**Jenna's Third Day**

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Jenna woke up first. She could feel Robert snuggled against her, his arm across her waist. It was just warm and comfortable to lay there like that, particularly with all that had been going on the last two days. The first thing that popped into her mind was last night, sitting there talking and laughing with Lars and Astrid. When she thought about it, her mind just couldn't quite wrap around what had happened. It was a casual conversation over glasses of wine. The fact that she had just had sex with Lars and Robert with Astrid, a total coincidence that it was between couples, was something that had happened, and what it was that had happened didn't seem at all to affect their ability to chat, giggle, enjoy the wine and then bid each other a pleasant good night.

And, back in their room, she had shared with Robert what had happened with Lars, out on the patio, in public, where anyone could watch if they chose to. Robert had asked if anyone was watching but it was hard for her to say that she had no idea as she was so involved with what Lars was doing to her and with her that she had no interest in anything else. That was certainly the truth though so she just told him she hadn't seen anyone, which, of course, was also totally the truth.

Robert had told her about his time with Astrid and she didn't have to wonder at all whether it was better than his previous night had been. The room had been only half-lit so it was hard to see his face but the tone of his voice and the inflections he used were more than enough to let her know he had totally enjoyed his time.

She knew that with the deposits that both Lars and Robert had left in her last night that she probably was in serious need of a cleansing shower so she carefully lifted Robert's arm, slipped out from under it and tiptoed quietly to the bath room. She closed the door, adjusted the water carefully and stepped under the shower. It was a large, tiled shower, big enough that there was no curtain, so she just stood there and let the water revive her after a satisfying night's sleep. Her mind drifted back to her last thoughts.

Robert had totally enjoyed his time last night. She had totally enjoyed her time too. Four days ago or so, these thoughts would have had no where to go in her mind, would never even have been there as even a faint but hidden glow. What had happened and where was she going? She had thought she was a little too innocent in the past but, that first day, she had been topless at the beach. She wondered. If there had been other ladies there that weren't topless, would she have stayed that way too. And then that evening with Mario.

It was her that had suggested they get naked. You weren't too innocent when you made suggestions like that but, she guessed the wine just brought that out. Of course, it had to be in there to be brought out and she had never imagined herself that way. And Mario had made it fun, with the coin flip and his chatter. But still, it had been her that suggested it.

She had learned one thing that night for sure, maybe two. She learned that when she got back to Ohio she was going to sign up for a massage, or maybe massages in the plural. It was so satisfying and relaxing - maybe way too much so because something had brought about a change in her. She had seen that instrument of his, never imagining anything like that could be a part of a man, despite what Robert had told her. And when he had given her the massage, that relaxing massage, and then had begun touching her in places that no one but Robert had ever touched . . . she had enjoyed it, loved it. And then, when he had stretched her beyond what she thought she was capable of, the feelings that raced through her were different and outside of what she had thought she could feel or endure. Now she smiled, as her only complaint about the evening was that she hadn't seen if she could get that thing into her mouth.

Then there was Lars. As she thought about Lars, she realized that the second night had been almost totally different than the first, but still so much exactly the same. Lars had done more to her and with her than Mario had. And she was amazed that she was able to make Lars react like he did to what she had done to him. She liked all those feelings, all those things that heated her body, that made her lose control so that her body did what it wanted, did the things that Mario and Lars had made it do, that were beyond what her brain was able to manage. The brain that just seemed to shut off when those things were happening.

There were still three more days.

"Good morning," Robert said as he opened the bathroom door. "Thanks for letting me sleep."

"You didn't get much extra sleep," she called from under the water.

"Gonna join you," he added and stepped into the water with her.

With what she had been thinking she wondered what might happen now. Robert's morning half-woody was right there and she wondered if she could keep from grabbing it.

"Wash your back?"

'What about the front,' she thought. She was a little wound up for sure.

But Robert had just soaped up a cloth and was gently washing her back which did feel wonderful right now. It was soothing - and, surprisingly, seemed to take the edge off her apparent arousal. Probably a good idea since who knew what the day might hold - or at least the evening. She had some more thinking to do but that could wait.

The daily routine that they had developed was moving along nicely. Dressed, they headed for breakfast which had been delicious both days and probably would be today as well. They had only been seated about five minutes when they heard a hello and Lars and Astrid were at the table, asking if they could join them, which, of course, they could.

Lars, the gregarious international soccer player from Sweden was speaking to nearly everyone who passed their table, obviously having met nearly everyone at the resort it seemed.

"Is he always like that," Jenna quietly asked Astrid.

"Oh yes, very much so," she replied. "I'm always shoved to the background," she added with a wink and a grin.

"No so," Lars said vigorously. "You just like to stay back because people are always telling you how beautiful you are and it makes you blush."

Robert was nodding his head, at least at the beautiful part.

"You're silly," Astrid said.

"But you are beautiful," Jenna found herself saying.

"Thank you," Astrid responded, glancing over at Robert.

Lars heard his name, said "Excuse me," and jumped up as someone was beckoning to him.

Astrid leaned back in her chair and watched him. "Ah," she said finally. "That guy's from Sweden too and Lars enjoys speaking Swedish with him. He hates speaking English even though I tell him he does okay. He's afraid he'll say something wrong. Did he say anything wrong to you last night?" she asked Jenna, very innocently.

Now, this was very strange. All four knew what had happened last night. None of them had really said anything about it when they were talking together. But if Jenna answered that question, it was an outright audible admission that she had been with Lars. It was silly. They all knew. She knew her face was reddening. She was about to open her mouth when Astrid put her hand on Jenna's.

"We should order," Astrid said. She had been in Jenna's place last year.

So, they did, and it was wonderful as expected.

Later, back at their room, they were deciding what to do.

"There's a little market up the road a short way. Saw that when I registered." Robert plopped on the edge of the bed. "Or, there's the ocean."

Jenna was thinking.

"How about the market this morning, while it's still a little cooler, and the ocean this afternoon?"

"Works for me." He held his arms out to the side. "I'm dressed. How about you?"

Cooler was a relative term here. It never seemed to mean really, actually cool. Jenna fidgeted a little. She was sure no one would notice - it was probably so normal here. She slipped her t-shirt off and then her bra. Robert stood up.

"Don't you get close to me. We're going to the market." She was scrambling to get the t-shirt back on.

"But they're so nice."

"Yeah, yeah."

When he shrugged his shoulders, she had to smile. He always made her feel wanted, one way or the other.

They walked to the market and it most definitely was not cool. The road they had to walk was paved from the main road to the resort, but not from the resort to the market so it was rough and a little dusty, sand dust at that. But as they walked Jenna marveled at the colors that surrounded her. The sky was azure, a shade and intensity of blue she knew she had never seen before. The green of the palm trees as they waved at her was intense and glistening, like an emerald she had seen some time ago. Even the sand that was creating the annoying dust was white and glistening in the sunlight as they walked. Mistake or not, she was enjoying this vacation. The food, the ocean, this walk - all were something she had wondered if she'd ever experience. Now, she was, and even more.

