



JANEY'S FEBRUARY

Florida is all right in the spring and fall, but nobody goes there in the winter—it's too crowded! (Apologies to Yogi Berra.) Nevertheless, when Bob said we could get a free four-day trip to Sarasota to attend some medieval history conference I wasn't entirely against it. I can always get a few days off from work, and the weather in Boston was dreary, as usual, even though there wasn't any snow left on the ground. Then the Weather Channel showed a picture of Florida that looked like a volcano erupting—big orange blobs all over the state—and I got less enthusiastic. Florida in the rain is the pits. If you can't get to the beach, or at least a swimming pool, what's Florida? Strip development. Yuck! Still, when his mom, who lives in Belmont, said she'd be delighted to house sit and take care of the kids, I gave in. Bob seemed to want to go, so what the hell.

Naturally I told Beth we were going, and then things got complicated. Beth said she and Steve ought to go with us—they could be with me while Bob was at the conference, and we could explore the area. She said there are some great birding places just outside Sarasota, and it would probably be warm enough to picnic at least part of the time. I don't know if you heard, but our January was pretty weird. Beth is my best friend, but we got rather more intimate last month than I'd ever dreamed we would. I mean we were spending time with each other's husbands in different hotels. [See Janey's January.] I don't know how much more intimate you can get than that. Well, I didn't then.

Beth is kind of a take-over type, and I tend to go with the flow, so of course she immediately decided that we could all stay at the Holiday Inn on Longboat Key—Steve had a bunch of air miles or whatever you call them that would pay for all of us. It's only half an hour from there to the college where Bob's conference was going to be, so it would work out fine. Steve travels all the time—he's in the oil business—so he gets all this free stuff. Bob thought it would be a great idea. He said he likes the beach, but I don't remember his being so hot for it anytime before. I had this sneaking feeling that maybe he hadn't quite finished with Beth after all. All this efficient arranging in such a short time kind of bemused me, but, after all, I was only along for the ride. Even if it rained part of the time, it would probably be a lot better than slouching around Boston all wrapped up against the cold.

Anyhow, we finally flew to Tampa, rented a car and drove down to Longboat. Beth and Steve had already been there for a day and had gone to the Pelican Man's place, where you can see all kinds of hurt birds and animals recuperating, and the Mote Marine aquarium. We got in about 10 o'clock, had a drink with them, called Mama, and then toddled off to bed so Bob could get to his conference by nine the next morning.

Well, he did, and I spent all day lying around by the pool, swimming and reading the first of my mystery hoard. I took along all six of Mollie Hardwicke's Doran Fairweather mysteries—got them at Spenser's Mystery Book Shop and saved them for a trip like this. Doran's kind of weird and unstable, but I never mind spending time in England as long as I don't have to live there. Bob got back around two and joined us. He almost relaxed. Bob is a workaholic, and I'm used to it, but it's nice when for some reason he cuts loose. Naturally that meant he slept most of the afternoon, but what the hell, he needed it.

Beth showed off her new bathing suit, or, maybe, Beth's new bathing suit showed off Beth. She even got wet, probably to give everybody a better view of her nipples. A lot of the pool loungers enjoyed the show. Fortunately, I've long since gotten over competing for attention with

the cuties. I figure my body, which is 5' 10" tall, well muscled and nicely rounded, is meant to work for me, not to advertise bathing suits. My hair is sort of dark blond, and curly so it looks like a mess all the time. My face won't launch any ships, but some people like it. Let's not talk too much about boobs. And I can outswim any of the cuties any day, if necessary. I did notice a few of the guys gazing at me when they could take their eyes off Beth, and of course I didn't mind that at all. They weren't much to look at themselves, as far as I was concerned. Several sleazies and numerous wrinklies.

We got enough dressed to go to the Gulf Drive Cafe, where you can eat on an open porch right by the beach, then came back to the hotel to watch the sunset. When I've spent December and January and half of February in Boston and I find myself someplace warm, I don't mess around—I soak up every bit of sun available. I could feel the vitamin D. We talked about our jobs and made jokes about Monica Lewinsky and had a couple of drinks and it was bedtime. Bob was tired, too, even though he'd slept half the afternoon, and he had to give a paper the next morning.

