

# ~ Stewed, Screwed & Tattooed ~

by Mavis Applewater

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

As always this is for Heather.

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Stewed, screwed and tattooed not the most elegant expression, but Sailor Jerry, a.k.a. Jerry Collins the infamous tattoo artist, wasn't known for his charm, just the artwork he created for most of the sailors during world war two. He also created a very fine rum which is at the crux of my present situation. Apparently, thanks to a bottle of Sailor Jerry rum which is smooth with a slight hint of cherry and ninety-two proof, I lived out one of his infamous tats. The above-mentioned bottle of rum explains the stewed portion of my previous evening. The petite brunette sound asleep in the bed of the strange hotel room I am standing in would explain the screwed part and the painful burning from the image of Tigger, which magically appeared on my inner thigh, would explain the tattooed portion of the evening.

All of these things make sense because of the large quantity of alcohol I had consumed last evening. The only thing that doesn't fit with Jerry Collins original tattoo was marriage. I am standing in the middle of a hotel room, which I can only assume is located somewhere in P-Town since that was where I was last night, and I am holding in my hands a marriage license. Another assumption I am making is that the snoring brunette is Glenda Murdock which according to the document I am staring at is the name of my bride.

My heart stops as the snoring suddenly ceases and I am greeted by small whimpers then the tell-tale sound of someone smacking their lips. Apparently Mrs. Jennings, which is my last name, is about to come out of her coma. "Hi?" She greets me in a quizzical manner. I am relieved that she is now sporting the same troubled look I had on my face just moments before when I woke up and discovered I was in bed completely naked with someone I couldn't really remember meeting. Everything is still a blur as I glance over at my bride.

"Screwed, stewed and tattooed?" She mumbles as she reads the back of the t-shirt I am wearing and, embarrassingly enough it is the only article of clothing I am wearing. "We got that at the bar last night?" She mutters still trying to focus as she pulls the bed sheet over her body. "Some kind of rum promotion wasn't it?"

"Yes," I responded with a hard swallow as she winced in pain.

"What the hell?" She mumbles as she lifts the sheet and examines her backside. Her face is pale as she looks up. "I have a tattoo?"

"Welcome to the club," I sigh as I lift the hem of my shirt ever so slightly.

"Interesting location," she smiles for the first time. "You wouldn't happen to know what is permanently emblazoned across my ass by any chance. I can't quite see it."

"Winnie the Pooh," I blush. "I saw it when I woke up, Glenda."

She stares at me thoughtfully for a moment; I understand she is racking her brain for my name. "I'm Aster Jennings," I supply sheepishly. "Any chance you remember what happened last night?" I ask in a pleading manner.

"I was just about to ask you," she grimly confesses. "God, between my butt and my head I think I want to die. At least you remembered my name. Any chance you know a plastic surgeon so I can have this bear taken off my butt?"

"No and no," I grimly confess. "The tats and the hangover are the easy part. I didn't remember your name," I explain softly as I hand her the slip of paper.

"What is," she began slowly as she brushes the hair from her eyes. "We got married?"

She screams out causing the both of us to cradle our aching heads. "Don't do that," I plead with her.

"How did this happen, I thought there was a waiting period?" She gasps in a much softer tone. "What day is this?"

"I'm almost positive that it is only Sunday," I offer as I sit on the very edge of the bed before I fall over. "I don't think I've ever been this drunk in my life."

"Ditto," she groans. "The last thing I remember was hanging out in the bar. I had a fight with my girlfriend and she headed home early."

"You have a girlfriend?" I choke out thoroughly disgusted with myself.

"Had," she clarifies. "She dumped me that was what the fight was about. I was sulking in the bar, trying to enjoy the rum party. I vaguely remember you walking in. After that everything is a blur. Serves me right this is why I never drink. What about you what was the last thing you remember?"

"I drove down for the day with friends," I slowly begin as my mind tries to fill in the details. "They're a couple and they got into a spat before we left Boston. By the time we were supposed

to hit tea dance, I had enough and told them I'd catch the ferry back. I walked around for a while ended up in the bar and saw you trying to catch cherries in your mouth. Some girl dressed in a sarong kept giving us free samples of rum. That is about all I can remember. The next clear recollection I had was waking up with the mother of all hangovers, a tattoo and a wife."

"How romantic," she scowls as she rubs her head. "I've never done anything like this before. Normally I'm boring."

"Me too," I sigh in agreement. "Look we can fix this; we'll just get an annulment. I don't think we can swing that on a Sunday, but I'll leave you my phone number. I have to catch the ferry."

"Hold on, you're not seriously planning on taking the ferry in your condition are you?" She gently inquires as my stomach flips at the very thought of being stuck on a boat for hours. "What about your friends?"

"It was just a day trip," I grimly respond. "They're probably in Boston still sniping at one another. Since they thought I was leaving last night they won't even miss me."

"I don't want to be brazen, but I have a car and I'm heading back to Boston," she gently offers. "I'm driving back in the morning, so why don't we try and get some sleep and I can give you a lift. I mean it is the least I can do for my wife."

"How did your girlfriend get back?" I inquire as my body screams for me to accept her generous offer.

"Gena? Her new girlfriend was waiting to drive her back," she spits out. "Sorry, I'm just a little bitter at the moment."

"Fancy that," I laugh while nodding and climbing back under the covers.

