**Jenna's Fourth Day**

by[PickFiction](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4046035&page=submissions)©

"Robert. What are you doing with Astrid?"

Before Robert could reply, Astrid spoke. "It's not what he's doing with Astrid, it's what he did with Astrid for the past two hours." She laughed and punched Robert in the ribs. He grimaced and winked at Jenna.

"But you two were supposed to be with a different two tonight. You were with Astrid last night."

"I followed the rules," Astrid said, trying to keep a smug look on her face. I picked a blanket, lifted it, and there was Robert."

"I tried to tell her to pick — "

Astrid interrupted. "He tried to reject me. Hurt my feelings," she said, a pouting look on her face.

"I didn't reject you I — "

Astrid interrupted again. "I told him no way and crawled under the blanket with him. I told him if I hadn't convinced him last night that I was really good, he'd have to give me another chance.

"And then she started — "

"If I needed to convince him, I didn't want to waste any time. So, well ...you want to tell her, Robert?"

"No sense in me trying, you'll just interrupt again."

Jenna was having trouble holding it together as she listened to these two trying to explain what had happened.

"So, let me guess," she said, looking from one to the other. "You stayed under the blanket for the whole time?"

"Of course we didn't — "

"There were things I wanted to do that we couldn't do under that blanket," Astrid said, interrupting again and giggling at Robert whose face was reddening a little.

"Oh, wow. Are you two going to tell me what they were?"

"Why don't we just show you?" Astrid suggested, eyebrows raised as Robert shook his head, his face reddening even more.

"I better get another glass of wine before you guys start that," Jenna teased, adding to Robert's obvious discomfort. Just four days ago she would never have imagined that she could tease like this, with Robert and someone, not quite a stranger but . . .

"What should we show her first, Robert? There are so many, this could take quite a while."

"Astrid, holy shit, you're killing me."

Robert was beginning to breathe a little hard and Jenna was beginning to wonder and was picturing in her mind what might have happened with Astrid. Astrid was a tall, blond, and beautiful Swede, and it wasn't difficult to imagine many different things happening.

Robert and Astrid had been together two nights ago when, just by chance, she had been with Lars. She'd had her turn tonight with the Sybian and its investment banker owner, that had turned out differently than he'd planned. Jenna had surprised him by making it go the way she wanted it to go, with unexpected results.

Astrid turned to Jenna. "I had a wonderful time tonight, as I expected when I saw Robert under the blanket. And I hope your time was equally enjoyable."

Jenna thought for a moment. "It was, well, very, very different, that's for sure."

"Ohhh," Astrid said, a coy smile sent Jenna's way. "You didn't say it was bad, and, very different also sounds very nice to me. You'll have to tell me about it."

Jenna's breath caught in her throat. Astrid had been good at causing a red face on Robert and had now done the same thing to her. Could she tell someone, besides Robert, about what had happened? She wasn't sure at all about that and she could tell that Astrid wasn't through.

"We have a little time as I haven't seen any sign of Lars yet. Sometimes he likes to go very slowly." She rolled her eyes, then looked at Jenna, waiting.

Trying to deflect Astrid's last comment, Jenna said, "Oh, I wonder where Lars could be?"

Astrid laughed. "Well, we know he's not with you tonight." That was for sure. Jenna remembered the night on the patio and decided he did like to go a little slow sometimes.

Between what Astrid had said, and her thoughts, Jenna's face was reddening. Despite being constantly embarrassed by Astrid, Jenna was beginning to like her.

"But," Astrid continued, "you were just starting to tell me about your evening."

"I don't think I'd said anything about that yet."

"Then, by all means, you better get started."

"Robert, don't you want to get involved in the conversation?" Jenna was verbally dancing as she debated how much to tell Astrid. She was sure Robert would like to hear what she had to say as well.

Confirming her thoughts, he said, "Naw. I just want to hear about your evening." He smiled at Astrid.

"Traitor," Jenna mumbled.

"You might as well just go ahead and tell. No sign of Lars yet."

Jenna took a deep breath, looking from Robert to Astrid and back.

"I guess you know what a Sybian is," Jenna began.

Robert's brow furrowed and Astrid's eyes widened.

"Someone here has a Sybian?" Astrid questioned, looking astounded.

"Yep, an older guy."

"Tomorrow you have to introduce me to him." Astrid giggled.

Jenna looked at Robert. "I suppose you know how they work."

"Humph, well, I don't ... I've seen them ... I'm not sure how they work." He straightened in his chair. "I think I'm going to find out though."

"Me too," Astrid added.

"How did I get into this?" Jenna lamented with a nervous laugh.

"Keep going. I'm already fascinated," Astrid teased.

