

Highland Fling

Author: watson

Rating: NC-17

Pairing: W/T

Status: Complete

Started: a long time ago

Completed: 30 November 2005

Summary: our favorite bonnie lasses go on vacation in the Highlands

Notes: Day 11 of *Once More, with Fruitcake: A very Kitten Holiday* series, where we each took a day from the Traditional 12 Days of Christmas carol; one from the 12 Pains of Christmas parody song and a random holiday activity. My required elements:

- 11 pipers piping
- stale TV specials
- traveling

Notes 2: though not exactly in the same area, I envisioned the hotel that they stayed at to be [something like this](#)

Thanks: to the RKT group for the fun collaboration and hours upon hours of hilarity. Next time, somebody else play boss, okay?

Special thanks: to Chris, for the outstanding graphics

Special shout-out: to Debra, HoMary and Sally for the seasonal gift-box of semi-colons (and did I hear Car heave big sigh of relief?)

"Buffy, for the thousandth time, it's okay. Fighting the big bad is way more important. Medium-sized bad, or little bad even. Besides, she'll have my undivided attention for two whole weeks," Willow explained as she and her best friend made their way through a labyrinth of dank, dark underground tunnels. Neither were bothered by the enclosed space or the oppressive darkness, it was as much part of their daily lives as, say, muffins and mocha.

"Still feeling guilty because my gut tells me I was interrupting some major witchy smoochies. Admit it, Will, you guys are so into each other lately. Things going that well, huh?" Buffy kept her voice low, her eyes peeled for any movement up ahead.

Even in the dark Buffy could see Willow blush from the tip of her hair to the ends of her toes. "Oh yes," the redhead replied, as she thought back on what she and Tara were doing when Buffy's call for backup so abruptly brought them crashing down to earth. Willow was delighting in the subtle changes in Tara's breathing, the quickening of heartbeat, and the flush that was spreading over her lover's body as she approached release. Then the phone rang. She owed Tara big time for leaving her hanging like that. "More than yes. I think about her all the time, even the smallest thing reminds me of her, like I was picking up the mail this morning and I remember when we first got together we gave each other postcards, you know the free ones you get at restaurants and bookstores? We didn't write a lot, sometimes she drew hearts all over but I'll have this silly

grin all over my face whenever I found a new one in my locker or my bag or underneath my pillow, you remember?"

"Will, when you first got together with Tara both of you had permanent stupid grins on your faces. We could be talking and all of a sudden you'd go all glassy-eyed and I knew you were off to your Tara dreamland again," Buffy said affectionately.

"I was that pre-occupied?" Willow asked.

"All the time. Totally, completely smutten ... smitten. You still are. Okay I think we're there," Buffy stopped as she spotted a strange green mist billowing out of the tunnel ahead of them and loaded up her crossbow. "You ready?"

Willow's fingers crackled with blue magical energy.

"Yep, let's kick some demon ass and go home. I have a long day tomorrow."

Willow closed the bedroom door quietly and allowed the sweet sight of her lover to wash over her. Tara had obviously waited up, but it was past 4am and she had fallen asleep, propped up on the pillows with a book on her lap. Willow put the book away, turned off the lights and slipped under the covers as gently as she could, planting a soft kiss on the sleeping blonde's cheek.

"Mmmm, you're back," Tara mumbled sleepily as she shifted down the bed and curled herself into Willow's arms.

"I woke you up, sorry," Willow apologized, dropping another kiss at the top of Tara's head and stroking the silky blonde hair she loved so much.

"I was waiting for you, must have fallen asleep. Did patrol go okay? No new apocalypse?" Tara asked as she turned around so they were face to face. She pressed their bodies closer and began a trail of feathery kisses up from the base of Willow's neck.

"No, love. Kraquell demons with an attitude are no match for experienced cool monster fighters like Buffy and me," Willow smiled, both at the thought demons defeated, and the sensation of Tara's kisses along her neck. Once finished on her neck, the kisses moved along her jawline and toward a known sensitive spot behind her ear. "This is nice, I thought you were tired."

"I was. Not anymore. Are you? Should I stop?" Tara whispered, licking Willow's ear all the way around before sucking on the earlobe ever so gently.

"Baby, you know perfectly well I can't resist Taralips, not to mention post-slayage H&H. But we have an early start tomorrow, I haven't finished my checklist, a-a-and we have to be ready for the drive to the airport," Willow was squirming under Tara's attention but she wasn't about to give in. Yet.

Instead of answering, Tara increased the pressure on Willow's ear while her hands were busily working on the buttons of the redhead's pajama shirt, starting from the bottom and opening an inverted "V" that exposed her stomach with just a faint glimpse of the underside of two beautiful breasts.

Removing her lips from the ear earned a whimper, which turned into a long throaty moan as she shifted herself so she was between Willow's legs. She lowered her head and placed light, open-mouthed kisses around Willow's belly button. She slipped both hands underneath the pajama shirt to start massaging Willow's back, working their way across her side, finally spreading her fingers so they were cupping both breasts, avoiding the sensitive nipples.

She guided herself up the length of Willow's body until her hair cascaded over her lover's face and their lips were just a hair's breath apart. "Now should I stop?" she challenged.

"Don't you fucking dare," came the almost desperate reply as Willow arched her back, pushing her breasts further into Tara's loving hands, closing the small distance to capture full lips in her own and not letting go until they were completely breathless.

Tara undid the remaining buttons on Willow's shirt and pulled it open to reveal her lover's breasts in all their glory; she drew her tongue around one soft mound in ever decreasing circles until she reached the sharp point, then took the puckered nub into her mouth and sucked until it was like hard candy. Her hand took care of the other breast, stroking and caressing it to a point as hard as the other one.

Willow felt the ache in her nipples spread all over her breasts under Tara's expert manipulation. Her hands drifted down Tara's body, eliciting excited growls from the blonde, which in turn vibrated onto her own nipples, making them almost painful. She pulled Tara's nightgown up until the material was bunched up around her waist. Her hands reached down and found the smooth baby skin of Tara's ass.

"Baby, did you forget something?" she asked.

She felt Tara smile into her breasts. "The state you left me in, I'm surprised I even managed the nightgown," Tara answered, turning her attention back to kissing Willow's breasts.

"Buffy says she's sorry for the interruption. I'm sure she'll want to make it up to you, she might even bake cookies," Willow smirked. Much as she loved the feeling of Tara's kisses on her breasts, she felt it was only fair to share with other parts of her body. She gently lifted Tara's chin and brought the blonde's face toward her own.

"And you, how are you gonna make it up to me?" Tara asked as she allowed her head to come closer to Willow's. As their eyes met, they could feel their desire mounting, both eager to re-visit the level of intimacy they were sharing earlier in the evening.

"For a start, kiss you senseless."

"Show me."

Willow didn't need any further prompting as she leant up and kissed Tara hard, driving her tongue into the blonde's mouth and claiming it as hers. She left no part of Tara's mouth unexplored, purposefully grazing all surfaces, from the smooth inner walls to the hard enamel of Tara's teeth, even far-away crevices like the ridges at the roof of Tara's mouth. She hummed her appreciation of Tara's familiar taste on her tongue, her hazy mind registering how she could never tire of that taste.

