

~ Easter Surprise ~
(Home For The Holidays - Part Six)

April 2002
by Mavis Appewater

Tressa sat on the park bench with her face in her hands. It was a beautiful spring day. Of course this was New England so that could change at any moment. It was Easter Sunday and the sun was shining and the tall brunette felt like hell. It had all started on St. Patrick's Day. Actually it had really started years before that when she and Lindsey had first become lovers.

Their teenage on-again off-again romance had been a roller coaster ride from the very beginning. Now it seemed that their reunion was proving to be just as tumultuous. This time she knew it was her own insecurities that had set events in motion. It all began fifteen days ago.

She awoke in the same fashion she had everyday since last Thanksgiving Day weekend with Lindsey caressing her slumbering body. "That isn't fair," Tressa grumbled. "You have to go to work."

"Sorry, love," Lindsey mumbled against her breast.

"Call in sick," Tressa suggested as she fumbled through the sheets to feel her lover's body.

"Can't," Lindsey explained as she raised herself from Tressa's naked form.

"You're the boss," Tressa protested as she finally opened her eyes. She was disappointed to find that her lover was already dressed in a stylish emerald suit. "That's very green."

"How does it look?" Lindsey inquired nervously.

"Great! It brings out your eyes," Tressa answered honestly. "Now come back to bed and let me take it off you."

"Later," Lindsey responded with a sensual purr before she brushed her lips against Tressa's. "I've already taken care of Ziggy and Rufus. Why don't you go back to sleep? I'm taking the train in since downtown is going to be a zoo."

"What?" Tressa grumbled as she raised her body slightly.

The realization of what day it was hit her hard. Lindsey was clad in green and downtown Boston

was going to be crowded. It was March 17th; it was St. Patrick's Day. It was the one day of the year when everyone in the city claimed to be Irish. Despite the fact that Tressa did have Irish blood flowing through her veins, she hated the day with a passion.

"Why the scowl?" Lindsey asked her tenderly. "Are you feeling all right?"

"Yes," Tressa snapped. "It's just St. Patrick's Day."

"Why would that bother you?" Lindsey inquired curiously.

Tressa was just about to blurt out the litany of reasons why the day irritated her when she bit back her anger. The fact that Lindsey didn't know hurt her deeply. "No reason," she lied, hoping that Lindsey would catch the hurt in her voice so they could talk about it.

"I'll take the train back as well," Lindsey continued, oblivious to Tressa's pain. "Did you want to do something special tonight?"

"No," Tressa responded in a clipped tone.

"How are you spending your day off?" Lindsey continued hesitantly.

"I'm going back to my place," Tressa grumbled. "I'm going to be busy tonight."

"Do you want to tell me what's going on?" Lindsey pressed cautiously as she turned to her lover.

Tressa couldn't help feeling childish but the fact that Lindsey didn't know honestly hurt her. She just sat there brooding as Lindsey stared down at her. "I'm going to be late," Lindsey finally said in exasperation. "Call me later?" she offered in a hopeful tone as she bent to kiss Tressa. The kiss landed on Tressa's cheek when she turned away at the last second.

After Lindsey stormed out of the townhouse, Tressa got dressed and returned to her own apartment. Somehow the tiny space didn't feel like home to her any longer. In a few short months she had become accustomed to staying at Lindsey's and she had begun to pack and move some of her belongings there. They had agreed over the Christmas holiday to move in together once Tressa's lease was up. Until that morning Tressa had been looking forward to the new living arrangement.

She sat on her sofa without bothering to remove her coat and began an extended brooding session. Being reunited with Lindsey had seemed like a God's send but there were demons from their past that would occasionally rear their ugly heads. This day was one of those times. She remembered when they were seventeen and hadn't been lovers for a couple of months. Tressa could no longer recall what had caused their breakup that time.

In the early stages of their romantic lives, the two women's young emotions had constantly overwhelmed their senses. The night before St. Patrick's Day, Lindsey's parents had to go out of town for the weekend. Despite the fact that she was more than capable of staying by herself, her

parents had suggested that she spend the weekend at Tressa's.