"The guy, he was a little different. An investment banker with a trophy wife, who's here with him of course. All he wanted ... this is really hard, you two ... was to watch me ... " another deep breath, "on the Sybian." As she was telling them about what had happened, she could feel her body reacting to the memories.

"Beginning to sound a little kinky," Astrid said just above a whisper.

"Maybe I should take a break and let you two tell me what you did.'"

"You'll hear about it later anyway won't she, Robert? And don't leave out the really good parts." Astrid smiled knowingly at Robert.

Jenna's head snapped around as she squinted at Robert.

Robert didn't know quite how to respond to that. "I won't," he replied weakly, not quite able to keep up with Astrid.

"Okay, you've had your break. I want to hear more about the Sybian and your weird old man."

"Older," Jenna corrected. I'll tell you more ... about ... Shit, I guess I'm committed now aren't I?"

"Yeah. We can continue at breakfast if we have to. Right, Robert?"

"I don't think I'll have to wait till then," he said, glancing at Jenna. He was anticipating not only hearing, but a little physical involvement as well.

Jenna sucked it up. "The Sybian was amazing. The little ... well, not so little, thing, like a penis, twists and I'm not sure what else. It felt good, anyway. Of course, the vibration part was the best. He'd turn it faster and slower and ... I'll let you imagine the rest." She was certainly imagining it, actually trying to remember it. She could tell her body was remembering it as well. Her nipples were hardening under her blouse.

Astrid shivered. "Doesn't take a lot of imagination. But there was something about the guy too, right?"

"Oh, yeah. Him." Jenna wasn't at all sure how to go about telling this part. It might make her sound a little femme fatal-ish. She decided to just tell.

"Well, he was content to just watch and turn the dial up and down and torment me no end, but I wanted him to be a part of everything too. You know what I mean?"

"Oh yeah," the two said in unison.

Jenna was into it now, tingling a little, but ready to continue.

"So, I went after him and he tried to stop me. I wasn't going to quit, even when he said he couldn't."

"Couldn't? You mean he ..."

"Couldn't get it up," Jenna said quickly, not able to look at Robert.

"And you ... got it up?

"Yeah, that and the rest too."

Astrid whooped, a little too loud, and the few others in the courtyard looked their way.

"No wonder Lars enjoyed you so much."

That was it. Jenna could feel her face burning. Five days ago she was an innocent not-quite-newlywed, and now Astrid was teasing her about how much her husband enjoyed having sex with her. How far had she come? And how much further was she willing to go? There was still tomorrow and the next day — adventures unknown at the moment. She had already done things she had only heard about — some that she had not heard about, like the Sybian. But, she had enjoyed them all and was finding herself anxious to experience more ... more that she didn't even know existed now.

She was saved from further embarrassment by the approach of Lars.

"Hi, honey. We've missed you." Lars got a very nice kiss. "Interesting taste," Astrid added.

Lars laughed and sat down. "And there is the bewitching, Jenna, as well." Jenna felt a chill run down her spine at the sound of Lars' Swedish accent. Astrid had almost totally lost hers.

Jenna knew she looked like she'd been in the sun all day. She still wasn't quite used to the sexual chatter and innuendo. Maybe she'd get that way eventually.

"Have you people been here long?"

"Long enough to embarrass me ... time after time," Jenna said.

"Robert and I enjoyed it, though," Astrid said.

"My wine glass is empty, so I guess we should head in," Jenna suggested, smiling at Robert who immediately stood up.

"Breakfast in the morning?" Astrid asked, hopefully.

Jenna glanced at Robert. "Sure. Nine o'clock?"

"Wow. If it's nine o'clock, we better get some sleep," Lars said, a coy look on his face.

Jenna looked at Robert. "We can try," she said, knowing that wouldn't be happening for a while.

The two couples bid each other good night and headed off in slightly different directions. Jenna took hold of Robert's hand and squeezed.

"So," she giggled. "You and Astrid again. I'm gonna bet you didn't try too hard to have her pick another blanket."

He shrugged. "I tried, but she was relentless." A long sigh escaped his lips.

"You been hiding something from me?"

"Jenna, believe me. I haven't hidden a thing from you."

"I'm gonna check pretty carefully when we get to our rooms." She was looking him up and down as they walked, laughing the whole time.

When they reached their room, clothes were quickly off and, amid quiet teasing about what had happened with each earlier, they had their own very satisfying time together.

They had been here three days and Jenna had learned more than she could ever have imagined, and experienced things beyond what any of her friends had she was sure. She was amazed, given everything, that what she enjoyed most was her time with Robert, after all the other things had taken place.

