

~ The One ~
(Whatever Happened To? Part Two)

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April 2004

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A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Mountain Girl.

As always this is for Heather.

She sat on the edge of the dock looking out at the black water. The weekend, which she had been looking forward for months, hadn't turned out the way she had planned. It was supposed to be a relaxing visit home to celebrate two friends finding one another again and a chance to spend some time with her lover. Instead of being a joyful visit the entire weekend had turned into a catalyst where her past and present collided. Holly tossed a pebble into the dark water. The only sound echoing through the night was the plunk of the stone being engulfed by the water. Holly released a heavy sigh as a new sound emanated in the darkness. The hair on the nape of her neck prickled as she instantly recognized the heavy sounds of familiar footsteps approaching her.

She knew who it was approaching her long before she heard the rich timber of her lover's voice calling out to her. "So, come here often?" Whitney questioned her as she stood beside the sullen blonde. "Thought you'd do some fishing?" The taller woman prattled on as Holly blankly stared out at the water. She smiled as the sounds of Whitney's back popping echoed through the stillness. She knew her lover was stretching out her body.

"Some trip huh?" Whitney offered softly as she sat down beside the smaller woman. Holly's body warmed instantly as she felt Whitney's body nestling beside her.

"I just wanted to enjoy the wedding," Holly supplied in a quiet voice. "And time with you. We've been so busy lately it seems like we never get time to enjoy one another."

"I know," Whitney softly agreed as she rubbed Holly's back. "Coming back here has never been easy for you and this weekend really pushed things to the extreme."

"This was the first time I was looking forward to coming back here," Holly sighed as she relaxed into her lover's comforting touch. "I blame it on Britney Spears."

"Britney Spears, now this I have to hear," Whitney laughed as she gave her lover a playful nudge.

"Well, I was sleeping in because we were driving up here," Holly began as her mind drifted back to the other morning. "You had to work and our bags were already packed, so I was sleeping in, something I never get to do, when Britney Spears woke me up."

Two Days Earlier

Holly released a loud yawn as she stretched out her body and climbed out of bed. She had only stirred slightly when Whitney kissed her goodbye that morning. She still felt a tingle each time she awoke in the morning and realized that she was sharing a bed with Whitney Ward, the girl she had a secret crush on all through high school. They had been together ever since running into one another at the class reunion almost three years ago. Despite how quickly they fell into one another's arms they took things slower once they returned to Boston. Almost a year ago they finally moved in together.

Holly often wondered why each of them had taken so long to finally make things more permanent. From the moment they kissed for the first time each of them knew that they had finally found the one. Yet, each of them had demanding careers and had been put through Hell from past lovers. So they took things slowly. Still three years later the passion still burned brightly.

She felt the floor vibrating from the sound of music emanating from downstairs. "Britney, no way," she laughed knowing that Ginger was prancing around the living room practicing a new routine. "He can't seriously think he's going to pull that off at his age," she added with a laugh as she threw on an old pair of sweats.

The music grew louder as she descended the staircase and entered her living room. Korby was barking loudly. Holly adored Whitney's chubby little dog who was nipping at Ginger's heels. Holly laughed at the sight of the slender, older man dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt prancing around the living room as the overweight dog chased after him.

"Everyone's a critic," Ginger sighed as he shut off the CD player. Ginger planted his hands on his hips and glared down at the dog. "And just what are you laughing at young lady?" He asked as he wagged his finger over at the giggling blonde.

"Oh, not a thing," she lied. Ginger Allen had been a well-known drag queen performing for decades. She had seen her perform many times and shared a casual friendship with him. What she was unaware of was that Ginger was Whitney's father, Byron Ward.

"Don't bother. I'm not practicing for me," Ginger cut her off as he held up his hand. "I'm choreographing this for some youngster. I'm not silly enough to try performing as a teenager."

"I wasn't going to say it," she lied.

"Yes, but you were thinking it," he teased her. "I've made coffee."

"Bless you," she praised him. It was strange that when he was out of drag she would refer to Ginger as a man, and in drag he was most definitely a she. Ginger was staying with them for a couple of weeks while his condo was being renovated. The timing turned out to be very good since she and Whitney were heading back to Hawthorne for the weekend.

"Where did my daughter run off to so early?" Ginger asked as Holly ducked into the kitchen eager to infuse some caffeine into her system.

"Court," Holly responded as she sipped her coffee and peered into the refrigerator.

"With the schedules the two of you keep it is amazing that you ever see each other," Ginger grunted with disapproval. "Why don't I take you out for breakfast?" He suggested as he peered over Holly's shoulder.

"We need to shop," Holly sighed heavily, knowing that she and her lover had been over working again. An empty refrigerator was always the first sign.

"Nonsense," Ginger scoffed as he pulled her away from the appliance. "You'll be gone all weekend. Korby has plenty of food and I'm performing all weekend. I'll pick up whatever I need. Now as I was saying," he prattled on. "How am I ever going to become a grandfather if the two of you never see one another?"

"You're already a grandfather, remember Erin and Brian?" Holly laughed as she refilled her coffee mug.

"And I love them dearly and Ryan," he added referring to Whitney's older brother. "Even if he never tells anyone his father dresses in women's clothing. Now it is your turn."

