

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



PSYCHIC DETECTIVE

FLETCHINA
ARCHER

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Psychic Detective

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PSYCHIC DETECTIVE

Fletchina Archer

Chapter One

The few tables and all of the window counters in the brightly lit coffee shop were full. People hunched over laptop computers, spread newspapers over tables, and peered intently into books they had just taken out of the city library across the street.

The thought patterns that bombarded Angela Simmons from all directions as she approached the counter echoed the foggy mist forming in the darkening gray sky outside.

"French roast," she said.

"*Grandissimo, Supremero or Ventissimo?*" asked the slight dark-haired *barista*.

"Big."

The ring in the girl's nose flashed as she pointed to the middle-sized cup with a questioning eyebrow.

Angela nodded.

She looked again at the tables, wishing someone would get up and leave. Frowning in concentration, the guy in the cardigan sweater leaned more intently over his computer. Angela's mind was caught in the thick fog of mundane thoughts. *The stock market is down, Jenny got her first period this morning, I need to get milk on the way home, the United Nations contemplates action to combat global poverty, the broccoli at the produce counter looked yellowish-brown, how will tornadoes in the Midwest affect insurance rates, was Sean doing his math homework, the car sounded funny, soy bean production is down in Brazil...* Thought fog. She tried to tune it out.

"Do you want room for cream?"

"No, thanks."

"One-sixty-five."

A highway opened through the murkiness. Angela fumbled the two dollar bills she was taking from her purse when she looked toward the table to the right side of the counter. *Five-eight, Angela guessed, mid-thirties, well-coiffed, close-cropped dark brunette. Loose tan cashmere pullover. Well-off, good taste. Oval face, sensuous lips, high cheekbones...*

The woman looked up, her eyes fastening on Angela's for a brief moment before they swept around the room and returned to the book in front of her. In that instant something...

Blue eyes. Lingered on me too long. Maybe because she was in the library when I was and thought she recognized me. But no, something else in that look. Something in the way she looked back to her book. You can never rely on things like that.

"One-sixty-five?" the *barista* repeated.

Angela handed her the two dollars and took her change.

The miasma of Brazilian soybeans, worries about kids, cars, supper and husbands descended over Angela's awareness.

And there it was again, as clear as day, a pattern of thought. Different from Soybeans' concerns with kids, business and domestic stuff. Not just one thought, but a pattern writhing with sensuality, slippery with anticipation, opulent and smooth to the touch, stretching like fingers reaching out of quicksand, hoping against hope for rescue from the insuperable, irresistible downward force. Alluring for its unbridled physical appeal that Angela felt herself responding to, but threatening because of its forceful, earthy—what was it—hesitation? Doubt? Suspicion? That feeling of being trapped, of wanting but lacking? She couldn't name it.

The fog thinned with each step Angela took toward the brunette. The woman looked up from her book just as Angela approached her table.

"May I join you? It looks like all the other places are taken."

"Yes, I was trying to read, but I can't concentrate. Weren't you just in the library? I think I saw you as I was checking out."

"Yes, I was doing some research over there."

"Oh? What kind?" she said, putting down the book.

"Corporate. Checking out who owns what."

"Oh, are you a business researcher?"

Angela laughed. "Sometimes it feels like it. No, I'm a detective."

"Police?"

"No, not that kind. I don't find criminals. I'm a love detective."

The man at the computer scowled at Angela but quickly turned his gaze to the woman at the window counter speaking into her cell phone. He snapped his computer shut and left. The woman with the cell phone continued chatting as she packed up her belongings in her purse and followed him out.

"A love detective?"

Two other people left the counter and the *barista* came around the bar and began cleaning the tables and counters next to the windows as the place emptied.

"That's shorthand. People come to me with their relationship problems."

"And that gets you into corporate research?"

"Sometimes, yes. That's where it got me today."

"Hot on a case?"

"Yes, but I can't talk about it."

"Secret stuff?"

"Let's just say confidential. If I worked for you, you wouldn't want me telling everyone I ran into at a coffee shop about your life, would you?"

"There's not much to tell."

Angela smiled.