Morning seemed to come way too quickly for both couples but they met right at nine and ordered big breakfasts, knowing the food would be delicious and that lunch might be an inconvenience. There was more teasing about last night and Astrid had a few more quiet questions about the Sybian.

Jenna was sure that soccer star Lars might be under pressure to purchase one.

"And by the way," Jenna confided to Astrid, "he said they're kind of expensive. Maybe around fifteen hundred dollars. I did a quick check on the Internet."

"I suppose you'll want one now," Robert said, then added quickly, "to replace me."

"Nothing could replace you," Astrid said quickly. She sent Robert a sexy smile. "Take it from me."

Lars stood up and stepped around Astrid, pulling his chair with him. He pushed it between Robert and Astrid and sat down.

"I better get between you two before you embarrass us all," he said. "Right, Jenna?"

"Amen," Jenna sighed.

"Amen?" Lars questioned.

"Her way of saying, 'right,'" Astrid explained.

"Do you guys like the beach?" Robert asked.

"You ask if two Swedes from the cold north like the warm ocean?" Lars said.

"We cannot get enough of it," Astrid added.

"Then let's go," Jenna encouraged. "I've got a new bikini that a lady at the market made for me."

"You wear a bikini?" Astrid looked incredulous.

"Haha," was the simple reply. She remembered Lars leading her through the hallway of the resort, naked, just the night before last.

An hour later, the four of them were headed to the beach, the women in their bikinis and the men in regular swimming trunks. Once there, they stripped and Jenna headed toward the water with Astrid. It was only then that she fully appreciated Astrid's, well, beauty. As they walked, probably half the eyes at the beach were on them, or, more appropriately, on Astrid. At least Jenna thought so. Tall, blond, statuesque, if not voluptuous, she was a magnet for stares.

They swam, joked, and laughed and Jenna was enjoying having so much visual attention, even if she felt she was only peripheral to it. It was just a mite hard for her to picture Robert with Astrid but, she had no doubts whatever about his love for her so, surprising herself, she was comfortable with what was happening.

When all four of them were relaxing on their blanket, Astrid said, "If you guys take a vacation next year, you need to come to Sweden and visit us. Come in the winter and we can ski."

"Thar sounds fantastic," Jenna replied, "and the same to you two. Come see us in Ohio. Lots of things to do there too."

"That would be fun too. But," Astrid feigned a glare at Lars, "Mr. International here is always busy with his football. Maybe I'll just come by myself." She laughed.

Jenna was sure Robert would like that. Plus, she couldn't help but wonder if what was happening here would carry over to vacations, or would it be confined to the island and this week. She refused to even think of what changes this week could make in their lives back in Ohio.

Astrid leaned over and picked up the top of Jenna's bikini. "I love this material. Where did you get it?"

"At the market just up the road. The lady there made it for me in an afternoon."

"Really?" She looked at Lars. "Maybe I should go see about getting one. I love this material. Is it batik?" she asked, looking back to Jenna.

"That's it. Not sure how batik gets to this island but it does."

"We've talked about going to the market." A questioning look toward Lars.

"I'll go if he doesn't want to," Jenna offered. "I'm sure Robert isn't interested in going again."

Robert was nodding his agreement.

It was quickly decided that the ladies would go to the market and the men would stay behind and ogle naked women. And, just maybe, amble over to the bar and sample a few items.

They grabbed some lunch at the stand on the beach and the ladies headed for the dusty road that led to the market. They had fun sharing about Sweden and Ohio and planning future trips to each place. Once among the stalls, Jenna led Astrid to the bikini lady.

"Hello," she said. "You back again, and with friend?" She smiled at Astrid. "Pretty blond lady needs new bikini, right?"

"I hear you can make them in an afternoon," Astrid said, looking around at all the material spread across the tables.

"I do, easy," was Ayanna's reply.

Jenna showed Astrid the back of her suit, where Ayanna had sewed her name. Astrid was eying a shiny red material.

"You like?" She handed the material to Astrid.

"How much for one just like hers," Astrid asked.

A semi-toothless smile. "Jenna gave thirty dollars," she said, proud she had spotted the name she had added to the suit.

"Okay," Astrid said, handing the material back to Ayanna. "Do you need measurements?"

Jenna laughed, knowing what the answer would be.

"I see you," she answered. "You come back later. Will be ready."

As they walked away Astrid said, "I see you? Is that how she made yours too?"

"Exactly, and I couldn't ask for a better fit." Astrid was looking at her and nodding her approval.

The ladies browsed the stalls, Astrid picking up trinkets to take home. Then they headed back to the resort.

