

# Warmth in the Cold of Winter

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*A lesbian with a long time crush learns that courage has its rewards.*

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Jessica shivered as she stepped out of the back of the truck. With her hands tucked into the pockets of her coat, she held it tight to her body, allowing her best friend, Chris, to wrap an arm around her to help keep her warm. She thanked him with a quick smirk, despite the friendly gesture not doing much.

Jessica much preferred summer, when she was able to wear her tank tops and short shorts, rather than having to bundle in long pants and coats that never seemed to do enough. Even her old boots only did half of their job, keeping her feet dry but allowed them to feel frosty.

As she stepped into the sports bar with her five friends, she found she was the only one who kept her coat on. "What's the matter?" joked Val, her tall, Hispanic friend, slinging his jacket over one shoulder. "You cold?"

"I'm frozen solid!" Jessica exclaimed with a shiver. "Don't get me wrong, I've enjoyed this ski trip. But Vancouver in February? Wisconsin is cold enough." She at least unzipped her coat as she sat at the bar with her friends, looking to the TV behind the bar as they ordered their drinks. There was a hockey game on, but as Jessica was not a fan, she had no idea who was playing.

Bored with the game, she looked around the bar, almost absent mindedly. To her right, at the end of the bar, was a group of men who were intently watching the game. To her left, she noticed only the line of her friends at the bar. More specifically, she noticed Val and his girlfriend, Helen, sitting at the end, sharing a soft, but sensual kiss. Her mind wandered as she watched, allowing it to find the fantasy she had held for the past year...

Suddenly she was brought to, Chris nudging her arm with his elbow. "Thinking about Shawna again?" he asked, keeping his voice low; Shawna's brother, Damon, was sitting just on the other side of him, though engaged in conversation with his sister.

"What?" said Jessica, lightly shaking her head. "No, why would you even think that?" She took a sip of her white Russian in order to avoid saying anything further.

“Because I know you're a lesbian,” Chris began as Jessica drank, “and while the others may be blind to it, I know you have a crush on Shawna. You've had one ever since you met her.”

Jessica sat her glass down on the bar again and turned to Chris. “And just how would you know that?”

“C'mon, Jess.” Chris smirked. “We grew up together, and you have to ask?”

Jessica finally broke into a full smile, turning her gaze away from her childhood friend. Standing from the bar, she gently tugged at Chris's sleeve, leading him away from the rest of the group. They stood near the one pool table to bar had, which was not currently in use. “I guess I was thinking about her,” Jessica admitted, her smile quickly leaving her face.

“So why don't you finally say something to her? Tell her how you feel?”

“How do you suggest I do that? 'Hey, Shawna, I don't know if you swing the same way I do, but I really like you and I was wondering if we could be more than friends.' Sound good to you?”

“Be serious, Jess.” Chris sighed, choosing his words carefully. Jessica was never easy to anger, and he was not worried about upsetting her; he was simple the type who thought before he spoke. “The worst she can do is turn you down. You two have far too strong a friendship for something like this to tear it apart, and she may even thank you for the honesty. Besides... it's Valentine's Day weekend! What better time to say something?”

Jessica smiled again, grateful for Chris's friendship and advice. He always knew what to say. “C'mon, then,” said Chris, setting his drink down on the bar. “I'm gonna take you shopping.”

“Hey, guys,” he said to the others, picking up his coat from his bar stool. “Jess and I are gonna hit some gift shops. We'll meet you all back at the hotel.”

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It had not been much of a shopping trip, but it got the essentials. While Jessica initially felt that the flowers-and-candy routine was a bit cliché, Chris convinced her that personalizing the flowers made a difference. The two also agreed that one can never go wrong with Russel Stover chocolates.

When they returned to the hotel, Jessica had three things to give to Shawna. The first was a single carnation, her favorite flower. The edges of its petals were dyed sky blue, which was Shawna's

favorite color. The second gift was a box of Russel Stover chocolates. The third would take some courage to give.

After everyone had finally returned to the hotel for the night, Jessica made a stop by Chris's room before going to Shawna's room. "I'm so nervous!" she said, carrying the flower and the chocolate.

"Jess, we discussed this," said Chris. He grabbed her shoulders and held her gently. "Look at me. You can do this. And who knows if you're ever going to get a better opportunity?"

Jessica took a moment to compose herself. "You're right," she finally agreed. "I can do this." Taking one more deep breath, she turned and exited the room, heading for Shawna's room. She took a good, deep breath before knocking, then held the gift items behind her back. Shawna opened the door only a crack, then opened it a bit wider when she saw who was there.

"Hey, Jessica, c'mon in," she greeted with a smile. She was all ready for bed, wearing only a pair of black boy shorts panties, and a black, midriff spaghetti strap tank top. As Shawna walked back to the bed, Jessica could not help but notice how well the panties hugged the cheeks of her buttocks, and the little sway with which she walked. Beyond that, she was dazzlingly beautiful: smooth, chestnut skin, jet-black hair with a silky shine that reached her shoulders, and deep, mahogany eyes where one could easily lose themselves.

