

~ Holiday Cheer ~  
(Home For The Holidays - Part Nine)

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Part One

Tressa entered her home feeling exhausted and relieved. Midterms were over and now she could devote all of her attention to simply enjoying the Thanksgiving Holiday with her lover. The first thing the tall brunette noticed as she stepped into the townhouse she shared with her blonde lover was that it was dark. She raised a single eyebrow in curiosity as Ziggy their husky came up and greeted her in his usual manner by rubbing against her. She adored the clue-less animal that was constantly marking her clothing with his hair. "Lindsey?" she called out. The sound of a match being struck and the smell of sulfur filled the dark room. Tressa's crystal blue eyes were drawn to the burning match as it lit a candle.

Tressa blinked and tried to focus on the romantic scene emerging from the shadows. The image of the dining room table appeared, set up with their best china and a bouquet of flowers. Beside the small table stood her lover, dressed in a short black dress that hung her firm body in all the right places. Tressa dropped her briefcase, then kicked the front door shut. "Honey, I'm home," she stammered as she drank in the sight of her lover smiling back at her.

"I've noticed." Lindsey responded in a husky tone that sent a shiver down Tressa's spine. "How was work today?"

"What work?" Tressa panted as she closed the distance between them and tried to wrap her arms around Lindsey's waist. Her lover giggled playfully as she stepped just out of Tressa's reach. "Brat."

Lindsey laughed again as she opened a bottle of champagne and poured a glass for each of them. "What's all this?" Tressa asked as she shrugged out of her long woolen coat and dropped it on the floor. The agitated look in her lover's emerald eyes instantly alerted her to the error in judgment she had just made. Tressa quickly retrieved the garment from the floor and brought it over to the closet and hung it up. Tressa dutifully returned to her lover. She peered over at the dinner Lindsey had prepared.

"Let's try this again." Lindsey taunted her as she handed her a glass of champagne. "How was work?"

"The usual." Tressa sighed before taking a sip. "Midterms are over and each and every one of the little buggers is whining about grades already. Of course after scanning the exams, I once again find myself wondering how half of these kids got into college in the first place?"

"This is good." Tressa commented after taking another sip of champagne. Lindsey leaned dangerously close to the brunette's body. Tressa could never resist the temptation to feel the blonde's body next to her own. She leaned down and quickly captured Lindsey's lips in a passionate kiss. "That was better." Tressa murmured as she tried to set her glass down to take her lover into her arms. Lindsey once again sidestepped her advances. Tressa sighed, knowing that Lindsey was up to something. She had learned long ago to just go along with whatever hair-brained scheme the little blonde was hatching. "You look nice," she commented, and allowed her eyes the guilty pleasure of roaming up and down Lindsey's body. "Dinner smells good. What's the occasion? Not that we need one."

"Our anniversary." Lindsey commented dryly with a slight shrug.

Tressa could tell that her lover was working much too hard to appear nonchalant about things. "Our first year together will be Thursday." Tressa noted with a bright smile and took another sip of champagne. "Tuesday, actually." Lindsey corrected her. "But since we are driving down to your parents house that night so we can spend Thanksgiving with our families, I thought it might be nice to celebrate tonight."

"I've always liked your ideas." Tressa congratulated her with a knowing smirk.

"Not all of them," Lindsey corrected her with a pout, "like the time I wanted to sneak into that movie."

"We were twelve and it was rated 'R'." Tressa reminded her. "We could have gotten into trouble."

"We did get into trouble." Lindsey responded with a light laugh. "But we wouldn't have, if you had just listened to me."

"You're right; no one would have noticed the two of us with our book bags, trying to pry open the back door of the cinema in the middle of the afternoon." Tressa scoffed. "The things I let you talk me into when we were kids."

"They weren't all that bad." Lindsey teased as she leaned into Tressa's body. The brunette could feel the heat rising within her from her lover's touch. "Like the time I convinced you to borrow your mom's station wagon and we sneaked off to that drive-in where I had my way with you."

"Yes you did, you little pervert." Tressa agreed. She nuzzled her lover's neck and began to place soft gentle kisses there. Tressa's body swayed against Lindsey's and she felt her pulse beginning to beat in a steady rhythm while the blonde released a soft sigh.

