

# ~ The Long Weekend ~

## (Home For The Holidays - Part Eight)

September 2002  
by Mavis Appewater

---

### PART ONE

Lindsey rolled over and watched her lover sleep. She smiled at the sight of Tressa looking completely at ease and mildly innocent. This was Lindsey's favorite time of day, when she could just breathe the morning air and look at her lover. There was no pressure and no deadlines to interrupt their moment of bliss. She had been disappointed when Tressa had bowed out of the trip to France. Yet she understood that Tressa needed to finish writing and publishing her papers on the work she did in Costa Rica or she would lose the reimbursement from the University. Not to mention the added padding to her credentials. She had her tenure secured and was looking to move up in her department.

Still the separation and Tressa's recently increased workload had put a strain on the couple. Lindsey felt the lingering reminders of their college breakup, when the pressures of finishing school proved to be too much for them. Lindsey constantly reminded herself that it was the fear of settling down so young that finally made her end things with her high school sweetheart.

As Lindsey's small hand slipped under the sheets and began to caress the smooth skin of Tressa's stomach, she knew her lover was right about one thing - she was not to be trusted. Lindsey smiled wickedly as her hand drifted up and down Tressa's body. She just couldn't help herself. Each morning she would start out just admiring Tressa while she slept. The next thing she knew she would begin to caress her. This of course would awaken her overactive libido and things would progress from there.

Lindsey's hand drifted up a little higher until her fingers were brushing along the swell of Tressa's breast. The tips of her fingers tingled as Tressa's skin reacted to her touch. Lindsey captured her bottom lip between her teeth as she lightly ran the tips of her fingers across the sleeping woman's nipple. She stifled a moan as the tiny bud puckered in response to her touch.

"One of these mornings I'm going to wake up and you won't be playing with my tits," Tressa whispered, her eyes remaining shut.

"Do you want me to stop?" Lindsey asked in concern as her fingers stilled.

"What? Are you kidding me?" Tressa responded with a throaty chuckle as her crystal blue eyes blinked open. She rolled over towards the blonde. "One of the things I love about you is that you're a sex maniac."

"Really?" Lindsey laughed in response as her fingers continued their gentle exploration. "So what are you going to do if and when you wake up one morning and I'm not copping a feel?"

"Ask who you are and what you did with my girlfriend," Tressa teased before releasing a soft gasp as Lindsey began to roll a nipple between her thumb and her forefinger.

"I can't help myself," Lindsey confessed as she continued to tease her lover. "You have such an amazing body."

"And when I'm old and decrepit?" Tressa questioned as she fought to control her breathing.

"I'll love you even more," Lindsey responded as she dipped her head down and captured Tressa's nipple in her mouth.

Tressa released a strangled gasp as Lindsey suckled her harder and rolled her onto her back. The blonde could feel her lover's hands drift down her naked body until they were kneading her backside. Lindsey's body hovered just above Tressa's. She moaned against her lover's skin as her nipples brushed against Tressa's body.

Lindsey felt Tressa's hands becoming more insistent with their exploration. She teased Tressa's nipple with her teeth as she felt the brunette's fingers dip into her wetness. Lindsey released Tressa's breast from her mouth as she gasped in pleasure as her lover entered her. "I want you," Tressa groaned as she added another digit inside of Lindsey.

The blonde shifted so that she could straddle her lover's body. Her hips rocked against the steady rhythm of Tressa's touch. "That's it," Lindsey groaned as she kept her body suspended above her lover while her hips began to thrust wildly. She looked down and a jolt of pleasure ran through her body; the sight of her body gyrating above her had Tressa mesmerized.

Lindsey pushed her body harder, demanding more, and Tressa responded by filling her completely and plunging deep inside of her. Lindsey begged her lover for more; her body quivered as she neared the edge of ecstasy. Lindsey's entire body arched as she cried out in pleasure before collapsing into her lover's arms. "God, I love being inside of you," Tressa whispered in her ear as she placed gentle kisses on Lindsey's sweaty brow. The blonde could only murmur in response; her lover's long talented fingers wiggled inside of her before starting to stroke her once again.

Lindsey raised her sated body and reached down and grasped her lover's wrist. She cast a playful look down upon the woman she loved as she slipped away from her touch. Tressa scowled slightly until Lindsey raised the brunette's fingers to her mouth. She watched as the brunette licked her own fingers, slowly drinking in Lindsey's passion. She released a happy sigh before she began to kiss her way down her lover's body.

Lindsey nestled her body between her lover's trembling thighs as the alarm clock began to beep persistently from its perch on the nightstand. Lindsey ignored the annoying device as she drank

in the musky aroma of Tressa's desire. As she dipped her tongue inside her lover's wetness, she heard Tressa cursing and beating on the poor alarm clock.

She grumbled slightly, knowing that she wouldn't be able to take her time. She suckled Tressa's clit in her mouth as the brunette wrapped her legs around her shoulders. She eagerly drank in Tressa's wetness while her lover squirmed urgently beneath her. Soon her lover's body arched against her as she cried out. Lindsey rested her head against her lover's thigh while she waited for her breathing to calm.

