

# ~ After The Honeymoon ~

## (Stewed, Screwed & Tattooed Part Two)

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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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"Aster honey? Sweetie?" I beckon hoping to roust my slumbering mate. One of the things I learned early on from our impromptu marriage was that my blushing bride was most definitely not a morning person. Granted once Aster was properly caffeinated she was a bundle of energy. Prior to that moment trying to speak to her could prove hazardous to ones health. I'm just the opposite all spunk and fire from the moment my feet hit the floor. That is until the day is over. Once I'm exhausted and tired I do bring a new meaning to the word cranky.

Now after three some odd years of wedded bliss I have learned a clever little ploy. If I want Aster to agree to do something she normally might take exception to posing the suggestion when she isn't quite awake often proves helpful. This is what I am attempting to do at this very moment. In response my blushing bride releases an earth-shattering snore while rolling over taking the majority of the blankets with her. "Ah my little blanket thief," I coo into her ear, she simply smacks her lips. Aster is still far from the realm of the living completely unaware that life exists beyond her slumber.

"Almost time to get up," I purr as she releases another loud snort. "I've made coffee," I add in an effort to entice her closer to the conscious realm.

"Hmm?" She smiles in her slumber drifting closer to the waking world.

"Do you want me to bring you a cup?" I taunt her. She mutters something unintelligible that I learned years ago loosely translates to *'Yes! Damn it! Fetch me my coffee woman!'* I snicker gleefully slipping from the warm confines of our bed. I know that I am not playing fair but how else am I going to get her to agree to allow my parents to spend their up coming visit by staying in our home?

My parents our lovely people, but their politics run a little deep. Suffice it to say my dad could

make Nancy Reagan look like a liberal. It does make for some lively conversation during holiday dinners. My parents accept me and my lifestyle as best they can. News of my marriage, however, wasn't very well received. I honestly believe I could have told them that I decided to leave my chosen profession as a lawyer and decided to become a stripper it would have made them much happier. The hardest part for my uptight parents was that I had married a woman that they hadn't met or cross-examined depending on your point of view. Plus I was on the rebound and trying to explain that I hadn't met Aster until the day we got hitched also failed to go over well. The funny thing is I honestly believe that if I had married Gena, my long time girlfriend, they actually would have been more upset by the news. Gena was the one time I really should have listened to dear old mom and dad.

Now they are coming to visit and for some bizarre reason they want to stay with us. I place the coffee mug on the nightstand beside my wife's head. I bend over blowing the enticing aroma towards my comatose mate. She smiles in response. Coffee is the true secret to the success of our marriage. My poor Aster would sell her soul for a good cup of coffee. "Morning Honey," I chime just above a whisper not wanting to startle her. I keep my voice soft and warm understanding that conversation is the last thing she seeks at this ungodly hour. Her hazel eyes blink open and she greets me with the slightest hint of a smile. Slowly she lifts her body the blue silk top of her pajamas parting granting me a slight glimpse of her breasts. I release a soft purr as I smile smugly knowing that I alone am allowed to spy this vision of perfection.

She releases a throaty moan similar to the sultry sound she makes when she is aroused. Sometimes I ponder which excites her more sex or caffeine? She hums with delight stealing her first sip of coffee. I know that is far from being awake still her eyes are open and she is somewhat coherent. "Aster?" I tentatively begin knowing that I am not playing fair but since I failed to dissuade my mother from her hair brained idea that she and dad should bunk with us I have no options left.

"Hmm?" She coos still focused on the steaming cup of coffee and not the sound of my voice. I can feel my heart beating just a little faster knowing that I must pose my query quickly before Aster finishes her first cup of coffee and begins her second cup. When she reaches that point she will be far too alert to agree to my absurd request.

I curl up next to her. I can feel the heat radiating off of her body as I slip behind her and gently begin rubbing her shoulders. "Aster," I repeat feeling her body melting against my touch. I groan regretting that I am wasting what could be a fun morning spent making love with trickery that will only lead to my parents invading our home. "Would you mind it terribly if my parents came to visit and stayed with us?" I keep my voice low and warm doubting that my wife can actually understand what I am saying. I know what I am doing is underhanded, but I am trapped. This is my last option I reason as I blow a warm breath in her ear.

"Sure," she mumbles shivering in response to my provocative touch. I feel a pang of guilt as she leans into my touch. I know my method is beyond sneaky, but honestly I am not in the mood to engage in a major blow out with my wife. I've already endured a tedious tirade with my dear mother yesterday and fighting with Aster isn't topping my list of things to do today.

In an effort to spare my life from even more strife, since the impending arrival of my parents is going to be stressful enough, I have opted to resort to trickery. I am not happy about my course of action. I am merely trying to preserve my tranquility and, hopefully, my sanity. Of course the latter remains to be seen for now I am happy that my plan is working. I can deal with the fall out later.

One of the problems beside my parents overwhelming, narrow minded views is that Aster and my family failed to hit it off from day one when my dear old dad released a lengthy tirade explaining why women shouldn't be allowed to play sports. He, in his humble opinion, considered it a waste of time and money. Not surprisingly my wife, the gym teacher, took exception to my father's view. I distinctly recall telling my parents what my wife did for a living. My father only heard the word teacher and assumed that Aster was after my money. Dad can be an idiot at times.

I give Aster credit as she managed to hold her tongue much longer than I would have. She remained silent for an amazing length of time before all hell broke loose. Needless to say the first time Aster met her in-laws was a memorable experience for everyone involved including the stunned staff of the quaint respectable restaurant we were dining in at the time.

Ever since that ill-fated night everyone tries to be nice. I'm not certain what irks me more the forced politeness or the snooty comments that my parents and my bride mutter whenever they meet. I always feel torn since I truly love all three of these people. At times it cuts like a knife knowing that the people I love most in the world hate being around one another. Which is why I am mystified that my parents want to stay with us.

For now I am praying for a pleasant and, hopefully, short visit from my beloved, albeit, misguided parents. "Do you want more coffee?" I squeak out fearing that once Aster is alert it is going to hit the fan. Aster murmurs a grateful thank you and I scurry away eager to please her before I am banished to the guest room.

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Later that day I am sitting at my desk poring over a case file. My client is in deep, but then again it is his fault so there is very little I can do to help. "You should have settled," I grumble knowing that the cheap bugger is too arrogant to admit he is wrong. My phone rings as I make notes and draft a plan that might just help him out of the mess he has created. I answer the call on the second ring, as is my habit. "Glenda Jenkins," I chime professionally into the receiver my skin prickles as I somehow sense who is on the other end.

"Hello Honey," Aster brightly greets me as I cringe. Her tone is pleasant yet I can still detect an ever so subtle edge to it that informs me I am in trouble.

"Hi Aster," I squeak in response. My body trembles slightly as I try to brace myself for her wrath. Granted Aster's wrath is never something to be fearful of still I hate it when she is unhappy and knowing that I am the cause tears at me.

"I have to cover a practice for Marge tonight, so I won't be able to cook dinner tonight," she explains the irritated edge still lingering in her voice.

