



**STAR TREK:
THE LEXINGTON ADVENTURES**

A WILD RECEPTION

**An Original Short Story
by Lexington creator
Joey Bonice**



“A Wild Reception”

**Story by
Joey Bonice**

**Star Trek: The *Lexington* Adventures based on Star Trek[®] created by
Gene Roddenberry**

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Lieutenant Angelica McKnight was the happiest person on the planet and she felt she had the right to be this happy. She had been waiting for this day for a very long time.

When she woke up at 0600 this morning, she was Angelica Renee Louise Windsor-Mountbatten, the Princess of Cambridge and a fourth year Starfleet cadet.

Six hours later, she became Lieutenant (j.g.) Angelica Renee Louise Windsor-Mountbatten, a brand-new ensign who received an assignment to the U.S.S. *Yorktown* as a communications officer. She had graduated in the top ten percent from one of the demanding institutions in the Federation.

Three hours after that, she became Angelica Renee Louise Windsor-Mountbatten McKnight, the brand-new wife to one Lieutenant Commander Alexander McKnight. She had just married the man she had fallen so deeply in love with.

With the wedding over, she was at her wedding reception. Angelica was in a private dressing room, changing out of her wedding dress into a shoulder less black leather dress with a *very* short bust and hemline and boots that came two thirds the way up her legs and fit her calves and thighs like a second skin. She had deliberately designed this look to garner attention, especially the attention of her husband as if to say 'you got the most beautiful woman you can image right here and I know it.'

After getting her dress and boots on, Angelica took a critical look at herself in the full-length mirror. Scrutinizing every detail, even she would say she was looking deliciously racy. Suddenly, she slightly frowned... there was something missing. Oh yes. She bent over to her duffle bag and produced a leather scrunchie that matched her dress. Angelica put it on her left wrist, knowing she'd need it later. Now satisfied, she looked again at the mirror image. She primped her hair just slightly, just to make sure the red curls were holding. Not that she had a problem with her hair; her hair was all natural, curls, color, and all. She really liked her hair; in her mind, that one of her best features. *Hot damn, I look hot! As I heard an Academy friend once say to another friend of mine just as they were going out on the town, she thought admiringly, 'Damn, girl, you are one sexy bitch!'*

She posed for the mirror once more before putting her makeup and hair styling things in the duffle bag and the wedding dress in its bag. *If this doesn't get Alex going, she thought, then I married the dullest man alive!*

Angelica picked up her bags and placed them by the door so the reception hall people would be sure to pick it up and deliver them to the hotel she and Alex were staying at. She made sure she left nothing behind before heading out into the reception floor.

Angelica had chosen to hold her wedding reception at a simple facility near Starfleet Academy in San Francisco to both escape the interference of her mother and to simplify the process of Alex marrying into the royal family. Following a period of intense conflict with her mother led Angelica to basically leave (but not renounce) royal life, moving out of Clarence House and, after a slight detour to Sacramento to live with Alex's sister, into the Academy dorms. She also realized that marrying Alex in the United Kingdom would trigger intense opposition from her mother and other conservative parties. By marrying on Federation property, she ensured their union would be recognized and protected from her mother's influence, while still providing a live-stream and recording for her family and supporters, including her uncle, King James VIII.

Her decision to marry Alex was complicated by historical royal protocols, but post-World War III legal shifts regarding the royal line ultimately cleared the way for the couple so she was going to take full advantage of it. But before Angelica could marry, she first had to get her commission as a Starfleet officer. She successfully balanced her demanding academic workload with her relationship with Alex and earned that commission as a Lieutenant (j.g.). She stood tall and proud during the graduation, knowing all those long study nights and hard work had finally paid off.

Immediately following the graduation ceremony, she and Alex hurried to the Academy's chapel to marry, finally securing their future together on their own terms. Angelica made sure they were first in line and she even made sure Alex was wearing his dress uniform before he came to the graduation so they could rush over to make their appointment.

Now that they were married, Angelica was going to make damn good and sure that the newlyweds were going to have one hell of a night.

When she reappeared on the reception floor, the whole room went silent when they saw her. It took everything Alex had not to let his jaw drop to the floor as his wife walked over to him with her most radiant smile.

