

~ Do Not Open Before Christmas ~ (Home For The Holidays - Part Three)

by Mavis Applewater
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PART ONE

Tressa yawned tiredly as she looked over at the nightstand. She blinked rapidly, trying to force her blue eyes to focus on the bright red digits of the alarm clock. She groaned slightly, knowing it was time for them to get up. She tried to lift her body and then smiled, knowing that the weight pressing against her was her still slumbering lover.

Lindsey had managed to wrap herself around Tressa's body like a cocoon. Tressa smiled as she put her arms around the warm sleeping body. Lindsey murmured in pleasure and snuggled closer. "I don't think I have ever been this happy," she whispered as she kissed the blonde head that was nestled sweetly on her chest.

"I bet I could make you even happier," Lindsey boasted softly against her skin.

"Are you awake?" Tressa inquired as she ran her fingers down Lindsey's naked back.

Her question went unanswered as Lindsey suckled her nipple. The sudden jolt of pleasure forced Tressa's body to arch. "Good Lord, woman! Don't you ever get enough?" Tressa moaned deeply. Lindsey's tongue gave her nipple one quick flick before the blonde raised her head. "I could never get enough of you," Lindsey asserted with heartbreaking sincerity. Tressa's mouth hung open. She was overwhelmed by the conviction and honesty ringing in her lover's voice.

A part of her wanted to cry. She had never felt so loved, so certain that this time was forever. "Tressa?" Lindsey questioned her as Tressa fought back the tears of joy. Lindsey's simple words had completely melted her heart. When Tressa finally spoke, it was from the heart. She didn't stop to think about what she was about to say. The words simply sprung forth before she could stop them. "Marry me."

Tressa watched as Lindsey's eyes widened in what the brunette hoped was surprise. As a dumbfounded expression emerged clearly across her lover's features, Tressa's heart dropped. Suddenly the disappointment came crashing down around her. "Say something," Tressa urged her lover as her heart pounded against her chest.

"I Uhm . . .," Lindsey stammered as she pulled away slightly. "I honestly don't know what to say."

"I see," Tressa snapped, her face and body growing cold. She pulled away as Lindsey reached

out for her and extracted herself from her lover's touch. Lindsey tried to pull her back as she climbed out from under the blonde. Tressa rose quickly from the bed and turned her back on her lover.

"Tressa honey," Lindsey pleaded. Tressa brushed off Lindsey's plea as she stepped further away. "I'm going to take a shower," she responded coldly, unable to look at her lover. "We really should get moving if we want to be on time for dinner."

"Tressa," Lindsey repeated, her tone almost frantic.

Tressa took a deep breath before turning to face Lindsey. The worried look on her lover's face tugged at her heartstrings. "Forget it," she offered with a shrug, hoping to erase the last few moments. "My mistake," she muttered under her breath as she turned and headed off to the bathroom.

Tressa stepped into the steamy water of the shower. Bracing her hands on the tiled wall, she lowered her head and allowed the water to cascade over her body. "Merry Freakin' Christmas," she grumbled as she allowed the hot water to wash Lindsey's scent from her body.

Tressa felt numb as she cleansed her body. She hadn't planned on proposing; it just sort of happened. She was caught up in the moment. The words had come as a complete surprise when they crossed her lips. Based on Lindsey's reaction, she'd been equally surprised. Tressa could just kick herself for allowing her emotions to overrun her thinking.

Lindsey's lack of response had shocked her. Granted, it wasn't the most romantic way to pop the question, but it was how she felt. Tressa couldn't keep from doubting Lindsey's feelings. She regretted the timing of her proposal, but wasn't this where their relationship was heading?

Tressa stepped out of the shower and dried her body as she calmed herself. She dropped the towel on to the bathroom floor knowing that it would irk Lindsey and then wrapped herself up in a fresh towel. She wiped the steam off of the mirror; she smiled knowing that the streaks on the glass would be a further annoyance for her lover.

She stared at her reflection, wondering why it hurt so much. She shook her head as she realized she was behaving childishly. "What was I thinking?" she asked her reflection. "It's too soon. We only reconciled a few weeks ago after being apart for over a decade. Our past relationship had been turbulent to say the least. Add in the fact that Lindsey is still recovering from her disastrous and near fatal relationship with Denise. I'm an idiot," she admonished herself as she started blow-drying her hair.

