

~ I'll Be Home For Christmas ~ (Home For The Holidays - Part 2)

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PART ONE

Lindsey rested on her side looking down at her lover. Even in the darkness of her bedroom she could still make out Tressa's chiseled features. She smiled as she watched her lover sleep. Gently she ran her fingers along Tressa's strong jaw line. "I still can't believe you're here," she whispered softly so she wouldn't wake her lover.

She continued to run her fingers down Tressa's neck, enjoying the warmth of the exposed flesh beneath her touch. Beneath the blanket, she wiggled her toes against Tressa's calf and smiled sweetly once again, enjoying the freedom of being able to move her foot. Her cast had been removed that morning, and Tressa had insisted on driving her to the doctor.

As Lindsey's hand drifted under the blanket down Tressa's chest, she recalled how nervous the tall brunette had been. Tressa had practically thrown a fit when she was forced to remain in the waiting room while Lindsey's cast was removed.

Lindsey's smile vanished as she recalled the events that led up to her leg being broken. *'Damn you, Denise. You almost killed me and my spirit. But you failed. I'm here, lying next to the first woman I ever loved. The only woman I've ever truly been in love with. I survived,'* she thought bitterly as a shiver ran through her.

"Are you cold?" a deep voice inquired sleepily as blue eyes blinked open. Tressa's arm wrapped around Lindsey's back.

"No." Lindsey smiled. "Why are you awake?" she asked as her palm brushed against Tressa's nipple.

"Don't know," Tressa mumbled sleepily as her hand made soothing circles across Lindsey's naked back. "Perhaps it's because someone's feeling me up in my sleep?" She smiled brightly.

"Really?" Lindsey purred as she wiggled her fair eyebrows suggestively. She could feel Tressa's nipple hardening from her touch. "Do you want me to stop?"

"No," Tressa answered huskily as her body arched slightly.

Lindsey leaned down and captured Tressa's lips. Her senses instantly came alive. She could feel nothing but pure pleasure in the kiss they were sharing. It was amazing considering the events since they had rushed back to her condo after leaving the doctor's office. They had planned on

going out for lunch to celebrate. Yet their plans had changed. One look into Tressa's azure eyes had sent her pulse racing. They barely made it into the bedroom. Once locked away from the prying eyes of her pets, the two had made love well into the night.

Now as Lindsey's tongue brushed against Tressa's lips, her excitement returned. Tressa moaned as she parted her lips, inviting Lindsey in. Lindsey began a sweet exploration of the warmth as her hand continued to caress her breast.

Tressa was sucking on Lindsey's tongue as she pulled the smaller woman on top of her naked body. Lindsey moaned deeply, loving the feel of straddling Tressa's body. She pinched the brunette's nipple as she kissed her deeply. Lindsey's wetness grew as she pressed her body into the firm abdomen beneath her.

A jolt of pleasure rushed through her as Tressa's hands cupped her backside. The taller woman broke away from the kiss as she encouraged Lindsey to move further up her body. "Yessssss!" Lindsey hissed as Tressa captured a nipple in her mouth. Firm hands massaged her backside as she ground her throbbing clit against her lover's skin.

Lindsey ignored the slight cramp she felt in her still recovering leg as she thrust against her lover. Tressa guided her to ride her harder as she suckled Lindsey's breast. Lindsey could feel her thighs start to tremble as she thrust wildly against Tressa's body. "Oh God . . .," she panted, feeling herself nearing the edge. ". . . that's it . . . yes . . ." Her body tensed and her mouth went dry. As the heat rushed through her body and a slight buzzing began to fill her head, another sound interrupted her nearing climax.

The ringing of the telephone on the nightstand next to the bed disrupted their passionate rhythm. Tressa's movements faltered. "Don't stop," Lindsey pleaded. "Please, the machine will get it," she begged as she tried to focus only on her lover's touch.

The answering machine finally clicked on as Lindsey struggled to keep her mind clear of anything but Tressa loving her. "Lindsey sweetie . . . it's Mom," a voice began.

"Eww!" Both women growled as they halted their movements.

"I was wondering if you'd changed your mind?" her mother's voice continued as Tressa buried her face in her hands.

Lindsey climbed off her embarrassed lover and glared at the answering machine. "It would be so nice if you flew down here for the holiday," her mother pleaded.

"Answer it," Tressa growled. "She knows you're here. She'll just keep talking until you pick up," Tressa explained, still hiding her face.

Reluctantly Lindsey wrapped the blankets around her and rolled over to pick up the telephone. "Hi, Mom," she said tersely.

"Oh, you're there?" her mother replied happily.

"Yes," Lindsey snarled.

"So about flying home . . . ," her mother began.

"No," Lindsey responded firmly.

"But darling," her mother protested. "I don't want you to be alone on Christmas."

