

BEB: Holidays: Thanksgiving
(Post Phoenix)

Olivia rolled over and found an empty space where her wife was supposed to be. Sitting up she surveyed the room and found a neatly folded piece of paper on the blonde's pillow. She opened it and smiled as she began reading.

Olivia,

Today and more importantly tonight, is Butch Day. I've laid your outfit out in the bathroom. Taking the kids to school. I'll call you later with further instructions.

Alex

Suddenly excited, Olivia hurried into the bedroom and stopped short when she found a gray skirt, black pumps and a black long sleeve button up shirt. She was grateful there were no pantyhose. Slightly disheartened at having to wear a skirt, she showered and was just clipping her badge onto her waistband when their home phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Liv? Did you find your outfit?"

"I did. A skirt? Alex, what possessed you to make me wear a skirt?"

In a stern voice Alex answered, "You'll do as I say today Olivia. Got it? You're my bitch now."

Hearing her wife's "butch" voice caused her sex to twitch. "Yes Alex. I'm sorry I questioned you."

"Good. Now, we will be having a late lunch after I pick you up at the station."

The line went dead and Olivia left the brownstone with an extra bounce in her step.

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Elliot, Munch and Fin had all raised their eyebrows as Olivia entered the bullpen wearing a skirt. They immediately began taking bets as to why she would be wearing a skirt on a day she wasn't scheduled to testify.

Olivia had ignored them all and busied herself with paperwork. She was so busy she didn't notice that everyone, even Munch who was knee deep in his latest conspiracy theory, had gone silent. She didn't look up until a dark shadow crossed her desk.

When she did look up her eyes bulged. Standing before her was a version of her wife. At least she thought it was her wife. Alex was wearing a pair of form fitting faded and strategically worn button fly jeans, a worn flannel shirt over a wife beater t-shirt, tucked in and with three buttons at the bottom buttoned. Her nails had been trimmed to nearly nothing and Olivia could have sworn she saw a tiny bit of dirt under her nails.

Her hair, which had finally grown back to a longer length was tucked up in under a dirty red trucker's hat. And she was wearing brown contacts, no make-up and no jewelry. Capping off the look was a pair of worn Doc Marten-esque black shoes.

And Olivia didn't think she could have looked sexier. She opened her mouth to say something but Alex gave a slight shake of her head.

"Let's go." Not waiting on an answer she turned and strutted out of the squad room. Olivia scrambled to catch up to her leaving three men gaping after them. Fin held his hand out.

"Told ya it was Benson's night to be the woman."

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Alex hadn't spoken to Olivia on the ride down in the elevator. Olivia knew better than to speak and secretly wondered what Alex had planned for them. She didn't have to wait long as they exited the precinct and Alex made her way to a beat up looking pick-up truck. She held the door open for Olivia who slid in and tried not to grimace at the unkempt interior of the truck.

Alex climbed in beside her on the driver's side and started the truck up. Olivia gave a slight jump when she realized it was a diesel. Alex glanced at her.

"You need to buckle up lady. My insurance don't cover people who don't buckle up."

Olivia complied and felt her pulse race at the realization that they were playing stranger date.

Alex drove them to a greasy spoon diner and pulled into a space. She got out and opened the door for Olivia and ushered her inside. The waitress who doubled as the hostess knew Alex by name, an item Olivia filed away for later. They were seated and Alex immediately ordered for the both of them.

Olivia waited to see where Alex was going with the role play.

"Look lady, I can do the work for you but it's gonna cost. I've cut the price as low as I can."

"I know you have. Thank you. Is there...anything I can do?"

Alex looked her over. "Let me think about it. Now, let's eat and I'll get on over to your place and get started."

The rest of lunch was silent with Alex eating like a complete pig. Olivia didn't know her well heeled wife could even eat with out utensils. And without obsessively wiping her mouth.

Alex dropped her back at the station and then pulled out into traffic heading in the direction of their house.

Olivia be-bopped into the station and ignored the curious looks of the guys.

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Benson-Cabot Brownstone

Olivia entered the brownstone and immediately heard the sound of a drill and Alex cursing. She moved up the stairs and found her wife in the hall bathroom fighting with a shelving set.

"Excuse me Alex, is everything ok?"

Alex glanced in her direction and grunted. "It's kinda hot in here, would you mind gettin' me something to drink? A beer if you got any."

As Olivia left the bathroom she noticed the doors to the kid's rooms were shut. She smiled to herself. Whenever they played stranger date, sometimes Olivia was a mother and sometimes not. She'd learned that if the bedroom doors were shut, she didn't have any children in the fantasy. And that usually meant the sex was going to be very different than that of a mother with children.

