

~ By The Dawn's Early Light ~  
(Home For The Holidays - Part Seven)

April 2002  
by Mavis Appewater

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PART ONE

Tressa curled her lip and looked at her lover. She adored her but at this particular moment she couldn't help but wonder if the little blonde had completely lost her mind. She was considering asking Lindsey just that when she noticed the stern look the smaller woman was giving her.

"What?" Lindsey demanded.

"Nothing," Tressa lied.

"You're lying," Lindsey scoffed as she threw up her hands in disgust.

"No," Tressa hedged. "It's just that . . . do you really want to do this?"

"Yes," Lindsey responded slowly as if she was speaking to a child. Her tone simply infuriated Tressa.

"The Esplanade on the Fourth of July?" Tressa finally blurted out in exasperation. "Have you lost your mind?"

"No," Lindsey flared, her green eyes blazing with anger. Tressa instantly realized her error in judgment. "You said I could plan what we would do for the holiday. It will be fun."

"It will be a freak show," Tressa said.

"Sure, on the Esplanade, but we'll be on a boat," Lindsey explained slowly. And Tressa's frustration returned.

"I don't know how to sail and we'll need to get there the night before just to get a good spot," Tressa reasoned.

"I know how to sail and yes, we'll need to get there a day in advance," Lindsey offered casually. "If it's the sailing that worries you, I can show you what to do."

"No you don't." Tressa trembled. "The last time you made that offer, you tried to drown me."

"Oh my freaking God! Do you never let anything go?" Lindsey fumed. "I was not trying to

drown you. It was an accident, and we were teenagers at the time. I pulled you out of the water, didn't I?"

"You also were the one who threw me in!" Tressa exploded as she recalled flailing in the water, gasping for air.

"I did not," Lindsey argued vehemently. "It was an accident. If you had only listened to what I told you, it would never have happened," Lindsey reasoned. "Now that we're in our thirties, do you think you could let it go?"

"No," Tressa flared firmly. "Why can't we visit your parents? Or finally go to Disney World?"

"With everything that's happening in the world, do you really want to fly on Independence Day?" Lindsey inquired carefully.

"No," Tressa conceded, defeated for the moment. "But a boat?"

"Come on, baby . . . ," Lindsey purred seductively. The deep timber of Lindsey's voice sent a familiar jolt through Tressa's body. "The Boston Pops, the fireworks, making love on a boat . . ."

"Oh no you don't," Tressa cautioned her as she wagged her finger in the blonde's face. "I know that voice. First you call me baby. The next thing I know we're naked and I'm agreeing to whatever you want. Not going to work this time, Missy."

"Baby," Lindsey continued to purr as she began to run her hands across Tressa's broad shoulders. "Think about it. You and me under the stars, on the water, making love."

"Yeah, with a thousand drunken freaks watching us," Tressa pointed out as she fought against Lindsey's inviting touch.

"Fine," Lindsey said, much to Tressa's surprise. "What would you like to do?" Tressa knew by her lover's tone that she was being sincere.

"I don't know," Tressa responded sheepishly.

"What am I going to do with you?" Lindsey laughed lightly as she wrapped her arms around Tressa's waist. The tall brunette instantly melted into her lover's touch. "I have to go," Lindsey added with a hint of regret.

"No," Tressa protested.

"Sorry, but I have to get to the shop," Lindsey added with a pout. "Think about what you want to do for the holiday. We don't have much time," she said before brushing her lips lightly across Tressa's. Then she picked up her belongings and was off. At moments like this Tressa really regretted that Lindsey had finally replaced her car. "A boat. How bad could it be?" she pondered aloud. "What am I saying?" she immediately chastised herself.

Tressa looked over at Ziggy, Lindsey's husky. His tongue was hanging out. "Hot, isn't it boy?" she asked the snoozing oversized fur ball. "I wonder how hot it will be out on the boat on Thursday?" Tressa pondered aloud. "She really wants to do this. How can I say no? It's only for a night or two. After all, she did fly all the way to Costa Rica just to visit me at that dig site." The brunette's lips curled into a lecherous grin as she recalled her lover's visit to the remote location.