Holly just stared at him uncertain how to respond to his suggestion. It wasn't as if she was against the idea, she just didn't feel it was the right time for her and her lover to add to their family. She suspected that Ginger wanted grandchildren from Whitney because, although Ryan loved his father, he was conservative and not as comfortable with his father's homosexuality as his younger sister was. Holly felt that Ryan was not only unhappy his sister was also gay, but somehow blamed their father. Of course the odds of someone gay having a gay child was about a billion to one. Trying to explain that to Ryan was like talking to a wall at times.

"Are you going to change so I can take you to breakfast?" Ginger encouraged. "I won't be seen in public with you dressed like that."

Holly laughed at the comment before sighing heavily. "What is it?" Ginger demanded.

"What is what?" She asked confused by the question.

"You seem tense," he noted thoughtfully. "In fact, you always tense up before taking a trip to Hawthorne. Why is that?"

"I'm looking forward to going back, and seeing Anna and Jim," she referred to Whitney's mother and stepfather, who treated her like a member of the family from the moment Whitney introduced her as her new girlfriend. "And the wedding will be a lot of fun. It's just that every time we visit I get nervous. I worry about running into my parents. It is a small town."

"So, why not just go visit them?" Ginger suggested hopefully.

"Been there done that," Holly grumbled as she felt the familiar stirrings of anger filling her. "They don't want to see me."

"When was the last time you tried to talk to them?" Ginger encouraged.

"Just after I graduated from college," Holly mumbled as the hurtful feelings encompassed her. "I wanted to know why they didn't come to my graduation. My mother said that they were too busy and my father, as always, said nothing. After that I tried calling for the holidays and sending greeting cards. I never heard from them. Finally I just stopped trying."

Before Holly knew what was happening the floodgates had opened and she was sobbing as Ginger cradled her in his arms. When she had cried herself out Ginger wiped the tears from her cheeks. "Ssh," he hushed her. "You'll make your mascara run," he teased as she snorted a laugh. "Now go get cleaned up so I can take my girl out to breakfast."

"Yes, Ma'am," she smiled, as she gave him a warm hug.

Holly felt much better by the time they finished breakfast. She filled Ginger in on the wedding that she and Whitney would be attending that weekend, and how she had narrowly escaped being a bride's maid. "Trisha and Rex dated all through high school," she explained. "They broke up not long after graduation. When they ran into one another at the reunion sparks flew, and now they're getting married. Thank God, they both have daughters or I would have been forced to wear something hideous."

"Thank God for small favors," Ginger sighed in agreement. "I'd like to know what they were serving at that reunion. It sounds like love was definitely on the menu."

"Maybe it was just fate," Holly sighed happily. "When I think about it, Whitney and I crossed paths constantly from grade school on up and barely spoke to one another. Fifteen years later we end up falling head over heels for one another. Maybe there was something in the water."

"If there was grab me a bottle," Ginger pleaded as Holly laughed at his antics.

Whitney felt exhausted as she checked into the hotel. She had a horrible day in court. She had expected it to go badly since her client was obviously guilty and deserved the harsh sentence the judge threw down. Holly had been quiet for the entire drive down; she had expected that as well. Her lover didn't like returning to their hometown, and her father had already explained what had transpired earlier that day. Whitney, once again, vowed that if she ever ran into Holly's parents she would beat the both of them senseless.

As she signed for the room she felt her skin prickling. She looked over her shoulder to see a middle-aged man, whose stomach hung over his belt, glaring at her girlfriend. He seemed somewhat familiar yet she couldn't place him. There was something about the coldness in his eyes that was making her uncomfortable. "Whitney?" Holly's voice drew her attention as she finally turned back to filling out the guest receipt.

"Sorry," she apologized. "Some guy is staring at you."

"Who?" Holly stammered then shrugged as she looked over at the man. "I don't recognize him," she explained. "Could be anyone; I didn't leave a lot of friends behind when I moved on."

"Me neither," Whitney sighed as she felt the familiar pang of Kenny's absence. "But those that you did will all be at the wedding tomorrow," she added brightly as they followed the bellhop towards the elevators. She felt her ire returning as the man kept glaring at Holly. She was fully prepared to stop and rip him a new one when she felt Holly tugging on her arm.

"Let it go," Holly urged her softly. "I'm not in the mood to deal with whatever his problem is. I just want to have fun this weekend."

"Fine," Whitney reluctantly conceded as they stepped into the elevator.

"You booked the same room?" Holly smiled as the bellhop showed them to the same room Whitney had stayed in for the reunion.

"Yes," Whitney coyly responded as she tipped the bellhop and closed the door. "I couldn't resist. After all this is where we made love for the first time."

"God, you're such a romantic," Holly purred as she wrapped her arms around the taller woman's waist. "Just one of the many things I love about you."

"Feeling better I take it," Whitney laughed as her lover nuzzled her neck.

"Much better thank you," Holly murmured against her chest as the blonde's tiny hands began to wander.

Whitney swayed against her lover's caress when the telephone rang, halting the tender moment. "Rats," she snarled as Holly grumbled before answering the call. "Whoever it is tell them we're

out."

"Hi Selma," Holly laughed as she shoed her pouting girlfriend away.

Whitney busied herself with unpacking while Holly chatted with Selma. She had just finished emptying the suitcases as Holly hung up. "How much time do we have?" She inquired as Holly pouted up at her.