"Sit." Lindsey instructed her. Tressa complied instantly, hoping that her lover was being playful. "Wipe that smirk off of your face." Lindsey scolded her as she took a seat at the opposite side of the table. "I worked very hard on this meal." The petite woman explained as she added more champagne to Tressa's glass.

"Are you trying to get me drunk?" The brunette asked playfully as her lover prepared a dish of chicken and rice for her.

"Maybe." Lindsey purred, then handed Tressa the plate of food.

Tressa thanked Lindsey as they each raised their glasses to one another. "Thank you." Lindsey said with a soft sincerity.

"For?" Tressa asked in confusion.

"For finding me again." Lindsey said as Tressa noticed the blonde's eyes misting up. "For still loving me after everything we've been through."

"I never stopped." Tressa confessed, then they brushed the crystal glasses together. "I love you very much Lindsey."

They each took a sip and Tressa turned her attention to the meal awaiting her as Lindsey once again added more bubbles to her glass. "You *are* trying to get me drunk." she jested.

"Could be," Lindsey enticed her further, "or maybe I don't want you to notice just how bad my cooking is."

"Nonsense, you are a wonderful cook." Tressa said, and took another sip of champagne.

Suddenly something hard caught in her throat and she was choking. In a panic Lindsey flew out from her side of the table. Tressa struggled to breathe while her lover lifted her out of her chair and performed the Heimlich on her. Tressa saw something flying out in the darkness and land on the floor. She was catching her breath as Lindsey held her.

"Are you all right?" Lindsey asked in a wild panic.

"I'm fine." Tressa choked. "What the hell was that?"

"Nothing." Lindsey blurted out all too quickly, and snatched up one of the water glasses. "Here, drink this slowly." The blonde instructed the confused and gasping brunette.

As Tressa sipped her water slowly, she watched her elegantly dressed lover crawling across the living room floor. "What are you doing?" Tressa questioned the anxious little woman crawling along the living room floor.

"Nothing." Lindsey said as she jumped up suddenly.

"Did you find what ever it was I swallowed?" Tressa asked, feeling as if she was trapped in some bizarre event.

"No." Lindsey snapped. "I'll be right back."

Tressa watched as Lindsey made a mad dash into the kitchen. "She's lying." Tressa said to herself, and rubbed her raw throat. "Do I want to know what she is up to?" she asked Rufus, their cat, who was watching the entire scene from his perch on the back of the sofa.

## Part Two

Lindsey fought to control her breathing once she was safely alone in the kitchen. She looked down at her clenched fist and opened it slowly. Once she saw the object that Tressa had swallowed she rushed over to the sink and began to rinse it off. "I can't believe I almost killed her." she mumbled in disgust. "It was suppose to be romantic, not life threatening." she grumbled as she turned off the water and held up the diamond ring that she had slipped into Tressa's champagne glass.

For months now, she had been debating every option of just how to ask her lover to marry her. She had decided that the champagne was a good idea. She kept the lights low so Tressa wouldn't see it right away. She had pictured Tressa finding it, and then Lindsey would get down on one knee and ask her to spend the rest of her life with her. "How could such a good idea go so horribly wrong?" she grumbled once again. She heard the kitchen door swing open and her body went rigid.

"Everything okay in here?" Tressa asked with concern.

"Fine." Lindsey squeaked out as the ring slipped from her fingers.

She watched in horror as the large diamond set in tiny emeralds slipped down into the garbage disposal. "No!" She squealed.

"What's wrong?" Tressa asked, approaching her.

"Nothing." Lindsey lied, as she tried to figure out what she should do.

Quickly the petite blonde spun around. "I said I'll be right out." she blurted out quickly as she pushed Tressa back towards the door.

"Lindsey, you are as pale as a ghost." Tressa added with concern as she put her hands on Lindsey's shoulders.

"I'm fine." Lindsey barked. "Sorry," she added quickly, instantly regretting her tone, "please just go back and enjoy your dinner. I'll be out in just a minute." she added in a gentler note, praying her lover would just leave so she could rescue the last two months of her earnings from the garbage disposal.

Tressa looked down at her like she had lost her mind; granted it wasn't the first time or probably

the last time her lover looked at her that way. But, at the moment, as the sweat started to bead up on her forehead, all she wanted was for the love of her life to just get the hell out of the kitchen. "Please," the blonde finally added with a whimper. Tressa gave her a quizzical look before nodding in agreement, then she left the frantic blonde alone.