Olivia had teased Alex about this aspect of her fantasy world, but Alex reminded her she'd never complained. She wasn't surprised to find beer in the fridge, but she was surprised at the brand; Pabst Blue Ribbon. She grimaced but took one up to Alex anyway.

She stopped when she reached the bathroom. Alex was stripped down to her wife beater and it was snug. She also noticed her wife's upper arms had firmed up and had the tiniest of muscle definition. And a tool belt hung low on her hips.

"Uh, here ya go. It's PBR. Sorry, but it's all I have." When Alex didn't take the can Olivia realized she was supposed to open it for her, so she did.

Alex drank it all in one gulp and then crushed the can. She also belched for good measure.

"Sorry 'bout that." Alex caught Olivia staring at her in the mirror. "I'm just about done so we need to start thinking about payment."

"Oh yes. Sorry. Did you have anything in mind? I...I have lots of talents, things I do for extra money. Maybe I could trade you something?"

Alex met her eyes in the mirror. She let her gaze travel the length of Olivia's body.

"You're a pretty woman. I think we might could figure something out." Alex moved behind Olivia, brushing up against her and letting her feel the bulge in her pants. She leaned in next to Olivia's ear and whispered, "You might even like it."

"Oh? What were you thinking?"

"You the only who lives here?"

"Yes."

"Awfully big place for just you. What happened, you get it in the divorce?"

"Oh, oh no, I've never been married. I...I don't get out much."

Alex licked her upper lip. "Ever been with a woman?"

Olivia managed to look shocked. "Oh no, never."

Alex gave a thoughtful nod. Eyeing Olivia again she once again moved behind the brunette. She grasped Olivia's shoulders and gave a squeeze.

"You've not been fucked much, have you?"

"I'm sorry, I don't know what you take me for! I do not use that kind of language in my house."

Alex's upper lip curled. "You will if I take you to bed."

Olivia had to stifle a groan at Alex's words. "Is that what I have to do to make up the difference in what I owe you?"

"Yes, but you have to ask me to do it to you."

"I...I wouldn't know what to ask for."

Alex leaned in and whispered just what she wanted Olivia to ask her for.

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3 Hours Later

Olivia was currently laying face down, on the bed she shared with Alex, her arms restrained with leather straps, her ass slightly in the air and her nipples grazing the sheets beneath her as Alex currently teasing her opening with a feather.

She'd already come twice in the last hour alone and Alex seemed determined to make sure she came again. The blonde had been relentless and had held her character throughout it all. She'd found ways to make expletives come out of the brunette's mouth with great ease.

Alex had yet to allow Olivia to touch her, which also drove the brunette crazy. She slipped her finger inside Olivia and stroked her from a different angle, bringing her to her third and last orgasm of the evening.

Alex released her and helped her turn over. She smiled at her wife and then tucked her in. She went into the bathroom to take out her contacts and get ready for bed. Afterwards she crawled into bed and welcomed Olivia into her arms. She glanced at the clock and saw that it was just after midnight. Butch night was technically over.

"I love you Olivia."

"And I love you Alex." She didn't need to look at the clock to know it was already tomorrow. Alex never broke character until the night was over.

"I'm scared."

Olivia raised her head. "Why Alex? Has something happened?"

Alex felt the tears leak from her eyes and held Olivia harder.

"Yes. No. Sort of."

Olivia immediately sat up and turned on the lamp by the bed. Alex had also moved into a sitting position.

"What is it baby?"

"Can I sit between your legs and turn off the light?"

Olivia nodded as she turned off the lamp and moved to the center of the bed and adjusted the pillows so that they propped her up. She helped Alex get settled against her and then waited for her wife to speak.

"Thanksgiving is in a few days."

"Ok."

"I lost my virginity to Spence Moder over Thanksgiving when I was 19."

"Ok."

"The first Thanksgiving I ever spent alone was right after I was shot."

Olivia hugged her tighter. "I know baby. I'm sorry."

Alex leaned her head back so that she could see Olivia's face in the moonlight. "This will be my first Thanksgiving without my mother Liv."

"Oh baby, I'm sorry, I didn't even think about that! Do you want to do anything special or different?"

"No, I don't think so. I can't bear to be in that house Liv. Not right now. It's still too new and raw. I think we'll just stay here if that's ok? Maybe see what Jenny and Serena are doing?"

"That sounds nice. Is that all that's got you scared?"

“No. Thinking about Thanksgiving and everything that’s associated with it has brought up all the Lise stuff again. And it makes me sad and angry to think my mother died thinking the worst of me.”

Olivia kissed the top of Alex’s head. “Baby, your mother loved you unconditionally. She did not think the worst of you. She loved you.”

“How can you ever really forgive me?” She turned in Olivia’s arms and looked at her.