The market wasn't large, just small stalls clustered along both sides of the road that seemed to end where the market commenced. The French couple that they'd eaten dinner with the last two nights had told them there was a settlement on the other side of the island and it was people from there that kept the stalls here, filling them with crafts and even some produce, mostly fruits that you could take back to the resort.

They wandered and looked. Lots of little things for souvenirs that they could take home and share with friends. Fruit that neither had any idea what it might be, even though it looked good - just looking at it though. They came to a small stall that had bathing suits, actually bikinis, hanging on a small rack, a lady who was missing a few teeth obviously its proprietor.

"You need suit, lady?" she asked, her huge grin exposing the missing teeth.

"Let me look," Jenna replied politely. The colors in the fabric she could see were beautiful. But why buy a bikini? It certainly wasn't needed at the resort and that meant she'd have to wear it when they got home.

"These nice," the lady gestured, obviously used to hawking her wares, "but I make special for you if like." She gestured toward a little table at the back of the stall that was piled with what Jenna could see were all sorts of different and brightly colored material. "Special today," the lady continued, another big smile lighting her dark and very wrinkled face. "I make one for you, I put name on it free."

Jenna was becoming intrigued with this idea. She looked at Robert. He just smiled and shrugged. "I'll look over here," he suggested, pointing at one of the trinket-stands. She took that as his okay to do what she wanted.

"May I look back there?" Jenna asked, pointing at the table.

"Yes, yes." A sweep of the arm from the lady who was obviously sensing a sale. "See," she added. "Sewing machine right here so can get it fast."

Jenna gently sorted through the material, careful not to rearrange things as she wrestled with the thought of wearing, back in Ohio at the neighborhood pool, one of the obviously very brief bikinis that this lady made on the sewing machine that had obvious seen better times. Her eyes caught something a little different. It was a piece of batik, light green interlaced with darker greens and blacks and grays that looked like leaves, carefully laced and interwoven in a pattern that was delicate in spots and much more intense in others. She loved it.

"You like?" The lady was beside her.

"I do," Jenna replied. "This is beautiful. How much for a suit of this?" Jenna couldn't help but wonder how a piece of Indonesian batik had ended up on this island. It was here and, hopefully, would be going home with her.

The old lady was thinking. Jenna was sure she was sizing her up, or more likely, trying to size up the size of her wallet.

"Thirty-five dollar US." She said finally.

Jenna had never done it but had heard of the routine. "Too much," she said, looking longingly at the material but shaking her head. "How about twenty?"

The lady frowned and crossed her arms. She snorted a deep breath. "Twenty-six," she finally said.

Jenna looked at her and smiled. "You'll put my name on it?"

"Yes." The big smile was back.

"Okay, I'll pay twenty- seven but you have to put my name and your name on it." Jenna's turn to smile.

"My name?" came the puzzled question.

"Yes, so when I get home and wear it, I can remember you, who made it."

"Deal," the old woman said, extending a crooked and wizened hand to Jenna who shook it. "Twenty-seven." She had an even bigger smile on her face. "What your name?"

"Jenna," she answered. "And do you need measurements?" she asked, gesturing like she was putting a measuring tape around her body.

"No, I see you." A puzzled look from the lady. She reached under her counter and came up with a piece of paper and pencil. "Write," she said, handing them to Jenna.

Jenna wrote her name and handed it back to the lady who looked at it, twisting her head sideways as if to decipher what was written.

"Jee-Na," she said, haltingly.

"Jen-na," she answered slowly.

"Ah, Jenn-nah," came the reply. "Pretty name."

Jenna nodded in appreciation. "When will it be ready?"

"What time you eat dinner?"

"About five thirty" Jenna answered.

The woman looked up, obviously gaging where the sun was, then thought a second. "Three thirty okay?"

"Perfect," Jenna replied.

"I get started right away."

Jenna would have loved to watch the old lady work but decided she might not like that and could feel that Jenna didn't trust her. She suspected that somewhere in the market was a clock or a watch but she also felt confident that the suit would be ready at the time advertised. She went to find Robert.

He had already collected a sack-full of trinkets to take home to their friends. They roamed to the far end of the market and decided they had seen enough and headed for home. As they passed Jenna's bikini stall, she could see the little old lady hard at work and easily recognized the material she had selected. Not wanting to bother her they kept on and headed back up the dusty road to the resort.

It was soon lunch time and they ate more wonderful concoctions, some of which they recognized and many that they didn't. There was one that Robert didn't care for but the rest they enjoyed.

Back to the room and ready for the beach. Jenna debated about not wearing her suit at all, remembering walking through the halls last night with Lars - naked. After a deep breath she decided she'd go ahead and wear it.

At the beach, of course, it came off quickly, both halves and they settled in under an umbrella after spreading their towels on the sand. She sat quietly for a while, then glanced over at Robert. He was asleep.

She was marveling a little at herself. Two days ago, she had very hesitantly shed the top of her suit and expected to be ogled and stared at as she walked down to the water. It hadn't happened and she was a little surprised at how she felt - disappointed. Now she was laying here, naked, and, since it was so hot and totally uncomfortable to lay there with legs pressed tightly together, her legs were spread just enough to prevent that feeling, but would certainly give anyone approaching them from the right direction a fairly unobstructed view of her womanhood. Such a thing happening four days ago would have been unthinkable. Yet, she was moderately comfortable doing it now.

She couldn't keep from thinking about the last two evenings, what had happened, what she had done, what Robert had done and realizing that evening three lay just ahead. That first night she had amazed herself by suggesting that she and Mario get naked. Robert had been the only man she had been naked with previously and she was having trouble explaining to herself why she had done what she had. Then, last night, out on that patio with Lars, in plain sight of anyone who was looking. She had been so centered on what was happening to her that she had no idea if anyone was watching. It hadn't mattered and wouldn't have changed anything that she did if they had been. Thinking as she was, she could feel her body beginning to react just a bit to those thoughts.

A little change perhaps - tonight? Thinking back to that first night, she had watched a few couples leave right after the little bunny hop dance thing they had done and before the evening "activities" had begun. Even though Robert had seemed willing to, right after check-in, when he'd discovered what he'd done, they had decided not to leave - way too much money invested to just give it up. So, they hadn't left and had gone ahead with whatever it was that was going to happen, totally unknown then. And the second night, the same. She had to admit she'd enjoyed both nights, even though they were very different. Again, her body was reacting to her thoughts and she knew that anyone approaching them in that special direction would be able to see that. Her brain was questioning if they might do something different tonight, but her body was making the decision for her.

Jenna sighed and glanced over at Robert. Still sleeping. She decided that, even under the umbrella, she was a little warm so she stood up and headed for the ocean. Without Robert with her she wasn't going on a long swim of any kind, just a cooling dip. She was conscious as she walked of the others that were there. She got some glances but nothing that she couldn't handle. She didn't have a figure that was totally gawk-able, as some were, so that didn't surprise her at all. At the water she paused, noting there were hardly any swimmers. She waded out to almost waist deep, then stroked away easily, just trying to cool off. Actually, she swam a little further out than she had planned and, when she stopped and stood up, there wasn't anything to stand on and she dipped under the water.

