

Caroline really couldn't believe this was her life.

She was sitting in her home – her own *house* – that Hannah had designed.

She had the woman she loved sitting next to her, warm and cozy and relaxed and happy.

She had the girl she loved as a daughter exuberantly talking both to them and herself as she luxuriated in the gifts under the tree. Well, she sat amidst her many gifts, with one of the new books she'd received propped open in her lap.

They were going to *move in*. Hannah and Abbie were going to move in, because Hannah really wanted this. Hannah wanted to live here, with her, and work toward a real future, together. A future that had tangible, solid pieces to it.

“Hey! There's another present under here!” Abbie called out, wiggling out from under the tree as Caroline looked over.

She scrunched her eyebrows together as she read. “*To Caroline, Love Hannah.*”

Still wearing her red plaid pajamas, her hair messed to all hell, she proudly presented Caroline with the gift, before she promptly sat back down with her book.

Caroline's eyebrows lifted in surprise as she looked down at the box, before looking at Hannah. “And here I was, thinking I'd already gotten my gifts?”

It was meant as a very simple, jokey off-handed comment.

But it was the way Hannah's gray eyes widened, her surprised – almost choked – inhale, and the way she froze as she sat against Caroline's side that really caught Caroline's attention. And lit her up with concern.

She dipped her gaze down to the simply wrapped box, before back to Hannah again. “Is there something in this box that's going to tell me that you *aren't* moving in with me?”

It was, once again, a joke... mostly... but still, the possibility remained, looming on the edge of Caroline's mind that warned her that everything falling into place like this was too good to be true.

Hannah, though, reared back as if Caroline physically lashed out at her, clearly offended. “I wouldn't do that.” The tension, though, remained in her shoulders as she worried at her lip again. She cast a quick look at Abbie, before she whispered, “I – I thought I'd left that in your room. I guess I didn't.”

“Or Santa's Little Helper thought she was, well, helping,” Caroline allowed, tracing her fingertips over the edges of the box. “Can I open it?”

Hannah cleared her throat, once again looking at Abbie, who seemed entirely engrossed in her own world, before she nodded, blushing even harder and the hand she had on Caroline's thigh gripped a bit tighter.

And if Caroline hadn't been utterly intrigued before, she was now.

Taking her cues from Hannah she lifted the box and peered inside...

Before she shut it quickly, her heart racing, as she stared across her living room but didn't see anything.

At least, nothing other than the strap-on in the box on her lap, that had been clearly artfully arranged with care in the Christmas package.

"I... I know we talked about it? And I know you mentioned, um," Hannah bit her lip, her cheeks that perfectly flushed hue that she sometimes got when they discussed sexual wants and needs – in that way she had. In the way that spoke of how she'd never had a partner that she was comfortable with in this way, someone in which she actually wanted to explore any fantasies.

*"I am comfortable with you,"* she'd said, her voice so soft, as they'd laid in bed, months ago. Her fingers had softly moved over Caroline's cheek, gray eyes staring into hers. *"And I think it's a good thing, because I've never been so attracted to someone in my life."*

"You'd mentioned you've liked to use... that," she cut her gaze, again, to where Abbie sat amongst the plethora of gifts, mindful of listening ears. "In the past."

Caroline's gaze inevitably shifted down again, the want moving through her as she nodded slowly. "Yeah," her voice was so rough, she had to clear her throat. "Yes, I have. But, it's not a *need*."

Because it really, truly wasn't.

Yes, Caroline had indisputably been with more people than Hannah had been. Yes, she'd explored a lot more different fantasies, sex toys, and positions than Hannah had. And she'd enjoyed several of them, a lot, including using a strap-on.

But she also was *more* than satisfied with their current sex life, and when she'd talked about it with Hannah in the last few months, she'd been very honest that she didn't need anything other than what they already did to be genuinely happy and satiated.

Still, though.

She'd never – while engaging in all of those other sexual experiences with those other partners – been so enamored by and attracted to anyone, as she was to Hannah. And the prospect of being with her in just about any way, trying *anything* with her that Hannah might be interested in, made Caroline's throat run dry and her blood thrum, hot, through her veins.

"I know it's not," Hannah's hand, that had fallen still on her thigh, started moving again. Nothing inappropriate, given where they were, but – Caroline felt extra-sensitive right at this given moment. "But I'd like to... try it."