## PART TWO

Lindsey looked adorable after spending the day following Tressa around the site located just outside a tiny village. "Hot shower," the disheveled blonde pleaded as they entered Tressa's tent.

"Sorry," Tressa said with a smirk as she drank in the sight of her lover who was covered with dirt from head to toe.

"Cold shower?" Lindsey added in a pleading whimper.

"No shower," Tressa instructed her as she flopped down on her tiny cot and began to remove her work boots.

"Excuse me?" Lindsey said in a horrified tone. Tressa grinned mischievously as she pointed to the old metal basin that was resting on the wooden table next to her tiny cot. "Tell me you're joking," Lindsey demanded.

"Welcome to the middle of nowhere." Tressa laughed as Lindsey rolled her beautiful green eyes in disgust.

"Now, none of that. This is part of my job. Don't forget that I'm going with you on your business trip in a few months," Tressa chastised her grumbling partner.

"Oh, excuse me." Lindsey snorted in disgust. "My business trip is to an estate auction in the south of France. Granted, the hotel we'll be staying at is only rated at three stars, but I'm quite certain that it has running water."

"I've missed you," Tressa confessed as she slowly raised her tired body from the cot.

"I've missed you too," Lindsey responded in a soft sincere voice that melted Tressa's heart. "I know it's only been two weeks but the house is so empty without you. I'm glad that I came here; it's beautiful." Her emerald eyes were focused firmly on Tressa.

"I'm glad you're here too," Tressa added as she wrapped her arms around her lover. "And to show you just how happy I am to see you, I'll help you bathe."

Lindsey responded by placing a soft lingering kiss on her lips. Tressa recalled how amazing and reassuring it felt when Lindsey's lips were pressed against her own. Her lips felt cold when the

blonde broke contact. Tressa licked her lips in an effort to taste any traces of Lindsey that may have been left behind.

Tressa's desire was smoldering as she walked over to the oak barrel resting next to the table. She could feel her lover's eyes watching her every move as she ladled the water from the barrel into the basin. Neither of them spoke as Tressa filled the basin and then gathered a towel and soap.

The brunette walked over to her lover and began to caress her shoulders. No words were necessary as her long fingers drifted down to the buttons of Lindsey's short-sleeved, soiled white blouse. Tressa's crystal blue eyes held her lover's fiery gaze as she slowly began to undo each button.

Tressa's gaze drifted down as she slowly revealed her lover's body. She moistened her lips as she watched the rise and fall of Lindsey's chest. The tall brunette tugged Lindsey's blouse out of her khaki shorts. Slowly she traced her lover's firm abdomen with the tips of her fingers. The shallow gasp Lindsey released urged Tressa to continue with her gentle touching; she ran her hands slowly up her lover's torso until she reached the soft swell of her breasts.

She cupped her lover's firm full breasts, allowing the weight of them to fill her hands as Lindsey's head fell back slightly and her eyes fluttered shut. Tressa covered Lindsey's breasts with the palms of her hands while she nuzzled the blonde's neck. She drank in the aroma of Lindsey's sweat soaked body.

She lifted her head slightly as she felt her lover's nipples become erect from her touch. Lindsey's small hands came to rest on Tressa's hips as the brunette continued to graze her palms across the blonde's nipples. Tressa watched in fascination as Lindsey's tongue moistened her lips.

The brunette reached under Lindsey's cotton blouse and unclasped Lindsey's bra. Then she slowly removed Lindsey's blouse, allowing her fingertips to caress the blonde's skin as she slowly performed her task. Then she removed Lindsey's bra in the same tantalizing fashion.

She smiled slyly as she felt her lover's pulse quicken from her touch. In many ways Tressa seemed to have an innate ability to pleasure the blonde. At times Tressa felt that she was more in tune with Lindsey's body than she was with her own. Dropping the blonde's blouse and bra onto the floor of tent, she gently guided Lindsey to sit down on the cot.