The girls had reluctantly agreed since they couldn't tell their parents that they had just ended their sexual relationship. They had climbed into bed and begun a tug of war over the blankets. The heated battle soon grew into a fierce tickling match. Tressa could still recall the feel of Lindsey's firm body beneath her own.

She couldn't remember who made the first move, but somehow in the darkness their lips had met and they'd found themselves wrapped around each other. Soon they were undressing each other as the months of anger vanished. They had lost themselves in one another's touch until their young bodies had nothing left to offer.

The following morning she awoke to find Lindsey's naked body sprawled across her own. Her young heart jumped with joy as she wrapped her long arms around her lover's body. She felt Lindsey kissing the valley between her breasts. "I bet we can convince your parents to let you sleep over at my place tonight. We can make as much noise as we want," Lindsey murmured against her skin.

"I can't," Tressa responded hesitantly as she wrapped her long legs around the smaller girl's body. Lindsey raised her head and looked at Tressa with a pained expression. "I have to go to the dance tonight at school," she explained.

"Fine, we'll go together." Lindsey shrugged.

"I have a date," Tressa continued.

"What?" Lindsey choked out as she freed herself from Tressa's body.

"It's not what you think," Tressa explained quickly. "It's just Dennis."

"Oh, so since it's your guy that makes it okay," Lindsey snapped as she climbed out off the bed.

Tressa tried to reach out to her but Lindsey shrugged away from her touch as she began to dress. "Lindsey?" Tressa pleaded.

"Hey, no big deal," Lindsey snapped bitterly. "It's not like I'm your girlfriend or anything. I'll just tell your parents I want to sleep at home tonight. It's not as if you could bring me to the dance as your date."

"You know I can't," Tressa reasoned as her heart dropped.

"It's not fair," Lindsey said quietly.

"No, it's not," Tressa agreed as she fought back the tears. Living in a small town meant that they couldn't let anyone know they were lovers.

"Like I said, no big deal." Lindsey shrugged, trying to act like it didn't matter. Tressa could hear the pain in the blonde's voice. "It was just a fuck anyway."

"Don't say that," Tressa protested.

"It's true," Lindsey snapped as she finished gathering her belongings. "Have fun with your boyfriend tonight," she added before she stormed out of the room.

Tressa was deeply hurt and she was certain that she and Lindsey were over. She also knew that Lindsey was right. Her young mind just didn't understand how she could fix things or take back the harsh words they had said to one another. That night Tressa went out with Dennis as planned. From the moment she arrived at the dance, she just wanted to leave. She needed to find Lindsey and try to work everything out.

She thought she was going to explode when she saw Lindsey enter the high school gym with Bethany Pierce. As Dennis showered her with attention, she kept a watchful eye on Lindsey and Bethany. Every time she saw them laugh or touch, Tressa felt her heart die just a little. She could also feel the rage building within her. Granted, Lindsey and Bethany weren't doing anything that would be considered romantic. But Tressa could see the way Bethany was looking at Lindsey and she didn't like it one bit.

She didn't want to leave before the other two girls did. There was no way she was going to let Lindsey and her new friend out of her sight. Finally Lindsey and Bethany left the gym. Tressa practically dragged Dennis out of the dance in a hurry to head home. She needed to talk to Lindsey and didn't want to waste a single moment. Dennis had other plans. Once Tressa managed to wrestle away from her amorous date, she headed straight into her house. She looked up at the house next door, wondering why the lights were out in Lindsey's bedroom.

She peered up at her own bedroom window; it was directly across from Lindsey's. She sighed deeply as she noticed that the lights were off there as well. She had been holding onto a small glimmer of hope that Lindsey had changed her mind and decided to stay with her. She raced inside the house, hoping that she would find Lindsey fast asleep in her bed. Her heart dropped when she found her bed empty.

Tressa sat in her bedroom watching Lindsey's window, waiting for her to return. After an hour and a half Tressa put on a pair of jeans. Her plan was to go looking for the wayward blonde. As she climbed out her bedroom window, she suddenly decided that Lindsey had probably returned home before her.

