

~ Happy New Year ~
(Home For The Holidays - Part Four)
by Mavis Appewater

PART ONE

Lindsey shifted in her seat trying to get comfortable. She looked over at her lover, noticing that she was craning her neck to see out the window. "Did you want the window seat?" the blonde teased her. Lindsey knew full well that Tressa wanted the window seat. That's why she'd grabbed it, just to irk the tall brunette a little. She did ask first, knowing full well that Tressa would give it to her even if she really wanted it.

"No, I'm fine," Tressa lied.

"Okay," Lindsey played along as she stared at her legs. She lifted the limbs slightly and scowled.

"You can't tell," Tressa said comfortingly.

"One is so much smaller than the other," Lindsey griped.

"It was in a cast for months," Tressa noted. "You're wearing jeans; no one can see the difference. Before long they'll both look the same."

"So you can tell?" Lindsey said defensively.

"No." Tressa sighed wearily. "I didn't notice until you said something. Didn't I kiss every inch of your left leg to make it better?" Tressa added in a hushed tone that sent a tremble down Lindsey's spine.

"Yes, you did," Lindsey purred as she recalled the afternoon they'd spent in bed after her doctor had removed the cast.

Lindsey's features became flushed. She turned and glanced out the window of the airplane. They had a three-hour flight ahead of them and she was tired. She yawned.

"Tired?" Tressa inquired tenderly.

"Yes," Lindsey confirmed with another yawn. "No small wonder since someone kept me awake all night."

"I didn't hear you complaining," Tressa noted with a sly smile. "In fact you were begging . . ."

"Stop," Lindsey hushed her as she blushed. She stood up. "Come on. Take the window."

"Really?" Tressa asked brightly.

"Yes, I know you want it," Lindsey said as they quickly switched places. "I really didn't want it."

"Then why'd you take it?" Tressa asked as her mouth hung open.

"I knew it would bug you," Lindsey explained in an amused tone. She winced slightly as she sat down.

"Are you all right?" Tressa asked her gently as she took Lindsey's hand.

"I'm fine," Lindsey answered with a slight smile. "It just still hurts a little. The doctor said that it would hurt for awhile."

"I know." Tressa frowned as she gave Lindsey's hand a light squeeze. "He also said that you could take a pain pill."

"I don't want to," Lindsey pouted. "I don't like the way they knock me out and make me feel all groggy."

"Okay," Tressa seemed to agree as she lifted the armrest between them. "Come here," she encouraged the weary blonde who wrapped herself in Tressa's comforting arms.

Lindsey sighed deeply as she allowed herself to be held in her lover's arms. She took a moment to enjoy the scent of her Tressa's skin and to listen to the beating of her heart. "I really enjoyed yesterday, spending the day with the family," Lindsey commented with a yawn. "I can't wait to see Mom and Dad."

"I'm excited to see them as well," Tressa agreed. "I just hope my mother keeps her word and doesn't spill the beans about the two of us being back together."

"She gave us her word," Lindsey pointed out as her eyes slowly began to close.

"And your point is what?" Tressa chuckled. Lindsey smiled, feeling her lover's laugh rumble in her chest. "She also promised both of us years ago that she would stop trying to get us back together."

"Thank God she broke that promise," Lindsey added with a smirk.

Lindsey felt Tressa stiffen slightly. She looked up to see her lover's crystal blue eyes staring behind her. Turning Lindsey spotted the flight attendant smiling at them. The overly pleasant young man offered them blankets and pillows that they eagerly accepted. Tressa wrapped them both up in the flimsy blankets. "Why don't you try to get some sleep?" Tressa suggested as she tilted her seat back. The seat moved half a centimeter. "Oh that's much better." Tressa snorted in

disgust.

Lindsey snuggled closer to Tressa, feeling the heat emanating off of her body. After a pleasant yet sleepless night, they'd got up very early to make their flight. Tressa's father drove them to Logan Airport. Thanks to recent events, the check-in took longer than usual. They both agreed it was a small price to pay for a little piece of mind. She wanted to sleep but the nearness to Tressa's body was having an all too familiar effect on her. Her hand began to slowly caress Tressa's firm thigh. "What are you doing?" the brunette whispered in her ear.