"What does that smile mean?" The brunette looked at Angela over the rim of her coffee cup.

"*Everyone* has something interesting to tell." Angela sipped the hot, bitter brew in her mug.

"Well, suppose I wanted to hire you."

"To find out about your husband?"

"You *know*?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson. I observe the wedding band on your left ring finger. I observe a diamond ring. I see how you dress, your handbag, your hair, your manicure, and I conclude that you are well-off. You are here on a workday afternoon. If you are well-off, you do not freelance. You are here, so you are not working. Ergo, you may be an heiress or a beneficiary of a trust fund or you have a husband with a large income. Or all three, or two of three. But you were in the library to actually check out a book. A book a person of wealth would have purchased to put in the library at the house. Rich people have libraries. There is probably one in your house, but you are not accustomed to buying books. Ergo, you did not grow up with wealth. I conclude that your husband is the source of the wealth. If your husband were available, you'd be with him. Or, because you are a beautiful woman, he'd be with you. He is not. You are not. Ergo, he is not free. I conclude he is working. If that's so, he's probably working all the time, in meetings, traveling, and in contact with a lot of powerful and beautiful women. That's enough to worry any wife. And the ones that are really worried find me and ask me to help them."

"You're amazing, Holmes," she said leaning back in her chair. "My name is Ronda Moore."

"Glad to meet you, Ronda, I'm Angela Simmons."

Angela reached into her purse and extracted a card.

"Angela Simmons, Psychic Detective? What's the psychic part?"

"That's why I don't do police work. That depends on proof. I need to know more than who did what with or to whom when and where. I need to know motives. Why they did what they did."

"Does it matter?"

"It can."

The *barista* returned behind the bar to polish her coffee-making machines as the last of the other patrons left.

"You read people's minds?"

"Sort of..."

"I don't believe in that kind of stuff. Can you tell me what I'm thinking?"

"You are afraid that at thirty-six your breasts are no longer perky, that you are losing your looks and that you are no longer attractive to your husband because he spends so much time apart from you and hardly touches you anymore. You suspect he may be fucking other women because you think he can have any woman he wants."

"Yeah, but you don't have to read my mind to know that. You deduced it from my clothes and jewelry, right?"

"Okay, you think that you masturbate way too much, maybe excessively because you do yourself at least once a day and some days two or three times. You were in the library to check out books about women's fantasies because you've become bored with your own. You are afraid of some of your fantasies. You fantasize about being tied up and taken, something you know you'd never want in real life. You fantasize about fucking a stranger in a public place like this coffee shop and people gathering around to watch and applauding when you come. You fantasize and sometimes think about being spanked, and you think it's dangerous because if you enjoy pain, you might be a masochist and get caught up in the whole S and M thing."

"Not much of a deduction, is it? Chances are any woman masturbates fairly frequently. At least a few times a week. And most more. Daily. And those are pretty standard fantasies."

"But it's not standard to worry about them."

"Anything else?"

"When your husband is with you, which is much less than you'd like, you fantasize about other men."

"That's also usual. Anything that might be unique to me? Now?"

"Yes." Angela leaned toward the center of the table and whispered. "When I was getting my coffee, you glanced up at me and you were wondering what it would be like to make love with me. For some time, you've been attracted to other women sexually, but you haven't had the nerve to suggest it to anyone because you are afraid that you are strange to have those feelings. You worry that you might be a lesbian. Specific about you? You were having a fantasy about you and me in the sauna at your house and —"

"Okay, you've convinced me. And knowing all of that, you still came over here and sat down at the table with me?"

"Yes, I did. Knowing all that. And the answer to the other question you didn't say is yes, I would like to. That's why you can't hire me as a detective."

* * * * *

He wants me ready by six so we can go to some fancy restaurant with some of his business associates for dinner. They'll talk about stuff I don't know anything about and I'll feel stupid and left out. They'll sit around drinking wine until eleven, then we'll come home and he'll go to sleep. Maybe if I put on something sexy, he'll pay attention. If he doesn't, maybe someone else will and he'll be jealous enough to notice me.