The blonde looked up to find her lover smiling at her. She looked at the floor to find the shattered remains of their alarm clock. "We lose more clocks that way," she noted wryly. Tressa chuckled lightly; she pulled Lindsey up for a tender embrace. "I'm sorry we don't have more time," Lindsey apologized as she snuggled up against Tressa.

"I'll try to get home at a decent hour tonight," Tressa promised.

"You do and I'll show you just how much I appreciate the gesture," Lindsey vowed before stealing a kiss.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lindsey strode down the corridor with a purpose. She was more than a little miffed that Tressa was still in her office working. She understood that the new semester was about to begin and Tressa had a lot of work. But the brunette had promised her that she would be home that evening so they could spend some time together. She didn't begrudge Tressa's need to complete her work thoroughly. But Tressa was working herself past the point of exhaustion. The long weekend was approaching and she wasn't about to let her stubborn lover spend it working. That and they had some unfinished business from this morning to attend to.

As she approached her lover's office, she took a calming breath as she prepared herself to be reasonable before dragging Tressa away from her paperwork. When she reached for the doorknob, the sound of laughter was the last thing she expected. Stunned for a moment the petite blonde just stood there. A second round of laughter snapped her back to reality. She was about to reach for the doorknob again when a sense of panic rushed through her.

She had stormed over to the university expecting to find her lover tired and overworked, not laughing hysterically with what sounded like another woman. Lindsey shook her head, suddenly feeling silly about her reaction. She knocked on the door just as another bout of laughter greeted her.

"Come in," Tressa called out in a gleeful tone.

Lindsey opened the door and stepped in with a renewed sense of confidence. Her confidence quickly faded when she discovered just who had been laughing with her girlfriend. Tressa smiled at her; Lindsey's jaw clenched as she cast an angry glare at the redhead seated on the edge of Tressa's desk as she leaned dangerously close to Tressa.

"Hey, sweetheart," Tressa beamed. "What brings you down here?"

Lindsey turned towards her lover with an angry glare. Tressa's smile quickly vanished as Lindsey glared at her. "Something wrong?" Tressa asked in confusion. Lindsey didn't respond as she began to grind her teeth. She watched as Tressa's eyes drifted to her former student; the brunette frowned as she suddenly understood what the problem was. "Melinda, I believe you've met my partner," Tressa introduced the young woman.

"Yes, good to see you again, Lori," Melinda offered in a snotty tone.

"Lindsey," the blonde corrected her with a slight hiss.

"Oh boy," Tressa grumbled as she turned and walked out of the office. She was angry and had to get out of there before she did something incredibly stupid. "Lindsey," Tressa called after her as she stormed back down the hallway. Lindsey was seething with anger as Tressa caught up with her. "Hold on," the brunette pleaded as she grabbed Lindsey's arm. The blonde pulled away, leaned against the wall, and folded her arms over her chest. "Do you want to tell me what's going on?" Tressa persisted.

"Nothing," Lindsey snapped, not stopping to think about her actions. She hadn't liked Melinda from the first moment she encountered her a few months ago. She had tried to explain how she felt to Tressa but her lover seemed completely clueless to the girl's obvious interest in her.

"Please talk to me, Lindsey," Tressa pleaded in a gentle voice. "Tell me what's wrong."

"Nothing," Lindsey clipped once again. "I dragged myself all the way down here to rescue my overworked lover and find her not working herself to death but laughing it up with another woman. What could possibly be wrong?"

"Lindsey?" Tressa choked out in disbelief.

"What is that woman doing in your office?" Lindsey demanded in a furious tone.

"Talking to me," Tressa spat back defensively.

Lindsey stared at her lover, not understanding why she couldn't see what was really upsetting her. Once again she began to grind her teeth. "Look, Lindsey, Melinda simply popped in to ask me a few questions," Tressa explained in a tired voice.

"At this hour of night?" Lindsey flared in disbelief.

"Yes. She was working late getting ready for the new semester and . . .," Tressa began to explain.

"Wait," Lindsey cut her off. "She works here now?"

"Yes," Tressa responded in confusion.

"Well, isn't that just dandy," Lindsey snarled.

"Look, honey, I know you haven't liked her ever since that misunderstanding about the sandwich," Tressa tried to explain.

"Misunderstanding?" Lindsey objected with surprise.

"Yes, a misunderstanding," Tressa snapped in response. "I asked her about it and she explained that was all it was."

"Of course she did," Lindsey grumbled as her lover continued to stare at her with a stunned expression. "You are really naïve at times, Tressa."

"That's it," Tressa grunted as her breathing became ragged. "I resent being treated this way."

"I'm going home," Lindsey snapped as she pushed past her lover. "I'll see you when you're finished playing with your little friend."

"Hold on," Tressa said in a comforting tone as she rested her hand on Lindsey's arm. "After what I put you through last spring, I don't want us to go through this again."

"So I'm still paying for Bethany?" Lindsey snapped as she spun around to face her lover.

"No," Tressa argued. "All I'm trying to say is that after the way I overreacted with jealousy . . ."

"So now I'm jealous?" Lindsey fumed.

"Frankly, yes," Tressa fought back.