Lindsey listened to her mother's pleas to convince her to fly down to Florida. She was at a loss as to what she should do. She and Tressa had not revealed their reconciliation to their families yet. They also hadn't discussed spending the holiday together. "Maybe," Lindsey wavered. She could feel Tressa tense up beside her.

Her lover pulled away slightly and turned away from her. Lindsey could feel the tension emanating from her. "Look Mom, I'm tired," Lindsey lied. "Can I call you tomorrow to talk about this?"

"Is everything alright?" her mother inquired, sounding worried.

"Yes," Lindsey lied. "I'll call you tomorrow," she promised before they exchanged their goodbyes and she hung up.

"Tressa?" she began gently as she curled up behind the taller woman, placing a comforting hand on her lover's shoulder.

"It's late. We should get some sleep," Tressa responded stiffly.

"Tressa?" Lindsey pushed as her lover ignored her. "Oh, no you don't," Lindsey growled as she reached out and pulled Tressa to her.

"Hey!" the brunette protested as she was pinned to the bed by Lindsey. "Just what do you think you are doing?" Lindsey giggled as Tressa tried to free herself. Lindsey had managed to straddle her while firmly restraining her wrists above her head. "Just what is it you have in mind?" Tressa purred.

"Talk." Lindsey glared at her, not missing the lustful blue stare she was receiving. Her resolve wavered. She averted her eyes, only to find herself captured by the sight of Tressa's heaving chest.

"Still want to talk?" Tressa teased her in a husky tone as she arched her body slightly. Lindsey could feel her lover's body pressing into her center. Lindsey's eyes fluttered shut as her body trembled slightly. She swallowed hard and took a cleansing breath.

"Yes," she finally managed to squeak out as she released Tressa's hands.

Tressa's face dropped, a slight frown dimming her features. "Fine," she reluctantly agreed. "So how about those Red Sox?"

"Stop," Lindsey growled from above her, poking Tressa in the chest with her finger.

"Hey," Tressa grumbled as she captured the offending appendage.

Lindsey looked down at her lover, her face filled with concern. Tressa blinked slightly as she released her hand. "What's wrong?" Lindsey inquired softly. "Talk to me."

"It's nothing." Tressa shrugged.

"Tressa?" Lindsey pleaded softly. Her heart broke at the sight of tears filling her lover's eyes.

"It's silly." Tressa snorted. "I just thought . . . never mind."

Lindsey was about to protest Tressa's evasiveness when her lover's arms wrapped around her body, pulling her closer. Lindsey found herself nestled against Tressa's breasts as her lover gently ran fingers through her hair. Lindsey released a reluctant sigh, deciding to let it go for the night.

PART TWO

Lindsey woke to find herself alone in bed. She crinkled her brow, wondering just where Tressa had run off to. The sound of the shower emanating from her bathroom let her know where her tall dark lover was. She smiled as she rubbed the sleep from her eyes and briefly pondered joining Tressa in the shower but the scratching at the door changed her mind. Feeling guilty, she grabbed a pair of sweats.

She dressed quickly and opened the door. Ziggy jumped up at her, knocking her to floor. Rufus just stared at her. Ziggy licked her face happily as she pulled herself to her feet while Rufus stomped off down the hallway. She and Ziggy trailed along after the miffed feline. Lindsey was overjoyed to walk down her staircase for the first time in months. She paused for a delightful moment to simply wiggle her toes in the carpet.

She looked down to see Rufus glaring at her once again. The guilt rushed through her. "All right. I'm a bad mother," she groaned as she continued down the staircase. "Cut me some slack here," she said, trying to explain herself to the orange tabby. "Fine be that way," she countered as she threw her hands up in frustration and made her way into the kitchen. Ziggy circled her wildly as Rufus climbed up onto the counter.

"I don't think so," she snarled at the cat as she opened the back door to let Ziggy run out to do his business. She turned back with her hands on her hips and stared back at her cat. Rufus refused to

budge until Lindsey opened the cabinet and retrieved a can of *IAMS*. Rufus instantly jumped from the counter and circled her feet. "Oh, now you love me?" she teased her cat as she fed the little bugger.

After Rufus' stomach was satisfied, she turned on the coffeemaker and let Ziggy back in. The husky danced around as she set down his food. "I would have done that," a sultry voice said from behind her. Lindsey's body shivered from the sound.

Tressa wrapped her arms around Lindsey and began to kiss her neck gently. Lindsey reached up behind her and wrapped her fingers through Tressa's long black hair. "Is that coffee I smell?" Tressa whispered in her ear. Lindsey laughed lightly.

"Sure, use me to satisfy your caffeine addiction," she teased as she pushed away from her lover. She turned and tried to give the beautiful woman a stern look. She failed. When she saw Tressa standing there in just her robe, Lindsey's breath caught in her throat. The sight of the tall woman wearing the tiny garment quickly sent a jolt through her body. "God, you have great legs," she commented before she could stop herself. Licking her lips she took one last look at Tressa's seemingly endless legs. She turned away quickly, but not before she caught the cocky smirk her lover cast in her direction. "We don't have time," she commented gruffly.