Alex had felt an instant connection to Angelica from the moment they met, knowing almost immediately upon meeting her that he wanted to marry her. This was in stark contrast to his first marriage to a fellow lieutenant, which collapsed shortly after they had a son. To him, meeting Angelica only months after his divorce felt completely natural, though he was quite surprised later to learn of her royal bloodline when she invited him for a weekend visit to Sandringham House. During that visit, when she questioned whether his feelings were for her or her title, Alex made it unequivocally clear that he loved her for exactly who she was, regardless of her status.

However, it wasn't all peaches and cream. Their relationship would face some severe trials due to *Lexington's* deployment on the frontier. Long periods of mandatory radio silence frequently drove Alex crazy and had more than once caused Angelica to misinterpret his absence, nearly leading to a breakup on their second anniversary. Only some quick talking had saved their relationship. Over time, as Angelica went through the Academy herself, she came to understand the realities of Starfleet and military communication, leading both Angelica and Alex to deeply cherish their subspace messages and letters. Now, facing a potential promotion to executive officer that would further limit his free time, Alex was determined more than ever to double his efforts to stay connected with his wife.

"Angelica Renee, I do believe you look stunning tonight," he said with a twinkle in his eye, champaign glasses in hand.

"And you seemed to have picked up the British gift of understatement, Mr. McKnight," she replied as she took one of the glasses. "I look sexy as hell and you know it."

"And the Academy has rubbed off on you. Where you learn to talk like that?"

She laughed and took a sip of the French champaign. "Did you really think I learned only how to fire a phaser or the seven forms of verb conjugation in Vulcan, sir?" She winked at him to underscore her point. She noticed that he was wearing the brown blazer, white polo shirt, khaki pants, and loafers she had picked out for him. *That was super quick about*

how he got out of that dress uniform, she thought. He's never comfortable wearing formalwear!

Angelica noticed his approving look so she twirled around, letting him take in the sight. "Like what you see, Mr. McKnight?" she teased, smiling wide and watching him look her over.

"Where the hell did you get that outfit? I don't think I've ever seen you wear it!"

"Like what you see?" she repeated in a low and sultry tone.

"Are you kidding? Hell yes, I do. When did you get that dress?"

"I got it a few days ago. I wanted to make sure that tonight was going to blow... your...mind!"

He tossed his head back and laughed. "Of that, you have succeeded." He offered his arm.

She pointed towards the female DJ, who put on a familiar 1980's song. Alex couldn't place the name but he knew it had to do something with a space age love song. In any way, it fit the moment quite nicely. "Care to dance, Mrs. McKnight?"

"I thought you would never ask, Mr. McKnight."

She took his arm and held onto it as they made their way to the dance floor. The song was upbeat and very easy to dance to. If one would be completely honest, Alex could not keep his eyes off Angelica. He had no idea what possessed her to get that short a dress but it made it impossible for him to notice anyone else but her. If she was noticing, she wasn't letting on as she seemed to be lost in the beat.

All too soon, the song was over but Alex had a surprise of his own, thought it sort of paled in comparison to Angelica's entrance. He looked to the DJ and nodded.

Very quickly, a familiar 1980's love ballad came over the speakers, which certainly fit the mood. The song was slow and Alex made it a point to bow to Angelica and she gave him a curtsey in return. He had picked this song for their first dance, knowing that Angelica and he shared a love of 1980's music so it was going to be fine by her. The song they were dancing to was about a couple at a crowded party where the narrator was completely transfixed by his partner, noticing that she stood out from everyone else in the room. And brother, Angelica was standing out!

"Very fitting, my love," she cooed as she took up her position for the slow dance. He silently put his arms around her waist but she wiggled slightly so his hands would slip and go a little lower. For her part, she put her head on his chest, deeply sighing.

The song came to the part about looking at someone you see every day with fresh eyes and remembering how lucky you are to be with them. *How lucky I am*, he thought as they danced. *I couldn't have picked a better woman to fall in love with!*

As if she could read his mind, she suddenly said, "I couldn't have picked out a better song, Alex."

"Kind of sums up the two of us, doesn't it?"

"Especially the part of 'I have never had such a feeling of complete and utter love'... it sums up how I feel about you." She looked up at him. "I love you, o' captain of my heart."

"I love you, my darling princess," he said as she came up for a kiss.