As the kiss intensified their hands continued their exploration of each other's bodies. Tara's unintentional brush on Willow's nipple caused a sharp intake of breath from the redhead, who in turn slipped her hands under and pulled the material of the blonde's nightgown further up. The split second it took for their mouths to spring apart while the annoying nightgown was pulled off was one second too long, and they dived back into the kiss immediately afterwards.

Willow lifted her hips so that she could wriggle out of her boxers, and quivered in delight when all clothing was off and she was finally naked and open to her lover. It never mattered, in the middle of an apocalypse, a sunny Saturday afternoon, under the cover of the stars, it was so easy for the spark of desire to ignite between them. Their legs slotted in place perfectly, the tops of their thighs in intimate contact with needy centers. Their bodies slipped into an easy rhythm quickly, the grinding and swaying of hips in effortless synchronization with deep open-mouthed kisses.

Willow's hand moved down and attempted to snake inside the tight space between their bodies but Tara's hands were faster, capturing the redhead's wrists and stretching them out over her head. Tara pushed up and straddled the now squirmy redhead. She leaned forward slightly, using her arms to trap Willow's against the top of the bed. Willow made a few feeble attempts at resistance but not enough to actually threaten to Tara's dominance. She gazed at Tara with mock defiance, and watched as Tara's eyes grew heavy with lust.

This was a game they played often, of give and take, to pretend to provoke each other, yet at the end all was soft and delicate between them. Power wasn't about who was on top, or who was in command. For them, the power was in their sharing.

"Now," Tara said as she lowered herself fully on top of Willow, only propping her head up from her elbows on either side of Willow's body. "Tell me about the demons tonight. What was so special about them that Buffy couldn't handle them herself?"

"You want to know about patrol **right now**? In the middle of—"

"I spent three hours waiting for you, lover. I deserve to know why."

"But," Willow spluttered, then grinned as she caught Tara's naughty gleam. "Fine, if that's what you want to know. Buffy thought it was a demon nest, turned out to be a cranky Kraquell who was annoyed that he wasn't invited to Spike's Christmas kitten poker party. So he gathered a bunch of his friends and they were all set to gatecrash Willy's. You know how Kraquells are the epitome of slimeballs?"

"How many?"

"Nine, I think. I hit them with a stumblearound fog spell and Buffy dealt with them quickly. We didn't think to count. You keep doing that and I won't have any brain cells left to do any counting tonight."

Tara smiled. She had shaken her hair out in a cascade and the tips of her fine blonde hair teased and brushed against Willow's sensitive skin. She slowly and deliberately fanned the tresses out so they covered both Willow's breasts. As she started working her way down Willow's body with small kisses, the strands of hair added to the sensation of giving her lover hundreds of smaller kisses.

"Were you planning on counting anything tonight?" Tara asked huskily. She had reached the top of Willow's thighs and was easing the aroused redhead's legs apart. Her head slipped between the heated crevice and she buried her nose in the trimmed curls that were lightly coated with the most wondrous nectar.

"Yeah, count. Not now busy," Willow had lost the ability to form proper sentences. All she could focus on at that moment were the sensations of Tara's hair tickling her skin, Tara's breath on her center, and Tara's tongue tantalizingly close to her clit.

"Hmm, my mathematical genius not knowing her basic numbers? I'll have to demonstrate," Tara took a deep breath of Willow's fragrance and proceeded to trace a sequence of numbers along the incoherent redhead's sex. Using the tip of her tongue, she traced a long path down Willow's outer folds, momentarily brushing against the protruding clit. Gently easing the folds open, she drew another slow arc down one side, then across the lips. "That was a One followed by a Two, are you following?" she murmured. They had tried the ABC method a few times with spectacular results and had always wondered if the technique worked with numbers.

Willow was in heaven. Her clouded but busy mind was seeing stars and streaks of light that changed to naked Taras dancing among pillars shaped like the numbers. Her mind's eye was naturally fixated on the dancing Tara boobies freely bouncing in tune with the pounding inside her ears.

Three, Four and Five swiftly followed. Tara eased her lover's smooth labia open and Taratongue made small hard circles along tight inner walls. Six started at her hard clit and ended just outside her opening. Willow heard herself moaning in desperate need as she felt her impending release.

"Tara, no numbers. I need you inside," she pleaded. She wanted Tara to be very far inside of her, not just in her head but in her heart and body as well.

"No more numbers?" Tara muttered. "I was going to do 69."

"No. Please. Inside."

She could feel Tara's smile and a second later, the blonde's tongue made its determined way just inside her welcoming channel, lightly grazing the walls which attempted to grip their slippery guest and not let go. Tara's tongue retreated as soon as it had entered but before Willow could utter a whimper of protest, Tara's long fingers had taken its place and began a steady pumping rhythm.

The pounding in Willow's head continued in sequence with the pumping. Excitement surged from her center to the bottom of her stomach to her breasts and arms and hands. She was at once drowning and on fire. Everything — clit, wetness, ass, thickness, breasts, fire, fingers — united into a tight ball of white heat as her back arched and she felt herself opening up to consume Tara. Tara's fingers, Tara's essence, Tara's love.

She screamed for Tara. Her voice was strong and hoarse. Breathless and exhilarated. She screamed, as if her orgasm and her love for the woman inside her would never cease and would endure beyond the end of the universe.

Tara eased Willow gently down from her climax with slow relaxed strokes. She climbed up the bed and took Willow into a loving embrace, sighing contentedly as their bodies molded together. Willow was making the softest, most delicious sounds of fulfillment, and Tara's

heart filled with love for the small redhead in her arms. She lovingly caressed the soft freckled skin and placed small kisses on Willow's shoulders.

"Hmm, you're so good at this," Willow mumbled sleepily.

"Practice," Tara smiled. "Post slayage H&H is challenging, but I like a challenge."

"You're magnificent. I feel like you just gave me an early Christmas present."

"I love you."

Willow felt herself floating at Tara's declaration. How many times had she heard it? How many times had she herself said those same small three words? It didn't matter; each time was like the first time. She felt as if she was submerged in the love they shared; the promise and the elation she remembered when they first gave themselves to each other was just as strong now, after everything they had gone through together.

"You warm my heart," she said. "I know this sounds corny, but you are my heart."

Willow felt Tara's heart sing, she knew it, just as she knew her own heart's song. She turned around and at the sight of Tara's eyes, she knew that words were not needed.

She kissed Tara carefully. Deliberately making her way from the top of her lover's head, with feathery touches on closed eyes, cheeks and nose.

Tara giggled as Willow playfully licked the tip of her nose. She stuck her tongue out to try to mirror the action but Willow moved away too quickly. She tried next to reach out and cup Willow's face but again the redhead was too fast for her, pushing her hand away easily.

Giggles turned into frisky play as Willow turned tables and tackled Tara, pinning the blonde under her.

"I have you now," Willow growled flirtatiously.

"I'm already yours."

Willow answered by taking Tara's lips and boldly teasing her lover's mouth open with her tongue; she was rewarded as it was granted enthusiastic access.

