

Chapter 9

Wednesday morning, June 22
Loveland, Colorado

Lindsay woke up. It was too dark to read her wristwatch. She felt around and touched Heather. Lindsay appreciated her. Heather was more than her best friend. She was like a sister.

“Oh. Uh,” moaned Heather in her sleep.

Lindsay smiled and wondered what she was dreaming about. Lindsay thought about the trip to Loveland. In her mind she went over each blow of the fight with the two men. There were some different moves she could have tried, but the outcome was satisfactory. She thought about Clark. It was a star crossed romance that never got off the ground.

Lindsay drifted to sleep and began dreaming. She was in a German castle. Like a bird on high she surveyed the rooms. The walls of the rooms were adorned with gigantic portraits of ancient men with beards and long sideburns. A bow and a quiver of arrows caught her attention. Then she saw a complete set of body armor. Was someone hiding there?

She walked to a small bedroom and noticed an attractive woman with long flowing blonde hair. Slowly she realized the woman was her lover. The woman's presence relaxed Lindsay. She left the warm room and she dreamed of going outside. A large muscular white stallion was waiting for her. She mounted the horse and rode bareback over hill and dale. Then the steed took her along a path into the mountains. It led into a dark forest. In time Lindsay became aware that something was stalking her. No! She heard a speeding arrow hit the tree next to her.

Heather woke up. She heard terrifying sounds of anguish coming from Lindsay.

"Wake up," said Heather. "Wake up, Lindsay!"

Lindsay dreamed that the horse outran the intruder. Everything was dark. She wondered where the hell she was. Then she realized she was in bed and her lover was close. Her scent was delightful.

"You're dreaming and yelling in your sleep," said Heather

"Oh my love. You're alive," said Lindsay sweetly. "At least we have each other," she said in a poetic whisper.

Lindsay turned. She kissed and hugged her lover and held her close. It seemed to Lindsay that her lover saved her from a horrible fate.

"How can I ever repay you?" asked Lindsay in a soft and wispy tone.

At first Heather was startled. She had never been held close by a woman other than her mom. For the moment Lindsay was trespassing upon her ordinary beliefs and desires, but as Lindsay continued to hug and hold her she relaxed. That kissing a girl was a well established taboo came to her mind.

Heather knew Lindsay was still dreaming. She also knew that Lindsay talks in her sleep sometimes. Less often Lindsay walks and moves about in her sleep. Heather recalled the first time she witnessed it. As she woke up she saw a ghost like figure. It scared her stiff. She finally understood that Lindsay was kneeling on the bed and looking right at her. Finally, Lindsay crawled over her and slipped under the covers. Heather told Allison. Allison said she knew about it. She passed it of as an adolescent thing-a-ma-jig.

In her sleep Lindsay continued to kiss her lover passionately.

Lindsay's kisses felt so pleasant that Heather kissed her back. It moved Heather. A heated exchange of kisses occurred. The most unusual thing happened to Heather. She became aroused.

"Did we make love earlier?" asked Lindsay in her sleep.

"Yes, my love," said Heather warmly.

A few minutes later Lindsay woke up. She was surprised to find Heather's lips on hers. Then she remembered the dream. She gently pushed Heather aside.

"Are you awake?" whispered Lindsay.

"Are you awake?" asked Heather.

"We didn't really make love did we?" asked Lindsay with concern in her voice.

"Yes, extremely and passionately," teased Heather with a grin.

Lindsay sat up in bed. That she was fully dressed added credence to the idea that Heather was kidding. Enough light was coming in through the window that she could see Heather's grin.

Heather propped her head in her hand and looked into Lindsay's eyes.

"You held me tight and almost smothered me in kisses."

"I did?" asked Lindsay.

"You were so ardent. I kissed you and enjoyed it. You stirred me sexually."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Lindsay in a high soft note of surprise and interest.

"If you ever want to experiment for real count me in," said Heather.

"Okay."

"Only with you," added Heather. "Now go back to sleep Lindsay. It's only five in the morning."

"Alright."

Lindsay fell asleep.

A few minutes later Heather fell asleep

When Lindsay woke up again she checked her wristwatch. It was eight thirty. Slowly she remembered that she had been dreaming. It wasn't the first time she dreamed of a blonde lover and a beautiful white horse. She remembered what Heather said. At first she felt some embarrassment. She felt as though something may have happened between her and Heather. She looked at Heather and saw that she was fast asleep.

"Quietly, Lindsay got up, removed her clothes and walked to the shower.

When she finished drying off she fixed her hair. Then she put on green jeans and a red Tee.

Heather woke up. She thought about last night. She didn't feel guilty about her feelings. When she opened her eyes she realized it was getting late.

"Lindsay?"

"I'm over here and I'm reading the morning newspaper, sleepyhead."

Heather got out of bed. She was surprised to find she had clothes on.

"Go ahead and take a shower if you want to. When you're ready we can go eat. I'm working on a major appetite."

After Heather took a shower and spruced up she dressed. She put on yellow jeans and a light blue Tee.

"I'm ready, Lindsay."

They packed their gear in the car.

Lindsay drove around the block to get back onto Eisenhower Boulevard.

"There's a place to eat," said Heather."

Lindsay parked, shut off the engine and put the car keys in her shoulder bag.

Heather led the way inside the restaurant. When she didn't see a hostess she walked to a booth and sat down.

"Good morning. I'm Judith. I'll be your waitress."

"I know what I want," said Lindsay as she sat down opposite Heather.

"I'd like to see the menu," said Heather.

Lindsay knew Heather usually went along with what she wanted. Maybe a new Heather was emerging.

"Okay, I'll look at the menu too," said Lindsay politely.

Judith gave the girls a menu and walked to another booth.