The kitchen door hadn't swung completely shut before Lindsey was dashing across the floor, tripping over her heels, as she raced frantically towards the sink. She managed to kick off her shoes before she could injure herself. She shoved her hand into the slimy recess and began to feel around for the ring. "Please," she chanted as she felt around for the ring that hopefully held the key to her future. She continued her pleas and prayed to whatever deity was listening to just let her find the ring.

Finally, her prayers were answered and she felt the ring in her fingers. Her heart dropped as it slipped once again. "No," she whined as she once again began to search for the ring. "Yes!" she exclaimed in relief, and grasped it once again.

"Thank you." she offered to the heavens, as she pinched it tightly between her fingers. Her joy was short lived as she tried to extract her hand only to have it remain firmly inside of the small hole of the disposal. She tried to yank her hand out once again. "You've got to be freaking kidding me." she grumbled in exasperation, as her hand remained firmly trapped inside the sink. She yanked more forcibly without success. Lindsey suddenly recalled how she had specifically requested having a small opening installed so that she wouldn't be tempted to reach into the disposal and get hurt. "Idiot." she berated herself and struggled to free her hand.

Her nylon covered feet slipped all over the floor as she fought against the sink to free herself and the precious ring. "Honey, is everything all right in there?" Tressa called out from the other room.

"Fine." Lindsey quickly responded while she fought valiantly against the tiny space that hadn't been designed for someone to shove her hand into. Lindsey was about ready to break into tears when she heard the kitchen door swinging open.

"Lindsey?" Tressa said softly as she placed a pile of dishes onto the counter.

Lindsey stood there trying to appear as if nothing was amiss and she didn't have her hand jammed into the sink. She brushed back her short blonde bangs in a causal motion. "Are you enjoying dinner?" she inquired in a normal tone.

"It was delicious." Tressa complimented her and stared at Lindsey's hand.

"Why don't you just go and finish? I should be right out." Lindsey continued, pretending that it didn't look like she was fisting the sink.

"I'm done." Tressa responded hesitantly. "Do you need help?"

"No." Lindsey brushed off her lover's offer. "I'll put on some coffee and join you in the living

room. Why don't you light a fire?"

"Honey?" Tressa continued in a careful tone. "Why is your hand jammed down the sink?"

Lindsey paused for a moment trying to come up with a convincing lie. Knowing that there wasn't any other explanation except the truth she decided to come clean with almost everything and hopefully she would be able to get free without Tressa seeing the ring. Her dignity was already a lost cause. "My hand is stuck." Lindsey explained with embarrassment.

"I can see that." Tressa responded wryly. "How did that happen?"

"I'd rather not say." Lindsey retorted.

"Okay." Her lover conceded. "Can I help?"

"I don't know." Lindsey choked out, fighting against the tears. "I got it in there; I should be able to get it out." she was on the verge of crying, as she felt Tressa gently massaging her shoulders.

"Ssh." Tressa offered reassuringly. "First relax your hand."

Lindsey suddenly understood why she couldn't get her hand out. When she had reached in her fingers were straight and curled around one another so she could fit her hand in. Now that she was gripping the ring her hand had curled into a fist. She couldn't relax her grip, or she would lose the ring again. "Give me a moment." she whimpered as she carefully maneuvered the ring onto her thumb with the gems facing her palm. "Okay." she said in a shaky tone. Tressa reached over and turned the water on, running it until it was warm. Lindsey pressed the diamond into the palm of her hand and prayed that she could keep her grip on the ring.

The large diamond was cutting into her skin. "Try it now." Tressa gently instructed her. Lindsey nodded as she slipped her hand from the confines of the sink. Lindsey spun quickly almost knocking Tressa over as she grabbed a dishrag from the counter and wrapped up her hand.

"Thank you." Lindsey gasped in relief as she felt the ring pressing against her skin.

"Let me have a look." Tressa offered.

"No." Lindsey blurted out quickly as she hid her hand behind her back. "Now that all this excitement is over, why don't you just light a fire and relax. I will do the dishes."

"Sure I can trust you?" Tressa quipped.

"I promise, no further catastrophes." Lindsey vowed.

"Okay." Tressa agreed and stepped closer to the still nervous blonde. "Dinner was wonderful. Thank you." Tressa caressed her lover's face.