As she scabbled across her rooftop, she reasoned that Lindsey was tucked safely in her bed. She smiled as she jumped across to Lindsey's roof. It wasn't the first time she'd leapt across the distance to see her lover.

"Get down from there, you idiot," Lindsey growled from below. Tressa was shocked to see her lover glaring up at her. She was also furious that the blonde was just now returning home. She jumped down, almost knocking Lindsey over. "What are you doing?" Lindsey growled as she

grabbed Tressa's arm and pulled her to the back of the house.

"Where have you been?" Tressa demanded, fighting to keep her voice low so they wouldn't wake up her parents.

"You're insane. You know that, don't you?" Lindsey flared. "You go out with someone else and you want to know where I've been?"

Tressa was been stunned by the truth behind the words. She decided that it was time for her to be honest as well. "I was scared of what people would do or think if they found out," she explained tearfully. "I love you," Tressa confessed.

"Why did you go out with him?" Lindsey wept as Tressa pulled her into her arms.

"Because I'm an idiot," Tressa conceded. "I just didn't know what to do. I hate that I can't let everyone know how much I love you. I swear that I didn't touch him. I didn't even kiss him goodnight." She buried her face in Lindsey's long blonde hair as she pulled her closer. "Did you . . . you and Bethany . . . did you?" she choked out.

"No," Lindsey answered in tense voice.

It was all Tressa needed to hear as she began to kiss the blonde passionately. She lowered herself to her knees. Kneeling before her lover, she lowered Lindsey's pants. "I need you," she whispered over and over as Lindsey guided her to her wetness. She buried her face in her lover's damp cotton panties. The musky aroma of Lindsey's excitement was intoxicating.

"I'm yours," Lindsey moaned as she thrust herself deeper into Tressa's touch. Tressa pulled down Lindsey's panties and buried herself in her lover's desire.

Tressa could still recall how deeply she'd pleased her lover. Tressa had plunged her fingers in and out of her love as she sucked her clit. She'd needed to make her lover explode against her, to prove to both of them that Lindsey still belonged to her. After Lindsey had climaxed against her, they'd snuck up to her bedroom and made love throughout the night. They'd cried in one another's arms, neither feeling free from the harsh words that had been spoken that morning.

There was something about that night that had shaken Tressa. It was the same thing that was still nagging at her all these years later. When Lindsey denied having been with Bethany, something in her voice hadn't rung true. All these years later it still haunted Tressa. She hadn't realized how much until that morning.

As she sat on her sofa, she couldn't find a reason to still be dwelling on the subject. Tressa finally dragged herself into the shower. After showering and changing, she was still troubled by her actions that morning. Even if Lindsey had lied back then, it had happened when they weren't

really together and it had occurred more than fifteen years ago.

The day progressed with Tressa bouncing between being angry and feeling silly. She glanced at the clock and decided the only way to stop her inner turmoil was to talk to Lindsey. If she hurried she could get to the shop before Lindsey locked up and headed home. She endured the endless traffic and, once in the city, gave up on finding a parking space to settle for the overpriced garage on Newbury.

Tressa arrived just as Lindsey's assistant was locking up. She let Tressa in and explained that Lindsey was in her office. Tressa braced herself as she made her way through the stylish antique shop. She knew her way to Lindsey's office, having visited her lover many times over the past few months.

She knocked on the door and was greeted by a terse "Come in." Tressa took a deep breath, knowing that she was responsible for her lover's foul mood. "Hi," she said sheepishly as she entered the office. The smile Lindsey flashed at her instantly confirmed that coming to the shop was the right choice.

"Hi." Lindsey beamed at her as she took a seat in front of Lindsey's cluttered desk.

"I thought you might want a ride home," Tressa began as she shifted nervously in the chair.

"Thanks," Lindsey responded, her smile growing brighter for a brief moment. The blonde grew slightly somber as she began to pack up her things. "Do you want to talk about it?" she finally offered quietly.