"We do have nice bands," she points out as she holds up her hand while I glance down at the matching wedding band on my ring finger. They are white gold with a series of black onyx ankhs encircling the silver bands.

"We do have good taste," I smile as I yawn. "I found the receipt we bought them at Ruby's," I supply forgetting the horror I initially felt when I discovered I had charged the wedding bands to my credit card. They were nice and I guess I could keep mine as a memory of my one and only wild adventure. "Thank God, tomorrow is a holiday, I really don't think it would bode well for me to call in with a hangover and married."

"Hmm, what do you do?" Glenda sighed deeply as she burrowed her face in her pillow.

"I teach Phys Ed at a high school just outside of the city," I murmur while snuggling up against my own pillow.

"I married a gym teacher?" She giggles as I snicker. "You just made my wish from Junior High

come true."

"Had a crush on your soccer coach?" I prodded trying to ignore the still constant throbbing in my head.

"Miss Franks," she sighs happily. "And she was the basketball coach. I was crushed when I didn't make the team."

"And just what do you do my blushing bride?" I ask allowing my eyes to drift shut since the slightest hint of light is still painful.

"I'm a lawyer," she confesses almost embarrassed.

"Mother would be so proud," I cough once again my head screams at my actions. "I hurt everywhere," I groan and based on where some of my sore sports are located, I can only assume that Glenda and I had one hell of a wedding night. "I got the cherry in your mouth."

"Excuse me?" She blurts out as she bolts upright causing her body to shrink from the pain.

"I just remembered," I try to explain as I look over at her. "You said that any woman who could toss a cherry into your mouth would be the woman you'd marry. The whole bar got into it."

"That's right," she stammers as the cloud slowly begins to lift for the both of us. "Including that woman," she snaps her fingers as she tries to recall the woman's name. "She was a justice of the peace. The bartender and the bouncer were our bride's maids. There is no way this is legal. When did we get the rings?"

"I'm trying to remember," I sigh heavily as we snuggle back down in the bed. "Wait it is all coming back to me."

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### *The day before*

I was in a miserable state, somehow the fun filled trip down to P-Town turned into a pissing contest between Robin and Bonnie. I loved the both of them dearly and one on one each was really a nice person. Yet, as a couple they had the most unlikable habit of fighting constantly usually in public. Most of our other friends wanted to slap me since I was the one who had the bad manners to introduce them. The worst part of their bickering was each of them tried to drag me into the middle of what was obviously a private matter. I had enough, my head was throbbing, my feet hurt and neither of them would agree just where we should stop and eat. My stomach growled which led to another argument between the couple. I am honestly clueless as to just how it is that these two women have survived five years together.

"Look guys do whatever you want," I finally snapped. "I'll catch the ferry or the bus." I stormed off as the sounds of each of them shouting at the other that they had driven me off. As I wandered around the crowded streets I suddenly felt alone. Being single isn't a bad thing, just

when you suddenly find yourself surrounded by happy couples filling the streets it can tug at your heart. I spied the small bar tucked away just off the beaten path of Commercial Street. "I hope they serve food," I sigh as I decide to pop in and check it out.

I was taken aback as I stepped into the dark, little bar and a woman wearing a sarong greeted me by draping flowery lei around my neck and handing me a t-shirt. "Uhm thanks," I sputtered like a moron as I ducked away from her and headed towards the bar. I took a seat at the bar away from the line of women trying to toss cherries into an attractive brunette's mouth. "Do I even want to know?" I ask the bartender who is laughing at the scene.

"Poor thing just got dumped," the older woman explained. "She's promised to marry the first woman who can pop a cherry into her mouth."

"Nice to see she has a plan," I blink with surprise as another woman dressed in island attire approaches me with a tray of shots. "Uhm no thanks," I decline as she offers me one.

"Go ahead," the bartender encourages me. "It is Sailor Jerry, very smooth rum."

"Sorry I only go for officers," I quipped as I point to the bottle of Captain Morgan Private Stock sitting on the shelf.

"It's free," the waitress encourages me.

"What the hell," I shrug as I take a shot ignoring the fact that I haven't eaten all day. "That is smooth," I agree as she hands me another shot, which for some idiotic reason I accept. "You wouldn't happen to sell food by any chance?"

"Sorry, the only thing I have is fruit, most of which is being tossed in an effort to win Glenda's hand," the bartender laughed as I down two more shots.

"Are you saying that in a bar full of dykes no one has managed to toss a cherry into her mouth?" I gasped horrified at the idea. "That is just wrong," I shake my head with disgust. "Give me a Sailor Jerry and Ginger," I order against my better judgment as I lean back to watch the show.

"I tried three times," the bartender confessed as she hands me two drinks. "I swear she is so loaded that she keeps weaving. Don't worry she's staying in town and not driving," she quickly adds cutting off my question as to why she hadn't cut the small woman off yet. "Her girlfriend pulled a real number on her. They came down for a vacation turns out the girlfriend's girlfriend drove down as well. She dumped her over breakfast and took off with her new lover who was sitting at the next table.

"Now that gives new meaning to the word bitch," I fuss as I accept another shot and another cocktail even though my head is already spinning. I try to focus on the competition as I glance at my new t-shirt. "Stewed, Screwed and Tattooed?"