She noticed a small blemish on her neck as she dried her hair. "Why that little . . .," she groused as she took a closer look at the hickey that her lover had deposited on her neck. Tressa blushed slightly as she recalled how they had made love under the Christmas tree the night before. "I have to fix this." She sighed as she recalled how she had pulled away from her lover just a short time ago.

PART TWO

Lindsey had dressed in sweats and taken care of Rufus and Ziggy. She made a pot of coffee. After the necessary chores had been completed, she looked at her watch. She wondered briefly if Tressa had decided to drown herself in the shower. "I can't believe this is happening," she muttered as she nervously ran her fingers through her short blonde hair. "Why didn't I say something?" she pondered as she walked out of the kitchen.

Lindsey stopped and stared at the tree, recalling the passion she had shared with her lover just a few short hours ago. "Time to face the music." Lindsey braced herself as she returned upstairs. She looked around the bedroom, finding it empty. "Now why did I think she'd make this easy?" Lindsey shrugged as she headed off to the bathroom.

She listened at the door for a moment. She could hear her lover muttering to herself. Silently she wished that the woman would speak up so she could understand what she was babbling to herself about. When the sounds from inside of the bathroom ceased, she rapped gently on the door.

She waited impatiently for a response. Normally she wouldn't have bothered with knocking; she'd just burst into the bathroom in hopes of catching her lover naked. But today was different. "Tressa?" she called out, unable to stand the silence any longer.

The door opened quickly. Lindsey's jaw dropped as she found her lover standing in the steamy bathroom clad only in a bright blue bath towel. "My eyes are little higher," Tressa said in a sultry voice.

"I'll get there," Lindsey commented as her eyes continued to work their way up her lover's body.

"Uh huh." Tressa chuckled as she brushed past her.

Lindsey watched her retreating form sashay down the hallway. She whimpered as the incredibly long legs disappeared into the bedroom. Turning back, she looked into her bathroom. Her green eyes widened in anger as she took in the mess Tressa had left behind.

The growl crept out her throat as she headed down the hallway. "Tressa," she grumbled as her lover looked through her dresser. The tall woman stood there dressed only in a pair of black jeans and a bra. "Do I have a turtleneck here?" Tressa asked her innocently.

"Not that I'm aware of," Lindsey snapped, frustrated that Tressa was trying to avoid talking to her.

"A scarf?" Tressa continued as if nothing was a miss between them.

"Will you forget about your wardrobe for a moment and talk to me?" Lindsey demanded.

Tressa pouted slightly. "Don't even try that one," Lindsey cautioned her. "We need to talk. I hate

it when you shut me out. I thought we were past that," she continued, feeling her lover's eyes on her body. "That isn't going to work either," she noted defiantly as she curled her lips. "Neither is messing up my bathroom. Don't you think it would be easier to talk to me instead of trying to annoy me?"

"Probably, but not as much fun," Tressa teased her.

Lindsey relaxed slightly as Tressa smiled at her. "I'm sorry," Tressa continued.

"About?" Lindsey urged her on.

"Not about the bathroom." Tressa smirked. "You are way too anal for your own good."

Lindsey's shoulders slumped in defeat; she could see the walls going up. She walked over to the bed and sat down wearily. "I love you," she said quietly. "You know that, don't you?" She looked up to find her lover shifting nervously.

"I love you too," Tressa confessed. "I'm sorry about this morning."

"Don't be," Lindsey said gently. "I should have said something. I was just surprised. I wasn't expecting it."

"I'm sorry," Tressa repeated shyly.

"Please stop apologizing for the way you feel," Lindsey said in despair.

Lindsey couldn't bear to see her lover looking so sad on what should be a happy day for both of them. "Come here," she requested as she patted the bed next to her. Tressa walked over and sat down next to her. Lindsey clasped the larger hands in her own. "The last time we argued and didn't talk about how we were feeling, we ended up spending ten years apart hating one another."