Meanwhile, her hands cupped Tara's soft breasts and she savored the weight of the supple flesh. After appreciating the breasts she could spend hours loving, and only because she knew what was waiting so earnestly for her, she moved one hand firmly between the valley of Tara's breasts, then traced the back of her hand along the center of the blonde's abdomen until it reached the triangle of curls that was already dripping with the excitement of the night.

Tara's body shifted to accommodate Willow's increasingly insistent probing. She felt her body and soul opening up to her lover as passion took hold and she bore down to take Willow's two fingers inside her. She felt her inner muscles squeeze the swirling digits hungrily.

Wanting more, she grasped the back of Willow's head and pulled them into an even deeper kiss.

Willow's thumb found Tara's clit and circled it in a firm massage that shot currents around the whole of Tara's center. Tara was shaking in the face of her impending release and from the knowledge that she was under Willow's control. One more flick, one more twirl and her hips buckled uncontrollably, her orgasm ripping through her body. Gasps from the back of her throat quickly turned into full-blooded screams as she felt her body falling and falling helplessly over the edge. But then Willow caught her, and she never felt so safe. The moon came and went, its white beams peeking through half-drawn curtains and tracing over the lovers as they sealed their love with slow kisses. Soon they drifted into slumber, their arms and legs and bodies entangled in a deep and trusting embrace.

The radio alarm clicked on and it took Tara a few seconds to wake up to the early morning chatter about traffic interspersed with never-ending Christmas jingles. Another few seconds to register that the emptiness she felt was due to her being on her own in bed, bedsheets awkwardly wrapped around her back and legs.

She frowned and listened for any sounds from the bathroom. Perhaps Willow was having a shower. But there was nothing. She was just about to hop onto the highway of Willow discontent when realization came to her. Wrapping herself loosely in her comfortable robe, she tiptoed downstairs and smiled indulgently at the scene in the living room. She had guessed right.

Willow's attention was focused on a piece of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other, but what made Tara smile even more was the total state of undress the serious-looking redhead was sporting.

"What did we forget this time, sweetie?" she chuckled, leaning against the doorframe of their living room and drawing her eyes over her lover's body.

Willow jumped at the interruption, then guiltily glanced at the scattered items arranged haphazardly all over the couch. "I was just looking for ..." she stammered.

"You've gone through the list six times already, and your master packing list is so comprehensive we'll be even more prepared than NASA before a shuttle launch."

"I woke up suddenly thinking we didn't pack any laundry detergent. Our trip is two weeks and we only packed one week's worth of clothing, so doing laundry is really important, because stinky witches? Make bad impressions and give us a bad rep," Willow explained sheepishly.

"You intend for us to be wearing clothes a lot then," Tara deadpanned.

Willow gave Tara a dirty look, then grinned as she followed Tara's gaze to her own nakedness. "You were the one who wanted to quote unquote connect with my roots. That involves talking to people and looking at old

buildings. Clothes are probably recommended for those activities."

"And the people of Scotland don't do laundry, so even if, god forbid, we *forgot* the laundry detergent, we can't possibly buy it from the stores there," Tara teased.

Willow harrumphed. "But it's not the same. Will our clothes come out as clean? Can we get the same degree of freshness? Will our shirts come out stiff and scratchy? I don't want scratchy material on baby Tara skin!"

Tara couldn't help it, and broke out in a throaty guffaw. *Is she cute or anal? I wouldn't have her any other way.*

Willow's eyes narrowed and her mind raced to find a suitably witty retort. Luckily the chime of the door bell saved her from the trouble. Tara was still giggling and was holding to her side as if in stitches.

"That must be Buffy," Willow said as she decided to be the serious one and answer the door. She didn't get very far, a still-laughing Tara grabbed her by the waist and spun her back into the room. "What?" she protested.

"Honey, I'll get the door, you go back upstairs," Tara was obviously trying to keep a straight face as she gently pushed Willow toward the stairs.

"Why? Why am I upstairs while you're down here with Buffy? Something you're not telling me?" Willow challenged.

Tara managed to whisper one word. "Clothes."

"Eeep," Willow squeaked and sprinted upstairs without a further word.

Tara opened the door to a gift-wrapped tower that was about to topple over.

"Buffy?"

The mountain-on-legs stepped gingerly into her hallway and Tara had to step back quickly to avoid a landslide of brightly colored boxes that landed on the floor with a thud.

"Is me. Your friendly neighborhood Wiccan Gift Delivery Service at your, um, service," Buffy chirped.

Tara thought she sounded like Anya; the slayer must have been spending too much time at the Magic Shop.

"Good god, Buffy, that's a lot of boxes. I mean, I know, part of the big gift-giving-and-exchange-fun day, but ... good god, that's a lot of boxes!" Tara exclaimed.

"These are just from me and Dawn and Giles, Xander and Anya haven't added theirs to the pool yet."

"Are you sure Dawn can wait that long? Are you sure **you** can?" Tara joked as she helped carry the boxes into the living room.

"You mock my slayer patience? I have patience!" Buffy protested, picking up the remaining ones.

Tara smiled indulgently at the slayer. "I have to put a magic lock on my oven because?"

"I just wanted to peek! It's your fault for making brownies that make a girl lose self control. How does Will do it, she's an even bigger chocoholic than me. Her Chocolate SAT is higher than her real SAT."

"Well, she knows that if she gets in the way of my baking, the only Kisses she'll get are Hershey's."

"I thought a bag of Hershey's Kisses **was** foreplay, and I just channeled Anya didn't I?" Buffy quickly retracted.

Wrong challenge. "I can think of at least half a dozen replies to that, none of it pleasant for your mental well-being," Tara said pleasantly and winked at Buffy.

Buffy caught Tara's wink. "Why thank you," she grinned back then looked up toward the stairs. "Change of topic before Will comes back, are you set with the you-know-what?"

Tara nodded conspirationally to Buffy. "Yes, thanks for helping. I'll have it ready for when we come back." She arranged the collection of gift boxes in a nice tree-shaped stack at the side of the fireplace and was surveying her handiwork.

"Anytime. Oh, here she comes."

Tara heard Willow's footsteps a few seconds later and warm hands circled her waist. She leaned into her lover who treated her to a series of small kisses on her cheek.

"Good god, that's a lot of presents," Willow remarked.

"And all ready for the Grand Christmas Gift Opening Party. You won't be too tired to have the party the day after you come home?" Buffy asked.

"It's Christmas Day. Besides Dawn and Xander will come over to help us 'unpack', and you, you'll 'drop by' on patrol, you're not the world's most patient person when it comes to presents," Willow said.

"All right, this is scary. That's the second time my lack of patience has been brought up. Do you two share brains or something?" Buffy said.

Willow looked at Tara, who smiled back lovingly. They shared the look of two people who didn't need words to communicate.

"We think a lot alike, except in the matters of packing and re-packing," Tara said, looking at their baggage that was in the middle of a Willow restacking project.

Willow got the message immediately. "Okay, I'm gonna pack. Baby, check the VCR please?"

Buffy and Tara rolled their eyes simultaneously. "I don't understand why you insist on recording Charlie Brown's Christmas every year. First, you're Jewish. Second, it's the same show," Buffy commented.

"Except in 1997 they added back a missing scene," Tara cut in, blushed and shrugged at Buffy's raised eyebrow.

"When in Rome..." she trailed off.

