**Island Vacation**

by imaging

**ISLAND VACATION CH. 11**

*Jen plays Show and Tell after her shopping trip.*

The trip was no more than ten minutes if that, but it seemed unbearably long to Tim. Jen had squeezed his cock through his shorts for the entire ride, and he was certain that the smell of her sex was strong enough that the driver would have had to have noticed, even though his window was open. All he wanted to do was get his sexy wife back into the room and relieve both of them with a proper fuck.

He shoved more money into the cab driver's hand than was necessary but he didn't want to wait for change. Under different circumstances, he might have paused - at least for a minute - to take in the breathtaking sunset illuminating the sky and pastel water. But again, he had other things on his mind. He watched Jen's ass in that perfect pair of shorts as she took the two small steps up to the walkway that led to their building. Perhaps that was the way he would take her, he thought, bent over the bed, or a chair, watching his dick disappear between those beautiful cheeks.

His brief fantasy was interrupted by a familiar voice. "Hey, Tim. Hold up a minute."

He turned to see Mickey, chasing after them, and Kate, still climbing out of a cab of their own.

"I need to talk to you." The older man was unusually serious.

"Um. Can it wait?" Tim hoped.

It was then that Mickey looked beyond him to Jen, who had also paused just a few yards down the sidewalk.

"Wow!" The word escaped him in a low, sincere moan. "Jen, you look stunning. I like the outfit!" The twinkle returned to his eye for only an instant before he reverted back to a more somber tone. "I suppose it could wait but I don't think it should. Will you give us twenty minutes?"

Twice as long as the cab ride, Tim thought, but he wasn't really sure how to say no. He looked at Jen, hoping she would know how to refuse them, but all she had was a slight shrug and an expression that he read as "I don't see any way out of it either."

They followed Mickey and Kate to their room, silently. It seemed odd. Mickey was always talking, so his silence seemed especially significant. Kate only spoke when they got to the room.

"I'm sorry things aren't very tidy. We really weren't expecting company."

"Well, we could come back..." Tim tried before Mickey interrupted him.

"No. It's fine. The room's fine, Kate, and this really shouldn't take long. Please, have a seat." He paused for a long second after everyone was situated in the sitting area before going on.

"Jen, we owe you an apology."

"No." Now it was Kate's turn to interrupt. "I owe you an apology. Again."

"I noticed that you were uncomfortable at lunch, Jen," It was Mickey's turn again, "so I asked Kate if she had any idea of why you might be upset. Honestly, I suspected that something might have happened in the morning. I know my wife."

Kate hung her head like a scolded schoolgirl as Mickey continued, turning his attention to Tim.

"I don't know how to say this, other than to just come out with it directly, Tim. Sooner or later you're going to know, and I think that sooner is better. And you should know now that Jen was completely innocent. She was pulled into a situation where she should have never been."

Though he couldn't see her face, Tim was certain that Kate had begun to cry. When she looked up, he saw the tears forming in her eyes.

"Jen, I don't even know how to ask you to forgive me. After we went to the store the other day and I... you know. I realized that I had shocked you, and I told you that it wouldn't happen again. And now, today, I made it worse. At the time I thought you might have been OK with it. I don't know why I thought that. I think when we went into the barn I was just thinking about teasing them a little, you know? And then... I don't know. I'm just so sorry."

Tim noticed how small she seemed at that moment. The beautiful, confident, sexy woman that he had come to know over the past few days almost seemed to disappear right before his eyes. Everything in him wanted to console her, but he wasn't sure how. Or even if she should.

"Tim, you and Jen probably need to have a conversation," Mickey continued. "And Jen, I'm sure you're not happy that we've brought this into the open. But in the long run, we hope you'll see that it was for the best. Tim needs to know. And we wanted him to know the circumstances."

"Okay. Stop." Jen rose from her seat and moved toward Kate, kneeling in front of her.

"Come here." She embraced her older friend, who began to sob on her shoulder.

"I am so sorry, I don't know what I was thinking."

"Shh. Dry your eyes. It's okay." Jen pulled herself away so that she could look directly into Kate's eyes. "It's all okay. Really. He knows. I told him everything."

Kate looked across the room to Tim. "Tim, you have to know that..."

"Shh." Jen pressed her fingers softly against Kate's lips. "He knows. And we're good. Really. And, you weren't wrong."

"Wrong?" Kate was puzzled.

"About me enjoying it. I never would have gone in there on my own. And had you asked me if I wanted to do what we did beforehand, I'm sure I would have said no."