Olivia took her face in both hands and held her gaze. “Alex, I have and do forgive you. There were lots of things going on and we are working at getting not only back to where we were, but beyond that. Ok?”

“Ok Liv. I don’t like to keep bringing it up but every now and then it just hits me and I can’t help but have these thoughts.” She kissed Olivia. “Will you show me how much you love me?”

“Of course.”

She rolled Alex beneath her and began a long, slow seduction of her wife.

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1 Week Later

Alex took the last batch of pumpkin shaped cookies out of the oven and surveyed her work. She had offered to help Sydney’s room mother out by baking cookies for their class party. She now had two dozen cookies waiting to be decorated.

Olivia hurried into the kitchen and snagged a cookie. Her hand was promptly smacked by Alex.

“Ouch! Hey, tis the season to share!”

“That’s Christmas, not Thanksgiving!”

Sydney and Kennedy came into the kitchen and each one reached for a cookie. Alex didn’t say anything.

“Hey, why aren’t you slapping their hands?”

“They are children wife of mine! It’s a good thing I made extras.”

She waved them all out of the kitchen and kissed each one. “ Sydney , I’ll see you this afternoon.”

Alex smiled as she watched her family head out the door. She turned her attention back to baking.

St. Xavier Day School

Alex and the other mother’s were standing around the classroom watching all of the kindergartners socializing. Alex was watching her daughter debate a classmate over whose mother made better cookies.

“You have a feisty one there.”

Alex turned to see an attractive woman with brown hair watching her.

“She comes by it honestly.”

The woman looked at her and then at Sydney . And she let her eyes linger on Alex’s wedding band.

“Your husband?”

Alex smiled. “My wife.”

“Ah.” She pointed to the little boy Sydney was arguing with. “He’s mine.”

Alex smiled again. “Well I’m sure your cookies are just as good as mine. He seems to be holding his own. Does he get that from you or his father or you?”

“I wouldn’t know about his father. I used a donor and my preferences run toward the softer side. Kim Kane.”

Now it was Alex who answered, “Ah. So are you partnered?” She shook the woman’s hand as she introduced herself.

A shadow passed the woman's face. "No. My ex cheated right before Chance was born." She shrugged. "I haven't really been involved with anybody since then. We tried to reconcile a couple of years ago but I just couldn't get passed her cheating."

"Oh. I'm sorry." Alex felt a sadness begin to settle in and she excused herself from the conversation. She stood by herself for the rest of the party. As soon as the party ended, she took Sydney and they went home.

She busied herself with cooking for the remainder of the afternoon and Sydney spent the time coloring. Olivia and Kennedy arrived home and Alex greeted them each with a tight smile and a kiss.

Since Alex was elbow deep in turkey preparations, Olivia ordered them a pizza and watched her wife. After dinner she sent the kids up to their rooms telling them they could play with the Wii.

As soon as they were up the stairs she turned to her wife.

"What's wrong?"

Alex glanced at her and then told her about her conversation with Kim.

"Alex, baby, stop. I thought I showed you last week and several nights since then that I love you and have forgiven you?"

Alex nodded. "I know. Just with the holidays and my mom being gone and all..." She shrugged. "I think I'm going to go back to weekly sessions until after the holidays are over."

Olivia kissed her. "Ok. Do whatever you need to do to, but just know I love you." She leaned around Alex and snagged a piece of celery. "What are you making?"

"I'm trying to make my mother's dressing. I hope it turns out ok."

"I'm sure it will."

Alex put her spoon down and wiped her hands on her apron. She grabbed Olivia's face and kissed her.

"I love you."

Olivia watched Alex as they all sat around the table having Thanksgiving dinner. They had invited, Jenny, Serena, Sophie and Sutton to have dinner with them and everyone seemed to be having a good time. Alex had a few moments where she looked a bit pensive, but they quickly passed and for the most part she was enjoying herself.

“Alex this dressing is absolutely wonderful! Where did you get it?”

Alex grinned at Jenny and announced, “I made it from my mother’s recipe.”

Unable to hide her surprise, Jenny gaped at her. “Wow. I never knew you could cook like this.”

Alex gave a sad smile. “Years of watching my mother finally paid off. I think she’d have been pleased.”

Olivia grasped her hand and gave a little squeeze. Serena and Jenny exchanged a look and then expressed their condolences on her first holiday without her mother. The blonde shook them off and went to get dessert.

Serena watched her go and then asked, “How’s she doing Olivia?”

Olivia shrugged. “She’s ok. It’s been a few rough days but I think she’s handling it well.” She looked over at the smaller table where all the children were seated and smiled.

“The kids have really helped.” She remembered Alex’s conversation with Kim and asked if they currently had any single lesbian friends not named Casey.

Alex came back in as they were laughing and as she served everyone they filled her in on the conversation they had been having. She gave Olivia an odd look and her wife shrugged.