"Ssh," Lindsey hushed her as her hand continued to tease her lover's thigh. "Just close your eyes."

"Go to sleep, Lindsey," Tressa said in a hushed tone.

"Have you ever . . .?" Lindsey began to whisper hotly in Tressa's ear.

"Sweetheart, the plane is full," Tressa cautioned her.

"Then you'll need to be very quiet," Lindsey instructed as her hand slipped in between Tressa's legs.

She could feel Tressa tremble as she cupped her with the palm of her hand, rubbing gently as Tressa parted her legs. *I just need to touch her for a little while. Then I'll be able to go to sleep,* Lindsey lied to herself as Tressa removed her jacket and placed it over their bodies.

Lindsey continued to rub her palm against Tressa's center as they snuggled closer to one another. Lindsey opened her eyes briefly as she continued to tease her lover. Tressa looked so beautiful with her eyes closed, the color rising slowly in her skin as Lindsey touched her. The blonde scanned the airplane quickly, noticing that most of her fellow passengers were fast asleep or otherwise occupied.

To the casual onlooker they appeared to be sleeping as well. The rise and fall of Tressa's chest could easily be mistaken for sleep. Only Lindsey was aware of the true cause. Feeling confident that their activities were unnoticed, she opened the metal button on Tressa's jeans.

Tressa moaned softly as Lindsey lowered the zipper on her blue jeans. "Lindsey," Tressa whimpered softly as Lindsey snuggled closer, resting her blonde head on Tressa's chest. Lindsey slipped her fingers under the elastic waistband of Tressa's underwear.

Lindsey could feel and hear Tressa's heart beating wildly. Lindsey bit back a moan of pleasure as her fingers brushed through Tressa's damp curls. She fought to control her breathing as she dipped into Tressa's wetness. She could feel Tressa's clit throbbing as her fingertips began to brush against it slowly.

Lindsey kept her head pressed tightly against her lover's chest as she continued to stroke her. Slowly she teased her lover, needing to feel her excitement coat her fingers. Her pace was steady

as she gently teased Tressa, while her mind filled with erotic thoughts of what else she wanted to do to her. She listened to Tressa's rapid breathing, knowing that she was bringing her closer to the edge.

Tressa's heart was pounding against her chest. Lindsey increased her pace, feeling Tressa's body quivering from her touch. With each tantalizing brush of her fingertips, Tressa gripped her body tighter. Her teasing quickened as Tressa's body began to spasm. Lindsey prayed that her lover could remain quiet. Her prayers were answered as Tressa held on tightly, her thighs snapping shut to trap Lindsey's hand.

Lindsey held her lover tightly until she felt Tressa's thighs relax enough for her to remove her hand. Lindsey listened to Tressa's breathing as she brought her fingers up to her mouth and suckled them. She chuckled as Tressa rummaged under the blanket to adjust her pants. "Now I can sleep," Lindsey whispered triumphantly.

"You are incorrigible," Tressa grunted before placing a gentle kiss on the top of Lindsey's head.

PART TWO

Tressa felt a gentle hand shaking her awake. She blinked in surprise as she took in the unfamiliar surroundings. "Are we there?" she asked as she tried to lick the foul stench of morning breath out of her mouth. She looked around the peaceful-looking neighborhood. As she rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, she was thankful that Lindsey had asked to drive the rental car.

She never slept well on airplanes, and after her lover's frisky explorations, she found it even harder to sleep. Lindsey on the other hand was out like a light a few moments after Tressa had climaxed. "Just around the block," Lindsey responded brightly as she brushed Tressa's raven hair out of her face.

"Thanks for letting me sleep." Tressa yawned as she pulled out her travel bag. Using the vanity mirror on the sun visor, she adjusted her mussed locks. Then she gargled with mouthwash.

