**Jenna's Second Day**

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When Jenna and her masseur, Mario got to the courtyard, Mario immediately saw his wife at one of the tables and went to join her. Jenna stayed in the doorway, unsure of what to do. Thinking about it though, Mario hadn't seemed concerned about his wife seeing who he had been with so why should she be concerned. Actually, she was more concerned about herself and being seen by the wife, who probably knew what had just happened with her husband and her seeing who it had happened with. Well, not exactly what had happened but the general category of what had probably happened. So, she waited a couple of minutes and then went to an empty table, checking to see if Robert was there yet. He wasn't.  
  
The server was quickly there and Jenna asked for and received a glass of wine. Now there were two questions filling her mind. The first, where was Robert and what was he doing -- or who was he doing? Oh, lord, she thought. She'd never had thoughts like that before, "who" someone was doing, let alone her own husband. What had happened to her? The second question was, what had she just done? The massage was Mario's idea and she could blame him for what happened. Of course, getting naked had been her idea. Her "just doing something nice for Mario" idea. Innocent enough. Guh, how was getting naked being innocent?  
  
It had been exciting for sure. She had been topless twice before today, but now she had been totally naked, alone in a room with a strange man. And he was naked too with something she had never seen before. At least nothing anywhere near that big. And, she told herself, the massage was very relaxing and pleasant until . . . She took a deep breath. It had been very pleasant, right to the end. She had never felt quite like that before. It hadn't been making love either. It was just sex, having sex, enjoying sex. She was going crazy. She and Robert had agreed that if there was anything they felt uncomfortable with, they could just leave and go to their room or somewhere else. She shook her head. Evidently, she hadn't felt uncomfortable with what had happened. On the contrary, she had felt very unwilling to stop once it got to where it shouldn't have gone. How could she explain all that to Robert? And where was Robert, anyway?  
  
She looked up to realize she had drained her glass of wine and it was being refilled again. The wine had probably been the main problem. All the wine in the courtyard and then more in his room. She knew what wine did to her even though she hadn't experienced it very often. It just shut down the regular day-to-day Jenna and let someone else out. It was like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It had happened that one time in Robert's parent's house. Wine with the nice dinner and, despite their determination to be virgins on their wedding night, it had happened very quickly in that little basement room. And now it had happened here as well. It was just sex, she kept telling herself. They hadn't kissed or anything that even hinted at love making. Love making was for Robert. This was just sex, just fun. She knew if he didn't get here soon, she'd be a raving basket case, a candidate for a strait jacket.  
  
At last here he came, walking with a rather tall, very attractive lady who had to be forty years old. And they were coming right to her table.  
  
"Hi, Jen. This is Marjorie." He had a very nonchalant smile on his face. Was this the woman who he'd . . . whatever he'd done?  
  
"Hello," Marjorie said very pleasantly. "I was just very anxious to meet the lady your Robert is married to. I'm sure we'll be seeing each other sometime during the rest of the week. You are here for just a week, aren't you?"  
  
"Yes, just a week," Jenna replied, feeling very self-conscious.  
  
"See you later, then," and Marjorie was headed toward another table at the far end of the courtyard.  
  
Now Jenna looked at Robert, a questioning and rather unsmiling look that made him very uneasy. Had she just gone to a room and sat and talked for the whole time while he had . . . well, done what he had done? He had a twinge down below when he thought about what he had been doing. But if she hadn't, what was going to happen and what was he going to tell her? What was she going to tell him? She was sitting here with no man around and he had no idea how long she had been sitting there. She hadn't come back to their room -- lord, that would have been awkward. But what HAD she been doing? An awkward silence as they stared at each other, unspoken questions crossing the space between them, unspoken answers filling their minds. Who would go first?  
  
"You might as well sit down," Jenna finally said. "You look silly just standing there looking at me."  
  
Robert sat down. For the past hour or hour and a half, however long it had been, he hadn't been thinking about what he'd say when he saw Jenna again. Likewise, in her own self-analysis, she hadn't given a thought to what she'd say. Yet, as she looked at him, she knew she loved him, more than ever now, and she was determined to get things started, even if they didn't progress well.  
  
"Well, shall we sit here and talk or should we go to our room?"  
  
He wasn't sure he was ready to go to the room that he had just left quite yet. "Let's stay here. You can have wine and I'll have more Wernesgruber. A few more people had wandered into the courtyard, evidently their evening activities concluded, and the server was getting a little busier and they had to wait for the beer and the additional wine so they were just looking around a little self-consciously as they waited. At last the beer was there and the wine glass was full again and it was time to get started.  
  
"Who goes first?" Jenna asked quietly.  
  
Robert took a deep breath. "I'm not sure."  
  
Suddenly Jenna had a solution. She reached into the pocket of her shorts and took out the penny she had gotten from Mario.  
  
"I'll flip and if it's the queen that's up, I'll go first. If it's the other side, you go first." Robert looked amazed, but nodded.  
  
She flipped the coin and it landed on the table, rolled for a second and stopped, the queen being up again of course. "Damn coin," she thought.  
  
"Can I see that?" Robert asked. She handed it to him. He could see that it was an English penny and he knew that Jenna didn't have any English money. It had to be part of the story she was about to tell.  
  
"May I ask you something before I start?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"When we started tonight, we said that if anything happened that we were totally uncomfortable with, we'd just leave and go back to our room. Since I met Marjorie, can I assume that didn't happen with you?" She was trying to get a response that would help her decide just what she would tell Robert. Not that she would lie to him. But, like the oath you take in court. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, etc. She could tell the truth, but not the WHOLE truth if she had to.  
  
"I love you, Jenna. I do, with all my heart and soul. No, I didn't do that. And when it's my turn I'll tell you everything that happened and if you hate me, I guess I deserve it."  
  
That one ripped through her like jagged harpoon. She took his hand. "I love you too, you know that, so here goes."  
  
She led him through her tale, how polite Mario had been, a little about Mario, how he had given her wine. "You know what happens with me and wine," she said. Robert glanced at her glass. He did for sure, and had seen her suck down quite a bit so far this evening. That might explain what she was going to say, whatever that might be. She told him she thought everything that happened was her fault because she had started it. Now Robert was wondering where this was going but, he also knew that he had a story to share as well and . . . He waited for Jenna to go on.  
  