She came up laughing at her silliness and stroked away, heading for where she had started. She loved gliding through the water naked, so different than having on a suit of any kind, even the competition suits she'd worn in high school. She wasn't really paying any attention to what she was doing or where she was going, just enjoying the water and allowing her body to cool. She was surprised when, as she pulled her hand through on a long stroke, it dragged on the bottom. She quickly stood up in the shallow water.

"Hello," he said. "I thought you were going to spear me there."

Her first impulse was to cover herself. This was something new . . . and she resisted that urge to cover up.

"Sorry," she replied, and thought she might be blushing a bit - for two reasons. "I guess I wasn't watching where I was going."

He was checking her from top to bottom for sure. "No problem at all," he said. "I might have enjoyed it."

Now she was totally out of her element. Naked here in public, so to speak, and this guy was obviously hitting on her. She couldn't help herself as she glanced down at him, naked also, to see if she was creating any noticeable reaction. Not so much that she could see.

"Just saw you swimming out here by yourself and thought I'd see what's up."

Her mind was flying. He was obviously at the resort and that was for couples only. What kind of a couple was he one half of? She decided he was trying to turn the evening activities into day-time activities as well. She wasn't enjoying this confrontation at all.

"My HUSBAND," emphasis on husband, "is taking a nap and I just decided to cool off. Heading up to join him now."

"Oh yeah. Nice to see you. May be seeing you again before the week's over."

She was hoping she wouldn't be seeing him again but you never could tell here. She walked past him, careful to keep a good bit of distance between them, and sloshed out of the water, heading for the umbrella and Robert. She didn't look back although she just knew he was watching her butt swinging from side to side as she walked away from him.

Robert was awake. "Nice swim?"

"Swim was nice. Coming back up here wasn't so nice."

A concerned look from Robert. "What's that about?"

"A guy, had to be from here, came out in the water where I was swimming. Nearly ran into him. I'm sure he was hitting on me." She smiled. "Glad I didn't run into him because I'm sure his hands would have been all over me helping me stand up."

"We don't need that but, you are hittable you know. Particularly like you are now."

"I'm about ready to put my suit back on as it is." She looked at Robert. "And you haven't had yours off yet."

"Did the 'hit man' have his suit on?"

"Um, no. I did check him out though. No stiffie."

"Yeah, well that's why I don't take mine off."

"Because you will or won't have one." A little giggle from her.

"Ha," he said, untied the string on his suit, raised his hips and slid the trunks off. "There," he said jauntily.

"My, my. Sometimes you surprise me. But bad timing since we need to go to the market to pick up my bikini. Unless, of course, you'd prefer that I go by myself so you can just lay here naked and attract a few females over here to ogle you."

"I am a little hot, temperature wise," he added, just to clarify things. "I may go to the ocean for a bit."

"Counting waves?" she teased.

"Probably."

"Okay." She was already putting her suit on. "I'll go ahead and see you in a bit."

"Be careful. You look as good with that suit on as you do with it off."

She walked away, shaking her head, but smiling.

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The road was not nearly so dusty this afternoon as the slight morning breeze had died away and it was simply hot out here in the sun. But the colors hadn't changed and the beauty around her allowed the walk to be very enjoyable. At the little stall, the wizened lady saw her and smiled, that somewhat toothless but never-the-less very warming smile.

"Suit ready," she said, reaching under the counter and pulling out a small, brown bag. The smile stayed there while Jenna opened the bag. The suit was there, the beautiful material exactly as she remembered it. She held up the top. It would cover her . . . barely. Then the bottoms. On the front, just under the waist band, which was a waist band in name only, sewn carefully into the material, somehow, was 'Jenna'. When she put those bottoms on, it would be so low that she thought that maybe it should say, 'Jenna's' since that was about where it would be. She turned it around and could see, just above the right leg area and in smaller letters, 'A-y-a-n-n-a'.

"Ah-yahn-nah," she pronounced very carefully.

"My name," the lady echoed, still smiling.

"Thank you," Jenna said, very sincerely. This is beautiful."

"You like try on?" she said, gesturing toward a curtain at the back of the stall.

A quick thought. "Sure," Jenna replied and headed toward the curtain, the lady stepping aside to let her pass.

It was a tiny area for sure, probably just large enough for her to change suits. She took her top off and put the new top on. She was able to tie the string around her neck but couldn't reach the one behind. She'd need the lady's help with that. But, holding it in place it seemed to fit perfectly. The lady's 'I see you' seemed to be enough to get the size just right. She slipped the bottom off and carefully put on the new one. It was small. About another quarter of an inch smaller and it would be showing more than she wanted shown. She wasn't good at estimating but there had to be six or eight inches or more of her showing between her navel and the bottom of that suit. Thank goodness most of her time in the sun here had been spent nude or she would be nothing but tan lines.

She stepped to the curtain and pulled it back a tiny bit. "Ayanna, could you please tie this."

"Sure," she answered, stepping to the curtain and jerking it open as Jenna frantically fought to keep herself covered. "There, all tied. How you like?"

Jenna stepped out into the better light and tried to look at herself.

"Sorry, no mirror," Ayanna told her.

"It fits perfectly," she said, astounded at how small it seemed but how it did cover all the key areas. She was anxious to see herself in the mirror in her room.

"Good," Ayanna nodded.

Jenna took the little wallet she had brought with her, pulled out three tens and a five. "US dollars okay," she asked. It was the original amount that Ayanna had suggested.

"They the best," Ayanna replied, eagerly watching the money in Jenna's hand. She took it when Jenna held it out to her. "Too much," she said, counting the money. "Not sure I have change."

"You keep it," Jenna said, gently patting the wrinkled hand. "This is beautiful and I love it. It's worth what I gave you."

"You nice lady. Thank you." Ayanna made a half-bow to Jenna.

But now, Jenna was trying to decide. Wear it back or change? Easy decision. She didn't want to go back to that little area behind the curtain and, she was covered . . . mostly. She'd just walk back and surprise Robert.

As she neared the resort, she realized that they hadn't made any plans on where to meet. Was he still at the beach or back in their room? Robert was so logical that she just knew he'd still be at the beach since they hadn't made other plans so she went straight there. Sure enough, he was nestled under the umbrella and she walked over to join him, passing the snack bar and a good portion of the other people to get there.

Robert spotted her when she was almost to the umbrella. "Holy shit," he said, just staring at her. Then he chuckled. "You know why I looked around and just saw you?"

"No. Did you hear me or something?"

"No. Everyone at the snack bar was suddenly looking this way and I was just checking to see what was causing that."

"That's not true," she said, frowning at him.

"Scout's honor. A lot of them are still looking."

She sat down and quickly looked over at the snack bar. It was true. She couldn't decide whether to cheer or to be embarrassed. It was definitely new territory for her. She might have to explore it a little more completely.

"What there is of that thing, the material is beautiful. I love it. Stand up a second and turn your back toward me," he said, a sly smile on his face.