About two hours and four glasses of champagne later, the alcohol was turning Angelica into a wild party girl. In the intervening time, both she and Alex had performed all the usual traditional reception traditions and had something to eat but Alex had noticed that Angelica didn't eat very much. When it came to cutting the cake, everyone got a laugh when Angelica had cut too big a piece of cake and missed Alex's mouth, getting the cake all over his face. He also laughed as he cleaned up with her help. With the reception traditions concluded, the reception went to a full-blown party. Those who had to work early or report for duty tomorrow had already left, leaving only the diehards behind who could party hard.

As Angelica drank more champagne, it was beginning to show. She was starting to blush and her speech was starting to slur, along with her accent getting thicker with every glass she drank. It was evident that Angelica really wasn't used to drinking or at least in this amount. She had gone over her self-imposed limit so to Alex, it would be interesting to see just how she would handle being drunk for the first time in her life. So far, it was shaping up to being a fun-loving and funny drunk.

By contrast, Alex had only a single glass of champagne for the traditional bride and groom toast and one glass of beer but otherwise, he'd had nothing else to drink, which allowed Angelica to get some heavy drinking in. After all, he reasoned, one of them had to be relatively sober so they could get back to the hotel.

Realizing she hadn't paid attention to her husband for the last few minutes, she crept up on a man near the dance floor as he was watching everyone dancing and socializing.

"Enjoying yourself, sweetheart?" Her High Wycombe accent was out in full force now as she hugged him from behind, showing her growing inebriation. Angelica's brain had to have been running in slow motion as she didn't seem to realize what she was doing.

From the corner where he'd been people watching, Alex was barely containing his laughter. *Sergei and I look almost nothing alike and yet she thinks he looks like me? Sure, we have a similar hair color and build but Sergei's got at least two inches on me and he benches 220! Angie must be four sheets to the wind if she can't tell us apart!*

Sergei glanced over to Alex, looking for permission to tease her a little. It was one thing to tease but Sergei thought that Alex may have a problem with it being his new wife. Alex knew that Sergei wouldn't cross any lines so he nodded, curious on how this would turn out.

With Sergei still facing away from her, she put her hands on his eyes and got dangerously close, whispering in his ear, "What I want to do to you tonight..."

The look on her face when she finds out will be priceless! Alex thought.

"What I want to... could you turn around? I can't kiss the back of your bloody head."

Upon command, the man turned and much to her horror (and Alex's amusement), it was one of Alex's friends from the *Enterprise!*

"And what is it you want to do with me, Angie?" the man she thought was Alex said with a Polish accent. Angelica's reaction was exactly as Alex had suspected. Alex was laughing so hard he could barely see. The look of sheer horror on her face was more than worth the price he'd pay later.

"Oh my GOD... *Sergei!*"

Sergei could not keep the amusement out of his voice. “Yes, Angie. Sergei.”

Angelica was horrified that she could make a mistake like that. “Oh, I am so *sorry!*” she said. “I thought... *Oh God...!*”

“It’s okay, Angie,” Sergei said, not at all offended “He let me play this prank on you. And if you’re looking for your husband,” he pointed her husband laughing very hard, “I believe you will find him over in that corner and laughing his sorry ass off.”

Angelica turned to look Alex, who was laughing so hard that he didn’t see that she was glaring daggers at him in faux anger.

“Not for long, he isn’t.”

She turned on her heel and made a beeline for Alex, who couldn’t see her coming with the tears of laughter in his eyes.

“So darling,” she hissed to a still laughing Alex. His side was still splitting as she marched up to him. “You think that’s funny?”

“Bet your ass I do,” he replied, wiping the tears from his eyes.

“You want the shortest divorce in history, smart-arse?”

That got him serious instantaneously, his humor completely forgotten. “Uh... I’m going to say ‘no’ here and take my chances?” he offered meekly, hoping that would placate her.

Suddenly, she smiled at him. “I can’t believe I got you *that* easily!”

It took him a second to figure out that she had just played him like he had played her. “Don’t give me a heart attack like that, Angie! I thought you were serious for a second.”

“You freaking deserve it after letting me make a bloody arse out of myself... and to Sergei, no less!” she said. “*Don’t... ever... do... that... to... me... again!*” She punctuated every word with a hard smack on his upper right arm. It was more to make a point than to hurt him. Alex knew she’d never hurt him intentionally. Mentally though was a different point.

“Okay!” he mock surrendered. “No more letting someone tease you ever again! I surrender!”

She smiled and called for another drink. He knew she had every right to cut loose this evening but it appeared to him that she was hellbent on going overboard. “I think you’re drinking enough for two, Angie.”