As she reached for the coffee pot, Tressa's arms wrapped around her waist. "Baby," Tressa purred in her ear as she began to nibble gently on her earlobe. Tressa's hand slipped under her sweatshirt. Lindsey's knees buckled as her lover made gentle inviting circles across her abdomen. Her eyes fluttered shut as she leaned into her lover's body.

Tressa continued her assault on Lindsey's earlobe, her lips drifting down her lover's neck as her hand slipped beneath her sweatpants. Lindsey could hardly breathe. Ziggy's sudden barking broke the trance as she captured Tressa's wrist. "We don't have time," she repeated as she gently pulled Tressa's hand out of her pants.

Turning around she almost laughed at the sight of Tressa pouting. "Suck it up, bucko," she added playfully as she ducked out of Tressa's embrace. Ziggy barked once again, racing out into the living room. "Don't give me that look." Lindsey wagged her finger at the pouting woman. "You have a class and I need to go to the shop."

"Alright." Tressa grimaced. "I'll drop you off."

Lindsey paused for a moment. She really didn't need Tressa to drive her now that her cast had been removed. But she wasn't looking forward to driving her car either. "What is it?" Tressa inquired gently. The sound of Ziggy's continued barking interrupted her response. Lindsey brushed past Tressa to find Ziggy growling and scratching at the front door.

"What's wrong, boy?" Lindsey asked the flustered dog.

"What is it?" Tressa inquired in a tense tone. "I've never heard him act like this. Hell, he never barks when I come in."

"No, he never does," Lindsey commented absently as she pulled the overweight husky from the door. "He only acts like this when there's trouble . . . the last time was around . . .," she stopped suddenly as her heart sank. The last person Ziggy reacted to like this was Denise. She released her hold on the dog and brought her hand to her mouth fearfully.

Tressa gently yet firmly pulled Lindsey away from the door. "Ziggy, stay with Mommy," she commanded the dog. Lindsey held onto the dog as Tressa carefully opened the front door. Ziggy strained to get free as Tressa stepped outside and finally calmed down when Tressa reentered. "There's no one out there," Tressa commented nervously. "Did he act that way around her?"

Lindsey knew who Tressa meant. "Yes," Lindsey responded dryly. "I mean, he's always protective with me, but with Denise he always went a little crazy. Come to think of it, Rufus scratched her."

"I always liked your pets." Tressa smirked. "Wait, Ziggy's protective? Don't get me wrong. I love the big goof ball, but that dog has never barked at me."

Lindsey smiled at the thought. "No, you're the only one," she admitted. "You he greeted with a tongue bath." She relaxed as Tressa laughed at the memory. "I was so nervous about seeing you again. Who knew we'd end up making love a few hours later?"

"Our mothers," Tressa noted, recalling how their parents had set them up. "Well, maybe not the making love part, but the reconciliation was certainly their doing."

Lindsey watched as the smile suddenly vanished from Tressa's features. In its place was a grim look of foreboding. "Perhaps going to see your parents for Christmas is a good idea," Tressa said hesitantly, turning away from Lindsey.

Lindsey's heart sank. She had hoped that Tressa's reaction the night before was because she wanted to spend the holiday with her. "Fine," she retorted in a surprisingly calm tone as she stood. She retreated upstairs and stormed into her bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

PART THREE

"That went well," Tressa commented to husky who was now lying at her feet. "Well Ziggy, what should I do now? Wait for her to get out of the shower or run after her?" The dog simply licked himself. "You're no help at all." She ran her hand through her hair nervously as she tried to decide what to do. "Okay, time to face the girl." She braced herself before climbing the staircase.

She walked into the bedroom and over to the bathroom door. She tried to turn the knob only to discover it locked. "Okay, Plan B it is," she grunted.

Tressa dressed as Lindsey took the longest shower in history. She sat on the bed and waited patiently. Her head was throbbing. Her main concern was that Lindsey was far too angry with

her to listen to what she had to say. Finally, Lindsey emerged wrapped only in a towel. Tressa licked her lips as she drank in the sight of her lover's body.

"Are you kidding me?" Lindsey snarled.

"Please, hear me out," Tressa implored her.

"Now you want to talk?" Lindsey questioned her in an exasperated tone. Her emerald eyes glowed with anger.

Tressa swallowed hard, determined to say what she should have said last night. As Lindsey glared at her, she stood and walked over to the angry blonde and handed her the envelope she'd been clutching. "Merry Christmas," she said as she carefully walked back to the bed.

Lindsey simply stared at the envelope with a dumbfounded expression. She looked at Tressa then back at the envelope. Tressa was clutching the rumpled sheets, sweating profusely and silently begging Lindsey to just open the damn envelope so she could explain everything.