"I know," Tressa admitted. "I didn't mean to blurt it out like I did. It was how I felt."

"It's how I feel too," Lindsey reassured her. "I should have told you that. But . . ."

"It's too soon," Tressa finished for her. "We haven't been back together that long and there's Denise."

"Yes," Lindsey said with relief. "Trust me. Spending the rest of my life with you is something I think about every day. I just want to take time. We don't even live together yet."

"Well . . .," Tressa began hopefully.

"Please, can we get through the holidays and telling our families about us before we talk about cohabitating?" Lindsey pleaded as Tressa wrapped her up in her arms.

"I just need to know that it's something you want," Tressa said, the need for reassurance ringing in her voice.

"Yes," Lindsey reassured her lover tenderly as she placed a gentle kiss on her lips, "if you promise not to leave the bathroom looking like a disaster zone."

"I promise to work on that," Tressa conceded, "if you promise to keep mistletoe in the house until June."

"Last night was incredible." Lindsey blushed as she allowed her hands to roam over her lover's body.

"Yes, it was." Tressa sighed as Lindsey cupped her breasts. "Speaking of which, are you quite certain I don't have a turtleneck or a sweater hanging around here?"

"Why are you thinking about that now?" Lindsey inquired playfully as she lowered her lover onto the bed. Lindsey pressed her body into Tressa's. She found her desire returning in full force. "All I can think about is last night and the incredible sex we had."

"That's what I'm thinking about." Tressa moaned as Lindsey teased her aching nipples through her bra. Tressa brushed back her long black hair to show the blonde just what she was referring to.

"Ooops." Lindsey chuckled as she saw the purple bruise had left on her lover's neck.

"Ooops! Is that all you can say?" Tressa said. "You little blood sucker."

"Do you want me to kiss it and make it better?" Lindsey suggested hopefully as her fingers traced the mark on Tressa's neck.

"No," Tressa scoffed. "That's how it got there in the first place."

Lindsey ignored her lover's objection as her mouth attached itself to Tressa's neck. Tressa moaned beneath her as she suckled her neck. Lindsey pressed her thigh against her lover's center. "We don't have time," Tressa pleaded as her hips thrust against Lindsey's body. "Lindsey . . . baby, please," she begged as Lindsey's lips latched tighter to her neck.

"We can't," Tressa moaned. Despite her protests, Tressa's hands slid down into Lindsey's sweatpants and cupped her naked backside. Lindsey's mouth released its hold as Tressa massaged her cheeks. She panted against Tressa's skin as they rocked together wildly.

"Baby . . .," Tressa started to protest once again. Lindsey could feel how close they both were to the edge. "Tressa," she gasped as she lifted her head. Looking into those lustful azure eyes, she felt her heart pounding. "Do you really want me to stop?" she asked as their legs wrapped around one another's thighs.

"No," Tressa gasped as she continued to rock against Lindsey's urgent thrusts.

"Good," Lindsey panted. "Because I really want to open my Christmas presents now," she stated in a husky tone as her hand slipped into Tressa's bra.

"The presents are downstairs." Tressa whimpered as one of her hands slipped around to the front of Lindsey's sweatpants.

"No," Lindsey moaned as Tressa cupped her mound. "The only thing I want, the only thing I need, is right here."

They captured each other's lips in a heated kiss as the telephone began to ring. They tried to ignore the persistent ringing as their tongues danced together in a sensual rhythm.

The answering machine clicked on as they continued to grope one another. "Lindsey, it's Dad," her father's voice rang out across the room. The two women separated instantly. "I'm just calling to wish you a Merry Christmas," her father continued.

Lindsey grunted as she rolled away from her lover. "Why couldn't I have been an orphan?" she asked as she reached out for the telephone.

PART THREE

The couple finally showered and dressed. They even took the time to exchange their gifts, just not the one they'd been working on in the bedroom. Then they loaded up the SUV and headed off to Tressa's parents.

As they drove, Tressa was well aware that Lindsey was equally disappointed that they hadn't finished what they'd started. The sexual tension filled the automobile. Their unreleased passion was causing both women to become more than a little snippy with one another. *'Oh, this is going to be a very long day,'* Tressa thought as she sighed heavily.