The thought suddenly hit Jessica that Shawna might be out of her league. She had beauty of her own, but could not help how inadequate she felt in the presence of this ebony goddess. She managed to keep her body slender as well, and she kept her naturally red hair cut short, reaching just below her jawline. She never needed make-up, as she had plenty of natural beauty; perfect smooth skin, ocean blue eyes, and a body that would not quit. Even her loose-fitting black jeans and 49ers t-shirt did nothing to hide her figure.

"So what brings you here so late?" Shawna casually asked as she sat on the edge of the bed, bringing Jessica back to reality.

Jessica quickly brought the carnation around front and held it out to Shawna. "For you," she said. Shawna stood and took the flower with a smile.

"Thank you," she said, smelling it. "It's pretty."

"Got you this, too," Jessica continued, handing her the box of chocolates.

Shawna took them with her free hand, setting both items down on the dresser beside the TV. "Russel

Stover. What's the occasion?"

Before Jessica could lose the confidence she had been building since returning to the hotel, she stepped forward, quickly taking a gentle hold of Shawna's cheeks, while planting a soft, passionate kiss upon her lips. Shawna froze, unsure of how to react, until finally, Jessica broke the kiss. "You're the occasion," she replied.

She shook her head suddenly, as if shaking off a fantasy that would never come true, and took a step back. "I'm sorry," she said, turning for the door.

Shawna quickly grabbed Jessica's arm, reversing her momentum and pulling her back into another kiss. This time, both women found themselves wrapped in one another's arms, enjoying each other's embrace. "It's okay," Shawna told her. "I've been waiting for you to do that."

"Really?" smiled Jessica, almost whispering her words. "So I guess this means we can be more than friends?"

Shawna leaned in again, kissing Jessica a bit more firmly than before. "What do you think?"

That was the last of words between them. They resumed their kiss, but took it slow at first. Their lips parted, and their tongues met, while their feet slowly guided them back to the bed. Shawna laid down first, backing up to the pillows, and Jessica crawled over her until their lips met again. They sat beside one another on the bed, their tongues teasing each other back and forth, while their fingers gently caressed the other's nipple. Jessica used only her middle- and fore-fingers, slowly rubbing Shawna's nipple in a circular motion, while Shawna used her thumb, gently pinching Jessica's nipple.

Starting to get annoyed with working through a t-shirt and bra, Shawna lowered her hand, finding the bottom of Jessica's t-shirt. She gently brushed her fingernails against Jessica's stomach as she lifted the shirt, until her hand found her bra. It was only a sports bra, and Shawna easily worked her hand underneath it, finally cupping Jessica's breast in full.

Jessica moaned in response, slipping her own fingers underneath Shawna's spaghetti strap, sliding the side of the garment low enough to expose her breast. As she treated the other side likewise, she lowered her mouth to Shawna's breast, encompassing the nipple within her lips. Jessica circled Shawna's nipple with her tongue, as well as lapped at it, then did the same to the other.

Jessica rose to her knees, slowly removing her t-shirt and bra. Shawna leaned forward, wrapping her hands behind Jessica's back, bringing her breasts to her mouth. As she suckled on Jessica's nipples, her hands moved down, opening Jessica's jeans and sliding them down, exposing her red, satin

thong. Jessica worked her legs out of them before kicking them aside, sitting beside Shawna once more.

They resumed their kissing, though a bit more passionately now, while their hands found their way underneath one another's panties. They took a few moments to rub their clits, until their bodies were screaming for more.

Finally, Jessica stood for a moment, removing her panties, while Shawna did the same. Shawna lie flat on her back, and Jessica crawled over her in the sixty-nine position. Each with their legs open for the other, both women moved their tongues forward, licking one another's clits, lapping gently and licking in circular motions. It was becoming difficult for either of them to remember to keep licking, rather than simply enjoy that the other was doing the same.

After reaching one orgasm through this oral sex, Jessica turned around again. Wrapping one arm around Shawna, she used her other hand to slide a finger inside of her pussy. She grinded the back of her own hand as they kissed, keeping her hand in rhythm with her hips, simulating a good fuck. They both moaned while their tongues wrestled, and Jessica began picking up speed.

Sliding a second finger into Shawna, quickly followed by a third, Jessica was now moving as fast as she could. She also broke the kiss, wanting to hear Shawna moan and squeal loudly—which she most certainly did—as she climaxed again. She squealed in ecstasy as she exploded and her body convulsed with pleasure.

While she was still climaxing, Jessica quickly grabbed Shawna's hand and put it between her legs. As Jessica continued to quickly finger Shawna, so Shawna began to speedily return the favor. Soon, they were both orgasming, kissing one another fiercely in an attempt to keep each other from screaming too loud. When they were finally done, they licked each other's fingers clean, and silently agreed that Jessica would spend the night in Shawna's room.

“Happy Valentine's Day, sweetheart,” Jessica whispered, with what little breath she could muster.

Shawna gave her one last peck on the lips. “Happy Valentine's Day.”