Lindsey laughed as Tressa spit the mouthwash out the window. "What?" Tressa snarled as she put her stuff back in her travel bag.

"Nothing," Lindsey said as she continued to laugh.

"I just want to look presentable," Tressa reasoned as she rolled the window back up. The sudden blast of humidity made her feel nauseous. "God, it's hot out there."

"We're not in Boston anymore, baby," Lindsey commented wryly.

"That explains the palm trees," Tressa retorted. "Do I look okay?"

"Honey, you look incredible as always," Lindsey reassured her. "Tressa, my parents wouldn't

care if you showed up in nothing but a sack. And I know I would certainly enjoy the view of your endless legs."

"Now I know what to get you for Valentine's Day," Tressa said with a smirk.

"Works for me," Lindsey agreed wholeheartedly. "We're here," she announced as she pulled into the driveway.

"Are you certain I look all right?" Tressa repeated nervously.

Lindsey stared at her blankly for a moment before a slight smile of understanding graced her lips. "You look fabulous," Lindsey reassured her as she gently took her hand. "Tressa, my parents adore you. Don't be nervous. Remember what you told me yesterday when I was nervous about what your parents would say when they found out about us. They've been trying to get us back together for years."

"You're right." Tressa released an uneasy breath as they continued to sit in the driveway.

"Of course I am," Lindsey boasted as she stepped out of the rented Ford Fiesta.

Tressa's fear quickly returned as she watched Mr. and Mrs. Stevens emerge from the simple single-family home. Lindsey waved cheerfully as she rushed to her parents. Tressa couldn't help noticing the slight limp to the blonde's gait.

Tressa was sweating as she sat in the tiny rental car and weighed her options. She could just sit in the tiny car hiding like a coward or go wish a Merry Christmas to the two people who were like second parents to her.

When she thought of it in those terms it wasn't a difficult choice. She extracted her large form from the vehicle. Noticing that the Stevens were still busy greeting their daughter and had failed to notice her, Tressa took a moment to stretch. They were thrilled to see Lindsey for the holiday albeit a day late. But they seemed focused on the cast that was now missing from her leg. Tressa stood there shyly as she gave them a moment to exchange holiday greetings.

"Tressa?" Marilyn Stevens said in a disbelieving voice. Tressa's heart started to race, uncertain if the confused looks on the Stevens faces was a good sign or not.

Both of Lindsey's parents broke out with brilliant smiles. Tressa smiled in return and walked over to greet them properly. "Lindsey, why didn't you tell us you were bringing Tressa with you?" Mrs. Stevens asked joyfully as she wrapped the tall woman up in her arms.

Before Lindsey or Tressa had an opportunity to answer, Mr. Stevens was hugging the both of them. "Dad, give us a chance to breathe," Lindsey choked out. Everyone laughed as they stepped away. "I didn't tell you because we wanted it to be a surprise," Lindsey explained quickly.

"It's a wonderful surprise," Mr. Stewart responded gleefully. "We didn't think we would see you

and now to have both of you here is just simply wonderful."

"Come inside," Marilyn Stevens said quickly, the smile suddenly vanishing. "Oh my, I'll need to make up the sofa."

Tressa and Lindsey's faces dropped in unison. It hadn't occurred to either of them that Lindsey's parents would prefer that they sleep in separate beds. "I'll get the luggage," Tressa said quietly as she quickly tried to retreat to the car. Lindsey caught her by the arm and halted her escape. "That's not necessary, Mom," Lindsey said in a quiet yet firm tone.

Tressa waited nervously as the Lindsey's parents exchanged knowing glances. Tressa knew it was one thing to want them back together. But having your daughter and her lover sleeping together under your roof might prove to be too much for them. Of course they could do what Tressa's parents did and pretend that the two women were actually sleeping.

"I see," Marilyn exclaimed. "Well, you two are just full of surprises. Does this mean what I think it does?"

"Yes, Mother," Lindsey groaned as she rolled her green eyes in disgust.

"Don't you just hate it when she does that?" Tressa teased as she pried her arm away from her lover's grip.

