

JANUARY THAW

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CHAPTER NINE

EROS

Rejeanne sat at her kitchen table staring at a nickel bag of weed that she had purchased sometime ago but had never gotten around to smoking. Smoking a joint was never an escape for Rejeanne. She had always considered it a simple pleasure. Like indulging in a whole pint of Ben & Jerry's in one sitting, it was something that she did once in a great while. But that evening, as she reflected on the events that had transpired only a short time before, her need for a marijuana-induced diversion was glaring.

However, just as she reached over into a kitchen drawer to grab some rolling papers, the phone rang. She got up to check the caller ID before deciding whether to answer it.

The caller ID read "BRUNSWICK, TYLER."

Rejeanne took a deep sigh, but decided to answer the phone.

"Yo, shorty," a chipper Tyler said on the other line. "What-up!"

"Hey, dude," Rejeanne responded despondently.

"Damn, girl, you sound depressed," Tyler said. "What's going on?"

"Nothing really," Rejeanne replied.

"Bullshit, Jeannie," Tyler said, concerned. "Talk to me. You know you can talk to me." He paused, hearing the shakiness in her breathing. "Is this about Lindsay Alasdair? What happened? Did that 'ho' dog you out?"

Rejeanne began crying. "Everything's so fucked up, Ty," she said. "I... I let myself... fall... And she probably doesn't even give a shit about me."

“Aw, baby,” Tyler said in a comforting tone. “I know it hurts. Love can be a bitch sometimes. But you know, I think you’re wrong about her not giving a shit about you. Do you know that the morning after that Alasdair fundraising gig, Doug came to me and told me that long-legged Lindsay was majorly checking you out?”

Rejeanne’s eyes widened as she held the phone receiver to her ear.

“I was like, ‘Negro please,’ to the white boy,” Tyler continued. “But he was like, ‘dude, I’m totally serious.’ At the time, I figured that blunt y’all smoked was giving him lesbo fantasies or something. But then “long legs” starts taking you away from us at lunchtime.” All that talking on the phone got me to wondering that maybe there was something more than just you and the rich girl conversatin’ about pantyhose or some shit.”

Rejeanne chuckled. “So what happened?” Tyler asked again.

“We had an incredible weekend in Chicago together, Ty,” Rejeanne said. “We shopped in Boystown and ate a wonderful dinner. She even slow-danced with me at the bar. She was so warm and funny and beautiful. I felt such a connection with her.”

“Did you squoze on that kootchie, P?”

“No, Ty, we didn’t do it, although it was on my mind most of the weekend. I just didn’t want to set myself up to be hurt. But, wouldn’t you know it, I set myself up and I got hurt big-time. She acted like she cared about me, but in the end, she went back to her hubby and her world.”

“Listen to me, Jeannie,” Ty said. “**You** are warm and funny and beautiful, and if Lindsay Alasdair can’t see that... if she would rather stay with that pencil-dick motherfucking husband of hers, fuck them both. You feel me?”

“I feel you, Ty,” Rejeanne responded. “Do you know her husband?”

“I’ve met him at a couple of functions. He’s a racist prick.”

Rejeanne sighed again.

“Look, baby,” Ty said. “There’s no doubt in my mind that Lindsay feels something for you. Hell, she’s probably madly in love with you or something. Call it a hunch on my part. That and you’re pretty easy to fall for. But Jeannie, Lindsay has all this shit she has to deal with. Her family, her money, the media, pencil-dick... not to mention the whole gay identity thang.”

“I know.”

“But if she truly loves you, she’ll be willing to deal with all that and more. And if she’s not willing, well then it’s her fucking loss.”

“Thanks, Ty.”

“And P, never feel like you can’t talk to somebody about things,” Tyler added. “You have friends, and I’m one of them. Hey, I may be a straight brother from Benton Harbor, but I know a few things about life and loving.”

“I know, Ty. Thanks.”

“You hang in there, now, okay?”

“I will.”

“And call me if you need anything.”

“Sure thing, bro.”

“And one more thing.”

“Yeah?”

“Put that shit away,” Tyler said, referencing the weed. “You don’t need to be smoking that shit.”

“How did you...” Rejeanne exclaimed. “Am I that predictable?”

“Naw, I have ESP.”

“Yeah, right.” The two friends laughed before saying their goodbyes and hanging up. Rejeanne returned the weed to its place in the far corner of her refrigerator before exiting the room. Just as she was dimming the dining room light, her doorbell rang. She padded over to the door and peeked through the peephole to see a familiar face. She opened the door.

“Hi, Jeannie,” Lindsay said.

“Hi.”

“May I come in?”

“Sure.”