They found the men asleep under an umbrella. Astrid tickled Lars' feet and he awoke with a start. Jenna planted a passionate kiss on Robert, and he woke up waving his arms.

Lars was the first to recover. "So what did my beautiful wife buy at the market?"

Astrid held up a little bag. "Gifts for our friends. Plus a new bikini."

"Let me see."

"I have to go back and get it later this afternoon."

"Bright red," Jenna threw in.

"Honestly, I prefer naked," Robert suggested.

"Okay," Jenna said as she stripped.

"How about you?" Astrid was looking at Lars.

"Take it off."

All four decided an ocean swim might provide a cooling interlude. After thirty minutes they were back at the blanket, drying off and debating about what to do next.

"I wonder about this evening," Astrid said, her nose turned up just a little.

"How so," Freya asked.

"I don't know. I just wonder about what might happen."

"Not sure I'm following where you're headed with this."

"I'm just afraid the law of averages is going to catch up to me. The first night's 'activity' was fine, and being with Robert the last two was outstanding."

Robert's cheeks reddened just a little.

"And that's partly why," Astrid said, gesturing toward him. "You've been lucky too, Jenna, except last night was a little weird. I just figure I'm, or we're ready for someone a little weird."

"Robert did have a strange one his first night, so the weird ones are here."

"That's what I mean. I hate to ruin a good week." She smiled at Robert. "What happened?"

"Well, first of all, she didn't like the taste of, well, that part you taste, so she used, um, peanut butter to improve the taste.

"No kidding?"

"Then, after very methodical sex, she had a sheet of questions she asked me. She'd been coming here for years and had that information for every guy she'd been with. It was weird. I even got my own number in her book."

"Sounds like it," Astrid agreed.

"We talked to a lot of people our first day here," Lars volunteered, "and what was it you said, Astrid?"

"There were a couple I didn't want to end up with." She was shaking her head.

"Really? That's kind of scary." Jenna hadn't thought much about that possibility.

"I know some people leave the courtyard after dinner and the number left has been different each night."

"So, Astrid, are you suggesting we skip the special evening activities?" Jenna asked.

"Sort of, in a way," she replied, looking at Jenna, but smiling coyly.

"Astrid, what are you up to?" Lars knew his wife well.

"Why don't we just have our own activity?"

"The four of us?" Lars asked, an incredulous sound to his voice.

"Why not?" She looked from one to the other. "We all get along fine and have enjoyed each other."

Jenna wasn't quite ready to hear so personal a reference, but she knew what Astrid said was right. She and Lars had certainly enjoyed being with each other. Something had made her willing to be outside on the patio with him, in full view of anyone who wanted to look. That was about as far from where she had been five days before as she could imagine. Astrid and Robert -- nothing needed to be said about that.

"We could do that," Lars agreed. He was looking at Jenna and smiling.

Jenna was thinking. There was a little more.

"Well," she began, "there is one more thing. We've been fine with being with each other, and sharing that with our mates when we get back to our rooms. If you're like us, the, um, sex after that is great."

Astrid smiled at Lars.

"Yes, great," she confirmed.

"It may not be important, but hearing about it is a little different than seeing it." It was her turn to look at Robert, her eyebrows raised in a question. She had accepted that Robert had been with Astrid ... twice. But could she watch Robert be with Astrid. Curiosity also made her wonder how he'd feel seeing her with Lars. It didn't help to try and imagine it, as she'd already done that. Experiencing it would certainly be something new.

Astrid was also looking at Lars, the same questioning expression on her face.

"We're obviously weird or we wouldn't be here," was Lars' answer.

There were nods and all four of them sat silently, thinking.

Astrid looked at Jenna, smiling.

Jenna nervously returned her smile.

"Have you ever thought of being with two men?"

Shocked, Jenna couldn't reply. Of course, she'd never thought of that. Never, until Astrid had just mentioned it. She couldn't look at Robert or Lars now that Astrid's question was hanging in the air, forcing her to consider it. In between her own thoughts about that, she wondered what Robert was thinking.

"Or Robert, being with two women?" Astrid wasn't relenting in what was clearly her plan for the evening. "I don't need to ask Lars. And that leaves only me." At that, she giggled.

Jenna and Robert were looking at each other, the empty air between them mirroring the conclusion they'd reached.

Jenna wasn't focusing on what Robert might want or enjoy, but more on what she wanted or was willing to do. Somehow she kept thinking back to that first night when they'd decided to stay and 'see what happened.' It was happening, but could she accept this part of it. A lot had already happened, and more was going to happen. That was certain. She suspected Robert would go with whatever she decided. Despite the odd happening his first night, Astrid had changed his view of the week.

"It would be different," she said cautiously.

