

Poetic License

*Fiction by
Donna M.*

“You know I’m not looking forward to staying at your mother’s place,” I said, looking sternly at my husband, Richard.

“C’mon Sam, it’s not like you don’t get along with her. I mean, she may be eccentric, but she likes you, maybe more than she’s ever liked me.”

“So, what am I supposed to do while you’re working in Boston all day, huh?”

“It’s not like she lives in the sticks. Amherst is a great little college town, with all kinds of things to do. And besides, she’s into her poetry thing so there’ll be a whole slew of interesting characters around the place to liven things up.”

“Why don’t you look so enthused yourself while you’re selling me on how great it would be? You’ll stay in the city most nights, leaving me alone, and all you’ll have to endure is the weekends mostly.”

Richard’s mom, Janice, was so much different from her son you would think she adopted him. I think sometimes he wished he had been adopted. Where Janice was still playing flower child well into her fifties, my husband was about as conservative and straight-laced as they came. I’ve always believed it was a form of psychological compensation while growing up without a father figure, distancing his psyche from hers as much as possible. Who’s to know? Richard never knew who his father was, and perhaps Jan never really knew either, since in her own words she had been the proverbial “free love hippy girl” sleeping with anyone who’d provide her with drugs and a warm bed.

On top of everything, she’d named her only child Peace Dove Richarde (yes, with a ridiculous “e”) because it sounded “groovy” at the time. Richard legally changed his name before entering law school. He would bristle at anyone who greeted him with the word “peace” or gave him a peace sign. He’d glare at anyone who called him Dick or Rich or Ricky—it was Richard or nothing.

Richard spoke and pulled me out of my reverie. “It’s only going to be a few months at most. Why don’t you get involved with her poetry thing? You used to love writing poetry.”

The “poetry thing” was Janice’s latest venture. Jan had been a renowned artist years ago and sold some good pieces before her fifteen minutes of fame ended with her genre falling out of favor. She had money, and liked flaunting it on causes. Her latest was sponsoring poets in Amherst, Massachusetts, the home of U-Mass and a

bunch of tony liberal arts colleges. She's probably sleeping with every one of her 'sponsored' would-be bards.

"I used to love a lot of things," I said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Let's drop it, okay? I'll play my part and be the happy daughter-in-law while you're off being the legal eagle."

"Samantha..." he started, but I stopped him with a glare. End of discussion.

I knew this move was stressful for him as well. He'd come out of law school ready to change the world, and now he was moving up into a prestigious Boston law firm, while I stepped away from my career so he could follow his dream. This arrangement—living with his mother—was a temporary though necessary action until we established roots here in Massachusetts.

When we arrived at Jan's house she was gracious to a fault, welcoming us with a 'what's-yours-is-mine' soliloquy. The woman did look good for her age. She had on worn and holey jeans and a midriff-baring tee shirt more appropriate for a teenager—and braless, of course. Her hair was a dyed-brown, wild mane with only hints of grey, and she was barefoot, which solidified the old hippy stereotype.

She gave Richard and I the grand tour since this was our first time visiting. The place was huge, and quite incongruous in some respects. The basic architecture seemed to me slightly Victorian, with a little New England Colonial mixed in for good measure, yet it had a pool and a hot tub out back and had some odd trim accoutrements with an unusual paint scheme. I wondered if she ran afoul of any stodgy Amherst homeowners associations or whatever.

Our bedroom was out of place with the architecture as well. The room was furnished in someone's idea (Jan's?) of ultra-modern, with ebony lacquered wood and a hideously stark headboard that contrasted poorly with the equally hideous geometric-shapes wallpaper.

"Lovely," Richard uttered sarcastically as we began putting our things away.

At dinner, we were introduced to Andrew. Jan didn't introduce him as such, but he was obviously her lover as well as her current poet protégée. He was in his early to mid twenties, with longish blond hair, an engaging smile, and a quick wit. He was a hunk and I could easily imagine how Jan benefitted from her sponsorship. Throughout dinner, Andrew was cheerily buoyant, carrying the conversation and causing Jan to flush at least twice that I saw. In contrast, Richard was quiet, picking at his food like a disgruntled child. Jan skillfully worked me into their conversation, knowing it was hopeless to include my husband at this point.

Andrew was inquisitive about us and our "new life" as he called it. I explained

about Richard's new job and how we would be temporarily staying with his mother. He said, "And what will you do while your husband is working?" Although his tone didn't suggest any hidden meaning, both Jan and Richard overtly bristled at Andrew's question. Jealousy must be genetic, I thought.

I said, "I thought I'd soak up the poetic aura of the place and see if I can get the creative juices flowing again."

Andrew's brows lifted slightly as he said, "You're a poet? That's great! This place is special, especially to get juices flowing." Was *that* a double entendre? I felt the heat of my face—I blushed.

Later as we prepared for bed, Richard filled me in on the details around his staying in Boston during the week. He had spoken with his best friend and fellow lawyer earlier in the day and everything was set.

"Teddy's got plenty of room for me, and I know I'll have some long days in the office especially the first few weeks, so he'll understand. You know, it won't be like a bachelors' pad or anything like that. Jesus, I'd be dead tired anyway."

That was supposed to be reassuring, but I certainly didn't expect him to fool around in Boston. Besides, Richard had the 'jealousy gene'—not me. "It's okay dear; I'll keep busy here with your mom."

Before sleep, I heard the thump-thump and bedspring squeak down the hall that told me Jan was keeping busy herself. Richard made a face and sighed.

I said, "How about we follow your mother's lead, big boy? You'll be gone all week..."

Richard sighed again. "I know hon, but I need sleep...it'll be a long, stressful day tomorrow. You understand, don't you?" I did not, but that didn't change the fact I would go to sleep with my needs unmet.

Richard was up early the next day, looking great in a chalk-striped dark suit. I told him so. Skipping breakfast, he was off on his two-hour drive to Boston after loading a week's worth of clothing into his BMW. That left me to dally around the house alone, since Jan and Andrew seemed to be sleeping in. I made coffee, toasted a bagel, and thought about my day. Sipping coffee, I tried to imagine how 'writing poetry' could be a communal effort. I had a daydream of several young men cavorting around Janice, reciting their verse trying to impress her almost like a seduction. Silly thought indeed. When Jan finally appeared, I was on my third cup and watching insipid morning television.

"Good morning," she offered. "How long've you been up?"

"Oh, I saw Richard off. He had to leave early enough to be in Boston on time. First day impressions, you know."