My little sarong friend explains that it was one of Jerry Collins' tattoos and gives me a detailed

history of the famous tattoo artist. I tuck the shirt into the back pocket of my shorts with my focus still on the game of cherry tossing. The whole bar seemed to be getting into the competition. Even I was cheering loudly and booing at the right moments. Somewhere during the merriment I moved closer to the competition. "They aren't serious about marrying her are they?" I laugh as I order another round of cocktails.

"No," the bartender, who I notice has been sampling the rum as well, scoffed. "But Marge, she's a justice of the peace, raced out and got a marriage license."

I assumed that the bartender was kidding and everyone was just having fun while trying to help out the broken hearted brunette. *'Help her out or bed her,' I recall thinking as I ordered yet another round for myself and another drink for the bride to be.* Glenda winked over at me which caused my stomach to flutter. "That is it," I groused loudly as, once again, a woman pelted the smaller woman with fruit. "And you call yourselves lesbians," I berated the crowd as I approached the game.

"Batter up," the bartender announced chiming a bell that was hanging from a beam behind the bar.

"Okay just so I understand the rules," I slurred as the bartender slid a bowl of cherries over at me. "If you catch this sucker in your mouth," I began slowly. "We get married?"

"Absolutely!" The petite brunette vowed as her emerald eyes glazed over. "Or we could just do that," she hiccupped as she pointed to a patron who was sporting the free t-shirt.

"Oh I think we've got the stewed part covered," I giggled as I held the single cherry. "Tell you what, if I get this on the first try we do all of that and get married."

"You got a deal," Glenda laughed as she adjusted herself on the barstool and spread her arms out while opening her mouth. I could hear the other women in the bar making snide comments about my bravado. I didn't spend all those years playing softball for nothing. I blink quickly knowing my focus is way off and the way Glenda was teetering on the stool wasn't helping either. Yet, I was determined. I took my stance readied my aim and hit my mark.

Several women cheered my success while others groused complaining that I cheated. So, just to be a show off I plucked another cherry out of the bowl and stepped even further away. Once again I was right on target. I received a mix of cheers and boos for my efforts as I approached my soon to be bride who plucked two cherry stems out of her mouth. I have no idea what I was doing as I straddled her thighs and captured her in a searing kiss.

I became lost in the fiery kiss almost toppling over from the heated exchange. I was struggling for air as the kiss finally ceased. Glenda had left me speechless as the barroom applauded my success. I blinked with surprise as I noticed that Glenda had not only tied the cherry stems in knots but also managed to braid them and slip one onto each of our ring fingers. "Now that is impressive," I sputtered as I contemplated just what else this adorable creature could do with her tongue.

"Just wait," Glenda purred as if she was reading my mind. Suddenly her soft inviting lips capture me. My only thought is just how amazing her kisses truly are. Once again she has left me breathless. Suddenly there are more drinks and a bottle of champagne in front of us as the crowd starts planning the nuptials.

"Hold on," I sputter after toasting my bride. "These are lovely and I will treasure them always," I explain as I slip the cherry stems from our fingers. "My wife deserves the best," I boasted. "Where can I find a jeweler?" I demanded.

"Ruby's is across the street," someone shouted and after kissing my bride quickly I was out the door. The poor man working the counter must have thought I was insane when I stumbled into the shop. I saw the rings I wanted immediately. "Those two in these sizes," I demanded as I slapped the cherry stems on the glass counter. To his credit the clerk did try to talk me out of making the purchase until I was thinking a little more clearly. "Pshaw," I scoffed as I pulled out my wallet and tossed down my credit card. "I'm getting married so hurry."

"Alright," he hesitantly conceded. "You're in luck I have two in stock that are the perfect sizes."

"No need to wrap them up, my bride is waiting," I loudly proclaimed as I signed the receipt and retrieved my belongings. I stumbled back into the bar which the patrons had tried to decorate during my short absence. I have no recollection if the bar looked any better than it had when I left, at the time I thought it was a work of art.

I had a vague memory of the ceremony. The bartender whose name was Terri was asking the both of us if we were sure about going through with our unorthodox union. I seem to recall my bride and I laughing it off, it was after all nothing more than a joke or a lark, despite Marge's reassurance that it was legal and binding. I was far too inebriated to care or believe her, as was my bride. We exchanged hasty vows before exchanging a series of soul searing kisses. I had to admit Glenda was one hell of a kisser.

Next we drank champagne and more rum as the entire bar celebrated our union. Finally I decided or she decided it was time to fulfill the rest of the t-shirt. I remember slipping my hand between her legs telling her I was ready. "Tattoos," my bride laughed as I grumbled. We staggered up and down Commercial Street until we fell into a tattoo parlor. Naturally the first question out of the young woman with the Mohawk mouth was if we were certain we wanted to be tattooed?

"It is our wedding day," my bride boasted. Seemingly her assertion set aside any fears the younger woman had about our conviction to permanently mark our bodies.

"Who wants to go first?" The teenager inquired.

"Me," I blurted out as I dropped my shorts and underwear and climbed up on the table.

"Fuck yeah," the artist gleamed as I sprawled out before her.

"Hey that's my wife," Glenda cautioned the eager woman.

"Sorry but she is fucking hot," the young artist assessed as my wife beamed.

"That she is," Glenda conceded. "Tell the girl what you want baby."

"Right here," I proclaimed thrusting my fingers against my inner thigh. "It is in my wallet," I tried to explain as my bride searched my pants and scanned the contents of my wallet. She held up a torn sheet from my memo pad.

"Tigger?" Glenda laughed. "Perfect, I already know what to get," she giggled as she handed the slip of paper to the girl.

