

THE MOST PERFECT GIFT

by Moreorlez



Emma should be used to it by now but it still tugs at her heart strings watching Jenny like this. Every year on Christmas Eve, Jenny would sit in front of their beautifully decorated tree and stay there for long periods of time lost in thought. Emma knew exactly what Jenny was thinking about and she felt powerless in not being able to help her get through her agonizing pain and suffering. She continued to offer her love and support in those difficult moments but apart from that, there was nothing else she could do. Emma also knew that Jenny's loss was something that not even her unconditional love would ever replace. She was relieved though that it seemed to be better than the first five years they had lived together; she is glad that spending the holiday's in the chaos of her parents' home; the yelling, the cooking, the singing and taking of silly pictures have worked in keeping Jenny distracted. That was enough for now.

Jenny quietly stares at the Christmas tree as she reminisces about the previous holidays with her parents. She recalls when she was a little girl; the relatives would come and fill their home with gifts, laughter and beautiful times. When she started her singing career, Christmas was no longer a family affair, it was more like a big party with strangers attending, held in the hotel where she was staying or on a cruise ship, and it wasn't bad it just wasn't what her heart needed. The last few Christmases were not exactly the best, she remembers with bitterness. The holidays were back at her house but during her rebellious stage they felt forced and full of disappointment. Jenny brings to mind the holiday before she was sent to Cologne, she got wasted that day and she didn't make it back to dinner, and that's when everything blew up. After more than a decade later she still wonders what would have happened if she had made it on time; would things have been different? She also pondered how her relationship with her parents would be today now that she is a woman with responsibilities and a nice job. Would they be happy for her? Proud maybe? Those questions will never be answered and it hurts her to her very core. Jenny feels sorry that she has been dragging Emma into her laments; that her blonde love has put up with her horrific break downs the first few years of their relationship. Emma is so understanding and loving that little by little her sorrow has been reduced to a tolerable sadness. Emma and the Müllers have no idea how much help they have been in her grieving process; their acceptance and love have succeeded in making her feel part of the family

and that has given her some consolation.

Suddenly her reveries are interrupted when her midsection is enveloped by well-known arms.

“You OK?” Emma asks while placing a soft kiss on Jenny’s temple.

“Now I am.” Jenny sighs contently, leaning her body into Emma’s. She basks in the sensation for a moment before adding: “Ready?”

“Yeah all set.”

Neither of them moves just yet.

Jenny could still feel the melancholy of her parents absence and the what if’s still bothering her deep inside, but at this very moment she realizes she has no time to worry about that, there is more important issues to deal with. As if on cue she feels a little chubby hand supporting its weight on her thigh.

“Ma-ma-ma!” The cute eleven-month old holds her small arms in the air demanding to be lifted.

“Alright princess.” Jenny picks her child up and kisses her on the cheek. “Aren’t you all big and pretty?”

Emma observes completely enamored the interaction between her two favorite girls in the world. Their matching blue eyes and twin dimples have her hypnotized; she is not sure how she is going to go through life having those wonderful but dangerous lethal weapons of bewitchment always around.

“I’ll just have to deal with it”, she concludes mentally with a smirk.

“Shall we?” Emma signals with her head for Jenny to start moving.

“Yes, we don’t want your mom to make us wear those red noses all night like the last time.”

Emma chuckles at the memory. She had just taken a step forward when she was abruptly spun around and before she had time to think hot lips clashed with her own in a deep kiss. After a few seconds of heavenly delight, the kiss ends and she is left dizzy with her mouth agape. The little girl shrieks, clapping her hands and bouncing in Jenny’s arm.

Jenny giggles at her daughter’s complicity as she explains: “Sorry, I just wanted to give you the kiss I won’t be able to give you there.” She shrugs with a playful grin. “Merry Christmas Mrs. Hartman.”

Recovered already Emma smiles and replies to the joyful greeting: “Merry Christmas Mrs. Müller.”

They lean their foreheads together, followed a second later by their child trying to do the same. Both stare into each other’s eyes feeling utterly happy and thankful knowing they have been blessed with the most perfect gift of all: a family of their own.