"Oh?" I gulp with a mixture of relief and trepidation. "Uhm, no problem I can cook. I'm running a tad late myself, but I should be home first."

"No small wonder you are running behind schedule," she shrewdly observes. "Since you got up at the crack of dawn this morning so you could trick your poor, unsuspecting wife. Using coffee was terribly under handed you do know that don't you?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," I gulp knowing that I am busted, but still I try to find an out.

"Yeah right," she laughs much to my relief. "How long and more importantly why are your parents staying with us?"

"I don't know," I confess feeling mildly better although my stomach is still churning. "Mom originally said a few days now it is beginning to sound like a couple of weeks. When I get home do I need to secure all the sharp objects in the house?"

"No," she laughs heartily calming my jagged nerves. "I can play nice. I have to go we can talk about it tonight. I love you."

"I love you too," I beam before saying goodbye thankful that the worst seemed to be over. "Well until my parents arrive that is," I add fearfully before returning my attention to my work.

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"I take it you are out of the dog house?" Stella my assistant snickers as she enters my office with a fresh cup of coffee.

"I was never in the dog house," I argue as she makes herself comfortable in one of the chairs.

"Teetering dangerously close too it," she laughs at me. What can I say based on my mood all morning she knows that I was fearful I had made a huge mistake.

"Do you ever pull stunts like that on poor old Stan?" I ask knowing that Stella has been happily married for over twenty years.

"Never," she gasps and winks. "Every married couple learns that compromise is part of what keeps a marriage together. And every married person knows what button to push when they want to get their way. With Stan I pose it like a question. I think of it as my jeopardy method."

"What do you mean?" I encourage her sipping my coffee.

"Oh nothing devious," she snickers. "I'll just say something like you're right Honey the lawn does need to be mowed. Then he gets this far off look in his eye and says of course it does like it was his idea but he's too embarrassed to admit that he forgot he mentioned it. Glenda it isn't deceitful it just is a way not to sweat the little things. No matter how much you love someone every once and awhile you are going to look deep in the eyes of your beloved and say, '*what were you thinking you fool?*' And they will look back at you and insist that they know what they are doing. Even if deep in your heart you know that they are about to blow up the laundry room. Certainly Aster has one or two quirks that drive you insane."

"Socks on the floor," I groan. "And god forbid I wash them if her team is winning. Oh and that woman has no idea how an iron works. I swear I don't know how she manages to get dressed in the morning. But I love her." I can't help grinning from ear to ear. "She seems to be okay with my parents staying with us."

"She'll try for you," Stella reassures me. "I hate it when my in-laws visit, but what can you do? I seem to recall that Aster's parents weren't exactly doing cartwheels when they found out the two of you were married."

"No," I sigh. "They like me now, but our elopement kind of made me the enemy for a long time. Now they treat me like one of their kids."

"Hey your sudden marriage caused a lot of people concern," Stella expands while I sip my coffee. "You went off for a weekend to help fix things with Gena and came back married to a stranger. Lucky for you Aster is a doll. Oh yeah, speaking of your snotty ex-girlfriend I've had her on hold for about twenty minutes."

"Gena is on the phone?" I gasp disturbed that she was suddenly trying to contact me after all of this time. "What on earth does she want?"

"To talk to you," Stella smirks blinking her eyes.

"Tell her I'm not available," I sneer as Stella stands.

"Gladly," she announces before ducking out of my office.

I sit there staring at my paperwork my thoughts filled with my infamous ex-lover, Gena; the woman I knew had strayed more than once during our two-year relationship. The same woman who insisted that we take a romantic trip to P-Town so we could rekindle our troubled romance. Then calmly ordered breakfast smiling as we dined before announcing for all to hear that she was leaving me for another woman. I felt my world crumbling as she stood and walked off with this stranger who had been seated behind me during breakfast. I watched in horror as they walked down the street hand in hand. I honestly think it would have been easier if she had just slapped me in the face instead of embarrassing me in front of every passer by at that outdoor café.

At the time I simply sucked up my pride and got drunken thinking that it was over and time for me to move on with my life. A week later she stormed into my office having heard that I had

gotten married and demanded a payoff. I can still feel the sting of her words accusing me of betraying her. Gena forgot one thing; I might be all giving and caring in the outside world but when it came to legal matters I am damn good at what I do. She was shocked when all I offered was half of the money from the sale of our condo, I signed over the car she was driving to her and gave her a check. She was ready to fight for all of my assets until I produced signed statements from everyone who had witnessed the debacle down in P-Town. She made our break up public wounded me by touting her affair in front of me and everyone else in earshot. The ugly scene was certainly something that made an impression on everyone including our waiter.

"What could you do after you made a public spectacle?" I sighed still bothered that after all these years she'd have the nerve to call my office. "Thank God Aster has such good aim," I laugh. I can still recall how Aster and I danced around one another for months each fearful that the other would find out what was in our hearts. In one respect during our strange union we really got to know one another, bonded and fell hopelessly in love.

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"Dinner was wonderful," Aster compliments me as we clean up the dishes. "I was thinking," she continues as I watch her muscles flexing as she bends to fill the dishwasher. "Since your parents are being vague about how long they will be staying why don't we put them in the upstairs apartment?"

"But that is your studio," I argue. "The place you can slip away when ever we get on one another's nerves."

"I don't need the space," she argues. "I know we don't rent it because we don't want a stranger living so close to us," she prattles on. "They could have their own kitchen, bathroom and as much privacy as they want. Or we could put them in the guest room two doors down from our bedroom and refrain from sex during the length of their visit?"

My eyes widen with horror as I contemplate her words. "Honey I love you," she smiles down at me. "I love that our passion hasn't dimmed in all these years, and I don't care one wit that we aren't the quietest couple on the planet and that many hotels keep switching our room assignment because we keep the other guests awake all night. Given that, I have no intention of sharing that part of our lives with your parents or any other relative."

"Point taken," I readily concede. "Mom and Dad will be much more comfortable in the upstairs apartment."

"I knew you'd see things my way," she gloats. "Now how would you like to spend the rest of our evening discussing work, your parents or,"

"Or?" I sigh feeling a little unsteady on my feet when she captures me in a smoldering gaze. "Just what is it you have in mind Mrs. Jennings?"

"Well I was thinking your parents are coming and when they get here we won't be able to do this," she murmurs in a sultry tone before capturing me in a searing kiss. My senses are reeling as she pins my body against the kitchen counter. "I love it when you wear a skirt," she whispers hungrily in my ear. I shudder as I feel her hands gliding up and under my skirt my back pressing harder against the counter as she yanks my pantyhose down to my hips.

I gasp feeling her hand slipping between my quivering thighs her palm cupping my already passion soaked panties. My hips sway against her touch her breath is hot as her mouth savagely feasts upon my neck. I cling to her as she grinds the heel of her hand against my throbbing clit. I am helpless to resist her; she is all I want, all I can think about as she drives me insane.

