stupid, and knew that even the pill sometimes didn't work, but she promised herself that this was the last time - and her second first time - that she was going to be reckless. She just couldn't bear for Bo to stop now, and he was only getting busy kissing her neck wetly. What else was going to come, now that they were doing it properly?

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There had been much else to come. Shirley smiled in remembrance when she stepped out of the shower and into the towel Bo was holding up for her. They had showered together, both still too exhausted from their earlier lovemaking to attempt anything but cuddling, and Shirley reveled in the intimacy that had been unthinkable only a few days ago but was so welcome and cozy right now. Tugging the edge of the towel under her arm she couldn't resist reaching up, taking a hold of Bo's hair at the back of his neck and pulling his head down to hers.

Their lips met in a smile and while the kiss was deep, it was more pleasant than passionate. Bo gently took a strand of hair that had escaped the hastily put on towel to put it behind her ear, then he intertwined his fingers with hers and lead her to the bedroom. After another sweet kiss they got dressed, and afterwards helped each other blow dry their hair.

Together they went downstairs and prepared breakfast, not having spoken a word since getting out of the shower. It felt good, Shirley thought, how they could share comfortable silences with each other so easily. Touching frequently and smiling at each other they set up the table. Finally Shirley took the hot toast and sat down with Bo who had already poured her some orange juice.

"How long are you going to stay today, Bo?"

"Well, I'm not sure. I'm going to call my parents after breakfast because I think they had something planned this after-noon. I'm pretty sure my mom's best friend and her husband are going to come over with their son - you remember Billy? I think you met him some time -

and they wanted me to be there. But I could be mistaken. Anyway, I'm definitely staying for a few more

hours."

"Good. I'm not sure either when my parents are going to be back, so I don't think we should leave the house and go anywhere. We could just relax up in the attic, watch TV or something. Maybe I can even find a new mystery in the paper. I haven't even looked at it for the past few days...you know this is all your fault, of course?"

"Ha ha. I love you, too."

Bo looked at her intently across the table. It seemed so easy to say that to her now, when he hadn't even been sure about his feelings a week ago. It seemed surreal somehow, the speed with which they had gone from best friends to lovers. In the movies he had always laughed about characters that had declared their undying love for each other after such a short time, but Shirley and him were different. They had already known each other for years, been in each other's company constantly during these years, a few more months wouldn't have changed much.

"And I love you, Bo. Never forget that, especially not when I get caught up in some mystery or other and act as if that was the most important thing in the world. Promise?"

"I promise. I know you, Shirley. And you know I'll cope with it. Barely."

Grinning at each other over the table while they constantly touched their lower legs underneath it, the two continued their breakfast in passionate silence.

\*\*\*End\*\*\*

Constructive criticism or review anyone?