As the artist prepared my body my wife knelt beside me kissing me deeply. I became lost in the feel of her hands slipping up and under my shirt. She pinched and teased my nipples before lifting my shirt up and over my breasts. My hips jerked forward Glenda captured my nipple in her mouth and suckled me greedily. "Keep still," the youngster demanded.

"I think she wants to join in," Glenda observed as I gazed down my half naked body to find a pair of dark brown eyes ogling me.

"I only want you, she can watch," I gasped as I felt Glenda's lips recapturing my nipple. I became lost in the brunette's touch as she held my body steady while her fingers slipped inside of me. Her touch was amazing leaving me completely unaware of the pinpricks of the needles that were decorating my body. I remember the feel of my body shuddering as Glenda held me steady as I felt cool breath on my thigh.

"God you two are amazing," the artist blew out. "All done," she explained as she placed a bandage over her work. Next?"

I knew I was drunk when the room spun, as I stood not bothering to pull up my pants. Strangely I felt my world righted when Glenda kissed me. I lowered her down on to the table my pulse racing as she climbed onto her hands and knees and yanked her shorts and underwear down. "Right here," I cooed as I caressed her left cheek. "Tell her what you want baby," I instructed my wife.

"Winnie the Pooh," Glenda boasted as she thrust her hips backward and spread her legs. I laughed as the artist's eyes widened.

"You have to keep still," the young woman squeaked out as Glenda's hips swayed.

"Not to worry," I purred as I stepped to the end of the table. "I'll keep her focused," I vowed as I felt Glenda's breath caressing my wetness. "Don't screw this up," I cautioned the tattoo artist as I felt Glenda's tongue gliding along my sex. I watched the younger woman carefully as she tried to focus on her work, her eyes drifting to the sight of my bride feasting upon me while I tried to keep Glenda's body still. My hips thrust in an urgent rhythm as Glenda suckled my throbbing

clit. I watched as the artist wiped the beads of sweat from her brow. "All done," she squeaked. We didn't cease our movements.

"I can't wait to fuck you," I cried out as I felt Glenda's teeth grazing against my aching nub. I gave into her touch as the artist lowered her pants and began stroking herself. "She's touching herself," I groaned as I watched my lover feasting upon me while the younger woman slipped inside of herself. That tidbit of information seemed to please Glenda, she responded by suckling me harder and slipping her fingers inside of my warmth. My hips rocked wildly greeting her touch. I feared that my knees would buckle I felt my body trembling and the room spinning. I cried out as my body erupted in sheer ecstasy.

I didn't allow my body time to recover and soon I was behind my bride as the eager artist watched us. I nudged Glenda's quivering thighs apart and caressed the firm flesh mindful not to touch the new artwork that had been permanently etched on her body. I sank to my knees; my tongue snaked out eager to taste my bride. I glided my tongue along her flesh before dipping into her nectar. I moaned with pleasure, as I tasted her slowly her hips jerking backward eager to feel more of me.

My tongue slipped deeper into her wetness until I was teasing her throbbing clit with the tip. Glenda's body rocked furiously as she pleaded with me for more. I murmured softly slipping two digits deep inside her warm, wet center. I listened to Glenda's deep moans and panting as I plunged in and out of her while my mouth worshiped the firm flesh of her backside. I was filled with a sense of euphoria as my bride released her passion painting my flesh with her desire.

Our young companion's cries joined the party as Glenda collapsed onto the table. I slowly stood, licking my lips savoring her taste as I pulled up my shorts. "This is going to be one hell of a honeymoon," Glenda chuckled gleefully as she adjusted her clothing and almost toppled off of the table. "How much?" She asked our companion as she extracted her wallet from her shorts.

"On me," the artist squeaked out her eyes glazed over with pleasure. "Consider it a wedding gift."

We thanked her and Glenda tipped her before dragging me out of the shop. "Where to?" I asked my mind befuddled by sex and alcohol.

"I have a room just down the street," Glenda explained keeping a tight hold on my hand.

"You think of everything," I complimented her as she guided me down the busy street.

I couldn't remember going to or entering her hotel room. All I could remember were the passionate kisses as we tore off one another's clothing until our naked bodies toppled onto a bed. I moaned into the warmth of her mouth as her skin greeted mine. I could feel our desire mingling as she rested on top of me. I wrapped my legs around her body as I felt her hand slipping between our bodies. I bit down on her lip as she slipped inside of me. "Fuck me," I cried out as I mirrored her actions. Our bodies became one as we pleased one another.

Every touch, every passionate whisper made me feel complete as we became lost in a frenzy. We were lost in a haze of raw passion, touching and tasting every inch of one another's body until exhaustion and rum claimed us. That was all I could recall, I have no idea when I passed out. My next clear realization was waking up naked with an equally naked stranger, and discovering that I truly had been, stewed, screwed and tattooed and apparently married.

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*Back to the present*

"Oh yeah," Glenda stammered after we helped one another fill in the hazy details. During the conversation we had inched away from one another and tightened the bed sheets around our bodies. I felt my breathing hitch as our eyes met for the briefest moment. For some bizarre reason the gleam in her eyes made my weary body want to relive the memories we had just shared.

"Oh boy," I sputtered as I felt a familiar throbbing pulsating between my thighs. I steal a shy glance over at her noticing the marks I had left on her fair skin.