"You'll think it's stupid," Tressa confessed.

"If something has you this upset, it couldn't be stupid," Lindsey reassured her as she sat on top of her desk and took Tressa's hands in her own.

"St. Patrick's Day," she began slowly as green eyes looked at her lovingly. "In high school when I went to that dance . . ." She watched as Lindsey dropped her hands and her eyes burned with anger.

"You have got to be kidding me," Lindsey fumed. "That's so stupid. This is why you were so upset this morning?" Lindsey continued as Tressa shifted nervously. "All this because of a really bad argument we had over fifteen years ago when you went to a dance with dufus?"

"Dennis." Tressa made the mistake of correcting her.

"Whatever," Lindsey scoffed. "Honey, it was a long time ago and we both caused each other a lot of pain. You do know how much I love you, don't you?"

"Yes," Tressa responded, relaxing slightly. "There's just something I need to know. It's silly but it's really bothering me. Bethany Pierce . . ."

"Don't," Lindsey cautioned her softly as her body stiffened.

Tressa's stomach clenched as her mind screamed for her to stop before she found the answers she was seeking. Unfortunately her mouth refused to listen to her mind. "Lindsey?" she continued fearfully.

"Tressa, please don't," Lindsey pleaded.

"You lied," Tressa choked out. The way Lindsey refused to look at her confirmed everything. "You slept with her?" she asked in disbelief.

"No," Lindsey stammered, still not looking at Tressa. "It was just a little making out."

"Oh," Tressa said as a sudden sharp pain took up residence in her chest.

"Tressa." Lindsey's voice trembled slightly as she turned to Tressa with tears in her eyes. "We were seventeen. We said some very hateful things to one another. You were going on a date with someone else. We had to hide our relationship. Tressa, don't let this come between us."

"I have to go," Tressa said suddenly as she stood. The tall brunette walked out of the store as her lover called after her.

Tressa was in a little park around the corner from Lindsey's townhouse. It was Easter Sunday and it had been fifteen days since she had spoken to her lover. Lindsey had tried to call her so many times since that day but Tressa just couldn't bring herself to answer the telephone. A few days ago the calls had finally stopped.

"I'm an idiot," Tressa grumbled as she finally stood and headed to her SUV. "I haven't spoken to the love of my life in over two weeks because fifteen years ago she made out with another girl," she said, chastising herself as passers by looked at her curiously. She climbed into her car and drove over to the townhouse.

She let herself in with the key Lindsey had given her. She hoped that the blonde was sleeping in. When she found Rufus and Ziggy glaring at her, she knew that their mistress was awake. She heard some shuffling in the kitchen. She removed her coat as the animals continued to glare at her. She rolled her eyes at their disapproving look.

The brunette swallowed her pride and walked into the kitchen. She wasn't prepared for the sight she found there. Lindsey was dressed in her normal morning outfit of sweatpants and a ratty old T-shirt holding a plate with a huge fluorescent pink blob on it. "That is disgusting," Tressa noted dryly. She watched as Lindsey jumped at the sound of her voice.

The uncertain look in the blonde's eyes tugged at Tressa's heart. "What is that?" she continued as

she closed the distance to the blonde, still not certain if her presence was welcome.

"It's a Peep," Lindsey explained boldly. "If you put them in the microwave, you can make one really big one."

"There's something wrong with you," Tressa said as she looked at the blob in disgust. "Do you still bite the heads off those things before you eat them?"

"It's the only way to enjoy a Peep," Lindsey said as she put the plate down and climbed up on the kitchen counter.

"How can you eat those things?" Tressa grimaced. "They're nothing but sugar."

"What's your point?" Lindsey persisted from her perch on the counter.

Tressa leaned against the counter, keeping a slight distance from Lindsey. She could see the hurt and confusion in Lindsey's eyes. "I'm sorry," Tressa said softly. "I don't know why it got to me the way it did. I've missed you."