She gave him a faux shocked look. “You’ve known me for almost five years, Alex, and you think I need a break? You forget that I’m British!” She punctuated her statement with finishing her drink in a single gulp. “I’ve yet to begin to drink!” She called over the same waiter and exchanged glasses.

“Ease up a little on the drinks, will you? After all, the way you’re going through them, you’re going to pass out! We’ve got things planned later and you’ll need to stay awake for them!”

Angelica looked at him quizzically then in understanding. “Oh, trust me. I’m going to rock your world this evening and it’s going to put our first time in Sandringham *to shame!*”

He had his doubts about Angelica’s performance with her in her current state but wisely kept them to himself, lest he find himself in trouble. “You keep drinking like this and you’re going to be sorely disappointed,” he warned.

She took a defiant gulp then looked to the DJ. If Angelica had heard Alex, she gave no indication of it. “I think we need to spice this party up some more, don’t you?”

Before he could answer, she strolled over to the DJ and her mixing deck. The music she was playing was from a playlist Alex and Angelica had put together so Alex knew there was anything wrong with the music but Angelica was obviously hearing something he couldn’t.

The DJ took off one of her earphones so she could hear Angelica and even then, Angelica got very close to her ear. What looked like a few words and the DJ took off her wireless studio headphones and handed them to Angelica. Angelica quickly put her hair in a half-ponytail with the scrunchie from her wrist and immediately clamped the proffered headphones on her ears.

“Hey everyone,” she said, the microphone field instantly zeroing in on her, “what you say we *really* kick this party into overdrive?” The crowd screamed its approval and she turned the music into something you’d hear at in a club. Alex got up and walked over to the deck but maintained his distance. Even as drunk as she was, she was mixing tracks like she had done it all her life. Secretly, he was rather impressed with Angelica’s ability to maintain a fast-paced dance-type beat.

Angelica, for her part, hastily motioned for another waiter and took another two glasses, putting one on the table where the deck resided and held one as she danced to the music. On this night, she felt alive and free. Free from her studies, free from her family issues, free from her problems. She felt she had the right to just cut loose this evening and let the night take her wherever it took her. Right now, it took her to being a DJ and her training as a communications officer fit that bill perfectly.

As the music played, she got more involved in dancing behind the deck, while continuing to drink all the while. The more Angelica drank, the more unsteady on her feet she became. More than once, she had to stop long enough ostensibly to adjust her headphones but she was trying to keep from falling flat on her face. Otherwise, she was doing a very nice job of trying to dance while keeping the beat.

And all the while, Alex was looking on with love but also a touch of concern. The way she was pounding back the champagne, he really did think that she would pass out before the night was over.

He fervently hoped neither of them would be disappointed tonight.

The party was pretty much wound down but Angelica wasn’t showing any signs of stopping. She was now dancing out on the dance floor but now the music was blasting only in her headphones as the DJ had shut off the speakers when the last of the guests started to leave. To Alex, it seemed to him that her ‘dancing’ was more stumbling around and hoping not to fall flat on her face. But it was her singing... even though she was slurring, he thought she still had one of the best singing voices he’d ever heard. More than once, he told her that if Starfleet didn’t work out that she should become a professional singer.

Angelica had finally stopped drinking but she was so drunk that she seemed almost out of control. He went up to her, wanting to end the evening and enjoy the remainder of the night by themselves. Angelica was so lost in her music that she hadn’t noticed the DJ

had only kept the music in her headphones and that was more out of compassion for a newly wedded woman. She was still bobbing around very hard so it took a few moments to get his hand on one of her earphones and lift it enough so she could hear him.

“Don’t you think it’s time, honey?”

She didn’t immediately respond so Alex let go of her earphone and gently took her by the shoulders to gently nudge her to look at him. Her face was nearly as red as her hair and her eyes were hooded, as if she was getting sleepy but was trying to fight it.

“Time it is?” she replied very drunkenly, finally stopping to look at him. “Time is what?”

Alex looked at Angelica. “Angie, it’s time we left.”

She took off her headphones and held them in her hands, as if she was going to put them back on and keep on going. She looked at her husband both cheekily and questioningly at the same time. “What say?”