"I want to watch it 'live' every year, and keep a recording of it. It builds up my collection. I remember each Holiday season by the ritual Charlie Brown Christmas Special viewings," Willow said whimsically.

"I used to sneak over to Xander's house, then it was to Buffy's. I don't care about the actual Christmas part, or whatever Hannukah spirit there is in the show; it's the idea of watching the special, and who I watch it with.

The last few years are the happiest Charlie Brown Christmases of my life."

Tara's heart melted and she crossed the room to give her love a tender embrace.

"Mine too. Any Charlie Brown Christmases with you are the happiest of my life," she whispered. And sealed the statement with a kiss.

Buffy kept her eyes glued to the control panel of the VCR, trying to work out how to set the program, and to stop herself from staring at her best friend smooching her girlfriend.

"Don't touch anything!" Willow looked over and yelled out. "Buffy, please don't touch the recorder, you and machinery don't mix well. I don't want a gap in my collection."

"Okay, okay," Buffy backed off. "I'll come over and watch it Christmas morning and make sure the house is prepared for your return. Dawn and Xander will be fighting over which boring TV special to watch. I'm sure Dawn will want Ricky Martin and Xander will want the Simpsons."

"The Simpsons one isn't bad," Willow said. "Better than the *Come Dancing* one Giles made us watch."

"It gets stale after the first 57 times," Buffy grimaced.

"Which is a non-sequencer for me to get going, Dawn wants to go to the pet store."

"Non sequitur," the witches said simultaneously.

The greatest slayer in history stuck her tongue out, and gave her two best friends a twirl and a hug.

"Have a good time and don't peek up any Scotsmen's kilts," she laughed as she made her way out.

Willow returned to packing and Tara went upstairs to strip their bed. She breathed in the scent of their previous night's lovemaking that was still lingering on the sheets.

In a few hours they would be on their way to the place she had wanted to visit since childhood. The trip was a surprise from Willow, who had arranged the flights and hotels then told her about it on her birthday. She couldn't wait to fully show her appreciation to Willow.

"Goddess!" Tara shuddered at the unexpected touch and felt her body turning over control to the small redhead spooning her from behind.

They were at LAX, having stopped over to connect to the flight to London. The gate was at the far end of the terminal, and the normally busy airport was oddly quiet. And that included the bathrooms. Willow had watched Tara's reflection at the washbasin, her gaze strayed downward and she couldn't tear her eyes away. Even the bagginess of her track pants couldn't hide the curve of Tara's hips. It was one of the many favorite spots that Willow adored, that curve: soft and generous and full. Tara had sensed her lover's scrutiny, and had stayed in front of the vanity mirror longer than necessary, stretching her arms over her head, allowing the clearly worked up redhead a glimpse of flesh between her shirt

and her pants. She closed her eyes momentarily and was surprised when Willow had moved quickly across the empty room and her hands were cupping her ass almost forcefully.

"Willow! Someone's coming!" Tara squeaked as the dampening thought of being in a public place gave her a pointed nudge and her heart rate increased from the fear of being discovered.

"Shhh, just focus on me," Willow soothed.

"But —"

"Trust me."

Tara whimpered in a heady mix of panic and arousal, her groans becoming louder as Willow snuggled her pelvis closer. Tara gave up any pretense of rational thought and reached back to grip Willow's head tightly. Half turning her head, her lips found Willow's easily and their tongues met in increasing urgency.

Willow's hands were still at Tara's hips. They had been petting the soft flesh, and now she increased the pressure, stroking the weighty mounds heavily until Tara let go of the red hair and rested her hands at the edge of the basin. That was Willow's signal to slip her hands under the waistband of Tara's track pants, her research on clothing for long haul air travel telling them what they instinctively knew, that it was better to go for comfort over style. *Who knew easy access was an important criteria too?* Tara shifted and opened her legs a little, allowing Willow to step closer and reach the inside of her thighs, softly tracing the firmness through the materials of hip-hugging panties.

Tara's eyes were closed and she moaned at the sensation, all thoughts about being discovered dissolved in a fog of desire.

"Yes," she moaned.

"Do you trust me?" Willow whispered.

"Yes," Tara repeated.

With that Willow pulled her pants and panties down so they pooled at her knees. One hand reached under her shirt and rubbed fast circles over the sensitive nipple until it hardened to a tight point. The other hand circled around and was teasing her clit with her fingertips until the sensitive nub also hardened to a tight point.

"Hard up here," Willow said while continuing the pressure on the breast.

"Ohhmmm."

Tara's moans were becoming desperate, her legs spread until the material of her pants locked them in place.

"And hard down here. Wet too. Nice." And the pressure on the hard nubbly clit intensified.

The hand that was on her breast withdrew but before Tara could object, it had found its way to her ass again, fingers teased along her crack and before long two fingers entered her and she cried out from the pleasure. She should feel exposed but instead she felt complete. Willow now had one hand squeezing her clit from the front and the other hand fucking her from behind, her

whole body seemed to be bouncing with the pumping rhythm, she felt like she was being lifted from the floor every time Willow entered her.

She knew she would be quick. All she could think of was Willow. All she could feel was Willow inside her, around her, boring into her.

“Oh goddess, Willow!” she panted as her body clenched tightly and her knuckles turned white while gripping the porcelain basin and she was Willow’s.

Willow wrapped her arms round Tara in a loving embrace, waiting for her lover’s body to relax and the trembling to slow down.

“I’m the goddess Willow, or were you simply calling to the goddesses in general?”

“Tease me, will you? Next time I’ll be quiet as a mouse,” Tara exhaled.

Willow kissed her. “I’ll hold you to that.”

Tara looked down at her hands still gripping the basin; she looked up into the mirror and she saw how flushed she was. Her eyes were still wild and there was a glow in her skin. Her beautiful Willow was behind her, protecting, loving. A noise from outside distracted her and she gradually becoming aware again of where she was and her state of semi-undress.

“We, um, should get back to the gate,” sensible-Tara said, even though she really wanted to do was turn around, pin Willow to the wall and do onto her lover what the redhead just did onto her.

Willow glanced at her watch and nodded. “Thanks for trusting me, love.”

Tara kissed Willow back. “I do.”

They cleaned up, retrieved their bags and headed outside hand-in-hand. Tara pushed at the main door only to find that it wouldn’t budge.

“Oh yeah. Let me,” Willow said sheepishly as she dissipated the spell that had rendered the ladies bathroom out-of-bounds to allcomers for the last few minutes.

“You locked the door? I was in a panic that someone would walk in on us, and you had it locked all the time?” Tara accused, but her eyes were smiling.

“However badly I wanted you, and as much as I want us to be spontaneous, we’re not exhibitionists. Plus I don’t want us to end up in the airport manager’s office, we need to catch our flight,” Willow explained.

“You, Willow Rosenberg, are a vixen. A sneaky, too-clever-for-your-own-good, but very sexy vixen,” Tara said.

“But you still love me?”

“Yes, you dork. I still love you.”

They tried to act nonchalant when they left the empty bathroom. The gate area had filled up with passengers and they boarded the plane quickly. They were pleasantly surprised that they had all three seats to themselves, and settled in quickly for the long flight.