The weather forecast was iffy. There was this zillion-gallon pile of crud off the coast; if it came in, we'd get wet; if not, it would only be gray. So Beth and I decided that if it wasn't raining when we got up, we'd go to St. Armand's Circle, where all the fancy stores are, and shop. Steve was going to plug in his laptop and sell oil to some Arabs or something. Bob, who was leaving early to make his conference, would pick Steve up and they would meet us around one.

No rain in the morning, so off we went. Beth being crazy, she's great to shop with. At her office she wears her accountant suit—the whole dress-for-success thing—and sensible heels and hair tastefully arranged and a little red scarf at her neck to indicate she's still aware she's a woman. Not that anybody else would miss it for a minute. But once she's out of there she might look like anything, as long as it's wild. Hippy clothes, sweatshirts and baggy shorts, saris, you name it. No matter what she wears, she's five-foot-two of sex bomb. Long black hair, a figure I'd kill for, red, red lips, that little hook in her nose, her olive skin—she gets stared at all the time. She loves it. When we're together, I'm so tall compared to her that I look like maybe the porter she brings along to carry her bags. Except we laugh all the time and either make the clerks nervous or make them think we're long lost friends of theirs.

Beth and I were delighted with our loot—I'd even bought a new bathing suit, which led to major convulsions on both our parts and weird looks from the other customers when I tried it on and put on my discus thrower act. Beth has a strange effect on me; most of the time I'm a prim, if large, suburban matron, but with Beth I get almost as nutty as she is.

So we fell into chairs at the Hungry Fox at one o'clock, lumbered with bags full of perfume and t-shirts and knickknacks. It was getting darker all the time. Steve and Bob showed up five minutes later. Bob was high because they liked his paper, and Steve was happy because he'd figured out a new way to bilk some third-world government.

Just as we started to eat our hamburgers, the rain came. There we were, on the open balcony on the second story, looking out at the bougainvillea getting its petals knocked off, palm branches floating around the circle, and shoppers running for cover. Fortunately, we weren't on the rail, so we could enjoy it without getting wet. It did, however, make the afternoon of beach bumming we'd hoped for look unappetizing. So as we ate we started talking about what we were going to do. Bob kind of wanted to hit the bookstores on Main Street in Sarasota. Steve wouldn't have minded getting back to his computer, and, of course, I had Mollie Hardwicke to entertain me. Still, Florida in the rain is basically the pits.

Finally, Beth wiped her mouth daintily with her napkin and said, "Or—we could go back to the hotel and fuck each other a lot."

I cringed and glanced at the nearby diners. Nobody looked shocked. Bob put his sandwich down and stared at her. Steve just ate.

"Well?" she said.

Nobody said anything for a minute. Sorting out my thoughts, I finally discovered that I was a little curious about what she meant.

"I don't do women," I said.

Steve stopped chewing, looked at me thoughtfully, and said, "I do."

"Me, too," Bob piped up.

Beth actually giggled and said to me, "You're not my type, honey, but we have these two guys here and I think we could probably manage to enjoy ourselves some way, don't you?"

The rest of us all masticated thoughtfully.

"You've already got some books, Bob," I said finally. I could see how the wind was blowing. and Mollie would wait.

"Let's do it," said Steve, "but first why don't we just have a nice cup of coffee and consider the possibilities?"

I was way ahead of him. By the time the coffee came (tea for me), I was thinking about a threesome I'd found positively weird, but quite satisfactory, when I went to Europe right after I graduated from college. I must tell you about that some time. Then I realized that I had already sampled the two perfectly adequate penises (dicks? dorks? cocks? no matter) that were going to be on display and found them eminently satisfactory. Also, I never had watched a really accomplished woman in action, and that might be interesting. I found that my face was getting warm and my vagina was beginning to get a funny empty feeling. This has been known to occur at other times when I was just beginning to realize that pretty soon it would be filled.

"You know," said Bob, looking at me, "I have occasionally thought about such a thing before." I was amazed. Either we had failed to communicate fully for the past ten years, or Bob's little fling with Beth last month had opened new horizons for him.

"I didn't think it was likely, or even desirable, really," he continued. "Can't you see me putting an ad in the Tab or somewhere, saying, 'Very tall couple interested in swinging?'"