Her fingers reluctantly left the softness of Lindsey's skin. Tressa went back over to her worktable and retrieved the basin, a towel, washcloths, and the soap. Lindsey cast an appreciative gaze at Tressa as she placed the items on the floor and knelt before Lindsey. She lathered the washcloth before placing the soapy cool cloth against Lindsey's shoulder blade. The blonde's eyes widened and Tressa found that she was ensnared in a fiery gaze.

Their eyes remained locked as Tressa slowly ran the cool cloth across Lindsey's shoulder and down her arm. The light scent of sandalwood and Lindsey's steady breathing sent a delightful thrill through Tressa's body. While she slowly ran the cloth over every inch of Lindsey's exposed skin, their eyes never broke contact. Once she had thoroughly cleaned her lover's upper body

twice, Tressa motioned for Lindsey to stand.

The blonde nodded in response before rising to her feet. Tressa slowly removed the blonde's footwear. She felt Lindsey balancing herself with her hands on Tressa's shoulders. The brunette smiled as she thought about how well they knew each other's bodies. Lindsey wiggled her toes once her socks were removed. Tressa slowly ran her long fingers up Lindsey's legs; out of habit she was more careful with the leg that had been injured. She knew that Lindsey was completely healed; it was just reflex to take extra care with the leg.

While still kneeling before the blonde who had claimed her heart when they were still children, she slowly undid Lindsey's khaki shorts. She placed tender kisses across Lindsey's abdomen as she lowered them down her body. Once she had removed the baggy shorts, she turned her attention to the last remaining barrier. With the same teasing slowness, she lowered her lover's panties and removed them. Then she tossed them uncaringly across the tent.

With a fresh washcloth, she slowly bathed the lower half of her lover's body. Lindsey giggled when she dipped the cool cloth into her navel. Tressa focused on every inch of Lindsey's body until the blonde began to shiver. Tressa knew her lover's trembling wasn't from the cold. She gently lowered Lindsey to the cot.

Lindsey propped herself up on one elbow and watched as Tressa emptied and rinsed the basin before refilling it. Then the tall brunette slowly undressed and began to wash away the dust from her body. Once again she flashed her a lover's sly smile while she watched the blonde's lips quiver with anticipation.

She completed the ritual then retrieved a bottle of aloe and slowly approached the cot Lindsey reclined upon. The bottle fell from her hands as Lindsey clasped her arm tightly and pulled her down onto the cot. The long lingering kiss and the feel of Lindsey's tongue exploring the warmth of her mouth almost sent Tressa over the edge.

Tressa was gasping helplessly as the kiss came to an end. They both had poured all of their longing and pent-up desire into that one kiss. Soon Tressa's mouth was retracing the path the washcloth had taken earlier. Lindsey's shallow gasps fueled Tressa's desire as the brunette captured a nipple in her mouth.

She suckled the dark bud eagerly as Lindsey's fingers weaved through her long black hair. She felt Lindsey's body arch against her own as she teased her nipple with her teeth and her tongue. Tressa pressed her trembling thigh against Lindsey's wetness and the brunette could feel her lover's desire painting her skin as their bodies melted together. They rocked together urgently as Tressa's mouth felt its way down Lindsey's cleavage.

She could feel her lover's hands guiding her down to where she desired to be. Her tongue savored the taste of Lindsey's skin, knowing that in a few days Lindsey would be returning home without her. That night she needed to reclaim the passion that they shared. The musky scent of Lindsey's arousal invaded her senses as she blew a warm breath across the golden curls.

Tressa nestled her body between her lover's legs as Lindsey shifted so she could drape her legs over Tressa's broad shoulders. Tressa cupped Lindsey's firm backside and brought her wetness to her. She buried herself in her lover's passion as she dipped her tongue deep inside Lindsey's center. Lindsey cried out as Tressa plunged her tongue and out of her core.

Lindsey's body thrust against Tressa's eager mouth as the brunette took her deeper. Tressa's tongue departed the warmth of Lindsey's center and began to feast upon her throbbing clit. Her slender fingers gently slid deep inside the warmth of Lindsey's center. Soon her mouth and hand were moving in unison as Lindsey's body lifted higher and higher off the cot.