“Life is too short to go it alone Alex. Everybody deserves love.”

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As they were all sitting in the den having coffee later, Serena started laughing and Jenny punched her in the ribs.

“What’s so funny?” Olivia was looking at both of them.

“Tell her Jenny.”

Jenny scowled. “Sophie has her first celebrity crush. She’s gone crazy for Zach Efron.”

Alex looked confused. “And this is bad why?”

“Hello, she’s only 12! My baby is looking at boys now and I don’t like it.”

Both Alex and Olivia made “O” faces and nodded.

“I keep telling her it’s normal.” Serena leaned over and kissed her wife on the cheek.

“It may be normal but it’s too soon! What you don’t understand oh wife of mine is that right now it’s a few posters on her walls, but soon it will be a real live boy and then her heart will get broken and then there will be a boy who doesn’t break her heart but will want to get her in bed and then there’s the sex talk and birth control and then her childhood is over and she’s a grown woman and leaving for college.”

The three women sat watching the red head and suddenly Alex burst into tears.

“She’s right!”

Olivia and Serena rolled their eyes, which both women saw.

“You just wait Olivia! Let’s see how funny it is when you have to have the sex talk with Kennedy!”

“Me? Why Me?”

“Because that’s a very butch thing to do!” She got an evil grin on her face. “Unless you’d rather Wil-Henry or Fin talks to him?”

Olivia glared. “That was low Alex.”

The blonde leaned over and kissed her wife. “Don’t laugh at a mother Olivia!”

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That Night

Alex slid into bed and tried to snuggle up to Olivia who promptly turned her back on the blonde.

“You can not still be mad at me over the sex comment Olivia!”

“I can and I am. Dragging Wil-Henry into it! I can’t believe you.”

Alex pressed her naked body up against her wife’s back, her hardened nipples making contact with Olivia’s shoulder blade. For good measure she settled her pelvis against Olivia’s ass cheeks, her pubic hair tickling the brunette’s ass.

“Liv, you are, for lack of a better word, his father figure. You are the one he goes to with all the gory stuff, the football, the bloody noses, questions he has that he doesn’t feel comfortable asking me...his bribery over the Colts wall decoration...”

Olivia flipped over, wide eyed and looked at Alex.

“How’d you know about that?”

“We have a good son Liv, but he’s not so good as to earn that many Wii games. And he seems to get a new one every time we have a particularly loud love making session.”

Unable to do anything else, Olivia pushed Alex onto her back and began kissing her, whispering all kinds of naughty things to her wife.

Afterwards

“Guess he’ll be getting a new game tomorrow, huh?”

Alex shook her head. “Don’t you dare. The blackmail stops here and now Liv.”

Olivia ran her hands through Alex’s hair.

“Are you ok Alex?”

Alex raised her head and kissed her wife.

“Yeah, I am. It was tough today, but not as tough as it could have been without your help. Thank you.”

“Anytime baby, anytime.”

**BEB: Holidays: Christmas
(Post Phoenix)**

Alex snuggled Olivia from behind and sighed. "Thank you for doing this for me Liv."

The brunette looked over her shoulder at her wife and smiled. "I love you Alex, so it's no big deal."

The blonde grew quiet and started trying to work her thoughts out, which Olivia sensed immediately. She began stroking the blonde's arm, waiting for her to say what she already knew. It was "butch night" and they were currently in bed in a hotel room at the Plaza. And Olivia knew exactly what this room was.

"I need to tell you something and I hope you won't be angry with me Olivia. I didn't do this to hurt you or deceive you. I just needed to do this." She faltered. "I...this room..." Her voice hitched and Olivia decided to let her off the hook.

She turned in her wife's arms and looked at her deeply before leaning in and kissing her. It wasn't a kiss of passion, rather of understanding and comfort.

"I know what this room is Alex and I know why we're here. It's ok baby."

Alex had unshed tears in her eyes and she looked away. "I just...I just needed to erase that awful memory or replace it or whatever you want to call it."

Olivia nodded. "I know."

"You're not angry with me?"

Olivia shook her head. "Alex, you have to work through all that happened this past year in your own way. Just like I had to work through my abortion."

"As long as you know and believe me when I tell you that I didn't do anything other than sleep in this bed."

Olivia's face grew stern, not out of anger but frustration with her wife. "Alex, I have always believed you when you said that your meetings with Lise were about finding sleep and relief from chronic pain. And even if I didn't, divorce is just not an option. I've moved beyond Lise Connley and I hope that you will soon forgive yourself."

Alex looked down. "I just want to only have memories of you in this hotel."

Olivia smiled at her. "Well I'll be glad to role play ol' Diesel any time you want...Jane."