"You know, if you take Exit 23 instead of . . .," Lindsey started to suggest.

"Lindsey, that's going to take us all the way around," Tressa protested. It was a familiar argument.

"Fine," Lindsey snapped as Tressa cringed slightly. "Sorry. I'm just a little keyed up."

"Yeah, me too," Tressa confessed as she reached out to stroke her lover's firm thigh. "But we can be together tonight," she added hopefully. "A few hours won't kill us."

"I'm not so certain about that," Lindsey grouched. "And tonight we'll be sleeping at your parents' house and we'll have to be very quiet."

"I know," Tressa said with a frown. "We're not very good at that. But it's only one night."

"No." Lindsey chuckled as she snuggled closer to Tressa. "Remember that we're heading down to stay with my parents in the morning. It's too bad we couldn't get a room in Orlando."

"I'm sorry about that," Tressa apologized as she grimaced slightly. It was the one part of her present that hadn't worked out. Making reservations so late for the holiday had been a flop.

"Don't worry about it," Lindsey said softly as Tressa began to stroke her thigh. "It'll be nice to spend the time with Mom and Dad. The only down side is that I'm so . . ."

"Horny?" Tressa finished with a smirk.

"Very romantic, sweetheart," Lindsey teased her. "I don't know why I'm bothered about it. It's not like we don't spend all of our time driving one another crazy."

Tressa arched her eyebrows thoughtfully. It was true. No matter how things were going with their relationship, the desire was always there. Tressa recalled the countless times the couple had broken up only to find themselves in the throes of passion.

One time in particular came flooding back to her. It was the summer after high school graduation.

It was early one summer afternoon when she walked into the family garage to find her ex-girlfriend rooting around looking for something. Tressa knew that it wasn't Lindsey's idea to be there. The two girls hadn't spoken in weeks. "Your Dad borrowing something?" Tressa said in an attempt to be polite. It wasn't uncommon for one of their parents to send them next door to borrow or return something. What their parents didn't know was that the two had been carrying on a secret affair which had ended badly.

"Yes," Lindsey clipped in response.

Tressa snarled at Lindsey's curt tone. "Nice talking to you," she spat out. She turned to leave but stopped herself, unable to resist the urge to ruffle Lindsey's feathers. "Still have that stick planted up your . . ."

"Get over it," Lindsey cut her off as she spun around, her emerald eyes burning into Tressa.

Tressa breathing became shallow as they stared at one another. "Something you want?" Lindsey questioned her in a heavy tone as she leaned against the tool bench. The small black tank top and cut off denim shorts, combined with her long blonde hair cascading down her shoulders, created a vision that caused Tressa's body to pulsate with desire.

Tressa suddenly realized that she was staring at Lindsey's nipples that were pressing against the thin cotton material of her tank top. "No," she lied as she stepped closer to the smaller girl. "But I think there's something that you want," she teased as she leaned closer. She knew by Lindsey's stance that she was flirting with her. She wanted to teach her a lesson for trying to play with emotions.

She lifted her eyes, meeting the smoky gaze Lindsey was casting over her body. "You are so egoistical," Lindsey growled at her. "What makes you think that I . . ."

Tressa cut her off as her lips captured Lindsey's. The kiss quickly deepened as the two women suddenly found themselves pressed together. Their bodies melted together. The fiery kiss ended abruptly as Tressa pulled away. "You want me," Tressa boasted as she caressed Lindsey's hips.

Tressa had planned on simply teasing the smaller blonde. Yet as she watched Lindsey's lips part, she could feel her own need growing. "Yes," Lindsey whimpered. Tressa's plan flew out the window as Lindsey's lips pressed against her own.

As Lindsey's tongue plunged into her mouth, Tressa unbuttoned Lindsey's cutoff shorts. She pulled the offending clothing down along with Lindsey's underwear. The kiss ended as Tressa pushed Lindsey's clothing down to her ankles.

She found herself staring at Lindsey's golden curls as the smaller woman panted heavily. "Say it," Tressa whispered as she ran her thumbs along Lindsey's hips. She watched as Lindsey wet her lips with her tongue. "Say it, please," Tressa pleaded.

