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Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges  
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 02:03:49 GMT  
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Monday, May 7, 2068, 10:30 p.m., Black Mountain, New Hampshire.

The music wound down and Jeff and Dianne stopped dancing. They kissed, long and deeply, and Jeff's hand slid up Dianne's back to find the zipper of the dress she was wearing for the occasion.

They had made dinner together, including a small chocolate cake to celebrate Dianne's birthday. Jeff had set the table, including candles and a fine wine to accompany the meal. Everything was quiet, almost too quiet for a pair that was used to the comings and goings of various offspring, parents, employees and friends. They had talked softly, and Jeff had pulled out two small boxes, one long, one short, wrapped in golden paper. He had watched Dianne's face as she opened them.

Her eyes had grown wide at the emerald necklace she found in the longer box. The large green stone, cut in the traditional near square, was flanked by tiny emeralds that ran along the platinum chain for at least two inches on each side. "Oh, Jeff, it's beautiful!" she had gushed as she took it out. Then she had turned her attention to the smaller box. Inside were matching emerald earrings. She had taken off the earrings that she was wearing, and slipped the new ones in, then had taken out the necklace. "Would you help me?" she had asked.

"Of course," he had murmured. He had gotten up and stood behind her, had fastened the necklace around her throat, then had leaned down to kiss her neck and as she had turned to him, her lips.

"Thank you, love! They're beautiful!" she had said breathily before kissing him again.

"Happy birthday," he had replied.

Jeff had moved over to the sound system and had turned on some of her favorite dance music, soft and slow, then returned to pull her chair back and offer her his hand. "May I have this dance?"

She had smiled and put her hand in his.

Now the zipper was slowly moving downward, exposing her back and her shoulders as the gap behind her widened. Jeff began to kiss the exposed skin while Dianne pulled his shirt tail from his pants. She was far too close to undo the buttons on his shirt and she was loath to let him stop his kisses. But at last she pulled back a bit and whispered, "Why don' we take this someplace moah comfortable?"

He looked at her with amusement. "You mean you don't want to make love before a roaring fire in the fireplace?"

She shook her head. "Not on a hahdwood floah. Ah lahke a little bit o' padding beneath mah back. An' leathah is so hahd t' clean..."

He chuckled and said, "All right. You win... this time. Someday I will get you to make love on the kitchen table or the living room couch."

"You kin keep tryin', Mistah Tracy," Dianne said coquettishly. "Foah now, owah bedroom awaits." She took his hand and led him to their bedroom. The lights and the fire could wait for later.

From: Tikatu Sent: 9/14/2005

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