"None, she's downstairs," Holly grumbled.

"Oh baby, we have all weekend," Whitney promised as they grabbed their wallets and jackets. "Hopefully Mr. Peepers isn't still lurking about."

"Yeah about that," Holly tentatively began as they stepped out of the room. "I think I know who that was. Selma said Bobby was hanging around the lobby."

"Bobby? Bobby, Bobby?" Whitney hissed with disgust as they waited for the elevator. "Well I hope he's still down there, that ass needs a good butt whooping."

"Whitney," Holly cautioned. "Let it go. I was just happy I didn't cross paths with him at the reunion. I just want to go my way and have him go his."

"Holly, that bastard smashed your car window, stalked you all through college, and outed you to your parents," Whitney fumed as the elevator neared its destination.

"I remember," Holly snapped. "What scares me the most about him is I think that even if I had left him for a guy or just left him because my life was leading me away from this town, he still would have done what he did. Bobby Ransfort is no longer my problem and I'd like to keep it that way."

"You're right," Whitney conceded still harboring the urge to pound the snot out of Holly's old boyfriend as the elevator doors opened.

"Thank you for getting all butch though," Holly smiled as Selma greeted them. The dark woman was standing directly in front of the elevators.

"Hi, shall we go?" Selma blurted out quickly as she grabbed Holly by the arm.

"In a hurry?" Holly gasped as Selma ushered them through the lobby. Holly glanced over her shoulder and past Whitney who was hurrying to catch up. "Oh I get it; dumb ass is still hanging around."

Whitney's head snapped around as she spied the man from earlier barreling towards them. Her blue eyes dimmed with anger as she heard him shouting "Hey dyke," towards her lover. She spun around to confront him when she felt Selma and Holly dragging her out the front door.

"No," Holly admonished her once they were out on the sidewalk.

"Okay, I'm sorry," Whitney apologized, only because she spied hotel security stopping Bobby in his tracks. "So, where are we going?"

"Well, the rehearsal and rehearsal dinner are done with," Selma blew out. "Can't believe I'm the maid of honor," she grumbled.

"You helped get them back together," Holly pointed out with a snicker. "So, where is the bachelorette party and just what hi-jinx have you cooked up?"

"What's a party without strippers?" Selma taunted her, as Holly and Whitney rolled their eyes. "Holloman's"

"Holloman's has strippers?" Whitney stammered, recalling the small, but quaint, bar on the edge of town.

"Not usually," Selma laughed as she led the couple towards her car. "I booked a room in the back; the stripper is showing up, hopefully, after we get the bride good and toasted."

It was half way through the debauchery that Selma had thrown together, and Holly's side was hurting from laughing so much. The party consisted of Trisha, the bride to be, Selma, Joan, Mary, who was the mother of the bride, and the most outrageous of the group, Freddie's wife Julie, Karin and Nancy who worked with Trisha, herself and Whitney.

Although most of the group was well on their way to being shut off by the bar staff, she and Whitney managed to pace themselves. Holly was looking forward to enjoying her lover's company that night, plus sipping a cocktail out of straw shaped like a penis was a deterrent. The gag gifts also lacked taste or good manners; then again that was the point?_She and Whitney had given the bride edible underwear and a box of condoms.

"What flavor are these again?" Mary blushed as she held up the panties.

"Cherry," Whitney happily supplied as Trisha snatched them away from her mother.

"Mother, I can't believe you keep trying to steal my gifts?" Trisha blew out in horror.

"Oh, lighten up," her mother scolded her. "I can't believe the stories I'm hearing about what my sweet, innocent, little girl was like in high school."

"Neither can I," Whitney teased as she gave her lover a playful nudge.

"I thought you knew Trisha in high school?" Karin questioned. "Isn't that how you and Holly

met?"

"We did," Holly answered. "But we ran with different crowds. I was too busy getting in trouble with these hooligans while Whitney was dating the star line backer."

"I never dated Kenny," Whitney corrected. "We just pretended to be a couple. I always had eyes for a certain blonde in my chemistry class. It took fifteen years but she finally noticed me."

"Fifteen years and Selma's meddling," Holly added. "And I noticed you, plenty. Thanks to Selma moving your hotel room next to mine I finally got a chance to show you."

"That's what she did to Rex and me," Trisha blurted out. "You little minx. How many other couples did you work your magic on that weekend?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Selma feigned innocence. "I was too busy trying to keep a certain blonde chatter box from telling everyone that I was pregnant."

"Pictures?" Holly demanded as the group reached for their wallets. "I can't believe little Kim is so big," she gushed, as she studied the latest snap shot of Selma's youngest.

"She's a doll," Whitney agreed with her lover. Holly shivered as she felt her lover's hand brushing against her thigh.

"If you will excuse me," Holly apologized as she stood. "I need to use the ladies room."

"Do you want company?" Whitney offered.

"No way if you two go in there together we won't see you for hours," Selma protested as she stood.

"Maybe if I take long enough I'll miss the entertainment," Holly whispered hopefully in her lover's ear.

"Brat," Whitney laughed as she rubbed her lover's back.

"You look so happy," Selma squealed as they stepped into the main room.