Lindsey couldn't help but lean into her lover's touch. She felt her knees buckle as Tressa's lips brushed against her own. She moaned deeply as she felt her lover parting her lips with her tongue. Lindsey's hand slipped from behind her back as she reached out to touch her lover. Suddenly she remembered why she been hiding her hand in the first place, and quickly broke away from Tressa's embrace. The tall brunette was looking at her with bewilderment. "Sorry, I just want to get everything cleaned up." Lindsey lied.

"Oh, okay." Tressa responded with a slight stammer.

Lindsey understood her lover's confusion. Refraining from giving in to her lustful urges wasn't exactly the blonde's style. Since they had become teenaged lovers, Lindsey had encouraged the brunette to make love to her in the most unexpected places. After Tressa retreated from the kitchen Lindsey pulled her hand from behind her back and unwrapped the dishtowel. Her heart was racing as she dried off the ring. It hadn't taken her a long time to select it. She blew out a sigh of relief as she examined the ring and found that it hadn't been marred by the strange events.

She tucked the ring into her bra thinking that was the safest place for it at the moment. "Okay, I'll just clean up the dishes while I try to come up with another way to pop the question."

### Part Three

Tressa relaxed on the sofa watching the fire blazing in the fireplace while her lover scurried about, cleaning away the dinner dishes. Rufus and Ziggy curled up beside her. "What is she up to?" Tressa asked their beloved pets.

"Get off the couch." Lindsey called out in a scolding manner, as she cleared away the last of the dishes. Tressa started to rise. "I was talking to the animals, you goof." Lindsey laughed as Tressa shrugged and retook her seat. "Ziggy, Rufus down." Lindsey commanded; the pets looked to Tressa for help.

"Do as your Mommy says." Tressa instructed them and they both reluctantly got off of the sofa. Rufus, of course, took his own sweet time.

She listened to the sounds of Lindsey clanging pots and pans together and chatting to herself. Tressa found it amusing the way her lover would endlessly chat away, even when no one else was present. Tressa was still troubled by Lindsey's bizarre behavior. She tried to convince herself that perhaps the blonde was just disappointed that the romantic dinner had gone awry. Still, deep down, she felt that there was something bigger troubling her lover.

Lindsey still seemed agitated when she finally emerged from the kitchen and curled up next to Tressa. "Dinner was lovely." Tressa complimented her again, wrapping her arms around her lover.

"It was a disaster." Lindsey grumbled as she snuggled closer to Tressa.

"No, it wasn't." Tressa tried to reassure her and placed a gentle kiss on the top of the blonde's head. Lindsey mumbled something incoherent as they snuggled closer to one another.

Sometime later, Tressa blinked open her eyes and yawned. She looked over at the dying fire and then to her lover who was fast asleep in her arms. Tressa quickly surmised that they had both drifted off to sleep not long after Lindsey joined her on the sofa. "Lindsey," she whispered in her lover's ear. She smiled as her the blonde murmured something unintelligible and snuggled closer to her. "Lindsey, let's go upstairs and go to bed." Tressa suggested and gave Lindsey's shoulder a light shake. Once again, the small blonde said something that Tressa was quite certain couldn't possibly have been in English. Tressa couldn't help but smile at the way Lindsey was trying to burrow deeper into her. She ran her fingers through Lindsey's short blonde locks as her lover continued to yammer incoherently.

"Hmm." Lindsey finally muttered, as her eyes drifted open.

"Hey there, sleepy head." Tressa greeted her as she kissed Lindsey's brow. "We fell asleep on the sofa," she explained, "why don't we head upstairs and go to bed?"

Lindsey muttered something that bore no resemblance to a known language and Tressa assisted her to her feet. She knew that her lover was still more asleep than awake as she led her upstairs to the bedroom. She helped Lindsey remove her clothing and helped her into bed. She covered her lover's naked body before kissing her tenderly on the cheek. Then Tressa undressed and climbed into bed. Even though she was lost in slumber Lindsey instantly gravitated to Tressa and wrapped her body around her. "I love you." Tressa said softly, before falling back to sleep.

Tressa awoke with a smile, her lover's naked body resting on top of her. It was Tuesday and they had been reunited for one year that day. Tressa wanted to make it a special day for her lover. She rolled Lindsey off of her, careful not to awaken her lover. It was a rare event when she woke up before her perky blonde lover, not that she minded the way that Lindsey would fondle her every morning. But today she needed the extra time, since they were driving to her parent's house first thing in the morning.