"It would be different for us too," Astrid assured. We were here last year but it was just like this year has been, except different people."

"Robert?" Jenna said.

"Guys talk," he replied. "It's kind of a far-out dream a lot of them have."

Jenna took his reply as an unspoken 'yes.' But she decided to hear him say it.

"Would you like to make it more than a dream?"

"If you would too."

Just as she had suspected, it was up to her. She looked around at three expectant faces. It was evident that the others were ready for a new adventure. It would be a very erotic adventure, but a visual experience as well. She had been able to handle, indeed actually enjoy, hearing about Robert's exploits, particularly those with Astrid. But the question still lingered in her mind -- was she ready to see it ... and be a part of it as well?

"Sure," she said to the other three still very naked people. Glancing down at both Robert and Lars, it was clear they were already thinking about the evening. Just seeing that made her begin to tingle or whatever it was that made her feel like her body was vibrating. She'd decided. That was the easy part. Doing it would be the challenge.

Jenna and Astrid put on their suits and headed to the market to pick up the new bikini. It was ready and Astrid ducked behind the screen, as Jenna had done, and reappeared in the suit.

"Gorgeous," was all Jenna could say.

Astrid blushed a little at the compliment. She paid Ayanna and they walked back to the resort.

After another hour of nervous chatter, they decided to go to their rooms and get ready for dinner. It was something to look forward to as all the meals had been scrumptious.

In their room, Jenna was looking at Robert, pictures flashing through her brain. She had just left a tall blond who seemed to be getting more beautiful by the minute. She didn't feel she compared well with her and this evening, they'd be together with the two men.

She realized Robert was looking back at her.

"Two cents for your thoughts," he said.

"Not worth two cents," she replied.

"Let me guess. Your mind is easy to read sometimes." He was smiling at her.

She was anticipating that he had indeed read her mind, or at least her expression.

"You're comparing yourself to Astrid. And in your mind, you're falling short."

Jenna shrugged.

"You two are very different. Jenna, you've always sold yourself short. You won't believe me but I'm telling you that you are gorgeous. I think Lars feels that way too. And wasn't it Mario, the first night?

"Okay," she answered. "You know I won't believe you but ... I guess I'm just nervous."

"Don't be. It's gonna be exciting. Plus, I have a suggestion I'll make when we get together."

"What's that?"

"Later."

They put on shorts, Jenna sans panties, and shirts, Jenna without a bra as well. She was working to get herself into a sexy and erotic mood.

They met Lars and Astrid, found a table, and settled in. Dinner was served quickly and disappeared nearly as fast. Wine was served and refilled, as always, Jenna being conscious of drinking enough to get to a gentle buzz she knew would help her relax. When she looked at the others, they were finishing their second glass as well. That made her feel a little better. She certainly was feeling the buzz, and it was working, as she was anxious for things to begin.

They saw the man who usually conducted the evening's activities step to the microphone. He directed the men and women to separate, the usual procedure.

Looks passed around the table, the four stood up and headed inside.

"Let's go to our room," Astrid suggested. "I have, well ..." She stopped, blushing.

"Toys," Lars said, grinning at Astrid's hesitation. "If we need them."

Jenna was sure she was blushing again but dropped in behind the two Swedes.

Lars unlocked the door and they stepped inside, the commitment of all four complete.

On the other nights, things had seemed to progress, well, normally might be a good word. Tonight, it was beginning a little awkwardly at best. No one, despite the talk and what had already happened in the week, was doing anything to get things started.

At last, Astrid took off her blouse, then her shorts. Like Jena, she'd worn no underwear. She looked at the others who, taking her cue, were stripping as well.

Astrid quickly went to the bedroom and returned with a small box. She opened it and displayed the contents to the other three. Jenna recognized some of them, but the rest were a mystery. She looked at Robert and he was smiling. She was sure he knew what most of them were and what they were used for. Perhaps she'd learn.

Lars was moving toward her, his erection bouncing as it pointed at her. Someone had to start. She knew it was the buzz and what had already happened this week. She smiled at Lars.

With a deep breath, she surrounded the glistening head of his cock with her lips, her tongue caressing its soft and smooth texture. Slowly, she began taking the rest of it into her mouth, her lips sliding along, feeling each now familiar vein and ridge. Her body began to burn as she felt his cock bump the back of her throat. She relaxed, her tongue moving forward along the underside, and pressed ahead, feeling it move down her throat until his pubes were tickling her nose. She stayed there, savoring his musky aroma, the sounds he was making above her further arousing her. That, and the way his cock twitched against her throat.