Several more minutes passed as Lindsey stared blankly at the envelope. "Open it!" Tressa finally barked, unable to hold it together any longer. Lindsey snapped her head around and, with her tongue buried deep inside her cheek, glared at Tressa. "Sorry," Tressa squeaked out meekly.

Lindsey cracked her neck and finally opened the envelope. Tressa relaxed slightly as she saw the stunned expression on the blonde's face. "Plane tickets to Florida leaving on the twenty sixth? Two tickets?" Lindsey recited absently, still trying to comprehend what was happening. "Two tickets!" she suddenly exclaimed. Her voice caused Tressa to flinch slightly. "You mean?" the blonde stammered happily.

Tressa released the tense breath she'd been holding captive. "I thought we could go down there together," she explained. "Well, what I was really thinking about was, you know . . ." She suddenly felt shy. "I want us to be together. I know that we've only been seeing one another for a few weeks, but now that I have you back in my life again, I don't want to lose you. I want us to tell our families."

Lindsey just stood there blinking at her. "Say something," Tressa urged her. The silence continued. "Don't tell me that you're speechless," Tressa teased, hoping that the silence was a good thing. "That's not possible."

"I can't believe you did this," Lindsey stammered.

"Surprise," Tressa offered, still feeling uncertain that Lindsey wanted the same thing.

"So that's why you pulled away last night." Lindsey sighed with relief.

"Yeah," Tressa confessed. "I was going to suggest that we spend Christmas Eve together. You know, just the two of us. Well, four if you count the puppy and the fur ball. I was going to give

you the tickets then and ask if you wanted to make all this official. If you said yes, we could spend Christmas Day with my parents and then fly down to spend some time with your folks. Maybe rent a car and hit Disney for a couple of days."

"You had this all planned?" Lindsey said with a smile as she approached the bed. "Wait! What about the shop and Ziggy and Rufus?"

"I've already spoken to Delia, your manager," Tressa explained as her lover approached her. "She's agreed to look after the shop. Joel's going to take care of the kids."

"So everyone knew?" Lindsey smirked as she pushed Tressa back on the bed.

"Everyone except you and our families," Tressa confessed. "I thought we could tell them together."

"What if I said no?" Lindsey said as she straddled Tressa's body. "I'm not, by the way. But what if I had?"

"Oh, well." Tressa smiled as she ran her hands up Lindsey's exposed thighs. "Then I would have driven down to my parents. I'd have started drinking the moment I got there and stayed drunk until New Year's Day. Then I'd drive back completely hung over before the new semester started."

"I love you," Lindsey said softly before she captured Tressa's lips. Tressa's heart reeled from the kiss and from hearing those words. They had not said that to one another in over a decade and it felt right. "I love you too," Tressa responded as Lindsey released her lips.

"Damn you!" Lindsey exclaimed as she bolted up.

Tressa tensed as Lindsey jumped off her. She looked at the blonde. "What?" Tressa questioned in a confused tone.

"You tell me all of this now?" Lindsey pointed out. "We're going to be late. Fine for me, I'm the boss. But you have finals to give."

Tressa laughed as Lindsey raced around to get dressed. "I'll put the coffee in some travel mugs," she said as she stood. "Do you still want me to drive you?"

"Do you have time?" Lindsey asked frantically. "I would love it. I know I can drive now but I'm not comfortable being around my car."

"I understand," Tressa responded heavily.

"I'm sorry. The last time I was near it, I was bouncing off of it." Lindsey shuddered at the memory. Tressa's fists tightened in anger. "Is that why you want me to head south sooner?" Lindsey asked in a knowing tone.

"That could have been her out there this morning," Tressa noted. "Her trial is coming up and she's facing some very serious charges."

"And knowing Ziggy, the wonder dog, it could have been a squirrel," Lindsey pointed out as she shoved Tressa out the bedroom door.

"I'm not buying that!" Tressa shouted as she stomped downstairs to prepare their travel mugs. Tressa muttered as she poured the coffee. "If she thinks that I'm just going to drop this, she has another think coming," she babbled to herself as she added another spoonful of sugar to her lover's coffee. "If some Freakin' wacko was stalking me, she wouldn't drop it."

"No, I wouldn't," a tense voice muttered from behind her. Tressa cringed knowing that she'd just been busted.

Tressa turned around slowly and was about to meekly hand Lindsey her coffee when she almost dropped the *Graceland* travel mug. "Whoa, you clean up good." Tressa swallowed hard at the sight of her lover dressed in her best *Donna Karan* suit.

"Hey, watch how you're handling the King," Lindsey retorted, seemingly happy with the effect she was having on the taller woman.

"King sming, let's make out," Tressa said as she wiggled her eyebrows in a suggestive manner. Lindsey blushed at her comment. Tressa handed her the coffee and grabbed up her own coat and briefcase.