I nuzzle her body her fingers slipping inside of my panties as I eagerly part my thighs silently begging for her touch. Her fingers dance against my aching nub as my body thrusts urgently needing to feel more of her. She releases a throaty growl as she slips inside of me. I dig my blunt nails into her flesh as she fills me.

Her touch is demanding my body gyrating eager to feel her. My body trembles as she plunges in and out of my warm, wet center. I climax against her; she holds me in a tender embrace as the waves of passion slip from my body. I murmur softly my body refusing to calm as my wife leads me to our bedroom. *'What the hell I didn't need sleep tonight,'* I happily think as my wife tears my clothing from my body and tosses me onto the bed.

She captivates me with her smile as I watch her shed her clothing. We moan in unison when our naked bodies greet one another. "I love you," I murmur in wonderment while my fingers trace the contours of her flesh. Her sultry voice returns the sentiment before we begin kissing once again lost in the fiery passion. I fill my hands with her flesh my body is on fire as I roll her onto her back. She releases a deep moan that sends shivers down my spine. I kiss my way down her body; she trembles beneath my touch.

I clasp her backside parting her with my tongue and drawing her to my mouth. I silently thank that bottle of rum that brought us together over three years ago before I begin to feast upon her. Her body arches pressing more of her nectar in my mouth. I drink from her long after she explodes against me. I lick every drop of passion from her trembling body teasing the tattoo of Tigger she had emblazoned on her thigh on our wedding night before kissing my way up her body and cradling her in my arms.

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"Oh Glenda?" Sara Jasper announces as she barges into my office. Sara is one of my co-workers whom I adore and love giving a hard time to. Before Sara joined the firm we were adversaries a point neither of us is willing to let go.

"Satan, what brings you by?" I greet her with a cocky smile as she plops down in a chair.

"Just hiding," Sara sighs in response. "I've been working on the Marshal case with Lena and she

is driving me up the wall."

"She can have that effect on people," I laugh recalling how Lena tried to wreak havoc in my marriage while I was still a newlywed. If poor Lena ever found out she actually got Aster and I together she would explode. "So other than being a coward is there any other reason for you barging into my office? Unless of course you want to enjoy the view," I taunt her knowing that she was not so secretly lusting after my office since hers was tucked in the back over looking the Big Dig. "Or is this about trying to change the rules for the firm's softball team again?"

"Spouses should be allowed to play," Sara argues.

"You only decided that when you saw my wife playing at the company picnic," I scowl.

"Yeah," she sneers with a roll of her eyes. "Speaking of your very beautiful wife," she prattles on not bothering to mask her obvious attraction for my bride. Despite her interest I know Sara would never be a low life and do anything to disrupt my wedded bliss. "Who is Gena Wentworth?"

"Yuck," I groan my stomach flipping. "My ex-girlfriend. Why?"

"Some PI has been around asking questions about you and your wife," Sara grimly informs me. "Mark did some digging and came up with Gena. Is there something you need help with?"

"Only if you promise not to tell where we are going to bury her body," I quip.

"Deal," Sara laughs. "Let me guess it was a less than amicable break and now she wants you back or money."

"Or both," I sigh. "Nothing she can do about it now the deal she signed is binding. I wrote it myself and had Mark go over it with a fine toothcomb."

"So you want to tell me what else is bugging you?" Sara pried.

"My parents are arriving today and they are staying with us," I glumly inform her as she crinkles her brow.

"Oh joy," Sara answers her voice dripping with sympathy. "Didn't you tell me that your parents don't care for your lifestyle or Aster?"

"Yes," I groan.

"Alrighty I can understand visiting you they are your parents and all," Sara begins.

"So they claim," I interject as I rub my face in my hands.

"But if they aren't comfortable with you being a big lesbo why are they staying with you?" Sara

concludes. "Whenever my mother visits us she won't step past the kitchen. Honest to God it is like the woman is afraid we have some sort of orgy going on twenty four seven or Gretchen and I have sex toys lying about the living room."

"I don't get it either," I respond still bewildered by my parents sudden urge to stay with us. "Maybe it is their way of trying to accept things. I mean Aster and I have been married for over three years now."

"Maybe," Sara responds as she checks her watch. "Well Lena must have been distracted by a shiny thing by now so it should be safe for me to return to my office. Good luck," she throws out before leaving.

I sit pondering the strange developments in my life. The last time my life was this confusing was when I woke up with the mother of all hangovers and a wife. I decide that my parent's visit is just something I will endure and pray for very little blood shed. Gena's sudden interest in my life is something I need to know more about. I call Mark to find out just what Gena's hired investigator was up to.

The conversation with Mark is brief since all he knows is the guy's name is Cyrus Manning and he wanted to know if I was still with the firm. Confusing since the guy could call the bar association and find out just about anything he needed know about me. The only other thing he inquired about was whether or not I was still married. Curious to say the least. I have a little free time and did a quick background check on Mr. Manning and his firm seems respectable enough. I call him only to get the run around and his refusal to discuss a client. "Gena what are you up to?" I grumble out loud as I pack up for the day. I need to get home since my loving parents will be arriving soon.

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"I hope the two of you will be comfortable up here," I announce after finally settling Mom and Dad into the upstairs apartment. Aster and I cleaned it up the place is rarely used for anything except Aster's morning workouts or when one of us needs a little space.

"I thought you were planning on renting this out to help with the mortgage?" My father bristles.

"I was," I concede. "But after Aster and I got married between both our incomes we don't need to and we're not comfortable with having a stranger living on top of us." I just love the way both my parents tense up each time I mention my lover's name.

"So she pays her way?" My father questions his tone is grim not believing that a schoolteacher could help with the up keep of our home.

I push down the flash of anger I feel from his tone. Granted our incomes are not equal but it has never been a problem between us. What Aster does for a living is damn important. Sadly society

doesn't pay teachers what they deserve. "Yes Dad Aster contributes to the household she always has," I fume my anger still lingering despite my best efforts to conceal it. "I need to start dinner," I throw out suddenly feeling the need to distance myself from my parents. "Aster is running late her kids had a practice this afternoon. Her girls are doing very well this year. They might make it to the playoffs," I add for a couple of reasons; one I am very proud of Aster's accomplishments and secondly I know it will ruffle my father's feathers.

"I thought I could take us out for dinner," Dad counters.

"How about tomorrow night?" I suggest in an effort to placate him. "I doubt that Aster will be up for going out after working all day."

"You cook for her?" My mother questions in wonderment.

"We cook for each other it all depends on our schedules," I correct her as she glares at my father. I can't help smirking knowing that the only time my father has seen our kitchen at home is to ask where the milk is. For some odd reason the man is incapable of opening the refrigerator door to find food.

"Do you need help?" My mother graciously offers.

"I'm good Mom," I smile in response. "Do you have everything you need? The television has cable, the bathroom is right over there and we put clean sheets on the bed for you."

"We'll be fine Glenda," Mom reassures me. I take the opening and race downstairs.

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"Something smells good," Aster purrs in my ear as I put the last touches on our meal. I smile as she wraps her arms around my waist and kisses my neck.