Tressa knew by the soft whimpers and the way that Lindsey's body was trembling against her that her lover was nearing the edge. She found herself feasting upon her urgently, needing to feel her lover explode against her. Soon Lindsey was crying out as she climaxed against Tressa body. Unable to resist, Tressa continued to pleasure the blonde as her body rocked wildly. She felt her own body convulse as Lindsey climaxed a second time.

Later they curled up in each other's arms, exchanging words of endearment before they drifted off to sleep.

### PART THREE

"I don't think I got more than an hour's worth of sleep during her entire visit," Tressa explained merrily to the slumbering husky. "So I think we all know that I'm going to be on that boat Thursday. The only question is just when do I let her know that I'm caving in?"

Later that week, Tressa found herself standing on the sailboat's deck looking around for something to do that would be helpful. It was late Wednesday afternoon on July 3rd. Lindsey had explained everything to her in great detail. Unfortunately it all went over the brunette's head. Even though she had nodded her head in agreement with each detail, she really hadn't been paying attention. Now they were ready to castoff and Tressa was completely clueless as to what she should be doing.

"Okay sweetie, are you ready?" Lindsey inquired hopefully.

"Uh huh," Tressa responded hesitantly.

"Okay, first thing you need to do is put on your life vest," Lindsey instructed her slowly.

"Okay," Tressa agreed, happy to be starting off with something so simple.

"Then I want you to stay out of my way," Lindsey instructed her firmly. "Can you do that?"

"But . . . I . . . Uhm . . . ," Tressa began to protest.

"Don't think I missed that faraway look in those baby blues when I was explaining things to

you," Lindsey said merrily. "I think we'll both be a lot safer if you just let me sail the boat up the coast. Getting from the harbor to the Charles River on a day like today is a real bitch. Add in that the Harborfest started yesterday and security's been heightened. I'd feel more comfortable if you just relaxed and enjoyed the scenery. If I need you to duck or move, I'll let you know."

"I remember about ducking when you mention the boom thingie," Tressa explained proudly as she peered below at their tiny quarters.

"Good." Lindsey sighed in relief.

Tressa enjoyed the pleasant sail to the Esplanade. Of course all she did was sunbathe and move whenever Lindsey told her to. So far the tall professor was enjoying the trip immensely. Tressa looked over the peaceful waters already filled with other boats anchoring for the night. "This is a great spot," Tressa complimented her lover who was busy tying the sail down. "We're close enough to see the performance and aren't overcrowded by other boaters."

"Not yet," Lindsey added thoughtfully as she looked to the sky. "There will be more arriving."

"It was nice of your brother to loan you his boat," Tressa added.

"Poor guy doesn't get to use it as often with the new baby on the way," Lindsey explained, lost in her thoughts.

Not for the first time Tressa suspected there might be more to this little sailing trip than her lover was letting on. Lindsey was normally a talkative person, but since they'd set sail the blonde had grown strangely quiet. Tressa had assumed that she was preoccupied with sailing the boat. Now she wasn't so sure.

Tressa looked around and had a sudden revelation. She was stuck on the sailboat until they were docked back at the pier they'd left from. She cast a suspicious glance at her lover. "I'm going to get us some food and wine," Lindsey offered. "The sun is about to set."

Tressa watched as her lover ducked below. "Whatever it is, I'll just have to wait," she summarized. "Not like I can go anywhere. And I get to see the Pops, fireworks, and Barry Manilow."

Lindsey stumbled on deck with a tray of snacks and a bottle of wine. "What was that?" Lindsey inquired as she shuffled to find a comfortable space for her load.

"I was just thinking about Barry Manilow," Tressa taunted the blonde who rolled her eyes in response.

"I can't believe you like Barry Manilow," Lindsey grunted in disgust.

"At the Copa . . .," Tressa started to belt out loudly.

"Lord, take me now," Lindsey groaned.

". . . the hottest spot north of Havana . . . ," Tressa continued boldly.

"Open the wine; the corkscrew's on the tray," Lindsey continued as Tressa decided to sing even louder. "I forgot the glasses," Lindsey added as she scurried quickly below.