“I guess. Like the fucking first day of school. Can’t be late. No, no.” She looked away, like she was remembering something from a long time ago, then she looked back at me. “I take it he got off okay. Did you get off?”

“Pardon me?”

“I’m sorry...none of my business. I suppose you heard Andrew and me last night. No secret there. I know you don’t...approve...of me having lovers like Andrew at my age. However, Samantha, you can’t have much of a sex life married to my son. He’s so uptight he—”

I cut her off. “Don’t say it Janice. You were right at the beginning; it is none of your business.”

I thought she’d be pissed but she wasn’t. She laughed and told me that she and Andrew were going to spend the day in the pool.

“All day?”

She laughed again. “I’m wrinkled like an old prune anyway, so why not. You know you can join us anytime.”

It wasn’t until late in the afternoon that I chose not to ignore them any longer and went out to the pool. The late summer afternoon was still warm. When I got there, Andrew and Jan were in the water. Jan was topless. They were clinging to each other.

I said, “You haven’t really been in there all day, have you?”

Both of them laughed. Jan said, “Of course not. We had to get out earlier so I could fuck him silly.” I know I blushed. She added, “And besides, at my age having my skin shrivel up doesn’t help.”

Andrew said, “C’mon in Sam, the water’s at the perfect temperature, and besides I’d like to get to know you better.”

I’m sure he did. “I don’t have a suit.”

“That’s no big deal. You can get down to bra and panties. I doubt your undies are any more revealing than the latest bikini fashions.”

Even though he was correct, was he making some kind of a slam against what he perceived I would wear? Or was it a manipulative tease? I would show him. “Okay, here I come.”

After I stripped and was climbing into the pool, Andrew whistled. “I apologize. Those are the sexiest panties and bra this side of Victoria’s Secret.” Jan elbowed him in the ribs for the comment.

In the water, I mimed a small bow and thanked him as I waded toward the cuddling pair.

“What a way to make me feel old and inadequate,” Jan said. She looked at

Andrew and said, "Now you won't pay any attention to the old bag."

Andrew turned toward me as I approached, "Don't listen to her. She looks decades younger than she is. Look at those tits; still firm and standing tall. I wouldn't trade them in for anything, though yours look very nice." That earned him another elbow. As if to confirm his comment, he cupped one of Jan's breasts. "Yep, firm," he said, "Feel them Sam. Go ahead, she won't mind, right hon?"

"No thank you," I said.

"C'mon, stop fucking around," Janice said to him curtly.

Andrew smiled and said, "Okay, okay, two against one. I know when I'm outgunned." He gave Jan a kiss and she reciprocated; a full lip-lock and swapping-spit kiss.

I swam away, leaving them to their cozy comfort. I'd overcome my unease about stripping down to my underwear and agreed that Andrew had been correct—it wasn't much different than being in a bikini. However, a bikini was made to stand up to chlorinated water, not my silk bra and panties. I didn't know what possessed me, but I suddenly unhooked my bra and tossed it out of the pool. Applause accompanied my toss: Janice and Andrew were clapping in witness to my daring (for me at least) move.

"Now that's the spirit, sweetheart," Jan called out.

"Now come over here and let me see those big beauties," Andrew chided.

I wasn't *that* daring. "No. You'll have to catch me," I said, and began swimming away. I'd never done anything so brazen before. I'd never been skinny-dipping, never been to a topless beach, never. I had to have the lights out the first time I got naked with Richard. I wasn't that kind of woman, at least not before today. I swam, and Andrew swam after me, laughing heartily while Jan cheered him on. He eventually cornered me at one end of the pool.

Looking appraisingly at my breasts, he said, "Wow, those *are* beautiful, especially topped by the big areolas...all puckered up...nipples stiff."

He hadn't touched me but I was in shock and speechless anyway. How did I let this happen? Jan had waded up to us and she was the one who did the hugging, pulling me into a cuddling embrace. "Don't get all shook up by his macho bullshit," she said, playfully pushing Andrew away. "I'm proud of you darling for letting your hair down a little today." Our nipples touched and I didn't know how to handle it. Jan continued, "I know how prudishly proper my son can be to live with, so I'm glad to see my daughter-in-law living it up a little." She leaned closer and whispered near my ear, "I'm also happy you gave sweet Andrew a hard-on, which he'll thankfully indulge me with once we're out of the pool. After all, *this* old lady still has her sex drive.

Please don't ever lose yours, Samantha sweetheart." She kissed me on the cheek.

"What are you two doing? Conspiring against me?" Andrew said with a chuckle.

Jan went to him and said, "Of course not dear. Just girl talk, that's all." I saw her hand working below the waterline, inside his shorts.

I was more self-conscious getting out of the pool than I had been in the pool. I knew both pairs of eyes were watching me. My nipples ached from both the cool air and Andrew's stare, but I wasn't about to try covering my breasts now. Too late for that.

Jan hollered out, "I'll be in later. We'll fix a nice dinner."

I waved in acknowledgment and went into the house, conscious of my dripping body and in search of a towel. When I located one, I dried myself off and cleaned up the water I'd dripped onto the floor. I debated whether to go back outside and get my clothes or to put on fresh ones. Oh hell, I went back outside with the towel wrapped around me to retrieve them.

"Yes! Yes! Faster!" came Janice's voice echoing around the yard.

On a large towel by the pool, Andrew was between Jan's legs and fucking her hard, his ass moving like a machine, in-out, in-out. She was spurring him on by kicking her heels into his buttocks, shouting encouragement. I stood transfixed, and watched until Jan's orgasmic screams snapped me out of my hypnosis. I grabbed my clothes and hurried back into the house, hoping they hadn't seen or heard me.

While Jan and I fixed dinner, I couldn't get out of my mind the memory of them fucking. I never thought of myself as a prude, but I haven't much experience with wild sexuality. Making love outside where someone could see me; that was beyond my imagination, until seeing them today. Richard would never have porn in the house so that element of voyeurism was beyond me as well. Watching Andrew and Jan going at it was the first time I'd ever seen someone else having sex. I kept thinking about my mother-in-law. I'd always questioned her devil-may-care attitude, with strong disapproval of what Richard called her "Peter Pan" mind-set, never wanting to grow up and act her age. I was having an epiphany of sorts being with her today. Maybe "not acting your age" was a good way to live.

Over dinner, no one brought up our time in the pool, nor what they'd done afterwards. Jan and I made a friendly wager on whether Richard would call me tonight. I of course thought he would, and his mother believed he wouldn't. "He'll be all puffed up about his big first day, thinking about how special he is now. He's not thinking about you, but that's my boy. He'll call tomorrow maybe, but not tonight," she said.