"You mean," I said, "that since you don't have to spend money on an ad it will be OK?"

"No, I don't," he said, giving me a dirty look. "I mean, you remember when Steve said whenever he thought about the girls in Indonesia his equipment shrank up or something? Well, the same thing happens to me when I think about the wives in Needham. Horrors. We'd both catch something awful and at best my dick would turn black and drop off. But this is different. Very."

Suddenly we all talked at once and it was clear that everybody agreed with him. Secretly we were all petrified of aids or herpes or something.

"Actually," I said, "I really didn't think about doing this before. I am a nice girl. But I am a nice girl who is about to do something she never thought of before."

"Let's get out of here," said Beth. "Steve and I will expect you guys in our room in about an hour. We have some deli stuff we got at Whitney Beach for if anybody gets hungry. And beer and wine." So Bob put some money on the table and we headed off for our cars, hurrying through the downpour.

We got wet. I was cold, of course, so as soon as we got in the car I took a t-shirt out of one of the shopping bags and dried my face, hair and arms as best I could. Bob glanced over at me while we were squishing down Gulf Drive.

"You win my wet t-shirt contest anytime," he said. I blushed. I really did, even after that lunch conversation. Then we pulled up in the parking lot, and got wet again going to our room.

"What does one wear to a small, informal orgy?" I asked, toweling my hair once again.

"Clothes," he answered. "We should have gotten a suite." He was taking stuff out of his briefcase and shifting it to a suitcase. I think he was in denial, as all the smartasses say these days. I rummaged in my suitcase and got out my nice almost-new Victoria's Secret undies, went in the bathroom, took a shower, and put them on. Then I put on the only dress I had with me, a kind of nice cotton sun dress with a V-neck and a very full skirt that I'd brought just in case we wanted to go some place fancy to eat. I had no idea what was about to happen, but I figured I'd better start out looking my best.

When I came back into the room Bob looked at me and said, "You're lovely! If we don't get over there fast I'll ravish you right here." Sometimes he says really nice things. Not often enough, but sometimes. He stripped and went in to shower. I avoided looking at him and got out my gold hoop earrings and a shell necklace. Like me,

Bob is tall for his age, about six-three, and looks like Gregory Peck in that movie with the little girl. He's 35, he just got tenure at one of our better local universities, and he works all the time. I just work part-time as a vocational counselor, but our two kids and running the house keep me from missing him too much most of the time. I wondered whether I ought to go jump in the shower and fuck him to death right here and the hell with Beth and Steve. But I'd agreed, so forget it. Thinking of Steve, I wondered what I'd do if I had him and Bob all to myself. I decided I must be getting as nutty as Beth. By the time Bob came out dressed in khakis and a clean t-shirt I was ready go, wearing my flat white slippers and my pretty dress and shaking like a leaf. Bob came over and put his arms around me.

"Sure you want to do this?" he asked.

"I think so," I said. "If you do?"

"We said we would," he said. "Oh, hell, let's be honest. Yeah, I want to." He gave me a nice, long kiss.

"I'm ready," I said. "Let's go beard the tigers."

It took only a minute to reach their door. Bob knocked. Beth answered. She was wearing Toreador pants, of all things, with a ruffled gold, long-sleeved blouse, white stockings and pointy-toed little shoes. All that black hair, still half wet, was piled on top of her head. I was glad I'd put on my dress. Not that I was competing, I just looked like I'd tried.

"Ah!" she said, smiling brightly. "Come into my parlor."

Their room was just like ours—two double beds, a dresser, two comfortable chairs and quite a bit of open space. Steve, dressed just like Bob, was sitting on one of the beds. He jumped up and ran a hand through his short blond hair and he smiled, too.

"How about a drink?" he said. "It's nice of you to come visit us little people." He's not much bigger than Beth, maybe five six or seven, built like a 150-pound wrestler. I think his size makes him compete so hard in business. I'd already told him he was plenty big enough, in every way.

Beth was back in the bathroom. I sat down in one of the chairs. Bob sat on a bed and Steve brought him a Perrier and me a glass of red wine. He knows what we drink; we'd been sailing together and played monopoly and generally hung around with him and Beth for more than a year.

Then Beth came sailing in. "Enough with the booze," she said. "It's time to get naked!"

