



TWO STEWIS

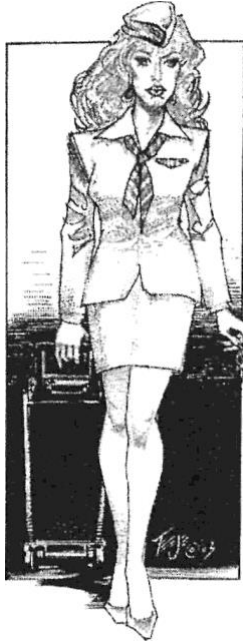
A NEW NOVEL BY

BEA

Two Stews

by

Bea



©2003 MAGS INC.

Written by Bea Illustrations by
Teeje

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by information storage and retrieval system, without written permission by the author and Mags Inc.

All incidents and persons depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental and unintentional and is intended for purely parody purposes.

"Can I help you with that?" Were the first words she ever said to me.

I felt kinda stupid, standing there with two large paper bags full of groceries, both of which were threatening to burst at any minute - I'd been caught in a quick shower between the store and the apartment building, and the paper bags were just not up to it.

Janey, the old doorman (doorwoman?) Had opened the front door for me, then yelled at someone to "Hold the elevator for a second if you don't mind!"

The 'someone' turned out to be Carmine, one of the stews who live on my floor. I knew that was her name because I'd heard one of her friends call her by name once. I also knew her to be a stew, because I'd seen her in uniform a couple of times. A stunning woman, in or out of uniform, I'd had several rather exotic fantasies involving her. Knew that I'd never do anything about it naturally, as I'm totally an idiot when it comes to meeting the opposite sex. I wasn't as stupid in this circumstance, however, as I could feel one of the bags holding the canned goods, start to disintegrate.

"Would you? Yes! Yes you can.." I gabbled, just in time as it turned out. She managed to grab the bag, cradling the bottom enough to stop it from splitting and hold the contents in place. She gave me a big grin that sent my heart into overdrive.

"It's about time we met." She said. "My names Carmine.."

"I know." I said. "Mine's David."

She tilted her head at me. "You *know* my name is Carmine? Been spying on me?"

"Oh no! " I blurted. "I heard one of your friends...."

She pretended disappointment. "Aw! And here I thought you might be interested in me...."

I gawped at her. Here was this captivating creature 'disappointed'

because I wasn't interested in her? "Oh but I am!" I said, then realizing how this sounded, "Well -I mean..."

She laughed. I thought she was absolutely gorgeous. A little taller than me, even in the flat shoes she wore. A dark olive skin with eyes that were almost black, hair that waved around an oval face with strong Mediterranean features. Perfect white teeth. Strong, well defined eyebrows, arcing away from the center of her face and emphasizing sculpted cheekbones that had some American Indian in them I thought.

As always, when not in uniform, she was dressed beautifully. Black pleated skirt to just above the knees. Ivory satin blouse under a tailored jacket that matched the skirt. A transparent, portable raincoat over everything, and umbrella. Small handbag.

Before I had time to make even more of a fool of myself, the elevator stopped at our floor.

"My apartment's just down here" I started.

She shook her head at me. "Think I don't know? The corner one, right?"

I couldn't believe this was happening. Was this divine creature *interested* in me - enough to know where I lived?

She waited as I fumbled in my pockets, and finally got the key to the door. Then followed me into the apartment. We both laid our bags down on the kitchen counter top.

"Oooh! This is big!" She said admiringly, looking around her. "I've never seen one of the corner units before. How did you get hold of it? - and it's beautifully decorated. You been sneaking a girlfriend in here? How did you ever get her past us?"

"My aunt left it to me -I was her only living relative. She did most of the decorating, I'm afraid. And I.. I don't have a girlfriend." I admitted.

Carmine looked at me, puzzled. "But how long have you been here?"

"About three years" I answered.

"Well, it may have been your aunt that decorated the place - but don't tell me you haven't made any changes - and I can't believe it. The place is immaculate. Tell me who your maid service is - is she looking for new clients?"

I blushed some more. "Well... I have made some changes – but I can't afford a maid. Do the housecleaning myself."

She laughed out loud. "You're living here, and you can't afford a maid? Come on!"

"My aunt owned the apartment - bought it years ago. Left a small trust to pay the taxes but, other than that, very little money."

"What do you do for a living then?" She asked. "Anything?"

"I'm like a temp bookkeeper" I answered. "It's not very steady, and doesn't pay much, but it's enough to get me by."