Alex couldn't help but smile at her wife and the memory of their night of role playing that led them to this hotel over two years ago. She leaned in and kissed Olivia and they began to kiss with more fervor until Alex broke away.

"What's wrong sweetheart?"

"Menopause." She gave her wife an apologetic smile and shrugged as best she could. "Mentally I want you, but physically my body just has no desire. I'm sorry baby." She kissed Olivia's forehead. "Getting old sucks. And not in a good way."

Olivia let out a loud laugh and smiled at her. “Sweetie every good butch knows that it’s not always about sex. Sometimes it’s just about being together in the truest sense of the word.” She turned back on her side so Alex could resume her spooning position.

“Thank you. I’m sorry we haven’t been together since right after Thanksgiving.”

“We’ve had a lot going on.”

Alex held her tighter. “Please don’t think this has anything to do with Lise dying.”

“I don’t. I think it has more to do with the fact that the regularly scheduled “Butch Night” just happens to fall on Christmas Eve this month and you don’t want to have to put together Sydney’s play stove and fridge. Or Kennedy’s new bike.”

Alex nipped her on the shoulder. “I’m not a butch, but I play one once a month. Which also means I don’t know a flat head screw from a Phillips.”

“The fact that you know that much disproves your theory counselor.”

“Hush. Let’s go to sleep before we have to return to the brownstone and your son’s insistent questions about a certain football camp.”

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1 Week Before Christmas

Alex was making peanut butter fudge while Olivia, Kennedy and Sydney were out shopping for her Christmas gift. She’d felt melancholy for the last day or two, a fact she attributed to it being her first Christmas without her mother. She’d managed to hold it together two nights ago when Sydney had innocently asked if they would be going to spend Christmas in grandma’s house like they always had.

She’d almost burst into tears as she explained that no, they wouldn’t be going to grandma’s house for Christmas. She and Olivia had discussed it, but Alex had refused to even consider going, saying it would only serve to hurt her more than not going. She’d also been firm in her desire to start their own family tradition.

And so it was that Alex was trying her hand at making fudge from an old family recipe.

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Macy’s

Olivia and the kids were about to leave the well known department store when Kennedy spotted something in the men’s department and darted in that direction. Olivia silently swore as she was well over shopping and ready to head home so they could start wrapping their gifts. She and Sydney followed Kennedy into an abyss of suits of ties and men’s shoes.

“Kennedy? Where are you?”

His dark blonde head shot up and he ran toward them his face beaming. He held up a gold plated football tee for Olivia to inspect.

“Can I buy this Mom-O?”

She held the heavy tee and inspected it. She found the price tag on the bottom of the tee and looked at Kennedy.

“Did you see how much it costs?”

He nodded and dug into his pants pocket, pulling out a wad of bills and change.

“I have enough. I’ve been saving up for something like this. Please?”

“You’ve been saving for ‘something like’ this?”

He nodded. “I want to send it to Wil-Henry along with my game ball from the championship game for Christmas.”

Olivia felt her blood pressure rise.

“Kennedy, you got that ball because you kicked the game winning field goal. That’s a very big honor and you don’t get a game ball very often.” And why the hell would you want to give it to Wil-Henry?

“I know why I got the ball Mom-O and I know that I want to give it to my...my...my father.” There, he’d said it.

Olivia’s jaw clenched. “Why don’t we go home and talk to Mom about this, ok?”

Kennedy stomped his foot and growled, “NO! It’s my money that I earned doing my chores and this is how I want to spend it!” He grabbed the tee from her hand and took off toward the register. By the time she caught up to him, he was already counting out his change.

“Kennedy.” Her voice was deadly and firm.

The sales clerk looked between the two and raised her eyebrow, seeking permission from Olivia to continue the transaction. She grudgingly gave in and gave a slight nod of her head.

“We’ll discuss the sending of the football at home. Got it?”

He smiled his Alex smile at her and nodded.

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Alex had just finished the last batch of fudge when she heard the front door open and shut with a rather loud thud. She frowned, dried her hands and went in the direction of the foyer. She saw her wife watching the kids climb the stairs with a few red bags.

“We need to talk Alex.”

The blond nodded her head and walked into the den, followed by her wife. Olivia turned and slid the door shut, hands on her hips.

“He bought Crawford a gift.”

“He always does Liv. Both kids do. You know that.”

“He bought him a real gift this year Alex. Not something perfunctory like year’s past. No tie, cologne or cuff links. A real gift that he paid for with his own money.”

“What kind of gift?”

Olivia told her about the entire exchange at Macy’s and when she finished, the blonde sat on the couch looking thoughtful.

“I’m not too keen on letting him give that football away.”

“Is that all that bothers you about this? He referred to Wil-Henry as his father!”