Lindsay stepped into Rejeanne’s condo and looked down at her boots. “I’ll take these off,” she announced. Afterwards, she inched closer to Rejeanne.

“Rejeanne, I’m sorry for hurting you,” she started.

“I’ll live,” Rejeanne responded.

“I didn’t mean for things to turn out this way,” Lindsay said.

“I understand, Lin,” Rejeanne said. “It was all too much for you.”

“No, you don’t understand.”

“Sure I do,” Rejeanne replied. “The whole queer thing freaked you out. You were curious but...”

“...No,” Lindsay interrupted. “I’m not apologizing for... for... I’m apologizing for letting you leave before I could tell you how I feel... about you. I love you, Jeannie.”

“What?” Rejeanne gasped.

“I love you,” Lindsay repeated. “And I don’t give a shit who knows or what happens from here.”

“But... but, at your place, you said...”

“I know what I said,” Lindsay continued. “Forget what I said. Believe me when I tell you now that it was never about loving you as a woman or, as you call it, the queer thing. Not for me anyway. I was mainly concerned with how others would take this along with the breakdown of my marriage. But now I say, screw them. I’m not going to be another what’s-her-name... Stockholm... I’ve hidden behind a lie about my marriage, but I’m not going to hide behind a lie about this. I’m done hiding.”

“Lin...”

“My being madly in love with you... me even being a lesbian... hey, if folks have a problem with that, it’s their problem.” Lindsay gently grabbed Rejeanne’s shoulders and smiled. “This is all new to me, I admit. And I don’t fully understand these changes that I’m experiencing. But my dear, for me, there’s no problem,” she added softly.

“Oh, Lin.”

“Look, I’m no poet by any stretch of the imagination. But I want you to know this, Jeannie. These last few weeks with you... You’ve... you’ve... you’re my light, my hope, my purpose, Jeannie. From the moment that I laid eyes on you, I felt a rush, a euphoria. I can’t stop thinking about you... or wanting to be with you. I feel alive in ways that I’ve never felt before, and I’m blessed for every day that I’ve known you. I love you so very much.”

Rejeanne threw her arms around Lindsay. “I love you so much too, Lin,” she said.

The two women held each other for many moments before Rejeanne slowly pulled away from the embrace and took Lindsay’s hand in hers. “I want you to stay with me tonight,” she said.

“Jeannie, I didn’t come here to, you know... I just wanted to let you know how I feel.”

“I know Lin,” Rejeanne responded. “I still want you here with me tonight.” She then escorted her new love up her staircase. Once the two reached the top, Lindsay looked down at Rejeanne, smiled and then lifted the smaller woman off her feet.

“Oh, are you carrying me across the threshold?” Rejeanne asked.

“Maybe,” Lindsay replied.

“Do you remember which bedroom is mine?”

“Of course.”

Lindsay carried Rejeanne into her bedroom and gently lowered her onto the bed. Rejeanne quickly removed the tank top that she was wearing, which revealed her firm breasts to Lindsay. In response, Lindsay grabbed Rejeanne under her arms and moved her to the center of the bed. “I like it that you’re wearing the necklace I gave you,” Lindsay said.

“Well, it’s important to flaunt my bling-bling,” Rejeanne joked. “Seriously, I haven’t wanted to take it off, Lindsay. It reminds me of you.”

“You are so beautiful, Jeannie,” Lindsay declared.

“So are you,” Rejeanne replied. “Absolutely breathtaking.”

Now straddling Rejeanne, Lindsay unbuttoned her own blouse and slowly began reaching around to unsnap her bra. “Let me do that,” Rejeanne demanded as she unhinged the bra strap in one swift motion. As Lindsay leaned forward onto Rejeanne to plant her first kiss, Rejeanne cupped both of Lindsay’s breasts for a moment before wrapping her arms around the taller woman’s torso.

“Are you sure that you’re ready to do this?” Lindsay asked. “You know... **this**.”

“Quite sure,” Rejeanne responded. “Are you?”

Lindsay smiled. “Yes,” she said.

The two women kissed passionately as their hands roamed each other's upper bodies. Although Rejeanne was enjoying the kiss immensely, the hard feel of Lindsay's belt buckle grinding into her lower pelvis began to bother her. She broke the kiss. "You need to lose the pants, Lin," she said. "Or your belt buckle's gonna leave a nasty bruise."

Lindsay hoisted herself up. "Darn, I thought that maybe you were just eager to advance to second base," she jibed.

"Oh, I'm hopin' for a couple of homers, baby," Rejeanne quipped as she took it upon herself to loosen Lindsay's belt.