“I said it’s time we left,” he repeated. “Everyone’s gone and our time is about up. We should be getting out of here and to our hotel.” Alex took her and held her tight, as he thought she would pass out at any moment. He silently gave her some long shot odds that she would stay awake. She threw her left arm around him and it didn’t escape his notice that she was putting all her weight on him. He figured the odds shot up from very long to Vegas-style.

“Skinny dip in the bay we should,” she drunkenly replied then giggled at her suggestion.

Now I know she must be out of her mind, he thought. She would never go skinny dipping and especially in public! She likes showing off in her leather but even she has a line she will not cross, even with that active and healthy libido she has!

“Are you kidding me, Angie?”

She stood up on her own, letting go long enough to boldly put the headphones around her neck, and took him once again in her arms. “Kidding I am not. Want to skinny dip in the bay I do. But want to dance some more. Music headphones let me listen.”

With that, she lurched so badly that Alex feared she was about to fall on the floor. Only his grip on her prevented that from happening. But she seemed to think it was all fun and games if her giggles were anything to base that assumption. *Least she’s a funny drunk, he thought. My ex-wife was a mean drunk. I hate mean drunks!*

It also hadn’t escaped Alex’s notice that Angelica was so drunk that she wasn’t able to form coherent sentences and that, he found both funny and odd. He tossed his head back and laughed. His laughing seemed to take her off guard.

“What is funny?” she asked.

“You are. I mean, look at you! A communications officer who cannot communicate! You can’t even form a sentence!”

Angelica shot him a stern look. “Graduated in top 10 percent I did. Proud of it I am. Speak 15 languages I do. Communications good at, I am.”

“You’re so drunk that you can’t even put together a sentence,” he repeated, his laughing dying off as he steering her to the waiting DJ. Alex stood Angelica up long enough to take the headphones off her neck and handed them back to the DJ, who was packing up her gear.

“Sorry about that,” he said to the DJ as Angelica tried to snuggle up to him. “I swear she wasn’t trying to steal anything. She was just lost in the music.”

If the DJ was offended by Alex’s evasive statements, she didn’t let on. “Not a problem, sir. In fact, I’m surprised.”

“Surprised?” he repeated.

“Yeah. I mean, I’ve seen a lot of so-called DJ’s and I’ve to say that your wife is a natural behind the decks. She mixes like a pro. Has she ever considered a career in disk jockeying?”

A loud giggling came from the drunken princess. “Music engineer I was,” she slurred. “Uncle with. Going to make a career music I was before my mind changed this hunk.” She leaned up and kissed Alex on the cheek. The kiss made him blush; normally, he wouldn’t have minded but with her in this condition, it made him a little self-conscious.

The DJ looked at them both. “Well, congratulations to you both. If your wife ever changes her mind about a career in disk jockeying, let me know and I’ll hook her up.”

“Something wrong my mind?” Angelica drunkenly said, then giggled again.

“Sorry,” said Alex sheepishly as he held onto his wife, for once at a loss for words.

“Trust me, that I can understand. Happy trails to you both, Mr. and Mrs. McKnight.”

Angelica giggled again as Alex pointed them towards the exit. “That I love. ‘Mrs. McKnight.’ I just that name love like I the man love!”

“Thank you,” Alex said again as he gently steered a staggering Angelica to the door. He knew from their pre-wedding plans that their luggage and other gear had already been taken to a luxury hotel so there was no need for them to worry about collecting and sheparding luggage. But he had to get his wife to the hotel and that didn’t seem like it was going to be an easy task.

“Oh you I love, Alexander Daniel,” she proclaimed to the universe as they reached the venue’s lobby.

So you’ve saying all night, girlfriend. How about we go to the hotel and finish the night?”

“Agree. You I want. Want you badly.” She kissed him, showing him her intent. With great effort, he had to disengage her mouth as he led her out of the building. As they stepped out into the dark San Francisco night, Alex could see the city alive all around them, even at this late hour. It was a late spring night and the temperature was such that you didn’t even need a jacket but he thought Angelica should have something covering her since she was wearing a dress that only just covered her in the right spots. He shrugged off his blazer and put it around her shoulders as he signaled for their limo. She looked at his blazer as if it was the last thing she’d be caught dead wearing before giving it back to him. She was beyond caring how she looked. “Gallantry, love but what with it now?”