Hesitantly, she did as he asked.

"That's quite a delectable ass you have there, Mrs. Jenna."

She was almost getting used to hearing that.

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They headed back to the room to get ready for dinner . . . and whatever followed. Robert had his trunks back on.

"So, being naked with other naked people, were you able to keep that thing under control?" she asked teasingly.

"Pretty much, until you showed up."

She wacked him on the arm . . . but it was a nice compliment.

They showered, dressed a little more modestly and headed to the courtyard for dinner. Tonight was native dish night and they had no idea what that might be.

When it was served, they still had no idea what it might be, so they asked.

"Salt fish and green figs," the lady serving them said, then smiled. "It's shredded cod and the figs are what you call bananas. It's spicy and you should love it." She poured each of them a glass of wine and moved on with her business. Both of them had eaten cod, of course, but never cooked green bananas. Plus, spicy could be a little questionable as well as neither of them were Jalapeno fans either. A few tentative bites and they could hardly eat fast enough. Delicious was their consensus. And the wine was delicious too. A few more glasses and they'd be ready for the evening, whatever it held.

They were sitting by themselves tonight as no one had joined them for the dinner. Probably a third of the tables were like that so they didn't feel left out. After all of her thoughts earlier today, Jenna couldn't help but look around, at the males at the other tables that were close to them. She could be with one of them before much longer. She finished her second glass of wine, held the glass high and it was refilled in seconds. She still wondered how much Robert had paid to get all of this but wasn't about to ask him.

"So," he said to her after a span of silence. "I wonder what clever thing they'd have us do tonight?"

"You mean to match us up with someone?"

He looked at her a little strangely, his eyebrows raised. She had said it fairly plainly. "Yeah. Just wondering."

Despite what she'd decided, the wine certainly helped to loosen any knots or twist-ties or whatever, that were holding her back. She'd known that a little before, but it was much more apparent here. Her third glass would be empty before things started and she would probably be working on her fourth. The glasses weren't overly large so she wasn't sucking down huge quantities of mind-numbing alcohol and she didn't want to have so much that she'd pass out and not know what had happened to her. She had to giggle a little at that thought.

Before she knew it, that man was standing at the microphone as he had done the last two nights.

"Okay, everyone. Ready for another adventure?"

Several loud yesses and some cheers. It sounded like people were ready. Jenna looked at Robert and he back at her. She couldn't help but wonder what he was thinking.

"As usual," the voice said, "we have to separate you. Women to my right and men to my left."

Jenna stood up, gave Robert a kiss, which he returned rather sensuously, and she was off to the other end. The big fountain in the middle did an effective job of not letting one end see what was happening on the other end.

"The usual numbering off," he said.

There were 28 on each end this time, down a little from the first two days. Evidently some were opting out of the 'activity'. Jenna wondered.

There was a lady with a glass fish bowl filled with small balls, like a bingo game. She was instructing the ladies.

"At the other end," she began, "the men are each receiving a blanket. They will go to the beach where, I should note, the tide is out, so plenty of hard sand. Each man will pick a spot and sit down, covering himself totally with the blanket. This bowl," she held it up, "contains 28 numbers and each of you will draw a number. Once all of you have a number, the person who has the number one will go to the beach and choose one of the covered men. After that, you're free to go wherever and do whatever." She laughed as did about all of the women gathered there. I'll keep a watch here and in 30 seconds, number two will go and select. Thirty seconds more and number three and so on. Good luck and enjoy yourselves."

The lady standing next to Jenna nudged her. "It's not myself that I'm here to enjoy," she said with a knowing laugh.

"Good point," Jenna replied and headed for the fish bowl. She reached in and checked her ball. Number 25. She knew it didn't matter what number you got. It wasn't like choosing a present at a party or something, where the first person would get the best gift. Still, human nature being what it is, she'd wanted a lower number. Robert was out there, covered with a blanket and one of the ladies standing here with her, or the one already headed to the beach, would choose him. She looked around but knew it wouldn't do any good for her to pick one for him. It didn't work that way.

It was a long 11 or 12 minutes that she had to wait. Robert was probably already being led off by someone. She sighed, not able to keep from wondering what he'd be up to in the next hour or two. Useless thoughts she decided and the lady called, "Number 25," and she was beach bound.

She knew there'd only be four blankets left when she got there and was sure the man, whoever she chose, would be happy to be free of its confines as it hadn't cooled off much when the sun went down. She tried to decide as she walked, how she'd make her choice. Nearest? Farthest away? Biggest? Smallest? She finally decided to just wait till she got there and then decide. She followed the path and soon was at the beach. Sure enough, four blankets with large lumps under them. She decided on the farthest away, went to it, said "Hello," and lifted the blanket

"Whew," he said, standing up, and then added, "thank you."

Jenna was not tall at all. He was even shorter than she was. He wasn't 25 either, more like 45 or 55. She wondered if this was the time to say, "Stop," and go back to her room. Of course, that might be awkward as well since Robert could be there with . . . She decided she'd just go on and see what happened.

"Edgar," he said crisply, extending his hand.

"Jenna," she replied shaking it.

"Listen, shall we go on in?" It obviously wasn't really a question as he was already heading back toward the building.

So, she following along slightly behind this little man who was struggling to manage the blanket as he walked, a rather quaint looking walk at that. It was fascinating to watch, particularly as he got into the soft sand. This was obviously slightly foreign territory to him and he was awkward and she thought, a little self-conscious doing it. At the door, he fumbled with the blanket for a moment, then opened it for her.

"Wait here," he said, obviously an order. "I have to take this to the main lobby." He disappeared around the corner of the hallway, the blanket dragging behind him.

Jenna took a deep breath, her eyes wide as she giggled softly. This was not Mario by a long shot. And it certainly wasn't Lars. He was quickly back, walking very briskly without the blanket to impede him. He opened the stairway door, put his hand on her back and ushered her through.

"At the top, turn right." Again, crisp and obviously an order, not a suggestion. He followed her up and she couldn't help but wonder if he was watching her butt very carefully as it was certainly right in front of his face. "Two fifteen," he said and she was amazed that he could make even a simple number sound like some kind of order or command. She stopped at 215 and he reached around her and opened the door, obviously unlocked.

Once inside, he gestured to a chair and she sat down, he quickly following.

"So, Jenna it is, right?"

She nodded and smiled, feeling like she should snap out, "YES SIR," to his question. This could be interesting but she wasn't certain in what way.

"What did you think of the way of selecting partners tonight?" This sounded a little more like a genuine expression of his curiosity.

"It worked," she said. "I would have trouble figuring out different ways to get that done for sure."

"I've been coming here with my wife for 10 years or so, missing a few when arrangements couldn't be made. I've done this one once or twice."

"It's obviously not the best for the men," she smiled, "being stuck under that hot blanket."

"It's been made well worthwhile by your selecting me," he said, a very different tone to his voice now, his face lit by a very broad smile.

"Well, thank you," she said returning his smile, wondering if it was going to worthwhile for her.