Tressa was thankful for whatever force allowed Lindsey to sleep as she climbed out of bed. Tressa showered quickly and made certain that she left the bathroom in pristine condition. Normally, she would leave towels all over the place just to irk her anal-retentive lover, but since today was special, Tressa made the effort. Then she gathered up their clothing from the previous evening off of the bedroom floor.

She sorted everything carefully. She actually took extra care when sorting out the garments since laundry was not the professor's forte. She threw what could be machine-washed in the washer. Then she hand washed Lindsey's bra and nylons. The rest she put in the bag for the dry cleaner.

Tressa dressed and then proceeded downstairs to feed Ziggy and Rufus. Then she grabbed the dry cleaning and Ziggy's leash and quietly slipped out the front door with the eager husky in tow. "Enjoying the morning?" She addressed the husky who was happily trotting alongside of her while he sniffed everything along the way.

Tressa dropped off the dry cleaning and stopped by their neighbor Joel's shop and bought a bouquet of Lindsey's favorite flowers. After allowing Ziggy to enjoy an extended romp in the park, she headed back home. She unhooked Ziggy's leash and led him out back to roam around in the yard. Then she hung up her coat and with the flowers in her hand, she head upstairs to the bedroom.

"No!" She heard Lindsey screaming in a panic

Tressa raced to the bedroom as her heart sank, all too familiar memories of last year and Diane came flooding back to her. Tressa stormed into the bedroom and froze in place as the sight of her very naked lover crawling along the bedroom floor greeted her. "What is going on?" Tressa blurted out.

Lindsey jumped up and looked at her with a wild expression. "Where are my clothes from last night?" The blonde demanded in a panic.

"I washed them." Tressa explained in confusion as Lindsey raced past her. "What the hell is going on?" Tressa exclaimed as she tossed the flowers onto the bed and followed after her lover to the laundry room. "Lindsey, honey." Tressa began carefully as she discovered the wet clothing lying on the floor and her naked lover with her head tucked inside the washing machine.

"Sweetie, normally I find you quirky behavior rather endearing but you are beginning to scare me."

"Where is my dress?" Lindsey demanded as she pulled her body out of the washing machine.

"The dry cleaners." Tressa answered as she felt the tiniest hint of anger beginning to swell up inside of her.

"Why did you do that?" Lindsey flared as she once again pushed her way past Tressa.

Tressa clenched her jaw as she folded her arms across her chest while she stared down at all the clothing she had cleaned earlier spread all over the floor. "Because I thought you might appreciate it." Tressa hissed to the empty room. "Calm down. Something is obviously wrong. That or she's finally snapped." Tressa reasoned as she trudged over to the bedroom.

Lindsey had thrown on a pair of ragged jeans and a flannel shirt. She was hopping around on one foot while she was trying to put on a pair of boots. "Uhm, Lindsey?" Tressa called out. "You want to let me know why you are acting like a lunatic? Maybe I can help?"

"I'm sorry." Lindsey muttered in frustration. "I have to get to the dry cleaners."

"Now?" Tressa spat out.

"I'm sorry." Lindsey whined as she stomped out of the room with her bootlaces dangling.

Tressa trailed after her lover, who was muttering to herself. Lindsey grabbed her keys and walked out the front door. Tressa stared at the closed door for a moment before wandering into the kitchen. She blinked when she discovered the high heels Lindsey had been wearing the night before lying against the pantry door. She picked up the shoes and stared at them. "I wonder if her parents would agree to sign the commitment papers?" she pondered before tossing the shoes onto the kitchen counter.

"Happy anniversary," she grumbled as the hurt feelings finally overcame her. She knew there had to be a reason behind Lindsey's unusual behavior. Still, she felt rejected and didn't know what to do about it.

#### Part Four

Lindsey rushed into the McGovern Dry Cleaning looking like a mess. "Please, let it be in here." She whispered as she rushed over to the counter.

"I was wondering which one of you it belonged to?" Bryan, the owner, teased her.

"Please, tell me you found it." Lindsey demanded.

"Is this what you are looking for?" Bryan inquired as he held up the diamond ring.

"Yes." Lindsey gushed.