“With that dress, I’m surprised you’re not being picked up for indecent exposure. You need this jacket far worse than I do.” He put the jacket back on, keeping a hand on the unsteady princess. *Where the hell is that limo? They should have seen my signal!*

She stopped dead in her tracks and straightened up rebelliously to look him in the eye, even though she was the shorter by a couple of inches. “Don’t think stand up my own I can? I stand can still. See?” she said before finally closing her eyes and passing out. Since

she was already holding onto him, Alex was easily able to catch her as she fell but he debated if he should carry her to the hotel or just wait for the delayed limo.

Alex knew that distances in a city was easy to overestimate and even though the hotel she had booked looked to be close, it could easily be a mile or more away. He knew the hotel was some distance away but it looked closer due to the city skyline. And there was no way he was going to carry or coax Angelica to walk that kind of distance... least when they weren't being chased by Klingons with a bad case of hemorrhoids or fleeing from some hostile aliens intent on wiping out the entire human race. And putting her in a fireman's carry was out of the question with her dress.

Fortuitously, the limo was just pulling up to pick them up, ending his debate. Alex scooped Angelica up in his arms as the vehicle stopped in front of them. She moaned slightly as the driver raced around and opened the door for them. The driver knew better than to ask anything but held the door wide as Alex put her in the flitter.

"You know where we're going?" he asked as he positioned her in the vehicle.

"Yes, sir."

He had to hold her upright as he got in, lest she fall over on the seat. "I think you need to get us there as fast as you can."

"Yes, sir," he said as Alex finished getting in and the driver closed the door behind him.

She moaned again as the driver got in and started on their way. He held her tight as she snuggled up to him.

"I really don't think you're really asleep, Angie."

Her groan was her attempt at a reply. In her mind, it was probably a sharp retort of some kind before falling on his shoulder. He kissed her lightly on top of her head as they made their way to the hotel.

As Alex guessed, the hotel was further than it looked. Even though the traffic was light at this time of night, it still took 20 minutes to get from the reception hall to the hotel. The driver made sure that the limo made a soft touchdown in the landing area in front of the hotel. Alex had to wait for the driver to come around and open the door as he still had his hands full with a passed-out Angelica leaning on him with most of her weight.

Trying to be as gentle as he could, he managed to coax her out of the limo. *Thank God she doesn't weigh much*, he thought. *If she was more than a buck twenty, I might have been in some trouble in finagling her out of there!*

"We there?" she asked weakly, meaning she was starting to come around.

"Yeah," he said as he gave his thumbprint to confirm the ride; they had pre-paid for the limo as part of the reception package. Once he had given his thumbprint, he gently prodded his wife to the doors, which automatically opened into a spacious and luxurious lobby. In a bit of foresight (Alex would have called it 'foreshadowing') she had checked them in before the graduation ceremony so they were expected. But in her haste to get back, she had mentioned that she had not gotten the electronic code key and that presented a problem.

"Damn it," he breathed as he looked around for a place to put her where she would not fall and hurt herself so he could get the key.

“Code key?” she muttered. Apparently, she was aware of her surroundings. *Thank God for Starfleet training*, he thought. “I had one delivered earlier today,” Angelica said.

“What?” he murmured. “How did you accomplish *that* feat?”

She didn’t even lift her head from his shoulder. “Never mind how. I put it somewhere you’ll have fun in getting it.”

“*Angelica Renee!*” he said, semi shocked at her boldness. When they were dating, there were times she had sent him some *very* racy messages and videos but it was with the understanding they were to remain private. For him, that wasn’t an issue since he had his own quarters but she had a roommate so privacy for her was very limited. He had more than once wondered how she had been able to steal the time to make them. But for her to make *that* bold a statement *in public... that* surprised him. In all the time they had dated, she was fine with the usual public displays of affection, such as kissing, hugging, and holding each other in public but that was about all they had done.

Privately, that was another story.

“Are you suggesting what I *think* you’re suggesting?”

She finally looked up at him. Her smile was her answer. “I know you like playing when you think I’m asleep.” She winked. Alex corralled her to the banks of turbolift and pressed the button. For her part, she was rubbing his chest, beginning to show her impatience and the depths of her libido.

“Did you finally wake up, honey?”

“Do you really think that I’d get *that* drunk where I could not... *complete* our wedding night?” Her hands were all over his chest as the turbolift arrived. *Least she isn’t being explicit*, he thought. *But for how long? I didn’t realize that alcohol, much less campaign, would lower her inhibitions that much!*

She kept running her hands all over his chest as the turbolift took them up seventy flights in a few seconds. The doors opened and he scooped her up in his arms, carrying her the few meters to their suite. She smiled as she put her arms around his neck. It wasn’t long before they reached the door.