As Lindsay stood to remove her pants, she looked down at Rejeanne who was likewise removing her boxers to expose her beautiful naked body. An intense waive of desire hit Lindsay. "God, you are downright gorgeous," she said as she crawled back on the bed and positioned herself on top of Rejeanne. "Is this okay?" she asked, tentatively.

"Absolutely," Rejeanne replied before renewing their kiss, which grew more powerful as the heat from both women's bodies intensified. They periodically broke the kiss to whisper endearments to each other. "Your lips are so soft, Lin." "I love the feel of your hard nipples, Jeannie." And as they kissed, each woman explored the other's body. Lindsay ran her hands up and down Rejeanne's sides and then massaged her thighs and rear before moving her hands north and settling them on the sides of Rejeanne's head. Rejeanne tenderly caressed Lindsay's back after running her fingers through Lindsay's lush dark hair. Both women ground their torsos rhythmically with each other, sending vigorous shocks of yearning through them.

As sheens of sweat moistened their bodies, Rejeanne again softly broke the kiss. "Are you all right with this... with me?" she asked.

"Yes," Lindsay whispered. "I'm nervous, though."

"Why?" Rejeanne asked. "First time jitters?"

"Perhaps, but I'm more worried about you," Lindsay conveyed. "I want you to enjoy this. I want to please you."

Rejeanne soothingly ran her fingers down Lindsay's cheek. "Don't be nervous, my love," she said. "You are totally pleasing me."

Lindsay smiled. "Is there anything special that you'd like to do?" Rejeanne asked her.

"I want to kiss you there," she replied as she looked down at Rejeanne's groin area.

"Are you sure?"

“Yes,” Lindsay said as she again brought her lips to Rejeanne’s before beginning her journey down Rejeanne’s body. As she moved, she gave soft kisses to Rejeanne’s neck, necklace, chest, nipples, belly and pelvis before positioning herself between Rejeanne’s thighs. Eyeing the lovely sight before her, she gently ran her fingers around Rejeanne’s eagerly awaiting vulva and clit before bringing her tongue to them.

Rejeanne let out a fervent moan upon feeling the contact. “Ohmygawd,” she sighed before looking down at Lindsay. “This feels incredible. Are you sure you’ve never done this to a woman before?” she asked.

“Quite sure,” Lindsay responded before she continued making love to Rejeanne with both her tongue and her fingers.

Some moments later, as Rejeanne felt an orgasm on the horizon, she released the bed sheets she had been clutching and cupped her hands on the top of Lindsay’s head. When Lindsay let out a deep moan, Rejeanne climaxed. Her body went limp, but for only a moment before she reached down and grabbed Lindsay’s forearms. “Come here,” she demanded as Lindsay moved up and brought her lips to Rejeanne’s once again.

“You taste great,” Lindsay said as she noticed that Rejeanne’s eyes were glazed with longing. “That was wonderful.”

“I want to taste you, Lin,” Rejeanne announced. “I want to make you come.”

Obliging, Lindsay rolled over onto her back while Rejeanne ran her hands all over the taller woman’s upper body. “Your body is so long and sleek and beautiful,” Rejeanne commented.

“I love your body,” Lindsay said. “So perfectly toned and defined. Softball, kickboxing, rugby... whatever... all has been good to you.”

Rejeanne chuckled as she situated herself comfortably below Lindsay’s pelvis. At the moment that Lindsay felt Rejeanne’s tongue on her, an electrifying shiver coursed through her body. Then Rejeanne inserted two fingers inside of Lindsay that sent a second sharp tingle up her back to the top of her head. She threw it back, closed her eyes and let out a deep sigh. “Yes,” she whispered repeatedly as a whirlwind of thoughts cycloned through her mind. *This is how true love feels...* was the last one before climax hit her.

As Lindsay let out her cry of satisfaction, Rejeanne rose up and smiled at her accomplishment. Lindsay threw her arms around Rejeanne, pulling her up and into a strong embrace. “I love you,” she said to Rejeanne before kissing her again.

The two women quietly kissed and caressed each other for awhile. During that time, Lindsay brought up something that had been on her mind. “Do you like winter?” she asked Rejeanne.

“Not when it gets too cold,” Rejeanne replied as she lightly ran her fingers around Lindsay’s nipples. “It can be pretty at times, like after a fresh snowfall. Why do you ask?”

“When I was Hopkins Prep School, I fell in love with New England,” Lindsay explained. “Although I didn’t participate in any winter sports there, I did develop this passion for cross-country skiing. Over the years, I’ve down-hilled at some of the top resorts here and abroad, but I much prefer the quiet serenity of the New England countryside.”

“That’s nice, my dear,” Rejeanne said.