"I was going to call but I wasn't certain if one of you misplaced it and didn't want the other to know," he explained, "or it's a surprise in which, case you wouldn't want her to know."

"It is a surprise." Lindsey sighed with relief as she accepted the ring from Bryan. "I've been a complete mess since I decided to do this," she explained as she rubbed her stomach, which had been in knots since she made the decision to propose. "I was going to ask her last night but I almost killed her instead."

"I see." Bryan nodded in understanding.

"I don't think you do." Lindsey corrected him not wanting him to think that she had intentionally tried to harm her lover.

"Same thing happened to me when I proposed to Shelia." He explained.

"You slipped the ring into a champagne glass and she choked on it?" Lindsey asked in surprise.

"No." Bryan responded in shock. "We use to love to go canoeing on the Charles so I thought that would be a romantic setting to ask. I was so nervous I ended up capsizing the canoe."

"Oh my God." Lindsey laughed for the first time in hours.

"It's true; she was so mad at me," Bryan continued, "she didn't talk to me for days after that. I kept trying to find the right way to propose. You know something incredibly special and romantic."

"So, how did you end up doing it?" Lindsey pried, since she was still fishing for ideas.

"The pressure finally got to me and I just blurted it out." Bryan confessed. "Do the both of you a huge favor and just ask the girl."

## Part Five

By the time Lindsey had returned Tressa found she wasn't in the mood to listen to her apologies and decided to spend her time grading papers instead. It was late when she had finished and Lindsey was fast asleep when Tressa finally dragged herself upstairs. Looking down at her lover, who was still fully clothed, Tressa felt like a complete ass.

She undressed the blonde, and then herself, before climbing into bed. She was relieved when Lindsey instinctively curled up into her arms. Tressa was still berating herself for her part in ruining their anniversary as she drifted off to sleep.

In the morning Tressa was lost in a delightful dream. In her slumber she envisioned Lindsey kissing her way down her body. She moaned as she felt the blonde licking the inside of her thighs. As her crystal blue eyes blinked open she knew it wasn't a dream. She looked down to find her lover nestled between her thighs. "I could wake up like this for the rest of my life." Tressa groaned as Lindsey kissed the inside of her thighs. By the dampness she felt pooling between her legs, she knew that her lover had been caressing and teasing her body for quite sometime.

"Do you mean that?" Lindsey inquired as her hot breath caressed the damp curls of Tressa's triangle.

"What?" Tressa panted as she felt Lindsey's tongue running along her sex.

"Is that what you want?" Lindsey asked, before flicking her tongue against Tressa's aching clit.

"Yes." The brunette cried out.

Tressa clenched the bedding as Lindsey sucked her clit into the warmth of her mouth. The blonde ran her hands along Tressa's naked hips and drank in the brunette's passion. Tressa's body lifted off of the bed in response to the feel of Lindsey's teeth and tongue teasing her throbbing nub. Suddenly, Lindsey's touch left her body. "Hey." Tressa cried out as Lindsey climbed off of the bed and began searching for something in her bureau. As Tressa was lying there, she wondered if she was going to have to take matters into her own hands.

Just as Tressa was about to start touching herself Lindsey climbed back onto the bed. Tressa gave her a curious glance as Lindsey kept one of her hands tucked behind her back. "What I want to know is, do you want to wake up with me every morning for the rest of our lives?" Lindsey asked her in a heartfelt voice.

"Yes." Tressa confirmed as her heart began to beat in a wild rhythm.

"I mean it," Lindsey pressed, "because that is what I want. I want to know that we are going to be there for one another every day of our lives. I want the only thing that will separate us to be the end of our lives. I love you more than I thought possible. You've held my heart since the first day we met and it will be yours for eternity."

Tressa almost cried at her lover's words. "I love you so much. You are the reason for me being in this world." Tressa tried to explain as she searched for just the right words to tell her lover how much she meant to her.

"Close your eyes." Lindsey instructed her.

Tressa gave her a playful look. "Why?" she asked as she reached out for her lover. Lindsey swatted away her hands.

"Just do it." Lindsey pleaded.

"Are you going to blindfold me?" Tressa inquired hopefully.

"Maybe later," Lindsey purred, "for now just close your eyes."