I said, "What if you're right? What happens if I lose the bet?"

“Well, Andrew and I are spending some time in the hot tub tonight. If Richard hasn’t called by then, you’ll have to join us. That’s all.”

“Bra and panties again?”

“Of course not dear, no clothes allowed in *my* hot tub,” she said with a wry smile. Andrew laughed but didn’t comment.

She turned out to be right. Richard never called. I wasn’t sure if I was more pissed off at him or her, I hated it that she knew her son better than I knew my husband. I resigned myself to being naked in the hot tub. Waiting as long as I could, I showered, threw on my robe and headed out to pay my debt.

“See, I told you she would come,” Jan said to Andrew before saying to me “I told him you were a good sport and would be here.”

They looked like they’d been in there for a while. I dropped my robe and hurriedly climbed in, settling on the other side of Andrew from Jan. As my robe slid away Andrew whistled, which got the standard elbow in the ribs from Jan. He responded with “Hey, can’t a guy express his appreciation of a fine body?”

Jan said, “Express this! You’re only allowed to appreciate *this* body,” giving her left breast a squeeze and a wiggle.

Andrew smiled at me and said, “I apologize, ma’am. I’ll suppress all urges to comment on what a fine ass you have and what a splendid pair of tits—”

That received another elbow. We all laughed. The two of them talked about the poetry group, occasionally getting a question from me on the subject. They saw my interest and soon included me in their conversation; so much so I began to feel I was a part of the group. That felt good to me, and definitely got me beyond the anxiety of being naked in a hot tub with a heretofore stranger and my mother-in-law. They told me about a group session scheduled for the following day and invited me to sit in. The conversation swung to Janice regaling us with wild stories of her youth. If I believed what she was saying, she’d lived a very promiscuous and drug-filled life.

I asked if she still did drugs. She answered, “Why, you want some?” When she saw my shock, she said, “Only kidding, dear. There’s no way anyone married to Richard could possibly be a user anyway. To answer your question, no, no more drugs. Occasional weed, but that’s it. Andrew here keeps me straight.”

Andrew chuckled and said, “Straight is right! All your stories about the orgies and DPs put my dick straight and as hard as a rock!”

“Oh my, let me see,” Jan said, and moved her hand to find out. “God, you do have a serious boner there.” She turned to me and shocked me by asking if I wanted to touch him too.

I said “No, thank you.” I thought Andrew would be all for me touching him,

but he appeared relieved by my refusal. I guess he knew this was Jan's way of brazenly teasing me, nothing more.

Janice asked, "Sam, do you have any wild stories of your youth, perhaps before you met my son? I'm sure there're some delicious stories you can tell that'll keep Andrew hard."

I was ready to say no, but I found myself relating an experience from my early teen years when an older girl seduced me. Interestingly, I saw that my tale of young, sapphic experimentation aroused both of them. Damn, it aroused me too.

"I thought I was hard before, Jesus," Andrew said before lifting his ass out of the water so we could see his erection, a smile on his face.

Oh my God! His cock was thick; a very thick eight or nine inches long. He was much thicker around than Richard was, and more solid than I've ever seen a man's cock before. Jan must have seen my reaction, "Ooooo! Somebody likes what she sees!"

Andrew gazed into my eyes. He said, "Don't mind her. She's still teasing you," though his words didn't match his expression. "God, we've gotta go take care of this."

For a moment I thought he was referring to me as part of the "we;" after all, he was still looking at me as he said it. Then he took Jan by the hand as if to climb out of the hot tub, but she pulled him back to his seating position.

"That's okay hon; I'll take care of your problem right here. I'm sure Samantha won't mind."

She straddled his lap, facing him, and eased herself down on his rigid manhood. I was aghast. I couldn't believe she would shamelessly fuck her lover in front of me. However, I couldn't stop staring either. She humped up and down, going a little faster each time until water was splashing everywhere. Andrew's head was back, smiling, his eyes closed, and not making a sound.

"I'm cumming!" Jan cried in an uncharacteristic little-girl's voice. About three seconds later she cried out again, louder, "I'm cumming!" Her body trembled.

I hadn't known I'd done so, but suddenly I realized I had a hand on Andrew's lower abdomen and my face was inches from his. Just as suddenly, he opened his eyes and they met mine. Almost in a trance, I kissed him. Our tongues touched. A moan welled up from within him as I felt his abdominal muscles clench and heave. He was the one cumming now.

Descending from her orgasmic high, Jan exclaimed, "Wow, that's *MY* favorite poetry—poetry in motion!"

She didn't say anything about my brief participation. Andrew didn't either,

though his expression showed surprise, curiosity, and maybe a little awe. This overt sexuality must have always been natural to Jan, and perhaps to the younger Andrew as well, but not to me. I was embarrassed. I was extremely self-conscious of my nudity, the kiss, and where my hand had been. So close. In my mind, I replayed the sensation of his convulsing muscles at the moment of ejaculation. I was aroused, tremendously aroused, yet with no outlet except self-abuse.

Jan and Andrew were not oblivious to my 'condition' and were smart enough to exit the hot tub first and leave me alone. As they walked away, I heard snippets of conversation.

"You shouldn't have..."

"Pooh, she's a big girl and..."

"Yeah but did you see her? Horny as..."

"She'll be OK..."

Would I be?

I closed my eyes and conjured up the memory of Andrew's erection. I thought about the kiss, about my hand on his hot skin. One hand worked at my clit while the other stifled my rapidly arriving climactic scream. My spasmodically quaking body didn't splash nearly as much water from the hot tub as Janice had.

I slept fitfully, and resisted the urge to masturbate again in the morning. I scolded myself: *Yes, you're a big girl, so get over it...control it.*

Morning conversation didn't touch on anything that had happened yesterday, as if it never happened at all. I was thankful for that. Over breakfast, Jan talked only of the poetry group, and how much she looked forward to the meetings. She wanted to know if I'd sit in. I reminded her that I'd already agreed to participate.

I watched all these earnest young men along with two women file into the house and head to the parlor. Janice acted like the classic proud parent, ushering them inside as she greeted each one by name. The large parlor was laid out with a circle of folding chairs. I wondered who set this up but pushed it from my mind as I settled into an empty seat between a tall, lean blond boy and one of the women. The boy (and that's how I thought of these college men like him) had unruly hair and an engaging smile. He turned that mega-watt smile on me. He was a doll but I looked away, not ready for introductions yet. The woman at my other side was plainly dressed, almost matronly, and this made her appear older than the college student I assumed she was.

