Christian's Poison
by SarahShalomDavid

Summary

Christian Thompson attempts to drip poison into the relationship of Miranda and Andrea, will he succeed or will he end up defeated?

Notes

Also posted on ff.net

It was the night of the annual charity ball for a local charity that helped underprivileged children and the event was being hosted by Runway who had chosen the charity as its annual charity beneficiary. There would be a multitude of different events throughout the year and the focus would be on one charity per year. The yearly charity was chosen through nominations from Runway staff then was chosen by Miranda before the final decision went to a vote where readers were able to vote for which charity foundation would benefit.

The venue had been hired out, the caterers had been chosen, the music was playing, champagne was being drunk, and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. Runway magazine funded the entire event although the venue and other businesses directly involved had all offered their services at discount prices in aid of the charity or had donated a portion of their profits to the chosen charity. Although it had not been intended as a marketing strategy as Miranda genuinely wanted to give back to the community, it had resulted in an increase in profits at the magazine which was, consequently, enough that they covered the cost of the event so Runway did not lose anything by funding it but instead gained. Miranda herself had also made a substantial donation to the charity in three portions; one in Caroline's name, one in Cassidy's, and one in Andrea's although none of them were aware.
It had been six weeks since Miranda had begun to date, Andrea, eight weeks since Paris, eight weeks since Andrea almost ran away, eight weeks since Miranda convinced her to stay, eight weeks since Andrea handed in her resignation letter and six weeks since Andrea left Runway officially as well as five weeks before Andrea began to work for TIME magazine.

Miranda was making her way through the ballroom as she greeted people who her assistants were discreetly identifying for her and she could not wait for the greeting part to be over so that she could be with Andrea who was stood speaking to a group of Runway staff at one of the tables. Miranda was wearing an off-the-shoulder black dress which flowed down to the floor in an elegant manner and the only colour on her was a singular pin badge near the top of the dress which was that of the charity that she was there to support.

The white-haired woman glanced over to the side to take a look at Andrea and she smiled as the woman in question smiled at her then she took a moment to run her eyes over the younger woman's body, she was rather fond of the white designer dress that she herself had chosen for Andrea to wear that night and she had even provided the woman with a charity pin that matched her own in order to support the charity, although, each member of Runway were also encouraged to buy the pin before attending the event in order to show solidarity in their support for the chosen cause. A moment later she had to drag her eyes away from her lover when an elderly couple made their way over to her in order to speak to the fashion queen.

Andrea spent quite a bit of time talking to her friends that she had worked with at Runway, Jocelyn had spent some time volunteering for the charity and had run a fashion design class for the children only a few days previously and it had been her that originally nominated the charity to be their nominated yearly cause. When Jocelyn had pitched the idea to Andrea originally, the woman was taken with the idea instantly and she too opted to nominate it in support so that there would be a higher probability of the charity being chosen as one of the ones included in the final vote. The fashion designing class had gone very well and Jocelyn was encouraging a few of the other staff members such as Nigel to take part so that more of the children could attend.

After a while, Andrea excused herself to get drinks from the bar, offering, of course, to get drinks for the others too. They did not need to follow to help the other woman get the drinks as they knew that any larger orders put through the bar were brought to the indicated tables as soon as they were completed, along with any specific plates of food that they requested. It was the fourth round that the table had ordered and it most likely would not be the last as there was a lot of time left before the event was due to end according to the times on the invites. It had already ended for some, however, and that was the children who had performed at the beginning of the event in order to open the function as they had practised their dance routine for weeks and it was a way of showcasing one of the things that the children do as a result of the help provided to them by the foundation.

When she got to the bar she ordered the cocktails that each of her friends had selected and then she added a number of different brightly coloured shots to the order as a bonus that the others would not be expecting. She thought that it might add an extra spark of fun to their night. Andrea looked around the room as she stood at the bar for a moment, she could not help but smile as she saw Miranda, it was a reaction that she always had when she saw the other woman and it was a reaction that had been happening for quite a long time, in fact, longer than she would willingly admit.

Eight weeks ago she would not have believed that she could be as lucky as to be dating the Editor-in-Chief but as her luck would have it, the other woman felt the same way as she did, although she did not find out until it was almost too late. Following the events surrounding Jacqueline Follet, she had been concerned that if Miranda could throw someone who was a friend under the bus in that manner then she would not hesitate to do such a thing to her because in her mind she meant nothing
to the fashion queen, this of course was incorrect as she, in fact, meant a lot to the woman.

Andrea had stepped out of the car a moment after Miranda had and she had watched as the woman walked away before she herself walked away in the opposite direction with the intention of leaving before she got hurt beyond repair. She had frozen, however, when she reached the fountain because she suddenly came to the realization that she could not leave Miranda. The ringing of her cell phone had made it even more obvious that she couldn't because she had not been able to stop herself from answering it and walking straight back to Miranda who, rather than attending the event, demanded that she got into the car so that they could both return to the hotel to 'talk'. Andrea remembered being rather nervous that day about their 'talk' as she had no idea what it would be about and she was clueless about whether or not she was about to fired from her position at Runway after her almost abandoning the fashion queen.

The dark-haired woman smiled as she remembered their talk and how well it had ended for her when they awoke the following morning wrapped in each other's arms with a substantial lack of clothing. The woman she had fallen in love with months previously had admitted that the feelings that she felt were not one-sided at all but, in fact, were very much reciprocated.

She was so distracted by the beauty of the woman she was watching that she did not notice that she herself was being watched by someone else. It was not a secret anymore that the two women were dating as Miranda had willingly refused to keep it a secret and had very publicly dated the younger woman with, of course, the twin's blessing who both as it turned out were rather fond of their mother's assistant.

The man moved in closer to her and leaned in in order to speak softly to her, "It won't last you know", he stated in a cocky manner.