She told him about her decision, really based on not wanting to totally disappoint Mario, who had a beautiful smile and was so kind and polite, who also may have been expecting a hot and, well you know kind of a night. So, she had gotten naked and so had he. She told him about the coin. Then she got to the part about the massage, how good it felt, how complimentary he was and then how one thing had led to another and . . . She stopped and looked at Robert. She had to tell him. He actually looked expectant. So, she told him what had happened. She hadn't mentioned size yet, but she finally told him about that too. She realized that she was breathing a little harder than normal as she finished. Although it was hard to do, she told him about how it was just sex. They had never kissed or anything like that.  
  
Robert leaned across the table and gave her a big hug. "Nothing is your fault," he said thoughtfully. "It's all my fault for booking this trip. It was my mistake that caused all this to happen." He took a deep breath. "And neither of us said enough, and left and went somewhere else." She nodded in agreement, not sure she was agreeing with all of it but enough so she wasn't feeling so guilty any longer. At the same instant she realized that Robert was going to tell her his story. Her story, his story. She didn't know what it was going to be but her imagination was working. She had met Marjorie. She was older, much more experienced and Robert was getting ready to tell her about his time with Marjorie. She took a deep breath.  
  
"I'm not sure quite how to start. Nothing in my life had prepared me for this." He paused for a second. "She told me when we got to our room that she was weird, and that's the reason that she and her husband came here every year, so they could be weird with other people as well. She said she knew just from looking at me that this was all very new to me and to not think that the rest of life was going to be like her weirdness. Jenna, I was scared. You saw her. She's a pretty good-looking lady for being 41 years old. Forty one, Jenna. Not quite old enough to be my mother but not too far from it.  
  
When we walked in, she just stripped her clothes off and told me to get ready. I almost did what we talked about, you know, telling her to leave and that I didn't want to keep going. But you know what?" He paused again. "Stupid curiosity. Stupid engineering curiosity. I wondered what the heck she was talking about and the only way to find out was to stay and have her stay too. So, I did. I took my clothes off too and she had a little bag with her and took out a bottle of chocolate syrup. Then she, well, started playing with my cock. You're the only one who's really ever played with it, Jenna, so it was really strange. Is it okay that I'm telling you this?  
  
Jenna was actually anxious to hear more. "Sure, keep going."  
  
Robert seemed relieved. "Well, she took some of the syrup in her hand and smeared it all over my cock. It was weird, just like she said. And then she said that she loved to suck cock but she hated the salty taste so she put chocolate on so she could enjoy it. And then she just started sucking and, god Jenna, it felt so good. Soooo good. I don't know why."  
  
"Because it was different and strange and that made it exciting. Exciting for both of us. We're used to vanilla and this was Neapolitan."  
  
"I guess," he said, looking back at her. "Listen, I'm just going to tell you this like it happened and if you hate me, you'll just have to hate me." He had a sort of frantic look on his face.  
  
"Do you hate me?" she asked quietly.  
  
"No, of course not."  
  
"It's a deal then, I won't hate you either. So just keep telling."  
  
"Okay. Well, like I was saying, she kept licking and sucking and getting all the chocolate and I was about to go nuts and, well," he shrugged, "I was ready to cum. And she stopped and said she needed more chocolate. She got that bottle and spread the chocolate around again and started sucking and licking and when I was ready again, she stopped. More chocolate, she said, and the same thing. Four times she did that, Jenna, four times and I was nearly nuts. Couldn't get my breath and she'd just smile and smear on more chocolate and then make me crazy again. On the fifth time, she stopped again, looked at me and then said, oh go ahead and just used her hand and I shot all over her, in her hair, face on her boobs. She just smiled and asked if that was good. All I could do was grunt." He was just shaking his head and looking at Jenna. She was thinking a little about Mario and wondering if she could have even gotten that thing in her mouth. She couldn't believe she was actually thinking that and, even worse, was wishing she had at least tried it. And she was trying to picture Marjorie sucking on Robert's cock.  
  
"Then she said that I needed time to recover so why didn't I just do her. She spread her legs and, um, well, pulled herself wide open and told me to go ahead. It was so weird. Kind of like going to the grocery store or something. Here, do this, now do that. Anyway, I did and pretty soon she came. I just kind of waited for her to tell me what was next and she went to work on me again and when I was ready, she climbed on and we had sex." He stopped and stared at Jenna. "It wasn't Jenna sex, you know." She smiled back at him, very happy to hear him say that. "Then it got really weird in a different sort of way. When we were through, she climbed off of me and went to her bag and got out a big notebook. She leafed through it, then told me I was number 74 and, after looking a little more, I was the seventh Robert. She explained that she liked to keep the book and fill it with information about the guys she had sex with. And, she started asking me questions.  
  
"Where are you from? How long have you been married? Were you a virgin when you got married? How often do you have sex? Do you do oral? Do you do anal? Does she like to be tied up? Does she like to be spanked? Do you do golden showers? Do you do threesomes or swing? Do you like to have sex in public? I was trying to answer even though I don't think I was sure what she was talking about half the time. All the questions are what took me so long to get back out here."  
  
"Did you enjoy it?" she asked very directly.  
  
Robert looked away. "I guess. Some things felt good for sure. But . . . "  
  
"Ready to go back to the room?" Asking that, she had a very special grin on her face. She knew he saw it.  
  
"Let's go," he said and they headed for the room.  
  
While Robert fiddled with the little door card, Jenna was getting naked, right in the hallway. Robert's eyes got wide when he saw her. Once inside she was taking his clothes off of him very quickly and he was squirming.  
  
"Let me run and take a shower first," he pleaded half-heartedly.  
  
Remembering, she said. "No, no, not yet," and quickly she had him in her mouth to a deep groan from him. He does taste different, she thought, so that must be Marjorie. She had done a good job on him as there was not a hint of a chocolate taste. When his breathing got much more rapid and his groans closer together, she stood up and pushed him to the bed and down. She climbed up and straddled him, must to his surprise. This was a different Jenna.  
  
"This is Jenna sex," she said. "Would you like that?"  
  
"Please," he gasped out as she slid him into a very warm and wet tube that may have not been quite as tight as usual, but he didn't notice nor complain. She began to move, up then down, a gentle slap as she bottomed, a little rocking motion from side to side, then up again and down.  
  