The garage door slid into place with a soft thunk as Ronda got out of her expensive low-slung black sports car and went into the Frank Lloyd Wright house. Not a knockoff, not an imitation, but an original not that far from the architect's own house.

She undressed in front of the full-length mirror in her walk-in closet.

They may not be that perky, but they're still firm, she thought as she cupped one hand under each breast. She appraised her body critically. I could stand to lose a few pounds. But when was that not true? I've always thought I should be thinner than the one hundred forty or one hundred forty-five pounds I've always been. I'd look better at one hundred thirty-five. She

ran her hands down her stomach and across her hips as her eyes dwelt on her smooth pubis. *I thought maybe he'd notice when I shaved down there.* But she had found that she liked herself smooth, so she began having herself waxed every couple of weeks to stay silky soft to her own touch even if Jeff never noticed. *He doesn't have that much chance to notice anything about me.*

Sexy. Something short and black. Clingy knit. No bra. She opened a drawer and rummaged in it. *Garter belt? No, I don't want any lines. Nothing under. Sheer black stockings. Thigh-high to give it that tarty look.* Closing the drawer, she took the short, tight knit dress from the hanger and held it in front of herself. *Yeah, that'll work. Tight across the butt and stomach, it'll show off my thighs. Ugh, maybe not. Maybe they're too fat. Oh well, best I can do. Some cleavage showing. If I lean down, a good view of my breasts to the nipples. It'll do.*

She laid the dress on Jeff's side of the king-sized bed beside the stockings and went into the bathroom that was as big as some people's living rooms, past the wooden sauna to a large sunken bathtub. She sprinkled bath salts into the tub and turned on the water.

As the crystals dissolved in the steaming water, Ronda stepped into the tub and lay on her back, letting the hot water cascade over her feet.

She stroked her nipples to erectness, and then pinched them both hard between her thumbs and forefingers, wondering what it would be like to be dressed only in a tight leather bra and thigh-length high-heeled boots and have someone turn her over their knees and spank her bare butt. Her butt warmed at the thought of the stinging of the spanking. *I'm becoming a pervert.*

She pulled her feet toward her butt and ran her hands down the insides of her thighs and opened her labia with the index finger of her right hand. She didn't move her right hand as she leaned forward to turn off the water with her left hand. Relaxing on her back again, the aromatic hot water engulfing her, she reached down with her left hand to open herself to her own touch and began stroking the tip of her index finger around her clitoris.

She was trying to imagine what it would be like to be with another woman. To be with Angela. *What would Angela do? What would I do? How does it work? Who does what?* She knew the effect of every touch of her own hands on her body, whether it felt good or not. She knew when her vagina was wet and when her clitoris was hard. She had her body and her fingertips to tell her. But would another woman know? Jeff sure never did. He would stop just when he should be stroking faster or press too hard when he should be gentle or go too fast too soon. What was so simple to her was so impossible for him. *Maybe he just gave up.*

An image of Angela formed in Ronda's mind. In a flowered one-piece bathing suit Angela walked toward the naked figure of Ronda and embraced her. Ronda stroked Angela's bare arms, took the straps of the bathing suit between her thumbs and forefingers, and slowly peeled the suit down Angela's body.

Angela smiled and stepped out of the suit as it fell to the floor. She reached for Ronda's hand and placed it firmly on her bare mons. Or did she have pubic hair? Probably. Angela put Ronda's hand on the coarse curls of her pubic hair and shifted her weight on her feet to open herself to Ronda's exploring fingers. Angela tilted her head forward to invite a kiss and Ronda responded by leaning into the kiss, her mouth open, her tongue welcoming the other woman's into her mouth.

Ronda stroked her bare pubis with her left hand as her right finger circled her clitoris, now large and hard with the excitement of the fantasy. She dipped her finger between her labia into the hot fluid that was flowing from her cunt to lubricate her clitoris. The hot water was interfering, diluting the moisture from her cunt. Ronda opened her eyes and reached to the drain to lower the level of the water. When the level of the water was lower, Ronda closed the drain, closed her eyes, and leaned back to start stroking the underside of her engorged clitoris. Her left hand squeezed her labia together to make her clit protrude and hold it in position.