Lindsey had had enough. She jerked her arm away from her lover's touch, plodded down the hallway, and left the building. She was muttering to herself as she stepped out into the rainy night. "Take the train all the way down here and she's laughing it up with that bimbo." Her blood was boiling as she made her way over to the green line and waited for the next car. "And she just had to bring up Bethany," she continued to mutter as she stepped up onto the train and paid her fare while her fellow passengers stared at her in concern. She slumped down in her seat, feeling very tired and incredibly stupid. "She didn't bring it up. I did," she reasoned. She cringed as her actions replayed in her mind. "I'm acting like a jealous idiot," she conceded with a heavy sigh. She was about to stand so she could exit the train and go back to talk with Tressa. She grimaced as she realized that the train was already heading towards the next stop. "Okay, I'll just wait until she gets home to admit how big of a jackass I am," she reasoned as she began to nibble on her fingernails.

## PART TWO

"What the hell just happened?" Tressa muttered under her breath as she watched her lover storm away. The brunette stood there trying to understand just what it was that she'd done wrong. Deciding that she wasn't going to get any answers by just standing there in the middle of the university hallway, she followed her angry lover. Not finding her anywhere she decided to get her things together and head home so they could talk and sort things out.

When she returned to her office she found Melinda sitting in her chair waiting for her. "Everything okay?" Melinda asked in a friendly manner.

"Yeah," Tressa lied as she began to gather up her paperwork. "I need to get going."

"Did I do something?" Melinda inquired shyly as she stood.

"No," Tressa lied once again as she grabbed her briefcase and jacket.

"She doesn't like me, does she?" Melinda added in a hurt tone.

"Oh, it's not that," Tressa lied once again. It was true; for whatever reason, Lindsey didn't like Melinda. But that just isn't something you tell someone.

"Look, why don't we go for a drink?" Melinda suggested as her hand came to rest on Tressa's shoulder. The brunette opened her mouth to protest. "It will give her a chance to cool off," Melinda said, cutting off her objection as she led Tressa out of her office.

"Okay," Tressa agreed with a shrug as she locked up her office. *'What's the harm? It'll give Lindsey a chance to calm down,'* she reasoned, suddenly feeling very tired.

Three hours and several glasses of wine later, Tressa didn't feel so good and was thankful that she'd allowed Melinda to drive them over to Brandy's. "What was I saying?" Tressa inquired, losing her train of thought.

"The sandwich," Melinda replied as her hand came to rest on Tressa's thigh.

"That's right," Tressa responded dreamily. "I told her that it was just a misunderstanding."

"It was," Melinda added brightly. "I'm sorry to say this but she does seem a little possessive."

"No, she's not," Tressa argued as she pushed away her wine, glass deciding she'd more than enough to drink. "The funny thing is that it's usually me that acts that way." Tressa was having a little trouble focusing; she wasn't quite certain but she thought that someone was caressing her thigh.

"I find that hard to believe," Melinda protested with a smile.

"It's true," Tressa confirmed with a heavy sigh. "I acted like a major jackass over her kissing Bethany."

"She kissed another woman?" Melinda gasped as her hand continued to trail up and down Tressa's thigh.

"Girl." Tressa laughed. "It was fifteen years ago."

"What?" Melinda inquired in confusion. "How long have the two of you been together?"

"A couple of months," Tressa responded honestly.

Tressa was still having trouble focusing as she felt herself becoming aroused. "Lindsey was my high school sweetheart," Tressa explained as her eyes drifted down to her lap and discovered that Melinda was indeed caressing her thigh. *'Now that is strange,'* her muddled mind thought.

"How sweet," Melinda responded in a strange tone as her hand left Tressa's thigh.

Tressa was relieved that Melinda's hand was no longer caressing her thigh. In her fuzzy state she failed to notice that Melinda's hand had moved up to her shoulders. "It is sweet," Tressa responded with a smile. "Sometimes I can't believe that we found one another again."

"So do you think you got back together because of your old feelings?" Melinda asked as her body shifted closer to Tressa's.

"Huh?" Tressa responded in bewilderment, thinking that the question sounded a little odd. She noticed how close Melinda was sitting to her and that her former student was playing with her hair. Tressa slipped away from Melinda's touch, thinking that she should have listened to her lover. "I need to get going," she announced as she stood, her legs wobbling slightly.

"It's early," Melinda protested.

"No, I really need to go," she responded firmly, seeing the hurt look on Melinda's face. "I'm already in the doghouse, and unless I want to take up permanent residence there, I really should get my sorry butt home."

"I don't think she treats you very well," Melinda said accusingly.

"That's because you don't know her," Tressa responded flatly.

"Let me drive you home," Melinda offered as she stood and quickly took a place at Tressa's side.

"It's out of your way," Tressa reasoned as they made their way out of the bar. "I'll just catch a cab since I'm in no condition to drive."

"No, it's right on my way," Melinda protested as she followed her.

"I thought you said your new apartment's in Somerville?" Tressa asked as she tried to clear the fog drifting over her brain.

"I do," Melinda agreed. "You're just in Cambridge so it's no big deal."

"My old place is in Cambridge," Tressa explained. She wondered how Melinda knew where she used to live. "I moved last May."

"Oh?" Melinda responded in surprise as Tressa raised her arm and flagged down a passing taxi.