"Ah" she said. "That's all that matters, isn't it? As long as you get by? But I suppose I'll have to get going. It's been very nice meeting you - at long last."

If she hadn't added the last part, I don't know if I'd have found the courage.

"Eh? Eh? Carmine? Thanks a ton. And, and ... Would you care to come down for dinner some night?"

"You cook too?" She laughed. "I don't get anywhere enough home cooked meals. You set the day - I'll be there!"

I couldn't believe my own ears when I said nonchalantly (Fred Astaire had nothing on ME!). "Well? How's about tonight?"

She stepped back in pretended amazement. "And here I was thinking you're shy. And what do I get - a real wolf!" At my

expression, she laughed again. "Just kidding." She looked at her watch. "It's about three thirty now. What time do you want me here?"

"Do you take a drink?" I asked.

"Does a fish swim?" She replied. Then added "Look? Here's an idea. I'll bring the wine and the booze - liqueurs as well. You provide the food."

"But isn't that terribly expensive?" I said. "I mean, I'm not much of a drinker but I've got some stuff.."

"Ever seen these miniature bottles you get on airlines?" She asked.

"Yes" I answered, puzzled for a second..

"Between me and Sara, my roomie, we must have hundreds of them - more kinds than you can shake a stick at! Won't cost me a dime. Ok.?"

"Well then.. Want to come down at six thirty? That'll give me time to throw something together. Then we can have a drink while we wait for dinner to finish cooking..?"

"Fantastic. Looking forward to it." She surprised me again by giving me a quick kiss on the cheek and was gone before I knew it.

I'm a very competent cook. Even while I'd been listening to her accept my invitation, I'd been planning the menu from stuff I knew I had in the fridge - and with amazing luck on my side, what I'd just purchased.

The first thing I did was turn the bread machine on. I figured we'd eat about seven thirty - just enough time to have the bread come fresh to the table. Then I started on the salad - I had some endive, some avocado - that luckily was just perfectly ripe - some canned pink grapefruit sections - some walnuts? Ah yes! All that I needed for a quick tasty appetizer salad before the meal.

I had just bought one of my favorite meals - a Cornish game hen. It didn't need thawing, so I just cleaned, then split it in two. Patted it dry. Brushed it with a little white wine, covered it with a paper towel.

I had some penne. Not absolutely the freshest you ever saw -but I know a few tricks. I wasn't in any immediate need of it right then - just wanted to see if I'd all the herbs and spices I'd need. I did.

For dessert, I had some frozen raspberries, and Haagan Daaz vanilla in the freezer. Not very thrilling. Then I remembered a can of pineapple I had - could I come up with a parfait? Quickly, I determined I could - so proceeded to spend quite a lot of time getting the various ingredients malleable enough to work with. I chose a couple of fine brandy snifters I had, and layered the materials into them. Looked smashing as I placed them back in the fridge to chill.

I spent some time setting the table. Pulled out the good crystal mom had left and Aunt Edna's best china. Polished everything. Didn't like what I had for a centerpiece but took a quick look out of the window - still pouring of rain - a silk flower arrangement would have to do.

I took one final look around. Everything looked just fine. Darkness was starting to draw in. I set a couple of candles in a pair of crystal holders that I'd picked up at an auction one time. Placed them on the table. Took the silk flower arrangement away. Ah! That was better!

I was surprised to see that it was almost six. I shaved. Didn't really need to, but felt that it was the right thing to do under the circumstances. Showered.

My wardrobe was very limited, but I put on a pair of comfortable wool pants and a casual shirt that I'd picked up somewhere, but never worn. Nervously decided that I looked okay. Set up some small bowls of chips and pretzels, dips, etc. Wondered how late Carmine would be. Picked some low-key music for my CD player.

Figured I'd enough for about five hours - who was I kidding? Did I really expect to keep a beautiful creature like Carmine entertained for that long?

The doorbell rang at six twenty. I was in a panic. Who would that be? Surely it couldn't be Carmine? Nervously, I peered through the peephole. But it was her. Gosh! She was beautiful! Hair pulled back into some kind of bun. A white silk blouse, set off with a silk scarf of indeterminate color. A long skirt of some rough woolen material with white soft shoes peeping out from underneath. An amber necklace with matching pendulous earrings. What a picture!

"Am I too early?" She said anxiously once I opened the door. "Oh god! What is that smell? Fresh bread? Ah you devil! You know the way to a woman's heart! Take me! I'm yours!" Then she handed me a small basket containing what looked like an awful lot of small bottles, with a normal sized bottle of wine resting on top of them. "Maybe a Jack Daniels first?" She said. And our evening was off and running.