"You stink," I chuckle as she tightens her hold on my body.

"I know," she sighs her breath tickling my skin. I try to calm the rapid beating of my heart as I remind myself that my parents are only a few feet away. "Are your parents all settled in?"

"Yeah," I sigh leaning into her body as her hands caress my stomach. "Dad gave me a little guff about not renting out the apartment."

"You could if you want to," Aster offers shyly. "I was the last tenant you had."

"We don't want to rent it," I correct her as I turn in her embrace so I can see her amazing eyes. "This is our home," I assert before stealing a kiss. I back away slightly when I hear my mother clearing her throat. "Hey Mom," I blush still embracing my lover as my mother looks around the kitchen.

"Hello Mrs. Murdock," Aster greets Mom politely slipping from my embrace. "I hope you had a nice trip down here."

"Very nice thank you Aster," Mom nods. "I just thought I'd check to see if you gals needed help with anything."

"It is all good," I reassure her as she lingers by the backdoor still uncomfortable with the sight of me holding my lover's hand.

"I need to get cleaned up," Aster offers warmly before giving me a quick peck on the lips and ducking out of the kitchen.

"Where's Dad?" I inquire as my mother finally steps into the kitchen.

"Watching television," she grumbles as I snicker turning the oven off. "Can I at least set the table?"

"All done Mom," I reassure her. "Want some coffee?"

She accepts and I pour each of us a cup and we make ourselves comfortable in the living room. The room is silent as we sip our coffee. I know there is something on her mind I am just waiting for her to speak. "Did I hear Aster say that she use to rent the upstairs apartment?" She quietly inquires.

"Yes," I answer hesitantly. I've never gone into details about how Aster and I met. I was never quite sure of just how I could explain it to my parents. Aster and I had been married for over a year before we told either of our parents. Prior to our little announcement all they knew was that we were dating.

"Is that how you met?" My mother sweetly inquires as my stomach clenches.

"No," I respond feeling the knots tightening in my stomach.

"Glenda I don't mean to pry," my mother sighs informing me that she is upset about something. "But a couple of months after meeting Aster you announce that the two of you were married the year before it was a bit of a shock."

"It was years ago," I argue silently pleading that my dear, sweet, misguided mother won't press the issue. "The only thing that matters is that Aster and I love one another deeply and we are good for and to each other."

"Oh Glenda that is important," my mother agrees patting my knee. "I'm just curious about how you met and well, frankly, you screwed me out of the wedding."

"Beg pardon?" I gulp.

"I wasn't invited to my only daughter's wedding," my mother repeats.

"You wouldn't have gone," I protest.

"I might have once I got used to the idea," she counters. "And frankly Glenda I can add that first you tell us that you and Gena broke up, and frankly that did make us happy. A few months later you are dating someone new then you tell us that not only are you married, but also you've been married for over a year. Which would have been very close to the time you and Gena broke up. I'm just a little curious as to how and when the blessed event happened?"

I am sitting there the blood draining from my face as Aster enters the room. She glances at the both of us me looking like death and my mother with a very determined gleam in her eyes. "What's up?" Aster stammers stepping shyly closer to us.

"I was just asking Glenda how long the two of you knew one another before you got married." My mother presses on I watch Aster's eyes widen with fear.

"We eloped," Aster blurts out quickly as my mother's gaze narrows.

"I gathered that much," Mom sternly retorts.

I cast a pleading look at my wife praying that she can think of something reasonable to say since my mind is completely blank. "Well," Aster begins as she clears her throat. "What was the question?"

"Nice save," I whimper as my mother's jaw tightens.

"How long did the two of you know one another before you got married?" My mother repeats. "Okay since that seems to be a difficult question why don't we try something a little easier? How did you the two of meet? Honestly I don't understand the big mystery here. Is it because your relationship started before you and Gena split up? Honey these things do happen and Gena wasn't a very trustworthy person. I don't want the gory details all I want to know is how you met."

I feel sick as I search my mind for something to say. Strange that I can argue a case in front of twelve strangers without missing a beat even if I know my client is guilty, but one innocent query from my mother can send me into a tailspin. "I wasn't cheating on Gena," I finally manage to sputter out.

"It is true," Aster finally interjects. "We didn't meet until after Gena and Glenda had broken up. The truth is we rushed into our marriage. We didn't tell anyone or even live together because we thought we had made a mistake."

"Thank you," I blew out finally gathering my thoughts. "Mom, Aster moved in upstairs as a tenant and my friend. We weren't even considering staying married because it was a rash decision. As it turned out we fell hopelessly in love. Aster didn't move downstairs until our first

anniversary. I know it isn't romantic but that is how it happened. Now I can't imagine my life without her."

"Are you saying that you got married on a whim?" My mother gasps.

"That about sums it up," Aster snickers. "And we ended up falling in love. I know it sounds crazy but that is how it happened. Now you know why we don't tell people about our wedding. It is a little embarrassing to admit that we got married before we fell in love. Honestly I wish we had done it the other way around but in the end we ended up happy."

"Well that does explain a few things," my mother laughs. "I've always wondered. I assumed that you just met Aster when you were with Gena and finally realized that Gena was not the person for you. Then a few weeks ago that man came around."

"What man?" I hiss.

"Some private investigator," Mom prattles on. "He was asking all about Aster and how you met. Frankly I felt foolish not knowing the answers to his questions. Most mothers know how and when their children met their spouses. It hurt me a little that I knew so little about your life. And I realized that the main reason was because I didn't want to know about your life."

"Well now you know," Aster blows out seemingly relieved. "What's for dinner?" Suddenly Aster's face drops. "Wait a private investigator was asking about me?"

"Cyrus Manning," I interject. "He's working for Gena. I think she's up to something but don't worry."

"Oh," Aster grimly responds. "So you knew about this and you were going to tell me this when?"

"I err, Uhm," I stammer as my bride glares at me. "Hey Dad!" I call out as my father enters the room looking confused. "Time for dinner."

Based on the scowl Aster is sporting I know that I am in deep doo doo. Dinner is a strained affair. Mom and Dad try making polite conversation while my wife is annoyingly silent. Things only got worse when Dad started spouting off about the up coming election. Dad seems to forget that we get along better if we refrain from discussing sex, politics or religion. I try to curb his commentary when finally my mother steps in. "George drop it," she scolds him keeping her tone polite yet I know the look in her eyes. I should know that look since I am on the receiving end of it myself from my wife. It is that look that tells me that I should consider sleeping on the sofa tonight.

After dinner and coffee Aster is still quiet as we clean up. I try to engage her in conversation but her responses are short and snippy. It is going to be a long night. I am not surprised when Aster excuses herself claiming to be tired. Mom follows suit the only difference is I truly believe Mom is tired. "More coffee Dad?" I ask feeling on edge.

"Not for me I'll be up all night," he responds. "Uhm I couldn't help noticing the bottles of rum in the cupboard."