"Then you didn't want to." Kate still looked confused.

Jen shrugged again. "Kate, I don't think I knew what I wanted. This whole week has been..." She searched for the word.

"Weird?" Tim offered. Then he quickly clarified. "But not a bad weird! We've just experienced some things we have never even thought about before. And so we're trying to figure it all out."

"I haven't done a thing this week that I regret," Jen said, leaning back as she stretched on the floor in front of Kate. "But we - I - have had to work through some things."

Tim saw Mickey taking in the full view of his wife, stretched out on the floor only a few feet in front of him; her bare legs nearly reaching his feet. The bralette did its best to hold her breasts in place as she propped herself up on her elbows, but it only seemed to draw more attention to them. And Mickey was certainly paying attention.

He finally spoke. "I don't know what to say. Other than that I'm relieved. The last thing we would want to do is offend you. We know that we must seem a little wild to you two, and I suppose we are. But we remember what it was like to first start experiencing all these things. We don't want you to feel pressured."

Tim was feeling pressure. Though none of it had to do with Mickey. At least not directly. The sight of his nearly naked wife, as relaxed as she was, in the presence of two people who were still, for all intents and purposes, strangers, aroused him. Mickey's presence, so close to her, leaning forward over her supine body. He wasn't leering. He showed no obvious intent or desire, but there was still something about the body language that was tugging at Tim's overly sensitive cock.

"Let me get you something to drink." Kate had composed herself and seemingly returned to the woman that they had known all week. As she began to stand, she paused at the edge of her seat. Her eyes fell on Jen, whose head was only a foot or so from her.

"I'm so glad you're OK." She slid to her knees next to the younger woman. "I really liked what we did this morning. I loved seeing you like that."

She leaned over quickly, giving Jen a light kiss on the lips before quickly rising to her feet and heading to fetch a bottle of wine. Tim felt his heart pound at the site. He was both startled and even further aroused. Jen turned quickly to make eye contact with him, and her face told him she was feeling the same thing.

"So where did you get off to this afternoon?" Mickey asked, barely taking his eyes off Jen.

She smiled broadly as she answered. "We went shopping."

"Gifts for the kids?" Kate asked as she returned to the room with the wine and glasses.

"Well, that was the idea," Tim answered.

"I decided to show him the bikini store." Jen clarified, smiling knowingly at Kate.

"Oh?" Kate raised an eyebrow. "You are full of surprises, aren't you? Did you find anything you like?

"I found several things that I liked, as a matter of fact. Want to see? Tim, can I show them?"

He knew that this was more than a request to model a new bathing suit. There was an unspoken implication in her question. He suspected that she was just as turned on as he was. He could see that she was enjoying the attention, as subtle as it was, that she was getting from Mickey. He knew that exposing herself even further would undoubtedly lead to something even more, just as it had in the store. If he had enjoyed the show with strangers in a public place, why would he not want to see the same thing here, in a far safer setting? His dick grew even harder beneath his shorts.

"Of course. I mean, if they want to see something."

Mickey was quick to pick up on the veiled reference. "I would love to see something. Hell, I'd love to see everything!"

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Jen's heart raced as she closed the bathroom door behind her. She took a deep breath, as though she could somehow slow its pace as she placed the bag on the counter. She opened it and peered inside at the mix of the tiny colored fabrics. She knew instinctively which one she was going to put on, although she tried to tell herself that she would make a choice. She pulled at the thin piece of white fabric, peering out from behind another knot of white that was apparently her bonus from the shop. Just the thought of that place - and the men who worked there - was enough to quicken her pulse even more. She closed her eyes for an instant, feeling their touch and sensing their gaze again. She could nearly smell them as she imagined the heat of their breath on her skin once more.

She opened her eyes to see her reflection in the mirror. Her cheeks and chest were both flushed from her excitement. She could see her nipples pushing at the knitted fabric of her small top. Her arousal was doubled now, as she both remembered what had happened less than an hour ago and anticipated what she was about to experience when she returned to Tim and their new friends. She wasn't exactly sure what she wanted to happen, but she was so turned on from the store that she knew that something was certainly going to happen. She also knew that she would have to be careful not to let things go too far, though she wasn't sure that even she knew exactly where that line was.

