

~ Cupid's Arrow ~  
(Home For The Holidays - Part Five)

February 2002  
by Mavis Appewater

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PART ONE

Tressa was pacing nervously in the corridor of the Cambridge Courthouse. This was not how she'd planned on spending her Valentine's Day with Lindsey. But she was happy to see Denise, the psycho blonde, finally having her day in court. Tressa was forced to wait outside since she was also a witness. She knew that Lindsey was testifying now and she was trying to send good thoughts to her lover.

The past couple of weeks had been tense for her and her lover. The closer the trial date got, the more Lindsey seemed to shut down. Tressa did finally manage to convince the petite blonde to sell her BMW. The car was nothing more than a painful reminder of what Denise had done to her. Unfortunately, the District Attorney asked her to hold off since the car was evidence.

The bile rose in Tressa's throat each time she saw the automobile that sat in Lindsey's garage. The large dent and cracked windshield were glaring reminders that Lindsey had bounced off the vehicle when Denise tried to run her over.

Thankfully their parents were attending the trial and they were giving Tressa updates on the proceedings. Things seemed to be going in their favor and Denise would receive jail time. The only snag seemed to be Denise's overly calm demeanor. If only the judge and jury could see the way she'd acted that night at the mall. The woman had been completely unhinged, ranting and raving like the lunatic she is.

The door to the courtroom opened and a police officer motioned for Tressa to come in. She brushed the wrinkles out of her black tailored suit and followed the officer into the courtroom. As she passed the rows of spectators, she saw their parents surrounding Lindsey. She flashed a confident smile to her lover who smiled back at her shyly. *'Things must not have gone well,'* Tressa surmised as she continued her journey up to the witness box.

Tressa was sworn in and took her seat. She glanced briefly over at Denise who looked completely confident sitting next to her high-priced attorney. Tressa took a calming breath and prepared herself for the District Attorney's questions. Things went smoothly as Tressa carefully recapped the events that took place at the Galleria Mall. Tressa reminded herself that this guy was on her side and she had nothing to worry about.

The older lawyer thanked her and took his seat. Tressa calmed herself once again as Miss Corrival, the defense attorney, stood. Tressa was thankful that in the Commonwealth of

Massachusetts the lawyers were not allowed to approach a witness.

"Miss Frayler?" the middle-aged brunette began politely.

"Dr. Frayler," Tressa said, correcting her. She had worked long and hard for her Ph.D.

"My apologies," the woman corrected herself sweetly. "Now on the date in question, did my client say or do anything to threaten you or Miss Stevens?"

"You mean besides following us with a knife?" Tressa retorted, keeping her voice calm.

"Did you see the knife?" the lawyer continued, still maintaining her friendly demeanor.

"No," Tressa answered honestly.

"And it was the holiday shopping season?" the lawyer persisted.

"Yes," Tressa conceded.

"Did you witness the original alleged assault?" the woman asked quickly.

"No." Tressa grimaced slightly. "But I saw the damage to Miss Stevens' car."

"Objection," Denise's attorney called out quickly albeit calmly.

The judge agreed and instructed Tressa to refrain from elaborating when answering the questions. Tressa responded respectfully as she mentally cautioned herself not to lose her temper. She fumed slightly as she saw the cocky smirk the lawyer flashed at her. Amazingly, she managed to once again flash a cool confident look in response.

"Dr. Frayler, how did you find out about the alleged assault?" the lawyer continued.

"Miss Stevens told me," Tressa answered slowly as she wondered where these questions were heading.

"When was that?" the lawyer questioned her.

"Thanksgiving morning," Tressa answered.

"I see," the lawyer responded thoughtfully. "How is it that you are acquainted with Miss Stevens?"

Tressa blinked for a moment as she tried to think of the best way to answer the question. "We grew up together," Tressa finally answered.

"So you are close friends?" the lawyer prodded.

"Yes," Tressa answered with a smile.

"So why didn't she tell you about the *accident* sooner?" the lawyer inquired in a seemingly innocent tone.

"We hadn't spoken in a long time," Tressa answered flatly, inferring that it was not a big deal. She had a sinking feeling that things were about to get very personal. She glanced quickly at their families and Lindsey who just nodded reassuringly back at her.

"How long?" the lawyer pushed, still maintaining a friendly tone.