"Thanks for letting me bend your ear," Tressa offered as she ducked away from Melinda's attempt to lean in and give her a hug. Tressa climbed into the taxi and tried to figure out just how her day had taken such a bizarre turn. She also wondered as she looked at her watch just how much trouble she was in.

### PART THREE

The first hour Lindsey sat at home awaiting Tressa's arrival, she berated herself for behaving like a complete jackass. The second hour she berated her lover as she called her office and cell phone and received no response for her efforts. Of course when she heard the cell ringing in the kitchen, she realized that Tressa had once again forgotten to take it with her. The third hour was spent nervously pacing as she prayed that Tressa was all right. As the fourth hour began Lindsey was torn between sheer panic that something horrible had happened and outrage that Tressa was avoiding coming home.

As she heard the key turning in the lock and the sound of Tressa cursing like a sailor, she breathed a sigh of relief. She bit back the fit of laughter as she watched her lover stumble into the townhouse. *'She's drunk!'* she thought with amusement before a sudden fear gripped her heart. "Tell me you didn't drive," Lindsey pleaded.

"God no," Tressa said, slurring her words while she fought to release her house key from the lock. "I'd be lucky to find my own ass right now, much less my car."

"Sweetie, where's your car?" Lindsey inquired, slightly taken aback by her lover's choice of language. She walked over to help her lover disengage her keys from the lock and then directed the taller woman into their home.

"School," Tressa answered sheepishly. "Honey, I think I'm drunk."

"No," Lindsey scoffed at the notion as she helped the tall brunette up the staircase. As they reached the top landing something suddenly occurred to the petite blonde. *'Tressa wouldn't go out drinking by herself so who was she with? Oh no. Tell me she didn't go out with that . . . ,'* her mind screamed.

"Lindsey, sweetie, why are we standing in the hallway?" Tressa asked.

Lindsey turned to her lover who looked so lost and confused. "I did something wrong again, didn't I?" Tressa asked in a tiny voice that tugged at Lindsey's heartstrings.

"No, sweetheart, you haven't done anything wrong." Lindsey reassured Tressa with a kiss before gently guiding her into their bedroom.

Lindsey undressed her lover and tucked her under the covers. She ran downstairs, locked up, and grabbed a bottle of Gatorade and a couple of aspirin before rejoining her lover. "Tressa baby, I want you to take these and drink some of this."

Tressa nodded in agreement before taking the aspirin and drinking some Gatorade. "Lindsey, I think Melinda has a little crush on me," Tressa tried to explain.

"You don't say." Lindsey chuckled as she tucked her lover back under the covers.

"You knew," Tressa commented wryly. "That's why you blew a gasket tonight."

"Yeah," Lindsey confessed as she brushed back Tressa's bangs. "I'm sorry about that."

"No. You were right," Tressa said with a yawn.

"Doesn't matter. I didn't treat you very nicely," Lindsey admitted as she kissed her lover's brow.

Tressa responded with a soft snore. "You are such a cheap date, my love," Lindsey noted with a chuckle before undressing and climbing into bed with her lover. As Lindsey snuggled up to her slumbering girlfriend, she recalled their first experience with alcohol. It was during a cookout that her parents had thrown. They'd been about sixteen and misguided, deciding to sneak a couple of beers.

The two teenaged girls had gotten drunk up in Lindsey's bedroom. It hadn't taken very much alcohol to get the young bodies intoxicated. Lindsey recalled how she'd allowed her hands to wander, feeling a need to touch her best friend. Tressa hadn't noticed the caresses that Lindsey was stealing. It was the first time she'd experimented with her growing feelings for her attractive friend. Of course they both ended up getting sick and in serious trouble with their respective parents. It would be another year before Lindsey once again acted on her attraction and feelings for Tressa.

Lindsey smiled at the memory of the sleep over when she'd brought up the idea of Tressa kissing her. At the time she'd been so frightened, but by the time they'd gone to sleep that night, not only had Tressa kissed her but they had become lovers. "Best night of my young life," she said with a smile as she stared at her lover's delicate features. "I'm still going to give you a hard time for drinking too much," she noted in amusement.

## PART FOUR

Tressa felt like she had a marching band stomping across her head when she awoke. "Never again," She moaned in agony. She blinked open her eyes and felt a sharp pain as the morning light invaded her brain. The brunette forced her aching body out of bed, moving carefully so she wouldn't disturb Lindsey who was still sound asleep. "Well, that's a first," she muttered as she stumbled off to the bathroom.

As she peered at herself in the bathroom mirror, the unnatural pallor of her skin tone disturbed her. "Cheap wine and forgetting that I hadn't eaten yesterday; could I be more stupid?" She groaned as the queasiness in her stomach grew. Soon she found herself worshipping the toilet bowl. After her body finally had nothing left to offer, she climbed into the shower, once again vowing never to abuse her body in such a disgusting manner.

Once she emerged from the shower she felt better and had a plan of action. Yesterday had been a complete disaster in so many ways. She knew that Lindsey had been out of line but Melinda had proven that the blonde had a valid reason for concern. Tressa also accepted that perhaps she needed to spend more time with her lover. She'd spent a good part of the summer in Costa Rica. Then she'd to cancel joining Lindsey on her trip to France. And lately she'd been spending far too much time at the office preparing for the new school year.