For an instant, she thought about calling Tim to join her. Perhaps they needed to talk. She didn't want to do anything that he wouldn't be OK with. On the other hand, they had already talked more about their sex life and fantasies in the last four days than they had in nearly all the years they had been married. She was tired of talking about it, tired of questioning herself, and tired of the guilt that she continued to create for herself.

With a quick tug, she pulled the top over her head, seeing her breasts bounce into view as the fabric cleared her eyes. Maybe, she thought, she should just go out like this! Or maybe even completely naked.

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The three sat in silence for the first minute or two that Jen was gone. Tim was so turned on that he could hardly think straight. His mind ran wild, thinking through all the possibilities that the next few minutes might have in store. At the same time, he could sense the anticipation from Mickey, knowing that this young woman was about to return to the room in a skimpy bit of "swimwear".

Suddenly, Mickey spoke. "Now I get it."

Tim shot him a puzzled look.

"I knew you were trying to put me off when I asked you to come over. I thought you were angry with us. You were just horny," he smiled. "Trying to work off whatever it was that happened at that store."

"Wait," Kate sounded surprised, "You think they... she... did something at the store?"

Tim could feel his face reddening, just at the thought of the store.

Mickey examined him for a minute. "Oh yeah. Something happened. Didn't it, Tim?" Leering but playful smiles formed on both of their faces. Kate raised her eyebrows into a further question, waiting for his answer.

"Yeah. something happened. I'm still not sure I believe it. She let them see about everything. And then she let them touch her."

"Them?" they both asked at the same time.

"The clerks." He looked at Kate. "They remembered you from the other day."

"Well I would certainly think so," she teased. Then she quickly turned serious. "She didn't do that to them did she?"

Tim felt his semi-erect cock push against his shorts at the very thought of his wife on her knees, sucking them, right there, in the open dressing room doorway.

"No. They just touched. And I think she was touching them. I know she was touching me. It's all a little fuzzy. And then she..., well..., she, we... She blew me. In the dressing room." He had to physically move to ease the discomfort in his groin.

Kate noticed. "Oh, my! Looks like she didn't quite finish the job."

"Oh no, she finished. I mean I... " he finally gave up. "You know what I mean."

Mickey started to speak when the bathroom door opened. There seemed to be a dramatic pause before Jen appeared. She stepped into the light of the larger room, and then to the edge of the small step that would bring her into the seating area. She stood for a moment, allowing the three to take her in. Tim was taken by how calm she looked. He had never seen her this confident. Even at home, when it was just the two of them, she never displayed herself like this. But she was stunning, and her sexy attitude just made her even hotter.

From her perch on the step, she was actually behind Kate, who had turned in her seat to see the younger woman. Mickey, seated across from Kate, had a partially obstructed view since Jen's lower half was hidden behind Kate's chair. Tim sat on the couch, which was placed on the long wall next to the sliding glass doors that led to the patio.

"Jen, you are absolutely stunning." Mickey's tone was serious and sincere. But it was just an instant before the playful tone returned to his voice. "But if you really want us to see something, you'll need to step down here, so that we can get a better look!"

"Mickey!" Kate playfully scolded her husband as she watched the younger woman walk around her. Tim was certain that he saw desire in her eyes as she watched his wife's ass move past her.

Jen stood directly in front of Mickey, who was still seated. Her back now mostly to Kate. Tim could see all three of them and, oddly, rather than focusing on his nearly naked wife in that tiny stretched fabric, he found himself drawn to the two others. Seeing their undisguised interest in his wife aroused him, though he wasn't exactly sure why.

"Is this what you wore at the store?" Mickey asked.

Jen nodded silently.

"And this is what you were wearing when they touched you?"

Another nod.

Tim noticed Kate shifting her position in her chair, sliding lower. Her hand drifted inside her thigh as she did.

"Did you want them to touch you? Did you ask them, or did they just start?"

"I wanted them to. I think I told them so." Her voice was soft and raspy, as though she barely had enough air to speak.

"Right there in the store?" Mickey probed further. "Where anyone might have seen?"

"There was no one else there. I don't think."

Mickey smiled. His face was broad and warm and kind. He seemed so innocent. Yet the intention in his eyes was unmistakable. He looked toward Tim. "Man, I would have loved to have seen that!"

"I could show you," Jen said. Her voice was only slightly stronger now.

She looked to Tim for some sort of confirmation or approval. He rubbed his obvious erection through his pants. He couldn't find words, so he figured that she would understand how turned-on she was making him.

She turned her attention back to Mickey, extending her hands toward him.

"Stand up." She pulled him close as he did. "Now, Kate, you come over here."