Tressa chuckled merrily as she watched her lover's retreating form. She stopped singing as she uncorked the wine. She watched the soft hues of the sky starting to blend into a haze of crimson. When she saw the blonde head reemerging on deck she resumed her song. "They fell in love."

"Please stop," Lindsey pleaded as she handed Tressa the wine glasses and sat down on the deck.

Tressa ceased her serenade and settled next to her lover. She opened her mouth with every intention of beginning the next chorus but her voice was muffled as the blonde pressed fingers against her lips. "You're scaring the wildlife," Lindsey cautioned her.

Tressa kissed her lover's fingertips lightly before they retreated from her lips. "Everyone's a critic." She sighed haplessly.

"You are insane," Lindsey noted dryly as she sipped her wine.

"And I'm all yours," Tressa boasted proudly.

"We all have our crosses to bear," Lindsey responded flatly.

"Keep it up and you ain't getting any tonight," Tressa teased her partner who laughed loudly in disbelief.

"Okay honey, no sex tonight." The blonde chuckled as they settled in to watch the sunset.

"I mean it," Tressa lied.

"Of course you do," Lindsey humored her as she began to run her hand up and down Tressa's exposed thigh.

"I'm serious," Tressa continued to play. "Now keep those grubby hands to yourself."

"Fine," Lindsey responded with a shrug as she removed her hand from Tressa's thigh, grazing her nipple in her slow retreat. Tressa gasped from the sensation.

"Brat!" she scolded the blonde as Lindsey released a maniacal laugh. "And such an evil laugh from such a sweet looking thing."

After the sun had set they relaxed on the deck, finishing off the bottle of wine and listening to the sounds of work crews preparing the Esplanade as the other boaters partied. "I can't believe how

muggy it still is," Tressa grumbled slightly.

"I know," Lindsey groaned in agreement.

Tressa looked over at her lover; she'd been strangely quiet during the evening. She was about to ask Lindsey just what was bothering her when the blonde began caressing her thigh. Suddenly she forgot what it was she was going to say. "Honey?" Lindsey began in hesitant voice.

"Yes," Tressa responded with a deep sigh as she relaxed into the feel of Lindsey's hand running slowly up and down her exposed skin.

"Who is Melinda Swenson?" Lindsey asked in a strained voice.

"Melinda?" Tressa responded in confusion. "She was my research assistant a few years ago. "

"And?" Lindsey pressed.

"And nothing," Tressa answered in bewilderment. "She graduated. I did run into her right before I went to Costa Rica. She just got back after studying in Cairo for a year."

"That's it?" Lindsey continued in a calm voice that Tressa was finding a little unsettling.

"Yeah," Tressa answered honestly, wondering why they were talking about one of her former students. "You want to tell me what this is all about?"

"I stopped by your office last week to surprise you with lunch and I met her," Lindsey explained. "She gave me the impression that the two of you were more than friends."

"What?" Tressa scoffed at the absurd notion. "She's a kid."

"No, she's not," Lindsey argued. "And she didn't seem to know who I was. . ."

"Hold on," Tressa cut her off. "First and foremost, I have never had a relationship with a student. I go out of my way to ensure that I'm never alone with the little buggers just so my actions don't even look improper. Next, she's been in Egypt for the past year so she wouldn't have heard about you. Last, even though we've corresponded since she left the university, I don't discuss my personal life with my students."

Tressa watched her lover's face in the darkness to insure herself that her words were getting through that pretty blonde head. "Lindsey, I love you and yes, I do have old flames running around, but it was always you who held my heart," she said softly, hoping to break through to her stubborn lover.

"I know and I feel the same way." Lindsey sighed. "What was she doing in your office?"

"She's been hanging around the department looking for a job," Tressa explained flatly. "After

everything we went through a few months ago, I can't believe you would doubt me."

"I'm not doubting you," Lindsey explained quickly. "It's her I don't trust."

"She's a kid," Tressa repeated bluntly. Lindsey grunted in disbelief. "Lindsey?"

"Did she mention that I stopped by?" Lindsey continued in a cocky tone.