Tressa sighed deeply, knowing what the lawyer was about to do. "Over ten years," Tressa said softly. *'You sneaky wench! You're trying to make it look like Lindsey is some flake who just breaks women's hearts!'*

"Ten years?" the woman gasped. "I thought the two of you were friends? Why is it that you hadn't spoken in so long?"

Tressa held on to her calm demeanor as she prepared herself for the embarrassing questions that were about to be thrust upon her. "We had a falling out," Tressa offered. The lawyer looked at her skeptically.

"A falling out?" the lawyer inquired quizzically. "What happened?"

"Objection," the prosecutor quickly shouted out.

*'It's about time. I thought you were asleep over there,'* Tressa mentally groaned. She frowned when, after the lawyers had a brief chat with the judge, the objection was overruled. Tressa was instructed to answer the question.

"We had been involved in a romantic relationship for a few years and when it ended we didn't keep in touch," Tressa explained in hope that she hadn't left any room for the lawyer to take advantage of their past relationship.

"Who ended the relationship?" the lawyer persisted.

"It was mutual," Tressa answered firmly, knowing that it was only technically the truth.

"It sounds almost amicable," the woman speculated. "If things were so mutual, why is it that you didn't speak to one another for ten years?" the woman asked in a bewildered tone.

"It's just what happened," Tressa explained honestly.

"You said that the two of you grew up together. Certainly your paths must have crossed after you split up? And still you didn't speak to one another?" the woman pushed slightly.

"We saw each other very rarely. Lindsey moved out of state," Tressa answered, trying to sound as if they had simply grown apart. "I was busy traveling."

"But you did see one another," the lawyer noted. "When you did, how would you describe your interaction?"

Internally Tressa cringed as she recalled the Easter dinner when Lindsey threatened to stuff her in a trash compactor. "It was awkward at times," Tressa said, trying to gloss over the truth.

"Awkward?" the lawyer asked with a false sense of confusion. "Didn't Miss Stevens threaten you on more than one occasion?"

"Never," Tressa said honestly. Granted, over the years she and Lindsey had exchanged some very nasty barbs but neither would have done anything to harm the other.

"Never?" the attorney said in surprise. "So when Miss Stevens cornered you and a date and said . . ."

"Look," Tressa cut her off, unable to hold back her anger. "Lindsey and I were high school sweethearts. When we split up we were both hurt and said things that weren't nice. But we never stopped caring for each other," Tressa added triumphantly. She noticed both Denise and her lawyer tense slightly.

Miss Corrival shifted gears quickly and returned to the events that had occurred at the Galleria a few days prior to Christmas. Tressa reconfirmed that Denise had not threatened her or Lindsey directly. She touched briefly on their interaction after they had broken up.

Tressa found it interesting that the lawyer would seemingly shy away when the testimony referred to their present relationship. *'That is a little odd. She doesn't want to talk about the fact that Lindsey and I are together now.'* Then it hit Tressa as to why the lawyer didn't want to bring it up. Denise grew tense every time they neared the subject.

"One last question, Dr. Frayler," Miss Corrival said confidently. Tressa braced herself. "In your honest opinion, is Miss Stevens difficult to deal with after ending a relationship with her?"

Tressa smiled slightly, knowing that this was what the snotty attorney was going for the entire time. Tressa knew that she could let some air out of her tires and maybe rattle Denise just a little. And all she had to do was tell the truth. "No," Tressa said with a confident smirk.

"No?" Miss Corrival stated with confidence. "I have witness' statements where she described you as a lying, cheating, low life."

"If any of that was true then why would we be lovers now?" Tressa responded in a slow confident tone.

"You lying bitch!" Denise screeched as she jumped up. Tressa couldn't be certain but she could have sworn that she heard Miss Corrival mutter '*Oh crap.*' As Denise tried to climb across the table, she proceeded to release a tirade of obscenities, the gist of which was that Lindsey belonged to her.

The lawyer and Tressa shared a look of amusement. It was more than apparent that Miss Corrival didn't enjoy her client's company anymore than Tressa did. The judge banged his gavel insistently, ordering Denise to calm down. Finally he ordered Denise to be put in restraints and led out of the courtroom.