"I am," Holly smiled brightly as they crossed the room trying to weave through the crowd and reach the restrooms. Her smile quickly vanished when she spied a familiar face out of the corner of her eye. Her movements halted as she caught him looking back at her from the corner table he was sharing with a group of other older men. "Just not my day is it?" She grumbled sadly as she felt Selma's hand on her shoulder. "Come on," she nudged her friend.

"Don't you want to talk to him?" Selma shyly suggested as they entered the ladies room.

"If he wants to talk to me it is up to him," Holly mumbled sadly. "I've given both him and my

mother ample opportunity to talk to me. It is up to them," she asserted as she fought against the tears. "I cried myself out earlier today over him, I won't do it again. You know what kills me is that I cried so hard today because I was worried about seeing my father, and it was Whitney's father that held me. Now I've seen him and," her voice trailed off as the pain returned. "Nope not going to let it spoil this weekend," she vowed as she shook her head.

"I still say that you must have been adopted," Selma concluded as she hugged the small blonde tightly. Holly grew quiet as they finished their business. Selma gave her long time friend a curious look as they were adjusting their hair and make up. "Holly?" She began tenderly.

"You're pregnant again?" Holly beamed.

"No," Selma quickly admonished her. "We had Bill's ticket punched after number three. No, what I was going to ask is I know that we don't talk about your parents, but do you know what is going on with them?"

"Since I haven't seen or heard from them for over a dozen years, my answer would be no," Holly tentatively began. "Why, is there something I should know? One of them isn't sick are they?"

"No," Selma quickly reassured her. "Nothing like that. I was going to mention it when you came down for the reunion; I just didn't know if you knew that they split up or not?"

"What!" Holly bellowed as her jaw dropped. "When?"

"About seven years ago," Selma quietly informed her. "Your mom still lives in the old house, but your Dad lives downtown with his new wife. He and Janice Murdock got married right after the divorce was final."

"Mrs. Murdock, our old history teacher?" Holly stammered. "Wow, I know I'm not a part of their lives anymore, but hearing this really confirms that for me. It's like I was never their child."

"I think your dad and Janice had a thing going on for a very long time," Selma tenderly explained. "What surprises me is that he asks about you and stuff. I'm surprised that he never tried to mend fences."

"This is just so surreal," Holly muttered as she tried to catch her breath. "My father was having an affair, and my stepmother used to give me a hard time for passing notes to you in class. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Every time the subject of your parents came up it caused you so much pain," Selma explained, as she placed a gentle hand on the blonde's shoulder. "You always asked that we drop the subject. I guess I just assumed that someone would have told you by now."

"No, no one told me," Holly mumbled sadly. "The person who should have told me is sitting in the next room pretending I don't exist. Anything else I should know?"

"Well, your Dad's the sheriff now and you have a baby brother," Selma automatically offered.

Holly stood there for a moment, her heart aching, knowing that she was a stranger to almost everyone she held dear in her life. "Thank God for Whitney," she sighed deeply, recognizing that her relationship was the one good thing in her life. "Come on, we better get back before they send out a search party."

Selma nodded with understanding as they stepped out of the restroom. Holly felt the air escaping her lungs as they passed the row of payphones and there stood her father.

"Holly?" The older man whose mustache was starting to gray called out to her. She stood there frozen, unable to believe that he was calling out to her. Selma stood protectively by her side. "I know you don't want to talk to me but," he carefully began.

"Will you be alright?" Selma offered.

"I'm fine," she reassured her friend urging Selma to give her a moment alone with her father. "Daddy," she greeted him as he shoved his hands in his pockets as Selma made a reluctant exit. "Of course I want to see you. I'm not the one who has been staying away."

"What do you mean?" He asked with confusion.

"I mean that two seconds ago in the bathroom I found out that my father has a new family," Holly accused him. "You're a cop. Are you trying to tell me you didn't know how to get in touch with me?"

"I did," he protested with a slight stammer. "Every time I tried to visit or call your girlfriend told me you didn't want to see me. I can't say that I blame you. When everything came out I just didn't know what to do. I let your mother take over and said nothing. I should have stuck by you. By the time I pulled my head out of my arse you were gone."

"What do you mean my girlfriend sent you away?" Holly stammered not believing that Whitney would be responsible for keeping her father out of her life. "Whitney would never do that," she voiced her thoughts.

"Whitney?" Came her father's befuddled response. "I'm talking about Sherri."

"Good lord, that freak?" Holly grumbled as memories of her ex-lover came flooding back to her.

"That was my impression of the young lady," he agreed as he scratched his chin. "I wasn't going to say anything since she was your partner and all. Look there's been some kind of trouble over at the Grist Mill. How long are you going to be in town?"

"A couple days," Holly brightly responded. "Trisha and Rex are getting married; we're in town for the wedding."

"Holly?" She heard her lover's voice calling her. She smiled as Whitney approached her body tense and ready to do battle. Selma must have raced over to tell her what had happened. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Holly reassured her with a bright smile. "Daddy this is my partner, Whitney Ward."

"Whitney," he smiled. "You're Jack Staverson's kid aren't you?"

"Yes sir," Whitney respectfully responded as they shook hands. Holly understood that Ginger was Whitney's father, but Jack was Dad to the tall brunette.

"Nicely done," he proudly smiled down at his daughter. "I'm sorry I have to cut this short, like I was saying there seems to be some to do over at the Mill. Please call me before you leave?"