"Uhm . . . no," Tressa admitted as she tried to figure out why Melinda wouldn't mention Lindsey's visit.

"And by any chance did she surprise you with lunch last Tuesday? A chicken salad on soft rye with pickles and a Dr. Pepper?" Lindsey inquired smugly.

"Yes," Tressa groaned as she realized what had happened.

"Bitch took credit for my sandwich," Lindsey fumed.

"I apologize for her and I'll have a long chat with her the next time I see her," Tressa said as she captured Lindsey's hand in her own and kissed the back of it gently. "And now I'm going to take you down below and show you just how much I love you."

Lindsey's fiery gaze and bright smile was all the reassurance the brunette needed before she led her lover down below. Their quarters were cramped but Tressa didn't mind. Over the years the two of them had made love in some very unusual spaces. She undressed her lover and then herself before lowering the blonde onto the tiny bunk that they would share for the next two nights.

After they shared a lingering kiss, Lindsey settled her body on top of Tressa's. The brunette moaned as she felt Lindsey's desire paint her stomach. She reached up and pulled Lindsey down to her and reclaimed her lips. As their tongues swirled around one another, Tressa cupped Lindsey's breast and felt the weight filling her hand.

Her lover rocked against her as she began to roll one of Lindsey's nipples between her fingers. They were gasping for air when the kiss ceased. Tressa watched as Lindsey raised her body. The blonde's hips continued to gyrate against her as she reached down and caressed Tressa's breasts.

The brunette could feel her desire growing as she found herself lost in her lover's eyes. She wondered how Lindsey could doubt her feelings. The only thing that mattered to her was the blonde who was teasing her to the point of insanity. Tressa cupped Lindsey's firm backside, guiding her to rock against her harder. Lindsey lowered her head and began to kiss Tressa's chest.

Tressa's body arched as the blonde's tongue circled her nipples but never touched the aching buds. She clasped Lindsey's backside harder as the blonde's rhythm increased and Lindsey captured Tressa's nipple in her mouth. Tressa could feel their bodies melting together as she felt

her lover's wetness covering her body. "I love you," Lindsey panted as her body began to quiver.

Tressa's mouth went dry as she raised her lover's head. They stared deeply into each other's eyes as their breathing grew ragged. "I love you so much," Tressa confessed as she leaned in and reclaimed Lindsey's pouting lips. There was no question in their minds; they both knew what they wanted. When the kiss ended Tressa assisted her lover in maneuvering in the tiny space.

As Lindsey's body hovered above her own, Tressa could see her lover's desire waiting for her. She clasped the woman's ass firmly, lowered her wetness to her mouth, and began to drink in her passion. As she suckled her lover's clit into the warmth of her mouth, she could feel Lindsey's soft silky hair caressing her thighs. As she greedily drank in Lindsey's passion, she felt her lover's tongue dip into her center. They feasted upon one another hungrily, each caught between needing to pleasure the other and the need to give in to the passion rising deep inside of their bodies.

Their need grew steadily and soon they were lost in each other's bodies. Their screams of sheer ecstasy were muffled in the other's body. Both women were panting as they collapsed against each other. Lindsey curled up in Tressa's arms and soon they began to renew their sensual exploration.

When they awoke the following morning their bodies were covered in a sheen of sweat. Tressa looked down at the blonde who was covering her naked body. She wasn't surprised to find Lindsey teasing one of her nipples.

"Don't you ever get enough?" she purred deeply as her own hands began to drift down Lindsey's back.

"Never," Lindsey whispered against her skin. "And the good news is that we don't have to move from this spot until the show starts tonight."

Tressa flipped the smaller woman over so that she was now lying on top of her. "Good," she stated in a husky tone before placing a fiery kiss on her lover's lips. The day was spent pleasuring each other until they realized that the show was well underway. By the time they dragged themselves on deck, they were both too exhausted to do anything but cuddle during the fireworks.

"I guess we're sailing back tomorrow," Tressa stated wryly as Lindsey snuggled deeper in her arms.

In the midst of the ooo's and ahh's, the two lovers snuggled and watched the show.

THE END

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