"All you had to do was call or come over," Lindsey responded thoughtfully. "Are you ready to talk?" Tressa simply nodded as she chewed her bottom lip nervously. "Tressa, I love you," Lindsey continued. "A very long time ago I made a mistake and then I lied about it. Because I was young and stupid and because at the time I thought it was the right thing to do. I'm telling you the truth now; I made out with Bethany. But I never betrayed you . . . ever," she asserted firmly. "If she was still speaking to me, I would call her right now so she could tell you herself."

"Why isn't she speaking to you?" Tressa inquired.

"She stopped talking to me that night because I wouldn't do anything but kiss her." Lindsey shrugged. "In fact, I had to walk home since she kicked me out of her car."

"Jerk," Tressa grunted. "Not her. . . me," she added with sincerity. "I can't believe I made such a huge hairy deal out of something that happened when we were in high school."

"It hurt you," Lindsey responded honestly. "Apparently very deeply. Is there anything else you want to clear the air about? If there is, then we should do it now because you are not putting me through this again. I love you but I will not let anyone treat me this way."

Tressa smiled at her lover's confidence, knowing that over the past year she'd been through hell. "Just one more thing," she said in a solemn tone. "Why Bethany?"

"One of the times we broke up she made it clear that she was interested," Lindsey explained in a flat tone. "I don't know how she knew about me or us but she did."

"At the next reunion, can I kiss you in front of Bethany?" Tressa teased.

"Darling, you can kiss me anytime and anywhere you desire," Lindsey purred. "Speaking of which, if there's nothing else, I suggest you haul that cute ass of yours over here and give me a proper greeting."

Tressa smiled as she rushed into her lover's arms. "Happy Easter," Lindsey said as she wrapped her legs around Tressa's body. "Happy Easter," the brunette said softly before claiming her lover's full lips. "So I can kiss you anytime anywhere?" Tressa taunted her lover.

"Yes," Lindsey responded in a breathy tone.

"Good," Tressa said hotly before she reclaimed Lindsey's lips.

Tressa kissed Lindsey eagerly as Lindsey's firm legs pulled her closer. Tressa began to suck on Lindsey's bottom lip as she ran her hands up under Lindsey's thin T-shirt. She parted Lindsey's lips with her tongue and began to explore the warmth of her lover's mouth. Lindsey's hands moved between them and cupped Tressa's breasts.

Tressa's hands felt their way up Lindsey's body until they came to the gentle swell of Lindsey's firm full breasts. Her tongue engaged in a sensual duel with Lindsey's. She moaned as she felt her lover capture her nipples between her fingers. Tressa plunged her tongue deeper into her lover's mouth as the blonde rolled her erect nipples between her fingers.

Lindsey pushed Tressa away from her slightly and began to tug on her blouse. "I'm sorry," Tressa apologized.

"Don't apologize," Lindsey said with a needy sigh. "Just touch me," she pleaded before she tore open Tressa's blouse, sending the buttons flying across the kitchen.

As Lindsey began to kiss the valley between Tressa's breasts, the brunette teased the blonde's nipples with the palms of her hands. Lindsey tried to pull Tressa's blouse off. Tressa helped in removing her torn blouse and tossing it across the kitchen. She kissed Lindsey once again before the blonde could resume kissing her chest.

Both women were breathing heavily as they parted. Tressa pulled Lindsey's shirt up and off. Tressa licked her lips as her eyes focused upon two round full breasts. "So beautiful," she murmured in appreciation.

Lindsey leaned back on the counter, granting Tressa a full view of her firm body. Tressa took her time drinking in the sight before her. Lindsey blushed under her lustful gaze. She watched the rapid rise and fall of Lindsey's chest. Everything about this woman excited Tressa to her very core.

Tressa leaned in and reclaimed Lindsey's lips. The kiss quickly deepened as their tongues began a sensual duel. Tressa felt Lindsey's body trembling beneath her own. "I love you," Tressa gasped once she broke away from the kiss.

With Lindsey still leaning back on the kitchen counter, the brunette began to kiss her face and then worked her way down to her jaw and neck. Lindsey sighed as she tilted her head back, offering more of her neck up to Tressa's eager mouth. As her mouth descended further down Lindsey's body, Tressa could feel the blonde's legs wrap even more tightly around her body.