Tressa complied with her lover's request, still not understanding what was going on, but she had a strange feeling that whatever was going to happen, she would enjoy it. She felt the mattress shift beneath her as Lindsey moved so that she was resting beside her. Lindsey took her by the hand. Tressa sighed deeply as her lover kissed her palm. Then she moaned with need as she felt the tip of Lindsey's tongue playing with the tips of her fingers. Tressa began to squirm against the sheets as Lindsey slowly suckled each of her digits into her mouth, teasing each one slowly, before releasing them.

"Keep your eyes closed." Lindsey whispered hotly in her ear as she kept a firm hold on Tressa's hand. "Last night I put something in your drink." she explained as Tressa crinkled her brow. Her fears vanished as she felt Lindsey's naked body brushing against her. Then she felt her lover extending her fingers and something smooth being slipped onto her ring finger. "You see, I wanted to ask you something." Lindsey continued to explain as Tressa tried to understand what was happening. "Marry me?"

Tressa's eyes shot open and she stared down at the most beautiful diamond she had ever seen. Her mouth hung open as she continued to stare at the ring. The tiny emeralds that adorned the ring matched the color of her lover's eyes. "Tressa?" she heard Lindsey squeak out in a nervous tone. Tressa's mouth was still hanging open as she turned to her lover. "Honey, please say

something?" Lindsey pleaded.

"I love you." Tressa exclaimed as she captured her lover's face in her hands. Tressa drew her lover to her and captured her in a fiery kiss. She parted Lindsey's lips with her tongue as she deepened the kiss and guided her lover down onto the mattress. While Tressa became lost in exploring the warmth of her lover's mouth, her hands began to caress the blonde's firm body. She began to tease one of Lindsey's nipples between her fingers as she felt her lover clasping her hips.

Tressa felt her desire growing as Lindsey's nipple hardened from her touch. She parted the blonde's thigh with her knee as Lindsey ground her wetness against Tressa's body. Tressa reached between them and parted her lover. She could feel Lindsey massaging her backside while their clits brushed against one another in a demanding rhythm. Needing to breathe, Tressa reluctantly broke away from the kiss as their hips swayed in unison. Tressa's body arched as she ground harder against her lover's wetness.

"Is this a yes?" Lindsey panted as she thrust against Tressa's body.

"Yes." Tressa groaned as she pinched her lover's nipple harder. "In fact, why don't we start the honeymoon right now?"

Tressa didn't wait for a response as she rocked harder against Lindsey's clit and captured her breast in her mouth. Tressa suckled Lindsey's nipple greedily as they thrust urgently against one another. Her lover's moans and gasps further fanned the flames of her desire. "Baby," Lindsey pleaded as Tressa began to kiss her way down her lover's body, "we don't have time."

Tressa was panting heavily as she lifted her body and straddled her lover. "Trust me, Mom will forgive us for being late once she sees this." Tressa explained as she wiggled her ring finger. "You do know that we are going to have to endure listening to both of our mothers bragging about how they got us back together. Not to mention they are going to start making wedding plans the moment we walk in the front door."

Lindsey laughed lightly as her hands roamed up along the sides of Tressa's body. "Sweetie, they have been planning our wedding since the day we came out to them. Probably longer." Lindsey pointed out as she cupped Tressa's breasts. Tressa released a strangled cry as Lindsey brushed her nipples with her thumbs. "Is this what you want?" Lindsey asked in seductive tone. "My heart, my soul, and my body forever?"

"Yes." Tressa gasped. "I want to marry you and give you all that I have. I want to be chasing you around our bedroom when we are in our nineties. And I want to start right now."

Tressa lowered her body and they melted against one another as they became lost in another fiery kiss. They rolled around on the bed until Lindsey was lying on top of Tressa, their hands roaming up and down each other's body. Tressa felt Lindsey's desire painting her skin as each pressed her thighs against the other's center.

Tressa's body was on fire as they thrust urgently against one another. Each slipped a hand between their bodies and dipped into the other's wetness. Tressa growled as she tore her lips away from her lover's. She teased Lindsey's clit as she felt her lover kissing her neck. Tressa cried out with need as Lindsey suckled the pulse point of her neck. She pressed her fingers against her lover's center and felt Lindsey doing the same.

They wrapped themselves around each other as they entered the other's wetness. Tressa could feel the walls of Lindsey's center tightening around her fingers as she filled her. She knew her body was reacting the same way as she felt her lover's fingers wiggling inside of her. They clung to one another as they slowly began to plunge in and out while stroking each other's pulsating clit.