"Where are you from and what do you and your husband do for al living if I may ask?" He leaned forward, elbows on knees.

"We're from Ohio, and I'm a dental hygienist and my husband is an engineer. You?" She didn't feel the need to say USA as he was obviously from the USA as well.

"My wife and I live in Connecticut. I'm an investment banker in New York City and she's an attorney there as well. You look young," he said, checking her very carefully from head to toe, a little more she decided than was needed to tell her age. But, with what might be coming, she told herself, nothing wrong with that. "Would this be your first time here?"

For the, she wasn't sure how many times, she related the story of how they'd happened there.

"My goodness, this must be a real adventure for you then. And I'm fortunate enough tonight to be a part of it. And hopefully, a good part.

The vote was still being counted on that, waiting for the late results from Cook County. She had to chuckle to herself at that thought.

"You say you've been coming for 10 years or so. You and your wife must enjoy it then."

"Very much so. Like you, it was quite an adventure the first time. But I was 34 and she was 32 that first year so," he glanced at her again, "I imagine a few years older than you are right now."

She could tell him her age but there was no real reason to.

"Life was so hectic, is so hectic, in New York that we barely had time to eat and sleep let alone other more interesting and entertaining things. So, we spend a week here and that's our big fling for the year." He emphasized "big fling" by throwing his arms out to the side. "We've come to planning some things for the week, how we'll do certain things, as I'm sure you'll see in a while. We try to make the most of our time here for sure."

So, what was going to happen tonight wasn't going to 'just happen' like the first night with Mario or even last night with Lars. It was somehow planned. What had she gotten herself into by selecting that farthest away blanket?

"So, you work in New York City but live in Connecticut?"

"Oh yes, many, many do that. It gives a small semblance of normalcy to our lives. Now that both my children are grown and gone, we've considered selling the house as it's far too large for just the two of us, even with the maid we have."

"A maid?" Jenna couldn't relate very well to that and was surprised that she had just blurted it out. She was kind of fumbling with chatter, a little wary of what might be ahead. Deep down, she knew she was probably just delaying but couldn't help but be suspicious of someone who was carefully choreographing the evening, if that's what he was doing.

"Yes, a maid. Corrine insists on that. Actually, she's kind of a combination maid, cook, cleaning lady and," he chuckled, "butler too I guess."

"Sorry. I didn't mean to snoop into your life. It's just that, I'm my own maid." She had to laugh at that.

Edgar laughed too. "That's the way we were at first too, that is, with my first wife, Caroline." He saw a puzzled/interested look cross Jenna's face. "Breast cancer," he added. She's the mother of Brent and Natalie. She and I came her together first, and now I come with my second wife.

The expression on Edgar's face had changed drastically, but only for a moment. He had obviously drifted back into his past and the look told Jenna it was a pleasant journey back. Quickly though, he returned.

"If I may be so bold, you seem like a person that I would just enjoy having as a friend. First impression you know. You may see, later in the week should we run into each other, that Corrine is," his face reddened slightly as he paused, "a typical trophy wife."

Jenna's eyes widened at that. She was just sitting there and Edgar, an acquaintance of 15 minutes was telling her things she didn't really need to know. She thought that "TMI" might be in order here but yet, perhaps knowing a little more about him would make the rest of their time together a little more . . . comfortable?

Edgar was continuing. "She's 25. Was in the top 10 in the Miss Connecticut contest a few years ago. Still looks that way too." A sly smile crossed his face. "She's enjoying spending my money and, well, you know, that's what money's for, right? Spending and enjoying. We're both getting a little of what we want there, hopefully a lot of what we want. It's kind of an understanding."

So, Jenna thought. Here she was, plain old Jenna, not ugly certainly, but not in the top 10 of any beauty contests either. When she'd pulled the blanket off, back on the beach, and she'd see him, she had one picture of what might happen tonight. Now, as he talked, the picture was shifting just a mite.

Edgar wasn't through though. "We each get what we want. I won't go into any detail about that." Another big smile her way. "I'll just let you imagine for now. Maybe later, you'll think differently."

Jenna was sure he was very adept at pulling her in one direction and then pushing her another. She had no idea what might be about to happen with this very different little man but she found herself actually anticipating what it might be. He wasn't exactly tormenting her but was rather tantalizing her with his talk.

"That's a little, or maybe a whole lot of why I'll be selling the house. There's no chance of either of the children coming back to stay with us. They're not too happy about my choice of a replacement for their mother and have made it clear they do not want to see her at all. When Brent graduated from Yale, he took a job in Phoenix, I think so he could be as far from me as possible. Natalie graduated from Vassar. I'm not sure if she took a cue from Brent, but she's in Seattle." He sighed. "This is tougher than any of my banking issues. I'm working to break down their walls. We'll see." He kind of shook his head as he looked Jenna in the eye.

"I hope you have good luck on that," she said. "We don't have children yet but plan to. So, nothing yet to compare it to but it must be hard."

"Yes. And, glad to hear you want a family too." Then, a big laugh from Edgar. "We've certainly drifted from where you thought the evening might go, right?"

A touch of rosy cheeks for Jenna. "That's true." She did think, though, that she would be much more appreciative and accepting of whatever it was that Edgar had "planned" for her. "Still," she added, "there are lots of enjoyable things that can happen, and not all of them are related to . . .umm."

A big smile from Edgar. "So very true," he said. "You are certainly not what I expected you to be," he added. She wanted to say amen to that in his regard as well. "And, I can't help but wondering what Corrine is up to as well." No reply from Jenna and he looked away from her. "Someone will be having a time," he said, surprising her with a big smile. "Perhaps your husband."

Now Jenna had something to say. "I doubt that," she began. "Last night that's exactly what happened and I doubt that lightning will strike twice, even with the small group we are."

"Oh my," he said, moving his head from side to side. "You just sort of . . . traded."

"We didn't know it at the time but afterward, when we met back in the courtyard, that's what had happened."

"Was that awkward? I mean, I'm sure it could be."

"Actually not," Jenna said, remembering back. "And, this morning, we had breakfast together. A couple from Sweden. Very blond and Swedish looking too."

"Astrid?" he asked, a curious look on his face.

"You know her?" Jenna questioned, a little amazed at how things seemed to be working at this resort.

"I met her two nights ago. I probably shouldn't say more than that."

He didn't need to say any more. Jenna could imagine for sure plus, Astrid seemed to be perfectly able to take care of Robert the following night so she had managed to survive her time with Edgar with no apparent damage. That was a bit reassuring for her as she was anticipating whatever was going to happen actually beginning fairly soon.

Edgar stood up and Jenna was sure she had anticipated correctly.

"Jenna, what I have planned is a little different, and I would imagine there's at least a 90% chance you have never experienced it before. We could establish a "safe word" but that's kind of silly. I respond well to 'stop'. And that's fine with me. You won't offend me and, from our brief conversation so far, I'm sure that would be a concern of yours. Don't let it be. I understand that it might be something you don't want to do so just tell me to stop at any time." He looked at her questioningly.