After a dull meal and the ritual inspection of the duty free cart, Willow took out her laptop and clicked on a few icons on the dock in quick succession.

“You’ve been staring at it so many times, won’t you get tired of it?” Tara asked as she saw what was on the screen.

“Two things I’ll never ever get tired of looking on the powerbook, my wallpaper and this chart. My best work so far, don’t you think?” Willow replied.

“You’re comparing a photoshopped picture of me with a genealogy chart?” Tara deadpanned.

“Well... I made both?” Willow asked cheekily.

Tara took her hand and kissed her knuckles. “That you did, my love, that you did.”

Willow enjoyed the Tara kisses, then brushed the back of her fingers against the blonde’s cheeks. They basked in the small intimate gesture; no words were needed. After a few moments, Willow returned to her laptop while Tara picked out a film from the selection on her armrest controller. She reached over and took hold of Willow’s hand; Willow said nothing, deftly using her other hand to control the trackpad on her laptop.

Tara’s mind wasn’t altogether on the film, she was distracted by the feel of Willow’s hand in hers. She rubbed her thumb slowly on the nimble fingers, dragged her fingertips in slow circles around Willow’s palm. This elicited a sharp intake of breath from the redhead, who studiously pretended not to notice the goosebumps rapidly forming all over her arm. When Tara’s delicate strokes moved to her wrist and further up, the tingles along her arms grew so intense that she felt her whole body start to shake.

The cabin lights chose that moment to dim and the passengers around them scrambled to switch on their reading lights. Willow saved her work and shut down the laptop.

“How’s your film, baby?” she asked as she leaned over and placed her head on Tara’s shoulder.

“Not really paying attention. There’s this cute redhead a few inches away distracting me,” Tara said as she removed her headphones. “No more powerbooking?”

“Yeah. Let’s try to get some rest,” Willow lifted the armrest between them and snuggled closer to Tara. The dim lights, the hum of the plane and general tiredness soon lulled them into fitful slumber.

A baby’s cry woke Tara up and she found herself with an extremely stiff shoulder. She tried to move her arm, but it was wedged firmly between Willow and the seat. A few minutes of squirming and a shot of pain up her back convinced her that she needed to remedy the situation. She rocked Willow gently with her other hand, trying to move the sleeping redhead.

“Sorry sweetie, I need you to move your head,” Tara apologized.

“Re-jazzificate the wholewheat pixel adaptor,” a still asleep Willow mumbled.

“Just let me move you a little, honey, you don’t have to wake up,” Tara struggled with her arm, with a tiny bit of success.

“Seventeen custard wombats are trying their best,” came the reply and Willow’s head moved away to her tangible relief. She let out a sigh, then turned to the girl next to her, now sitting up and stretching her joints.

“How long were you faking? You were killing my arm,” Tara accused.

Willow’s consternation was visible even in the darkness.

“I just woke up, I moved as soon as ... baby are you okay? I hurt you? Did I crush you or hit you accidentally?”

Tara’s face softened. “No, just a trapped arm, that’s all.”

“Grrr, it’s hard to sleep in this cramped space,” Willow made a face.

“I have an idea, stand up for a second,” Tara instructed. She pushed both armrests up as far back as she could, and arranged the thin pillows against the cabin walls. She stretched herself out as much as she could across the three seats, trying to lean close to the seatbacks. She opened her arms and Willow scooted into the small empty space. It was a tight fit, but with legs intertwined and arms around each other, they managed to fit across the row of seats.

“This is so much better,” Willow sighed, her head had magically found its way between Tara’s breasts and she didn’t care how uncomfortable the rest of her might be feeling.

Tara pulled the blanket over them, hissing at the uncooperative clingy material before finally managing to cover them fully.

“Now try to get some sleep,” she said.

“I’m kinda feeling good here, it’s a shame to fall asleep when I can do this,” Willow snuggled closer into Tara’s cleavage and rubbed her head over Tara’s breast, even through two layers of material she could feel the instant response. She slipped one hand under Tara’s shirt and confirmed the hardness of the nipple under its silk covering.

“We’re on the plane, honey,” Tara warned, though her body couldn’t help but react to Willow’s attention.

“So? We’ve done it in more public places,” Willow showed no sign of stopping. She pushed one leg between Tara’s and was able to gather some friction even in their confined space.

“People around us, oh god do that again, are you sure?”

“It’s dark and as long as you don’t scream too loudly, we’re hidden under the blanket.”

“No.” Tara forced herself to stop and moved her head back so she was looking directly at her lover.

“No?” an incredulous Willow asked. *Did I push her too far?*

“Not me. Together. I want you too,” Tara said firmly. Willow once again thanked her air travel research. She wasted no time, pushing her hand inside Tara’s pants and

quickly sliding two fingers to establish a rhythm. Tara parted Willow’s legs with her thigh and let her two fingers enter Willow, instinctively matching the same rhythm.

Wet flesh closed around dancing fingers. Thumbs on clits moved in a circular massage that caused both women to moan involuntarily. Their mouths, lips and tongues meshed together in a kiss that served as much to convey their passion as to prevent more moaning. Arms round waists and shoulders tightened a little, then released, tightened and released again. The familiar tingling sensation came too soon, bodies jerked to the pulse of tiny currents scratching from head to toe, then racing inward, toward their cores.

A gate, their connection, opened from fingers to arms to hips to centers, a strong current flowed between them, inside them. They could no longer tell whose emotions were whose but really it didn’t matter.

Tara was the first to feel the shudder start in the space between her shoulder blades, she kissed Willow harder and moved faster against Willow’s hand, unable to stop the rush. Willow followed soon after as she too was swept along with the tide of their release.

They came together, as always, swallowing screams of pleasure through a kiss. Perhaps the seats were rocking, perhaps even the whole plane was rocking. Perhaps the passengers in the next seat sensed their pleasure as it spread even through the air. Really it didn’t matter.

“That was –” one of them said.

“Yes,” the other finished.

Frequent travelers complain about the difficulty of getting truly restful sleep on a plane. But not the lovebirds. The seat was narrow, the air was dry, the ambient noises were at ear-splitting levels. But really, it didn’t matter.

They were in each other’s embrace.

And they slept.

“It’s greener than I expected,” Tara commented as she surveyed the scenery.

“I thought it’d be raining, I think we got lucky,” Willow agreed. She was taking their bags out of the back of their rental car and stopped to join Tara in admiring the view. She had chosen this establishment specially, doing a lot of research on location and amenities. Though they could have stayed at a chain hotel, she knew Tara would prefer a smaller and more personal place. This wasn’t a hotel as such, more like a private home that took in guests, there were only three guest rooms and the owners went by the impressive names of Lord and Lady Livingstone.

“This is beautiful.” Tara had not moved since she climbed out of the car. She was overwhelmed by the sight of the charming whitewashed cottage with stone walls and exposed wood beams. Willow had shown her

online pictures, but the pictures didn't convey the sense of history and elegance. She knew that the cottage was 400 years old, which would put it in existence when her own ancestors lived in that area. She felt an attachment to it immediately.

"Welcome to Livingstone House," their hostess, a middle-aged lady with an easy smile, greeted them. "You must be my American guests. I'm Morag Livingstone. Do come in, you must be tired."