Caroline blew out a low, deep breath as she turned to face Hannah, lifting an eyebrow. "Yeah?"

There was that flush of pleasure that seemed to creep up Hannah's neck, as she nodded. "Yes. A lot."

"Fuck," she couldn't help but say aloud.

"Tonight," Hannah's voice was low and full of promise, and –

“Fuck,” she breathed again.

Because, she already hadn't seen this day coming. They were going to go to her parents' house very shortly for their Christmas party, and she'd already been amazed at her luck that she was going to get to share the news of Abbie and Hannah moving in.

But *now*, with the box in her lap – well, she wouldn't be sharing *that* news – but... it was like her luck on this very morning was multiplying by the fucking minute.

And she was honestly a little wary of having to go through the entire day, knowing her Christmas luck, without anything getting screwed up.

\*\*\*

It didn't.

Somehow, somehow, this was the holiday where everything was going her way.

It didn't seem possible, but as Caroline pressed Hannah against her – their? – bedroom door after checking to make sure Abbie had fallen asleep, it felt almost impossible for anything to go wrong.

Especially as Hannah's mouth was hot on hers, those perfectly long, capable, artist fingers scratching up Caroline's bare back after having shed the sweater she'd worn all day seconds ago, before digging into her shoulders and holding tightly. Especially as Hannah's warm breath panted against her ear as Caroline kissed hungrily down the ivory arch of Hannah's neck, nipping and sucking against Hannah's racing pulse. Especially as one of Hannah's hands slid into Caroline's hair, holding her there, as Caroline slid her hands down, cupping Hannah's ass as she slid her thigh between Hannah's and pressed up against her.

“I can't believe you gave me that gift this morning and we had to wait twelve hours for this,” she scraped her teeth against Hannah's skin, digging her fingers in tighter and revelling in the inhale-turned whimper that Hannah let out against her ear.

It had been a long, long day of celebrating at her parents' house.

And honestly, better than Caroline usually experienced. Because she was *happy* today. Hannah herself had decided to tell everyone their cohabitating news, and everyone was happy for her, and she was even happier for herself.

And yet.

This had been on the back of her mind.

All.

Day.

Long.

“I know. I know,” Hannah rasped, the urgency in her voice matching the way she started grinding down against Caroline’s thigh, her hands carding through her hair and tugging Caroline back up, and crashing their lips together.

She kissed her, hot and wet and needy, making tiny sounds in the back of her throat that worked better than almost anything else could to make Caroline go *crazy* with want.

She pressed herself impossibly closer, Hannah’s stomach right against her own, their hard nipples rubbing against each other’s, and it still wasn’t close enough, as she drew Hannah’s lip into her mouth, sucking and then nipping at it.

Caroline rocked her thigh up again, pressing hard against her, feeling how wet Hannah already was through the sheer lace underwear she’d clearly put on for the night.

Yeah, those needed to go.

She slid the tips of her fingers into the waist of her underwear and slid them down her hips, tugging just enough until they could fall, and she felt Hannah kick them away. And Caroline wasted no time sliding her leg back into place, unable to control the moan in her throat as she felt Hannah’s arousal on her thigh.

Mouth still on Hannah’s, all she could think about was the giftbox sitting on their bedside table – specifically, what was *in* the giftbox. She’d thought of very little else for hours, other than this, right here.

Hannah, in her – no, *their* – bed, under Caroline, above her, letting out the breathless sounds Caroline was now so familiar with, she could hear them echo in her ears whenever her fantasies got a little too vivid. The thought of fucking Hannah, while being able to touch her anywhere, everywhere, else was... there was no possible way in hell Caroline could feasibly have been expected to think about anything else tonight.

More than that, compounded onto it, was knowing that Hannah, clearly, wanted it, too. Enough to actually go out and buy a sex toy.

She slid her hands to grip Hannah’s waist and spin them, directing Hannah to walk backwards toward their bed, while sliding her lips down, over that spot on Hannah’s neck that always made her arch against Caroline.

This time was no exception, and the press of her body sent a thrill through her. That she knew Hannah so well, that Hannah was always so responsive to her touch, did more for Caroline than anything or anyone else possibly could.

“Caroline,” Hannah breathed, her voice trembling with what Caroline thought was a combination of want and need as the backs of her knees brushed against the bed.

But then – she also had to make sure.