I laugh thinking about the case of Sailor Jerry Aster bought me as a joke one year. "A drink?" I offer as he nods. "I think I'll join you," I add as I pour a couple of rum and cokes for us.

"Thanks, would you mind going out on the deck?" He inquires shyly looking around for my mother.

"Only if you give me one," I inform him knowing that he wants to sneak a cigarette. If or rather when Mom finds out he's been drinking and smoking there will be hell to pay. Frankly I will get an earful myself but right about now I could use a cigarette.

"Looks like you're in the dog house," he offers as we pour another round and each light another smoke.

"I didn't do anything," I grumble knowing that once I explain things to Aster all will be well.

"Yeah well it happens," he shrugs. "I didn't know that guy was an investigator when I first met him."

"They don't tell you that," I laugh knowing that Sara and Mark probably had to pry that tidbit of info out of Mr. Manning.

"He seemed like a nice guy when I met him at the club," Dad continues. "We played some golf chatted about our families that sort of thing."

"When he asked about your children did you brag about the boys and their wives?" I ask fighting against the hurt feelings brewing inside of me. "And when he asked about your daughter did you say she's a lawyer and skip over the part where I am married?"

"Glenda," my father groans.

"What? He asked didn't he?" I push. "And you said no, I wasn't married didn't you? That is why he suggested dinner or something so he could ask mom. Tell me I'm wrong?"

"No you're right," my father confesses seemingly confused as to why I am angry.

"Dad I am married," I shout snubbing out my smoke.

"But," he tries to placate me.

"But what?" I bellow. "It doesn't count because Aster is a woman? Look around you Dad. Did you miss the snotty looks I got during dinner? You said it yourself I'm in the doghouse and I'll probably get a boatload of crap for smoking. I am going to have a lot of explaining to do because my ex-girlfriend is being a pain the ass. The sofa is looking real good right now. Tell me that

isn't being married?"

"No that's married," he agrees with a light laugh. "When that Manning fellow started asking questions your mother was bent out of shape and for the life of me I couldn't understand why. I'm trying here. That is why we decided to visit so we can get to know Aster better. I am trying."

"Keep trying because my wife isn't going away and I'm not going to change," I fume before storming into the house. I teeter slightly as the rum hits me. "Great," I mutter as I try to sneak into the bedroom shaking out my clothing in a foolish effort to erase the smell of cigarettes from my body.

"That won't help," Aster dryly notes without looking up from the book that she is pretending to read in bed.

"I'm sorry," I quickly apologize. "I was tense and I smoked."

"You're an adult if you want to smoke you can," she flatly offers in a tone that informs me that I'm a jackass.

"Oh I know that look," I hiccup as I struggle to shed my clothing. Aster snickers as I weave the rum hitting me a little harder than I suspected it would.

"Glenda I'm not mad," Aster snickers once again while I struggle with my jeans. For some reason my socks insist on interfering with my task. "I am miffed that you didn't tell me that witch was trying to stir up trouble."

"I didn't know," I flare finally kicking my jeans off. I give up on my socks that are dangling half way off my feet and focus on my sweater. My clothing is refusing to cooperate which is pissing me off since I know Aster is waiting for me to emerge from my sweater. I release a frustrated huff once I finally climb out of my sweater and manage to shed the rest of my clothing except, of course, for my feisty socks. "Screw 'em," I grumble staring down at my feet before climbing into bed. "As I was saying," I prattle on as Aster laughs at my sad state. "I just found out about the PI today and didn't have a chance to tell you since as you know the folks decided to invade our docile. Gena did call the other day."

"What did she want?" Aster calmly asks as I pull the blankets up around my naked body.

"Don't know I refused to take her call," I sigh trying to snuggle up to my wife my movements yielded by the blankets. "Christ I didn't have that much to drink."

"Probably not," she laughs at my plight while adjusting the blankets and wrapping her arms around me. "But you didn't eat dinner you just played with your food. I'm sorry if I upset you. Just finding out that your ex-lover is having me investigated not to mention she got your parents involved was a little unnerving."

"Gena is generally unnerving," I groan relaxing into the warmth of Aster's embrace as she kisses

the top of my head. "That is why I didn't take her call; I really have nothing to say to her. I paid her off once that was enough. She got a car, half the price of the condo and sixty grand no more."

"What?" Aster shrieks causing me to jump up. "I know you said you paid her off, but you made it sound like nothing. She left you and not in a very nice way. Where does she get off trying to soak you for so much? Bitch."

"That's why I paid her," I try to reason. "I didn't want to go into court and have it on record just how badly she treated me. I had witness statements from people who saw her dump me; I had a long list of women she screwed behind my back. If I went into court I would have won. Frankly I didn't need the embarrassment and I would have had to admit that our marriage was a sham. I wasn't ready to file the annulment papers how could I drag you into the middle of that?"

"I understand your reasoning I guess," Aster finally agrees pulling me back into her arms. "I just assumed when she took off to Las Vegas she was out of our lives for good."

"Me too," I sigh in agreement slipping my fingers underneath her t-shirt.

"Oh now that you are all buzzy you think you're going to get lucky?" She laughs at my lame attempt to seduce her. "I don't think so."

She laughs at the pout I offer. "No?" I tease knowing it is late and chances are I'll be asleep before things can get interesting.

She cradles my face in her hands and kisses me good night. My body tingles from the soft moan she releases. "Rum," she whispers.

"Dad saw it in the cupboard," I whisper my explanation before she reclaims my lips for a lingering kiss. "Oh now you're just teasing me," I whimper leaning in to kiss her again. My hands slip further up caressing her flesh as the kiss deepens.

I smile down at her as I climb half way on top of her while pushing her shirt up. I sigh as her breasts are revealed to my eager gaze. "Now who is teasing?" She taunts me while caressing my hips. I lick my lips before dipping my head. In the back of my mind I know neither of us will last very long still I can't resist. I capture her nipple between my lips and suckle her. She moans deeply as I tease her erect bud with my teeth and tongue.

I suckle her harder as I feel her hand slipping between my thighs. She parts my slick folds teasing me as she runs her finger along my sex. I am kissing her again my hands fumble as I try to pull her panties down. We roll around and she helps me lower her underwear soon we are side-by-side kissing one another deeply.

She straddles my thigh grinding her throbbing clit against my flesh while teasing my pulsating nub with her fingers. Our bodies rock gently as we stroke one another slowly. I forget all about the strained emotions from earlier in the evening and the fact that my parents are directly above us. I slip inside of her as she mirrors my movements. Our tongues slowly explore the warmth of

the other's mouth while we plunge deeper inside the other's passion.

My body tenses as we cry out in unison. "Damn," I sigh happily knowing that our release happened far too quickly. She chuckles cradling me in her arms. "That was nice but," I mutter.

"It was," she reassures me rubbing my back in a soothing motion. "But we are exhausted and each of us have an early day tomorrow."

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I fell asleep in her arms almost over sleeping because it felt so good to be nestled up against her. Each of us had to rush in the morning. The rest of my day went surprisingly well. I even kicked butt in court. I was running a little late when I returned home and found Aster looking very concerned.