Tressa was lost in haze of desire as their bodies became one and the rhythm of their hands grew in intensity. She could feel her body trembling as her lover trembled against her. Each was gasping as they lost themselves in the pleasure they were receiving and the pleasure they were giving. Tressa's breathing grew labored as she felt her body arching and convulsing against Lindsey's touch. They both cried out as they exploded against each other. Neither ceased touching the other as she climaxed. Finally, they were holding onto to one another as they fought to breathe.

Each felt the other's touch slipping from her body. Lindsey lifted herself off, as Tressa rolled onto her side. She knew what they both craved as her lover placed lingering kisses along her hip. The scent of Lindsey's desire filled her and she guided her lover's wetness to her eagerly awaiting mouth. She parted her lover as she felt the blonde mirroring her actions.

Tressa almost exploded as she felt Lindsey's tongue tracing her slick folds. She responded by flicking her tongue playfully along her lover's clit. Each of them were murmuring with delight as she began to suckle and tease the other's clit. The moans and murmurs grew more demanding as they eagerly feasted upon one another. Each woman seemed to be fighting to hold the other's body steady while they pleasure each other. Tressa was lost in the taste of her lover and the way their bodies seemed to fit perfectly together whenever they made love. It had been that way when they were teenagers and it was truer now as they drove one another over the edge.

Before they could completely recover from the bliss, Lindsey was guiding the willing Tressa onto her stomach. She lifted her body up for her lover. She moaned as she felt Lindsey's wetness pressing against her flesh. "I love you." Lindsey whispered hotly in her ear as she clasped her shoulder with one hand and her hip with the other.

"I love you." Tressa echoed as she thrust her hips back in a need to feel more of her lover.

She could hear her lover's moans of pleasure as she thrust her body against Tressa's. The brunette loved the feel of her lover's wetness riding against her. Her pulse beat faster knowing that once the blonde climaxed against her she would lovingly lick away all traces of her passion from Tressa's trembling body.

Tressa matched her lover's wild rhythm as she clutched at the sheets on the bed. She could feel Lindsey tightening her grip on her shoulder and hip as she increased the already frantic pace of their bodies. Lindsey cried out as she exploded against Tressa, yet the blonde maintained the same wild rhythm as she continued to rock against her.

Tressa's body was humming with a burning desire as Lindsey once again fell over the edge. They were covered in a sheen of sweat and she felt Lindsey's tongue gliding along her backside. Tressa was reeling as she felt her lover's tongue dipping inside of her. She parted her thighs as Lindsey began to lick them. Tressa almost climaxed as she felt Lindsey tongue plunging inside of her center. "Yes." She cried out as she rocked her hips wildly and demanded more.

Tressa's mind went blank as she felt her body falling. Lindsey guided her down onto the bed and nestled her body between the brunette's quivering thighs. Tressa draped her long legs over her lover's shoulders. She was lost in haze of crimson that filled her head as her blonde lover once again feasted upon her wetness while her fingers slipped inside of her.

Tressa was certain that she had blacked out while she was screaming her lover's name. She pulled Lindsey up so that she was straddling her hips and began to stroke her. She watched as Lindsey's body swayed and she gave herself over to Tressa's knowing touch. The brunette drove her lover over the edge as Lindsey's body arched against her.

Lindsey collapsed against her and Tressa wrapped her up in her arms. They held one another, each content to listen to the steady beating of the other's heart. "If we don't get on the road soon, our parents are going to send out a search party." Lindsey mumbled against Tressa's chest.

The brunette was almost tempted to give into the delightful sensations of Lindsey's breath on her skin, but she knew her lover was right. They showered, dressed, packed and then fed Rufus and Ziggy before loading up the car and leaving the key for Joel. Tressa paused for a moment after Lindsey had climbed into the SUV. She stared down at the ring and smiled. She knew that it was going to be insane once they arrived at her childhood home. She also knew that she and Lindsey would argue during the entire drive about what music to listen to, what exit to take and how Tressa was taking the long way to get there. "It is as it should be," she said with a brilliant smile as she climbed into the car, knowing that they were going to spend the rest of their lives together driving the other to the brink of insanity.

The End

Read the conclusion of the series in [Holiday Cheer](#)

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