She looked me up and down and said, "Are you new here? I don't think we've met before."

I saw it in her eyes, the way she looked at me: she was a lesbian. Okay, this

will be interesting. “Actually, I *am* new here. Janice is my mother-in-law and she invited me to sit in today,” I said in reply.

Before the girl could say anything, cutie-boy piped in, “You write? Poetry, I mean?”

“Well, I have a few from college. Mostly haiku. I was smitten by them in my younger days.”

“‘Younger days?’ C’mon, you’re our age, right?” He asked, and I couldn’t tell if it was genuine or simply flirting. “By the way, my name is Hunter.”

“That a first or last name?”

“Oh, first. I was named after some old author or something.”

“My name’s Samantha. Everyone calls me Sam. Named after my grandpa.”

He chuckled and said, “I hope he was Samuel and not Samantha.”

I laughed, but the heretofore unnamed, suspected lesbian girl didn’t think his line was that funny, as she grunted instead of a laugh. At least she wouldn’t make a play for me, I thought, unlike what I expected blond cutie-boy to do intently. He looked like a player to me—a great looking player, but a player nonetheless. I assumed he wasn’t much of a literary scholar (even for a poet) if he didn’t know who Hunter S. Thompson had been, as I was sure that was the ‘old author’ his mother named him after. Jan would laugh at his ignorance of Mr. Thompson if she knew.

Jan got everyone seated and quiet and the meeting began. She didn’t introduce me and I appreciated that immensely. It was obvious that many of her “protégés” were eager to recite their new poetry. Jan called on each of them in turn and they recited their poems, followed by critiques from the rest of the group. Some harsh criticisms were directed at a few of the poets, and that surprised me. I thought this type of round robin would be more nurturing than hostile. The atmosphere bothered me and made me nervous since sooner or later I’d be called upon to recite something. After a while, it was my turn.

Jan said by way of introduction, “Sam has an affinity for haiku, and I believe she has a few of hers to share with us.” I stood and delivered one from my college days.

“The wee hummingbird
there at the budding flower;
dew on its beak”

Criticism came from several people who disdained haiku in principle, one boy chiding me for not writing in Japanese, as if that was an option for me.

Hunter whistled, and said to me loud enough for the group to hear, “You must have been one horny chick when you wrote that. The thing is *dripping* with sexual innuendo.” A few people laughed at his pun. “I want to hear more, and don’t listen

to this rabble either.”

I read another I’d written down from memory that morning.

“My darkened dreams
become modern grapes of wrath
reaping bitter wine”

Hunter was quick with his comment. “Whoa, no innuendo there. That one’s intense!” This haiku didn’t get as much criticism from the group as the first one had. Maybe they were tired of haikus already. Hunter shushed the group then asked, “Sam, you got any more like the first one? We need a little erotica to spice up this dour assemblage.”

The group’s muttering seemed to contradict Hunter’s enthusiasm, but Jan looked to be okay with what was happening; and one look into Hunter’s mischievous and oh-so-sexy blue eyes had me ready. I felt a little frisky so I pulled the next haiku solely from memory of hornier times.

“His hard meets my soft,
stirring sparks of pure pleasure
in the dark, I cry”

Several laughed, while quite a few whistled and applauded. “You devil, you,” Hunter exclaimed. Jan loved it, I could tell. I made an exaggerated bow before sitting down. After the girl sitting next to me recited her dreary (and much too long, in my opinion) work, Andrew followed with some fantastic verse. I thought it was superb even though another student complained it was “too Eliot.” I felt like banishing *HIM* to the wasteland, and almost laughed aloud at the pun my own thoughts conjured up.

When we were through, Jan gave an encouraging speech and challenged everyone to do better. As people filed out some stayed behind to speak with her. She really was the guru of this little gathering, though she didn’t recite anything of her own during the session. Does she write? I’d have to ask.

“So, Sam, what are you doing the rest of the day?” Hunter surprised me as I was turning to leave.

“Didn’t have anything planned, really.”

“Then how about we take a walk down to the coffee shop? I’m buying.”

What the hell, I thought. Richard was off into his new life and I was stuck here, sexually frustrated with nowhere to turn. Why not give the young player something to shoot for. Not that anything would happen. He *was* a doll after all.

“Sure, why not?” I replied, and off we went.

Hunter turned out to be quite the conversationalist. Over lattes, he regaled me

with crazy stories of his school life until his mood changed and he said, “I...I didn’t think...you would accept my invitation...I mean, you’re wearing a ring, er...you know, you’re married and all...and I...”

I stopped him by placing my hand upon his on the tabletop. “It’s okay, Hunter. You don’t have to explain yourself. I’m flattered actually.”

He replaced the furrowed brow of worry with a broad grin. “Aw Jesus. It’s just that you’re so beautiful and I loved your openness with the haikus.” He blushed! “You’re not like the girls around here.”

I changed my opinion of him. He wasn’t a player, simply an extroverted (maybe even naïve) college kid who got smitten by the mysterious older woman. That’s when I told him about myself: my life with Richard, how I’d sacrificed my career to help him further his, staying with my mother-in-law, etc. He told some anecdotes about Janice and the poetry group members that set us both to laughing. When he looked at his watch and said he had to get to a class, I could see him struggling again with his thoughts. Damn, he was thinking about asking me out on a date!

My hand found his once more. “Since I’m stuck here by myself, how about we meet here tomorrow for another coffee, my treat? Pick a time.”

The beaming smile came back. He said, “Sure! What about ten? Maybe I can show you some other poems I’ve written. I’d love to. And I’ll pay.” Everything came out in a nervous rush.

What do you know; I had a date! As Hunter dashed off, I thought about how cute he was. I really liked the kid. I walked back to Jan’s wondering if Richard would call. I ran into Jan as soon as I entered the house. I had to hand it to her; she was quick to recognize something had sparked between Hunter and me. She commented how cute and “avid” Hunter was and then switched effortlessly to wondering if Richard would call. I laughed and remarked that Hunter was indeed cute, but being a married woman I would dutifully wait for an evening call from my husband.

“If he doesn’t call tonight, am I back in the hot tub with you and Andrew?” I asked, smiling.

It was her turn to laugh. “Only if you want to, dear. I promise I won’t jump his bones in the tub like yesterday, as long as you promise to keep your hands off him.” Her smile told me she was kidding, but I was still horrified with myself for touching and kissing him while they were doing it. I knew I blushed, and I knew she saw me. That’s when she surprised me even more. “I have a vibrator you can borrow. Get you past Richard’s, ah...leave-taking...and, ah...take care of things, you know.”