Somehow, what he was saying wasn't doing anything to alleviate the doubts that were bouncing around in her head which, in turn, were being buffeted by the unanswered questions there as well. That first night with Mario, what happened wasn't something that she had particularly wanted to do. And, last night with Lars, on the patio, that wasn't something she had particularly wanted to do either. But they had been done and she'd had no inclination to say 'stop' in either case. She had simply enjoyed them, despite her doubts and questions.

"So far, in this strange week I've been having, totally by accident, I haven't felt the need to say stop, despite all the questions that I've asked myself, over and over. So, I don't expect to do it tonight either. Plus," and she laughed aloud, "you don't strike me as an evil person."

Edgar joined her in the laugh. "Thank you," he said, bowing his head to her. "A man with too much money, an obvious trophy wife, and two children unhappy with his life choices. But not an evil man for sure. You're totally safe here. Shall we get started?"

A little awkward for sure but, "Certainly, why not."

"My guess is that you were a bit naked on both of the last two evenings. True?"

She wished her checks would stop getting that rose color. "Yes," she said demurely.

"Let's begin there then."

With Mario, it had been her that had suggested getting naked, and they had both done that. With Lars, he had suggested it but again, it was both of them. Edgar didn't appear at all like he was about to shed his clothing. Just that would make this evening different for sure. So, slowly, she simply took off her clothes and stood there, feeling just a little exposed.

"You're quite lovely," he said, smiling at her. He had looked, but he wasn't overly, well, gawking or ogling her as she might have expected him to do when she first met him. She was actually beginning to eagerly anticipate whatever it was that Edgar had awaiting her.

"I'll be right back," he said and shuffled off to the bedroom. She heard some noises and he was back, carrying something she had never seen before. He carefully set it on the floor. "You know what that is?" he asked, gesturing to it.

Jenna circled it, puzzled, as she had certainly not seen anything like it and had no idea what it might be. Except, of course, since he had brought it out it had to have something to do with what was about to happen. "I have no idea," she finally admitted.

"It's called a Sybian," he explained, not enlightening her much at all.

"Should I ask what it's for?" she ventured.

"You'll be finding that out soon," he said, smiling at her in a very satisfied manner.

She still looked puzzled. While she stood naked and observed she didn't know what, he was into the bedroom and back with a cardboard box. He opened the box and held it toward her. She was sure her eyes got very wide. She didn't know why they were in the box but it certainly wasn't difficult to see what they were for.

"I shouldn't toy with you this way," he finally said. "Let me just show you what this is and we'll go from there. He reached in the box and took out an electrical cord and a little control with some dials, also with a cord. He attached both cords to the semi-circularly entity he had brought out first, then plugged the one into the wall socket. "I'll just select one of these for the demonstration. Your choice when the time comes." He reached into the box and took out one of the attachments while she continued looking inside.

Her choice? She looked. Maybe she should watch the demonstration before she made a choice. He was fiddling down there on the floor and finally stood up with the control in his hand.

"Ready?"

She was standing there naked. She was ready for something.

He turned one of the dials and the Sybian, he had called it, began to hum. The attachment he had put on had something that looked very much like a penis standing straight up. Now he turned the other dial and that penis thing began to move as well. It wasn't rotating but whatever was under it was making it look like it was. It was also bending and - she had certainly never seen anything like that before, even in the few fantasies she'd had.

"Check this," he instructed. It began to move a little faster, the twisting and bending becoming even more intense. Now her mind was working and she was realizing what that thing would be doing. Or at least the attachment she'd be choosing as he'd said she'd be doing. She didn't know quite how to respond to this.

Now he was turning the other dial and the buzzing was getting louder and she could see the front end of the attachment with the little nubs on it, was beginning to vibrate much more rapidly. Lights were blinking on in her head as she watched that too. This wasn't a boy/girl thing. This was strictly for her.

"I won't turn it any further," he said. "It gets pretty loud."

Now she looked at Edgar, not willing to let it pass. "What about you?" she asked innocently enough.

"Don't you worry about me right now," he said, smiling back at her. "Just watching and listening to you will be plenty for me."

Watching and listening. Like a show. She'd be putting on a show for him, with his help of course. She was sure he'd have the control box.

"Remember," he added. "You can stop at any time." Then a very sly smile from him. "But honestly, I hope you don't."

She was thinking and she decided to just speak her thoughts. "This is very different," she began. "I've never been here before or done anything like this before. But for some reason, I trust you. I've started and I don't plan to back out now, okay?" Those were most of her present thoughts, but not all. She had some other ideas, about when her time on the Sybian was complete, and what would happen then.

"That makes me happy, and no worries," he assured her. "Now let me get things ready. While I'm doing that you can make your choice of attachments from the box."

While Edgar was pulling a little table out from the wall, Jenna was sorting through the box. She had no idea which would be the best choice. Some were short and thin. Some were short and a little fatter. Some were longer and thin, and thick. Some looked like a penis. Some had ribs that ran from top to bottom. One had a ball on the end, about the size of a golf ball she guessed. It had "G-spot Special" embossed on the top. None looked quite like Robert or Mario or Lars. She finally decided on one that looked more "normal" than the rest of them. But it did have those ribs running from top to bottom. She also noticed that the front end was covered with lots of little nubs - she thought she knew what those were for.

Edgar had the table in the middle of the room now and had gone to the bedroom and gotten a pillow. The pillow was on the table and the Sybian was resting on the pillow. He had pulled an ottoman next to this arrangement. He opened a little packet and handed her the contents, an alcohol wipe. She actually appreciated his concern as she carefully cleaned the attachment she had selected. It was about five inches long, normal thickness she thought, with those ribs from top to bottom. Satisfied, she handed him the used wipe and he tossed it into the waste basket.

Next, he handed her another packet he had opened. Small letters on the packet said, "Personal Lubricant Jelly." No instructions needed for that. She squeezed some on her hand and carefully applied it to attachment, including the nubs at the front. Edgar, always the thoughtful one, handed her a towel. There was still some lubricant in the packet. She had no idea if what she had applied on the plastic penis would be enough. She could use the rest on herself. She took a deep breath. Could she really do that, with Edgar watching. 'That's what Edgar does', flashed through her mind. He watches. So, she spread her legs, squeezed more on her hand and carefully worked it into that opening that was about to receive something else as well. She glanced over and Edgar was smiling. He again handed her the towel and she wiped her hands. For about the tenth time this week she wondered just who she was.

"I guess I'm ready," she volunteered.

"Great," Edgar replied. "Let me give you a hint. There's no really graceful was to get on this thing. So, if you'd like, since it may be a little awkward, I'll turn my back until you tell me you're ready."

Under the circumstances and based on what had already happened and what she was sure was going to happen, that seemed unnecessary. "No need to do that," she said. "I may need your help," she added with a giggle.

"Suit yourself," he said and took a step closer

As Jenna approached the ottoman and was ready to climb on the Sybian, for some reason she pictured Robert being there rather than Edgar. She felt herself blushing slightly at that thought. Yet, here she was, doing it in front of a complete stranger, and that wasn't causing her to blush at all. She was anticipating somewhat eagerly what was going to happen. This was a whole separate world, where she didn't act or react like she did in that other world. It was puzzling, but very exciting too.