"Should I ask?" I wearily inquire.

"Is your Dad good at fixing things or does he just think he is because he has a Y chromosome?" She carefully inquires.

"Why?" I gulp fearfully.

"Well you know I was supposed to call the repairman about the washer," she tentatively begins.

"Good Lord, stop him before he blows it up!" I shout racing towards the laundry room. "Dad put the wrench down."

"Glenda I can fix this," he pleads as I fold my arms across my chest. I love my father dearly despite his narrow view of the world. But the man couldn't fix a tray of ice without it turning out badly.

"Dad please stop," I beg. "I know that you are only trying to help but stop. We have reservations and you need to get cleaned up."

"Thank you," my mother sighs with relief. I know that she is recalling the catastrophe that ensued when dear old dad swore up and down he could install the garage door opener. "I tried to intervene but as usual he was stubborn. Why can't some men admit that they shouldn't be allowed near anything closely resembling a tool?"

"I don't know Mom," I laugh as my father grunts and grumbles before conceding defeat and making his way upstairs.

"Must be genetic," Aster notes thoughtfully sipping a cup of coffee.

"Hey," I snap playfully. "I could have gotten that DVD player hooked up."

"Of course you could have," Aster laughs while my mother sighs in sympathy with my lover. "She almost made a go at the washer but I managed to convince her that since it is still under warranty to let me call a repairman."

"Quick thinking," Mom compliments my smug spouse.

"I think I liked it better when the two of you didn't get along," I mutter as I am shooed away so I can get ready for dinner.

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Dinner was a surprisingly pleasant affair except when the usual innocent comments crept into the conversation leading to more than one debate over the state of the world or sports. "You never did tell me how the two of you met?" Mother innocently inquires as my father and wife debate the merits of the WNBA vs. the NBA.

"They play the same game for a lot less money or hype and are better at it," I hear Aster fuming. "It is like the difference between watching the pros play basketball or football vs. college teams. And before you say it I'm not implying that the WNBA isn't up to professional standards. What I am saying is that they play without worrying about the sponsors. They just play good ball."

"I have to agree with that," my father concedes. "I'd rather watch college ball over the NFL anytime. The kids just want to win."

"My God," I gasp at the commentary. "Did Dad just agree with Aster?"

"Stop changing the subject," my mother scolds me with a wag of her finger. "What is it about how you met that you don't want to tell me?"

"All of it," I sigh thinking about the passionate night of our honeymoon when Aster and I committed every sexual act imaginable. "The night we met wasn't," I hesitate as I try to formulate my thoughts. "Gena and I had just broken up and I met Aster in a bar. I was drunk, not my usual style but we met and really hit it off. Not long after that we got married. Neither of us had planned on it. So we decided to just forget about it and we became friends, good friends who fell in love. End of story."

"Why do I get the feeling that you aren't telling me everything?" My mother pries.

"Because she's not telling you everything," Aster interjects. "Marion the rest is kind of well not something you need to hear. We did meet in a bar and married in haste the rest is the truth. We fell in love and decided that we really wanted to stay married to one another."

"Marion drop it," George pleaded. "It sounds reasonable enough. They were drunk and eloped. Later they realized they rushed into things and took it slowly after that. Sounds like one of those

chic films you are always dragging me too."

"So how did the two of you meet?" Aster tosses out quickly in an effort to change the subject.

"Come on kids out with it?"

"Well it was silly," my father stammers. I laugh having heard the story or various versions of the story over a thousand times. "I slipped and fell and she helped me."

"Kind of skipped over a few details there Dad," I laugh.

"No," my father grumbles. "That was it. I was not showing off just to get her attention."

"Yes you were," my mother laughs. "It was on campus and George was doing everything he could to get me to look at him. I thought he was a buffoon. He didn't slip he was trying to do a back flip and fell on his ass. I felt sorry for him so I agreed to go out with him."

"I was not a pity date," my father protests as Aster and I howl with laughter.

"When I finally went out with him he was perspiring so much his shirt was soaked," my mother prattles on ignoring my father's embarrassment. "For the life of me I couldn't understand why he wouldn't take off his suit jacket on such a hot day. When he finally did he looked like he had run through a carwash."

"I did not," Dad argues despite our gales of laughter. "Fine believe her. And just how is it you won my little girl's hand?"

"I, Uhm," Aster stammers as I squirm in my seat.

"Oh what the hell," I finally reason. "She was showing off only she was good at it. Like I said before when Gena dumped me I went off and got drunk. I offered to marry the first woman who could toss a cherry in my mouth. Everyone missed except for Aster."

"I can't believe you just said that," Aster gapes at me.

"A bar full of lesbians and no one hit the target? I thought you girls were good at that," my father sputters.

"You would think," Aster snickers. "Glenda wouldn't sit still."

"Yeah and little Miss Show Off here did it twice," I conclude as my mother shakes her head in wonderment. "So you see it wasn't a very romantic story."

"I don't know about that," my mother softly responds. "What are the odds that no one except for Aster could do that not once but twice?"

"Oh there she goes," Dad grumbles with a hint of a smile. "Still twice that is well showing off."

"Whatever Mr. Back Flip," Aster teases my dad and suddenly I feel as if I have fallen into another dimension. Not only are my parents being nice but they are teasing Aster about how we met. Of course if they ever heard the full story I doubt that Aster would be allowed to live until dessert.

"I can't believe how well dinner went," I comment as I climb into bed later that night. "Mom and Dad really seem to be trying."

"They are," Aster responds in a careful tone.

"What?" I pry.

"We'll see how long their change of heart lasts," she tentatively responds. "Don't get me wrong I love that they aren't ignoring me. I'm just worried about getting my hopes up. I guess we won't know until next Christmas when we get that card that is usually just addressed to you and if they still address it to Glenda Murdock not Jennings."

"Well," I grind my teeth a little upset that Aster isn't accepting my parents change and worried that her fears are correct. "Maybe they will keep surprising us."

"Maybe," Aster agrees. "This past week has been a shock in a half and I never doubted that your parents love you. You're right they are trying which I know can't be easy for them."

"Thank you," I smile feeling hopeful.

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"Satan," I greet Sara as she barges into my office unannounced.

"Demon spawn," she quips in return.

"What brings you by? Hiding from Lena again?" I inquire still focused on my notes I am typing into my computer.

"Not this time," she smirks once again making herself comfortable. "Mark and I did a little checking on your ex Gena."

"Why?" I press finally looking up from my computer screen.

"I was bored," she confesses. "You were right about the agreement she signed no way she can get another dime out of you."

"I knew that," I glare. "Does she?"

"If she's talked to a lawyer she must," Sara continues in a curious tone. "For the past three years she has been living in Las Vegas with Rita Peachick a stripper who works under the name Candy Cane. They also had a less than amicable break up. Rita may have taken her clothes off for a living but she took a very dim view of her lover doing the same with her friends and co-workers when she was working."