Did I look that desperate? Considering I couldn’t survive another voyeuristic

session in the hot tub without exploding, I embarrassingly took her up on her offer.

Richard finally called. As would be expected, he talked at length about how great he'd been accepted at the firm, how much work he had and how many hours he would be putting in. He never asked what I had been doing. Nothing. Therefore, I didn't volunteer anything. I certainly wouldn't have talked about a topless romp in the pool or nakedness in the hot tub. Nor would I say anything about Jan and Andrew's proclivity toward sexual exhibitionism. I didn't tell him about Hunter. Especially Hunter.

After the call, in my bedroom staring at my mirrored reflection, I pondered the nice things Andrew had said about my breasts and my ass. I remembered that Hunter had called me beautiful. I stripped and studied myself again. I *did* look good. Richard would never say things like that. Richard wouldn't want me swimming topless in front of others. Richard wouldn't fuck me in a hot tub either, audience or not. I remembered the sight of Andrew's erection and I grew flushed. I remembered Jan nonchalantly straddling it and her lusty cries of orgasm. I absently ran my hand down to my pubic zone. I didn't remember ever being so wet and aroused.

I retrieved the loaned vibrator and began using it there in front of the mirror. For a few minutes I kept my eyes open, watching my hips undulate and my nipples stiffen as I worked the vibe around and over my throbbing clitoris. A silken rivulet ran down my inner thigh, as I watched. My breasts heaved from my labored breathing, as I watched. The undulation of my hips changed to a frantic pantomiming of the sex act, as I watched. I plunged the bullet-shaped toy deep into my vagina, as I watched. Then I didn't. I closed my eyes and remembered the texture of Andrew's lips and tongue. I remembered the kiss. Then Andrew's face morphed into Hunter's, and his penetrating blue eyes, before something else penetrated—

My legs buckled as I fell to my knees in convulsing glory. The orgasm went on forever, the best I've had in ages. I didn't know how much noise I made but then realized I didn't care what Jan heard. After all, she let me borrow the vibrator, right?

I cleaned myself up a bit, threw on a robe and went downstairs. Jan and Andrew were in robes as well; they'd been in the hot tub I surmised. By the looks of them, they'd fucked too. That was okay since now I wasn't the frustrated woman as I had been—I was still basking in the glow of my own, self-induced orgasm.

"What did my son have to say?" Jan asked as I walked into the room.

"He filled me in on all the important things he was doing, you know, like saving the world."

Jan's eyebrows raised a bit. She obviously heard the sarcasm in my voice. "So, he didn't ask about your day?" I supposed it was a rhetorical question, for she added

immediately, "That's my boy."

I picked up her tone too. I noticed Andrew had a drink in his hand. "What's that? Anything I'd be interested in?"

He held up his glass and said, "It's a scotch and soda. Not sure if it's your poison but you're welcome to one. Want me to get it?"

"Thanks but I'll mix up my own poison." I walked to the dry bar and made myself a whisky sour. I became aware my robe came untied somehow, but didn't let it worry me, seeing no one seemed to worry about much about staying prudently covered in this house. When I turned away from the bar, Andrew was staring at me with a rueful smile on his face. To be more accurate, he was staring somewhere below face level at the opening in my robe. I sat down on an unoccupied loveseat. Jan began asking questions about my day, especially interested in my time with Hunter. Comments she made about him suggested that she had slept with him at one time or another. No surprise—I assumed she slept with all her poetic protégés, perhaps the women as well.

I cut through the small talk when I asked her if I could use the hot tub tomorrow afternoon. She reiterated the 'what's-mine-is-yours' speech she'd welcomed me with.

My empty glass surprised me. *I sure did down that first one fast enough*, I thought. *Time for another.* I rose from the loveseat and went for a refill, my robe loosely fluttering to the side as I walked. When I turned back from pouring my drink, Andrew was staring at me, no pretense at all; his cock had sprung rigidly from beneath the folds of his robe. It was my turn to stare.

Jan came to sit next to me. "Are you okay, sweetheart?" she asked. I simply nodded and gulped some of my drink. She continued, "I think maybe we've opened up your eyes a little around here in two days. You sure you can handle it? I...we... don't think you're used to the sexuality...our candor, shall we say. It's obvious to me at least that you have unmet needs, Sam." She glanced over at a very stricken (and guilty-looking) Andrew and said, "He's been lusting after you since you got here. Look at that erection of his! I wouldn't be angry with either of you if you went at it... got it out of your system."

With that, she got up and walked out of the room. I gulped the rest of my drink before patting the loveseat where Jan just vacated. "Is she right?" I asked him.

He walked over and sat next to me. "Oh yeah, she's right," he said with a sigh. "You're impossibly sexy, and oh so beautiful. You had me hexed as soon as you joined us in the pool. Look at this fucking thing!" he said, motioning toward his stiff cock. It was impressive—he was definitely a big man in that department. And I certainly

needed something like that. But...

I said, "Yes, I'm looking at it. And for sure it would go nicely about now, but we're not doing anything. Don't be stupid. I saw Janice's face, and she may have said to go for it but do you really think it'd be baggage-free?" I ran my palm around and over his stiff cock. "You know I'm vulnerable...and God, so ready, but go find your lover and put this beautiful specimen to good use, okay?"

Andrew was conflicted but agreed with me in the end. He gave me a kiss, a little more chaste than the last one, and went off in search of Jan. I remained on the loveseat and absentmindedly fingered my explosively wet, aroused vulva. *What would he have felt like?* The orgasm swept over me, surprising me a little with its swiftness and ferocity. I hadn't admitted it to myself until that moment, but I knew Hunter had better be ready tomorrow. I sure was.

In the morning, Jan was cordial toward me, so Andrew must have made everything good between them. Before coming here I never would have asked the question, but things had changed, "How many times did you get it on last night?"

Jan laughed and said, "My, my, asking your mother-in-law a naughty question like that. You're a bad girl, Samantha, but I love you for it. Yes, Andrew was, let's say, very willing to satisfy my...em...needs last evening." She leaned closer and like a conspirator smiled and said, "I think my Big O count was four. I'm not daft so I knew he was thinking about you dear, but then he *was* quite vigorous. I'm not one hundred percent sure why you turned the poor slob down last night but I thank you for it. I do love him, after all." She paused, and then added, "I love you too."

We talked for a while, sipping coffees and discussing our respective days. She asked me about Hunter and I told her of our planned meeting. She asked me if I still planned on using the hot tub. She knew the score, saying "Hunter is quite an impressionable young man...quite energetic too I might add."