“Need help?” Angelica teased as she produced the card from its suggestive hiding place. Sure enough, it was where she said it was. With her free arm, she slid the card over the reader and the door opened.

“Here we are, Mrs. McKnight,” Alex said.

She didn’t even answer as she gave him a deep kiss as he carried her over the threshold. He had barely gotten the door closed when she broke off the kiss. As soon as he put her down, she started to tear at his clothes.

“I’ve waited long enough,” she breathed hungrily. “Just shut up and shag me, Alexander! And just to let you know,” she growled between kisses as she took his jacket and shirt off, “that I am not wearing any underwear.”

“I know,” he replied.

The next morning, Alex awoke to the mid-morning sun in his eyes. He turned over to see Angelica lying next to him, still asleep. The way she was sleeping reminded him of a kitten napping in a sunbeam. While he was completely undressed under the blanket, he noticed that she was above the blanket, still wearing her dress, though now the bustline

was shorter and the hemline higher. Her boots were nowhere to be found. She was slightly snoring while lying on her stomach, reinforcing the notion of a kitten napping. Seeing her like this was an endearing sight.

He smiled as he replayed his recollections from last night's events. They had done things that should have been borderline illegal and that made him smile even more. And to know Angelica knew how to perform those acts when Alex was her first and only lover was only a confirmation that she was more than she appeared.

Angelica turned her head, moaning slightly. She finally started to open her eyes and saw her husband looking at her. She didn't even bother with feigning modesty. She figured that since he'd already seen her in all her glory even before last night, there was nothing for her to hide.

"Good morning," he said.

Angelica immediately put her hands to her ears. "Not so loud," she whispered in almost a hissing tone. "I've got the mother of all hangovers!"

"You didn't take any hangover preventative?" he whispered. Angelica winced in pain and kept her hands on her ears.

"This won't do," she whispered, not bothering to answer. She flipped and produced a pair of earplugs that she would bring with her when she was travelling. Without hesitation, she put them in her ears and suddenly, the world wasn't deafening. Only after the noise abated to a level she could tolerate did she flip back to face her husband.

"Now you can talk to me," she told him.

"You should have taken a preventative."

"And miss out on my first hangover?" She leaned in and kissed him. "I'll take some medicine and I'll be fine in a couple of hours."

He took her in his arms and she reciprocated, not caring in the slightest about how they looked. "I love you, Angie."

"And I love you too, Alex."

"It's good to hear you speak in complete sentences!"

She looked at him questioningly. "What the devil are you talking about?"

Now he looked at her with a questioning look of his own. "You don't remember?"

"And just what was it that I'm bloody well supposed to remember?"

"Oh, Good Lord. Don't tell me you *don't* remember our wedding day!"

"Of course, I'm bloody well not about to forget the wedding itself, no matter how much alcohol I drank!"

"So, what's the last thing you remember?"

Angelica thought about it for a little bit. "Last think I remember was dancing around on the dance floor with loud music in my headphones. After that... it's pretty much a blank until I woke up beside you."

"So you don't remember what we did in here last night?"

Angelica thought for a few moments. "It's mostly flashes. And since I'm sore in a few places that should not be sore, I can guess at what we did." She winked.

"You would be guessing right. What we did... damn, girl. It ought to be illegal! I think in this state, it may be!"

“I don’t care,” was her reply. “I had fun last night and I had it with my new hubby. That should be all that matters!”

“What happens in San Fran stays in San Fran,” Alex said. He looked past her at a clock on the bedside table. “Our flight leaves in five hours. Think we need to start getting ready.”

She kissed him. “I was born ready. Were you?”

“I mean for the flight. Our two-week honeymoon cruise around the solar system or did you forget?”

“I know what *you* meant. You also damn well know what *I* meant.”

“Yeah and there will be plenty of time for that when we’re on the cruise. And this time, you’ll remember it.”

“Will I?” Angelica teased.

“If you don’t,” Alex teased back, “you can divorce me.”

She kissed him again. “I’ll *never* divorce you. I just love you too much.”

“Is that a fact?”

This time, she kissed him deeply while reaching for him. “Fact. I will *never* divorce you. *Never.*”