Tressa's tongue circled Lindsey's nipple before she captured the bud in her mouth. She could feel Lindsey's center grinding against her stomach as the blonde unclasped her bra. Tressa could feel Lindsey's desire seeping through her sweatpants as she thrust against the brunette.

Lindsey's hands roamed up and down Tressa's back as the blonde's hips began to rock against her in a wild rhythm. Tressa suckled Lindsey's nipple harder while she used one hand to hold her lover steady. Her ears were ringing with Lindsey's desperate pleas for more.

Tressa's clit was pulsating steadily in unison with Lindsey's thrusting body. Lindsey's body swayed slightly when Tressa removed her hands from her hips to run them down Lindsey's torso.

She could feel the heat emanating from Lindsey's skin as her fingers worked their way down her body. She grasped the waist of Lindsey's sweatpants tightly. Tressa's mouth blazed a delightful path across Lindsey's heaving chest. She savored each drop of sweat on the blonde's skin before capturing the other nipple in her mouth.

She suckled Lindsey's nipple eagerly as she proceeded to remove the blonde's sweatpants. She lifted her lover's firm backside so she could pull the pants down. Lindsey squirmed in an effort to assist her. The feel of her lover's firm flesh resting in her hands was overpowering. Tressa lifted her head as she kneaded Lindsey's backside.

As she released her hold, Lindsey grasped the kitchen counter. The blonde's chest was heaving as her body trembled. Tressa quickly finished removing Lindsey's sweatpants. She pulled her lover back to her and once again captured the smaller woman in a fiery kiss. She could feel Lindsey's center thrusting against her abdomen with urgent desire.

Tressa wrapped her arms around Lindsey, needing to feel her lover's body pressing against her own. Their bodies melted together as Lindsey continued to rock herself against Tressa's body. Tressa broke away from the kiss when the need to breathe became overwhelming. "God, you are so wet," Tressa panted.

"I told you that I missed you," Lindsey moaned before she began kissing Tressa's long neck.

Tressa could feel the quivering of Lindsey's thighs. She needed to be closer to her when she climaxed. She pulled herself away from her lover's tight grip and lowered herself to her knees. Tressa pulled Lindsey's body closer to her. She lifted her lover's hips and drew her passion to her mouth. "I love that you're so tall," Lindsey groaned in appreciation as Tressa began to lick the inside of her thighs.

Lindsey draped her legs over Tressa's shoulders as the brunette blew a warm breath into wet golden curls. Lindsey wrapped her fingers in Tressa's long raven locks and pulled her closer.

Tressa's tongue ran slowly up and down slick folds, savoring the taste of her lover. "Yes," Lindsey hissed as Tressa's tongue pressed against her opening.

Tressa held her lover's body tightly as her tongue entered her center. The walls tightened around the muscle. Tressa moaned in pleasure as her tongue plunged in and out of Lindsey's aching center.

Lindsey's hands gripped her shoulders tightly as her tongue quickened its pace. She could feel Lindsey's body nearing the edge of ecstasy. The blonde growled when Tressa's tongue left her warm center. Tressa replaced her tongue with one finger, which was soon followed by a second one. Her fingers wiggled inside of her lover as she began to suckle Lindsey's throbbing clit.

Lindsey cried out as Tressa began to dip her fingers deeper inside of her. Lindsey was begging her for release as her hips thrust frantically. Tressa took her lover harder and deeper as her own desire pooled between her legs. Lindsey's thighs tightened around Tressa's face as she suckled.

Lindsey's body exploded as she arched against Tressa. The brunette continued to pleasure her lover as she cried out in ecstasy. Lindsey's climax sent a delightful jolt through Tressa's already excited body. She slowly licked away the last traces of Lindsey's desire as the blonde's body trembled with the last waves of passion rushing through her.

Lindsey sighed contentedly as Tressa stood up. She cupped Tressa's face and began to kiss away the traces of her passion. "Hmm," she murmured in delight.