We had drinks - a novelty for me, but not for her I don't think. I held them fairly well though - got a little giggly but didn't do anything totally stupid. She was entranced with the meal. Attacked everything in sight, swallowing with oohs and aahs of delight, swigging wine down like water. Complimenting me on everything. Through the candlelight, she was ravishing, eyes flashing, hair and teeth glistening in the flickering glow.

She told me something of her glamorous life. I couldn't believe all the places she'd been, and the sights seen. Entranced, I listened to her stories - she was a good raconteur. The evening passed. I started to look at the dirty dishes, but not with the familiar urgency. Somehow or other, her chair had moved around the table so that she was practically sitting beside me. In a haze, I felt her warm soft hand on my thigh. I sighed and settled back in my chair. Her hand moved upward towards my lap - and the erection that threatened to burst through my pants.

All of a sudden, she was standing over me. She bent her head, and her lips landed on mine. Perfume surrounded us. Her hair fell forward and touched my face.

"How's about showing me your bedroom" she whispered. "Haven't seen what the master bedroom looks like in a suite like this."

Stultified with lust and alcohol, I got to my feet. "Of course, Carmine" I said. "Follow me."

But it was the other way around. Not seeming to want to wait, she grabbed my hand and pulled me along. Totally paralyzed by sexual longing, I followed her into my bedroom. Quickly, she divested herself of blouse and skirt. Dazed, I could only watch. "You can show me the room later." She said throatily, then turned.

Wearing only panties and bra, she advanced on me. Pushed me backwards onto the bed. I had enough sense to kick my shoes off. Her hands found my belt. Unbuckled it. Loosened my pants front, pulled them down and off. She straddled me now, pulled the shirt over my head.

"Dominate me!" She said, her voice low.

"Eh?" I said.

"Take me over!" She said. "Rape me!"

I noticed that her bra opened at the front. Reached up and undid the clasps. Her breasts burst out of the constraints. I lifted my head and kissed them.

"Stop fooling around!" She growled in my ear. "If you won't do me - I'll do you!"

"Oh Carmine" I sighed. "What do you want me to do?"

"Here! Take my bra. Tie me up. Dominate me!"

I made my last mistake. "Eh?" I said again.

My world whirled around me. All of a sudden, I was face down

on the bed, Carmine straddling me again, the inside of her knees pressing against my thighs. My arms were behind my back, and my hands were being tied together. In a storm of emotional upheaval, it dawned on me that they were being tied together -with her bra!

"C'mon Carmine" I pleaded. "What're you doing?" "Someone's gotta be the boss." She answered. "Looks like it's gonna be me!"

With that, my jockeys were pulled down, and off my feet. I was now totally nude. But only for a few seconds. I had felt her do some strange movements but was at a loss as to what she was doing. The next thing, something was being pulled over my feet - and then up my legs. With a tremulous feeling in my gut, I realized that she was putting her panties on me! Try as I would, I couldn't stop my erection from growing. She held it softly for a second or two.

"Like this, eh?" She said. "Well? What about this?" And her necklace was being placed over my head. Seconds later, her earrings were being clipped onto my ears. They were quite tight.

I didn't answer. Didn't have time because within seconds I was over her knees being spanked soundly. I struggled, but to no avail, she was just too strong for me. As soon as I started to cry, she stopped. "Ready now?" She asked.

And there was no arguing. Again, I was flipped over, to be lying supine on the bed. My beads rattling softly around my neck., My earrings jangling softly in my ears. Tenderly now, she pulled the panties down - then climbed on top of me. A little while later, I came into her with a hysterical rush. She stopped her pumping up and down - then came, just a few strokes behind me. "Golly David! That was fun! Did you enjoy it?"

Exhausted, I could only look up at her. I knew that she'd put me into the feminine role in our lovemaking, but that didn't matter.

"That was my first time Carmine. Thank you so much." I said honestly - and gratefully.

"You were a virgin! Oh my god! I wish you'd have told me!" She cried. "Did you like wearing my panties.? Being spanked?" she asked with a high degree of interest in her voice.

"I don't know. Maybe? Yes. I think so." I answered. "But why did you want me to dominate you?"

"Well? I've a theory about that." She answered. "When a man and a woman get together, there are certain rules that have to be followed, so that each of them know where they're at. Which one is the man - which one is the woman."

