

Bug Under Glass

By: Viki

Disclaimer: I don't own the characters or MSW, just borrowing them for my enjoyment. And if I were making money...I wouldn't be posting on a free website.

Author's note: This story follows my story, Away in Wick.

I have always been most annoyed by the frenzy that the media makes when a celebrity appears in public. The photographers, especially those of the paparazzi variety, seem to believe that as soon as you become a public figure you give away your rights to personal space. I have always managed to keep a very low key public figure, with a few minor exceptions.

That is until I recently remarried.

George and I had such a private and wonderful wedding in Wick with just Seth and a few of George's long time staff present. We went on to London to meet Seth for New Year's and managed to keep our marriage a secret while there. My beloved Cabot Cove was a bit different as we had to move some of George's things into my – our – house so that he wouldn't constantly be traveling with an abundance of luggage. That of course raised several eyebrows and started rumors, so we decided we had to explain. The news spread like wildfire through the various gossip vines in town, Loretta's being chief among them. Before George and I knew what had happened, my friend Eve Simpson had planned a party to welcome him to our inner circle.

Seth was less than enthused about said party, which amused George. All of that aside, we enjoyed the party and the many well wishes from my friends and fellow townsfolk. And true to their roots, even though they had spread the word far and wide in our little town, none of them let outsiders in on the secret. Seth was impressed, George was confused. He didn't understand why they were keeping such news to themselves, when he'd been privy to some of them willingly telling goings-on to outsiders, those from away as they're called, in other instances.

"George," Seth had said. "This time is different. They're all very happy for Jessie because she's happy. Most of these people have known Jessie a long time, were friends with her and Frank. They all mourned when Frank died. They're going to protect her from the media. The closest your marriage will come to being in print will be the local newspaper."

Oh that his words had been true. By the time George and I had returned from our month long honeymoon, the news of my remarriage had hit every news outlet and we were bombarded by paparazzi the minute we left the secure area of the airport. George did his best to shield me, not caring about himself. One photographer got just a little too close to me and found himself on his posterior, sliding across the slick floor, through the throng of people surrounding us. I found it rather humorous, the man sadly did not and started yelling. Security had to be called in because of the chaos. Of course once security showed up, the man started throwing accusations at George, who stood calmly beside me, his arm around my shoulders, as he explained what had happened.

The photographer didn't like the outcome.

The other media types, if they can be called that, were taken care of by more security while George and I were escorted safely out to our waiting car provided by my publisher. I sighed and let my head rest back against George's arm.

"A bug under glass," he grumbled.

I frowned. "A bug under glass?" I queried then began to chuckle. "You mean, a bug under a microscope?"

Looking down at me, he smiled before kissing the tip of my nose. "Isn't that what I said?"

I laughed and kissed his chin. "Well, if you say that here, it sounds as though you're serving a bug under a

cloche. We have a dish called, pheasant under glass.”

George nodded. “Ah, yes. I know the dish. Although, I don’t recall it being served anywhere anymore.”

I shrugged. “I’ve had it a few times. People still think of it as a way to show off.”

George snarled his nose and shivered.

“What?” I asked, laughing slightly at the look on his face.

“I just got a mental image of a bug under glass.”

“Oh George,” I laughed heartily. “I love you, you silly man.”

He smiled down at me, warmth in his green eyes as he endured my joviality. “Tis a good thing I married a retired American English teacher.”

I nodded and smiled. “It’s true that even though we speak the same basic language, the differences can be a bit daunting. I’ll make sure you don’t accidentally say something that could be embarrassing.”

“Thank ye, Lass.”

Feeling the car stop, I sighed, “Well, here we are. Are you ready to face what’s sure to be waiting outside the doors?”

He grinned, his eyes filled with mischievousness. “As long as you’re a bug under glass with me, I can face anything.”

My laughter rang out into the crisp New York City air as the driver opened our door, the crowd of reports waiting just as I’d predicted.

A bug under glass. Yes, I’d gladly be his buggy companion.