"You liking this Jenna sex?" she asked seductively as she slowly began to pick up the pace. Robert just closed his eyes and began moving his hips in time with hers. Enough of an answer she decided as she bent and kissed him. Her tongue probed and his mouth opened with a groan she could actually feel. Quickly his arms were around her neck and he squashed her against him. About two more pumps and suddenly she was on her back and Robert was over her, slapping against her hips as now it was his turn and he was pumping harder and faster than he ever had before. Suddenly his head was back, a final long groan and he erupted inside of her, over and over and then some more. It seemed he just knew what was needed after that and he rolled off of her and his finger went to work, for about 15 seconds before she had an orgasm even better than the one she'd had earlier.  
  
They lay on the bed, both exhausted and not wanting to move. Finally, she rolled to her side and kissed him on the cheek.  
  
"Was that good Jenna sex?"  
  
There was no answer for a few seconds. "I don't know. I'll have to wait till my body stops twitching and tingling and my nerves stop firing to let you know. But I think the answer is going to be yes."  
  
"Even after Marjorie, are you still game?"  
  
"If tomorrow night, when we're done, I come back here and get more of the same Jenna sex I got tonight, I'm still game. You?"  
  
She was remembering and wondering. "Sure. Plenty of Jenna sex left in me."  
  
Jenna woke up first and just lay there, watching Robert sleep. She couldn't help but feel a little sorry for him. His time with Marjorie didn't seem to match at all her time with Mario. They were both kind of equal in things like that, sexual things, and she was sure most of his answers to Marjorie's questions had been no. Her time with Mario had been, well, surprising, and she had to admit, pretty exciting. Even now, as she thought about it, she could hardly believe it had happened. This whole time, part of one day and yesterday seemed like some kind of fantasy, something you might dream about. But here were people actually living it. She and Robert were actually living it. And today was another day and they were still here and would be living this day as well, whatever it might be. She wondered if there was anything that would make her say no and just leave what was happening. She had to giggle at that since she was sure there were LOTS of things that could make that happen.  
  
She was thinking and remembering last night. There was a question rattling around in her head. She knew how to answer it but wasn't sure she wanted to. Maybe. She had been thinking about everything and maybe she could. Robert was still sleeping. She slid her hand across her belly and between her legs. Slowly she pushed it inside her, but just barely. It was enough. A deep breath and she brought that finger to her lips and tasted. It was just a small taste but did seem a little different than Marjorie had tasted. She decided that maybe she was the weird one but still, she was just curious, and she wasn't even an engineer, like Robert. She had certainly discovered that cocks came in different sizes, just as Robert had told her. No reason why women wouldn't taste differently as well.  
  
Robert stirred and she gave him a kiss. "Morning already?" he said as he finally opened his eyes. The smile she got nearly made her melt. "I know you," he said. "Best sex partner I've ever had." Before yesterday he could have said, 'only sex partner I've ever had'.  
  
"Ditto," she answered. "Ready for some breakfast and another day?"  
  
They dressed for breakfast, Jenna smiling at that. Everyone did it even though nearly all of them would be naked soon after. They ate, Jenna wondering how food could taste so good when it didn't seem that much different than what they had at home. Just the atmosphere she guessed. After breakfast they just walked around for a while, trying to get a good overall view of the resort. Naturally, it was hot and sunny and it wasn't long before the cool breezes of the beach and the salty water were beckoning them. Jenna changed into her new suit and Robert into that neon thing again. As they approached the beach Jenna could feel herself beginning to tingle. When they found their spot, she was quickly topless, now the fourth time in her life. Robert was looking around when he realized that he was with a totally naked wife as she was tossing the bottoms of her suit onto the towel. She raised her eyebrows and looked at him and he knew what was required. Quickly, the naked couple were heading for the water.

Of course, once in the water Jenna plunged in and swam away just as she'd done yesterday and Robert was left to contemplate and watch the waves, and to watch Jenna's cute butt bobbing in the distance. In a few minutes she was back, grinning and telling him how much better the water felt when she had no suit at all.  
  
"Going to be trying that at the neighborhood pool when we get home?"  
  
She grinned, devilishly. "I might. Would you claim me if I did?"  
  
"I don't know, I might do more than claim you." She giggled at that.  
  
Some time spent just relaxing, then the snack bar for lunch, both still naked of course. Robert couldn't help looking around at some of the females gathered there to eat. It didn't take him long to realize that might not be the best idea. He wasn't quite used to the nudity yet and he could feel himself reacting to what he was seeing. It didn't help at all when Jenna reached over and squeezed it, whispering that he needed to calm down. She couldn't help but laugh when she said it. Of course, she was checking out some of the men as well, but her reactions were a little less visible than his. Also, she couldn't help but think about what might be coming tonight and, if it was like last night which she suspected it might be, then she'd be with a man and Robert with a woman and it might be one of those sitting right here at the bar eating. So, she was looking at both men and women and filing things away.  
  
She noticed a movement across the bar and looked. It was Mario, subtly waving at her. There was a very pale but attractive red head sitting next to him. Jenna wasn't sure what English ladies looked like but thought this one maybe looked English, or perhaps Irish. Whatever it might be, she was certainly very pretty and Jenna's ego swelled just a mite. She remembered him telling her she was stunning and, if he felt that way about her with a wife like that, she couldn't help but be flattered. Of course, he might have just been, what do the guys say, "trying to get into her pants," but she had no pants on so that couldn't have been it. She almost blushed just from having that thought. Instead, she giggled quietly.  
  
The day passed a little differently than yesterday had since Both Jenna and Robert knew a little more of what to expect from the evening. A short nap followed lunch with a quick trip to the beach before dinner. A shower, getting dressed and they headed to the courtyard for dinner and . . .  
  
When they sat down at a table, they were quickly joined by the same couple who had been with them last evening.  
  
"Well, was it what you expected?" the lady asked. They had learned that her name was Adrienne and her husband's name was Claude. Very French they had decided.  
  
Jenna looked at Robert and he at her. She decided to answer. "We had no idea what to expect so, I guess we were a little surprised.  
  
"I hope it turned out well for you both," Claude replied.  
  