"Oh, surely it can't be that simple." I argued. "Of course it is." She said blithely. "I was the man. You were the woman. Wasn't it fun? Didn't you like it?"

"Aw, c'mon Carmine" I said weakly. "C'mon. Eh?"

"Makes sense to me." She said. "And looking back - that was pretty well the way the whole night played out, wasn't it?"

"What do you mean." I asked, but had the funny feeling that I knew what she was going to say.

"You - you played the woman's role. Made the meal. Served me. I played the man's role. Enjoyed all the things you did for me, came on to you. I offered you the man's role. You didn't want it - so I took it! You going to tell me you didn't like how it turned out?" She giggled "Bullshit!"

She pulled up from me. "Look Dave? That was nice. But don't be getting any hang-ups about what happened. Us stews get really tired of being bugged by a bunch of would be Rambo's. That's one of the reasons that groups like us form - try and settle in the same apartment complexes. Make sure that we're with the kind of people we like.."

"Groups like us?" I asked . "What are you talking about?" "Well - we're all girls, you know.."

She was talking slowly now, feeling her way along as she

explained. "Probably more than a few of us are lesbians, but at the same time, we sometimes enjoy men's company."

"Like tonight?" I asked coyly.

She laughed. "David? You're funny! When I talk about a man, I mean heavy, aggressive, nasty sometimes. You're far too sweet. Nice and soft, smooth. Hell, I think I've got more muscles..."

I shifted uncomfortably beneath her.

She sensed my unease. "I don't know why you can't accept what I'm saying. When I'm with women, I sometimes play the man's role - more often the woman's. I enjoy either one. Why can't you do the same?" "But you are a woman." I urged. "And... If we have sex again

"Oh! We most certainly will!" She interrupted. "..then I'll be the man?" I asked.

She seemed to think for a second, then sighed regretfully. "Afraid not, David. We've established our relationship now. I'm the guy. You're the girl." She put her hand over my mouth. "Hush! You asked me a question, then sidetracked me. Let me finish, eh?" I nodded.

"See? This apartment building is great for stews. Not too far from the airport, but far enough out of the flight path - and built well enough that we don't get our sleep disturbed. We can get a shuttle bus or taxi without it costing an arm or a leg - not only that? By living in a group like this we help each other out. Can have all girl's parties any time we want."

"No mixed parties?" I asked. "Now that I think of it, I've been pretty sure I've heard parties going on up here - other floors too.."

"Not noisy. Please tell me they weren't noisy! The last thing we want to do is piss off other tenants." She sounded anxious.

"No. Not at all." I assured her. "It's just suddenly dawned on me that I've never seen any men with you stewardesses - and don't think

I've seen any looking like they were going to a party." I added.

"No. Men are fine at times, but this is our home now and they just aren't welcome, most of the time. Before we let any other stews in here, we make sure they agree with us on that point."

"How many stews live here now?" I asked. "Seems like there's more and more all the time."

"You're right there!" She laughed. "On this floor alone almost half of the apartments have got stews in them. As a matter of fact, a couple of friends of mine are taking over apartment 'C' next week."

"Mrs. Symes?" I asked. "Didn't know she was selling out.."

"Don't know who lived there before but after Sandi and Jeri move in, we'll have seven of the twelve apartments on this floor."

I gawped at her. "That many?"

"Yes." She answered. "And on the other floors, I'd guess we have about fifteen apartments all told."

"My god!" I said. "It's becoming the YWCA!"

"Nothing overly Christian about us," she laughed. "But yes. Now that you mention it, us stews are getting to be a power in this complex."

She leaned over me, and kissed me. "Shall we try for one more time? I think I'm getting signals of renewed interest from down there. True?"

I certainly wasn't about to argue.

She refused to stay the night as she had to get up early the following morning for a flight, and wanted to make sure that she'd be on time.

"But I'll be home Thursday" she notified me. "So why don't you plan on having dinner in my apartment. Come over at, say, say three-thirty?"

It seemed rather early for getting together, but I certainly wasn't about to complain. She removed her panties from me and put them back on. Then the remainder of her clothes were thrown on as well. She gave me a long lingering kiss. "See you Thursday sweetie. Don't forget now!" With that, she was gone.

I was exhausted, but got re-dressed myself, then moped around cleaning the place. I loaded up the dishwasher but didn't turn it on - thought I'd leave it for the morning... I was going to change the sheets on the bed, but they still bore traces of her perfume, so I left them. Not long after, I was in bed. I probably stayed awake for all of thirty seconds.