"You...you...think it's...it's...wrong?"

"No, dear, I don't," she said. "Look, you're married to my son so you expect a certain motherly judgment, but then I'm hardly the 'normal' mother, am I?" She sighed, "Besides, you've showed how special a woman you are, especially with Andrew last night. Richard can't keep you from being a hot-blooded woman, no matter how prudish he is. Have some fun."

So, at ten o'clock I met Hunter at the coffee shop. You'd think he was a high school boy on prom night the way he acted. *Maybe he was like that*, I thought, *going to get lucky*. He paid for our coffees and danishes, blubbering his attempt at small talk the whole time. Once we sat down at a corner table, I couldn't take it anymore.

After taking a sip of coffee, I placed my hand on his and said, "Hunter, relax,

I'm not going anywhere. You don't have to impress the hell out of me or anything." I smiled at him as he blushed. "Shit, I'm impressed already."

He said, "It's just...you know...you're so beautiful...and smart...and older—"

"Hey, I'm none of those things, though I thank you for all of them, except maybe 'older'...Jesus, you make me sound like an old lady. I'm not even close to Janice and you've been with her."

He blushed an even darker crimson. "No...well, yes...I mean...once..."

I knew by his answer it'd been more than once. I smiled and said, "I bet she was hot. You like older women, Hunter?"

He shook his head, too flustered for words. My hand went back to cover his. I asked about his studies, his major, his poetry, and his plans for the future. He saw himself as a teacher, perhaps a college professor someday. He sheepishly admitted he didn't have a girlfriend now. As he said this, I stroked his fingertips with mine. Our fingers entwined in a prescient semblance of how I knew our bodies would soon entwine. I was aroused, and he most likely had an erection safely hidden from view under the table.

Later, we walked hand-in-hand back to Janice's as I told him more about myself. As sweet as can be, he recited some of his poetry as we walked. What was he thinking? Was he contemplating sex with another "older" woman? Why wasn't I thinking of Richard?

Janice and Andrew appeared to be out when we got there, so fortuitously we had the house to ourselves. I asked, "How about a nice soak in the hot tub?"

"Really?" he said. "I...er...you mean, nude?"

I sidled up next to him and said, "Of course. You must know Janice's rule about no suits in the hot tub, right?"

I leaned into him and raised my lips to his, and soon our tongues met too. We undressed after I fired up the hot tub. I let him slip my panties off and then we kissed again. He was erect and the head of his cock poked against my abdomen while we stood there and kissed. He went to his knees then kissed my freshly shaven pubic arch, running his tongue-tip up and down the upper labial fold, coaxing my clitoris from under its hood. We weren't going to make it into the water; that was for sure. We lay down on an oversize beach towel beside the hot tub. Hunter went back to what he was doing before, getting between my spread thighs and working his tongue and lips on and around my swollen clit.

Oh God, I needed this! "Yes, oh yes, just like that, oh yes...YES," I cried as he worked his magic.

I realized it wasn't technique—any magic—on his part, but simply my need

that was getting me there quickly. My legs began to shake uncontrollably as my back arched and everything released.

“Ooooooooooooooh! Goddddddddddd! I’mmmmm cummmmmmmmming!
Oooooooooohhhhhh!”

I heard Hunter mutter “Wow!” as I bathed in the warmth of the orgasm. I looked down between my splayed legs to see he had a solid erection, leaking pre-cum, so I opened my arms for him and he climbed on. He entered me slowly but easily. I kept my legs wide and high as he fucked me missionary. He was an eager lover. Unbidden by me he went faster and faster, slamming into my hungry vagina—and I was loving it. I needed the “hard” and I needed the “fast,” though I knew he’d beat me to the Big O.

“You’re...so...tight...and...so...warm...I’m gonna...cummmmm!” he groaned.

Damn! How many ropes *did* he fire into me? I thought I felt his cock spasm seven or eight times, but I couldn’t tell for sure. He fell to the side of me and we lay there for a while.

“I’m sorry I came so quickly like that,” he apologized. “You didn’t—?”

I traced a fingertip across his face, down to his chin, studying him as I said, “That’s okay, it felt good...really good, and there’s always next time.” His face brightened at ‘next time’ and we kissed again. Afterwards I said, “You know, we’re wasting that hot tub. Why don’t we use it?”

We climbed into the very hot, roiling water. Now that Hunter had gotten his rocks off, he took this opportunity to explore the part of me that most men focus on—my breasts. As Andrew had observed in the pool the other day, my girls were large, round and firm, with large areolas that seem to turn men on when they see them. Hunter was rubbing and caressing my breasts now. Boy, was I loving the attention.

“How are your recuperative powers?” I asked.

“My what?...Oh, yeah,” he answered, but I’d already felt the answer to my question. The young man was eager; his newfound rigidity flattered me.

I said, “You know, I really do need it again. Fuck me.”

Eager, indeed! I climbed out of the hot tub and got on my hands and knees, and he was behind me and in me in seconds. He was a little timid at first but I implored him to give it to me hard. His big hands had my hips in check as he slammed against my ass.

“Sam, you’re so good!” he moaned. “I’ll try to last longer...this time...so you can—”

He needn't have worried. I always loved getting it doggie (to 'missionary' Richard's consternation) and with my head thrown back, I let the neighborhood know how much. "Yes...yes...YES!" I cried, my body wracked by orgasmic convulsions.

"—I'm gonna..." Hunter groaned.

"On me!" I cried.

Like a cheap actress in a bad sex movie, I flipped over on my back in time to get a cum shower the likes of which I never imagined. I cheered him on as the ropes pulsed from his cock while he stroked, splashing over me in a warm embrace. I rubbed it all over my body, and when my gooey fingertips reached my clit, I was rewarded with new wavelets of my own climactic wetness. Hunter remained leaning over me on his knees, seemingly transfixed by my utter abandon.

We were cleaned up and getting dressed when Jan came home. "Oh, hi Hunter," Jan said. "Hope you enjoyed the hot tub." I wasn't sure if it was meant for Hunter specifically (hidden meaning: "Hope you enjoyed Samantha") or for both of us.

Regardless, I answered, "Of course we did, and we adhered to your rules..."

"I'm sure you did," she said, smiling wryly.

There were no secrets or surprises here; she knew the score of what we'd done. Was she upset that I'd cheated on her son right here in her own house, or did her free-love lifestyle trump those concerns? She didn't let her opinion show, regardless.

I sent a perplexed yet satisfied Hunter on his way with a kiss, and "You'll be here for the poetry group tomorrow, right?" He agreed like the eager puppy he was.