"Very different than what we're used to," Robert chipped in. "Very different."  
  
"Are you staying for the entertainment tonight then?" Adrienne asked a little coyly.  
  
"Yes, definitely," Jenna said.  
  
"It must not have been too terribly different then," Adrienne came back quickly, "or maybe you've found this different to be entertaining. We have."  
  
Jenna knew she was blushing slightly. "I guess we have too," she said quietly to Robert's emphatic nod.  
  
"That's wonderful, then. Hopefully we'll see you again next year. We're here this week every year."  
  
As Adrienne was talking, Robert couldn't help but think back to last night when Marjorie had told him he was the number 74 entry in her book. He looked around at the other couples. He and Jenna had a number one in their books . . . if they decided to keep a book. How long would it take to get to 74 and would number 74 for him be like he had been to Marjorie, obviously just another entry in her book. He hoped not, but he was hoping for something a little different than Marjorie tonight. Something a little more Jenna-esque maybe.  
  
The lady with the wine bottle appeared and Jenna's glass was quickly filled. He wondered how long it would take her to empty this one and how many more she'd empty before the night was over. He liked it when she had a little extra wine during the evening. It made his nights more interesting. And he was sure it would make someone else's night very interesting very soon. He ordered another Wernesgruber as he had really enjoyed it last night. All of them actually. He might have to see if he could find it locally when he got back home.  
  
As they ate, Jenna couldn't help but look at Claude. He was here and, if he stayed for the evening's activities, he could end up being her partner. She tried to picture that. She remembered the beginnings of a belly she had seen last evening when they all got topless. She also remembered Adrienne's huge, but saggy boobs and realized that Robert could be with her as well. She was trying to picture having sex with Claude as she ate her dinner and hoped it wasn't making her blush. She wondered what his thing might look like. She might find out. Or the man at the next table, with the long pony tail. Or the body builder she had held onto during the bunny hop last night. That was a scary thought. All those muscles.  
  
There would be no bunny hop introductory dance tonight, just straight to business. Well, more pleasure than business of course. The man was at the PA again.  
  
"Okay, let's get started. Women to my left and men to my right." Jenna's turn to move. The changing was done and took perhaps four or five minutes to get everyone straight. "Number off like you did last night." The numbering went much smoother tonight and it was determined that there were 35 in each group, one more than last night. Evidently some couple had gotten a little braver, or had just decided, what the heck. He checked with a lady standing beside him and she disappeared for a second, then ran to the other end and disappeared for a second time. "We try to keep this matching process much like children's games," he said with a laugh. "We had to make a slight adjustment as there is one more than last night. Okay. Hidden in the bushes along the wall behind me on both ends are little plastic eggs. Inside each egg is a number. Everyone, go to the bushes and find an egg. When you have your number, head for the other end and find someone who has a matching number, hopefully of the opposite sex," he added with a laugh. "Tonight, home base is the female's room. Start searching."  
  
Jenna headed to the bushes as all the ladies spread out along the length of the wall. A little probing in the greenery and she found a purple egg. She opened it and discovered a little slip of paper with a seven on it. Lucky seven she thought. She hoped, anyway. She headed the other way calling out "seven, seven." With 70 people calling out numbers it was pretty chaotic as she was sure it had been planned. She hadn't found a seven yet when she spotted Robert, comparing numbers with a long, lithe blond that she had noticed at the snack bar. She was trying to remember what the rest of her looked like when she and Robert headed off to the door of the building. Based on just appearances, it seemed that Robert might be in for a more enjoyable night. She kept calling out, "seven, seven," when she was aware of a big smile headed toward her. Blond, curly hair, blue eyes, white teeth, nicely tanned and athletic looking.  
  
"You are seven?" he said with an accent that she knew was Scandinavian but had no idea which country. She was amazed that all of these people from other countries spoke English. She spoke English too, but that was the extent of it. She held up her little slip of paper.  
  
"Seven," she said, returning his smile.  
  
"I am Lars," he said, extending his hand.  
  
She took his hand. "Jenna," she answered, still smiling. Lars was rather gorgeous.  
  
"Ah," he said. "An English name but you are not from England."  
  
"Oh, no," she answered. "I'm from the United States."  
  
"Ah, I hear that now. Hello, Jenna," he said with a little bow, still holding her hand.  
  
She gulped. What the heck. "I guess we're partners tonight," she said, wondering where the words were coming from.  
  
"Yes, and already I can see that is my pleasure."  
  
Oh my gosh. He either had a great line or she was in luck again and he certainly did have blue eyes. He quickly switched his hand from the shaking position to holding her hand.  
  
"To your room?" he asked gently.  
  
That's the plan, she thought as she started for the door, Lars right beside her.  
  
She opened the door to 203 and went inside, Lars following right behind her. She was trying to think how many glasses of wine she'd had with dinner. At least three. Maybe that was enough. Lars was sure a good-looking guy.  
  
"So," he said. "I'm always curious. This is my, actually our, second year here. How about you?"  
  
This was getting to be a routine, explaining why they were there. She gestured for him to sit down and she joined him, relating the story one more time. She watched his eyes get wide.  
  
"You didn't know, at all?"  
  
"Not at all," she echoed.  
  
"And at home?"  
  
She knew what he was asking even though he didn't say it. "Not at all," she repeated.  
  
Now he settled back in the chair and looked at her, smiling. She was trying her best to decipher that look but didn't seem to be having much luck. The thought "fresh meat" flashed through her mind but he hadn't seemed like that in the, umm, five minutes she had known him.  
  
"That's interesting," he said, nodding slightly. "I can't imagine something like that. My wife and I came here last year because," he paused, thinking. "Because it just seemed to fit with what we wanted to do. In Sweden, things can be very, loose," he said, a questioning look on his face.  
  
So, she thought, he's Swedish. And, this guy is not just an amateur, showing up for weekends. He's a full-time pro. That thought was a little disturbing.  
  
Lars questioned her some more and she was totally fascinated very quickly with his accent. She was in someplace very different from home and here was a man, very different than anything at home. Soon she was asking him questions, making him talk so she could listen. She knew a few guys with blue eyes too, but she was sure they weren't like Lars' blue eyes.  
  