"Thank you Morag, pleased to meet you," they greeted the kind lady of the house who led the way inside.

"So you are the Livingstone of Livingstone House?" Tara asked politely.

"My husband's family has lived on this property for centuries," Morag explained.

"It's beautiful," Tara admired. "We don't see anything like this in the US; it looks so well preserved."

"Oh yes, Ian, that's my husband, and I modernized it but we kept most of the original features. Now lasses, leave your bags in the hallway, come into the office and we'll get the boring formalities out of the way, aye?"

They had been traveling for what seemed like a whole day, but the cozy office with wood panels and a roaring log fire made them feel at home straightaway. Morag had obviously been expecting them and she served them each a cup of steaming tea from a china tea pot.

"Hmm, real tea from a tea pot, I could get used to this," Tara sat back in her lush leather chair, enjoying the taste of the hot tea and the comfort of the office.

"I have you down as one week, aye? Do you need any suggestions for places to visit? Loch Ness, Inverness, the distilleries, most people are interested in those. We have leaflets and brochures in the drawing room, but the best library book can't beat the real source," Morag commented.

"Yes, we're staying for one week, then we're going to Edinburgh for another week. Sorry, you were saying something about the real source of information?" Willow asked.

"Why, ask me, of course. I ken everything about these parts," Morag winked and handed a heavy bronze key to Willow. "Here's your key, and please sign our wee guest book, Ian and I are always interested in keeping in touch our guests from all over the world."

"We'd love to," said Tara, who carefully wrote their names and addresses in the "wee" guest book, which was actually a heavy leather book filled with names of visitors. When Morag saw her name, she let out an audible gasp. "You're a Maclay!" she said to Tara. Tara blushed. "Um, yes. That's one of the reasons why we're spending our vacation here. I want to visit the country where my ancestors come from."

"Ack. We don't get many Maclays coming by, most took McLea or MacLeay," Morag spelled out the various forms of the name. "In fact, McLea in Gaelic means 'the living son' which is where Livingstone comes from. You

might be related to my Ian, if you trace your line back far enough."

Tara's expression was one of utter surprise and delight. She turned to Willow. "Did you know this when you did the booking?"

"No, it's a co-incidence," Willow said.

"I'm so lucky. Thank you," and Tara brushed Willow's hand lightly in gratitude.

"You'll be wanting to visit the area around Loch Achilty and the church at Contin then. The remains of the tomb of Big McLea is inside the church. He was a clansman who fought the Mackenzies in the 1400s. Most of the McLeas and MacLeays flitted off to Northern Ireland in the early to mid 1600s, but there are still traces of history left in these parts," Morag helpfully added.

"That ties in with most of what we were able to gather, but I had it so set in my mind to visit Scotland first," Tara said.

"I'm glad you decided on Scotland first. If you're interested my Ian will have more stories for you, he's out at the big house today, but he'll be back tomorrow."

"I'll try to catch him then," Tara said. And had to discretely cover her mouth at a threatening yawn.

That didn't escape the eagle eyes of Morag Livingstone.

"Well lasses, you must be knackered. Your room is at the end of the corridor, it has garden access if you're not afraid of the chills. Will you be wanting dinner tonight?"

"What do you recommend, Morag?" Willow asked.

"Well, out at the pub tonight the Old Boys are rehearsing for Christmas, you should go. Tell Stan that I sent you. Tomorrow night, I'll cook you the best Scottish dinner you've ever tasted. There's a family coming in the morning from Germany, so it'll be nice and cheerful with a full house."

"It sounds lovely, Morag. We'd love to join for dinner tomorrow," Tara said.

They took their bags to their room and for the second time that day, Tara was overjoyed at her surroundings. The room was brighter than she expected, large full length windows captured the light and the garden outside. She was drawn to the view already; through the pine trees she could see the distant fog shrouded hills. The room was full of flowers, from the patterns on the wallpaper to the bedspread to the vase of delicate flowers on the small table. The center of attention was the king-sized bed set at an angle at one corner of the room, affording views of the stunning landscape outside. A decadent-looking white chaise lounge opposite the bed and an antique writing desk made up the rest of the furniture.

"Wow, this is the prettiest hotel room I've ever been in," Willow said.

Tara nodded. She was taking it all in, the hotel, the talk with Morag, and now the exquisite room before her. She reached back and pulled Willow to her, wrapping

Willow's arms around her waist as they surveyed the heaven they found themselves in.

"I don't know what to say. Thank you for this."

"Anything for you my love." Willow rested her head on her love and whispered.

This was such a memorable moment, Tara just wanted to stay where they were. But there were places to visit, history to explore.

"Do you want to rest a little first? Plan our day?" she asked.

Willow paused for a moment. "I don't know about you, but I could do with a shower. I feel all sticky with sweat and airplane air."

"Take your shower first, I'll unpack and take a quick nap," Tara said.

"Don't want to join me?" Willow grinned suggestively.

"And end up leaving the hotel at dinnertime?" Tara raised one eyebrow in challenge.

Willow gave her a brief kiss and rummaged through their bag for clean clothes. Tara was just opening their other bag when she heard a squeal of joy.

"Baby, come look at the size of this tub!" Willow skipped back into the room, took Tara's hand and was pulling her toward the bathroom.

They gasped at the sight of a gigantic clawfoot bath at the side of the bathroom, with fittings that appeared to be antique yet shone like they were brand new. A flat round shower head above the tub was the only concession to modern day design, yet its classy design fitted into the serenity of the room unobtrusively.

"This day is getting better and better, I want to just lie in this tub and not get out," Tara sighed.

"Let's do that. We're on vacation, if we want to take a long hot bath, that's our prerogative," Willow said. "I'll run the bath and tell you when it's ready."

"You sure, sweetie?"

"I want to pamper you. Please?"

"Yes."

It only took a few minutes for Willow to run the bath. When Tara came back into the bathroom, it had been converted to a steam-filled sanctuary, rich with the scent of jasmine bath oil. A naked Willow greeted her with a soft kiss, then helped her out of her own clothes. They stepped into the bath hand in hand, the heat of the water drawing small gasps as it took a few seconds to warm cold toes and feet.

They settled into a comfortable embrace, Willow holding a clearly drowsy Tara, who leaned back and felt Willow's nipples hardening at her back.

It was time for relaxation though, not for making love. *Not yet*, she thought to herself, as her mind and body unwound under Willow's gentle attention. Her lover was washing her carefully, taking care of her, making her feel cherished.

"How are you feeling?" Willow asked.

"Hmmm. Good," Tara answered, as if in a dream.

"Better or worse than our last tub experience?"

That brought her thoughts back home, to their own more modest bathtub, and Thanksgiving weekend.

They'd been busy with preparations and celebrations and were exhausted with the constant running around. At night they didn't have the energy to do more than have a quick snuggle before they fell into deep, exhausting sleep, even though they were craving intimacy.

That particular night, they came to an unspoken agreement, that they'd take some time for themselves.

Tara turned down their bed and lit scented candles round their room while Willow ran a bubble bath. They made sure all doors were locked, the answering machine was on, and Willow's laptops were shut down or sleeping. Then like now, they stepped into the bath hand in hand, and escaped.