"Did I spank you last night?" She timidly inquires as I blush recalling how I balanced my body on my hands and knees while she spanked me long and hard.

"Yes," I squeak. "Normally that isn't my cup of tea."

"I'm sorry," she quickly apologizes. "I have never done that before or a lot of the things we did last night."

"Don't apologize," I correct her as my blush deepens. "I liked it. I liked everything about last night. I think we lived out every fantasy in the book, no wonder we're so exhausted," I try to make light of the events all the while my pulse is racing as my blood pools in a decidedly southern location.

"Maybe remembering wasn't such a good idea," she whimpers stealing a shy glance that only makes my heart race even harder.

"Then again," I slowly begin completely bewildered as to why I am going to suggest what I am about to suggest. "We are still married at least for the next twenty-four hours."

"We are," she agrees, as the pounding in my chest grows louder as our eyes meet. "Then again," she stammers. "We might not be as rambunctious when we are sober," she adds as we inch closer to one another.

"True," I concede as I roll onto my side while she does the same. All thoughts of protest vanish as I feel the softness of her breasts brushing against my skin. "Oh this is bad," I gasp.

"We're married," she painfully reminds me. I know this is a bad idea but she is far too irresistible. I can feel my heart fluttering as she kisses me. I know that our passion is just for

today, but damn she is an amazing kisser. I silently remind myself that I am married to this woman, for better or for worse and she is so hot I am helpless. "Aster," she whimpers helplessly as her kisses drift to my neck. "Stop me."

"I can't," I confess my breath catching as my hands roam up and down her naked body. "Can't blame it on the rum this time," I whimper as her lips drift lower and I feel her tongue flickering against my nipple. In the back of my mind I realize the insanity of the situation, but as she suckles my nipple causing it to harden I am helpless to resist.

I lace my fingers through her hair and press her closer my body arches in an effort to offer her more. "Oh God," I moan as she teases my aching nipple with her teeth and her tongue. Her hands glide down my body I wince slightly when her fingers accidentally brush against my new tattoo.

"Sorry," she whispers as her fingers quickly depart from Tigger and slip between my thighs. I am wet and eager to feel all that she has to offer. I part my thighs as she nestles her body between them. My hips jerk pressing my overflowing desire against her body while she teases my nipples with her fingers and mouth. I experience a brief moment of panic before I realize that it is a bit late to be worrying about safe sex. That ship sailed last evening. A quick flash of the two of us on the balcony completely naked and me kneeling before her, people on the street below us cheer us on while I lick her passion before she guides me to my feet and bends me over the railing and takes me long and hard.

"What is it?" She whispers playfully against my flesh as she begins to kiss her way down my body.

"Last night, the balcony," I pant my flesh quivering beneath her kisses.

"Oh God," she murmurs in a sultry tone that sends a delightful shiver down my spine. "The whole town must have seen us."

"I know," I sigh suddenly feeling giddy at the thought that we had been so brazen last evening. I moan softly as I feel her tongue tracing the inside of my thigh. "So good," I groan as she parts me with her tongue. I drape my legs over her shoulders I feel her hands cupping my backside drawing me closer. The feel of her tongue gliding along my sex is far more invigorating this morning now that I am sober and completely aware of what was happening. Her fingers massage my ass as she captures my throbbing clit between her lips.

She suckles me my body thrusts eagerly against her touch. The room is spinning my headache vanishing as I give myself to her. I grind my passion against her eager to feel my body exploding against her needing to have her drown in my desire. The room is spinning I feel my body shuddering while she slips inside of me. Her mouth and fingers take me higher as I beg her for more. All too soon my world is on fire and I give in to the climax tearing through my body.

It is too much; I need more as I pull her to me kissing her savagely as I grope her body. I have her on her hands and knees mindful not to touch Winnie as I nudge her thighs apart. I press my wetness against her filling her my body rocks with wild abandonment. Her body jerks matching

my frantic rhythm. "Fuck me," she screams her pleas driving me insane.

I plunge my fingers deep inside her warm, wet center her body thrusting backward eager to feel me. I glide in and out of her my thumb teasing her throbbing clit. Her body is flush with desire as I feel her trembling from my touch. I feel alive as I slip my free hand between her thighs capturing her passion on my fingers. "Yes," she screams over and over again as I paint the puckered opening. At this moment in time I feel that she belongs to me, mine for whatever I wish, her pleas echo my thoughts as I slip my finger inside of her bottom filling her completely.

Our bodies gyrate as she climaxes against my touch. I am unable to quell my desire as my own aching need rumbles inside of me. I keep pleasuring her my body shaking each time I feel her releasing her passion. The day turns into a wild romp as we take the other to new heights. The night falls and we are still locked in the raw, lustful urges. Finally we are nestled beside one another each of us spread open as fingers plunge in and out as we kiss deeply until we climax in unison. We collapse sated and spent unable to give anymore. She wraps the sheets around our sweaty bodies and holds me in a tender embrace.

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We drive back to Boston enjoying the day and scenery not really talking about the passion we've shared although there are knowing looks and shy smiles exchanged. I am home and she has left with my phone number and email so we can take care of the legal business of ending our union. I still feel giddy as I slip the wedding band from my finger and lace it and the cherry stem on a simple chain.

For months I wear the chain, not certain why I keep it near me. Glenda and I get together now and then for coffee and conversation. Nothing more has happened and neither of us really discusses the annulment. I have confided about what happened to a few friends. Still I don't really seem to be in a hurry to undo what happened in P-Town. That is until the day I am called to the front office.