It was toward the ending of a beautiful dusk outside and she was wondering just what was going to happen here, inside. She saw Lars take a deep breath.  
  
"Do you know the patio, out back?" he asked, gesturing.  
  
"I've seen it," she said, her curiosity now piqued.  
  
"Let's go out there," he said simply.  
  
"Outside?" she questioned.  
  
"It's warm and beautiful and, being from Sweden, I treasure warmth outside." He said that with a laugh.  
  
Well, she thought, if he wants to go outside, she could do that. She stood up and headed for the door.  
  
"Oh no," he said quickly and she stopped. He was grinning at her. "Have you been to the beach?"  
  
"Both days," she replied.  
  
"What were you wearing there?" he asked, a little teasing quality to his voice.  
  
It was her turn to take a breath. "Nothing," she replied simply.  
  
"Then let's do that," he said and began taking off his clothes.  
  
She had been naked at the beach, but this would be different. This would be walking through the halls and out the door onto the patio. There might be people there as well, who knows? She bit her lower lip. What was he planning to do on the patio, or didn't she want to know that just yet? Watching him carefully, she began to strip as well. Soon they were both naked and she was certainly checking. He was not Mario. He was pretty much the same as Robert. And, she could see those blue eyes checking her as well. Surprising herself, her nipples began to respond to his looking. All she could think right then was that this certainly was a new Jenna.  
  
He took her hand and they were out the door. She had no place to put a key.  
  
"It will be fine unlocked," he said.  
  
Near the end of the hall they passed another couple, fully clothed. They smiled and Lars smiled but Jenna was having trouble concentrating and didn't smile. She had noticed, before they left the room, that Lars had complimented her. At least his partial erection had. She remembered what Mario had said. Soon they were down the stair and on the patio. They sat down on two loungers a little off to the side but not far enough that the server didn't see them.  
  
"May I bring you something?" she said with a smile. Just a friendly smile and not a gawking smile. Jenna guessed she was used to this. Maybe she'd be one day too, but not quite yet. Lars gestured to her.  
  
"Some of the white wine they served at dinner would be perfect," Jenna said, trying to look the server in the eye as if this was an everyday thing, sitting here with a stranger, the aura of sex hanging in the air. Lars nodded at the server in assent.  
  
In short minutes she was back with two glasses and an ice bucket with a large bottle (1.5 liter) of wine.  
  
"I thought I'd bring the whole bottle," she said coyly. "I thought you might not want to be disturbed later." Quickly she was gone. Did she know what was going to happen? Did Jenna?  
  
Lars poured two glasses, handed one to her, then sat down, looking at her. She took a rather large sip of the wine and was looking right back at Lars. Sitting there naked, looking at a very handsome and also very naked man, she was wondering what might be coming next. She found herself hoping that it wouldn't be just chit-chat.  
  
Meanwhile, Jenna had been very correct in assuming the rather tall and lithe blond she saw Robert with had matched his number and they were in the process of heading to her room. Not surprisingly, Robert was smiling and his heart was beating a little faster as he remembered last night and couldn't help but compare this one to Marjorie. No comparison -- none at all. Nothing had happened yet but this one certainly didn't look like Marjorie and she had actually kissed him on the cheek when they started to her room. She had grabbed his hand and was walking beside him as they went and he was kind of wishing that she'd just be leading him and he could be watching that delicious looking and he was sure, wiggling ass that he had just gotten a glimpse of when they met.  
  
Once inside her room, she turned to Robert. "I'm Astrid, and you?"  
  
"Robert," he answered and couldn't help smiling at the bubbly personality he was facing.  
  
"You have clothes on. Take them off," she said, gesturing.  
  
"You too," he quickly replied.  
  
"My room so you have to go first." She was not backing down.  
  
Robert realized that if he were first, then she would be second and that would be fine with him as he was already anxious to see what was hiding under the limited clothes she was wearing. Stripping was simple for him. Shirt, shorts, boxers and it was done. Another bubbly smile from her.  
  
"Ooohhhh," that's good, she said.  
  
A good start, Robert thought. "Your turn," was his quick reply.  
  
"Would you like me to dance for you while I do it?"  
  
As far as Robert was concerned, anything she could do short of leaving the room was fine with him. "Would be great," he replied, anxious to see this.  
  
Now the expression on Astrid's face changed completely, from that bubbly and giggly look to a very, very sensuous, lip licking look that he knew was going to make something happen. Her body began to undulate, her hips swaying along with the slow and very suggestive lip licking and Robert felt his erection beginning. Plus, she was looking directly at it as she moved, almost like beckoning it to rise up to greet her.  
  
"You're almost ready, aren't you?" she said suggestively. "Let me help it a little."  
  
Astrid began to sing softly and to dance along with the singing. She kicked off her sandals and danced on tiptoes, spinning and actually doing small leaps. While spinning she was unbuttoning her blouse and with a final spin it was off and flying to Robert's lap. Now he was wondering just what the lacy red bra was hiding. Some more spins, some very graceful arm movements and almost without him seeing how it was done, the bra was off, and on his lap as well.  
  
He almost couldn't believe what he was seeing. Everything that was visible was smooth, creamy and flawlessly pale. Astrid's breasts were certainly not large, just perfectly shaped, standing straight out with a dark, pink nipples centered in pale, pink areolas. As she spun and danced, if they jiggled or moved much at all, he didn't think he could see it. Next came her shorts, quickly off with more graceful spins and added to the growing pile in his lap. The red bikini undies were all that was left and she was beckoning to him. He was quickly up as she was dancing in circles around him, those perfect breasts just inches away sometimes, her face even closer.  
  
"Take them off of me," she whispered as she paused her dance, on tiptoes and arms straight up above her head. She was so near that his erection was oh so close to where those red bottoms were hiding that last thing he hadn't seen yet. Doing as he was told, he slowly and carefully slid them down her legs, his face now within a tongue's length of what had been hidden, a downy blond triangle that did little to hide what was underneath. When he straightened up with the panties, she took them from him and pressed them to his face, careful that the tiny crotch material was at his nose. He inhaled deeply, a light but pleasantly musky odor filling his nostrils.  
  