They soaped and scrubbed each other till their flesh was rosy, then met in a deep, searching kiss. Their legs interlocked like scissor blades and their hands sought out each other beneath the milky water. Bath water and creamy juices mingled, fingers pushed open willing folds and slid in effortlessly. They came together, fast and tense and tight, splashing water until it spilled over the rim, but they didn't care.

Afterwards, they ran more hot water and held each other tight till their skins were as wrinkled as prunes, then made their way slowly back to their bedroom, their need for each other satisfied for the time being.

"Hard to compare," Tara said.

Willow seemed far away, then she came back. *We're thinking the same thing.* "Yeah, difficult to compare. But I think I just want to hold you; we'll have plenty of time for the other thing."

Tara was just about to say the same thing. "You know me so well, Will. You know just what I want, when I want it."

She could feel Willow's wide smile on her back. But then her lover started sponging her again and so she was lost in a blanket of opulent indulgence, such that all she wanted was to curl up inside the calm silence. It was only the first day of their vacation; there was so much more to come.

"Welcome to the White Hart, you must be the lasses staying at Morag Livingstone's." A tall, red-faced, bearded man greeted them as they pushed open the heavy doors of the pub. True to their prediction, their stay in the luxurious bath had been lengthy, and they were so relaxed afterwards that they had taken a nap. When they woke up it was already dark.

"Hi. Yes Morag sent us. You must be Stan," Willow almost called him Hagrid, his size and earnest demeanor was exactly like the care of magical creatures teacher.

“That’s me. You be wanting dinner? Morag called and told me to take care of you, otherwise she’ll do great harm to me,” Stan winked as he seated the lovebirds at a high table at one side of the bar.

“That’ll be nice, thank you,” Willow said appreciatively.

“Can I get you something to drink first? Local ale?”

“Um, we’re not big beer drinkers,” Tara started.

“You must try our local brew at least once. It’s very good ale,” Stan pleaded good-humoredly.

They agreed to a ‘half’ of ale each, and were glad they did. It was served at room temperature and tasted richer and more bitter than ordinary beer, but they were pleasantly surprised at how easy it was to sip. It was cold outside but the pub was warm and cozy inside.

At Stan’s recommendation they ordered grilled sea trout with warm spinach salad for Willow and three cheeses risotto for Tara. It was nothing like the haggis and venison stew with dumplings that they had imagined.

Stan told them that Scottish cuisine had moved beyond those clichés and into the modern times, though sometimes he had requests for the old-styled dishes too.

For dessert they shared a rich chocolate fondant with orange rose syrup, taking turns to feed each other discreetly and wondering if the village store sold chocolate syrup, for non-cooking purposes of course.

Tara was contemplating licking a stray droplet of chocolate sauce off Willow’s chin when there was a commotion and everyone inside the pub jostled to find a position to gaze out of the windows. Willow leaped out of her seat to investigate and came back with news.

“There’s a bunch of men in funny-looking hats coming this way,” she reported.

“We’re being invaded?” Tara joked.

“I think that’s the ‘Old Boys’ Morag was telling us about. Tara, I think we’re about to have our first bagpipe experience,” Willow answered, straining her neck to see what was happening.

A squeak followed by the blare of bagpipes shot out and even the air squealed in protest. The noise came closer and the doors opened to admit a group of elderly gentlemen in berets and kilts. They looked mighty and magnificent in their uniforms, but their playing sounded like cats being strangled by barbed wire fences.

“Is it me, but do they sound out of tune?” Tara grimaced.

“It’s not you,” Willow shouted over the squawks and screams.

They endured the playing till the end; it was one of the longest three minutes of their lives. Willow thought that being tied up at a stake with her mother threatening to burn her alive had been a more pleasant experience. At last it ended and the speeches began.

“Ack, ever since Colin MacDougall was put down by the gout, the Old Boys are never the same,” an elderly gentleman at their next table leaned over to explain.

“The gout,” Willow repeated, trying to keep a straight face, but the elderly gentleman seemed serious.

“Aye. Colin was the leader of the band, and now without him at the top, the Boys are all out of sorts,” he added.

“You notice how many Boys there are in the band?”

Willow did a quick tally. “Eleven,” she answered quickly. She found it ironic that the band, with an estimated average age of sixty-five, would be referred to as the *Boys*.

“One less and how they don’t sound right at all.”

“Do bagpipe bands always need twelve?” Curious-Willow asked.

“Nay, but eleven pipers cannae be called a piping band, that’s me own opinion anyway.”

“Surely they’ll find someone else?”

“A laddie built like Colin MacDougall, can toss a caber to 11.00 every time, and can pipe like Robert Bruce? That’s one in a million, lasses, one in a million.”

The band struck up another tune. This time the old gentleman informed them that it was a march, or ‘light music’ as opposed to the more traditional *piobaireachd*, which he pronounced PEE-brook. Willow thought that if what they were hearing was ‘light’ music she didn’t want to know what ‘heavy’ entailed.

The droning continued.

They politely clapped at the end of the recital, and shared the look of two people who would rather be doing something else. Anything else.

A lull in the proceedings gave them the opportunity to settle the check with Stan, who flatly refused to charge them, citing “any lasses who are as bonnie as ye should always have yer dinners paid for by gentlemen. And I, Stanley Burns McCoist, am a gentleman.”

The air was bitterly cold when they exited the pub. The cold breeze stabbed through skin and bones, causing them to move closer together.

“Was it this cold when we came out earlier?” Willow’s teeth had begun to chatter and her fingers felt numb.

“No, I think temperatures drop a lot at night in these parts; it’s a rural area so there’s no protection from buildings. Plus, it’s a clear sky. Look at the stars,” Tara exclaimed as her eyes gradually got used to the dark. The cold forgotten, they walked a few minutes to the shore of the loch and found a secluded spot to enjoy the view of the night sky reflected upon the still water surface. The moon had risen high in the sky, but the familiar constellations were still visible.

“Constellation views depend on latitude and longitude. I should know this, but I’m too cold to crank up my brain to work out the correlation between latitude and visible constellations. I know for a fact that we’re much further north than Sunnysdale so there are more star systems that are permanently in the skies here than at home,” Willow said, grateful for Tara’s warmth next to her.

“I know for a fact that I’m lying on the bank of a great Scottish loch, with sheep at the other side of the shore and surrounded by the ghosts of my forbearers. I know that there will be straw in my hair and grass-stains on my

clothes and mud on my shoes when I get back, but I feel so much closer to nature, to the forces of the earth," Tara said, turning her body so she was on her side, facing Willow.

"Your country lass tendencies are coming out," Willow laughed. "I'm glad I brought you here."

"Oh aye, me bonnie lover. Let me show you how **this** country lass appreciates her city dwelling goddess," Tara slipped into a deliberately bad Scottish accent, but the toss of her hair and the smoldering look she threw Willow's way took all inhibitions away from the redhead.

"You know how sexy you are?" she rolled over and buried her head in Tara's neck, alternately licking and nibbling on the cold skin.

"Only with you," Tara was shivering, whether at the cold or at her lover's touch, she didn't know. She reached for Willow and they found their bodies naturally fitting in, each groove and curve perfectly in line.

"Hhhh," Willow gasped.