"Is that all you ever think about?" Lindsey said playfully as she rolled her eyes.

"Whenever you're around, yes, it is all I think about," Tressa answered truthfully as she put on her coat and retrieved her own cup of coffee.

Tressa watched in amusement as Lindsey sipped her coffee. The smile told her she'd mixed it just right. "Hmm, that's good," Lindsey purred.

"Yeah I know, half a pound of sugar, a gallon of cream, and just a splash of coffee," Tressa grunted as they headed towards the front door. "Disgusting if you ask me."

"I didn't." Lindsey smirked as she set the alarm code before locking the front door. "Miss I'll-be-but-uh-and-drink-mine-black. One of these days you'll discover that you can't live on just sex and caffeine."

"Horse pucky. Of course you can," Tressa laughed as she opened the passenger door of her SUV for Lindsey. "What are you afraid of it? Do you think it will stunt my growth?" The taller woman smirked.

"Cute, Dr. Frayler," Lindsey countered as she pulled herself up into the Forester. Tressa caught

the gleam in the smaller woman's emerald eyes. "Very cute," Lindsey added with a seductive smile.

Tressa chuckled to herself as she got into the driver's seat. "Tease," she said while trying to scowl. Lindsey laughed at her failed attempt.

"I'll tell you what, hot stuff," Lindsey began playfully as she slid closer. Tressa could feel her nipples hardening. *'I'm in big trouble,'* Tressa thought as Lindsey's hand caressed her thigh. "We can finish what we started this morning and last night later." Lindsey leaned over and licked Tressa's ear.

Tressa moaned as she tried to start her car. "How much later?" she moaned.

"Well, I do need to do something after I close up the shop tonight," Lindsey whispered as she began to kiss Tressa's very sensitive neck.

"Uh huh?" Tressa squeaked out as Lindsey's hand brushed further up her thigh.

"It's just a little shopping," Lindsey whispered before nipping on Tressa's neck.

Tressa's eyes flew open as it dawned on her just what Lindsey was suggesting. "Hold it, Blondie." She pulled away from Lindsey's touch. "The mall?" she whined. "At Christmas time? Are you insane?"

"Yes, yes and no," Lindsey replied confidently as she resumed her assault on Tressa's neck. "I want you, baby."

"You don't fight fair," Tressa panted.

"Please?" Lindsey taunted Tressa as her hand resumed caressing her thigh.

"But the mall?" Tressa whined once again. "I hate the mall. I'm such the guy with the purse." Tressa jolted out of her seat as Lindsey's hand found its way to her center. "Uh huh . . . huh!" she stammered. "Okay, we'll go to the mall after work." Her overheated body chilled as Lindsey withdrew her advances.

"You are so easy." The blonde chuckled.

"Brat," Tressa grumbled as she tried to start the car. Her attempt caused the engine to scream. She hadn't realized that the SUV was already running. Lindsey giggled as Tressa glared at her. "You are so bad," Tressa chastised her as she put on her seatbelt. She motioned for Lindsey to do the same. Satisfied that there was enough distance between them, she pulled out of Lindsey's driveway.

"Don't worry, sweetie." Lindsey smiled as she sipped her coffee. "I'll make it up to you tonight."

"Hmmf," Tressa scoffed as she maneuvered her way through the morning traffic. "You are incorrigible. Trying to take advantage of me just so you can go to the mall. Tsk. Tsk."

"Take advantage of you?" Lindsey roared with laughter.

"Laugh it up, blondie," Tressa cautioned her.

Lindsey suddenly fell strangely quiet. Tressa tensed at this turn of events. Normally Lindsey would be chatting her ear off. "I love you," Lindsey said softly. "And I wanted to thank you for everything you did this morning."

"You're welcome," Tressa responded with a smile. "And I love you too." Tressa smile broadened as she thought how good it felt to be saying those words to Lindsey once again. "Could you do one more thing for me?" Tressa asked tentatively.

"Anything," Lindsey agreed. "Now, see how reasonable I can be? You don't even have to flirt."

"You call that flirting?" Tressa chuckled. "That, my love, was not flirting. What you were doing was more like a full frontal assault."

"Was there something you wanted to ask me?" Lindsey interjected quickly.

Tressa knew her lover was changing the subject. "Would you call the Detective that's handling your case and let him know what happened this morning?" Tressa requested.

"Yes," Lindsey readily agreed.

"That was too easy," Tressa said, questioning her willingness.

"I think you're right about this one," Lindsey explained. "The last time I decided to let things go . . ."

Tressa cut her off by squeezing her hand gently. Tressa was grateful that Lindsey wasn't going to fight her on this. Her brief relationship with Denise had caused the blonde enough turmoil. When Lindsey finally revealed all the details, Tressa was certain that she would explode. Somehow she held it together for Lindsey's sake. In a few weeks Denise's trial would begin and they could put this all behind them.