"That's me," she said as she stepped closer to him, then right against him. Those gorgeous nipples were pressed against his chest and his erection, that had been pointing upward was now squeezed against her stomach. She moved slightly and he felt her hand take hold of it and move it downward so it was between her legs. She squeezed her legs together. "Tease me," she whispered. He began to move with gentle in and out strokes and could feel the head rubbing against her dampness. She was just his height and they were eye to eye, her breathing heavy against his face.  
  
"So close," he said softly.  
  
"Yes," she murmured. "So close. So very close. Touching."  
  
The way Lars was looking at her, Jenna knew that it was going to be more than chit-chat for sure. His eyes were tracing her body from head to toe and back again. And he did it several times. Slowly he stood up and went to the ice bucket, then came toward her with a piece of the ice in his hand. He sat down on the edge of her lounger and slowly rubbed it back and forth against her lips. Her tongue came out and licked its cold wetness. Then it was against her chest and he made a slow, wet ring around one breast. When he got to the top the ice cube moved slowly down her breast until it was on the nipple. She watched her nipple pop up and the areola shrink and crinkle.  
  
"Oh," he said, and moved the ice to the other nipple with the same result. He slowly moved the ice cube to his mouth, rubbed it on his own lips and then it just disappeared. "They must be cold," he said with a smile. "I can fix that." She watched him slide along the lounger, then bend slowly until her left nipple was in his mouth. His tongue rolled it from one side to the other, his eyes fixed on hers. She was beginning to have that breathing trouble again and wished she had more wine. Some gentle sucking and then he released the nipple. "Better," he said, then leaned across and did the same to her right nipple. "That was so nice I'm going to do it again, unless someone stops me." Jenna decided she wasn't about to stop him so she just watched.  
  
Lars had another piece of ice and brought it to her lips again. This time she opened her mouth and took the ice in, along with his fingers. He let loose and the ice balanced on her tongue. No fingers to take it this time, his head leaned in and his mouth closed on her tongue, and the ice was gone into his mouth, but only briefly as it was again on her nipples with that same fascinating result. Lars was six inches away, looking from one to the other, his head shaking ever so slightly.

She felt his erection bumping her leg and she brought her mouth close to his. The ice reappeared and this time her mouth took it from his tongue. She took hold of his very hard cock and gently rubbed the head with the ice. She wasn't about to miss what she had missed last night.  
  
Oh, my," she said. "I think it needs warmed up now." She slid sideways on the lounger and this time her mouth surrounded the very wet head and pulled it inside. She was sure she heard Lars groan. Now, this wasn't something she'd done a lot of in her life and she wanted to do it right for Lars. As her lips slid down his length, she remembered Robert saying that as long as you didn't bite, there wasn't much you could do that was wrong. She moved her lips up and down, her cheeks bowing in on every upward movement. She felt Lars hands in her hair.  
  
"Jenna, so good," he was saying. "So good, so good, so good." She was hearing and moving and wondering for she knew what would quickly happen. Lars words, where they were, what she had already done made the decision for her. She felt him tensing, pulling harder on her hair, thrusting harder into her mouth and then spurts of liquid hitting the back of her throat, one after another as she tried to swallow but wasn't quite able and she felt it running down her chin, dripping onto her breasts as Lars gave a final thrust and stopped. He lifted her head, those blue eyes swallowing her.  
  
"It's warm now," he said. "Thank you." A final look and smile and he quickly stood up, walked to one of the tables and came back with a napkin. He gently wiped her chin, then her breasts and chest. "I don't want any soil on absolute perfection," he said softly, giving each breast a final caress with the napkin.  
  
She thought she might explode, from what had happened and what he had said. He was probably just trying to seduce her which, obviously, he didn't have to do as she was well seduced already. But they did make her feel very warm and fuzzy inside. Or maybe it was hot and fuzzy. She had just given oral sex on the patio of the resort, and there were others on the patio too. Not close and she wasn't sure whether or not they could see or were looking. But they were there. She could see them and . . . they were disappearing as Lars was pushing her backward and gently spreading her legs. Now she had something else to watch as he was kissing up the inside of her leg, getting closer and closer. He gently nuzzled her muff and she could feel his breath against her femaleness.  
  
"Jenna, so good," he said again and his tongue began to probe. She was tempted to help him but decided to just enjoy whatever happened. That thought about being out here in public flashed through her mind again but was quickly dismissed. She felt his tongue push between her lips and slowly press inside her. Several times in and out and then moving and, despite being ready for it, her body jolted when he touched her clit. A little happy sound came from him and several more times she jolted as the tongue found that very sensitive spot. She watched as his hands moved to her muff, then through it to hold her apart. Now his tongue was flicking, over and over and finally, his lips had her, both lips and tongue working together to raise the ecstasy she was feeling to continually higher and higher levels. She felt one of his fingers inside her and realized she had closed her eyes. She opened them and could see what he was doing. More than seeing, and now hearing herself make some gentle moaning sounds, she was feeling and it was beginning to happen. She pulled the little pillow from behind her and smashed it against her face to muffle what she knew would soon happen. It did, and her nerves were firing everywhere in her body, her hips were rocking, her butt up off the lounger. She could feel herself trembling, shaking hard, making noises into the pillow, and then finally slowing as Lars' lips and tongue were also slowing.  
  
She couldn't help but echo, "Lars, so good, so good." And couldn't believe she was saying it.  
  
Lars sat up, looking at her from head to toe again. "Such beauty, soft and smooth and touchable."  
Another look. "And soon that's what I want to do, touch and kiss every bit of it." He stood up and went to the ice bucket, returning with the wine bottle. He carefully filled both glasses. "But we have plenty of time." When he returned, he had a piece of ice. He rubbed it gently on her lips, then laid it carefully on the tongue he found extended there. Once more his lips surrounded that tongue and then she could hear him crunching the ice.  
  
It was touching, indeed, and Robert wasn't sure whether he could stand it much longer. His erection between her legs, rubbing her, and him. Those green eyes that never seemed to let loose of his eyes. And now, she was stepping back, sliding off him. She quickly looked down.  
  