"I will," she promised, her heart soared as her father hugged her. She drank in the familiar scent of old spice as he held her tightly.

"I love you baby," he whispered, letting her go and leaving.

"That was amazing," Holly professed to her lover. "Wait, did he say the Mill? Isn't that where the guys went for the bachelor party?"

Before Whitney could respond Selma, Trisha and the rest of the wedding party came storming over. "The guys are in jail," Trisha blurted out confirming Holly's fears. "All of them Rex, Bill, even my Dad."

"Okay, no one panic," Whitney quickly took control. "We'll take Selma's mini van. Since Holly and I stopped drinking one of us will drive everyone over. When we get to the jail let me do the talking."

Thankfully everyone listened to Whitney's suggestion. Apparently the timing couldn't have been better; it seems that Trisha's mom was getting a little too friendly with the stripper. Whitney instructed everyone, including her lover, to sit and wait while she tried to find out what was going on. She handed the desk clerk the list of the men's' names who were attending Rex's party. She was informed that all of them had been placed in a holding cell while the D.A and the sheriff were trying to sort out what had happened.

"I represent all of these men; is there any way I could join the discussion?" She asked the tired looking woman working the desk. Whitney waited patiently as the woman made a call. "I'm going to talk with the sheriff and find out what is going on," she explained to the others before a police officer escorted her to Sheriff Blasdell's office.

When Whitney entered the sheriff's office she found him looking very somber behind his desk. She immediately recognized the other two men in the room. "Jim, Dan," she greeted them. "I

haven't seen you boys since the reunion."

They exchanged pleasantries with the tall woman. "Well since Jim is the D.A in these parts I can only assume that Dan is here to represent the other participants in this unfortunate event."

"Uh yeah," Sam Blasdell snickered. "Only the event was a brawl, and I don't like those kinds of things happening in my town. Now, my boys and I have talked to the witnesses and have received some very conflicting accounts of what happened. Now before you open your mouth Dan, I'm not going to believe the bartender. Tom is lying, we both know it. Big Bobby owns the Mill, and there is no way Tom is going to admit that his boss' son started anything."

"Bobby Ransfort," Whitney grumbled as her eyes narrowed. "Why am I not surprised?"

"Happiest day in my life was when my little girl dumped his sorry ass," Sam muttered. "If I could have proven he was the one who smashed her windshield I would have locked the little bastard up back then. I don't care if his father owns half the town. I'm sick of being woken up in the middle of the night cause he's beating his wife again or starting a fight at the Mill."

"Perhaps you're biased," Dan suggested.

"If he stalked your daughter around her college campus until she was forced to have him banned from the campus wouldn't you be?" Whitney threw out as Sam's eyes narrowed with anger.

"What?" Sam hissed. "She has a restraining order out against him?"

"She did," Whitney confirmed. "Now does someone want to tell me just what it is my clients are accused of?"

"They beat up my clients," Dan wearily argued.

"Right," Whitney scoffed. "Jim?"

"According to most of the witnesses who are not on the Ransfort payroll, Rex and the boys were enjoying a quiet evening just talking and celebrating Rex's wedding. They weren't loud or out of line. When Bobby came in he started spouting off about some ex of his. Rex got up and asked him to stop. He didn't, in fact he got worse. Things escalated from there and no one knows who threw the first punch. But both sides got into it."

"My clients swear that your clients started it," Dan asserted.

"Well I haven't spoken to my clients as of yet," Whitney pointed out. "Before I do, are any of you aware that Bobby had a run in earlier this evening with the security at the hotel down town?" The three men stared over at her with shock. "I was there when he started shouting obscenities at a young lady. I'm willing to bet that she is the same young lady Bobby was fussing about at the Mill."

The sound of Sam's chair slamming against the wall as he jumped up startled everyone. Sam slammed his hands on the desk and glared at Dan. "Now Dan," he growled. "Jim and I are going to make this easy on everyone. They all walk. Inform your client's daddy that Bobby is in serious trouble and should be thankful I'm willing to over look this unfortunate event. If he wants to push this then tell him about what happened at the hotel and the restraining order from the past. I don't think Jim will have a problem getting little Bobby locked up for at least five to seven. And if he still has something stuck in his craw tell him to come see me. Got it?"

"Yes sir," Dan responded with a hard swallow.

"Good boy," Sam snarled as he threw open the door to his office. "Parker let everyone from the Mill go and tell them to play nice on their way out or they'll be spending the week in jail."

Whitney blew out a sigh of relief as they stepped out of Sam's office. "This would never have happened back in Boston," she whispered to Jim. "Talk about conflict of interest on all sides."

"You want to play this by the book?" Jim laughed. "We can still fingerprint and book all of them and drag it out wasting everyone's time. This way Rex makes it to the altar on time."

"And Bobby walks again," she muttered.

"I'll get him," Jim promised. "We keep trying to get Colleen to press charges but she won't. Ever wonder why he wasn't at the reunion?"

"No, I was just happy that he wasn't," she confessed.

"Locked up on a DUI," Jim whispered. "Little shit got another slap on the wrist. I like working in a small town, no murders, rapes, hate crimes, just the kids kicking up their heels. When I was in New York it wore me down. On the other hand here I have the Bobby Ransfort's to deal with."