Alex sighed. Her wife might not have noticed it, but their son was moving right into puberty. He’d started seeking out the men in his life more frequently and Olivia was having a hard time with it. Alex suspected it was that deep rooted fear Olivia had always had concerning her place in the boy’s life.

“Technically he is and it is his money.” She knew her wife was not going to be please with any of this, but it was time to sort out a few things concerning their soon to be teenaged son.

“That man is nothing more than a sperm donor Alex. Literally!”

“Our son, the son that belongs to you and me Olivia, is about to become a mass of raging hormones and confusion as his body changes. We’ve never been men Olivia so I am pretty sure that our experiences with puberty are different than his will be.”

Olivia looked mortified. “He is not in puberty Alex! He’s only 12!” Even as the words were leaving her mouth she began recounting all the facts like the detective she was. Alex was right; Kennedy was on the precipice of puberty. “Oh God, this is worse than Wil-Henry!”

Olivia had spent the past two days watching Kennedy and praying that Alex was wrong about the whole puberty thing. She wasn’t. She noticed that he was taller than she remembered and for proof she made him stand at the door frame of the kitchen cupboard and measured him. He was two inches taller than when they’d measured him on his last birthday.

She also noticed a line of baby fine hair was forming on his upper lip and he had relegated his GI Joe collection to the far corner of his bedroom. She nearly cried when she found his beloved Pooh bear stuffed into the back of his closet.

She found Alex in the downstairs apartment wrapping the last of the presents while Sydney was over at Jenny and Serena’s and Kennedy was at basketball practice.

“You were right.”

Alex smirked at her. “I usually am, but enlighten me please.”

“He’s growing up Alex. Have you noticed his upper lip?”

Alex gave her wife a sympathetic smile and nodded.

“What do we do about Crawford and the football?”

Alex plopped a bow on the package she was wrapping and sat on the edge of the desk, thinking.

“Have you spoken to him? He’s a former jock so he knows what that ball means. And he’s always been respectful of us and his role in Kennedy’s life.”

“No, I haven’t called him, but I can do that now before Kennedy gets done with practice.”

Alex leaned into her wife and kissed her. “And maybe you two can talk about it on the way home.” She eased off the desk and wrapped her arms around Olivia, kissing her deeply.

Olivia pulled back. “Does this mean you’re in the mood Mrs. B?”

Alex’s only response was to kiss her again and lead her into the spare bedroom where she pushed the brunette down onto the bed. She crawled on top of her and began kissing her way down Olivia’s body. Soon she had her wife’s pants down and off one foot, then she was loving her and drawing deep sighs and moans from the brunette. With a final push of her tongue into the brunette, Olivia’s hips rose off the bed and she shuddered to completion.

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After the impromptu session with Alex, Olivia had cleaned up and called Crawford. He was with Alex and Olivia about the football and agreed to gently refuse it if Kennedy offered it to him. Feeling better about her conversation with the man, she reminded herself that it was her and not him that had raised Kennedy. She was the one who spent hours helping him kick and driving him to and from football practice. Kennedy was her son and she grudgingly admitted it was in part due to Crawford.

Glancing at her watch she saw that she had just enough time to swing by the store and pick up her gift for Alex.

St. Xavier’s Gym

She arrived just as they were finishing wind sprints and waited with the other father’s to collect her son. She almost made the mistake of trying to hug him, but one look at his face told her that would be a major mistake. She opted for a fist bump and walked with him to the car.

As they made their way down the street she brought up the topic of the football.

“Do you still want to give it to Wil-Henry?”

He looked unsure. “Yeah.”

In a neutral tone she asked him why.

“Mom, there are other kids at school who have two dad’s or mom’s, who are adopted or their parents are divorced. And then there’s me and Sydney and Chloe. We were all made using a frozen sperm icicle. Chloe doesn’t know anything at all about her dad. But me and Sydney? We do. We don’t have the questions she has. If we want to know something, we can just ask. And I like that. I don’t want to have to wonder where I get certain things from. We’re learning about DNA in health class.” He stopped and seemed to be collecting his thoughts. “You and Mom are great, but you’re not guys, ya know?”

“And this is just a guy thing?”

“Kinda.”

Knowing Crawford would refuse, she nodded and told Kennedy he could call and talk to Crawford and see what he thought.

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After they got home she left him in the den alone so he could call and talk to Crawford. She found Sydney and Alex in the kitchen finishing dinner and gave Alex a look that let her know she’d had a talk with Kennedy.

“ Sydney ! Wil-Henry would like to speak to you!”

Kennedy raced into the kitchen and handed Sydney the portable phone. He then snagged a piece of celery and rushed up to his room.

“He doesn’t look any worse for wear.”

Olivia nodded her head in agreement.