"Oh my," she said, a subtle smile on her face. "Now I've made a mess and it needs cleaned up." Those green eyes meeting his again, that little smile. And he hoped that meant what he thought it might. Slowly she slipped down his body until she was staring directly at his erection which was so intense it was actually throbbing. That was quickly stopped as her lips surrounded it to a loud moan from both of them. He hoped he could last long enough for her lips to bottom at least once. More quickly than he could have imagined, they did. All the way, her lips against his pubs, her tongue touching his balls. Just as quickly it was swinging free and once more it disappeared totally. This time it was his moan that broke the silence. Not exactly silence as there was a slurping sound as she went down, then back up. A few more and it was coming. He announced it with a groan and she had it in her hand, pumping and his first shot caught her in the left eye, the second on her forehead, the third and forth into her open mouth, the fifth on her breast, the last little bit dribbling over her hand.  
  
"You were ready," she said although he knew he hadn't quite been ready for that. "Don't move," she said and went into the bathroom, returning with a towel and cleaning herself up a little. Then she went to the table beside the bed, opened and closed a drawer and was back with what Robert knew had to be a vibrator of some type. "My turn," she added and lay down on the bed, spreading those long, lean legs about as wide as they could go. Those green eyes were still locked on him.  
  
He saw the switch and flipped it on -- the little device hummed quietly.  
  
"Don't mess with that one," she ordered. "Just push it all the way." He did and the hum was much louder. "Now, I'll see if I can be faster than you were."  
  
Since he had two hands, he used one to press the vibrator against the clit that was clearly revealed by her spread legs. The other he used to press two fingers between those labia that had so recently teased his cock. They found a very warm and slippery place that he began to explore fully. He decided he was doing something right, based on the wonderful sounds she was making and the way her hips were bucking and rolling. He saw her reaching for her ankles and when she had them, she pulled hard so she was spread even wider. Very suddenly she surprised him as she squealed sharply, raised her butt high off the bed and almost began to vibrate. It lasted for long, long seconds and then she slowly relaxed, letting loose of her ankles and letting her legs close a little. Robert removed the vibrator but left his fingers in place.  
  
"Don't worry," she said as she was catching her breath. "There's plenty of room in there for more than fingers." He loved her accent when she spoke, but even more, he loved what she was speaking.  
  
Jenna took another fairly big sip of her delicious wine, enjoying the tiny buzz that was filling her head. She was sitting there having just given and received oral sex . . . from a very handsome stranger . . . who she'd learned was a professional soccer player . . . on the patio in public . . . with others on the patio who could watch if they chose . . . and the stranger was staring at her from top to bottom . . . repeatedly . . . and she couldn't help but anticipate what might be coming next. He had told her at least one thing that he wanted and she wasn't sure she could even handle that, but was obligated to try. That made it easier . . . if she was obligated. She watched as Lars carefully sat his wine glass down, then stood and went to the ice bucket before heading toward her. She knew at least one thing that was coming.  
  
He took her wine glass and sat it down away from her. Jenna watched as the ice cube went to one nipple which immediately stood tall, drawing the areola into a smaller, crinkled circle. It was repeated with the other to his, "That's so fascinating, as you are as well." In the ritual that had quickly developed, the ice next caressed her lips, then rested on her extended tongue which was quickly enveloped by Lars' lips and the ice was in his mouth being gently crunched there.  
  
"Now," he said softly, moving beside her. "I told you before there was something I wanted to do and this is the perfect time for it." She certainly remembered what he had said and she was tingling all over in anticipation. He started kissing on her forehead as his hands were moving over other parts of her body. The kissing moved to her nose, to her ears, to her chin and his hands slid over her belly, up to her breasts, to her neck, then down her arms. Quickly she was having trouble getting her breath as the kissing and the hands were touching every bit of her skin to his repeated, "so soft, so smooth." If he was getting her ready for even more, it was working. It seemed to go on and on, the touching, the kissing, his tongue caressing her. It was so sensual, so tantalizing and she felt like she was nearly ready to burst into flame.  
  
"But that's only half," he whispered in her ear, emphasizing it with another kiss and nibble there. She saw a quick movement and the lounger went to flat and he had her hips, turning her over. More kissing and touching and then another whisper in her ear. "You have a beautiful ass," as it was being gently squeezed. Two nights in a row she had heard that. She was going to have to check that more carefully when she got home. She felt kisses there and realized her cheeks were being spread and felt more kisses in that crack. She took a deeper breath as she felt a finger on that little puckered opening, much as she had felt last night. A harder push and she gasped. It had gone in just a tiny bit and was just as quickly out.  
  
His lips were at her ear again. "What's your favorite position," he asked. Another tiny gasp from her. How was she to answer that. She didn't really know names or how to describe what she liked. She was with Lars, she'd like anything he liked, so that would be her answer. She turned her face to his.  
  
"What do you like," she asked in return.  
  
"No fair," he replied and she could feel his breath on her face, the smell of the wine very prevalent. "We went to your room so your choice. Something you're comfortable with." If she wanted to be comfortable, she'd have stayed in Ohio. She felt his hand making slow circles on her ass. Maybe just like this, she thought. That would be fine. Ever so gently she drew her knees up under her and her ass moved slowly up into the air where it could be easily seen if anyone was looking.  
  
"Perfect choice," was his last whisper as he moved away from her face and behind her, between her legs which she spread as wide as they would go without slipping off the edge of the lounger. She hoped it was wide enough. She felt a gentle slap on one butt cheek followed quickly by a repeat to the other cheek. She had to catch her breath. It sounded loud, loud enough for patio sitters to hear. Two more and she was ready for the preliminaries to end and the final act to begin. As if on cue, she felt the curtain opening and the main character entering, sliding in to fill her all the way. She could feel him leaning against her hips and back and then his hand, around her and between her legs, finding that pleasure nub, her senses so on fire now that there was no extra jerk, just a long, low moan. His other hand was clutching first one breast and then the other, stretching the nipples with each touch. He was moving, his hips bumping against hers, his one arm not only teasing her clit relentlessly but also holding her up. She felt she was just a mass of putty or jello, a moaning mass of jello. Lars was kissing her back, licking it too, then sucking hard as his thrusting sped up.  
  
"Oh Jenna," he gasped, and just as she was feeling her body explode with pleasure, he was filling her with multiple shots of hot liquid. Before she even realized it, he was slowly collapsing, rolling off of her and to the ground, she right behind, landing on top of him. They lay there, panting and grinning. She was wondering if someone would be running to help them get up. It had been that kind of an evening for sure. But no one came. Lars, unable to help himself it seemed, reached around her and rubbed her ass.  
  