Jen stepped into the middle of the room, pulling Mickey along. Then she directed Kate to stand next to him. The couple was as close to her as they possibly could be without actually touching her.

"And, Tim, you know where you were," she added playfully.

"Oh, do I!" He stepped behind his wife, pressing his bulge into her back.

Mickey and Kate were so close that he could have touched them both by simply reaching around his wife.

"So, we were in the door of the dressing room. Imagine that Tim is inside it," she explained.

Taking Mickey's right hand into hers, she continued. "And the bolder one put this hand here." She placed the older man's hand on her left breast.

As soon as he began to squeeze, she took Kate's hand. "And the other reached up here," placing Kate's fingertips under the strap of fabric, onto her right nipple.

"Oh you naughty, naughty girl," Kate whispered.

Tim watched as the older woman leaned into his wife, as though to kiss her. As she did, Jen leaned her head back into his shoulder, sighing slightly. He imagined that she must have closed her eyes as she did, and missed Kate's advance. He watched over her shoulder as the two of them played with Jen's breasts, caressing, squeezing, and lightly pinching her nipples. He didn't think it would have been possible to have gotten any harder than he already was, but he could feel his dick stretching, attempting to find some release from the tightness of his shorts.

It was Kate, almost expectedly, who began to escalate things. Sliding the strap completely out of the way, she leaned forward and took Jen's swollen nipple into her mouth. Tim felt her shudder as she gasped in response to the woman's tongue.

"They didn't do that!" Jen whispered.

"Do you want me to stop?"

Jen shook her head. "It feels good."

Mickey watched his wife suck another woman's breast for a few seconds. Without ever turning his eyes away, he asked, "And what were you doing while they were touching you?"

"Well," Jen moaned at Kate's skill before she could continue. "One of them tried to pull my hand... down."

"Did you let him?" He took Jen's hand into his as he asked.

With a nod, Jen replied, "A little".

"Down here?" Mickey was taking his time, putting Jen's hand on the waist of his shorts, and then directing her further down the fabric. Tim could see his well-formed bulge.

Jen simply nodded as she allowed the older man to lead her to the inevitable. She squeezed the outline of his erection through his shorts, and soon he, too, had one of her breasts in his mouth.

Tim's mind raced as he attempted to mentally record every detail of the scene unfolding in front of him. At the same time, he wondered where this could possibly be leading. How far would it go? He wasn't sure exactly what he wanted to happen next. Seeing his wife actually "doing" something - the fantasy that he had indulged in over the last few days - sounded incredibly hot. He just wasn't sure how he might react if it actually happened. And more than that, he wasn't sure what Jen's regrets might be later.

He could feel her leaning back harder into him, as though she were losing the ability to stand on her own. When Mickey stood upright again, he could see why. Kate had slid her hand between Jen's legs. Almost as quickly as he became aware of what was happening, his view was blocked again as Kate released Jen's breast from her mouth and turned her head up toward the younger woman's face. This time Jen moved to initiate the kiss.

Tim was reeling. Surprised, almost shocked. Aroused in ways he had never considered before. Both jealous and proud at the same time. He was so focused on the passion of the two women that he hadn't noticed Mickey dropping his shorts. But he certainly noticed when his wife took the man's erect shaft in her hand.

Jen suddenly stopped kissing Kate and turned her attention to Mickey. She stared at his cock, gently grazing it with her fingertips as though she were examining it as a piece of produce in the supermarket.

"Tim, are we OK here?" Mickey asked.

Tim's pause was just long enough that both Mickey and Kate stepped away from Jen. She turned into her husband, embracing him.

"Yeah. Um. Yeah. We're fine. I mean, I'm fine. Jen?"

Her flushed cheeks and pounding heart answered well before she uttered a word. "I'm good. I mean, it's just touching, right?"

"If that's what you want," Kate replied.

"I like it," Jen nodded. "If Tim's OK with it. And if you are." She rushed to add the last thought even though everyone in the room knew where Mickey and Kate stood.

"I'm good," Tim replied. "I was just so... focused, I guess on what was happening."

"Focused?" Jen teased. "Is that what caused this?" She grabbed his erection through the fabric of his shorts, making sure that Kate and Mickey could see. "I'm glad to see you're so 'focused.'"

"Tim, it looks like the two of us are overdressed for this party," Kate said. She quickly pulled her top over her head and unsnapped her bra, releasing her large breasts. Tim noticed that her nipples were hard as she bent forward, dropping her shorts and panties in one move.