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Christmas Eve

They were sitting around the tree with each person getting to open two gifts. Kennedy and Sydney had quickly opened their two gifts and were now waiting on Alex and Olivia to open theirs. Kennedy had confided in them three years earlier that he no longer believed in Santa Claus. Olivia and Alex had sworn him to secrecy, so every year he tolerated the ruse and this year was no different.

Alex handed Olivia a small package and when the brunette opened it, she found a charm bracelet with charms pertaining to their life together. Inside the box was also a simple, handwritten note for Olivia. The brunette read it and felt a tear spring into her eyes.

She pulled Alex to her and kissed her long and hard. When they separated, she handed the blonde a small box and watched as it was opened.

“Oh Liv....”

“Marry me again Alex.”

Alex smiled at her and nodded, finally getting the word yes out. She handed the box back to Olivia and asked her to put the diamond anniversary band on her finger. Technically it was meant to be given on the 10 year anniversary, but she understood why Olivia was giving it to her now, after 12 years of marriage.

Olivia slipped it on her right ring finger and then eagerly kissed her wife.

“I thought you and Mommy were already married?”

Both women turned to find their daughter looking rather confused.

“We are Sydney , but I want Mommy and me to renew our vows to each other. And I want you and your brother with us when we do it.”

Kennedy rolled his eyes and replied, “I was there the first time!”

Alex tried and failed to give him a stern look. “And you will be again.”

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Christmas Eve/Early Christmas Morning

Olivia and Alex were tangled together in a sweaty heap and bed sheets. They had made love and were now whispering to each other. Alex turned so that she was facing her wife and held her right hand up to admire the new band.

“When did you decide all of this?”

“I’ve been thinking about it since Thanksgiving. You’ve been through so much Alex and I am so happy that we managed to weather the storm. I just want to reaffirm my commitment to you. To us.”

The blonde kissed her. “We’ve been through so much Olivia. I couldn’t have gotten through it without you. Without your love and support.” She kissed her again. “What did you have in mind?”

“Nothing big, just you and me and the kids and maybe we can get Fr. Rick to perform some sort of ceremony?”

Alex nodded and ran her hand down between Olivia’s legs, opening her up.

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Christmas Morning

Alex and Olivia were sitting together on the couch, mugs of coffee in hand as their children made quick work of their presents. Santa had been very good to both children and now the kids were presenting their mother’s with their gifts.

Sydney had gotten Alex a new desk blotter and bottle of perfume. She'd gotten Olivia a new travel mug that had her initials engraved on the side and a new scarf.

Kennedy handed Alex her gift and Olivia couldn't wait to see the blonde's face. Alex had long ago confessed to Olivia that she'd always wanted to be a volunteer at the zoo, but that putting criminals behind bars was as close as she was able to come. Now that her wife was a stay at home mom, Olivia and Kennedy had signed Alex up for the next volunteer class.

Alex opened the gift and a big smile graced her face as she pulled her son into a hug. She then pulled Olivia to her and kissed the brunette.

Alex watched as Kennedy shyly handed Olivia her gift.

The brunette tore into the wrapping paper and appeared puzzled then shocked by her gift.

"Kennedy?"

"I talked to Wil-Henry about the football and he asked me who had helped me practice all those hours and I said it was you." Kennedy shrugged. "He said he'd be honored to accept the football, but that you deserved it more than anybody except me." He picked up the gold plated tee. "Mom took me to the trophy store so I could get it engraved with your name and stuff."

Olivia felt tears threatening and pulled the boy to her. She kissed him on the cheek, which he didn't protest, and then looked at the tee. In block letters it said:

To Mom-O, the best kicking coach in the world

He ran up to his room and got the football and brought it back down. He handed it to Olivia and together they placed it on the mantel above the fireplace in the den.

"I hope you're not mad Mom-O, but I'm still sending Wil-Henry the tee I bought him and one of my old practice footballs, ok?"

She ruffled his hair.

"I think that's a great idea Kennedy."

Later that Day

Alex and Olivia had just finished cleaning up after their Christmas meal and had retired to their bedroom for a nap. Sydney was busy playing with her new dolls and Kennedy was playing a new game he'd gotten for the Wii.

Alex and Olivia and just settled down on the bed when both Clarence and Eleanor trotted into their bedroom and jumped up on the bed with them. Since it was Christmas, neither woman shooed them away. Alex gently nudged Olivia and motioned in the direction of the dogs.

Clarence and Eleanor, much like their mistresses, were tangled together, asleep and content.

BEB: Holidays: New Year's

Alex and Sydney were just finishing up at the seamstress when Alex's cell phone rang. She smiled as Olivia's name popped up on the screen. She flipped it open.

“Det. Sexy, what can I do for you?”

