

Underneath the Mistletoe

"I hate office parties!" I was combing what little I had of my hair, looking at myself in the bathroom mirror.

"Oh...you'll love it, hun," Barbara voiced that sweet Southern accent of hers.

"Why??", I asked, emerging from the bathroom and walking back toward where Barbie was standing. "Why can't we just enjoy the evening together..." I then placed a kiss under her left cheek. One of her favorite spots.

"Uh-huh, Micheal! You and I are going to this party and that's that!!"

Office parties are always so dumb. There's the gathering of everyone and their families, none of which really want to be there. The drinking, and the stupid things people do when they drink too much – or not enough.

The same comments from the boss. "Happy Holidays, everyone!" they all say, a nod at least to the fact that not everyone in the room will celebrate the Christian "birthday celebration" of baby Jesus. "And a prosperous New Year to all!"

Barbara told me in advance that this was going to be the last office party she would attend with these folks. The health clinic was closing, but only she and her boss, the boss, knew this...outside of me.

Two other clinics opened their doors, and because the boss has not tried to relate to a younger generational clientele, the clinic started losing customers to the those other two clinics.

The tone of the party was somber. Everyone knew the handwriting was on the wall and that this time next year, pink slips would be issued instead of punch and cake.

Then, Gayle installed the mistletoe under the doorway leading to the bathroom. She tested it by grabbing Daryl, her husband and kissed him

under the small berried flower. It was one of those long, sultry kind of kisses...

"Get the idea??" she asked everyone after breaking away finally from her hubby.

After a few minutes of standing around, a red-haired Claire decided that she wanted to be kissed. She waltzed over to the doorway and leaned against the doorway.

"Isn't someone gonna come and kiss me?" she asked. She looked around the room to see if anyone was going to take her up on the offer.

Claire is not unattractive but she was a long way from beautiful. The biggest things she had going for her were the pair of breasts which seem to want to escape her sweater top. Most of the single guys at Barbie's clinic found that she was mostly a tease. The gals, including her supervisor, Barbara, tolerated her only because she was good in hooking up and cleaning the various machines needed to clean and sanitize the pumps and recirculation machines.

She looked around the room and finally made eye contact with me. "Yeah, you'll do..." she said, sliding down the narrow doorway.

Claire was drunk.

I walked over toward the chip table and she grabbed my free arm and yanked me toward the doorway. Then, she quickly found my mouth and placed hers over it.

The kiss was short but she got her jollies.

"Wow...Merry Christmas!" She was out of breath and leaned back against the wall. She then passed out.

"Um...I think we have a little problem," I stated. Barbara, watching the entire event, walked quickly over and said silently to me "I'm sorry, honey..." and then looked at the clump of womanness on the floor.

She examined Claire. "She's okay!" she announced to the people present. "Give me a hand and we'll put her in the bedroom!"

Another man and I helped the woman into the guest bedroom and placed her on the bed face-down. We then closed the door, leaving Barbara and Claire in the room by themselves.

Barbara emerged from the bedroom a couple of minutes later and tore down the mistletoe. "That's enough of this for the evening!" she said, as she walked the plant over to the kitchen and tossed it into the trash can.

She looked at me again from the kitchen. I had continued to make my way back to where the chips were placed on the table by the doorway. I looked up to meet her glance. It was not her angry glance nor her loving one...it was just a glance.

I finished gathering the chips I wanted and met her halfway across the room.

"I know what you're thinking. Red hair, nice chest, did I enjoy it??" I spoke, low enough so that she only could hear my words.

I walked over toward my sweetheart and touched her shoulder through the shirt she was wearing. I then kissed her on the nose.

Our signal.

She smiled. "You know, there's a really nice movie on the old movie channel...I could be convinced into leaving here early...."

Before she could add, "...and I should have listened..." I winked and replied, "Get your coat, Buttercup. Let's go find our own mistletoe...."