Granted, these events were important. When she and Lindsey were first reunited, Tressa had gone out of her way to plan time for them to get away and do things together. After she'd moved in, things started to change and she found herself falling back into her old habits. She had forgotten that she use to dive into these tasks because she had no one special in her life. Now she was with the woman she prayed that she would grow old with, and it was time to show her lover just how much she meant to her.

She peeked into the bedroom and found her lover fast asleep. It was unusual for Lindsey to sleep in. Normally she would awaken before Tressa and would be groping the sleeping brunette until she woke up and they could make love. Since Lindsey was up half the night, probably worried to death about Tressa's whereabouts, it wasn't all that surprising that the blonde was still sleeping.

Tressa decided to take advantage of Lindsey's sleeping in to get her plan in motion. She tracked her cell phone down to the kitchen, and while she took care of Rufus and Ziggy's needs, she started a series of calls. As she returned from walking Ziggy she was chuckling at her father's response to her request. '*Are you serious? It's Labor Day weekend!*' he'd bellowed at his youngest child. She poured on the charm and by the time she was setting up the coffee maker, he'd called her back with good news.

"Coffee?" her lover's voice squeaked from behind her. She turned and smiled at the sight of short blonde hair sticking out in all directions. Lindsey shuffled over to her and allowed her smaller body to slump against Tressa.

"Soon, baby," Tressa promised as she wrapped her arms around Lindsey.

"It was strange waking up without you," Lindsey grumbled. "It's just not the same when I fondle my own breasts."

"Oh, I don't know; I would have enjoyed watching," Tressa responded with a smile as a wave of relief washed over her.

"How are you feeling?" Lindsey inquired as she looked up at Tressa with sleepy green eyes.

"Like crap," Tressa confessed with a heavy sigh. "I'm sorry about last night."

"No," Lindsey said, stopping her. "I'm sorry. I was way out of line last night. There's just something about that harpy that works my nerves. I'm used to people looking at you like you're on the menu. But most folks accept that you're not available. I don't think she gets the concept."

"Well, I don't know about other people or the way they look at me," Tressa explained. "There's only one person I pay attention to."

"I should have just trusted you," Lindsey conceded.

"Yes, you should have," Tressa continued as she gently stroked Lindsey's back. "But I seem to recall threatening a young car valet who kept staring at your ass. And I think you're right about Melinda."

"What did she do?" Lindsey pressed as she slipped out of her lover's embrace and began to pour coffee for both of them.

"Let's just say you were right and let it go at that." Tressa yawned as she accepted the mug of coffee Lindsey offered her. "I'm going to need a ride."

"I know," Lindsey responded with a wry chuckle. "Find your ass yet?"

"Huh?" Tressa sputtered as she choked on her coffee.

"Just something you said last night," Lindsey explained in amusement.

On the drive to work Tressa explained that she had a surprise for Lindsey and she should close up the shop for the holiday. Her blonde lover didn't protest; however, she did try to pry the nature of the surprise out of Tressa. The brunette held her ground, and despite the long lingering kiss Lindsey planted on her in the faculty parking lot, she didn't reveal a single detail.

"Knock knock," Melinda chimed as she stuck her head into Tressa's office. She looked up and braced herself to face the chipper redhead. Tressa wasn't very certain about what had transpired the previous evening. And she prayed that Melinda hadn't been hitting on her, but somehow she doubted it.

"Hello, Melinda," Tressa greeted her casually.

"So how are you feeling today?" Melinda inquired brightly as she strolled into Tressa's office, closing the door behind her before planting herself on the corner of Tressa's desk.

"Other than some annoying little man tap dancing on my head, I'm okay," Tressa explained, trying to maintain her casual demeanor. For the first time she started noticing the little things Melinda did to get closer to her. Once again she said a silent prayer that she was just imagining things.

Melinda laughed lightly at Tressa's comment as she patted her arm lightly. The friendly gesture turned from a gentle pat to a soft caress. Tressa leaned back in her chair, effectively moving her arm away from Melinda's touch. The redhead blinked in surprise, then leaned her body further over the desk, effectively closing some of the physical distance Tressa had just established.

The brunette's brow wrinkled slightly. "Uhm . . . Melinda, would you mind?" Tressa inquired, her voice turning slightly more authoritative as she waved her hand in a gesture that requested Melinda to get down off her desk.

"Oh, sorry," Melinda apologized in a surprised tone as she got down and took a seat in the chair that sat in front of the desk.

"So did Lori find out about your late evening?" Melinda inquired with a slight sneer.

"You mean Lindsey," Tressa said, correcting Melinda as she felt her anger rise ever so slightly. "Of course she found out. We live together."

"Oh?" Melinda answered with a slight frown. "I didn't know."

"Naturally," Tressa grunted. "I moved in last May."

"That was awfully quick," Melinda offered in a slightly whiney voice.

"Not really," Tressa responded with a shrug.

"So how much trouble did she give you?" Melinda asked in a triumphant tone.

"None," Tressa answered in surprise.

"Right," Melinda scoffed with a smile.