On the ottoman, she swung one leg up over the Sybian. But she was stuck now.

"Let me help," Edgar said, dropping the control and stepping to her side. "Give me your hand." She did and it steadied her. "Put your foot on the edge of the table here," he directed her. When she did that it was easy to sit astride the back of the Sybian. Edgar let loose of her hand and retrieved the control. Using the foot perched on the edge of the table she raised herself and moved forward. Slowly she lowered herself, searching, until she felt the attachment in just the right place. A little more very slow lowering and she was sitting comfortably with the device inside of her. She leaned forward and rested her hands on the front edge of the Sybian and could feel the nubs gently rubbing her clit. Even like this it felt excitingly different.

"A suggestion," Edgar began. "If you just sit there with your legs hanging down freely and leaning forward as you're doing, you'll get the full effect of . . . well, what's going to happen. You can put your feet on the edge of the table if you feel the need to. You'll know," he nodded and smiled.

She wasn't sure what she might feel or what she might do. Only time would tell.

"If you're ready, I'll start."

She nodded.

There was a sound from under her and that something inside of her was moving. No way to describe the movement - it was just moving. It was touching everything inside where it was in its turning. She had never understood about G-spots or whether she had one or not and she certainly wasn't sure about that now - she just knew that what she was feeling was incredibly different with an emphasis on the incredible. She saw Edgar's hand move, and the movement inside of her speeded up. She knew there was more coming but she was very satisfied with what was happening right now. Another movement from Edgar and it was going faster again. She realized she was rocking back and forth on the Sybian and quickly knew why. She was gently grinding herself against the little nubs.

Edgar saw that too. A gentle turn of the second dial and a new humming sound began. Jenna stopped the rocking and just leaned forward. She was beginning to breath a little harder. She opened her eyes and Edgar was watching her, smiling.

"Ready?" he asked.

'Ready for what?' she thought.

A quick hand movement, the hum was instantly louder. Jenna squealed and thought she might be flying off into space as her clit was being stimulated like never before. Then it was quickly back to where it had been and she was staring, wide-eyed at Edgar.

"How was that?" he chuckled.

"You have to ask?" she gasped, clutching tightly to her hold on the front of the Sybian. The vibrations hadn't stopped totally and, of course, that penis-thing was still doing its work.

"We'll go a little more gradually this time," he encouraged her.

But it was getting louder and louder and the vibrations were increasing and those nubs were doing their work and Jenna thought she would explode. She knew she was moaning but she couldn't help it. She was losing control of everything about herself. Then it slowed again.

"A short break," Edgar said. "Your thoughts on your first Sybian ride."

She was trying to focus on him. She wasn't sure her brain was capable of thinking right at the moment. She also realized that they were just getting started.

"That's something," she finally got out. "Amazing."

"I thought you'd like it. Corrine is addicted to it. She can stay on it until she'd too sore to do it any longer."

The way he was looking at her she knew he was challenging her to try to match Corrine. Jenna knew she was competitive. She knew that from her swimming career. But this? She certainly wasn't sore yet but could see how that could easily happen. Addicted might be the totally appropriate word.

"I'm going to be controlling things for your first time through," he said. "It will be a little teasing and tormenting and tantalizing and who knows what else. You'll know what else of course. So, here we go."

'First time through,' she thought. How many times would there be? Lars had showed her she could at least do twice. More?

The sound was getting louder again and she was sure the penis-thing was moving faster as well. She couldn't believe how good that, all by itself, felt but with the vibration. The vibrations were getting more intense, so much so that the penis-thing was vibrating too. The feelings from her clit were spreading throughout her whole body, tingling, lightning flashes, shaking she couldn't control. And then it was backed off again. She hoped Edgar was enjoying this but he couldn't be nearly as much as she was.

Another power-burst, her body twisting so hard her hands slipped off the front of the Sybian and Edgar had to grab her arm to steady her. She was trying to open her eyes, to see what his enjoyment looked like but it wasn't easy.

"Do you like those bursts?" he asked innocently.

Do you like being blasted into orbit. Do you like feelings impossible to describe. Do you like feelings that it's impossible to imagine, let alone experience. She could only look at him.

"I'll take that as a yes," he said, and she got another.

She wondered if they could hear her squeals in the rooms next door. Breathing was becoming a chore. She could feel the perspiration that she knew had to be glistening on her body. She was gripping the front of the Sybian so hard it was hurting her fingers. She wondered why Edgar hadn't touched her, other than her hand and arm and a hand on her back. Maybe later.

Through squinting eyes, she could see that Edgar had a rather determined look on his face. She decided she might know what that meant but was sure she was about to find out.

The hum began growing again, the vibrations attacking her clit in a wonderful way. Very slowly they increased, pausing for a moment, then increasing again. Feelings were rocketing through her once more. She pressed herself forward eagerly, increasing her clit's press against the nubs. Another increase. How much more could she stand? Something was gathering. Something was growing. A light was swallowing her. She was beginning to vibrate - her whole body. She could hear her moans even above the loud humming. On and on and on it went until she could only gasp out, "Please!"

The vibrations stopped abruptly and the twisting and turning of the penis-thing slowed drastically. She heard Edgar's voice, very close to her head.

"That was beautiful," he said softly. "We'll rest a while."

'We,' she thought. Why did he need rest? He was just twisting dials and watching her orgasm. Now there was a word. It should be ORGASM!" She'd certainly never done anything like that before. She'd orgasmed many times, but had never ORGASMED like this one before.

"Are these things expensive?" she got out between gasps.

"Kind of," he answered. "You can check online when you get home."

She would certainly check but she was sure they were way more than Robert would want to pay. She too probably. Maybe by the time they got home she'd have forgotten a little of what it felt like. Maybe.

"On this next one, you can give me instructions on what to do," Edgar was saying.

"How many next ones will there be?" she asked feebly.

"Up to you," Edgar laughed back to her. "As long as you don't break the machine."

How many would it take to break the machine she wondered and realized how silly that sounded. Her brain wasn't functioning quite normally yet. Endorphin overload perhaps. But what kind of instructions was she going to give him. During the first one she could barely think, let alone talk. Maybe just tell him to turn it to the highest setting and let it go. Sure, and they'd have to call the coroner after that. She wondered if her clit could swell up way too much and just explode. This thing was having tons more effect on her than she could have ever imagined.

"Do you want to get off for a minute and rest like that?"

"On no. I'm fine," she said thinking about round two. Would it be like the first? Better? That seemed impossible. Worse? It could be a lot worse and still be the best. Might as well get going, she decided. Her breathing was nearly normal again. She looked at Edgar who seemed to have a continuous smile on his face. She decided he really did enjoy this. "Start off gently," she said.

"Both?" he asked.

"You decide on the . . . " what to call it? "The penis-thing," she finally said. "I'll tell you on the other."

The vibrations began and the wiggling inside. She was wondering if she'd be sore inside since she wasn't quite used to that. She didn't want to ruin it for later, when she got together with Robert.