Dave is a good friend who works in personnel for the school system. For the life of me I cannot understand why he is nervous. "Aster, are you married?" He stammers.

"I told you about that," I sputter in confusion.

"So, you got the annulment?" He inquires hopefully.

"Not yet," I shrug not understanding what the problem is. "We just haven't got around to it. What's up?"

"Well there are legal ramifications," he carefully begins. "Mostly just paperwork, but since your marriage is legal you need to fill out some paperwork for insurance and what not."

"Oh?" I gape at him as he hands me a stack of paperwork. "I'll call Glenda and get this taken care of. How did this come up?"

"Your hunt for a new apartment, landlords calling for references wondering about your marital status since according to the state you are married," he explains. "It has brought questions from some people doing background checks."

"What?" I gasp. "How? My marriage really isn't legal unless that JP filed the papers. Oh crap. Don't worry we'll just get the annulment. How hard can it be?"

"Are you sure you want to do that?" He questions me with concern. "Do you really want to be the first gay divorce?"

"We're not getting a divorce just an annulment," I argue. "We certainly have grounds. If Brittany Spears can do it why can't I?"

"I just hope it doesn't get out," Dave cautions me. "The press will have a field day and the school board won't be happy."

"Relax, I will be very discreet," I promise as I collect the papers and leave his office. My next course of action is to call Glenda. She reassures me that there shouldn't be a problem and asks me to meet with her at her office in the city.

She looks nervous when I walk into her office. "This is Mark, one of the attorneys here," she introduces me to the slender, dark-skinned man seated in her office. "We have a problem," she explains as she offers me a chair. I can't help noticing that she is running her fingers through her hair.

"I don't understand, certainly we have grounds for an annulment since we never really meant to get married," I argue. "We were drunk that must help our cause. I doubt the license was obtained legally."

"All true," Mark concedes. "But Marge Coleman denies that. There are a few other problems."

"Such as?" I prompt the two of them each looking very wary. "We were drunk."

"A fact that entire bar staff denies," Glenda explains. "Did you know that giving out free samples and serving more than two drinks to one person at a time and not mention over serving an inebriated customer are all illegal in this state?"

"As a matter a fact I did," I concede. "I tended bar in college. After the drinking age was raised back in the eighties the serving laws became ridiculous. Oh, I see, so if Terri, our every friendly bar wench, admits what happened she's out of a job."

"Not just her," Glenda expands. "The bar will lose its license and everyone who works there is out on the street. Not to mention the liquor company will be in the jackpot even though all the liquor companies do this all the time. No one is backing up our story."

"You lose the claim that you were drunk, which is the basis for your claim that you lacked the

intent to get married," Mark carefully continues. "Which leaves one other option?"

"Great use it," I assert.

"Consummation," Glenda squeaks out with a slight blush. "Aster I'm sorry, as an officer of the court I can't in good conscience sign a document that I know is a lie."

"What can we do?" I blow out suddenly feeling very overwhelmed and strangely relieved by the strange turn of events.

"Get a divorce," Glenda mutters. "Which would make us the first divorced same sex couple in the Commonwealth."

"I can't do that the media vans will be parked in front of the school," I blanch. "I'll lose my job."

"I have one last option," Mark slowly begins. "Stay married until someone else gets a divorce. By that time yours will be handled just as quietly as a straight couple. If you go this route you will have to file taxes together, fill out the appropriate paperwork for your employers, and do almost everything else that any other married couple has to do."

"I can do that," I agree. "Except this whole thing got started because I am apartment hunting. My place has been sold and I have to be out by the end of the month. If I fill out an application I have to put down that I am married. What if some snoop gets wind of this? Wouldn't being separated look just as bad?"

"Yes, which would effect both our careers," Glenda grumbles suddenly looking very tired. "Wait, live with me. I just bought a new house with an apartment above the garage. We'd have the same address."

"You couldn't charge her rent," Mark cautions us.

"Why not? I'm certainly not going to live there for free," I protest.

"The IRS would be all over it, why would someone charge their spouse rent?" He points out.

"What if we set up a joint checking account just for the house?" Glenda chimes in. "Each of us would put in for utilities and half the mortgage which is what I would charge for rent anyways. It would be legal that way."

"How much? I need to know if I can afford to rent the place," I glumly question.

"Seven-fifty," Glenda throws out as I give her a suspicious glance.

"In what neighborhood were you only going to charge that little, come on how much?" I challenge her.

"A grand," she confesses.

"It will be tight, but I can swing it," I agree. "God, I can't believe this is so complicated."

"I am so sorry about this Aster," she apologizes.

"This isn't your fault," I reassure her. "Personally I blame Bonnie, Robin and your witch of an ex-girlfriend. I need you to fill these out," I explain as I hand her the papers.

"I have some for you as well," Glenda smiles at me.

"So, can I count on you to lift heavy boxes this weekend?" I tease her my stomach fluttering as her eyes capture my own.

"Anything for my wife," she teases with a light laugh that warms my body.

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It is the weekend and we are covered with dirt and sweat as we finish unloading the last of my belongings. The apartment is small but cozy. I really like it, but I am filled with a long list of concerns. Little things like can we pull off this charade without anyone causing us trouble? Or how do I deal with the fact that I am really attracted to my wife, only she isn't really my wife, and what happens when one of us starts dating?