Tressa stared at the young woman and wondered how she'd missed the girl's obvious interest. Lindsey was right; Melinda was attracted to her and the fact that she was involved didn't seem to matter. *'I just need to keep some distance between her and me and she'll get the hint,'* Tressa decided as Melinda slid her chair closer; she leaned on the desk, giving Tressa an unobstructed

view of her cleavage.

"So what are you doing for the long weekend?" Melinda asked as she rested her face in her hands. "I thought maybe we could head up to Manchester and hit Singing Beach one day. We could get an early start and do dinner or something tonight?"

"I have plans," Tressa responded flatly as her mind tried to comprehend why Melinda thought she would spend so much of her weekend with her.

"Well, maybe just the beach then?" Melinda suggested hopefully.

"I'm going out of town," Tressa answered dryly.

"Oh?" Melinda pouted. "So where are you off to?"

Tressa smiled slightly when she thought about her plans. "I'm taking Lindsey out of town for a romantic weekend," she explained as her smile grew brighter.

"What?" Melinda choked. "Oh, I see, and you said you didn't take any flack for last night," Melinda teased her.

"I didn't," Tressa responded in surprise.

"Right," Melinda continued to tease her. "Last night you said that you were going to spend the holiday weekend preparing your lectures. Now the wife decides that she wants to go out of town. She really has you wrapped around her little finger."

Melinda's words had been said in a light teasing tone, and yet Tressa felt the bite hidden beneath them. "It was my idea," Tressa firmly answered her accusation.

"Of course it was," Melinda remarked in a condescending tone as she patted Tressa's hand.

Things had gone to far and this time Tressa's response wasn't going to be subtle. Much to Melinda's surprise, Tressa jerked her hand away and glared at the young woman. "Did you think accusing me of being whipped was going to have any effect on my relationship?" Tressa asked forcefully as Melinda shrank back into her chair.

"I didn't mean anything by it," Melinda stammered as her eyes darted around.

"Of course not," Tressa groaned. "Let me spell something out to you, little girl. Lindsey has always been the woman who has held my heart. Granted, at times we can drive one another up the wall. Usually it's in a really fun way," she added with a saucy wink. "Got a problem with that?"

"No," Melinda whimpered. Then she opened her mouth to say something more. Tressa held up her hand in a dismissive manner, halting whatever feeble explanation she was about to offer.

"Melinda, I'm looking forward to *working* with you," she stressed as politely as she could manage. "Now if you don't mind, I really want to finish this up so I can get out of here early and spend time with my lover."

Melinda nodded before stumbling out of the office with a shell-shocked expression. "Note to self - listen to Lindsey when she tells you someone's hitting on you," Tressa mumbled as she blew out an exasperated breath.

## PART FIVE

Lindsey was drumming her fingers impatiently ON the dashboard of her lover's Subaru. She continued to peer out at the highway in a vain attempt to determine just where they were heading. "Stop that," Tressa chastised her.

"Give me a hint," Lindsey pleaded.

"No," Tressa responded with an amused smirk.

"Why?" Lindsey whined.

"Why what?" Tressa asked in confusion.

"Why won't you tell me where we're going?" Lindsey persisted, not understanding why it was so hard for Tressa to follow her train of thought. "You know I'm going to find out when we get there."

"And that makes sense how?" Tressa asked in bewilderment.

"Because since I'll know where we're going when we get there then you might as well just tell me now," Lindsey reasoned, still not seeing why the concept was so difficult to understand.

"Huh?" Tressa asked as her face scrunched up in confusion.

Lindsey sighed heavily as she once again began to drum her fingers on the dashboard, knowing that it would drive her lover up the wall. "Look, I'll make it real simple for you, Sparky," Lindsey explained in an annoyed tone of voice. "Either you start giving me some hints or I'm going to start scouting out spots along the highway where I can dump your body."

"You say the sweetest things," Tressa teased her. "Why is it so hard for you to just sit tight for a couple of hours?"

"Well, for starters I don't want to," Lindsey reasoned vehemently. "Secondly, once I know where we're supposed to be going I can make sure that we take the direct route."

"Hey, I do not take the long way to get to places," Tressa argued as Lindsey flashed her a knowing smile.

"Tressa my love, you mean the world to me, and I would never do anything to hurt you," Lindsey explained as she slid closer to her lover and began to caress her thigh, "but my sweet, you have a negative sense of direction."

"I do not," Tressa argued, much to Lindsey's amusement.

"You do," Lindsey countered playfully as she watched her lover's brow crinkle.

She loved to watch her lover become flustered. As Tressa scowled, Lindsey sat back and admired her. She'd been amazed when Tressa told her that they were going away for the weekend to spend some quality time together. Lindsey couldn't wait for them to arrive at where ever it was so she could be alone with the woman she loved.

Over three hours and several traffic jams later, Lindsey found herself standing outside the rustic cabin. "I can't believe it," she squealed as she wrapped herself around her lover's body. "What about your family?" she asked, suddenly worried that this would be a family vacation and she wouldn't be able to spend time alone with Tressa.

"Well, it took some bargaining, but we have the place to ourselves," Tressa explained with a bright smile as she brushed Lindsey's blonde locks back.

"Thank you," Lindsey responded softly before kissing her lover deeply.