Miss Corrival slumped down in her chair as she looked over at the prosecutor and shrugged her shoulders in defeat. "Miss Corrival, do you have any further questions for this witness?" the judge barked.

"No, Your Honor," Miss Corrival offered calmly as she stood.

"Mr. Rodriguez?" the judge questioned the District Attorney.

"No, Your Honor." The attorney beamed. "In fact, the prosecution rests."

"You may step down," the judge instructed Tressa gently. Tressa stood slowly and headed towards Lindsey. "The court is in recess for ten minutes. Miss Corrival, please try to get your client under control."

"Not without a Prozac the size of a football," the woman muttered as Tressa passed her.

The District Attorney touched Tressa gently on the arm. "You're finished so you can stay and watch. I have a feeling things are going to wrap up fairly quickly now," he explained in a delighted mood.

"Jack, a moment of your time?" Miss Corrival interrupted.

"Certainly, Jen." The older man chuckled.

Tressa rushed over to her family and quickly wrapped her lover up in her arms. "Come on. Let's step outside and get some air," she suggested. The six of them exited into the corridor, Lindsey never releasing her hold on Tressa's waist.

"Well, that was fun," Tressa teased as Lindsey clung more tightly to her.

"You were great, baby," her father said as he patted her on the back.

"Thanks, Dad." Tressa blew out a sigh of relief.

"You should have seen how that woman treated Lindsey," her mother complained. "She made it sound like that Denise person broke up with her and Lindsey was just trying to get even."

"I had a feeling that's what she was trying to do," Tressa explained. "That's probably one of the reasons she didn't want anyone to mention that Lindsey and I are together now."

While they chatted Lindsey simply buried her face in Tressa's body. The brunette stroked Lindsey's short blonde locks absently. Out of the corner of her eye, she watched the two lawyers locked in a heavy conversation. Thanks to her keen sense of hearing, Tressa could hear most of what was being said.

"Because she's nuts," Miss Corrival jested. "Look, I know it's over. But I'm telling you she's going to be very calm when she testifies."

"You're going to put her on the stand?" Mr. Rodriguez asked in an incredulous tone.

"I can't stop the fruitcake." Miss Corrival groaned. "How about a deal. Let's wrap this up. We both know she's going to jail. I just want to see her get help."

"No deal," Rodriguez asserted.

"Come on, Jack," Miss Corrival persisted. "You saw how normal she could appear. She'll be a model prisoner and get out on good behavior. And when she gets sprung she's going to be angry. All I'm asking for is therapy."

"Therapy didn't help her any of the other times," Rodriguez noted. "Plus that family of hers isn't going to go for you pleading her out with jail time."

"Tell me about it," the woman groused. "They still think she has an anger management problem. Hell, they won't even admit that she's gay. Let me talk to them. I don't want to spend Valentine's Day parading witnesses through the courtroom just to trash some victim."

"If you can get her to plead guilty, I'll think about it," Rodriguez conceded.

Tressa couldn't believe what she was hearing. She knew that Miss Corrival was correct; Denise would be angry when she got out. Tressa's heart clenched as she thought about the horror Lindsey would face once Denise was free.

"But I'm insisting on jail time. Real jail time - seven years at least. Therapy while she's in and once she gets out. And she never goes anywhere near Miss Stevens," Rodriguez stated harshly. "Her family will never go for this."

"I have to try," Miss Corrival conceded.

"How did you get stuck with this one, Jen?" Rodriguez teased her.

"Please." Jen sighed. "Daddy has more money than God. He is one of the firm's biggest clients. Little Denise has run through every attorney we have. It was my turn. Let me see if I can convince them that it would be in everyone's best interest to make this go away now."

"Good luck," Rodriguez offered sincerely.

Tressa felt Lindsey tighten her grip around her waist. She knew that the little blonde had heard everything. "Excuse us for a moment," Tressa said quickly to their parents. She held onto Lindsey and led her down the hallway. Once they were away from everyone, she pulled Lindsey closer.

Lindsey shifted away slightly so she could look up into Tressa's eyes. It broke the taller woman's heart to see the tears. "You know, when I met her she seemed really nice," Lindsey explained sadly. "Then it was the little things that started happening. She didn't want me to spend time with my friends. She started calling at odd hours to see if I was home."

"It's over," Tressa reassured her as she brushed the tears away.