"Fuck me," Lindsey moaned hungrily.

Tressa's head was spinning as she lowered her hand to Lindsey's wetness. "Wait," Lindsey sighed as her hand halted her movements. The smell of Lindsey's arousal teased Tressa's senses. She watched in delight as Lindsey turned around and grasped the table. The sight of Lindsey's firm backside caused her legs to tremble.

Lindsey parted her legs as Tressa ran her hands across her naked cheeks. Tressa couldn't contain her desire as she plunged two fingers deep inside of Lindsey's wetness.

Tressa smiled as she recalled how Lindsey rode her hand until she exploded. "What are you smiling at?" Lindsey inquired.

"Oh nothing," Tressa lied as she tried to maintain her focus on the holiday traffic.

PART FOUR

Tressa was slightly apprehensive as they pulled into her parents' driveway. "I hope this goes alright." Lindsey sighed.

"Why are you worried?" Tressa asked her in a puzzled tone. "My parents adore you. If it wasn't for my mother's persistence, we might not have gotten back together."

"You're right," Lindsey agreed. "Come on. Let's go shock the folks. You go in first while I sneak over to see my brother Jarrod."

"See you in a bit, lover." Tressa smiled as she kissed her lips lightly.

Tressa stepped into her childhood home nervously. She'd informed her mother that she was bringing a friend home for Christmas but had neglected to inform her that it was Lindsey. *'Serves you right, Mom.'* Tressa chuckled as she thought about how much she was going to enjoy this. Her mother had been trying to reunite the lover's for years.

Her parents and her sister Tilly greeted her. She removed her coat and placed her gifts under the tree. "I thought you were bringing someone home with you?" her mother asked her suspiciously.

"She'll be here soon," Tressa explained in a casual manner. "I'm just going to put our things upstairs in my old room."

She could see her mother tense up at her statement. Tressa fought to hide her smile at her mother's discomfort, knowing that just a few short weeks ago the woman had forced Tressa to share a bed with Lindsey.

After Tressa went back downstairs, she wasn't quite ready to let her mother off the hook. Granted, if her mother hadn't insisted that she drive Lindsey home for Thanksgiving, the two might not have rekindled their relationship. She smiled as she played with her nephews.

"Tressa, could you give me a hand in the kitchen?" her mother commanded her. Tressa shivered slightly. She knew that her mother was anything but happy, despite the fact she was smiling at her in a pleasant manner.

"You want my help?" Tressa questioned her, looking for any excuse not to be trapped in the kitchen with her mother. She turned to her father who just looked at her sheepishly. She then turned her attention to her older sibling who just offered her a weak smile. She was on her own and she knew it.

"Now, Tressa," Grace Frayler instructed her youngest child.

"Sorry," Tilly apologized as Tressa passed by. "She's really upset that you would invite someone home that you haven't been seeing for all that long."

"Don't worry about it," Tressa reassured her. "If she doesn't murder me in the kitchen, everything will be all right."

Apprehensively Tressa followed her mother into the kitchen. Her mother kept her back to Tressa as she attended to something cooking on the stove. "So tell me about her," Grace requested in cool tone.

"She'll be here soon enough," Tressa said, trying to mask her fear. "So what did you need help with?"

Grace slammed a lid down onto the counter and turned towards Tressa. *'Oh no! I know that look. That's the you-have-some-serious-explaining-to-do-young-lady look,'* Tressa thought with terror as images of her years as a teenager came flooding back to her. Silently she prayed for Lindsey to hurry up and get over there. Her mother stood there staring at her. Tressa was just about to blurt out the truth when her mother decided to speak.

"I must say that I'm more than a little surprised," Grace said flatly.

"By?"

"I hadn't realized that you were seeing anyone," Grace continued with her interrogation. "You didn't mention it at Thanksgiving."

"I wasn't seeing her then," Tressa explained carefully, knowing full well that she was treading on thin ice.

"Then I'm really quite shocked," Grace explained, her cold tone slicing through Tressa's body. Grace brushed her hair aside, revealing the now large purple bruise that lay underneath. Tressa prayed for the floor to open up and swallow her as her mother glared at her. Grace seemed to be enjoying her daughter's discomfort. She paused for an excruciatingly long moment before continuing. "I never expected you to invite someone home with you to spend the night when you hardly know them."