"I thought we needed to spend some quiet time together," Tressa confessed as she set Lindsey down and began to unload their belongings from the SUV. "We've been back together for almost ten months now, and frankly I don't like the way we're treating each other. It's time to show you how much I love you."

Lindsey was slightly stunned by the admission as she helped drag their gear into Tressa's parents' summer cottage. "You're right," Lindsey said as they dropped their bags in the living room. "I love you and I want to spend every day of my life showing you how much I love you," she confessed as she wrapped her arms around Tressa. "Starting right now," she promised as she ran her hands down to Tressa's supple hips. "Remember all the good times we had up here growing up?" she asked with a soft purr.

"I remember making love to you in every room in this cabin," Tressa responded as her eyes darkened with desire.

"If our parents only knew half the shenanigans we use to get away with." Lindsey laughed as she began to slip Tressa's suede coat off her shoulders.

"Let's let some things in life remain a mystery." Tressa laughed as she caressed the small of Lindsey's back.

"What do you think about the two of us spending the entire weekend naked?" Lindsey suggested as she dropped Tressa's coat on the floor and began to unbutton her blouse. "After you start the fire of course," Lindsey added as her lover blushed at the memory.

"Never going to let me forget that, are you?" Tressa growled playfully as she began to lift the hem of Lindsey's T-shirt.

"I was very worried about your safety," Lindsey teased at the memory of a very naked Tressa tending the fire one night when they'd snuck up to the cabin for some privacy. The fire had sparked unrepentantly and burned poor Tressa on her hip. "How old were we then?" Lindsey asked as her hand began to rub the hip, knowing that the tiny scar lay just beneath her fingertips.

"Seventeen," Tressa supplied as she reluctantly stepped out of her lover's embrace and began to clear out the fireplace. "We'd only been lovers for a couple of weeks."

Lindsey watched her lover as she took the soft quilt that hung on the back of the sofa and put it on the floor. Lindsey's eyes never left Tressa's body as she slowly began to undress. "Back then I never thought I could get enough of you," Lindsey explained as Tressa stacked the wood carefully. "Now I know I won't ever get enough of you," Lindsey added in a husky tone as she lay down onto the quilt just as Tressa sparked the fire.

Lindsey's heart skipped a beat as crystal blue eyes turned to her. "Starting without me?" Tressa asked with a rakish grin.

"If you wish," Lindsey responded in a soft promising voice as she began to caress one of her breasts. Tressa simply nodded before turning her attention back to the fire. Lindsey continued to caress herself, knowing that Tressa was keeping a watchful eye on her movements.

Lindsey could already feel her arousal painting her inner thighs; she began to pinch and roll her nipple as Tressa stood at the edge of the quilt. Tressa's eyes were riveted to Lindsey's fingers while she began to disrobe. Lindsey raised her body slightly as her hand drifted down her abdomen. Tressa smiled as she tossed the last of her clothing aside and knelt down next to Lindsey.

"I have another surprise for you," Tressa said in a promising tone as Lindsey's hand drifted her damp triangle. She halted her movement as she gave her lover a questioning look. "Don't stop," Tressa instructed her as she caressed her hand and guided it to Lindsey's wetness. The blonde's breathing grew slightly deeper and her eyelids grew heavy while her own desire painted her fingers.

Lindsey parted herself and captured her clit between her fingers and began to tease it as Tressa reached over to one of the bags and began to rummage through it. Lindsey leaned back on one arm as her body began to tremble while her other hand continued its exploration. Tressa's eyes never left her ministrations as she removed a long silk scarf from the bag.

Tressa dangled the scarf just above Lindsey's body so that it ever so gently tickled her skin. Lindsey's body trembled from the sensation as Tressa moved the scarf higher up her body. Lindsey had no idea what her lover intended to do with the scarf. For the moment she was giving into the sensation of the cool soft material drifting lightly up and down her body. Lindsey's lower body clenched with desire as the tip of the scarf circled her nipples. "Not yet," Tressa requested as Lindsey's fingers moved to the opening of her center.

Lindsey whimpered. Her body screamed for release but Tressa captured her wrist and gently guided her hand from where she needed it the most. Tressa continued to flit the scarf across Lindsey's skin while she slowly licked her passion from her fingers. Tressa's teeth grazed the tips of her fingers while the scarf danced across her stomach. Lindsey released tiny needy gasps as her body quivered.

Tressa finished licking Lindsey's fingers free of the wetness that coated them before releasing Lindsey's shaking hand. "You're trying to kill me," Lindsey offered in a shaky voice. Tressa leaned in so that her breath was caressing Lindsey's cheek. "No, my love; I'm just going to drive you a little crazy," Tressa whispered in a husky promise.

Lindsey choked out a gasp as her body pulsed with desire. Tressa unfolded the square scarf and fanned it up the length of Lindsey's body. As the cool silk caressed and teased her skin, Tressa moved behind her. Lindsey's body fell back onto her lover's warm naked flesh. The feel of silk trailing up her body and her lover's erect nipples pressing into her shoulder blades sent a rush of desire through her body.