Andrea glanced sideways in his direction after recognising his voice and feeling his breath on her skin, "Hello Christian", she stated with annoyance, he was one of her least favourite people after what had happened in Paris. She had slept with him but she had been heavily intoxicated so she had not been in the right mind to be making such a decision, especially after the rejection that she had suffered from Miranda that same night. Then there was the issue of him betraying Miranda with his plotting with Jacqueline which, of course, was something that made her hate the man the most because in her mind only someone who was evil would do such a thing to the woman who had given her life to the magazine. "What won't last?", she questioned as she looked at him.

"This 'thing' with Miranda", he stated arrogantly, "It won't last". He seemed rather confident in that so-called 'fact' that he was telling Andrea as he leaned on the bar in a way that put him in her personal space despite the fact that she was clearly not comfortable with the physical closeness that was between them.

"What makes you think that?", Andrea questioned, it was something that had come to her mind before but something that she continuously preferred to push aside and ignore.

"Oh come on", he said with a mocking sigh as if the answer were the most obvious one in existence, "Look around you, this is her world... rich men and sparkly events... and one of these days she is going to find the rich man that she is looking for. She will find the next Mr Priestly and then she'll throw you away, abandon you, just like when a child grows bored of their toy".

Andrea's insecurities were being thrown in her face, he was doing it on purpose and she knew he was, but that did not make it hurt any less.

"Anyone who thinks it will last is delusional because we all know that you simply aren't on the same level as she is", Christian said with an evil smirk as he watched the reaction of the woman in
front of him, "She will never see you as worthy, you're just a toy to keep her bed warm and help to boost magazine sales because who doesn't love a suddenly gay Editor-in-Chief of a fashion magazine".

"She's not using me for the magazine and nor am I a bed-warmer", Andrea said clearly.

What neither of them had noticed was that Miranda was now close enough that she could hear their conversation, not only that but she had been there long enough that she had heard the majority of the conversation. She was furious at him, however, she found herself glad that Andrea knew that what he was saying was a lie.

"But I know I'm not worthy", the younger woman stated as she sighed and looked away, "You don't need to tell me because it is something that I have always known but the thing is that even if she did decide that she doesn't want to be with me then I will always treasure the time that we did have together". Andrea brushed away a tear which resulted in a few people paying more attention to them than they had been previously. "I would rather have a day with Miranda than years with anyone else, I would rather have a minute of her love than spend a lifetime with you Christian so I don't know what your game is but it's over because it won't work", she stated with annoyance in her voice, annoyance that came from the pain of her insecurities being forced back into her mind despite her effort to push them aside, "I love Miranda, I love her with all that I am, and I will do everything in my power to make it last because her and the girls are my life".

"I think it's time for you to leave Mr Thompson", came the quiet voice from behind them as the surrounding people watched on with an element of fear and as she herself indicated his removal by security.

Christian gulped and had the sense to keep quiet rather than to speak out loud any more vile comments.

"You see, you are, in fact, very mistaken", Miranda stated with a glare that could almost turn someone into a heap of ashes on the floor, "Because the fact is, that I love Andrea and this, if I have my way, will last for the rest of our lives".

Andrea had tears in her eyes, although now it was for a different reason.

Miranda stepped closer and wrapped her arms around Andrea as she stood beside her, "So it will last and I will not be 'throwing her away' for anyone because I don't need a new Mr Priestly as one day I intend to make Andrea my wife, if, of course, she'll have me", as she said the last part she had a slight smirk on her face as she was confident that the other woman would and could not imagine that Andrea would leave her or her girls. The Editor-in-Chief pressed a loving kiss to Andrea's cheek, "And you were wrong about something else too", she began, "She is worthy, it is I who is not because she is the most amazing and loving person that I have had the pleasure of knowing and of loving".

Andrea had already wrapped her arms around the woman and as she herself was in flats and the other woman was in heels it made them closer to the same height so she leaned her head on Miranda's shoulder briefly in an embrace.

"Although you were almost right with one part", she said with a smirk which caused Andrea to momentarily tense up, "She does make an amazing bed-warmer", she paused for effect, "in fact she keeps my bed and I very warm... hot even".

Andrea relaxed at that and was trying not to laugh so she hid her face against the woman a little more whilst those who overheard also tried not to laugh but some of those were not able to prevent
"You will no longer be welcome at any Runway attended, funded, or organised events", she stated, "That's all", she ended as she walked away with her lover on her arm and as security escorted Christian from the building. The moment that the fashion queen's back had been turned he, all of a sudden, regained his confidence and began to blab disgusting nonsense that nobody truly cared about but instead simply resulted in a lot of disgusted looks being thrown his way.

Once the two women had moved to a location that Miranda had led them to, the older woman turned to her and cupped both of Andrea's cheeks, "I love you my Andrea", she said softly before leaning in and pressing a loving kiss to her soft lips not caring about ruining their make-up, "I love you with all of my heart and soul, I love you like I have never loved before, so please never think that you are not worthy of me or not loved by me because you are... oh so much".

"I love you too Miranda", the dark-haired woman said with a smile, she felt like a weight had been lifted from her and that she could breath much more easily, "I love you so much".

Miranda smiled brightly before she leaned in again and captured the other woman's lips in a much more passionate kiss as she pulled her closer to her.

"I think we should go home", Andrea said softly as she pulled back very slightly from Miranda's lips, "Because I really want to warm up that bed of yours".

A smirk appeared instantly on Miranda's face, "In that case, I think we need to say our goodbyes", she said before leaning in for another kiss but this time much deeper than the others. She could not help but smile into the kiss because of what Andrea had said, she had said the word 'home' as if it were their home rather than just Miranda's and the fashion queen found herself loving the sound of that.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!