I grinned weakly. Steve and Bob looked at each other, and Steve turned a hand to show that he couldn't control her, either.

"Somebody has to take charge here," she said, "and since I'm the only executive on the premises that'll be me. So—Guys first!" She plumped into the other chair and looked at me. "If we go first, they'll probably forget to take off their shoes or something."

Steve looked at Bob, who was slack-jawed by this time, and made a face. Then he stood and slowly began pulling his t-shirt over his head. Bob stood and followed suit. Both of them self-consciously slipped off their flip-flops and tossed them into a corner.

"You ladies sure you can control yourselves?" Steve said as he undid his belt.

I was beginning to think I was going to enjoy this. "I think we'll manage, Steve," I said. "Please continue." Here Beth and I were, sitting calmly looking at two nice male chests, Steve's criss-crossed by big muscles with yuppie names like laps and traps or something, Bob's sleek and smooth. Beth laughed.

Of course Steve wore jockey shorts and my husband boxers. They got out of them without looking any sillier than usual. Eh, voila! The Full Monty!

"Nice," said Beth, "don't you think?"

"Y-e-s-s-s," I said, "but they both look like the main brace needs splicing."

They did. Beth jumped up, went over to Steve, knelt down and grabbed his slightly droopy weapon. She stuck the end of it into her mouth and I could see her tongue moving for about 30 seconds. Steve reached for her head and she slapped his hand away. Then she backed off, turned to Bob, and did the same thing.

She looked up, shifting her eyes from one to the other. "What's it take to turn you guys on, anyhow?" she said. Bob reached for her and she scuttled back to her chair. "Now, now, there's plenty of time and lots more to come."

So you just take it easy. It's our turn now." The appurtenances in question seemed to be growing. Having never seen anything remotely like this, I was fascinated, stuck to the chair. But getting warm, all the same.

"Now, I'll go first, since Janey seems to be mesmerized by the scenery," Beth said, standing up. She looked down and starting working on the top button of her frilly blouse. The boys watched, closely. So did I. She worked her way down slowly, a button at a time, looking up to smile as each button let go and more Beth peeped out. I could see a bright red brassiere with black lace around the top edges and cleavage that looked like a crevasse in the Alps. I glanced at the men and by now they were both standing at the ready, gawking at Beth's chest.

With a whoosh she pulled her shirttails out and shook her shoulders, letting the blouse drift to the floor. The lace extended around the bottom edges of her bra, and the cargo looked heavy. Beth then snapped her tiny belt buckle and starting loosening those ridiculous pants. More red nylon appeared. Steve and Bob were not drooling yet—I checked.

Then she kicked her little shoes off. She zipped and worked on the pants, pulling them inside out to get them down. Red garters appeared. I could not believe this. In seconds she was standing there looking like the Mona Lisa in bra, panties and long white stockings. She sat down and stuck her legs up in the air.

"Anybody want to help me lose the stockings?" she said.

The herd stampeded. My husband was at her left, fumbling with the hook and eye on the garter. At her right, Steve was looking down at her soulfully and gently stroking the inside of her thigh above the stockings.

"Hey, Steve," she said, "that's nice, but it won't get the stocking off."

This show was something to see, but it was making me nervous. Tough act to follow. But Beth is a caring woman—it turned out I didn't have to worry.

Scolded, Steve stopped fooling around, undid the garter, and rolled the stocking off. Bob finished a second or two later. They backed off and ogled the strands of black hair visible down by the mound in Beth's bikini pants. By now there were two big flagpoles flopping around. I was afraid they'd poke somebody's eye out.

Beth sat up straight and said, "OK, Janey, get up and let's see what's to see."

I pushed myself up out of the chair. Showtime. Oh, well, I didn't think the audience would actually boo.

I took off my big earrings and unhooked the necklace, then laid them on a night table. Then I shamelessly stole Beth's button act and gradually opened up the top part of the dress, smiling at the ravening monsters, whose eyes were now on—ta-da—me. My belt was a gold rope hooked in the front. Unhooked, it dangled by my sides. Just as I was about to reach down for my skirt, Beth spoke.

"I don't see how she can get that dress all the way over her head without help," she observed.