"Now that sounds like Gena," I sneer recalling how many nights I worked late only to come home and crawl into bed with my lover who smelled like another woman. "You have no idea what it is like going to a party and knowing that my friends knew she was cheating on me worse knowing that some of her affairs were with my friends. Okay so she knows she can't get money what is she up to? Why hire a private investigator when she could just call the bar association or some of my friends?"

"Just a guess but I'd say your friends wouldn't talk to her," Sara theorizes as I listen intently. "Secondly if she called the bar association she would have hit a stone wall. You changed your name."

"I got married of course I changed my name," I sputter.

"And I think that Gena found out that you took Aster's name and is curious to find out just how married you are," Sara concludes. "I don't think this is about money. I think Gena wants you back. My advice is to meet with the girl the next time she calls. It is the only way you can find out."

"Aster would freak," I laugh. Everyone has an ex-lover that their spouse doesn't approve of. For me it is Claire she and Aster were hot and heavy for a long time until they chose to work in different parts of the country. I hate that Aster is still friends with Claire. I know my dislike for Claire is irrational that doesn't mean I am going to let it go. For Aster it is Gena probably because I met my wife the day Gena and I split up. Aster and I trust one another completely still even in the best of relationships ex-lovers are ugly reminders that at one time your one and only loved another.

"Then let it go and hope Gena finds a new hobby," Sara grumbles before leaving me alone with my thoughts. Chances are that Gena will eventually move on forgetting all about little old me but after causing how much damage? Sara is right I need to meet with Gena and get to the bottom of things. The only question is how do I convince Aster that this is a good idea?

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I am still pondering my predicament later that night as I listen to my father and Aster arguing over the baseball game. Just my luck the Red Sox are playing the Orioles, which of course is my hometown team. Mom and I are hiding in the kitchen as our respective spouses argue over why the Sox never bunt.

"This has been a nice visit," my mother sighs happily.

"Yes it has," I agree whole-heartedly. "Pity it didn't rain back home so we wouldn't have to listen to them watching the game."

"Now that would have made the trip perfect," Mom laughs. "Something wrong?"

"Just something Aster said the other night," I begin. "I don't want to stir up any trouble and I give both you and Dad a lot of credit for finally trying to understand things. Can you do one more thing?"

"What?" Mom mutters softly informing me that the sudden change hasn't been easy for her.

"My last name is Jennings," I blurt out before I can lose my nerve. "I would be a nice gesture if you addressed my mail that way."

"Why did you have to be the one to change her name?" Mom responds with a dramatic sigh.

"I didn't," I try to explain. "I did it because I'm her wife. I wanted to show her how much I love her. By taking her name I told the world that despite the economic differences between us this is a real marriage."

"After listening to the two of you arguing over whose turn it was to take out the trash I don't doubt that you are married," Mom jests her smile not quite reaching her eyes. "I just wish you hadn't changed your name. We really like Aster," she adds in an effort to comfort me.

I nod knowing that my parents still had a long way to go but there was hope. After all they seemed to be okay with the knowledge that Aster wooed me by tossing fruit at me all was not lost. Now if I could just vanquish Gena's ghost things would be almost perfect. Then again every moment I spend with Aster is sheer perfection.

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A few days later Gena calls my office and against my better judgment I take the call and agree to have lunch with her. Aster was less than pleased when I explained Sara's suggestion the other night. Fortunately she left the final decision in my hands and we focused on enduring the last few days of my parents visit. They left this morning and all of us felt better about things. Now I have Gena to deal with.

I enter the small restaurant spotting my ex instantly. She looks good as she sweeps her long red hair from her shoulders. I smile not because she is still as attractive as the day I met her no I am smiling because I feel nothing for her. I harbor no anger or any lingering feelings of sexual attraction towards her. Amazing when I think about how just a few years ago I thought the sun rose and set simply because this woman commanded it to do so.

"Gena," I greet her politely as I sit at her table.

"Glenda," she smiles brightly. It is the same smile she used to flash every time she wanted to make love. I chuckle once again realizing that her smile has no effect on me. "Good to see you again. It has been too long."

"Well," I begin slowly taking a sip of water. "I was curious. The last time we met you were trying to sue me. And now you've hired a private investigator. Want to tell me what you are up to or should I just fill in the blanks?"

"Glenda don't," she cautions me. "I'm not here to reopen the case. I moved back to Boston and I wanted to see you. I thought looking you up would be easy but apparently you changed your name. That is why I hired someone to find you. I feel terrible about the way things ended between us. I was so wrong about everything."

"Uh huh," I curtly respond noting the familiar tone it was the same one she used each time she denied being unfaithful. "I took my wife's name."

"Why?" She responds almost laughing. "Never mind. I'm glad things worked out for you. I'm just hoping that we can be friends again. I must say I was surprised that you are still with your transition woman."

"We're in love," I bark in response stopping myself from confessing that yes the first time with Aster was because I was on the rebound but every moment since was because I was in love with her. I smile recalling the days when I did everything I could to avoid Aster because I knew my feelings ran deeper than lust. Only then I foolishly didn't understand that Aster felt the same way.

As Gena and I order lunch I study her curious to see if I can get her to crack and just confess what her true motives are. I am well aware that Gena doesn't stay friends with her ex-lovers unless of course she needs something. I sit back listening to her talk about her life the move back home, her new job and how much she disliked living in Las Vegas. "At first it was great there is so much to see and do," she prattles on misguidingly assuming that I am interested in her story. "But living there just wasn't for me. I missed the East Coast bad drivers and all. And I missed you. I never should have let you go."

*'Finally!'* I mentally scream happy that she has finally gotten to the real reason she wanted to have lunch. "Yes you should have," I politely respond. "You did me a favor," I continue trying to put my words together so I wouldn't sound completely bitchy. "We weren't good together."

"We did have some good times," she purrs placing her hand over mine.

"Yes a few," I willingly concede slipping my hand from her touch. "Not enough to make things work."

"And now you're happy?" She pushes desperately seeking some flaw. I know her far too well and understand she is looking for an opening.

"Ecstatic," I beam truthfully. "Gena I don't want to be rude, but I also have no intention of playing this game."

"What?" She gasps acting as if I offended her delicate nature. "I just want to be friends."

"To start with and then you'll do something asinine," I laugh. "Look it is over and I am very happily married. As for us being friends, I just don't see that happening. Don't call me," I add as I pay the check stand and leave a very shocked Gena behind. As I walk out of the restaurant I can't shake the nagging feeling in the pit of my stomach that Gena isn't going to give up so easily.

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That evening upon returning home I found my wife shouting at the computer swearing up and down that the game she is playing is cheating. "Of course it is," I placate her ducking into the bedroom so I can change out of my work clothes.

"Hello lover," she greets me with a wry smile as she enters our bedroom.

"I had lunch today," I begin a little wary of what her reaction is going to be as I look for something to wear.

"You have lunch everyday," she responds in a curious tone wrapping her arms around my naked body.

"With Gena," I blow out her caress tensing as my words reach her. I know she is unhappy still she doesn't seem like she is going to freak. She releases a terse breath informing me that she is processing what I have just said. "Okay?" I inquire after a tense moment.