"I love her," Tressa responded honestly as her mother blinked in surprise. "What did you expect? That I'd get back together with Lindsey? Don't think that all of your plotting at Thanksgiving went unnoticed."

"The two of you seemed to be getting along," Grace pleaded.

"Yes, we were," Tressa offered as she once again prayed for her lover to make her appearance. "And thanks to you, we did mend some fences."

"Mend fences." Her mother sighed. "Tressa, don't misunderstand me. I've been very fond of some of your girlfriends over the years. But there was always something special between you and Lindsey."

"Mom, let it go," Tressa argued. "The woman I'm seeing now is incredible. This morning I asked her to spend her life with me."

"So soon!" Grace gasped in shock. "Have you lost your mind?"

"That's more or less what she said." Tressa laughed as she recalled the spat they'd had that morning.

"Well, at least she has some common sense," Grace muttered as she began to wring her hands nervously. "I still think it's all happened far too quickly." Tressa captured her mother's hands in an effort to reassure her that she knew what she was doing. Thankfully the doorbell rang.

"That's probably her," Tressa said quietly. "Give her a chance. I think that you're really going to like her," Tressa pleaded as she led her mother back into the living room. "And be nice," she added firmly.

Tressa heard the doorbell chime once again and noticed that no one was making a move to answer it. "Cowards," she muttered as she raced to the door. Tressa opened the door slightly and used her body to block her family's view. She noticed her father straining his neck to get a glimpse of the stranger that was causing such an uproar in his home. He smiled brightly. Tressa winked at him.

"They're not happy," Tressa explained.

"Let's make them happy then," Lindsey whispered as she took Tressa by the hand.

"Hi everyone," Lindsey greeted them shyly. Tressa flashed a cocky grin at her dumbfounded family as she closed the door and wrapped her arms around Lindsey's smaller body.

"So Mom, did she pass the test?" Tressa asked her mother who was rushing over. Grace wrapped Lindsey up in arms. "Mom." Tressa tried to swat her away. "Mom, let the girl breathe."

"Sorry." Grace sniffed. "It's true then? You two are back together?"

"Yes," Lindsey responded brightly as she wrapped herself around Tressa's body. "And this time it's for keeps."

"It's about time." Tilly beamed.

"Oh, I have to call Marilyn," Grace exclaimed gleefully.

"No," Lindsey and Tressa shouted in unison.

Grace halted her movements and gave them a pleading look. "Please, we're flying down in the morning and we want it to be a surprise," Tressa explained.

"You mean you're going to torture your poor mother the same way you did me?" Grace asked Lindsey in flabbergasted tone.

"Yes," Lindsey answered firmly. "Please, we really want to surprise my parents."

"All right," Grace conceded. "I don't like it but I'll keep my mouth shut."

"That reminds me, Dad. Can you give us a lift to the airport?" Tressa requested.

"Anything," he readily agreed.

PART FIVE

After dinner and spending time with their families, the two women finally found themselves alone in Tressa's old bedroom. Tressa quickly took Lindsey in her arms and placed a fiery kiss on her eagerly waiting lips.

"I've been dying to do that all day," she confessed after they broke away, needing to breathe.

"Have you now?" Lindsey taunted her as she began to unbutton Tressa's blouse.

"Yes, I have," Tressa admitted happily as they began to undress one another. "You know, when we were driving down here, I took a little trip down memory lane."

"Nice memories?" Lindsey inquired as she tossed an article of clothing onto the floor before kissing the valley between Tressa's breasts.

"Very nice," Tressa purred into Lindsey's ear. "I'll give you a hint," Tressa teased her as she dipped her tongue into Lindsey's ear. She felt her lover shiver as she pulled Tressa's jeans down slightly. "You were wearing a tiny black tank top and pair of cutoff shorts," Tressa teased as her fingers captured Lindsey's nipple. Her lover moaned as she arched her back. "You and me in the garage. You were bent over my father's workbench."