Heather looked the menu over.

“I’m going to order number two.”

Lindsay looked at the menu.

Heather’s selection was a breakfast steak, scrambled eggs and home made biscuits.

“I’ll get orange juice and milk at no extra cost,” added Heather.

Judith returned to the girl’s booth.

“I would like number two,” said Heather. “Medium well, orange juice and milk.”

“I’ll take the same,” said Lindsay. “Exactly the same as her order.”

“Would you like your milk and orange juice now?”

“Maybe we could get a pitcher of milk,” said Lindsay.

Judith nodded.

“I’ve been thinking, Lindsay,” voiced Heather. “I think when we get to Colorado Springs I’m going to go blonde.”

“Really, but your eyebrows will be red,” challenged Lindsay.

“I will bleach my eyebrows and schamhaar if that’s okay with you.”

“It’s okay,” said Lindsay. “I think you’ll be adorable with long strawberry blonde hair. Just shave yourself. Then all you have to do is bleach your eyebrows. Of course, you could shave your eyebrows and tattoo sexy eyebrows on like Alexis did.”

”I would never do that!”

Judith brought a pitcher of milk and set it down in the middle of the table.

“Thanks,” said Heather.

Judith hurried back to the kitchen.

“The milk is ice cold,” voiced Heather. “Give me your glass and I’ll fill it.”

Lindsay pushed her glass across the table.

Heather filled it.

Lindsay picked up the glass and drank until the milk was all in her tummy.

“Mmm,” sounded Lindsay. “That was good.”

Heather refilled her glass and set the pitcher near Lindsay. Then Heather drank all the milk in the glass.

Lindsay refilled her glass.

“Have you and Jim officially broken up?” asked Lindsay.

“Unofficially yes,” replied Heather. “He’s with his parents in Tucson. What about you and Clark?”

“It’s undecided. I’m not falling in love with the guy, but I like him.”

“Did you hook up?”

“No. My mom reminds me of the consequences of an untimely pregnancy twice daily.”

“Yeah, so does my mom. Probably Clark’s mom and dad remind him of what a problem it would be if he knocked you up.”

“I hate that phrase!” said Lindsay emotionally.

Judith hoped the girls weren’t fighting. She peeked at them. She was relieved to see they were okay.

Madison told me that she may turn bisexual in college,” announced Heather.

“I’m not surprised. She’s already turned. She spent many Saturday nights with Cassandra Willis,” explained Lindsay.

“I didn’t know that.”

“Are you keeping your diary up to date?”

“I sure am,” replied Heather. How will did you know Mark?”

“He used to grope me and run his hand under my skirt. He tried to steal my panties once.”

“Really?” asked Heather with concern.

“During the first half of my first year at Senior High School He often offered me one hundred dollars to jack him. I gave him at last two black eyes.”

Heather laughed.

His mother tried to make an issue of it and label me as a troubled teen. I simply went to the principal when Mark and Imogene were there. I told them what he had been doing.

“No wonder Imogene is on your case,” said Heather.

“You too.”

Judith set the girl’s food in front of them.

“Careful the plates are hot.”

“Thank you,” said Heather.

“Thank you,” said Lindsay.

Judith smiled.

“You’re welcome.”

Heather dug into the steak and pitched a bite into her mouth.

“Good,” said Heather happily.

Lindsay tasted some steak. The juices stimulated her taste buds as she chewed the tender meat.

Not a word was spoken until Heather and Lindsay had eaten their meals and downed their orange juice.

“Now that was a breakfast,” said Heather.

I’ll second that,” voiced Lindsay. “I left some milk for you.”

“Thanks.”

When Judith set the bill near Lindsay Heather grabbed it.

Judith emitted a high throat sound of sudden surprise when she saw Lindsay wrestle it out of Heather’s hand.

“You’re a good friend, Heather. It’s on me.”

“I’ll pay the tip.”

While Lindsay paid the bill Heather found a free map of Loveland.

“Look, Lindsay, Lake Loveland is on the north side of Eisenhower Boulevard. Actually there are seven lakes here. All we need is a sailboat.”

As she walked outside Lindsay took in a deep breath and exhaled. She unlocked the car and sat on the driver’s seat.

Once Heather was inside and had her seatbelt on Lindsay drove onto Eisenhower Boulevard. She turned left to get on the highway to Longmont.

“How’s your ankle, Lindsay.”

“It’s okay. How’s your shoulder?”

“Fine.”

Lindsay drove out of Loveland and through the country. The traffic quadrupled as she neared Longmont.

“Longmont seems like a busy place,” said Heather.

“Yes.”

“There’s a sign for Boulder!” said Heather loudly.

Lindsay pulled to the right.

Honk! Honk!

“Sorry,” said Lindsay as she looked in the rearview mirror. She pulled over to the right and slowed down so she could negotiate the turn. Lindsay drove closer to the mountains in the west.

“I like it here,” said Heather.

The miles went by and traffic picked up as they entered Boulder.

“Highway one nineteen turns into Highway thirty six,” said Lindsay.

“I see the flat irons,” voiced Heather.¹

“Yes, I do too.”

“The university is that way,” said Heather.

She pointed/

Lindsay turned onto Baseline highway. After a quick right turn she drove onto Broadway.

¹ A rock formation on the mountain that is south of Boulder.

“Look at the university buildings, Lindsay.”

“The booklet said it was terra cotta,” advised Lindsay.

“The buildings are nice.”

Lindsay made a right turn and followed a car to a free parking lot.

Heather and Lindsay stepped out of the Subaru. They walked out of the parking area and followed a walkway. It led to the campus. They were thrilled that they would soon be going to school there. Hand in hand they strolled through the campus for the first time.