Jen pulled at his belt, opening his shorts and wrestling them past his erection as he took his T-shirt off. Mickey lost his at the same time.

"Now, just to be clear that we're all on the same page, Jen, you said 'only touching', right?"

She looked at Tim, then answered slowly. "Well, maybe a little more?"

Tim raised an eyebrow.

"What's 'little a little more?'" asked Kate. "You're going to have to be pretty clear."

"Very clear," Mickey added. "You can always change your answer later, but remember, once you cross a line, it's impossible to uncross it."

Tim mentally began adding up the lines they had crossed this week. So far, there were none he wanted to uncross.

Jen continued to look at Tim.

"Do you want me to answer?" he asked.

She nodded, so he spoke quickly. "No sex. I mean, intercourse."

Jen nodded again. "Yeah. Touching was - is - good. Really good," she looked at Kate. And your mouths were amazing. So, touching and mouths?" Again she was looking at Tim.

"Seems a weird way to put it, but yeah, touching and mouths," he agreed.

"Great!" Mickey said as he stepped toward Jen again, "Because I loved touching you".

"Uh uh," Jen put her hand on his chest to stop him as he approached. "It's my turn."

She dropped to her knees in front of Mickey, his erect cock only inches from her face.

Looking up at him, she smiled, "Mouths, remember?"

Tim's heart was the only sound he could hear as Mickey took that last half step. He watched intently as Jen opened her mouth. Her tongue met the tip of his dick, flicking it twice as though she were getting accustomed to the taste. Her hands slid up his thighs, the right one pausing as the left gently cupped his balls. Tim watched as she gently fondled them, causing Mickey's dick to twitch as she did.

As he took in the sight of his wife preparing to blow another man right in front of him, he noticed Kate moving toward him. He had nearly forgotten about her. Somewhere in the back of his brain, he registered the irony of not even noticing a beautiful naked woman only a few steps away, but he couldn't take his eyes off his wife.

"Like what you see?" Kate whispered in his ear, her big tits brushing his arm.

Tim nodded. It seemed like it was all happening in slow motion. Jen leaned forward and parted her lips, gently sucking the tip of MIckey's cock for an instant before he pushed it further inside.

"Mmm. You know what that feels like, don't you?" Kate continued her verbal tease. Her breath was warm on his ear and neck. He felt her hand on his stomach, gently sliding down his abdomen.

As she wrapped her fingers around his swollen shaft, she continued. "Do you like watching your wife blow my husband?"

Again, all Tim could do was nod. His senses were overwhelming him: the smell of Kate's perfume, the warmth of her touch on his dick, the pressure of her tits on his arm, and - most of all - the sight of his "innocent" wife on her knees, giving head to another man.

"Keep watching." Kate slid down Tim's body, moving in front of him as she did; her full breasts never losing contact with his skin. She paused for a minute when they enveloped his cock. By squeezing them together and rocking back and forth, she was able to fuck him with her tits. Tim dropped his eyes to see just long enough to see her looking back at him, smiling mischievously. Then, with no warning whatsoever, she shifted her position just enough to take him in her mouth. She continued to make eye contact as she moved down his shaft, all the way to the base until his entire dick disappeared.

He gasped as she did, watching her come up for air before moving her way down his cock again. He looked back at Jen who had begun a rhythm on Mickey's cock. Still caressing his balls with one hand, the other had moved around to his ass, allowing her to bob up and down on his erection.

It was too much. Almost before he knew what was happening he could feel the rush releasing from his balls and exploding into Kate's mouth. He tried to pull back but she never released her grip, somehow sucking in perfect synchronization with his orgasmic pulses, draining his large load from him.

As he came, Jen paused her work just long enough to turn and watch him unloading into the older woman's skilled mouth. She smiled at him and returned her attention to the erection before her.

Kate stood and kissed Tim on the cheek. "That was nice!"

Tim, again, nodded his agreement, as he watched Kate turn and move toward the other couple. He dropped back onto the couch and watched as Kate knelt next to Jen, stroking her hair.

Eventually, Mickey sat down and Jen crawled, on all fours, to him. Placing her forearms onto his thighs she continued her blow job, making sure that Tim was able to see every subtle movement. For a moment, Kate assisted her. The two women took turns sucking Mickey's dick, pausing every now and then to kiss one another. Mickey sat like a contented king, enjoying his throne while these two beautiful women attended to him.