"I remember," Lindsey moaned as she bent her head. Tressa ran her fingers through her short blonde hair. Lindsey flicked her tongue across her nipple. Tressa suddenly tried to recall just how she had ended up topless. "Do you remember that night?" Lindsey asked as her breath tickled Tressa's skin. "You begged your parents to let me sleep over that night."

"Oh yeah," Tressa groaned as Lindsey captured her nipple in her mouth. Tressa's hands urged Lindsey to take her harder. Lindsey slowed her movements slightly. "That wasn't the only begging you did that day," Lindsey said in a husky tone.

Tressa whimpered at the memory. "I walked into this room and turned off the lights. It was dim like it is now," Lindsey continued as Tressa felt her wetness growing. "I told you to take off your clothing." Tressa could only nod in response. "Take off your clothes," Lindsey requested as she lowered Tressa down onto the bed. "I need to see your body," Lindsey continued as she stood by the bed and began to remove the rest of her clothes.

Tressa quickly discarded her clothing as she looked at her lover standing naked before her. "We have to be quiet," Lindsey reminded her as she knelt in front of the bed. Tressa nodded her understanding as she allowed Lindsey to pull her closer. She draped her legs over the smaller woman's shoulders.

She leaned back on her arms so she could watch her lover. Lindsey blew a gentle breath through her curls. Tressa shivered as her need grew. Lindsey began to kiss the inside of her thighs, first one than the other. The blonde licked away the passion that coated her body.

Lindsey tasted and teased, stopping just shy of where Tressa needed her most. "Lindsey," Tressa whimpered as her body trembled. Lindsey used one finger to blaze a slow torturous trail along her nether lips. Tressa's breathing became erratic each time Lindsey would stop and cleanse her fingers with her tongue.

Lindsey's finger continued to tease her to the breaking point. "That day, do you remember what I asked you to do?" Lindsey taunted her. Tressa bit down on her lip to stifle her cries. "You asked me to fuck you," Tressa choked out. "It was the first time you said that."

"And you did," Lindsey moaned as she cupped Tressa's mound with the palm of her hand. "Long and hard," Lindsey added in a rich tone. "I thought I was going to pass out as I begged you for more."

Tressa couldn't respond; she could only watch as her lover rubbed her clit with her hand. "Then that night I tasted everything you had to offer. I took you so slowly."

"Oh please, don't," Tressa found herself begging. "I need you."

"Tell me," Lindsey taunted her as she spread Tressa's lips and lowered her head. Her tongue slowly traced the swollen lips.

"Lindsey?" Tressa implored her. "Please make love to me now," she pleaded as Lindsey continued to taste her slowly. "Lindsey," she finally growled in desperation. "It's Christmas. Don't you want to open your present?" With that she felt Lindsey's tongue plunge into her opening. She clasped the bedding as the appendage thrust in and out of her.

Her head was spinning as Lindsey's mouth moved to her aching clit. Her lover's fingers entered her center gently. Tressa gyrated against her lover as her fingers and mouth kept a steady rhythm. She struggled to hold back her screams.

Her head fell back as she buried her face in the comforter to muffle her cries of ecstasy as she climaxed. She clung to the comforter as Lindsey continued to pleasure her. This time her lover's rhythm was more demanding. Tressa climaxed quickly this time as Lindsey held her tightly.

She felt the blonde's fingers wiggle slightly inside of her as she rode out the waves of pleasure. She felt Lindsey's touch leave her body. She pulled her lover into her arms. "I love you," Lindsey

choked out. "That's the best Christmas present you could have ever given me."

"Good." Tressa smiled brightly before she flipped the smaller woman onto her back. She kissed Lindsey passionately. "Christmas is almost over," Tressa said softly. "I would really like to open my present now."

"Yes," Lindsey responded eagerly.

"Thank you. I feel like I've been waiting a lifetime for this," Tressa said as she pressed her naked body against her lover's. As Tressa kissed Lindsey once again, she knew that they wouldn't be getting any sleep that night. She also knew that this was indeed the best Christmas she had ever experienced.

THE END

Tressa and Lindsey are back in [Happy New Year](#).

~ Home For The Holidays series ~

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