"Where do you think she learned it from?" Frank Stevens muttered to her as he nodded towards his wife.

Frank and Tressa found themselves on the receiving end of identical icy green stares from their respective spouses. "Ooops." Tressa cringed.

"We should get the luggage," Frank suggested with a hint of fear. Tressa nodded eagerly in agreement.

"Cowards," Lindsey called after them as they made a mad dash for the car.

"You should put your leg up," Tressa suggested firmly as Lindsey and her mother went in the house.

"We've been worried about her," Frank said as they unloaded the car. "Now I can see that she's been well looked after."

"Thank you," Tressa responded shyly. "She still has some stiffness and aches. The doctor said that was to be expected."

"You've been going to the doctor with her?" Frank inquired happily.

"Yes, sir," Tressa responded respectfully.

"What about . . .?" he began tensely.

Tressa knew he wanted to know about Denise. She knew it was foolish to hope that the painful subject of Lindsey's psycho ex-lover wouldn't come up. Tressa paused and chewed on her bottom lip nervously. "She's in jail. She won't be getting out before her trial." She didn't want to go into the gory details of how she had stalked them to the local mall.

"What happened?" he asked in a grave tone.

"Mr. Stevens, I don't want anything to spoil Lindsey's trip down here," Tressa addressed him in a polite and very protective manner. "Let's just say Lindsey's safe and it doesn't look like Denise will be a free woman for a very long time."

"I understand," Frank answered coldly. Tressa finally entered the house, hoping that he did in fact understand.

"Tressa, you are a wonderful woman." Marilyn greeted her with an enormous hug.

"Thank you?" Tressa responded, a bit taken a back.

"Lindsey just told me that this entire trip was your gift to her," Marilyn explained as she released Tressa.

Tressa looked over at her lover who was smiling at her from the sofa with her leg propped up. Tressa knew that look. It was a mix of pure devotion and raw lust. Tressa surveyed the small structure of the house noting the closeness of everything. *'This is going to be a long vacation,'* Tressa thought grimly.

The four of them sat for a while and chatted, catching up on one another's lives. Throughout the entire conversation, Tressa was eager to get Lindsey alone in their room. She was still more than a little anxious after the plane trip. Thankfully, Marilyn finally suggested that the girls go to their room and relax while she prepared dinner. "I'm certain you girls will want to get cleaned up after your flight. Lindsey, show Tressa where everything is," Marilyn instructed her daughter.

Tressa took Lindsey by the hand and pulled her up to a standing position. Lindsey squeezed Tressa's hand gently as she led her to a room just off the living room.

"I hope you two will be comfortable," Frank said as he followed with the luggage.

Tressa noted that the floor squeaked from the slightest movement. "It will be just fine, Dad," Lindsey reassured him as she took their bags from him. Tressa smiled as she watched her lover practically shove her father out of the guest bedroom. Lindsey closed the door behind her father and spun around quickly. Tressa could feel the heat emanating off her lover's body from across the room. She inhaled sharply as Lindsey kicked off her shoes and began to disrobe.

The floor creaked with every step Lindsey took. The look in her dark green eyes was wild. Tressa licked her lips in anticipation. "I want you," Lindsey growled as she wrapped her arms around Tressa's quivering body.

Tressa quickly pressed her lips against Lindsey's. Soon they were exploring the warmth of each other's mouth. Tressa's head was spinning as she broke away from the fiery kiss. "How close is your parents room?" she asked as her hands roamed down Lindsey's back.

"Right next door," Lindsey groaned. "I wish we could take a shower together," Lindsey whimpered as she began to nibble on Tressa's sensitive neck.

"This place is so small," Tressa moaned as she lowered Lindsey down onto the bed.

"I'm sorry, baby," Lindsey murmured as her mouth continued its exploration. "It's just the two of them," she tried to explain.

Tressa jumped back slightly as the bed exhaled a loud squeak. "Oh no." Lindsey's face turned ashen as she spoke. "I forgot about that. The damn thing makes a noise every time you move."