"Thanks to you," Lindsey said with a loving smile.

"I didn't . . . ," Tressa began to deny the statement.

"Yes, you did," Lindsey cut her off. "You are my hero."

"Hmm." Tressa shrugged off the compliment.

"Do you know that we've never been together on Valentine's Day?" Lindsey said softly.

"I know," Tressa responded thoughtfully. "I was thinking about that the other day. I wanted to do something special. And I tried to remember what we use to do because I wanted to do something completely different. Then I realized that for some reason we were never a couple at this time of the year."

"Well, I know the folks want us all to go out to dinner," Lindsey said.

"I'd like that." Tressa hugged her tightly. "But after that, what do you say you and I just go back to your place and relax?"

"That sounds perfect," Lindsey readily agreed.

"Ladies, can I speak to you for a moment?" Mr. Rodriguez interrupted them. They nodded in response. He ran over the deal, which apparently Denise was ready to accept.

"Seven years doesn't seem like very long," Tressa noted.

"Honestly, it's probably all she would serve anyway," he explained.

"For attempted murder?" Tressa gasped.

"With time off for good behavior," he explained. "She would be out on parole in the same amount of time. She's a clever girl. This way she'll receive the psychiatric help that she needs and she'll be under orders from the judge never to go near you again. If she doesn't heed the terms, it's back to jail to serve the full term with no parole."

"And this ends today?" Lindsey's voice was strained as she spoke.

"Right now," Rodriguez confirmed.

"Take the deal," Lindsey stated firmly.

## PART TWO

Lindsey sipped her coffee with Tressa by her side as their parents fought over who would pay the bill. Each wanted to pick up the tab. Dinner had been nice with the exception of an occasional mention of the trial. Tressa quickly silenced those conversations. Lindsey appreciated her lover's over-protectiveness that evening, where normally she would have been irked beyond belief.

She knew Tressa had wished that Denise would be locked up for a lot longer. Lindsey simply felt a wave of relief that they could finally put this behind them. The judge was extremely harsh when he sentenced Denise. He made it more than clear that if Denise violated any of the terms of her sentence, contacting Lindsey in particular, that she wouldn't see the outside of one of the Commonwealth's correctional institutions until she was a very old woman.

She smiled as she leaned against her lover. She was pleased when Tressa had said that she wanted to do something they had never done before. Too many times they'd been revisiting the past. Of course, spending the day in court wasn't exactly what either of them had planned. But now they could start over. They could really begin their lives together.

Lindsey laughed in amusement as Tressa snatched the dinner check away from their fathers' grasping hands. Snatching a credit card from her wallet, she handed both over to a very relieved waiter. "Not a word," Tressa cautioned both men. "Someone had to pay it before Mom and Mrs. Stevens ended up arm wrestling for it."

"Tressa?" Mr. Frayler began to protest.

"Dad, give it a rest." Tressa scowled. She wrapped her arm around Lindsey. "Tired, baby?" she inquired tenderly.

"Hmm," Lindsey murmured in response as she thought about how much longer they would have to endure their parents' company before they could go home. *'Home. Now that does have a nice ring to it,'* she thought merrily. She had been avoiding the conversation regarding taking their relationship to the next level ever since the near disaster that had occurred on Christmas morning.

"So girls, when are you going to make things more permanent?" Grace inquired directly. Lindsey laughed. She had always admired Mrs. Frayler's directness.

"Mom?" Tressa choked out in embarrassment.

"I was just wondering," Grace explained. "I mean, Tressa, it's not like you stay at your own apartment."

"Mom!" Tressa growled.

"What?" Grace feigned innocence. "Tressa, you did propose on Christmas morning."

"What?" The others gasped in excitement.

"Mom," Tressa growled once again.

Lindsey just sat back and watched in amusement. "I didn't know you'd told your mother about that," she commented absently.

"I wish I hadn't," the brunette sneered.

"All I want to know is when we can expect grandchildren?" Grace continued calmly.

"You have grandchildren," Tressa pointed out as Lindsey chuckled. "You seem awfully amused by all of this," she accused the giggling blonde.

"Soon," Lindsey addressed Mrs. Frayler.

"What?" Tressa choked out as she moved away from Lindsey slightly.