Her own hands shook with the utter *need*, as she pulled back and looked into Hannah’s blown pupils. “Are you sure you want–” she gestured to their new strap-on, before looking back at Hannah. “Because we don’t have to. I’m *more* than happy to–”

Hannah’s hands slid down to cup her jaw, her thumb dipping into the little dimple next to her mouth. “Caroline. I want this. I want *you*, like this. I,” Hannah swallowed, before taking a

deep breath, her cheeks flushing, and she got that look, the one that said she was fishing around to find the exact words she wanted to use.

And Caroline felt like every single ounce of her very being was waiting on baited breath for those words.

“I want to be full of you,” she murmured, the low rasp of her voice sliding over Caroline like a caress. I want to feel your whole body against mine, while I can feel you inside of me.”

If Caroline’s self-control had been hanging on by a thread, that thread snapped. She could hear it, just barely, over the rushing of blood in her ears and her own groan that escaped her, as her mouth moved to devour Hannah’s.

That was what she wanted.

She wanted to *devour* Hannah Dalton, and she had every intention of doing so.

They fell into bed, their kiss messy and heated and Caroline wasn’t sure she’d ever been hungrier in her entire life, than she was right at this moment. Hannah wanting her and telling Caroline how she wanted her?

Yeah, nothing could ever surpass that. Nothing.

She swallowed the little sounds Hannah made as they kissed, shifting onto her knees and bracing herself on her hand, to give herself enough room to trace her hand up and cup Hannah’s breast, rubbing her thumb over her hard nipple.

And Hannah was so responsive to it, just as she always was, gasping into Caroline’s mouth and arching her hips up, searching for more.

She pulled back from their kiss, pushing up to settle on her knees between Hannah’s legs, as she slid her hand down between Hannah’s legs, rubbing at her entrance and feeling how utterly soaked she was. And she really, really was.

Fuck.

She stayed like that for several beats, looking down at Hannah. Blonde hair splayed out on Caroline’s dark blue blanket, the hands that had dug into Caroline’s shoulder blades having fallen to the bed, lightly grasping at the blanket. Gray eyes staring at Caroline as her chest heaved and...

Yeah. *Fuck*.

She tugged Hannah’s thighs apart, descending again to lavish attention at Hannah’s breasts. She felt Hannah’s fingers dig into her hair, tugging, pulling, and massaging, as she moved her tongue over her nipples, before sucking them into her mouth.

Slowly, she descended further, *needing* a taste.

Caroline moved her hands to hold Hannah’s hips down against the bed, flashing back for a moment to the night in the lake house last year, when she’d told Hannah how she’d missed this moment.

The moment of pressing a woman down against the bed while she used her mouth to make her come. And how that *woman*, in her mind's eye, was most definitely Hannah.

God, how far they'd come and how much farther Caroline wanted to go. She wanted everything with Hannah, she thought, as she looked up from between her thighs, the *want* pounding through her.

Hannah's fingers tightened in her hair, though, as she licked her lips and stared at how wet Hannah was for her.

"Caroline," her voice was so throaty, the sound if it shot through Caroline like a drug. Hannah cleared her throat before speaking again, "I'm – believe me... I'm *ready*."

Even as she spoke, though, her thighs opened for Caroline, settling on her shoulders as if acting on sheer desire without a conscious thought of what Hannah was actually saying.

Caroline's hands slid up those soft, warm thighs, dragging and massaging her thumbs as she went and revelling in the goosebumps. "I can see that," she murmured.

And god, could she. Hannah was soaked already, and Caroline knew she could take the strap-on she'd bought.

But still...

She leaned in, licking up Hannah's pussy, flicking the tip of her tongue on Hannah's clit, and loving the way Hannah's hips jerked toward her mouth and the sharp exhale she breathed out.

"But when I fuck you? You're going to be *more* than ready," she was pretty sure her voice had fallen at least two octaves, but it was entirely beyond her control. "You're going to want it – *need* it. You're going to want me inside of you so badly, you think you'll go crazy without it."

Hannah groaned, low and long and louder than usual, as her hips shifted against Caroline, seeking.

She leaned in, using her thumbs to spread Hannah as she slid her tongue inside. She loved the way Hannah tasted, the way she felt dripping down her chin, the sounds she made. The way Hannah pressed her hips against Caroline's mouth and then moved even more when Caroline exerted a little pressure and held her still.

She licked over Hannah's lips, then around her clit, but not actually touching.

She wanted to make her *crazy* with want.

And she knew exactly how to do it.