They spent the rest of the drive talking over their plans for the next few weeks. Well, Lindsey talked and Tressa mostly listened. Tressa was pleased with herself for telling Lindsey about her present early. It didn't happen the way she had planned, but in light of recent events it was the right thing to do. She was even kind of looking forward to the trek to the mall. Now that she had given Lindsey her big present, she really needed something else for her to open on Christmas morning.

She agreed to spend Christmas Eve at Lindsey's. It made sense. Tressa's place was very small

and admittedly not that comfortable. She hadn't thought of it before. But now it made a difference. And of course there was Ziggy and Rufus to consider. The only thing that troubled her was Denise. She had managed to break into Lindsey's condo once before. Of course the locks and alarm system had been changed since then. Still, knowing that this crazy woman was loose made her uncomfortable.

After Tressa dropped Lindsey off at her shop on Newbury Street, she silently vowed to keep as close to the little blonde as possible over the next few weeks. It wouldn't be a demanding task since she simply adored her.

PART FOUR

Tressa huddled on a bench at The Cambridge Side Galleria. She was covered with packages and ruing the day she was born. "This freakin' sucks," she muttered bitterly. The man sitting next to her was in much the same condition and grunted in agreement.

"Scrooge," Lindsey said insultingly.

Tressa looked out from behind her packages with a grim expression. She bit on her tongue to keep from laughing. Somewhere along the line, Lindsey had adopted a plush red Santa hat. "Don't you like it?" Lindsey joked as she pointed to her new chapeau.

"It's lovely," Tressa responded dryly.

"You really think so?" Lindsey continued with a sly smirk.

"Yes," Tressa answered honestly. "It's quite fetching."

"I'm so glad you think so." Lindsey grinned evilly as she plopped a matching hat onto Tressa's head.

"Hey!" Tressa protested loudly as Lindsey laughed. "Are we done yet?" she pleaded.

"One more store," Lindsey reassured her as the man next to her snorted in amusement.

"That's what you said seven stores ago," Tressa complained in a tired voice.

"It's the last one. I promise." Lindsey pouted. "I didn't know we were flying down to see my parents plus going to see your parents. It added a few more things to my list," Lindsey explained hurriedly. "I promise to make it up to you," she added in a husky tone.

"Alright," Tressa conceded as her new friend chuckled.

Lindsey dashed off merrily as the man beside Tressa looked at his watch. "Seeing the in-laws?" he asked in a tired tone.

"Flying down the day after." Tressa sighed. "You?"

"Yup." He sighed. "Christmas Day. Christmas Eve we do my folks. Then drive home, try to get the kids to bed, set up the toys, and get up a half on hour later," he explained. "I hope to hell I got enough batteries," he added thoughtfully. "Kids?"

"Not yet," Tressa responded with a slight smile.

"Just wait," he answered with a smile of his own. "It makes all of this running around and last minute stuff worth it."

"When do you sleep?" Tressa teased him.

"Sometime around mid-February," he confessed.

"Barry?" a high-pitched female voice called out.

"Ah, free at last," he said with a smirk as he stood. "Hang in there," he offered as he gathered up his belongings.

"You too," Tressa responded pleasantly. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," he said with a tired smile before leaving her.

Alone once again, Tressa looked at her watch and slumped down. A very attractive and tall blonde took Barry's spot next to her. She smiled politely at the woman. There was something about her that made the hair on the back of Tressa's neck stand on end.

"Long day?" the woman inquired in a seemingly pleasant voice.

"Yeah," Tressa answered carefully. There was something about this woman she didn't trust.

Tressa couldn't quite put her finger on it. Perhaps it was the way she was sitting just a little too close to her. Or the fact that she didn't have one single shopping bag. *'Probably just my paranoia kicking in,'* Tressa reasoned. *'Still, it's a few days before the holiday. She has her coat on so she doesn't work here. Maybe she just got off work. No packages. Something isn't right.'*

"Waiting for someone?" the blonde continued, apparently unaware of Tressa's discomfort.

"You think?" Tressa held up the packages.

"I hope she's worth it," the blonde retorted coldly while she fumbled with something in her pocket.

"I think so," Tressa answered carefully as the blonde moved closer to her.

"She's not," the woman spat out bitterly. "You don't know her. Only I know her."

'Uh no!' The sudden realization of what was happening came crashing down on her. She cast an icy glare at the blonde who seemed to be lost in her own little world. Tressa gritted her teeth as she felt the anger rising up. Her cell phone chirped just as she noticed two police officers slowly approaching. They looked directly at her as she answered her phone. She didn't need to check her caller id. "Hello, honey," she purred into the phone as she watched the woman next to her tense up.

"Tressa," Lindsey began frantically. "Don't say anything! Just get up . . ."

"I know," Tressa said in a loving tone, despite her desire to strangle the woman seated next to her. "I love you too. This morning was incredible."