"Hang in there buddy," she sighed as she gathered up her clients, keeping a watchful eye out for Bobby and his buddies.

"See you at the wedding," Jim smirked.

"Come on boys, you're free to go," Whitney explained.

"Thank you," Rex blew out.

"What happened?" She quietly asked.

"We were enjoying a quiet night," Rex explained. "I didn't want to get wrecked the night before my wedding. Bobby showed up and started running his mouth. I asked him nicely to stop. He was," his voice trailed off. "He was being rude."

"He was saying vicious things about Holly," Whitney confirmed.

"Yeah," Rex reluctantly admitted.

"Let it go," Whitney informed him. "She's had a rough day. Let's just focus on getting you to the church on time. Speaking of wild party's maybe you guys should have joined us?" She teased.

"What did Selma do?" He laughed along with his future father-in-law.

Whitney filled the boys in on all the details as they rejoined the ladies. "You had a stripper?" He teased his bride.

"It was Selma," Trisha squealed in her own defense as she ducked behind Holly.

"I missed the stripper," Holly sighed with a smile. "Oh well. What happens do they need to show up in court?"

"Nope, everyone is free to go," Whitney explained as everyone crammed themselves into the burgundy mini van. "They didn't even get finger printed. It was just a barroom scuffle."

"Why don't I believe you?" Holly challenged her as she started the van.

"Baby let it go," Whitney pleaded.

"Okay," Holly agreed.

Once they returned to the hotel all Holly was looking forward to spending the night wrapped up in her lover's arms. The last thing she wanted was to find Bobby lurking outside of the hotel. "Not again," she groaned as she tried to pretend not to notice him. Her only source of comfort was the way Whitney wrapped her arm protectively around her body as they approached the lobby doors.

"Bitch!" Bobby shouted out. Holly's body stiffened as a tirade of bad memories came flooding back. Whitney's hold tightened against her body as the brunette tried to guide the blonde into the safe confines of the hotel.

"Damn, like he isn't in enough trouble," Whitney hissed under her breath.

"What?" Holly's footsteps faltered as she glanced up at her lover.

"Come, let's just get inside and forget about him," Whitney pleaded with her. Holly could feel her last ounce of strength abandoning her.

"I'm talking to you," Bobby persisted, as Holly remained frozen in place.

"Did he have something to do with what happened tonight?" Holly demanded.

"Honey, let's just go inside," Whitney pleaded once again.

"He did," Holly glared up at her as she shrugged out of her lover's embrace. "This was about me wasn't it?"

"He's a loud mouth bully," Whitney tried to placate her only serving to add to Holly's growing ire. "Come on?"

It was the last straw, and Holly felt something inside of her snap as Bobby's taunts filled her ears. "For the love of God you miserable little loser!" She bellowed as she spun around and confronted her ex-boyfriend. "Why can't you just leave me alone?"

"Because you're a sick, diseased bitch," Bobby boasted. "Though I have to give you credit, banging Whitney Ward, bet she still doesn't do it as good as I did."

"You little," she heard Whitney snarl from behind her as she placed a comforting hand on Holly's shoulder. The blonde pulled away from the tender gesture. She was tired of people fighting her battles, tired of secrets being kept from her under the guise of protecting her. Selma did it, Sherri did it and now Whitney was doing it.

"I'm not helpless," she growled at the both of them. "Bobby you were, and still are, a pathetic excuse of a man and you had no right to keep things from me. I'm an adult," she barked at her stunned lover before storming into the hotel.

"Holly?" Whitney called after her as security, thankfully, stepped outside preventing Bobby from following them.

Holly was furious as she slammed into her hotel room. Angry that the happy weekend had turned into an ugly memory, angry that no one was treating her like an adult, angry that she had unwittingly cast a cloud over Trisha and Rex's big day. Deep down she knew that it was Bobby's ignorance, and not her, that was to blame for the fight at the Mill. She also knew that Whitney didn't deserve her wrath. She just couldn't calm down and let it go. Instead she stayed angry. For the first time since Whitney waltz into her life they went to bed without speaking.

The wedding was a joyous event for everyone except the brooding blonde. She spent the day ignoring her lover and catching snippets of conversations relating to what had happened at the Mill the night before. Holly wanted to know what Bobby had said, yet each time she caught people talking about it they would immediately change the subject when they noticed her. Of course their efforts to protect her only confirmed her suspicions that she was the reason for the horrible events. Whitney, to her credit, backed off and gave the blonde the space she had silently demanded.

Adding to her steadily darkening mood was the one question that everyone kept asking her now that gay marriage might be legal, *'So when are you and Whitney getting married?'* She did

manage to handle the question with grace, but by the time Trisha tossed her bouquet she had enough. Quietly she ducked out of the reception leaving her lover behind. She went back to her hotel room only to feel the walls closing in on her. She changed her clothes and went for a long walk.

For hours she walked around the tiny burg that had once been her home. After the sun had set she found herself sitting at Flint Pond. Now she was sitting staring at the black water recounting the events for her lover, who thankfully just sat there and let her spin her tale. "What I don't understand is why no one told me about what happened with my parents? Why did Sherri send my father away?" She concluded as she felt her anger and exhaustion slipping away.