"Well this is a mess," Glenda pipes in and I wonder if she is reading my mind until I notice her looking at the large amount of unpacked boxes. "If I may make a suggestion instead of trying to get things set up tonight how about we go downstairs and I cook us dinner and you can crash on the sofa?"

"Sounds like heaven," I sigh with relief. "If I can use your shower."

"Not a problem," she beams in response. "I'm still unpacking so my place is only in slightly better condition."

Later we are relaxing in her living room after cleaning up our bodies and devouring a terrific meal. Now the dishes are done and we are just lounging by the fire drinking wine. "Lucky me I married a woman who can cook," I tease as she laughs once again the sound of her laughter warms my heart.

"With the hours I keep I don't have the chance to do it very often, plus cooking for one is a drag," she confesses with a shy smile.

"I hear that," I sigh in agreement my eyes drifting to the silver band that she still wears on her ring finger.

"I don't know why I still wear it other than the fact that I really like it," she explains as she catches my gaze.

"I have mine too," I confess as I hold up the chain.

"And the cherry stem," she smiles brightly. "That was some night."

"And morning," I purr in response. "So what happened to Gena? I have to admit your names sound adorable together."

"Glenda and Gena," she frowns. "That is kind of how we got together everyone kept saying how cute our names sounded together. She's gone. She moved to Vegas with her new girlfriend after she tried to sue me for palimony. She heard about the wedding and thought she was going to get a big pay off. She got some money but not as much as she wanted. I bought this place and I'm trying to start over."

"Dating anyone?" I throw out trying to sound completely casual about my query.

"I went on a couple of dates," she confesses. "It is a bit hard when you're wearing a wedding band. I didn't really connect with anyone. You?"

"I've gone out a few times," I admit suddenly feeling guilty. "Like you I haven't really met anyone. It is going to be hard to explain that I'm living above my wife."

"It is going to be interesting," I laugh in an effort to make light of the unusual situation.

"I hate that we are sitting around waiting for someone else's relationship to fail," she mutters grimly. "To be honest I'm not really in a hurry to get a divorce. How weird is that, every time the subject came up I just ignored it? Maybe it is because I really enjoyed those long talks we shared over coffee."

"Me too, and now we can do that here at home," I pipe in unable to get the smile from my lips. Suddenly my stomach is tied in knots as I gaze over at her. I feel skittish wondering if I should make a pass or suggest going out on a date. Instead I yawn and the moment has passed. She makes up the sofa for me. I don't sleep a wink knowing that she is just upstairs in her bedroom. It is a long, restless night.

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Over the ensuing months Glenda and I fall into a comfortable routine. Each of us works long hours but still find time to hang out, go to the movies or share dinner. It is nice and sadly, at times, I really feel like we are married except there is no affection other than the occasional touch or hug. Each time I ponder the possibility of trying to spark a romantic relationship with the quirky brunette my courage fails.

I rented a DVD popped a bowl of popcorn and now I am letting myself into the downstairs kitchen with my key. Funny that neither of us bothers to knock we just waltz in and out of one another's home without a second thought. I know she is home after seeing her car pull in a half

an hour ago. "Hey I rented," the words die on my lips as I step into the living room and find a tall blonde sitting dangerously close to my wife. "Sorry," I quickly blurt out my apology as I turn to leave feeling completely foolish.

"No apology necessary," Glenda blurts out as she springs from the sofa. I simply want to make my exit and hide, but Glenda's hand on my shoulder halts my escape. "We were just finishing up," she prattles on as she guides me back into the room. "This is Lena Malcolm, I told you about her Honey," Glenda begins the introduction as I gape down at her knowing I've never heard Lena's name before. "Lena this is my wife, Aster," Glenda calmly continues as she relieves the bowl from my hands before I can drop it.

Lena stands she is a tall woman with a very unhappy look on her face. "A pleasure to meet you," I fumble as I reach out to shake her hand. Lena grunts in response almost sneering at me as she shakes my hand. *'She's pissed that I'm here,'* I mentally deduce as she releases my hand.

"Why don't we put this in the kitchen?" Glenda quickly suggests before yanking me out of the room. My head is spinning as she closes the kitchen door behind us and puts the bowl on the counter. "I'm sorry about that," she whispers. "We've been working together on this case and she has been on me like white on rice. I told her I'm married. She hasn't taken the hint."

"I hate women like that," I sneer with disgust.

"I think she may have heard some rumors about our situation. She showed up just as I got home with some lame excuse about needing to go over some paperwork," Glenda further explains. "Aster I didn't mean to blind side you, I just can't get rid of her."

"Relax," I giggle feeling suddenly elated that I needed to pretend to be happily married to the woman I was lusting after. "I will be your ever devoted wife."

"Thank you," she blows out with relief as she takes the movie from my hand. "What did you rent? Cool, I've been dying to see this. We can watch it after we pry her off the sofa."

"Come on then," I beam as I take Glenda by the hand and lead her back into the living room. I shiver as Lena glares at me. "Are you going to be working late Sweetie? Shall I cook for the three of us?"

"Huh?" Glenda stammers as I wrap my arm around her waist. She blinks with surprise before catching on. "No, honestly Lena we can do this at the office," she suggests to the unhappy blonde.

"So, Aster how long have the two of you been married?" Lena tosses out as she sizes me up.