Caroline knew Hannah so intimately by now, that she knew beyond a shadow of a doubt – even before this holiday gift – that Hannah loved to be filled. She could come from Caroline's mouth or from having her clit touched, but she *always* came harder, longer, and louder whenever Caroline slipped her fingers inside of her.

Always.

And it was for that reason that she absolutely didn't use anything but her lips and tongue. Not yet.

She could feel Hannah's desperation growing, taking a visceral satisfaction in the hoarse, "Please," from above her. A satisfaction that moved through her even as her own arousal was so strong, she swore she was dripping onto the blanket, herself.

She slid her fingers up, stroking them over Hannah's entrance, coating them... but never pushed inside. Not even when Hannah's hands tightened in her hair, her voice louder than it typically ever was, as she encouraged, "Yes. Yes!"

And she wanted to, desperately. She wanted to sink inside of Hannah, there and then. She wanted to slip two, and then three, fingers into Hannah, and feel how tightly she grasped and the way her walls would clench.

But – *no*.

Not yet.

Finally, she moved up and wrapped her lips around Hannah's clit, sucking, as she very carefully pressed just her fingertip against Hannah.

The cries in the back of Hannah's throat, the way her hips jerked against Caroline's face, the uncontrollable tension in her hands all told her Hannah was going to come. Even before she flicked her tongue over Hannah's clit.

And when Hannah arched against her, coming against her tongue, she couldn't stop herself from grinding down into the bed, herself, trying to find any friction.

She licked Hannah through her orgasm, waiting until she sank into the bed, shivering the way she did at the end of her aftershocks, before she pulled back.

She stared up at Hannah from between her lax thighs. Her breathing just starting to calm down, her breasts moving with every breath, the strong tilt of her jaw as she stared up at the ceiling.

She was like some sort of painting – Caroline certainly still didn't know much about art, but she knew that the fine lines of Hannah's body were something to be admired.

So, she did admire. First from the side of the bed, as she slipped off and made quick work of putting on the harness and fixing the strap-on in place, after having sanitized everything before they'd left earlier.

And then again, as she moved back onto the bed and sat back on her haunches between Hannah's thighs, staring down at her in amazement.

"You are *so* beautiful," she whispered, running her hands up over Hannah's hips, to her waist, just ghosting over the sides of her breasts.

Hannah looked up at her, already looking thoroughly and deliciously debauched, as she propped herself up on her elbows. "You, are the beautiful one."

Caroline felt the heat in her gaze, especially when it landed between her legs.

She swallowed hard, practically shaking with desire, herself, as she gently nudged Hannah's thighs apart.

Her breath caught in her throat as she looked down, all sense flying out of her brain, as she looked at Hannah spread open for her.

"So sexy," she heard herself say, without even realizing it. But damn, it was true.

She leaned over Hannah, sliding her body along the lithe one underneath hers, goosebumps erupting on her skin, as she slid her hand down. And she felt Hannah's catch of breath, as the strap-on pressed between them, and Caroline instead slid her fingers to Hannah's pussy.

"What are – *hng*," Hannah cut herself off as she reached up, gripping at Caroline's back, as Caroline gently slipped her fingers inside of her.

Using her nose to gently nudge Hannah to arch her head up, she slid her lips down her neck. "Just to make sure," she whispered, pumping her fingers slowly, before adding a third, and feeling Hannah clench around her, just as she knew she'd feel.

Hannah worked her hips against Caroline's hand within moments, meeting her movements and, "I'm sure," she said, breathlessly. "I'm very sure."

Caroline nodded, gently pulling her fingers out and reaching down to coat the dildo with Hannah's wetness, before adjusting, pressing the tip at Hannah's entrance.

She lifted her head, arching an eyebrow down at Hannah in a final, silent question, as she rubbed the strap-on up and down, flashing a grin as she moved it over Hannah's clit and enjoying the subsequent sharp exhale Hannah let out, the way her nails dug into her shoulder.

"Yes," Hannah was quick to say, before she swallowed and held Caroline's gaze. "Fuck me. Really. Seriously," she maintained that eye contact, arching her eyebrows, as she repeated. "Fuck. Me. I want it."

"Jesus christ," she breathed, because – Hannah was rarely so vocal and decisive. She only was during sex when she was totally gone with want, completely pushed out of any reservations she typically always held onto.