Olivia laughed at her wife. “I can't say right now because I'm in public with our son. I just called to check on the progress of my two girls.”

Alex looked down at Sydney and smiled. “All done here and you two?”

Alex had taken Sydney to pick up her dress for their vow renewal ceremony. Olivia had taken Kennedy to have his new suit adjusted. Alex had insisted he get a new one much to his displeasure.

“All done as well. What time are we getting on the road?”

“Within the hour. We need to make sure the dogs have everything they'll need until Kathleen gets in tonight.”

Olivia looked down at Kennedy and rolled her eyes. He gave her the patented Alex eyebrow arch and turned away. Olivia almost laughed.

“We'll meet you back at the house.”

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On the Road to South Hampton

Olivia had been adamant that they get on the road to South Hampton early on the 30th of December to avoid all the other city dwellers too old to slog out to Time's Square for New Year's Eve. This resulted in the entire Benson-Cabot family piling into Olivia's sedan and heading out at 2 o'clock that afternoon.

In less than a week, days actually, Alex had managed to pull off their marriage vow renewal. They'd chosen to go to South Hampton because it was definitely the off season and not likely to be crowded for New Year's. They had a suite in a local boutique hotel as Alex had insisted that she and Olivia not sleep together the night before their renewal.

For a very nice donation to the Church, Fr. Rick had agreed to perform the renewal ceremony. He had a

room booked for New Years' Eve at the same hotel, but wasn't arriving until the next day. The plan was for Alex and Olivia to begin their renewal just before midnight and finish up just after 2019 rang in.

Olivia had made the fatal mistake of suggesting that Alex and Sydney go ahead of her and Kennedy and spend some special mother daughter time. Alex had been almost frantic as she shot Olivia down on that front.

She reminded Olivia that since she'd come out of the mental hospital, they hadn't spent a night apart. And then she'd explained how she was afraid to be by herself in a hotel. Sydney no withstanding.

So, they were all heading out to the hotel and would have dinner together, then Olivia and Kennedy would retire to their room inside the suite.

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They'd had a lovely dinner in a nearby restaurant and then gone into a nearby candy store afterwards. Now they were on the way back to the hotel where Olivia and Kennedy would play video game's until bed time and Alex and Sydney were doing a girl's spa night in preparation for the big event.

When it came time to go to bed, Olivia went in to say good night to both mother and daughter and was surprised to find Sydney dead to the world.

Alex ran her hand through Sydney 's curly locks and smiled.

“She was so excited and then she just crashed. How's Kennedy?”

Olivia shrugged. “About like her.” She bent and kissed Alex good night. “I love you.”

“I love you too. And thank you for indulging me about the room.”

“No problem baby.”

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New Year's Eve

Olivia and the kids had taken in a couple of movies earlier in the day and then they'd all had an early dinner, after which Alex insisted both Kennedy and Sydney take a nap as they were going to be up to ring in the New Year.

Now Olivia and Fr. Rick were waiting at the alter, which was really the fireplace in the den of the hotel, for Sydney to make her way down the aisle as Alex's maid of honor and for Kennedy to walk his mother down the aisle.

As a cd of harp music played the wedding march, Sydney started down the “aisle” ahead of her mother and brother, carefully sprinkling flowers in her wake. When she reached Olivia, she looked up and smiled and stepped to her left where she turned to watch her mother and Kennedy come down the aisle.

Alex was wearing an off white form fitting dress that looked silky to the touch. Kennedy was dressed in his new suit and Olivia was struck at how mature he looked. His hair was perfectly combed and his face had filled out some, giving him the look of a boy about to cross over into manhood. At least young manhood.

He walked slowly toward his Mom-O and bit his upper lip to keep his concentration. For her part, Alex looked radiant and glanced down at her son. Smiling she raised her head and her eyes met Olivia’s. They shared a smile.

Fr. Rick did a renewal ceremony which basically consisted of both women reaffirming their love for the other. At the end, they shared a long, passionate kiss that spoke more of their love and devotion than their physical union.

They were “renewed” and pronounced just as the clock struck midnight and they once again kissed and then hugged and held their children.

Afterwards, they all drank a toast of sparkling cider and Olivia and Alex took a turn around the impromptu dance floor. After they caught both Kennedy and Sydney yawning, they moved upstairs to their suite where Sydney moved into the room Olivia and Kennedy had shared the night before. After they took turns tucking the children in, they slipped out and into their side of the suite.

Alex began unbuttoning Olivia’s silk dress shirt after pushing her black tuxedo jacket off her shoulders. Soon they were both naked and rubbing against each other, falling back onto the bed .

As they made love, it was joyous and filled with love and laughter. And later, as they lay entwined, Olivia kissed Alex’s shoulder.

“A New Year and a new beginning Alex.”