Jan said nothing about my liaison with Hunter the rest of the day. I went to bed sexually satisfied for the first time in a long time. Before falling asleep, I thought of myself as a vagabond, wandering the new country of sexual awakening, making discoveries along the way. What would I discover tomorrow?

The next day's poetry group meeting held a different dynamic than the first one I attended, or maybe it was simply my imagination. A young man who introduced himself as Donald sat next to me before Hunter arrived and could claim the seat. Donald began chatting me up immediately, asking questions about my haikus and poetry in general. Where I'd assumed Hunter's easy charm to be that of a player, Donald had me assuming as well. As he talked, I thought *Oh yeah, player indeed*. When Hunter arrived, there wasn't an empty seat anywhere near me, so after a sheepish nod of acknowledgment he sat across the room. Before the meeting began, I made every attempt to size up Donald. Handsome in that dark Irish way, with wavy black hair and a strong physique, probably was a jock based on his musculature, easily viewed encased in a tight polo.

About half the group stood and recited something. I didn't. Hunter's was full of double entendres, which made me believe he dashed it off with full memory of our lovemaking. Donald's was rather pedestrian, making me believe he wasn't much of a poet. If he'd joined the poetry sessions to meet girls, this wasn't the group for him, with only the two dowdy lesbians reciting bad poetry. Then, perhaps it was all about Janice. Hunter admitted as much. Perhaps that's why *all* the boys were here—Janice's past playthings.

After Jan gave everyone her brand of support and positive reinforcement, we broke up and I urged Hunter up to my room to Donald's gee-I-wanted-to-make-a-move dismay. I quickly liberated a breathless Hunter from his clothes and stripped myself. Within moments, I was pulling the tumescent young man into my wet and willing vagina.

After he banged away between my splayed legs for a minute, I rolled him over and rode him cowgirl. I would have made any rodeo rider proud. My tits bounced so much they hurt. The bed bounced so much I'm sure anyone in the house heard it. My first orgasm came along in supreme glory and dear Hunter seized the moment to throw my convulsing body to the bed, on my stomach, and finished us off in reverse missionary. My second orgasm timed out near perfectly with his grunting ejaculation. Wow, can that boy really cum! The creampie was of epic proportions.

For the rest of the week I fucked Hunter as often as we could get together, sometimes his place and sometimes at Janice's. Jan and Andrew kept at discreet distance when Hunter was in the house. Neither brought up the subject of my wanton infidelity.

When Richard returned on Friday night, his demeanor was predictable. He was quick to explain to me and his mother how great the job was and how many "important" cases he'd been given. Not once did he ask how my week had gone. Typical.

He did ask about Janice. "You two getting along okay? I bet she still walks around the house naked. And I don't trust this character Andrew. Seems shady to me."

How would *he* know? "We've been getting along swimmingly, dear, and no, she doesn't run around naked all day, and Andrew seems like a nice guy."

"You know for nice guys?" he asked. I wondered if he'd ever understand the irony of that line.

That night Richard's interest in sex was perfunctory. So much for absence making the heart grow fonder. I gave him my best blowjob, thinking it'd be the ticket to jumpstarting his sex drive. Instead, he quickly came in my mouth and that was

that. I tried to get him up again to no avail. When he fell asleep, I brought the vibrator into the bathroom and thought of Hunter, Andrew and cute Donald (*what would he be like in bed?*) and covered my mouth to stifle the orgasmic whimpers. I then brushed my teeth to get the last taste of Richard's cum from my mouth.

The weekend was civil but unspectacular, and Richard was gone from my mind long before he was gone from Amherst on Monday. I spent my Monday morning fucking the shit out of Hunter at his place before sending him off to his first class. When I returned to Janice's house, I heard sounds from out back and so I walked toward the pool.

Jan and Andrew weren't in the pool. Instead, they were in the hot tub and it looked to me as if they were in serious foreplay. I interrupted.

"Mind if I join you?"

Jan smiled half-heartedly, and said, "Sure, come on in."

I didn't feel the least bit guilty of interrupting them. I stripped quickly and climbed in beside Andrew. Thinking *why do they have to stop on my account*, I said, "It's okay, you can pretend I'm not here. Go ahead and do what you were doing." The way Andrew was looking at me I knew he couldn't quite pretend I wasn't there. Maybe it was because I furtively rubbed a breast against his arm.

Jan said, "I think we will," and they went back to kissing and fondling.

I lay back, closed my eyes and enjoyed the hot roiling water. I hadn't showered after my romp with Hunter so I imagined residue of his semen leaking from my hot, still wet cunt. I imagined filmy white streams of flotsam drifting to the water's surface. The image turned me on; my fingers found my clit and went to work.

I opened my eyes when the splashing of the tub's water grew to a level I couldn't ignore any longer. Jan was draped over the edge of the tub, facing outward as Andrew slammed into her from behind. I moved up, got behind Andrew, and rubbed my pelvis against his ass, mimicking his thrusting motion. He hung his head back, searching for my lips as before. I reached around him and wrapped my fingers around the base of his shaft, stroking in rhythm to his thrusts into Jan.

"Andrewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww, Oh Godddddd, I'mmmm cummmmmmmingggg!" Jan wailed in that little girl lilt of hers.

In three last thrusts, Andrew did the same. I felt the swelling surge seconds before the throbbing pulse of his ejaculating manhood. All he did was groan "Ohhhhhhh!" as he came.

They collapsed into the tub, enjoying the aftermath of their orgasms, while I pined for one of my own. Jan looked over at me and said, "I think I know a gal who'll be using a toy in a little while. What do you think, Andrew dear?"

Andrew looked at me as he has been, with a blend of desire and melancholy. “I think she does look like she needs a little something.”

He probably had the memory of me rubbing against him burned into his brain. Not a *little* something but a *big* something was what I needed, thinking about his impressive size while erect.

The fact that Jan didn’t question me anymore about my extramarital action was a surprising development. Maybe free-love culture did trump a mother’s instincts. Andrew copped a sneak feel underwater and then the two of them got out and left me to soak. I stayed in the hot tub for a little longer, pondering what to do with Hunter and what this newfound sexual freedom meant for my future.

The following morning, I attended the poetry group session, making sure I was sitting next to Donald again. He went to work on me almost immediately, line after line. He had no clue that he was wasting his breath, since he was going to get me into bed today anyway. During some readings, I placed my hand on his thigh and got the requisite response. When it was his turn to recite, he could hardly breathe, never mind speak.