"Not the grandkids part," Lindsey explained. "But the living together part. Tressa's lease is up in May." Tressa just blinked her baby blues in surprise. "As for the grandchildren part, you'll just have to settle for Rufus and Ziggy." She said, referencing her pets. "For now," she added playfully as she watched her lover's jaw drop.

"It's a start," Mrs. Frayler accepted.

"It certainly is," Tressa added softly, her crystal blue eyes brightening along with her brilliant smile.

### PART THREE

Tressa and Lindsey entered the condo; neither had really spoken since leaving the restaurant. Tressa felt like she was walking on air. Denise was safely locked up and Lindsey had finally said that she wanted to live with her. Life was very good at the moment. Now if Joel had done what

she asked him to, the day would be perfect.

Lindsey gasped as she turned on the lights. Joel had indeed delivered what she'd requested. Sitting on Lindsey's coffee table were twenty-four red roses set in a beautiful arrangement. Of course, not all of them were still in the crystal vase. It appeared that Rufus had himself a little snack during their absence. *'Furry little bastard!'* Tressa thought bitterly.

"Happy Valentine's Day, sweetheart," she whispered tenderly as she wrapped her arms around Lindsey's firm body from behind. Lindsey turned in her embrace so she could face her and kissed her softly.

"Happy Valentine's Day," the blonde murmured. Tressa quickly recaptured Lindsey's soft full lips. Eagerly she tasted their sweetness; never before had she felt so complete. It only took the slightest encouragement for their kiss to turn passionate. Tongues battled for control as their hands roamed under one another's jackets. They broke away reluctantly when the need for air could no longer be ignored. "I love you," Lindsey murmured as she nestled her head against Tressa's chest.

"I love you too," Tressa responded honestly as she stroked Lindsey's soft blonde hair. "Did you mean what you said at the restaurant?"

"Yes," Lindsey sighed contently. "Your mother is going to have to wait for grandchildren."

"Not that." Tressa scowled as she lifted Lindsey's chin so she could look into her emerald eyes. "Do you want me to move in with you?"

"Yes," Lindsey said with a confident smile. "I have a feeling it's what you want as well since you've been slowly moving your stuff in here."

"Hey," Tressa snorted. "I need to keep some stuff here."

"I'm just teasing," Lindsey answered with a tender kiss. "When your lease is up, do you want to move in here? I know we could look for a new place together, but I really like this one."

"I like it here too," Tressa agreed. "So next May?"

"Sounds like a very good idea," Lindsey responded happily. "Thank you for my flowers. I think Rufus likes them as well." Tressa snorted indignantly. "Could you take care of the kids and meet me upstairs?" Lindsey inquired softly.

"Okay . . .," Tressa answered in confusion.

"Good, because I really want to give you your Valentine's Day present," Lindsey stated in a breathy tone.

"Oh?" Tressa said as she blushed.

"I hope you're hungry," Lindsey teased as she stepped away and headed towards the staircase.

"But we just ate!" Tressa said, not grasping the implication. Lindsey simply wiggled her fair eyebrows suggestively as she headed up the staircase. "Oh," Tressa purred.

"Don't rush the kids," Lindsey called out in warning. "We have all night."

Tressa tore her jacket off and called for Lindsey's pets. "Okay, you little barbarians. It's feeding time at the zoo," she bellowed as she felt her body temperature rising. Despite Lindsey's warning the brunette was determined to feed, water, and walk the beasts in record time.

After feeding the animals and yelling at Ziggy to hurry up and stop chasing his tail and get down to business, Tressa ran up the staircase taking two steps at a time. She rushed into the bedroom, her jaw dropping as she looked around.

Bathed in candlelight, Lindsey was lounging on the bed. The covers were turned down and Lindsey was almost completely naked. The blonde had covered her breasts and golden triangle with whipped cream. And she had strategically placed maraschino cherries atop of the dessert offering. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph," Tressa stammered.

"Finding religion?" Lindsey teased her as she dipped her finger into a mound of whipped cream. Tressa couldn't respond as she watched her lover slowly licking the whipped cream from her finger.

"Oh my God," Tressa said slowly as she continued to watch in fascination.

"Tressa," Lindsey purred. "Are you going to stand over there praying or join me? If you don't, I'll have to eat all this dessert by myself."