Thursday, prompt at three thirty, I was knocking on her door. A bunch of flowers in one hand, candy in the other.

The door flew open. Carmine stood there resplendent in a long green caftan. This time, her hair was loosely framing her face. I couldn't make up my mind. Had she got more beautiful? I would never have dreamed it possible, but could swear that she had!

"Come in. Come in. Ooh, chocolates! Love them. Thank you. And these flowers are gorgeous. Let me put them in a vase."

She gave me a smooch on the cheek. Took the flowers and disappeared into the kitchen. I took stock of my surroundings.

Talk about a disaster! The place looked as if a hurricane had just blown through. It wasn't dirty but needed a good dusting and vacuuming. Clothes seemed to be strewn everywhere. I could even see into the bedroom - which was worse if possible. Instinctively, I picked up a couple of magazines that were lying on the chairs and sofa, and stacked them on the coffee table -after I made room for them there. Carmine came back in with the vase of flowers in her hand.

"These are beautiful David. Should I put them on the hall table do you think?"

"If you can find room?" I said, smiling.

She giggled. "I'm afraid Sara and me are two of a kind – kinda messy."

"You can say *that* again." I agreed, adding another magazine to the collection.

"If you'd start picking up these clothes next?" She said. "Some of them are Sara's, but I'll help you separate them later on."

I didn't know what to say to this. It wasn't exactly what I'd expected, but there again, nothing around Carmine seemed to be routine. She gave me a plastic bag to hold the dirty clothes. "They're all for wash." She explained, "So you won't need to separate them yet."

It was sort of embarrassing, picking up some of her intimate lingerie in the bedroom, but I could see some sort of order emerging about ten minutes later. I wondered what Carmine was doing. When I went back into the living room, she was sitting on the couch painting her fingernails. "You're such a darling!" She exclaimed. "Come here. Carmine will give you a kiss."

Happily I went over and sat beside her. "All done." I said. "Gosh, you had a lot of clothes lying around."

She laughed, and pulled me into her for the promised kiss. I'd been thinking over our previous conversation about my role, and had decided to be more masculine in my approach. It didn't seem to be working too well though, I thought as she bent me over backwards over her knees and kissed me again, firmly. Then she pulled me back up.

"Would you mind, David? Just give the carpet a little run over with the vacuum?"

"You should maybe dust first." I answered. "Oh! Would you? That would be so nice!" She exclaimed. "But what am I thinking about?" With that, she slapped her forehead lightly. "Just a minute dear." She added, disappearing into the kitchen again. She reappeared in seconds, opening up some material, laughing.

"I don't really know how we have some of these in the house. Neither Sara nor I ever wear them. Must have got them when one of us was in a domesticated mood. Didn't last long, I'll tell you. Here. Stand up, and I'll put it on for you." And I found myself standing as she put a frilled white, full length apron over my head. Turned me around, then was tying the ribbons at the back into a large bow.

"But Carmine.." I protested.

"What's the matter?" She asked quickly. "Something wrong?"

I plucked ineffectually at the frilled skirt of the apron. "I don't really think I need this...."

"Of course you do!" She said briskly. "Now. If we're ever going to have dinner tonight, I'd suggest you get a move on!"

And, in my frilled apron, I bustled around, dusting then vacuuming while my hostess read a magazine or watched TV. I tidied up the kitchen and loaded a lot of dishes into the dishwasher after giving them a quick pre-wash. She'd looked out some boned chicken breasts for dinner. It seemed like a lot for the two of us, and I commented on this. "Oh... Didn't I mention it? Sara's probably due in about a half hour. She'll maybe join us. If she doesn't, you can maybe keep the leftovers for lunch or something. You'll find salad stuff in the fridge if you want to make one - and there's all sorts of canned goods in the larder if you think of anything else." She added.

Before of five o'clock, I was just about on schedule. I'd thrown a salad together, the chicken was baking in the oven. I'd microwaved some rice and had it in the fridge cooling, so that I'd be able to fry it later. It was to be nothing special as a meal, but I hadn't really been given much time I thought.

The doorbell rang.

"Would you get that dear?" Carmine said. "It's probably Sara. She's always forgetting where she put her keys."

I looked at her, horrified.

"What's the matter dear?" She asked.

"This... This.. Apron." I mumbled.

"Why? There's nothing wrong with it, is there?. It's not dirty or anything like that, is it?"

"Well. No... But..."

She shook her head impatiently. "Well, would you answer the bloody door?"