"You want something?" Tara teased.

"You," was the breathless reply.

"Let's go back to the hotel, me fiery lassie," Tara pushed herself up into a sitting position.

"You want fire, you ain't seen nothing yet," Willow whooped as she jumped up and began running toward the village. "First one back calls the shots."

"No fair, I'm not wearing sneakers," Tara shouted, but her lover was already yards ahead. She shook her head and started in pursuit.

Two very breathless witches crashed into their room, lips already meshed together, arms and legs wrapped around each other. They peeled their coats off and threw them ... somewhere. Willow turned Tara around, pulled the sweater and bra off and pushed her lover's arms over her head against the antique door. Tara was still shivering from Willow's touch. The small doorknob bit into her back, but she didn't care.

Willow allowed her hands and mouth to freely roam all over Tara's body. She gathered Tara's breasts in her hands and squeezed, eliciting a thick groan from the back of Tara's throat.

She slid one hand between their bodies and undid Tara's belt, followed by the button and zipper of Tara's jeans. She hooked her thumbs over the elastic of Tara's small panties, and followed their path down, so she was kneeling in front of her lover.

One by one, she lifted Tara's feet to free them of the encumbering material of the jeans and panties. With both hands, she trailed a slow tantalizing way up from the soles of Tara's feet, past firm calves, before allowing the heel of her hand to inch its way up the front of Tara's thighs. At the top of her thighs she drew her hands around to cup Tara's soft and full hips and as she lowered her head she could smell and almost touch each drop of arousal coating Tara's curls.

"You have the best smell in the world," she hummed into the curls. And heard a primal groan from Tara who was helpless against the door waiting for Willow to take the lead.

Willow's hands played across Tara's hips, finally arriving at the place she never tired of visiting. Her thumbs gently coaxed open her lover's folds and she bent down to kiss the down-covered lips, inhaling deeply and appreciating the slightly salty, slightly acidic, delicious smell of Tara and only Tara. She teased further using her tongue and flicked it across Tara's engorged clit. As she did so she heard her lover gasp and felt her grab her head, firm fingers becoming entangled with her own red hair.

Her tongue began a determined path inside smooth, wet folds. She stroked it down one side, then up the other; she darted it briefly into the opening, then dragged it slowly out and across Tara's clit. She then plunged it back inside, curling it up to touch the roof of Tara's channel. There was her rhythm – thrust, draw it up, flatten it against Tara's clit, withdraw, suck, then repeat. It was mesmerizing, she saw herself kneeling in front of her naked lover, whose arms were stretched up above her, trying to grip onto something while her head shook from side to side with an incoherent series of moans and whimpers the only sign of how close she was.

Tara was panting now. "More, more," she repeated.

Willow could feel her lover's desire rising. She focused her tongue on Tara's clit and slipped inside with two fingers, pressing in and up. She swept her tongue over Tara's hard clit again and again, in time with the push with her fingers.

Tara's cries turned to "Now, now, there, yesssss!" as her walls tensed and shrunk against Willow's fingers and she felt Tara come wildly against her face, a gush of velvet juices drenching her chin and jaw.

She slowed the movement of her fingers into calming strokes, staying focused on Tara until the tremors in her body eased. She stood back up and they shared many soft kisses.

"Thank you," Tara murmured.

"Thank *you*," Willow replied.

"Bed?" Tara suggested. And Willow half-carried her spent lover to the bed, stripped herself and crawled in under the covers.

Tara leaned into her and they settled into a comfortable close embrace. Willow brushed Tara's fine hair and Tara purred in appreciation.

"You like that?" she asked.

"You know I do." Tara moved, planted her lips against Willow's pulse point and sucked gently, sending the fluttery feelings up her spine.

"Hey, you're tired. I thought you wanted bed," Willow said.

"Bed, not sleep."

"But, tired?"

“Never too tired to make love to you. Stretch out,” Tara directed.

Willow felt the brief sting of the cold air as Tara flipped over their duvet, but the room was warm enough. She lay on the bed, her arms stretched out fully, as Tara sat back and drank her in. She should feel naked and vulnerable, but it was Tara. She wanted to open herself fully, because it was Tara.

Tara started at the top of her head, leaning down to place light kisses over every inch of skin she could see. Light feathery touches that made Willow come out in goosebumps, wanting more.

Tara’s warm hands were circling her breasts now, and Tara’s mouth took one small pert breast in one gulp, as if swallowing it. Finally letting the breast go, she held the tip of one nipple between her teeth and flicked it with her tongue, and Willow shuddered at the sensation. Tara repeated at the other nipple and Willow’s goosebumps spread all over her body.

“Cold?” Tara asked.

“No.”

“Sure?”

“Yes.”

”Turn over.”

Willow obeyed and lay on her stomach. Tara started her slow journey down Willow’s back, alternately planting kisses and brushing lightly with the tips of her fingers. Soon she knelt by the bed and had eased Willow’s legs wide open. Beginning at a spot inside Willow’s knee, she kissed her way slowly up the back of the thigh. Willow’s breathing became shorter and she found herself whimpering at each kiss.

Willow was afraid that Tara would tease her endlessly until she was a limp puppet, but this was not the case. Tara’s kisses had reached her sex and she lightly traced one finger around the closed lips. Tara kissed the swollen tip of Willow’s clit, steady tapping movements that set fire to Willow’s nerve endings. Willow was having a hard time maintaining her composure, all she wanted was to scream loudly and open her legs as wide as she could.

The End

Sure fingers lightly traced around her entrance, close but not venturing inside. Tara kissed there twice and then Willow gasped as she felt two fingers push in slickly, and her hips shot uncontrollably up in the air.

“More,” she gasped. “Please, Tara, more.”

The next pass, Tara had three fingers inside, opening her lover up, filling her completely. Willow clutched at the pillows as Tara drove in continually, a long drawn-out rasp escaping as she moved harder against Tara’s fingers. Tara’s other hand reached down to grasp her hard clit, rolling it between her fingers like a marble. She pinched it tight, stopped the movement, and Willow had to suppress a scream of agony at the prolonged pressure. When Tara’s hands started moving again, they did so with even harsher pressure, pounding into Willow, twisting her clit, and adding kisses along Willow’s back. In no time, it was too much for Willow and she thrashed uncontrollably as she came very hard against Tara’s hands. Her orgasm surging relentlessly amidst shuddering that seemed to propel her off the bed so that not even Tara could hold her still.

When finally she was spent, all she could do was to sprawl on the bed while Tara extricated her hands and began to lap up the sweet nectar.

“Will, are you with me?” Tara asked as she climbed up, pulled the duvet over them and held Willow tight.

“Hmm, I’d ask you for seconds, but I don’t think I have the energy,” the very drowsy redhead replied.

“We have plenty of time, it’s only the beginning of our vacation,” Tara said softly, kissing the back of Willow’s neck lovingly.

Willow managed to turn herself over to face her lover. She kissed her deeply, savoring her own taste on Tara’s tongue.

“I can’t believe it, it’s only our first day,” she agreed.

“Happy Pre-Christmas vacation, Baby.”

“I know. Happy Pre-Holiday vacation, Sweetie,” Tara said.

They had another two weeks of this. There was so much to look forward to.