Lindsey's hands gripped her lover's firm thighs as the silk crept up along her neck and over her face. "Close your eyes," Tressa instructed her. Lindsey's lips quivered as her lover's hot breath teased her ear. Unable to speak, Lindsey simply closed her eyes as it became increasingly difficult for her to breathe. Lindsey released a deep moan at the sensation of silk being folded against her skin. She felt the scarf being carefully placed over her eyelids and gently tied around her head.

Lindsey licked her lips in anticipation as her lover began to nibble on the nape of her neck. Lindsey was caught between the sensation of Tressa's soft inviting lips teasing her and the sounds of fumbling. The blonde was just about ready to break the magical spell when she felt Tressa's body press closer and her wetness pressed against Lindsey's backside. "Are you hungry?" Tressa's breath tickled her ear. Lindsey parted her lips to ask what her lover was up to, but before she could say anything she felt a soft drip teasing her lip. Her tongue darted out and was greeted with the sweet satisfying taste of chocolate.

Lindsey moaned in delight as she licked the dark chocolate from her lips. "More?" Tressa's breath played over her ear as her chocolate-covered finger glided across Lindsey's bottom lip.

"Yes," Lindsey pleaded as her tongue once again darted out in search of more chocolate. She sucked Tressa's finger into the warmth of her mouth and feasted upon the sweetness as drips of chocolate dribbled down her lips.

Lindsey's body trembled as Tressa's tongue cleaned away each errant drop. Slowly her lover continued to feed her, Lindsey savoring each drop and Tressa's gentle cleansing. "Open wide," Tressa's voice instructed her; Lindsey's passion grew each time she spoke to her in her darkness. Lindsey felt something with a slightly rough texture pressed against her lips. She parted her lips, accepting Tressa's offer until her lover instructed her to bite down. Lindsey's mouth exploded with the burst of flavor as the strawberry's juice dribbled down her body.

Once again Tressa cleaned away each drop with her tongue. Lindsey was moaning as she felt her lover's tongue gliding down her face and her neck. She massaged Tressa's thighs and felt her lover's muscles dancing beneath her touch. Tressa offered her another strawberry, which Lindsey greedily devoured as her tongue and lips teased her lover's fingers.

True to her word Tressa was driving her insane as she continued to feed her, switching from strawberries to chocolate. Each time Lindsey teased her lover's fingertips as her body melted into Tressa's. Lindsey was ready to explode as Tressa licked the last dribbles of chocolate and strawberry juice from her face and neck. With the blindfold firmly in place she felt her lover's hands caressing her skin.

Lindsey was breathing heavily as she felt Tressa lift her up onto her lap. She felt her lover's hands parting her trembling thighs. Lindsey's body straddled Tressa as one of her lover's hands trailed slowly up her body and cupped her breast. Then she felt Tressa's other hand teasing the inside of her thigh.

Lindsey's clit throbbed urgently as she felt Tressa's strong fingers teasing her nipple. Lindsey's body arched as Tressa dipped into her overflowing wetness. Lindsey was lost in the sensation of Tressa's fingers brushing against her clit and pinching her nipple. She ground her hips urgently against Tressa's body, needing to feel her desire painting her backside. "Tressa! Baby, please!" she pleaded as she groped in her darkness to feel her lover. Lindsey cried out as her lover's fingers pressed against her center. Lindsey pushed her body down, insistently urging her lover to fill her. Lindsey's body shuddered as Tressa entered her.

Tressa continued to tease her erect nipple while her fingers stilled inside of her. Lindsey's hips began to grind against her lover's touch, letting her know that she was beyond ready to feel her pleasure. Tressa slowly began to plunge in and out of her wet center while she teased her clit with what Lindsey assumed was the pad of her thumb.

Her body was humming with desire as she felt Tressa guiding her forward. Lindsey pressed her hands into the soft quilt while her lover's breasts pressed into her back and her fingers plunged in and out of her. She could feel Tressa's hot breath and lips feasting on her neck and shoulders while she took her harder. The rush of ecstasy exploded inside of her as she screamed and collapsed.

As Lindsey's body trembled uncontrollably, Tressa removed the blindfold and wrapped her up in her arms. "I love you," Tressa whispered as she held her tightly and Lindsey gasped for air. The blonde was unable to speak as the passionate waves continued to pulsate through her body. She relaxed into Tressa's embrace. "Are you all right?" Tressa inquired with concern after several

moments had passed.

"Oh yeah," Lindsey choked out. "And when I can move again, I'll show you just how much I love you."

"No rush, my love," Tressa reassured her with a gentle kiss before wrapping the quilt around them. "We have all weekend and plenty of chocolate."

Lindsey nodded weakly as she drifted off to sleep. As the sun began to rise, Lindsey blinked open her eyes. She felt sated and slightly embarrassed that she'd fallen asleep on her lover who was still cradling her in her arms. Lindsey gently rolled them over and drank in the sight of her lover sleeping. She watched the rise and fall of her chest and the sweet look on her face. "I really do love waking up next to you," she said with a smile as her hand slipped under the quilt and she began to caress her lover's body.

THE END

~ 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](mailto:findingmavis@comcast.net)

For updates, previews & the Wednesday Afternoon Series join my egroup,

[yomavis-subscribe@yahogroups.com](mailto:yomavis-subscribe@yahogroups.com)

---