"What?" Tressa stammered, suddenly feeling very frustrated.

"Is everything all right girls?" Marilyn called out.

Tressa's eyes bugged out as she released her lover. "Where is your mom calling us from?" Tressa asked in a ragged tone.

"The kitchen." Lindsey flinched as she spoke.

"Isn't that at the back of house?" Tressa asked in a shaky tone.

"Yes," Lindsey admitted reluctantly.

"They can hear *everything*," Tressa asserted painfully. "Baby, we'll never be quiet enough."

"What are you suggesting?" Lindsey growled.

"There's no way," Tressa said firmly as Lindsey's jaw dropped. "It's just for a few days."

"No," Lindsey whimpered as she fell back onto the bed, which made noise with the slightest of movements. "Well, come on. I need a long cold shower," Lindsey announced as she stood. The floor creaked every time she made the slightest movement. "I guess the floor is out of the question as well," she muttered bitterly.

"They can't spend every moment with us," Tressa reasoned with a halfhearted smile.

PART THREE

Lindsey groaned as they entered her condo. It had been a very long and exhausting trip. Despite all their efforts, her parents spent every waking moment with them. They were never out of earshot of the elderly couple. It was just far too uncomfortable for either of them to start anything. After five days of being limited to holding her lover's hand, Lindsey found herself feeling completely wired.

She enjoyed spending time with her parents and the four of them had a great time. But the pent up sexual frustration was wearing on both of them. Lindsey looked forward to the plane trip home. They were disappointed when they discovered that they were seated next to an elderly nun. This effectively eliminated any possibility of the two of them renewing their membership in the Mile High Club.

They picked up Tressa's car at her parents' home and, of course, had to stay for a couple of hours to visit. Lindsey thought that perhaps they could pull over somewhere on the drive home. But alas, the fates seemed to be plotting against them. Traffic was bumper to bumper, and since it was New Year's Eve extra caution was needed.

Lindsey closed the door behind them. She heard Tressa drop their luggage unceremoniously on the floor. She turned as her lover wrapped her up in her arms. Tressa pressed her against the doorway and began to kiss her passionately. Lindsey allowed herself to become lost in the fiery kiss as her pets danced around them demanding attention.

They were both panting as the kiss ended. "I love you," Tressa gasped as she held Lindsey tightly in her arms. "But the next time we visit your parents, we're staying in a hotel."

"Fine by me," Lindsey groaned in response as she slipped Tressa's jacket down her shoulders. "You know, I always thought that our overactive libidos were a good thing until this week."

"God, I felt like we were back in high school," Tressa said breathlessly as she removed Lindsey's jacket. Without hesitation Tressa reached for Lindsey's blouse and tore it open, scattering the buttons across the room.

Lindsey arched her back in response as Ziggy and Rufus continued to climb all over them. "Back off guys," Tressa growled at them as she sank to her knees. "I really want to fuck your mommy right now." Lindsey panted heavily as Tressa's hands ran down her body.

"Bed," the blonde commanded.

"I can't wait," Tressa moaned as she began to unzip Lindsey's pants.

"Not you," Lindsey gasped as her pants were lowered down her legs. She watched as Tressa turned her head to watch the animals retreat into the kitchen.

Lindsey ran her fingers through Tressa's long silky hair as the raven-haired woman smiled up at

her. The smoky gaze of her lover's crystal blue eyes sent a jolt through her body. One of Lindsey's hands reached up to cup her own breast. With her other hand, she guided Tressa to bury her face in her damp underwear.

Her hips arched against Tressa. The taller woman kissed and tugged on her white panties. The feel of her lover's face pressed up against her center was driving Lindsey wild. She pinched her own nipple roughly as Tressa continued to nuzzle her. "Baby?" Lindsey begged. "I need you to fuck me. We can make love later. Right now I need to feel you taking me."

Tressa responded by pulling Lindsey's panties down. Quickly the brunette removed her shoes, pants and underwear, tossing them across the room. Tressa looked up at her with a feral look in her eyes. Lindsey knew that Tressa was watching her touch herself.