Lindsay ran her fingers through Rejeanne’s hair. “I have a point to this, Jeannie,” she said. “About six years ago, I purchased about 150 acres of land in the White Mountains of Maine, about ten miles northeast of Gorham, New Hampshire. I had a 2,300-square-foot log cabin built on the land. It’s a beautiful chalet in an angelic location. I simply love it there. What I’m saying is that I’d love to take you to my cabin, Jeannie. We can ski or ice fish or, hell, build snowmen. I really think you’d fall in love with the place too. And if you don’t really want to do winter there, we can go in the summer and hike or bike or whatever. And the really cool thing is you’ll likely run into a family of moose lounging in the woods.”

“I’d love to go to Maine with you, Lin, winter or summer,” Rejeanne said. “I’ll even cook up some Maine lobster for you.”

Both women chuckled. Lindsay was also interested in Rejeanne’s tattoos. “I’ve noticed three so far,” Lindsay remarked as she caressed Rejeanne’s forearm bearing one of them. “This one, the one on your upper arm and the one on your shoulder. Do they symbolize anything?”

“They do,” Rejeanne said. “The Irish Gaelic symbol on my right shoulder blade and the name Maighr ad under it represent my mother, Margaret. She’s very proud of that part of her heritage that is Irish, and I’m very proud of her. The cross in the rainbow colors on my forearm represents diversity in faith. The barbed wire on my upper arm represents the confinement of hatred and intolerance.”

“Do you have any more that I haven’t seen?”

“There’s an Old English “**D**” on my lower back just above my left butt cheek.” Rejeanne shifted her body so that Lindsay could see it.

“And what does it symbolize?”

“It’s the icon for the Detroit Tigers, but for me it represents my childhood roots in Detroit.”

“That is so cool,” Lindsay said.

Moments later, the surge of passion began to surface between the two women once again. Sensing Lindsay's longing, Rejeanne, who was still on top, took her right thigh and slid it between Lindsay's thighs. She began slowly and sensuously thrusting it against Lindsay's groin as she leaned down and took Lindsay's left nipple into her mouth. After letting out a series of quiet moans, Rejeanne intensified her thrusts as she gripped the cheeks of Lindsay's rear. Her mouth had settled onto Lindsay's neck, where she bit and sucked a prominent hickey.

Lindsay was thrusting as well, her long arms wrapped around Rejeanne. Both women were panting heavily as the thrusts became stronger, quicker, and feverish. Lindsay felt not only her clit throbbing, she also felt the throbbing saturated sex of her lover. "This feels so inconceivably good," she whispered to Rejeanne, who was still sucking her neck.

Rejeanne looked into Lindsay's eyes. "I don't want this to end," she confessed. "I want to make love to you all night."

"So do I, Jeannie."

Some moments later, they looked into each other's eyes as climax hit both simultaneously. They let out screams of pleasure before Rejeanne collapsed in Lindsay's arms. "I could hold you like this forever," Lindsay professed, looking deeply into Rejeanne's eyes once again. "There's something that I want you to know, Jeannie," she continued. "These past few years of my life, I haven't lived. I've merely existed. I existed on lies and the will to power. I sacrificed my own happiness for that power and relinquished any chance at real love to the lie that was my marriage. But now here you are, Jeannie. And try as I might, I couldn't prevent myself from falling so hopelessly, wonderfully in love with you. Thanks to you, I feel alive again."

"I feel so alive too, Lin," Rejeanne announced. "You are my best friend, my lover, my soul mate."

"You are my Conqueror, Rejeanne."

"I love you, Lin."

"I love you, Jeannie, so much."

Within minutes, both women drifted contentedly off to sleep.

* * * *

Lindsay opened her eyes and looked around in utter bewilderment. She was in a massive room with a high vaulted ceiling. All of the room's furnishings were strangely ancient looking. She noticed two distinct marble tables, clay vases filled with flowers, large

pitharis, sculptures, white terra cotta pots, finely crafted wooden chairs and lit candles. Several olive oil lamps positioned on tall bronze posts also lit the room. Frescos and tapestries decorated the walls. A beautiful brazier provided heat, and behind her was a giant rounded bed twice the size of a standard king-size bed. Covering it were silk sheets and at least a half dozen silk-covered pillows. Next to the bed was a small wooden end-table with a single clay bowl filled with pomegranates. The room had the aroma of eucalyptus. "Where in the hell am I?" she whispered before noticing a tall, handsome man standing by the room's large double door. His attire made Lindsay think of Russell Crowe's general's outfit in "Gladiator."

The man smiled at her. "Pleasure to see you again, my Liege," he said.

CONTINUED IN CHAPTER TEN...