"Six months," I supply with a sly smile. "We're still on our honeymoon," I add as I turn the small brunette in my arms and cup her face. It is the perfect chance and I will not squander it. I lean down and capture Glenda in a lingering kiss. I feel breathless as the kiss comes to an end. I feel Glenda sway against me as I try to catch my bearings. "Sorry," I say as I clear my throat and

glance over at the stunned blonde. "Newlyweds. Now about dinner?"

"I was just leaving," Lena fumbles as she quickly gathers up her things. "We can do this on Monday, nice meeting you," she blurts out as Glenda quickly shows her the door. I am confused as Glenda leans against the door seemingly struggling to breathe. The best I am hoping for is a thank you for saving her. There is something in her eyes as she looks up at me that steals my breath away.

"I wish you hadn't done that," she gasps as she slowly crosses the room.

"I thought you wanted to get rid of her?" I try to explain suddenly feeling as if I had just ruined everything.

"Oh I did," she sputters as her hands clasp my hips. "I love the way you kiss. Do you have any idea how hard it has been to be this close to you and not touch you?"

Before I can formulate an answer she is kissing me. My knees buckle as I feel my body being lowered to the floor. She is pinned beneath my body; my hands are hiking up her skirt as we fall prey to the fiery kiss. "Yes," I gasp as the kiss slowly ends while my hands tug her pantyhose down to her hips. "I know I've felt it every day. I don't want to end this; I want to see what is waiting for us." She moans my fingers slip inside her panties.

"Make love to me Aster," she pleads as her desire greets my touch. "Wake up with me, stay with me?"

"Yes," I promise as I stroke her engorged nub while she tears open my blouse and fills her hands with my breasts. I feel my bra slipping up exposing my breast as I kiss her again and again. I slip inside of her and she arches against my touch while pinching and teasing my nipples. I can't wait I need her. I plunge deeper inside of her until I feel the walls tightening against my touch. I lower my body until the musky aroma of her desire fills my senses. I take her in my mouth, licking her passion as her body tightens against me. I suckle her harder while my fingers slip in and out of her.

Later we will make love slowly for now I am consumed by the need to feel her juices on my flesh as she explodes in ecstasy. My wish is granted and still it is not enough, I lick her harder needing to drink in every last drop. No other woman has filled me with such insatiable desire and no other woman has made me feel that a fire burns just as brightly inside of her.

I suckle her harder as I guide her over the edge again and again only stopping when she begins to claw at me. She pulls me towards her. "Show me your tattoo," she teases me.

"Gladly," I eagerly agree as I spring to my feet. I kick off my shoes and remove my pants and underwear with lightning speed.

"Closer," she beckons me in a sultry tone that makes my heart race. I feel her hands clasping my thighs as I straddle her face. Her hands glide up to my backside allowing her to guide my wetness to her mouth. I cry out as I feel her tongue stroking me. I fall forward when I feel her

fingers slipping inside of me. She teases my clit with her mouth while her fingers dip deep inside of my center. My fingers claw at the carpet as I give into my lover's demanding touch. I roll my hips thrusting harder as she takes more of me. I scream out her name when I reach the peak. I am lost my body convulsing against her.

My ears are buzzing as I slip away from her. I nestle beside her as we begin kissing slowly while our hands gently undress one another. Our movements are slow and tender the urgency has ebbed now we need to take things slowly. Once we are free of our clothing we hug one another simply enjoying the feel of the other's body.

I feel connected to her as my heart beats in unison with hers. I smile as she helps me to my feet and leads me upstairs. She never releases my hand as we step into her bedroom. We wrap our arms around one another kissing tenderly each kiss a promise. I can't stop smiling as my fingers caress her shoulders. "I've been dreaming about this," she whispers absently as her hands explore the curve of my body. Everywhere she touches me burns with desire.

She lowers me down to the bed our hands still caressing slowly. Our breath mingles as we nestle side by side. I smile as I feel the softness of her breasts brushing against my own. I feel that this is where I am meant to be. Our touches are tender as the tips of our fingers lightly glide along the other's flesh. She holds me in a smoldering gaze as we slip inside one another and gently pleasure each other. I am more excited at this moment than any of our previous encounters. The promise of her touch and kisses steal my heart.

Our bodies' melt together and I am not certain where she ends and I begin. Her body trembles against my touch and soon I am following her into the abyss. Once again our touch ignites our passion. We give in to the desire touching and kissing until our bodies have nothing left to give.

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I awake holding her in my arms. I love the feel of her naked body on top of mine. I glance down at my hand and smile at the diamond she gave me last evening in honor of our third wedding anniversary. "Good morning Mrs. Jennings," I greet her when I spy her emerald orbs smiling up at me. Last year she legally took my last name. I was surprised and touched by her gesture. I still can't believe that after three years not only are we still married but also that the passion still burns brightly. "We need to get up so we can get on the road," I nudge her.

"I can't believe you got the same hotel room," she murmurs happily. "I hope that bar is still there. Thank you."

"Honey it is just a trip," I laugh as I gaze once again at the large diamond. "You really out did yourself."

"Well after three years of marriage I thought it was high time I gave you an engagement ring," she laughs as she kisses my hand. "Come on Mrs. Jennings if I don't get out of this bed we will never get to P-Town."

"God I love you," I smirk as I watch her naked body climbing out of bed.

"I love you too," she beams in response.

The End.

Continued in [After The Honeymoon](#)

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