And Caroline – yes. She wanted, so damn badly, and she eased down, pressing the strap-on into Hannah. Moving slowly, letting her adjust, even though Hannah had seemed to put a lot of thought into the toy. Something that was a very reasonable size, that she clearly knew she'd enjoy.

And Caroline watched with ravenous need that Hannah was, indeed, enjoying the sensation, as she continued to slide into her.

Her eyelids fluttered closed, a long, low moan escaping her as she arched into Caroline. The hand on her back gripping, hard – not in pain but in ecstasy. The same ecstasy that seemed to be written all over her face.

And when she couldn't move any deeper, her hips touching Hannah's, she herself was breathless.



Still, she waited. Letting Hannah adjust, staring down at her with a desire so acute, she wasn't sure it could be replicated. Hannah's pleasure was like a drug to her, she was certain of it.

Finally, Hannah opened heavily lidded eyes, nodding at Caroline. "Please. I want—"

She started moving the second Hannah had started speaking. Slowly, gently, pulling back... before pressing in, faster than she had before, but still very controlled. Watching for Hannah's reaction before she *really* moved.

And it was a fucking miraculous reaction.

The way she cried out, her head snapping back, her knees bending around Caroline's hips, and, "More. Caroline, *more*."

Bracing herself on the bed next to Hannah's head, she gave her *more*.

She moved faster, harder, not pulling out all of the way, before snapping her hips back in, and relishing in the way Hannah bit her bottom lip so hard it turned white, her eyes snapping shut.

She could feel the delicious burn of it before long, building in her core, as she fucked Hannah into the bed, and even if this was the only time she ever had Hannah like this, she would remember every second.

The sounds that left the back of Hannah's throat – moans and sighs and whimpers and intelligible words that were interspersed with her name – the way her long legs wrapped around Caroline's waist, trying to pull her impossibly closer. Like she wanted Caroline to stay inside of her, but also like she would die if Caroline stopped moving.

She bent down low, slowing her thrusts into a grind against Hannah, nearly sobbing from the pleasure herself. The pressure on her clit was *so fucking good* – not good enough to make her come, but... god.

"Look at me," she murmured against Hannah's ear, before nipping at the earlobe, and sucking it between her lips.

Those gray eyes opened, looking like smoke, half-lidded, and Caroline wanted to come just from the look in them.

Fuck, Hannah was everything. She was everything that was sexy and desirable in this world, at least to her. The intricacies of her – how soft she was, but also how strong. How she loved being touched delicately, but also loved being utterly *fucked*.

"I love having you like this," she said, her voice tight and barely controlled with how much pleasure was coursing through her. "I love feeling your body on mine. I love knowing you trust me like this."

"I do," Hannah gasped the words out, before repeating them on a moan, "I really do."

She moved her mouth to capture Hannah's, the kiss hot and deep, sliding her tongue against Hannah's and swallowing every perfect sound that escaped her.

It was clear, though, that kissing Hannah when she started moving her hips harder again wasn't going to be tenable. Hannah's whole body moved with her thrusts as Caroline reached

one hand down to grip her waist and hold her as still as possible, pulling Hannah down against her every time she thrust inside.

She felt crazed with need, dizzy with it, as she heard the slapping of her hips against Hannah's, her own groaning, mixed with Hannah's cries, and – she *needed*.

Fuck, she needed to watch Hannah come, like this. She needed to see it, from this perspective. She needed to see Hannah come, in every way.

She slid the hand that had been holding onto Hannah's waist down, moving inward, so that she could use her thumb to brush over Hannah's clit. And it was so hard, so wet, and the angle wasn't perfect, but she could feel by the way Hannah's hips jerked roughly, the way her back started to arch, within only a few more thrusts, that it didn't matter. That this touch was just enough.

And it was.

She slowed her thrusts, softened them, working the strap in and out in long, languorous movements as Hannah's head snapped back against the pillow. She took every second in, the way Hannah's mouth fell open in a soundless moan and she shuddered, the hand that wasn't digging tightly into Caroline's back, gripping the blanket so hard it might just tear.

Holy, fucking, shit.

Caroline felt her clit ache and pulse from the sight alone.

She only stilled as Hannah whimpered, her body seeming to melt entirely into the mattress, her arm sliding down from the previous death grip from around Caroline.

She could feel Hannah's heart racing in her chest, and her own matched it, hammering against her ribs. At this moment, with how turned on she was, Caroline wasn't sure it would ever slow down. She wasn't sure she *wouldn't* die from this.