She slowly backed off, her tongue rubbing and caressing as she went, then back down once more, bumping the back of her throat again. She gagged slightly as her throat opened to accept his cock a second time. The same repeated a third and fourth and fifth time. The sixth time, her hands went to his buttocks, pulling him against her, her nose buried in his pubes as he groaned loudly, grunting her name as she held him there.

She allowed her lips to drag, her tongue to sense each ridge of Lars' cock, then a final pop as she withdrew completely, her eyes drifting toward the groans she could hear close at hand.

Turning her head, she watched Astrid's mouth close around Robert's erection, the slurping sounds accompanying his closed-eye groans as she bounced back and forth, engulfing it totally, as she had done Lars'.

She made eye contact with Astrid, which only seemed to increase her intense work on Robert's cock.

Astrid smiled as she released Robert and, on hands and knees, headed toward Jenna. Quickly understanding, jenna went on hands and knees around her. and quickly began her work on Robert's saliva coated cock. She could feel her blood beginning to boil, the multiple sounds unique, but more sensual than she could have imagined only a few days ago. She heard herself moaning as Robert's cock bounced repeatedly against the back of her throat.

Suddenly she felt hands around her waist, dragging her back, away from Robert. She heard Lars whispering in her ear.

"Now you, Jenna. Come to me." His voice was low and demanding. Her breath left her.

He pulled her onto her back and before she had settled, his hand was on her breast, fondling, squeezing, teasing her nipple with his thumb. As he squeezed, his mouth found her nipple as well and she could feel it hardening with his tongue's constant tormenting.

Seemingly not satisfied, he moved to her other breast and was even more intent on intensifying her erotic torment. He kissed around the areola, his tongue dagging over her nipple until, finally, his lips closed over it, sucking until its hardness was nearly painful. When she thought she might not be able to endure more she felt the first touch of his teeth. They closed just enough that he could tug on the nipple. A little more and she was anticipating the pain. Finally, it was there and she squealed, pushing her breast against his face for relief. He bit down again. It hurt but she wanted more. What was happening to her?

Lars released the nipple, but just for an instant and was immediately back, biting once more to another squeal. Jenna had never experienced anything like this before. It was painful, it hurt, but she yearned for more, wanted it, her eyes telling Lars not to stop. He was more than willing to keep it up, nibbling, sucking, and licking to even more squeals and moans from Jenna.

But something else was happening. She felt her legs being spread, fingers pushing her labia aside and then probing, gently at first, then more urgently.

"How is having two men? Astrid was whispering to her.

"Oh shit," Jenna replied, her nipple being blissfully tortured by one, her pussy invaded by another. She jolted as he clit was also being assaulted, wonderfully stimulating, pushing her toward what she knew would eventually happen. She could feel a tongue flicking at her clit, slowly and gently, building the ecstasy that was gathering inside of her, waiting for its chance to explode.

"Two men, Jenna. Two. Is it good? Will be my turn soon and I want to know." The soft and sensuous sound of Astrid's voice telling Jenna what she couldn't imagine was stroking her libido, as if it needed stroking. She could hardly breathe, the sensations overwhelming all natural functions, turning her into a mass of sexual jello.

Lars was still rolling her nipple between his teeth, ecstatic pain causing her to want it to stop but hoping it wouldn't. It was a titillating land she'd never visited before.

What was happening between her legs could only have one ending unless ... unless it stopped. It did, but only momentarily, still teasing her though.

She was being spread again, then probed, only this time it wasn't fingers. In her already overheated pussy, she could feel the additional heat of a cock -- it had to be Robert's. It wasn't staying still but was pressing in, then out and back in. But it was happening slowly and rhythmically in a way that not only aroused her but tormented her. She wanted it to last but she needed an orgasm. She wanted both.

She jolted again as she could feel fingers gripping her clitoris, rolling it as Lars was rolling her nipple. Her hips were moving, working to match two masters. What was Robert doing? She willed him to speed up, her torment nearly overwhelming her. At last, her clit was being rubbed, faster and faster, the pressure inside her building. Lars was still using his teeth and the small pinching pain intensified her need to climax.

At last, she felt it beginning, the sensations tearing through her. She was approaching the edge, the cliff falling away in front of her. In an instant she was weightless, falling, spasming, every muscle tightening, nerves firing and lights flashing. She was gasping and moaning at the same time.

Lars had stopped his biting. Robert had stopped pounding her pussy. She opened her eyes to see Astrid close by, smiling at her.

"No need to ask about that," Astrid said. "Jenna, that was amazing."

Jenna tried to sit up and grabbed Lars' hand to help herself. She checked her nipples. They were red and inflamed, but not bleeding. She was surprised. She looked up at Lars.

"They were delicious," he said, looking what she thought was longingly at her breasts. Even in her satiated state, it did wonders for her ego.