Lindsey pulled the cup of her bra up to reveal her breast to her lover, as Tressa lifted one of her legs over her shoulder. "Harder," Tressa said gently as she lowered her head. Tressa's eyes never broke contact as Lindsey pinched and teased her nipple.

Lindsey fought to keep her eyes open as her lover's tongue thrust into her center. "Yes," Lindsey hissed as she rocked her body against Tressa. The brunette's tongue plunged in and out of her as she panted uncontrollably from her lover's touch.

Lindsey groaned as she felt Tressa's tongue leave her. Lindsey screamed out as Tressa licked her swollen lips as she plunged two fingers inside of her. "Oh my God, Tressa," she called out as her lover began to suckle her throbbing clit. Her lover's mouth and fingers maintained the same wild rhythm.

"Harder," Lindsey whimpered as her body slammed against the hard wood of the front door. Nothing mattered at that moment in time. All that existed was her lover pleasuring her. Tressa took her harder until she screamed out as her body trembled uncontrollably.

Lindsey could still feel Tressa's fingers nestled inside of her. They wiggled and teased her as Tressa licked her passion from the inside of her quivering thighs. Lindsey felt like she was floating as she removed her blouse and bra, suddenly needing to be completely exposed for her lover. She continued to tease her own nipples as Tressa's long black hair caressed her thighs. Lindsey soon found herself clutching the door as she climaxed a second time.

Before she could comprehend what was happening, Tressa was standing before her and undoing her own pants. She reached out to assist her only to have her hands brushed away. Tressa leaned forward and captured her sensitive nipple in her mouth. Suckling it greedily, she lowered her pants slightly.

Lindsey arched her back and wrapped her fingers in Tressa's hair. She was lost in the feel of her lover's mouth devouring her breast. She knew what Tressa was doing and needed to see. Pushing Tressa away slightly, she moaned when she found Tressa's jeans and underwear pooled around her ankles.

Lindsey whimpered at the sight of her lover stroking her own clit. She bit her lip, torn between wanting to watch and the need to join her. "Inside," she choked out. Tressa braced one hand against the door next the Lindsey's head as she entered herself with her other hand.

Lindsey was mesmerized as she watched the long glistening fingers plunge in and out of Tressa's center. Lindsey could smell the scent of their passion invading her. She needed to touch the taller woman. With one arm she supported her now trembling lover as she cupped Tressa's wetness with her other hand.

Lindsey leaned forward as she pulled Tressa closer to her, kissing her lover as she felt Tressa's hand stroking herself. She slipped her tongue into her lover's mouth as two of her fingers joined Tressa's. Together their fingers slid in and out of Tressa's warm wet center.

Tressa broke away from the kiss as her head fell back, screaming out as her body collapsed against Lindsey's. The blonde held Tressa up. Then slowly they removed their fingers from Tressa's pulsating center, each still trembling with desire. Lindsey tasted her fingers which only served to renew her desire.

"Happy New Year," she said softly as she kissed her lover, tasting herself on Tressa's full lips.

"I can't wait until midnight," Tressa teased.

Lindsey smiled as she assisted her lover to the sofa. Lowering Tressa down, she knelt before her. "We have so much to do until then," Lindsey purred. "I love you," she said as she began to undress her lover.

"I love you too," Tressa responded sincerely. "Thank you."

"For?" Lindsey inquired as she continued to undress Tressa.

"For giving me a New Years Eve I won't ever forget."

THE END.

Lindsey and Tressa are back in [Cupid's Arrow](#)

~ Home For The Holidays series ~

[Home For The Holidays](#)

[I'll Be Home For Christmas](#)

[Do Not Open Before Christmas](#)

[Happy New Year](#)

[Cupid's Arrow](#)

[Easter Surprise](#)

[By The Dawn's Early Light](#)

[The Long Weekend](#)

[Holiday Cheer](#)

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

For updates, previews & the Wednesday Afternoon Series join my egroup,
yomavis-subscribe@yahoogroups.com