"I don't know," Whitney offered tenderly. "If I had known I would have told you. But I didn't. I did keep what happened at the Mill from you because I didn't want to ruin your weekend. I don't know what horrible things Bobby said or did. All I know is that in both of our lives we've had so many hateful things said and done to us simply because of who we chose to love. Frankly I'd rather not know what Bobby said."

"You're right," Holly sighed in agreement. "It doesn't matter what he said or did, I just feel like I ruined Rex and Trisha's wedding."

"Weren't you watching the ceremony?" Whitney encouraged her. "Nothing was ruined. From what I saw they had the day that they've waited a very long time to share with one another. Last night did nothing to dim their love or their special day. As for Selma and the others not telling you about your parents they probably assumed it was for the best. You don't like talking about your parents."

"When Selma first started talking about it all I could think of was that one of them had died," Holly blew out. "My parents could be dead and I might not have found out for years. Before Bobby outed me to them I thought I had a warm, loving family. In less than a day I lost that. Ever since that day I've felt alone and that my happy childhood was nothing more than a dream."

"But that's not true," Whitney corrected her. "Your father wants you in his life and to be in yours. Isn't that what you want?"

"God yes," Holly exclaimed as the last waves of tension slipped from her body. "You know you are amazing. I've taken all of this out on you and you're still here."

"Of course I'm still here," Whitney confirmed as she scrunched up her brow. "I'm madly in love with you."

"I was never mad at you," Holly confessed. "I think you caught it for what Sherri did. You tried to protect me and, instead of realizing that, I gave you the flack that Sherri deserves. Then again I don't know why it surprises me she did what she did. Frankly she was always a big nut job. Thank you."

"For?" Warm, blue eyes gazed down at her.

"Being you," Holly smiled up at her. "For being understanding, for showing me what true love really feels like, for letting me stomp around like a brat and listening to my tale of woe. How did you know where to find me?"

"I didn't," Whitney offered with a brilliant smile. "I came here because this is one of my favorite spots. You don't know this, but when I was all of fifteen it was right here on this very spot I realized that I was gay. Tonight I needed to think and calm down, and this seemed like the perfect place to come."

"This is your coming out spot?" Holly laughed for the first time that day. "Please tell me the story?" She requested with a bright smile.

"Well since you asked," Whitney responded with a brilliant smile and a saucy wink. "It was about this time of year and Kenny was sitting right where you are now," she began. "It was late afternoon and, as you know, this is one of the hot spots in town. Like I said Kenny and I were just hanging out talking when I spotted this girl hanging out with her friends. She was wearing these tight jeans and this sweater that just clung to her. I knew this girl and I could have sworn that the day before she was the same scrawny kid I had seen hanging around for years. That day she wasn't a kid anymore. It was like the boob fairy had blessed her overnight."

"The boob fairy?" Holly hollowed with laughter.

"Come on you know what I'm talking about," Whitney nudged her. "One day you wake up and suddenly you can't wear your favorite shirt anymore and feel a need to carry your books against your chest."

"Oh I remember," Holly agreed. "I was mortified and thrilled all at the same time. I went from boys ignoring me, which was fine by me, to being surrounded by every pimply-faced weenie within a hundred mile radius. So, tell me more about this woman?"

"I just couldn't stop looking at her," Whitney confessed with a blush and a heavy sigh. "Her hair was like spun gold and I couldn't stop looking at her chest or her butt," Whitney laughed. "And I was completely clueless as to what was happening to me. It was the first time my stomach fluttered and my knees quivered. From that moment on I looked at girls differently. It took a few years to put a name on my feelings; of course I think I finally understood a couple years later when Kenny told me about himself."

"Did you ever tell her?" Holly inquired, curious to know which of her classmates had been Whitney's first serious crush.

"I'm telling her now," Whitney boldly proclaimed.

"Oh damn you," Holly sniffed as she wrapped her arms around her lover's body. "You're going to make me cry."

"No crying," Whitney playfully chastised her lover as she held her in a tender embrace. "What about you? When was the first time you noticed another girl. I bet it was one of your friends, you were always surrounded by a pack of girls."

"Ever wonder why that was?" Holly laughed. "Lord it is amazing it took me so long to figure out that I was gay. The first time wasn't a real occurrence it was a dream. I was about fourteen and I had this dream one night about kissing another girl. When I woke up the next morning I was completely confused and my body was very agitated. That was the morning I started a new hobby."

"Dare I ask?" Whitney coaxed her, as she guided Holly's body down onto the dock and nestled beside her.

"Touching myself," Holly confessed as her face turned a deep shade of scarlet. Whitney inhaled sharply as Holly felt the warmth spreading through her body. "It started out slowly, just a little groping. By the time I was sixteen I was doing it every night. Sometimes more if I had a class with my dream girl. You still have that effect on me."

"If I had only known," Whitney whispered as she caressed her lover's stomach. "This really is fate."

"It is," Holly sighed in agreement as she felt her lover's fingers kneading the taut muscles of her stomach through the thick material of her blouse. "So, if you had known what you were inspiring me to do on a nightly basis back then what would you have done?"

"Watched," Whitney answered hotly in the blonde's ear, as her hand drifted to the button of Holly's jeans. Holly murmured with pleasure as she felt her zipper being lowered. "Since I still inspire you in such a manner, now I can."

"Here?" Holly gasped as her lover clasped her wrist and guided her hand into her jeans.