"Oh God," Lindsey gasped. "Please don't antagonize her. The cops should be there already."

"I miss you too," Tressa threw in as the blonde beside her emitted a growl. As much as she wanted to hurt this woman, she had promised Lindsey before they were reunited that she wouldn't. She held the phone close and began to gather up their purchases. "I can't wait to see you," Tressa continued in hopes that Lindsey would understand what she was trying to say.

"I'm at the entrance we came in," Lindsey instructed her. "I love you. Please be careful."

"Back at you, baby," Tressa responded sincerely as she ended the call.

Tressa saw the uniformed officers carefully moving closer as she stored her phone back in her jacket pocket. She stood slowly, unable to decipher what the blonde was rambling about. Without a word she started to walk towards the mall entrance. She didn't need to turn around; she knew that she was being followed.

Just ahead of her she could see Lindsey trembling with fear as the tears ran down her cherubic features. "Lindsey!" The screech came from behind her. "Let me go! That's my girlfriend!" a frantic voice cried. Tressa's pace quickened. She dropped her packages in front of Lindsey's trembling body.

"It's okay," she whispered as she wrapped her lover up in a warm embrace. Turning, she could see Denise struggling with the officers. "I've got you," she whispered in Lindsey's ear as she rubbed her back in an effort to reassure her that everything was going to be alright.

"I saw her sitting next to you," Lindsey sobbed. "I was so afraid that she was going to hurt you."

"Ssh," Tressa said as she held Lindsey tighter. "They got her. I'm fine and so are you. You did the right thing."

"I swear, if she had tried to hurt you . . .," Lindsey choked out as she nestled herself deeper into Tressa's breast.

"She didn't," Tressa reassured her as she kissed the top of her head gently. "Let's get out here."

"We have to wait." Lindsey sniffed. The sight of her beautiful eyes puffy and red from crying broke Tressa's heart. She turned, wanting nothing more than to hurt Denise. Fortunately, the police had already removed her from the area. "The police need to question Denise and they want to check your car."

"Okay," Tressa agreed, trying to smile. "We can go up to the food court and get some coffee."

PART FIVE

Tressa hummed happily as she helped put the finishing touches on Lindsey's tree. She smiled as she heard Lindsey singing off key in the kitchen. The events of a few nights ago had taken their toll. They'd waited until Detective Meyers joined them over an hour later. Tressa's car was fine except that it had been keyed. They couldn't prove that Denise had anything to do with that or that she'd been anywhere near Lindsey's condo that morning. Tressa felt defeated until Detective Meyers informed them that Denise was carrying a knife and, since she was out on bail, carrying a concealed weapon would more than likely revoke her bail.

The following day they received a very welcome phone call informing them that was exactly what had happened. It had also put an end to the plea bargain that the DA was about to agree to. Tressa was angry that they would even consider making a deal. The woman had broken into Lindsey's home, stolen her car and then ran over her with it.

Now that Denise was safely locked behind bars, both women relaxed. Although Tressa did say a silent prayer that Denise's cellmate would be a bull dyke who wanted to become Denise's new daddy. "Thanks for putting the angel on the top," Lindsey commented as she entered the living room. "I just couldn't reach. No comments," Lindsey cautioned her.

Tressa chuckled as she held up her hands in defense. Tressa couldn't help but notice that her lover had one hand carefully concealed behind her back. "I know it's silly," Lindsey continued.

"What?" Tressa asked her in confusion.

"Putting up a tree for just one night," Lindsey admitted shyly, all the while keeping her right hand behind her back.

"I don't think it's silly," Tressa reassured her. "After the past few days, I think it's just what we need. Besides, Rufus needed a new scratching post," she added, pointing to the sleeping cat lying next her partner in crime, Ziggy. Both were out like a light. "Did you let your mom know that you'll be flying down on the twenty-sixth?"

"Yes." Lindsey smiled as Tressa dimmed the lights.

"She gave me a hard time about renting a car and meeting them at the house," Lindsey continued as Tressa neared her. The brunette smiled at the sight of her lover illuminated only by the white lights on the Christmas tree.

"She doesn't know I'm coming?" Tressa inquired as she stood a breath away from Lindsey.

"No." Lindsey smirked gleefully.

"Let's just hope that someone doesn't blab," Tressa added as she ran her fingers through Lindsey's short blonde locks. "And by someone, I mean my mother."

"I know," Lindsey said in agreement. "We're going to have a hard time keeping Grace from calling them after we tell her tomorrow."

"What are you hiding?" Tressa finally inquired, leaning so close to the smaller woman that she could feel her breath caressing her cheek.

"Me?" Lindsey feigned innocence.

"You," Tressa reported as she pressed her taller frame into the smaller woman's body.

"Nothing," Lindsey lied playfully.

"You're lying," Tressa whispered in her ear.