The helpers turned up in a nanosecond, Bob on one side and Steve on the other. On each side, fingers moved to my skirt and gradually began pulling toward my shoulders. I could imagine more and more bare leg appearing. It felt good. Something whacked me in the hip and I looked down to see this one-eyed man-handle staring at me, so I gave it a little caress. Steve stiffened as if I'd shot him, then went back to raising the dress over my hips. All sorts of surreptitious touches just accidentally happened. They wasted no time in getting the dress over my head and tossed over on the bed. Beth knows things. I'd never been undressed like this before, and it made me feel like a queen. Also, excited.

I stepped out of my slippers. Bob actually went over and picked up the dress and hung it on the closet door. I stood there in my nice bra and panties and waited for orders.

"I think she still has too many clothes on," said Beth. "Why don't you guys take 'em off?"

Ooooooh! Now we're getting serious, I thought.

Steve, having been taught under other circumstances, knew to reach for the little hook in the front the bra. He was on it like a duck on a Junebug. (I notice that when I get in circumstances like these my language reverts to that of my origins. So far I haven't started singing "Dixie" in the middle of operations, but I've had the urge.) Flip, and the boobs were flopping in the breeze. I wish. Actually they were just sort of sitting there up against my chest, small mounds of flesh that I had been told were quite nice to use for things other than their primary purpose even though they weren't huge. They worked quite well for the primary purpose, too. So why complain?

"You can each have a little taste, if you like," said Beth.

By the time I thought that maybe that should have been my line rather than hers, I thought I had twins grabbing a quick lunch. But the heavy-duty shocks kicked in and I didn't care whose idea it was. Just about the time my knees began to buckle, Beth yelled, "Enough!" and the nice mouths disappeared.

But the hands came back and the beautiful flimsy pants were down around my feet. Bob reached down and took them away, stopping for a careful look at what he had just uncovered.

"My turn!" said Beth. "And I'm not going to wait for you guys." Her hands moved like lightning and a pair of beautiful 36Z breasts appeared from under the red covering. Then knickers, gone.

Four naked people standing there grinning.

I assumed a September Morn pose, using one arm to cover the boobs and a hand over the, ugh, bush, one knee slightly bent. They were on me like Turks on the Armenians, Beth with them, grabbing my arms and pulling them away. I was laughing like hell and struggling mightily. I could handle the two runts with no trouble, but Bob is bigger than I am and stronger than he looks. I found myself pinned down on the bed by three giggling weirdos.

"Ok, you guys," Beth said, "Now I want to see some real tit-sucking, if her highness is willing."

Her highness was. I stopped wriggling and relaxed. And some real tit-sucking began. Both sides at once. It was heavenly. How nice it is that nipples are far enough apart for that kind of action! I just closed my eyes and enjoyed. My arms came up of their own volition and encircled both of them. The old electric currents were running up and down my body. Do I have to describe this? If I do, let me assure you it's something you can try at home. Then I felt a very familiar mouth on my mine, opened my lips and tasted nectar. On my left side, my nipple was still getting the full treatment. On my right, Bob's hand had replaced his mouth, gently caressing my nipple. I realized that this is impossible with one guy, and decided this caper had seriously good points.

I felt a hand glide smoothly across my stomach and come to rest on my mound. Then a finger stealthily began moving down between my other lips. Things were getting real exciting. I resisted the urge to open my eyes and find out who was doing what. I should care! The finger turned into two, then three, then a whole hand, and one finger found its way into what was by now a fairly slippery crack. I found my hips beginning to move around. Minor earthquakes ensued.

My legs began to spread, and my hips were moving hard against the intruding hand. Then I felt a gentle stroking on my calf. I opened my eyes, looked at Bob's face so close I couldn't focus on it, pulled my head back and looked over his shoulder. Steve was still there sucking away—oh, yes, I could still feel that even though other things were going on that you'd think would drown it out. Steve's hand was down between my legs. Beth was standing by the bed, leaning over just enough to touch my leg with a big smile on her face and enormous tits hanging at an angle. It didn't require a philosophical discussion for me to realize that her stroking was very pleasant, but, back behind all the great feelings a tiny little alarm went off. I don't do women, and women don't do me, either. But what the hell, what she was doing was less serious than a back rub. And it did feel good. So I just closed my eyes again and sank back into the sensations.