"Taste better than Peeps?" Tressa teased as her lover continued to taste herself on the brunette's face.

"Oh yeah," Lindsey purred. "But it doesn't taste nearly as good as you do," Lindsey whispered hotly in Tressa's ear.

The brunette's knees buckled slightly as Lindsey finally removed Tressa's bra, which had ended up hanging around her elbows. Then Lindsey moved slightly away from her. "Hold onto the counter," Lindsey instructed her in a husky tone. Tressa swallowed hard before she complied with Lindsey's request. She gripped the kitchen counter tightly as Lindsey slid off to stand behind her.

Tressa felt Lindsey's arms wrap around her body. The feel of Lindsey's nipples brushing against her back filled her with desire. "I love you," Lindsey murmured as she kissed Tressa's naked back. Tressa's breathing grew ragged as she felt Lindsey undoing her slacks. The pants slid down her long legs as her lover began to kiss her way down her body.

Tressa gripped the counter tighter; her knuckles grew white as Lindsey's mouth moved down her body. A sharp gasp escaped her as her underwear was lowered. Lindsey kissed the back of her sensitive knees as the blonde struggled to remove the clothing pooled around Tressa's ankles.

A naked Tressa stood as her lover began to kiss and taste her way back up her body. Her eyes

fluttered shut as she felt Lindsey's tongue between her trembling thighs. Tressa parted her legs, inviting Lindsey to explore her further. She shivered as she felt Lindsey's tongue deepen its search.

Tressa fought to control her breathing as Lindsey's breasts brushed against her legs while her tongue curled up between her thighs. Tressa whimpered as Lindsey's mouth moved up her backside, dipping in and out of her aching need. Lindsey's mouth continued the slow delightful torture until Tressa was certain that she would explode.

"Please," she pleaded as she felt her need flowing freely down her body. She felt Lindsey's body moving up as she continued to kiss Tressa's quaking form. Lindsey was now standing behind her, pressing her body into Tressa's. She could feel her lover's hands firmly holding her hips as her wetness pressed into her.

Tressa was gasping for air as she arched her hips back, needing to feel Lindsey's desire inside of her. "That's it, baby," Lindsey moaned as her hips matched Tressa's urgent rhythm. Tressa's clit pulsed with desire as their bodies rocked wildly against each other. She felt Lindsey's small hands moving across her body. With one hand the blonde stroked Tressa's clit while her other hand reached between their bodies.

Tressa cried out as her lover's fingers entered her. The feel of Lindsey teasing her throbbing clit while her fingers plunged in and out of her quickly caused her insides to clench as the orgasm built up. Shamelessly she thrust her hips eagerly, needing to feel Lindsey's desire. Her head was spinning and her lungs suddenly became void of air as Lindsey rode against her frantically.

Tressa screamed out to the heavens as her body exploded. Lindsey caught her trembling body before she could collapse into a quivering heap on the kitchen floor. "Are you okay?" Lindsey whispered gently as she held Tressa tightly.

"Oh yeah," Tressa choked out as her body continued to tremble.

Lindsey continued to hold her as she placed loving kisses on her shoulder. "When you feel like you can walk again, how about we head upstairs? I have an Easter present for you," Lindsey said softly.

"That wasn't it?" Tressa inquired as she brushed damp hair out of her eyes.

"No." Lindsey chuckled. "I bought something for you in hopes that you would come to your senses."

"I'm sorry," Tressa repeated as she finally managed to get her breathing under control.

"So am I," Lindsey responded tenderly as she placed another kiss on Tressa's quivering body. "Neither of us handled things very well then or now. But I do love the way we make up."

Later Tressa found herself lounging in a bubble bath with Lindsey. Her surprise consisted of

Lindsey feeding her chocolate-covered strawberries while they sipped champagne. "I do like the way you celebrate Easter." Tressa chuckled as Lindsey licked the chocolate from her lips.

THE END

Lindsey and Tressa are together again for another Holiday in [By The Dawn's Early Light](#).

~ Home For The Holidays series ~

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