Tressa licked her lips as she considered what would be more pleasurable - sharing dessert or watching Lindsey? The blonde continued to scoop up whipped cream with a single digit and feed herself as Tressa inched closer to the bed.

Tressa knelt by the bed as Lindsey offered her a finger full of cream. "Hungry?" Lindsey taunted her. Tressa shivered as she was trapped in her lover's fiery gaze. "Yes," Tressa said weakly as her tongue snaked out and began to lick the cream from Lindsey's appendage.

Lindsey pulled her hand back slightly. Tressa quickly grasped her wrist and gently led her finger back to her mouth. She suckled Lindsey's finger eagerly. Her lover moaned deeply in response. Tressa could feel her nipples harden and her clit throb as she suckled harder. She could feel Lindsey trembling as her teeth grazed the fingertip lightly.

"Tressa," Lindsey gasped as the brunette leaned down and licked some of the whipped cream away from one of her breasts. Tressa took long slow licks, cleaning the firm full breast until she reached the cherry. Lindsey's moans grew insistent as Tressa snatched the cherry into her mouth.

Throughout the delightful tasting, Tressa's hands had firmly grasped the edge of the mattress. Lindsey bent over and captured Tressa's sugarcoated lips. Their tongues danced together as they each tried to capture the cherry.

Lindsey pulled away triumphantly, the cherry dangling from its stem, which was captured in her teeth. She plucked it away and popped it into her mouth as Tressa lowered her head and began to slowly finish cleaning Lindsey's right breast.

Once all traces of whipped cream had been devoured, Tressa captured Lindsey's nipple in her mouth and teased it with her teeth and her tongue. Lindsey's moans deepened as she continued to feed herself.

Tressa moved her attention to Lindsey's other breast, licking it clean. Just as she was about to reach the dark red cherry resting above the nipple, Lindsey snatched it away. She held it by the stem and fed it to Tressa.

Tressa chewed the fruit quickly before returning her attention to Lindsey's breast. She slowly lavished it with attention, cleaning and teasing it as her lover's body trembled. "I love you," Tressa murmured as she tasted her way down Lindsey's firm body. She worked her way towards the last of her dessert, not caring that her face and hair were covered with whipped cream.

Lindsey shifted on the bed, wrapping her legs around Tressa's broad shoulders. "I love you, Tressa. I never stopped loving you," Lindsey confessed as Tressa dipped her head down and began feasting upon the whipped cream covering her triangle. With each flicker of her tongue, Lindsey's body pulsed.

Tressa could feel her own passion pooling between her thighs as she licked away every drop of the sugary substance. Working her way deeper, she captured Lindsey's throbbing clit in her mouth. Urged on by the taste of Lindsey's passion mixed with the whipped cream, Tressa suckled her throbbing clit furiously.

Lindsey was gasping and pleading as Tressa's teeth grazed her clit. Tressa plunged her fingers deep inside her lover. Her hand and mouth loved her with a passionate rhythm. Tressa felt her lover's thighs trembling against her face as she increased her pace.

Tressa's senses were reeling as her lover exploded against her. She needed to feel more. She never wanted to stop doing what she was doing at that moment. She feasted upon Lindsey's wetness until she heard her lover calling out her name. Lindsey exploded furiously as Tressa held her tightly. The blonde's body arched off the bed, thrusting into Tressa's face.

Lindsey collapsed onto the bed as Tressa held her, allowing the last waves of ecstasy to race through her. "I love you," Tressa repeated as she licked the wetness from the inside of Lindsey's thighs. As she felt Lindsey's body calm, she slowly withdrew from the warmth of her center.

She moved up the bed and wrapped her lover in her arms. Lindsey played with Tressa's thick

black hair. "We need a shower," Tressa commented as Lindsey tried to clean the remnants of whipped cream from her hair.

"I was thinking of a bath." Lindsey smiled as she kissed her lover. "I'll wash your hair."

"You're just full of great ideas tonight," Tressa responded brightly as she rose off the bed and took Lindsey by the hand. She wrapped her naked lover in her arms. "Thank you. This is the best Valentine's Day I have ever experienced."

"It's not over yet," Lindsey promised her before kissing her lover deeply.

THE END

Tressa and Lindsey return for an [Easter Surprise](#)

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