When it was Kate's turn to suck, Jen would sit up just enough to ensure that Tim would be able to see her, too. During one of those moments, she looked over at her husband, sitting quietly on the couch.

What are you going to do with that?" she asked.

Tim looked at his lap and was surprised to see that his dick was still rigid.

"I'll tell you what he should do with it," Kate said as she moved behind Jen. "He should put it right here." She rubbed Jen's ass, spreading the cheeks apart to reveal her slit.

"Look how wet she is!" She dipped her fingers between Jen's ass cheeks, sliding one of them down her slit, before inserting into her warmth. She slowly licked her finger clean. "Yeah, Tim. She's ready for you."

He needed no more encouragement. Moving quickly across the small space he knelt behind his wife, Kate still rubbing her ass, and slid his dick inside her. He couldn't remember when she had been this wet or this hot. She pushed back into him as he thrust into her, somehow never taking her mouth off of Mickey's cock. He began pounding harder, encouraged not only by what she... they... were doing but by Kate's encouragement. She was now rubbing his ass as he fucked his wife.

"Yes, give it to her. She needs it deep right now. Fuck her while she sucks Mickey's dick. Show her how hot it makes you!"

Jen let out a little shriek of pleasure as he pounded. At first, he thought he had caused that, but he noticed that while Kate continued to rub his ass with her left hand, her right was playing with Jen's tits.

Tim grabbed his wife's hips and began to pound harder. He could feel her beginning to tremble. Mickey slipped his hands into her hair and began to buck in his chair. Tim could feel his cock stretching inside of his wife, as though it were trying to extend itself for even more pleasure. He increased both the speed and intensity of his thrusts, driving himself - and his wife - to the release of what had been building up for days.

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Jen felt both unable, and unwilling, to move. Mickey's hold on her head was somehow forceful and gentle at the same time. Tim was thrusting into her so violently that had she not known it was him, she would have assumed a stranger had taken his place. Meanwhile, Kate was touching her in ways that she had never imagined on her own.

The last minute, or minutes, disappeared into a haze. Sensory pleasure turned to an overload that pushed her over the brink. Her orgasm - or was it a series of orgasms? - wrenched out of her belly and through her entire body. She felt herself collapsing onto Mickey's legs, only vaguely aware that she was drinking down his eruption while feeling Tim's blasts deep inside of her.

She rolled to the floor, nearly in a fetal position. Kate gently pulled her hair away from her face, now covered in sweat, and softly kissed her forehead, then her cheek, then one long, lingering sensual kiss on the mouth. Jen's body tingled at the kiss. Or perhaps she was still tingling from the powerful release that had just enveloped her.

They sat in silence for a full 10 minutes, while Kate continued to tenderly kiss and lick nearly every inch of her body. Jen had never considered the possibilities of a woman before, but from the moment she had placed Kate's hand on her breast she could feel her curiosity, and her arousal at the thought, growing by the moment. Now she could do little but close her eyes and relish the sensations of another woman's sensual touch. Her kisses were different than those of her husband, and the very limited experiences she had had with "boys" so many years ago. Beyond the warmth of her lips, her hair sensuously flowed along Jen's skin enhancing the electricity she already felt as a result of her orgasm.

She considered some way of returning the attention that Kate was giving her, but in the moment she was too exhausted to do anything but selfishly enjoy the older woman's skill. Somewhere in the fog of her exhausted, yet sexually charged state, she wondered if her pleasure at another woman's touch made her a lesbian, but the question quickly passed as Kate brushed her nipple with her teeth. Her eyes opened as she shuddered in response. She saw Tim, seated nearby; his penis fully erect as he watched the scene on the floor in front of him.

The sight of her husband brought her quickly out of the euphoria that Kate was skillfully prolonging.

"I thought you had taken care of that," she purred.

"You mean this?" Tim grabbed his shaft. "I did take care of it. Twice, in fact, but it seems to have a mind of its own right now."

"I think he likes what he sees," Kate teased.

"There would be something wrong with him if he didn't," Mickey said as he rose from his seat. "Anyone need a drink?"

"I think Jen could use some water, at least," Kate answered, rising to her knees.

Jen moved to the couch, curling up next to Tim. He wrapped his arm around her, pulling her close. She thought she could feel his heart beating.

"Well, that escalated quickly!" Mickey laughed as he returned from the mini-fridge. "Any regrets?" he asked as he extended two bottles of water to his guests.

"Absolutely not."