Lindsey moaned slightly. "Well, it's that we never got to finish what we started a few days ago," she responded hotly. Her hand moved out from behind her back. Tressa's body warmed at the sight of Lindsey standing there holding a sprig of mistletoe above her head.

PART SIX

Lindsey stood there nervously holding the mistletoe up in the air. Her fears were quickly quieted as Tressa captured her lips. Both women melted into the kiss. Tressa wrapped her arms around the smaller woman and Lindsey dropped the mistletoe as Tressa began to suckle her bottom lip. Mouths parted and sweet gentle exploration began.

Hands roamed as sweet caresses ignited into heated groping. They broke apart only to remove articles of clothing. Their lips met again as their now naked bodies pressed together. Tressa lowered Lindsey onto the carpeted floor as the blonde greedily sucked on her neck. With one hand Lindsey teased Tressa's nipple while the other massaged her firm backside.

As Tressa pressed her thigh into Lindsey's wet center, Ziggy snorted in disgust. Both animals left the room. "I guess they didn't like the floor show," Tressa noted as she watched her lover roll her

eyes.

"Tressa?" Lindsey murmured against her skin.

"Hmm," Tressa sighed as she felt her lover's tongue on her neck.

"No talking," Lindsey instructed hotly before dipping her head down and capturing Tressa's nipple in her mouth.

Tressa gasped from the heated sensation. As Lindsey teased her nipple, she rocked against her lover's wetness. Using one hand to support herself above her lover, Tressa's other hand blazed a trail down Lindsey's firm body. Her fingers dipped into Lindsey's wetness causing the smaller woman to arch up against her.

Lindsey released her hold on Tressa's nipple as two fingers slid across her swollen lips. Tressa split her fingers into a vee so she could caress both sides of her wetness. Instinctively, one of Lindsey's hands ran across her flesh. With one hand still cupping Tressa's backside, she slipped her fingers into Tressa's wetness.

They teased one another, coating their fingers with each other's passion before seeking out throbbing clits. Hips gyrated in rhythm as they continued to tease. Mouths met as they began to stroke one another, their tongues moving in the same sensual rhythm as their bodies. They entered each other in unison as their thighs parted, giving more of themselves. They plunged in and out of each other's warm center as their thumbs stroked their throbbing clits.

Not caring about the carpet burns, they took one another harder and harder. Their bodies were covered in a sheen of sweat as they rode out the waves of ecstasy. As fingers moved deep inside their cores, they exploded in unison. They collapsed on the floor still holding each other, allowing the final waves to course through them.

Lindsey placed heated, insistent kisses along Tressa's neck. "You know what I want, baby," she said with desire that shot through Tressa's body. Lindsey rolled the taller woman onto her back. "I know," Tressa moaned with desire. "It's what I want."

"I need to taste you," Lindsey urged as Tressa cupped her backside, bringing her body down to her own.

"Yes, baby." Tressa squeezed the firm flesh beneath her fingers. "I want you to."

Lindsey straddled her lover as she rocked against her stomach. "First, I need to feel you come against me."

"Oh yes," Lindsey cried out as she rocked against Tressa wildly.

Tressa guided Lindsey's body down so their clits rubbed together. Her hands guided the blonde's hips into a frantic rhythm. "Oh God . . . yes . . .," Lindsey panted as they became drenched in

one another's wetness. "Oh God!" Lindsey screamed out as the climax seared through her body.

While her body was still trembling, Lindsey captured Tressa in a fiery kiss. Pressing her body against her quivering lover, she began to kiss her way down. She tasted every inch of exposed flesh as she made her descent. Once she'd settled herself between her lover's trembling thighs, she was totally turned on by the scent of her lover's desire. She plunged her tongue deep inside of Tressa. As Tressa screamed out, Lindsey looked up to see her lover's body arching with pleasure.

She continued to take her deeply as Tressa clutched at the back of her head. She watched as Tressa begged and panted from her touch. Shifting slightly, Lindsey removed her tongue from its warm recess and began to lick and taste Tressa's sweetness. Tressa was crying out as Lindsey forced her hips up with her shoulders. Holding her steadily with one arm, she slipped her hand beneath Tressa's body. Tressa thrust as Lindsey entered her with two fingers while teasing her clit with her teeth and her tongue.

Tressa climaxed against Lindsey. The power of her pleasure sent Lindsey over the edge as well. They lay on the floor trembling. Once they could breath without gasping, Tressa pulled Lindsey up to her and wrapped the smaller woman in a tight embrace. "Merry Christmas," Lindsey said as she kissed the valley between Tressa's heaving breasts.

"Merry Christmas," Tressa managed to choke out in response.

They kissed gently and clung to one another as they waited for their strength to return so they could go upstairs and continue their celebration.

THE END

Tressa and Lindsey are back in [Do Not Open Before Christmas](#)

~ Home For The Holidays series ~

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