"No one is around," Whitney murmured as she began kissing the blonde's neck. "It is dark, the town has shut down for the night," Whitney encouraged as she guided Holly's hand past the elastic barrier of her panties. "Show me?"

Holly moaned as her hips swayed while she slipped her fingers deeper inside of her underwear. Whitney's hand moved from her wrist and tugged her blouse up as Holly felt her own desire greeting her touch. She slipped her fingers between her slick folds as Whitney's hand slipped up and under her blouse. Slowly she began to stroke her throbbing nub as her lover's nimble fingers danced across her flesh.

As Whitney's touch drifted higher, Holly stroked her clit harder releasing a throaty growl, as she felt her lover's touch brushing against the swell of her breasts. "Show me," Whitney repeated as she cupped Holly's breasts and nibbled on her neck.

Holly slipped her fingers from the warmth of her wetness as her lover pushed her bra up

revealing one of her breasts to the cold night air. Holly squirmed her hips as she lowered her jeans and panties just low enough for her lover to see her glistening desire. "I can't believe we're doing this," Holly moaned as her lover's tongue flickered against her nipple. Holly's tiny fingers quickly returned to her wetness and captured her clit. She cried out with pleasure as Whitney captured her nipple between her lips.

Whitney suckled her greedily as the blonde's fingers danced against her clit. She could feel Whitney's eyes on her as she stroked herself harder. She was on fire as she plunged inside of herself as her lover teased her with her teeth and her tongue. She was panting heavily as her finger glided in and out of her wetness.

Her body arched as her thighs quivered. She moaned with disappointment as Whitney's mouth left her body. Her skin was still wet from her lover's lips as she stroked her body harder. She watched as Whitney scrambled down and began to lower her pants even further down her body. The walls of her center tightened against her fingers as her lover kissed her trembling thighs.

She slipped her fingers from her warmth and offered them up to her lover. She felt her body burning as she watched Whitney licking every last drop of passion from her fingers as she sucked them into the warmth of her mouth. She lay there helplessly needing only to feel her lover's touch as long, dark hair tickled her thighs and warm breath caressed her sex.

She clutched at the cracking wood beneath her as she felt Whitney's tongue dipping inside of her. The sounds of the night crickets chirping mingled with her lover's murmurs of pleasure as Whitney's tongue darted inside of her center. She was breathless as she felt her lover's tongue plunging in and out of her. She bit down on her lip drawing blood as she felt Whitney's tongue slipping from her core to her clit.

Long fingers slipped inside of her as Whitney's tongue flickered urgently against her aching nub. She felt her lover trying to hold her thrusting body steady. Holly felt as if her body had burst into flames as Whitney drove her over the edge. Her hips jerked up into air as her lover continued to feast upon her. The blonde's body thrust harder as she exploded while her mind went blank. "Oh God," she screamed out shattering the quietness of the night as her body exploded against her lover's fiery touch.

Whitney was cradling her in her arms as Holly's body collapsed. Lost in the blissful feeling of her lover's embrace she simply allowed the passion to escape. "Hotel," she finally managed to murmur. She looked up and her lungs seized as Whitney's eyes captured her with a look of pure devotion. "I love you," she confessed proudly.

"And I love you," Whitney tenderly responded. "Now let's get out of here before we end up back at the jail house."

Holly giggled like a schoolgirl as she pulled up her pants. She teetered as she stood her knees still weak from her lover's touch. Whitney caught her and held her tightly as they strolled back to the hotel. If the staff noticed their unkempt appearance they never mentioned it. Holly wouldn't

have cared. All she wanted was to get up to their room and ravish her lover.

She kicked the door to their room shut as she captured her lover in a searing kiss. She could feel Whitney's body trembling as the small blonde guided her towards the bed. Whitney laughed as Holly threw the taller woman down on the bed and climbed on top of her long, lean body. She wasted no time as she began to rip the brunette's clothes from her body; stealing savage kisses along the way.

She was on fire as she shed the brunette's clothing, she needed to see and feel Whitney's glorious body. She growled with desire once the brunette's naked form was finally in her grasp. "Take your clothes off." Whitney pleaded as Holly suckled her neck.

Holly chuckled wryly as she climbed off her lover's body and stood. Holly quickly removed her clothing, her lover's unwavering gaze further fanning the flames of her desire. Once she was finally free of any barriers she straddled Whitney's body pressing her wetness against the brunette's. She slipped her hand between their gyrating bodies and parted her lover's. They moaned in unison as their clits brushed against one another.

Holly could feel her lover's clit pulsating in the same wild rhythm as her own as they ground urgently against one another. Holly could feel the sweat rolling off her body as Whitney clung to her. Once again she slipped her hand between their bodies and dipped into her lover's passion as she captured Whitney's erect nipple with her teeth.

She could feel the walls tightening against her touch as she slipped inside of her lover. She suckled her breast as her fingers glided deeper inside of the brunette's warm, wet center. "Holly!" Whitney screamed out as her body climaxed against her lover.

Holly was lost in a passionate haze as she continued to pleasure her lover until they fell over the edge in unison. They collapsed together and Holly felt her body melting into her lover's flesh. They held each other tightly the past slipping into a dim memory. As Holly listened to the steady beating of her lover's heart, the only thing that mattered was the future and feeling Whitney hold her forever.

The End.

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