It was her turn to look at Astrid.

"Two men," she began. "You ready?"

"It was my idea," she replied. "I thought I was ready until I watched you. I hope I can do as well as you did."

Lars laughed. "This isn't a contest, Astrid."

"Shut up, Lars. I'm ready."

Lars stepped up in front of her, his mouth going to hers as Robert, taking his cue, moved behind her, pressing his hand between her legs. Astrid's knees buckled and she moaned at the touch of Robert's hand, but Lars held her up.

Jenna couldn't decide where to look, even though everything was in front of her. She'd never seen a couple make love before, and there was Lars, fervently kissing his wife, her arms around his neck, struggling to stay upright due to the other thing she'd never seen -- Robert, fondling another woman. The sounds she was hearing told her he was doing more than just fondling, the slurping noises making it clear his fingers were working hard in her pussy.

Her head went from one to the other.

She was trying to decide if she should be involved somehow, not sure what to do. Astrid had whispered in her ear and she was wondering if the fingers she felt on her clit were Robert's, or possibly Astrid's. There was no way to tell without asking, and this wasn't a good time to ask.

She struggled to her feet and moved closer to the other three.

"So, now it's my turn to ask. How is it with two?" She said it close to Astrid's ear, so her breath would emphasize the question she was asking.

A groan from Astrid was her only answer.

Jenna moved behind Robert, leaned against his back and reached around, finding his erection, and gave it two or three good strokes.

"Is she wet enough?"

"Don't stop, Jenna," was the reply she got — so she stopped.

He groaned loudly but began working even harder on Astrid's slit, changing pace by occasionally giving her clit a couple of rubs.

She could see that Lars was carefully moving back, Astrid clinging to him and Robert following closely. Lars found the chair he was searching for and sat down. Astrid sank to her knees in front of him, her mouth immediately finding his cock, slowly moving up and down in a way that Jenna was sure was familiar to Lars.

Jenna pressed on Robert's back, forcing him to his knees behind Astrid. She scooted around beside him, grabbed his erection, and began directing it toward where his fingers were still hard at work. Pulling harder until he arched his hips forward, she pushed his cock against Astrids very wet and engorged labia, following it until her hand bumped against the wetness.

Robert didn't waste time as he pressed himself inside her, his hips moving, the slurping accompanied by slapping as he pressed himself as deeply inside Astrid as he could.

Jenna moved forward until she was beside Astrid's head one more time. She leaned in, just inches away, following Astrids head as it bobbed up and down on Lars.

"Two places filled up," she said. "Two men doing you. How is it?"

With Lars cock pressing into her throat, Astrid wasn't going to speak as all she could manage was one more loud moan. Plus, Jenna was only about six inches from that cock that was sliding between Astrid's lips and down her throat. She could feel her body beginning to heat up again, her still-tender nipples hardening.

She felt a hand on her butt, then against her pussy, two fingers sliding inside of her. Robert was not going to miss out on an opportunity to make her a part of things. With his fingers sliding in and out of her pussy, Lars cock sliding in and out of Astrid's mouth, and Astrid rocking back and forth as Robert was slapping against her ass, Jenna was nearly at overload, aching for more, despite what had already happened.

She watched Lars slide his hips back in the chair, freeing himself from her mouth. Astrid was panting but wasn't moving. Lars quickly stood up and traded places with Robert who sat down in Lars' place. Before Astrid could move, Jenna had Robert's cock in her mouth, a new taste there as she was sucking Astrid's juices off the cock that was so familiar to her.

"No fair," Astrid gasped, lunging forward as Lars was taking advantage of the vacated spot behind her.

She lurched forward again and then sideways as Lars twisted her over and down onto her back.

Having seen what Lars had done to Jenna's nipples, Robert was going to do the same to Astrid. His mouth closed on her breast as he was off the chair and beside her on the floor. Then, just her nipple as his lips were pulling hard on it, stretching her breast upward.

Astrid was panting as her breast was stretched. She groaned as Robert pulled a second time.

Jenna was just watching again, as she guessed Astrid had done with her, but still, she could hardly get her breath.

"Bite it," Astrid gasped.

Robert bared his teeth and bit down. No response from Astrid and Jenna could see his teeth pressing into the pink flesh even deeper.

More than a squeal erupted from Astrid -- it was a yelp of pain.

"Yes," she moaned. "Yes," as Lars was driving into her harder and harder, the breast not in Robert's mouth bouncing back and forth in Rhythm with Lars' pounding.