My turn came, and I stood. My poem drew some gasps, some titters, and more than a few cheers.

With my eyes closed
I feel your heat
Sense your musk
Grow aroused

With my eyes closed
You touch my hair
Nape of neck
Inner fire

With my eyes closed
Time stops to grasp
Surging wave
Elation

With my eyes closed
Penetration
Ecstasy

Be fulfilled

With my eyes open
I drink you in
Filling me
With your seed

Jan actually rolled her eyes. Hunter looked like he was going to cum in his pants. To Donald, my poem was like a mating call; I could almost smell the testosterone. I smiled and made an exaggerated curtsey before sitting back down. I wasn't sure if it was the poem, the memories behind it, or the group's reaction, but I was aroused tremendously. Lucky Donald.

After the poetry group session was over, I quickly dragged Donald up to my room on the premise I needed to get a few things. I also moved quickly so I could get away from Hunter. In my room, I dropped all pretence and pulled him to the bed. We kissed, tongues probing deeply in each other's mouth. His hand was inside my shirt and bra and kneading my aching breasts.

"Eat me," I commanded in a hoarse whisper.

Like a maniac, he pulled off my jeans and then my panties and went down on me. What a good boy! I somehow knew he would be more proficient than Hunter, and he didn't disappoint. He nibbled, licked, sucked around and on my clitoris until I couldn't stand it anymore.

"Oh God, *YES!*" I cried.

"Mmmmm," he groaned. I must have given him a wet surprise.

My turn to pull off his clothes. When his cock sprung free from his boxers, I gasped; he was indeed a big boy! I took him in my mouth and gave him the special treatment my husband accepted so matter-of-factly. I'll say that Donald was much more appreciative.

"Oh, yes baby. You're so good. God...deep. I'm gonna cum already—" he crooned.

"No, you're not! You're going to fuck me good!" I yelled.

I pulled him between my legs and he slid into me. Donald was very strong and muscular, and through my urging, he put that strong and muscular body to good use. In fact, urging was what I did, begging him to go hard, go deep, and with his great, virile, young, hard manhood he *did* go hard, go deep.

"Samantha...Oh...Oh...you're..." He never said what I am, as he punched in and out of my vagina, but did it matter?

My voice betrayed the wanton need: “Ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...” to match the beat of his thrusting manhood. I had my legs draped over his strong shoulders, his hands holding on to my quivering thighs. My eyes locked into his as he continued to fuck away.

“Ugh...ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh...” he grunted.

“Yes...yes...oh...oh...yes...oh... oh... oh... oh... oh... oh...” I whimpered.

Our bodies shivered as one, as he unloaded his seed to my cervix’s portal and I quaked uncontrollably, sucking it deeply into me. His was nearly a scream. Mine surely was. He was throbbing within me long after his ejaculations ceased.

After we fell to the bed in post-coital languor, he said, “Oh Sam, you’re fantastic...I can’t believe we just made love like that—”

“Stop!” I yelled. “Don’t talk like that, like I’m some sort of frat-house conquest you can brag to your buddies about.”

“I didn’t mean—”

“Never mind. I enjoyed the sex. Let’s just keep it at that, okay?”

“Can I see you tomorrow?” he asked.

He didn’t get it. He didn’t understand that he was my boy-toy of the day. In my newfound sexual freedom I’d come to realize I could experience things just the way I wanted. Even with Donald’s warm semen dribbling from my cunt, I can imagine fucking any other member of the poetry group whenever I wanted. Eager boys willing to satisfy the ‘older’ woman, putting a notch on their bedpost, and I was willing to indulge myself as that notch. I gave him a vague “maybe” about seeing him again.

After Donald left, I saw Jan and she said to me, “Mmmm, Donald is a nice choice, dear. Very energetic and such a fine body to expend all that energy with.”

“Do I hear approval?”

She smiled. “How can I possibly approve of my daughter-in-law’s promiscuity,” she said. I heard the facetiousness. “Next time, maybe the hot tub or pool. Always gets the young lads ‘up’ for anything.” She was still smiling, still firmly within her role as aged hippy chick.

I alternated between Hunter and Donald for another week. Donald began fucking me in the pool before we ended up on the patio and me getting it firmly from behind. Wow, was he strong and forceful! When he got going that cock of his was like a battering ram, and I didn’t mind him battering my hungry cunt. I admit I was spoiled, having these young men bring me to screaming orgasms repeatedly.

The weekend with Richard came and went. Our sex was quite unremarkable; a contradiction between what should be his weeklong unmet needs and my supremely

oft-met ones. I began to wonder if he was getting some on the side in Boston, though I could hardly be jealous if he did.

I was ready to expand my horizons—or should I say ‘territory?’ I sized up another member of the poetry group; a shy, lanky young man named Jason, and seduced him. The first time in his dorm room, he was barely out of his clothes when he shot his load. No problem. I went to work on him and soon he was fucking me silly with the pure abandon of youth. He got me off several times missionary as I captured his deep brown eyes with mine. His ejaculating cock throbbed deeply within me, and I had one final orgasmic throe. I congratulated him on a nice job and invited him to Jan’s pool the following day.

Déjà-vu—almost a carbon copy of my tryst with Donald. Jason proved to be equally energetic.

And that’s how it went.

I went through the poetry group like the lusty slut I’d turned into.

I even bedded one of the lesbians. Jesse taught me the joys of tribbing, and we rubbed pussies well into the night at her place when her girlfriend was out.

I never moved to Boston. Richard one day told me he’d found someone new. The shock was how little I really cared. I was so much a part of the scene here in Amherst and among Jan’s circle of friends now that I never wanted to leave anyway. Janice let me lead the poetry group discussions most times; that and the exhilarating and constant sex kept me very happy. A flow of new underclassmen into the poetry group—and my bed—made for quite a fun life.

Could I ever have imagined how my life would change coming here? Janice had ‘adopted’ me as a daughter, in effect replacing her son. Richard didn’t seem to care so why should I?

One last thread to tie up here: Andrew.

Did we ever get it on?

About six months after Richard left me, Jan and I conspired to give Andrew a birthday present he wouldn’t forget. We double-teamed him and gave him quite the fucking; the old, liberated lady and the younger, recently liberated one drew every last drop of cum from him in one marathon sex session. Of course, the liberated ladies of Amherst got deeply, ahem, tickled, and did a lot of squealing and screaming along the way.

There’s a poem in there somewhere.

*Please take it easy on me for my poetry. Yes, it is mine,
though I can imagine others have expressed these ideas before (and
better).*

You can e-mail me at boredbutstillhot@yahoo.com

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