"On second thought," she said, "not very fast at all on that thing, okay."

"You're the boss." Now Edgar could concentrate on the single dial.

"A little more." She was still having trouble believing this. She was sure some women gave instructions to their sex partner about what they liked and what to do and when. She never had, but was now, although Edgar wasn't exactly a sex partner - yet?

"Good?" he asked. She nodded. It was way more than good.

"A lot more," she ventured and got what she asked for as it was close to where it had been the first time. She flipped her head to tell him more and she got more.

The feelings were rising again, gathering down there and then racing through her body, firing every nerve, making her twitch and shake and vibrate nearly as fast as the machine was. She was actually squealing this time until she finally got out, "Stop. Stop." Everything stopped, except her body's shaking. "Enough," she murmured. "I don't need to set any records. And that wasn't the big STOP, just a little one."

"You better just sit there a while," he suggested. She nodded agreement. She wondered.

"Did you enjoy it?" she asked, trying to smile.

"How shall I say it?" he began. "It was pure ecstasy just watching you. It seemed like, for you, I wasn't here at all. You were totally lost in a world of euphoria, swallowed in full by what was happening to you. It was beautiful. You may blush if you want, as you are, but that makes it more meaningful. That means it was totally honest. Plus, there's no more beautiful sound in the world than that of a woman orgasming."

Now she was blushing even more. She wondered if, by the time this week was over, the blushing would stop. It hadn't so far, so probably not. But what he said was very nice. She was actually glad he'd enjoyed it.

"Ready to climb down?"

"I can try."

Edgar laid the controller down and came beside the Sybian to help her. She was able to put both feet on the table and slowly stand up, freeing herself from that thing that had certainly added to her pleasure.

"It surprises you, doesn't it?"

"Sure does." Was she blushing again?

She swung a leg over the Sybian so that both feet were on the same side of the table, Edgar directly behind her, holding her hand for support. She carefully backed down to the ottoman and then to the floor.

"I must say, at the risk of causing another blush, you have a delightful ass."

Of course, there was a blush, and what the heck was going on with that. She was three for three on ass compliments, something she would never have dreamed of before. She had heard of "hand models". Maybe, if she was that good, she should be an "ass model." She was sure Edgar was wondering why she was grinning so broadly. She turned to him.

"Now it's your turn," she said very sensuously.

"What do you mean?"

"You've had your enjoyment watching me. But you were a little "uninvolved" if you know what I mean."

"I'm satisfied," he said, taking a step backward.

Although she knew it sounded ludicrous after what had just happened to her, she responded. "I'm not satisfied though."

"How can you not be satisfied?" he said, fumbling for words. The investment banker was looking a little flummoxed. And naked Jenna was moving toward him.

"The first part was what you wanted, and I did just what you asked. The second part is mine."

"No, you don't understand." Taking another step backward, he awkwardly collapsed onto the couch.

Jenna hovered over him. "I want what I want now." She was in 'Mario let's get naked' mode, only on steroids.

Edgar looked a mite terrified. Jenna had her hands on his belt and he was struggling with her just a bit. She was relentless though and wondering why he was fighting her. He loved her ass. How about the rest of her?

"I'm not going to give up," she said, finally getting the belt loose. Then she pulled the zipper down.

"Please," he murmured.

She ignored his please and began pulling his pants down. A little surprisingly, he lifted his hips. The boxers followed and there he was. Maybe at half-staff. After all of what had happened, he was only half way there?

Suddenly it dawned. She had seen the ads on TV. She had wondered that stuff was really true. Now it was making sense, what had happened and what Edgar had done. And, what he had said. Trophy wife. Sybian that she loved. Still, it was outside of her experience. For about the umpteenth time, she wondered.

She took hold of it and looked up at Edgar. He looked as if he'd like to just disappear into space. But, still. She bent and took it in her mouth. She began to move up and down, her tongue working. One hand gently squeezed his balls as she began to work harder and harder. She wasn't about to give up. A few more movements, her cheeks pulling in as she sucked hard. She looked up at him and his expression was changing. And that wasn't all that was changing. Her mouth was being filled more and more with each passing second. She heard what she wanted to hear.

"Oh shit, that feels so good," he mumbled and she felt his hands on her head. Plus, his hips were beginning to accompany her mouth. She was sure it must have been a while since this had happened for him. More movement, more moans and grunts, hands gripping her hair, pushing him into her face.

"Jenna, Jenna, Jenna, it's cuming."

She let loose with her mouth and finished with her hand, nearly covering her breasts and belly with his hot, milky fluid. He was leaning back against the couch, still groaning. She watched his deep breathing, the small investment banker with the big house, and the trophy wife, and now, the very large erection beginning to droop just a bit.

"So," she said, a little smugly she guessed.

"I guess more than your ass is nice," he said, chuckling. "You made it work."

"I'm glad," she said.

"I'm glad you picked my blanket," he added.

"Karma perhaps."

"I'll go with that. You're sure not what I expected."

Nothing that had happened this week was what she'd expected.

"Don't move," he said, quickly standing up and arranging his pants. He took a couple of steps and grabbed the towel she had used before. "Let me," he said with a big smile that she returned. He carefully wiped her breasts and stomach, his hand purposely slipping off the towel and sliding across her breast. Another wipe and another slip. She wanted to tell him to just go ahead but he seemed very content with what he had done. It was enough to get her nipples hard once more and he did seem to enjoy looking at them. He stood up and offered his hand. She took it and he helped her up, then pulled her toward the bedroom.

Her eyes widened as she wasn't sure what he might have in store but he just led her through the bedroom and into the bathroom.

"Stand there in the tub," he said and she stepped into the tub. He turned on the water and adjusted it, waiting for it to get warm. He cupped some in the palm of his hand and poured it into hers. "That okay?" he asked. It was.

He cupped more handfuls of water, then stopped. The shower in this room was a hand-held head and he took it down and flipped the lever. He gently directed the water, covering her from her shoulders to her feet. He let the head dangle as he squirted some of the liquid soap into his hands and began to wash her completely, his hands running over her breasts, over her stomach, gently between her legs, lingering, she thought, on her butt. Just the way he did it was very titillating and her nipples were even harder.

He shut the water off and dried her carefully with a very fluffy towel. Just the way he looked at her, the way he touched her, the way he did everything, made her feel, well, very, very special. Certainly not what she had expected form the way things had begun.

He helped her out of the tub and she went back to the living room and dressed herself.

"Listen," he said. "Not sure what you're used to but, if you don't mind, I'll just stay here and wait for Corrine.

"Sounds fine," Jenna answered. "I'll just pop down to the courtyard and meet Robert there."

"Robert. Well, tell Robert he's a lucky man."

"I tell him that all the time," she giggled.

"Night now."

"G'night." Jenna was out the door, down the hall and into the courtyard. No Robert yet. She sat down and quickly had a glass of that good wine. She certainly had a story to tell him about tonight. And then, back in the room . . . Oh yes.

She looked. Here came Robert - but who was he with?