"If you can grab the glasses, I'll get the bottle. No sense wasting it." He stood up and helped her up, of course slowly gazing at her from head to foot once more. "I am very lucky to have the wife I have," he said, "but someone is very lucky to have you as well. Perhaps tomorrow I shall meet him and congratulate him." With all the thoughts of what had happened racing through her nearly numb mind, now there was one more thing. What if that happened? They headed to her room to get dressed and meet their mates in the courtyard.  
  
Robert was sure that Astrid spoke the truth. There was plenty of room where his fingers had been for something else. He was getting more anxious by the moment to test that, just to be sure. But she seemed in no hurry, content to torture him it seemed, knowing that eventually it would happen but at the time of her choosing. Of course, she had been here before, kind of knew how things went and he was the anxious rookie, just wanting to get his urges taken care of. He had to admit that he had certainly enjoyed everything she had done so far, and what he had done as well. If she was going to torment him with exquisite pleasures some more, he was ready for that too.  
  
He had been amazed when she had told him her husband was a professional soccer player, and not nearly as amazed when she said she had been a dancer and now taught dancing in Sweden. That was her accent, even though she spoke English nearly perfectly. Being an international, her husband would almost certainly have needed to learn English. For her though, it was not a requirement but she had learned and learned well. She was looking at him, grinning. He wondered . . .  
  
"What would you like to do now?" she asked teasingly. Was she kidding? His boner was sticking straight out, actually tipped upward a bit, he had had a wonderful orgasm not long ago, had given her one as well. He was looking at her, tall and long legged, her pale body and slender-ish figure nearly perfect. That was driving him just short of crazy even if he was only looking at it, and she wondered what he'd like to do now. She turned her head to the side, waiting for an answer.  
  
Robert just shook his head at her, then looked down at his erection.  
  
"Is that my answer?" she asked.  
  
"You are delicious. That's my answer."  
  
She stood up and walked toward him. "If I am delicious, then maybe you should be tasting me," she said very seductively.  
  
"I thought I just did that."  
  
"There's way more to taste than just that," she added. Suddenly Robert had a breast in his mouth. It was more than tasty, indeed, matched only by the other one that quickly took its place. "They're not that big but, people tell me they're nice."  
  
In words muffled by the mouthful he was trying to manage he said, "People are right."  
  
"That tickles when you talk with my boob in your mouth," she giggled. Robert was seated on a little chair and she now straddled his legs and sat down on them. The erection was rubbing on her belly as she purposefully moved from side to side to torment it.  
  
"You know you're killing me," he murmured out, afraid that if she kept that up his second orgasm would ruin everything.  
  
"There are two of us here and, what's happening is happening to both of us. I'm probably dripping on your leg right now." Her face was only inches from his. "Anticipation can be enticing," she breathily added.  
  
"Is that what this is, enticing?"  
  
"Is it?"  
  
"Yes, and I dare you to raise yourself just a little off my lap."  
  
"Ooohhh," she said, and raised just a tiny bit. His erection was now touching the top of her very blond muff.  
  
"A little more," he said, and she raised again, but just a little. It was now at the bottom of that blond triangle, tantalizingly close to where he wanted it to be.  
  
"More?" she whispered. He just nodded to that very close face. She raised up again and he felt himself slide between her legs. "Can we do this no hands?" More torment as he tried to move, to locate where he wanted to be, to just feel that warm and wet passage surrounding him. She was moving too and he could tell she had reached her limit as well and was actually trying to help him enter her, but still no hands. She pressed her belly against his and he rocked his hips a little. It felt right and she dropped down, driving him inside of her. "Is that what you wanted?" she asked, her breath against his face.  
  
"And you too," he answered.  
  
Her hips began to move from side to side. "My room so I'll take care of you," she said and was raising herself, then lowering herself on him, repeating it just a little faster and harder with each movement. "Who will come first?" she teased. He didn't care. He was somewhere that ecstasy abounded and knew it would happen, probably fairly quickly in his case. He couldn't stop himself from trying to help her, as if he'd want to stop. Now she was bouncing almost frantically when she said, "You're going to lose," and was moaning and just vibrating like she had before. Robert didn't lose by much as, before she had slowed completely, he was filling her -- she felt each burst inside her. She threw her arms around his neck and crushed his face against her breasts.  
  
She leaned back after a few seconds, took his face in her hands and said, "Well, was it worth it?"  
  
Tosseled blond hair, green eyes, his diminishing erection still inside her. Tormented almost beyond what he could stand. Was it worth it?  
  
"You have to ask?" he said.  
  
She smiled and stood up, looking between her legs. "Good, it's staying put so I don't have to worry about that right now. Shall we dress and return to the courtyard. I'd like some more of that wine.  
  
Clothes were back on, at least some of them, and they made their way outside. Robert looked around to see Jenna walking toward them beside a fairly tall, curly headed blond. Astrid turned at the same time and smiled at the man beside Jenna. There were quick looks back and forth and then smiles. Jenna couldn't believe it. She had thought tomorrow, but it was happening now.  
  
"I think what we have here is a . . . " Lars looked puzzled, searching for a word.  
  
"Coincidence," Astrid filled in for him.  
  
"Yes, that," he added. Then he looked from Jenna to Robert and back to her. Jenna nearly cringed as she knew he was going to say it. "This is Robert," she said, helping him a little.  
  
"And, as I think you know," Lars said, nodding to Robert, "this is Astrid, my wife. And, before we go any further, I need to embarrass the wonderful Jenna just a bit." She knew it was coming and she also knew she was blushing. "I need to congratulate you on your choice of a wife," he said, looking at Jenna. Oh god, she thought. What else is he going to say? But Lars was merciful. "Don't feel like you have to compliment Astrid as well. I know her." He leaned over and kissed her. "She is the best."

It was Robert's turn. "I have to contradict you there just a bit." He kissed Jenna. "I know that I have the very best."  
  
They quickly rounded up two more wine glasses and sat down at a table to talk about lots of things, but not about tonight. Jenna would discuss those things with Robert later.  
  
And Robert, despite just finishing some wonderful time with a beautiful blond, was actually anxious to get to their room for some of that wonderful Jenna sex.