This went on forever, or for ten seconds, I didn't know or care. I finally noticed that the stroking had stopped, the hand was gone from my breast, and nobody was kissing me at all. Somebody was still sucking on my right breast, however, and there was still a finger moving around down in my box, so all was not lost. But I opened my eyes to see what had happened. There was Steve, in all the right places. I turned to look at the spot where Bob had been lying. Nothing. I looked a little farther to the left, and there he was standing up with his eyes closed, slowly turning. I looked down, and there was Beth's hand, slowly working up and down on his tool. And there she was, smiling like a Cheshire cat.

"Watching all that was just too much, sweetie," she said. "You don't mind if I borrow this one for a while, do you?"

Bob opened his eyes and winked at me, the clod. But just then Steve's finger hit pay dirt again and I really didn't care who was doing what to whom as long as he kept up what he was doing to me. What a nice man! So I tapped gently on his head and said, "Would you care to come in?"

"I have a little something more to do," he said, grinning, then he started kissing his way down my stomach. I closed my eyes again. Then the hand withdrew and a big face was down between my legs, a tongue on the lips

of my vagina. Oh, very nice. The tongue crept in between the lips and sort of mooshed around like it was hunting for something. It found the something, and I gasped. More good electric currents. I had one hand on Steve's head and the other on my nipple. The force was getting stronger; I could barely stand the waves of pleasure, then, suddenly, the intensity doubled or tripled or something. I could feel waves of whatever it was even in my cheeks. I was coming, hard. My hips jerked, but Steve was hanging on to me. The tongue kept going, and so did I. And then the wave subsided; I felt spent. But not totally.

"Come inside, Steve," I said. "I want you inside me." And then he was there. Bliss. I held him tight. He kissed me, probing my mouth, flicking my teeth. Once more the waves surged and I felt as though I were vibrating. I was moaning, I discovered. And I bit Steve's lip. He jerked his head back, but he kept pumping and I felt as though I were exploding. After an eternity I began to come back down, and just as I was sinking he squeezed me and let out a wild groan. I could feel his swelling, and then the sudden hard pressure against my pelvis, the shot of warmth into my vagina. I pushed back against him until he suddenly collapsed on top of me. Then I gently stroked his back. He was breathing hard; so was I. For a while we just lay there, eyes closed. Consciousness came back gradually. I was wondering whether I had ever felt the force of an orgasm the way I had now. But it was too hard to try to remember.

I raised my head and whispered to him, "I hope I didn't hurt your mouth."

He smiled. "I escaped just in time. You took just a tiny piece of skin. It doesn't hurt. But it was close. My God, woman, you are something!"

Am I now, I thought. "Well, it's all your fault."

Then noise from the other bed finally reached my consciousness. "Hey, Steve," roll off," I whispered. "I want to see what's going on over there." He rolled, but kept hold of me. I wound up on top, looking across at a sight to behold.

Beth was on all fours, staring blankly at me, her breasts hanging down trapped in a pair of big hands, and behind her my husband, was kneeling, his eyes closed and his head thrown back. What I had heard was a slap, slap, as his pelvis whacked into her bottom. Her face was screwed up and she was making a noise that matched each slap—"A-a-a-agh!" Then, suddenly, she lifted her head and howled. She was still writhing when Bob started, was still for half a minute, then fell on top of her. They both looked dead.

"Wow!" I said. Steve looked up at me and grinned.

"We might have looked a little odd ourselves a few minutes ago," he said.

Beth opened one eye and looked at me. She began to smile.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi, indeed."

"What happens next, Madame Executive?"

"You aren't happy?" she said. "You didn't like the show?"

"Oh, I liked it a lot. Maybe you could get a contract with the Cirque de Soleil." By this time I was laughing. Beth was struggling, trying to get the huge hulk off her back. She turned this way and that and Bob, eyes still closed, wouldn't move a muscle.

"Hey, let me up, you big lummo," she cried. "I have to go to the bathroom!"

"I don't know," said Bob, opening his eyes at last. "It feels kind of good this way."

She pulled both legs up under her body and gave a mighty shove that pushed her clear off the bed onto the floor. She rolled upright and said, "I'll get you for that!"