But it was Lars that was ready to climax, his groaning getting louder and louder. He threw Astrid's legs over his shoulders, driving a little deeper with each thrust. A loud and long grunt and he stilled, pressed hard against her, his hips jerking with each eruption inside Astrid.

Robert released her nipple which was much redder and larger than its mate, giving it one last roll with his fingers. Astrid squealed as Lars squatted back, his softening penis flopping out of her. Jenna watched the two men's eyes meet and Robert was up, moving to where Lars had been. Lars swung his leg over Astrid's head and lowered himself until his somewhat limp, but shiny cock was against Astrid's lips. It didn't stay there long as she easily pulled it into her mouth.

With Lars' cock totally in her mouth, Astrid suddenly grunted. Jenna had been looking at the wrong place and hadn't seen Robert's head dip between Astrid's legs. His hands were there too and he was spreading her, making access to her clitoris clear and easy. She could barely see his tongue flicking, but from Astrid's movements, knew that's what was happening. She was just ready to move back there to get a better look when Lars' hand reached out and around her, grabbing her buttock and pulling her toward him.

He pulled her in front of him, very close -- she was standing directly over Astrid's head. If Astrid opened her eyes, she'd have a perfect view of Jenna's pussy. It seemed that Lars wanted that view too as his fingers were spreading her. He just looked for long seconds, then plunged his head against her, his tongue and lips alternating on her clit. Now if Astrid opened her eyes, she'd see more than just Jenna's pussy.

Robert, always Robert, pulled on Astrid's clit with his lips. Then Jenna could feel Lars' teeth closing on her as well, gently, but still there. If he bit on it as he had her nipples, she wasn't sure what the feeling might be. His teeth were gently gripping it, his tongue working behind the teeth. Jenna felt like she might shatter into small pieces as Lars was working unrelentingly on that swollen nub. It was her turn to squeal again, a tiny but sharp pain shooting from her crotch to her stomach.

"Please," she gasped as she grabbed hold of Lars' blond hair, wrapping her fingers in its curls, forgetting totally about Astrid and Robert. There were no more teeth on her clit, but his lips and tongue didn't stop and she was vibrating from their effect. Separate noises were accompanying her moans and Lars' movements were becoming more and more erratic as Astrid's mouth was having its way with him.

"I'm coming," Jenna heard Astrid's muffled words, but she was far too close to the edge herself to react to it. In addition to his mouth, Robert's fingers had gone to work and Jenna knew she was on her way to accompanying Astrid's fervent moans. Wave after wave of ecstasy were quickly washing over her as she wrapped her arms around Lars' bouncing head to keep from collapsing.

In a muffled voice, Lars said, "Jenna, your stomach is soft and velvety, but it is trying to suffocate me." His words tickled her stomach. She backed away slightly, not sure her trembling legs would support her. She looked down at Astrid whose chest was rising and falling as she struggled to catch her breath, then back at Robert whose face was shining from Astrid's pussy juices. For some unknown reason, she felt self-conscious with Astrid looking straight up at her pussy.

Her hand still on Lars' head for support, she stepped sideways, reaching for Robert's hand as he stood up. Lars was next standing up and he held his hand down to help Astrid. She grabbed hold with both hands and, with a grunt, was finally standing.

Jenna was wondering how awkward this moment might be as they were in a land that was foreign to all.

Who would speak first and what would they say?

"It wasn't quite two men for just us, Jenna. But I am happy."

Jenna was shaking her head. She had no idea how it could have been better.

The men were both looking from one woman to the other. They were still naked and the flush from what had just happened had them nearly glowing.

"Two best looking women I've seen this week," Robert said. He was looking at Jenna hungrily. Her body tingled with his look, even if she wondered how he could feel that way after the past hour. Robert continually amazed her.

They slowly dressed, deciding to go back to the courtyard for a few glasses of wine. They sat quietly for minutes, no one seeming to want to talk about what had just happened.

"Well," Astrid finally said, looking around at the other three.

"Yes, well," Jenna answered.

"Was it what you expected?" Astrid smiled at Jenna and giggled.

"Since I didn't know what to expect, it was more than I expected. A few days ago I never imagined that feelings like that were possible. They were .... well, very different and way outside of things I'd, um, we'd experienced before, right Robert?"

"Shit yes," his quick reply.

Lars was staring at Jenna. "Not fair," he said. "Robert has had three times with Astrid and I have only had two with Jenna."

Just hearing him say that made Jenna breathe a little harder. Having an international soccer star say that about her was ...

"So, what about tomorrow, our last day?" Robert asked, a big smile on his face.

"Let's wait for tomorrow and see," Astrid said. "And, there's more to each day than just the evening too."

With that very suggestive remark, they all took their wine and headed for their own rooms, anxious to get to ...