"Give me a sec," she whispers softly nestling her body closer to my own. "Okay," she sighs filling me with a sense of relief. "So how was lunch?" I laugh at her cheerful tone.

"Just about what I expected," I laugh. "She was happy to see me and wants to be friends."

"Well how do you feel about that?" Aster carefully inquires. "I mean you were lovers for a long time and it is good to know she isn't after your bank account this time," she adds trying her level best to be supportive and understanding.

"Gena doesn't want to be friends," I snicker my body reeling from the feel of Aster pressing against me. "I know her and I know how she operates. I fell for her games once and that was one time too many. She'll start off being a friend; slowly she'll demand more of my time and try to drive a wedge between us. The first time we have a spat over something stupid she'll pounce and try to bed me."

"Oh well in that case she must die," Aster quips as she turns me in her arms so that she can look

in my eyes. "She'd really do that?"

"Hell yes," I sigh heavily. "When I first met her I was seeing someone not seriously but the first little tiff Amber and I had there was Gena plying me with alcohol and offering me a backrub. A few months later she was pushing me to cohabit and sleeping with my best friend behind my back. Basically lunch ended with me telling her to lose my number."

"I knew I married a smart woman," she compliments me while her hands slip under my t-shirt. "You do know that is kind of how we met, getting drunk and frisky."

"It was very different," I quickly correct her. "The things I've done with you I've never shared with anyone. And for the record despite our unusual wedding what we share now is the best thing that has ever happened to me."

"Even when I leave my socks on the floor?" Aster teases her nimble fingers slipping higher. "Or when I won't let you wash my stinky softball clothes or let your father try and fix the washer?"

"Even then," I beam brightly. I inhale sharply when I feel the tips of her fingers brushing against my nipples. "I love you Aster Jennings and I can't believe how incredibly turned on I get every time I look at you."

"Are you turned on now?" She taunts me while rolling my erect nipples between her fingers.

"Yes," I gasp helplessly as she teases me.

"Show me," she hotly demands her touch slipping from my body as she takes a shy step away from me. Her saucy grin only fuels the fire already burning inside of me. My heart flutters as I grasp her wrist and guide it between my thighs. She cups my mound teasing me as I tremble. "I said show me," she urges gliding her finger along my slick folds before brushing my throbbing clit. I groan as her touch retreats from my body.

I take a hard swallow as I step back until my legs brush against the edge of the bed. Her eyes are smoldering with desire. I lean back slipping my hand down along the front of my naked body her eyes watching my every movement. My fingers tremble when I part my swollen nether lips. My wetness fills my hand as I slowly begin to stroke my clit.

After all of these years it still amazes me that with one look, a smile or a kiss she can drive me insane with desire. My fingers dance lightly against my clit I pause to watch her undress. "I didn't tell you to stop," she scolds me my eyes widen with delight as she stands before me completely naked with a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

"Uh oh," I choke out realizing that tonight she is in a wicked mood. I lick my parched lips eagerly anticipating the adventure she is planning. She clasps my wrist bringing my passion-coated fingers to her soft lips. I moan my body trembling as my lover slowly licks my desire from my fingers. My knees buckle as my fingers slip inside the warmth of her mouth and she sucks them long and hard.

"Turn around," she instructs me when she releases my hand from her grasp.

"Oh God," I whimper as I comply with her demand. I shiver when she drags her blunt nails down my spine while her knee nudges my thighs apart. I jerk my hips back enjoying the feel of my sex rubbing against her flesh. Her touch is gentle as she guides me to bend over. I clasp the bedding my lover guiding my thighs even further apart while caressing my back. I moan with pleasure her hands caressing my backside.

I feel her breath on my flesh her hands caressing me everywhere until I cry out pleading for more. "I love you so much," she confesses so softly that I am certain she didn't intend for me to hear her words. Her nipples press against my back her body rocking against mine in steady rhythm.

I cry out her name when I feel her fingers slipping inside of my warm wet center. My body tenses the pleasure encompassing me as we fall into a sensual rhythm. I feel like we are the same our bodies in perfect unison each chanting the other's name until we collapse against one another.

My heart is beating wildly my body still craving her touch. I climb up onto our bed beckoning her to follow. She giggles the sound of her laughter warming my heart as she follows me. I am mesmerized by the sway of her breasts as I pull her down moaning when our flesh meets and our bodies become one.

I can't stop kissing her my hands roaming exploring every inch of her body. I am in heaven she straddles my naked form my touch slipping inside of her. I watch her hovering above me as I take her stroking her long and hard. She presses her nipple against my lips and I eagerly accept her offering. I circle the erect bud with my tongue teasing her while my fingers plunge deeper inside of her. "God Glenda," she gasps thrusting urgently against my touch. I feel the walls tightening against my touch I suckle her harder while her passionate pleas echo in the darkness. My teeth graze her nipple I feel her hand slipping between our bodies.

My body arches as I feel her touch slipping down my body. I part my thighs encouraging her to take what is already hers. I moan against her flesh impaling myself on her fingers. The room is filled with the sounds of our passion as our bodies become one. "Harder," she begs me and who am I to deny her.

She captures me beneath her as her body convulses the waves of passion ripping through her body. We can't stop even as I follow her over the edge. We wrap our bodies around one another still stroking the other even as our bodies explode. We finally cede to the ecstasy I lie on the bed gasping overcome by the passion. I want to ask what she is doing but I am unable to speak.

She returns to our bed kissing me deeply my body tingling as I hear a familiar buzzing sound. I meekly capture the vibrator from her grasp and quickly turn the tables on her. My body halfway covers hers I part her thighs my lips never breaking from the passionate kiss. She moans into my mouth when I slip the shaft between her thighs. The musky aroma of our passion surrounds us.

Her fingers dig into my flesh as I slip the toy inside of her.

I lean up and watch her as I pleasure her with the vibrator my skin bruising from the tight hold she has on my body. Her eyes flutter shut and I smile watching her riding against the toy leaning down licking the sweat from between her breasts. I drink in the scent of her flesh as she screams out my name. I love the sound of my name coming from her in the heat of passion.

I am confused; unaware of when she retrieved the vibrator from my hand. Now I am on my back she is gazing down at me with a devilish gleam in her eyes. I clutch at the bedding the vibrator dancing against my aching clit as the love of my life teases me. I have no idea what I am saying only that the words falling from my lips shouldn't be repeated in public. I ride against the vibrator that is now buried inside of me.

My ears are ringing the world darkens as my body burst into flames. I sigh contently as I awaken nestled in her arms. Her fingers are playing with my unruly locks as I smile up at her. "I'd marry you all over again," I confess as she blushes shyly in response.

"Maybe we could," she shrugs. "It would shut our parents up and it would be nice to have a real wedding. We can talk about it tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" I purr my body quivering.

"Tomorrow," she asserts informing me that she still has plans for tonight.

The End

Send comments to [findingmavis@comcast.net](mailto:findingmavis@comcast.net)

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