Bob, still collapsed on the bed, said, "You already did. I don't think I can move. But it was nice."

That made Beth smile. She struggled to her feet, patted Bob's shoulder, and said, "Oh, I think you'll be all right. I never do permanent damage." Then she skipped off to the bathroom.

"I'm next," I said, and so I was.

When I came out the guys were still lying in their respective heaps. Beth was slumped in a chair with a towel under her and another in her lap. Picking it up and holding it out to me, she said, "This one's for you."

I took it and sat on it in the other chair. "You are so thoughtful," I said.

"We leak," she said. "They don't. It's not fair, but that's the way it is."

"I'm hungry," I said, ignoring her vulgarity. "Where's the popcorn? Or maybe the beefsteak."

So, after the guys had each managed to get up and stagger into the bath—they did, they staggered—we sat around and ate chips and dip and popcorn and I finished the glass of wine Steve had handed me before the hurricane. Bob was sitting on the floor in front of me and I played with his hair in between chips. Got it greasy, I expect, but it felt good. Steve sat on the arm of Beth's chair, occasionally sticking his nose down into the now messy pile of black hair in front of his nose. After a while I felt Bob begin to play with my toes. Steve put his arm around Beth and began stroking the top of her breast.

"You know," he said, "it's amazing, but even after all that female flesh still feels so good I can taste it."

Beth smiled. "You can taste it any time, big boy."

Watching this began to turn me on. Just little squiggles down in the genital area. I couldn't believe it. But, yes, real squiggles of the sexy kind. Bob's hand began stroking my leg. More squiggles.

I checked Steve, and the only thing hard about him was his thumb. An idea came creeping into my mind on little feet. I leaned forward and let my right hand fall over Bob's shoulder. I gently brushed his nipple. He leaned his head against the inside of my thigh.

"That's nice," Bob said. "you could do that some more."

I did. I put my other hand down on his chest and he reached up to take it. He held my hand and rubbed my palm lightly with his thumb. Definitely sexy. I looked over at Beth and Steve just as she tilted her head back to talk to him.

"Do you see what she's doing?" she said, pointing.

"Yes," he said. "I could do the same thing for you."

"Please do," she said, leaning back and closing her eyes.

Steve's hand moved down a few inches and began brushing her nipple.

"Oh, yes, very good," Beth said. Steve looked at me and winked. I looked at his little tiny willy and saw not a twitch. But Bob sort of scrunched around a little, getting more comfortable. Then I saw something come out of hiding—not much, but something.

"I have an idea," I said. "I think you guys ought to pick Beth up, put her on the bed, and do for her what you did for me a while ago. I believe the phrase was 'some real tit-sucking.'"

Steve, still sitting on the arm of Beth's chair, pulled her back, leaned way over and put his mouth on a succulent-looking brown nipple for maybe half a minute. Then he looked up.

"I think that might be fun," he said, looking at Bob.

Bob began to lift himself up, so I pulled my arms out of his way. Once on his feet he stepped over to Beth's chair, reached under her knees, put an arm around her shoulders, and lifted her out of the chair. She squealed, then relaxed. He placed her gently in the center of the bed. Then he knelt down and kissed her, long and hard. Steve headed for the other side of the bed.

For a second, I felt really weird. Half an hour before I'd seen my husband vigorously fucking another woman from behind. Not a single qualm. Of, course, Steve's softening rod was still inside of me at the time. Maybe that made a difference. But I'd never seen Bob kiss another woman, except his mother, and that wasn't a bit sexy. This was. Here I sat, across the room, and he was kissing Beth. I felt abandoned. He finally broke the kiss and moved his mouth down to her nipple. Beth sighed gently. I shook my head and decided I was crazy. At least she wasn't a medieval history book—that was my real rival.

I gave them a few minutes, then got up and walked over to the bed. I started stroking Beth's calf, just the way she had mine. Steve's hand came down and searched between her legs, which opened up like a flower. She looked absolutely whacked out except for a tiny smile on her face. She moved her hips toward Steve's hand and moaned gently.

Bob's hand was lying on the floor as he lay on the edge of the bed. I stopped stroking Beth and ran my fingers down his back, slowly. Then I took the hand and tugged.

"I need you now," I said.