“Wow,” Hannah's voice was so soft, Caroline could only hear it because her ear was right next to Hannah's lips.

“Yeah,” she whispered back, her voice hoarse even though she – as far as she was aware – hadn't been the one shouting. “I'm,” she cleared her throat, “I'm going to pull out, now.”

She ducked down, rubbing her lips against Hannah's, the soft friction of it like static down her spine, and it took everything she had not to rock her hips and search for more, herself. It would take next to nothing to make her come right now, the slightest bit of pressure against her clit.

Breathing in and holding it, keeping herself in check, she watched Hannah's face carefully as she slid out. Even with shaking hands, it only took her seconds to take the harness off, tossing it just off the bed.

She'd barely turned back to comfortably settle on the bed, when she felt herself tugged down to lay on her back. Surprise zipped through her, eyes wide, as she stared up at Hannah's whose blonde hair fell to curtain them both.

Hannah's mouth was on hers before she could question it, and Caroline fell into the feeling, rocking her hips against nothing for several moments before she tore her mouth from Hannah's, unable to stop herself from rasping, "Touch me. Touch me, Hannah. I need—"

Her words broke off on a choked moan as Hannah eagerly slid her hand down between Caroline's thighs. She opened them willingly, sliding her hands into soft hair and tugging Hannah's mouth back down to her own.

She keened, loudly, into Hannah's mouth, as her long fingers found Caroline's clit, and – "Fuck," she couldn't help but groan, moving her hips quickly and roughly against Hannah's hand.

"That was so good," Hannah panted into her ear, before sucking on her neck, and Caroline felt her fingers rub harder and it built inside of her, everything ratcheting up and she felt like her nerves were on fire.

So close, she was so close, she rolled her hips faster, feeling her orgasm pushing to the edge.

"I knew you would be," Hannah said, before biting into Caroline's neck, and –

"*Fuck!*" it was louder than she should shout, but she couldn't help it, she couldn't stop it, she couldn't –

She swore every nerve ending she had sang in pleasure as she shuddered, curling in against Hannah's hand, squeezing it between her thighs. She'd wanted this all day, wanted Hannah, and she'd known for *hours* that she would come so fucking hard.

It didn't disappoint, and she felt depleted and dazed as the haze of her orgasm started to clear. It could have been hours later, for all she knew, as she released a breath and sank into the bed with a sigh.

Hannah pressed a sweet kiss against her lips and Caroline mustered up all of her energy to return it, before Hannah cuddled into her side.

She wasn't sure how long she laid there, regaining sense of herself, stroking her hand up Hannah's spine, before the thought occurred to her. But as the perfect haze of her orgasm started to clear, it reverberated through Caroline's mind:

This might very well be the best day of her fucking life.

Hannah was pressed against her, warm and soft, and she stared up at the ceiling with the feeling of complete and utter happiness and calm.

It was uncontrollable, the laugh that worked its way out of her throat.

And then only grew, even as she tossed her arm over her eyes, shaking her head against the pillow.

"What? What's so funny?" Hannah asked, and Caroline felt her moving to prop herself up on her elbow and look down at Caroline. "I don't think anything we did was such a laughing matter."

She poked Caroline in the side, her joking rebuke only making Caroline laugh more, as she shook her head.

When she was finally able, she took a deep breath and pointed above the bed.

Where two of Abbie's homemade wreaths hung, with a little bundle of mistletoe between them. Caroline had tolerated it for the last several weeks, because the Christmas decorations meant *so much* to Hannah and Abbie, and Abbie had insisted, with big blue eyes, that every room should have *some* Christmas in it.

But it stood as a stark reminder that, "It's Christmas."

Hannah stared at her, a confused smile tugging just a little bit at the edges of her lips. "Yes, I believe it has been for the entire day."

Caroline only shook her head slightly, finally able to take a deep breath before she turned to look more fully at Hannah. "It's Christmas," she repeated, before explaining, "I think... this might be the best day of my life... and it's *Christmas*."

The realization dawned on Hannah very clearly, before she, too, started laughing at the irony.

But the truth was, that even if Christmas had been Caroline's nemesis for essentially her whole life, it was now not only the day she really *got* the woman of her dreams, but also the day she was realizing that she was going to really have a future with her.

So...

Damn.

Maybe she had to believe in Christmas magic *more* than a bit.