He lifted his head, kissed Beth gently, and stood up. Then he took me in his arms and kissed me. I felt his tongue and opened my mouth. His chest felt wonderful against my breasts. I was lubricating freely, my fear of a few minutes before forgotten. I reached down between us to find his penis. It wasn't hard, but it wasn't soft, either. I broke free, led him to the other bed and pushed him down. I climbed in beside him on my knees, put my fingers around his dick, bent down, and started licking it gently. He shuddered and put his hand on my head. I took him in my mouth and continued to caress him with my tongue. Gradually he grew harder.

"Wait," he said. "Come to where I can get at you." I slipped up toward his head and straddled him, then I bent back down to continue to lick him. He pulled my rear down until I felt his tongue searching for the entrance to my womb. He found it and I shuddered. Almost at once I could feel a wave building. Great shocks were going through my system. I shook, I moaned, I felt like I was drowning. I stopped licking—everything stopped. With a wrench I felt the biggest wave of all, all the way from head to toe. My mouth lost contact and my head fell against Bob's thigh.

"I want you inside me," I said. He reached for my shoulders, pulled me down on top of him and rolled us both over. And he was inside. I put my legs around his waist and pushed against him as hard as I could. He let me hold him tight for second, then, as my strength waned, he began to move back and forth. I came again, this time more quietly, more slowly. "I love you," I whispered.

"I love you, too," he said, putting his lips close to my ear. Then he began moving back and forth once more, and I was in heaven. Suddenly it was his turn; his head went down past my neck and his full weight landed on me. He was jerking erratically, saying, "Oh, oh, oh ...!" We lay like this for a little while, my arms around him, his body holding mine tight to the bed. His weight was an anchor; I had this great feeling of security.

He rolled off. I raised my head as he slipped an arm beneath my shoulders. I faced him and pecked at his lips. He smiled.

Then he lifted his head and nodded toward the other bed. I turned and saw Beth stretched out just the way I was, with Steve's arm around her shoulders. She looked over and smiled, then lifted her arm and gave me a finger-at-a-time wave.

We lay there for probably ten minutes, then Beth got up and headed off toward the bathroom. Steve appeared to be asleep. I looked at Bob. He was, too, I think, but he felt me move and smiled another lazy smile. He opened his eyes.

"I still like you best," he whispered, and gave me a squeeze. I pulled him closer and kissed him.

In a little while we managed to get dressed and meandered down to the bar, where we sat rather quietly. I had a cup of tea. Then we staggered out to the car park and drove down to Lynch's Landing, a fake Irish pub that serves good food, where we ate like starving animals. I shoveled down a shepherd's pie in about three bites. I was drinking another cup of tea and wondering whether I ought to have another piece of key lime pie when I saw Steve smiling at me.

"One of the things I like about my wife," he said, "is that she has such good ideas."

"Amen," I said. Beth just smiled. So did Bob.

That night we all sat in our room sipping various things and watching the Olympics. The guys joked about rating the nymphet skaters—and not by the their skating prowess—while Beth and I made a big thing of ooohing and ahhhing about that cute Japanese ski jumper. Steve started wondering which of our mutual acquaintances we might invite along for our next vacation and we all laughed until we cried at his suggestions.

The next day we drove back to Tampa in our separate cars and took the plane home. Bob slept for half the trip, and I dozed and read about Doran, still in the second volume, and thought on and off about the way we'd spent the past afternoon. At this rate 1998 was going to be an interesting year. I'd probably end up a prostitute in the gutter by July. I decided I'd think of the whole thing as a way of getting Bob to loosen up a bit, not be such a workaholic. Sure. Then I laughed out loud.

I got to musing about the conversation Steve had started the evening before and thought about the couples I knew. I was smiling again, trying to figure out their reactions if we even told them about our trip. Then I did

think of one guy we knew, an English prof with a very pleasant wife who is a nurse, and I figured they'd probably envy us. But who could we ask to join us, if we wanted to? Not many. Of course there were some I didn't know very well who might be interested. Like June and Mike Hunt. Or maybe Bronwen and her husband, if they could pop over the briny for a short visit. Maybe even Celeste, even though she does make a big thing about her monogamous marriage. But maybe if I could get to know her husband a little

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