Angela pressed her pubis hard against Ronda's, rubbing her thick, almost bristly, pubic hair onto Ronda's pubis, and with her hands on Ronda's hips, pulled her closer as she started to thrust her pussy against Ronda. "That's right," Angela whispered hoarsely, "fuck me with your

fingers." Angela's cunt was dripping and hot. "Now let me do something for you. Lay back on the chaise lounge. That's right." Angela guided Ronda's naked form onto the chaise and knelt between her legs at the end. Angela's tongue avidly sought Ronda's clitoris and began stroking it hard and fast. The soft warmth of Angela's tongue brought Ronda to the verge of cataclysm and then slowed.

Ronda's finger circled her clitoris again as she strove to postpone her orgasm. She pulled her labia out and stroked down the length of the opening of her vagina before she returned to her clitoris.

A guy with an indistinct face approached Angela from the rear. His erect cock signaled that he appreciated Angela's beauty. Angela sensed his presence and raised her ass toward him as she continued the fast-paced warm pressure on Ronda's clitoris. The man knelt behind Angela and inserted his cock into her glistening cunt from behind and she began to sigh with pleasure.

Ronda's view of the ménage shifted from overhead to side, then to rear, and to the other side. Ronda dipped her finger into her cunt again to prolong her pleasure on the edge of ecstasy, knowing that once she crossed that line the fantasy would dissipate.

The man knew what Angela wanted. He withdrew from her vagina and plunged deep into her anus causing her to wince with the pleasure of pain. Her tongue on Ronda's clit stopped as Angela gasped. The man plunged his cock into her three times, four, five, and then withdrew.

Angela backed away from the chaise lounge half a pace, put her head down, raised her ass in the air and said "Spank me."

At that image Ronda's finger started a frenetic pace on the tip of her clitoris.

The man raised his hand and spanked Angela. The slap of the palm of his hand on the flesh of her butt was sharp and loud. Ronda masturbated as Angela looked up to watch. Another slap and another.

Ronda felt the vibrations start deep within her cunt, spread to her thighs, and overtake her stomach. She arched her back in the shallow water and heard the gurgle start in her throat and become a shout as her hand fell limp beside her and she lay exhausted in the water.

* * * * *

The water was cool when Ronda opened her eyes. She stepped out of the tub and rubbed herself with the thick softness of a bath towel.

But if she's really psychic, then she would know how I was responding to her touch. She would know everything that I feel. I wouldn't have to say anything, just relax and enjoy.

It's not going to happen. I don't know if I even want it to. I don't want to be a lesbian. But I do want it to happen. I want her to do — what I was doing to myself. At least.

As she rubbed her breasts and stomach red with the towel, she once again imagined what it would feel like to have a woman go down on her. The few times Jeff had done it, she had felt more embarrassed than aroused. Embarrassed that she might smell bad, that he might not like the taste of her cunt.

Still thinking about Angela going down on her, Ronda walked into the bedroom. She unwrapped the towel and lay on it on her side of the bed with her legs drawn up, open to both of her hands as her mind opened up to all of the possibilities of a gentle woman who would know everything in her mind, making love with her. She would know when to stop and circle, when to be firm and when to be gentle, when to be fast and when to be slow, when to draw it out and when to make her come fast and hard.

Ronda turned over on her stomach and lifted her hips so she could rotate them around the bunched-up fingers of her left hand thrust between her labia into her cunt as she manipulated her clitoris with her right hand.

A montage of images of Angela flooded her mind, each overlaying the other as Ronda fucked her fingers and stroked her clit.

Angela's head between Ronda's legs, going down on her. Ronda opening her legs to receive Ronda's hand on her mons. A faceless man fucking Angela from behind as Angela played with her own clit. Angela spanking Ronda's ass. Ronda licking Angela's anus and darting her tongue through the wrinkled tissue and into her asshole. Ronda playing with herself as Angela looked on in approval.

Not wishing to prolong the build-up, Ronda thrust down on her fingers as she began to come and the images of Angela became more vivid, more intense, and then faded into blackness as she heard herself sob with a deep intake of breath and then cry out as her orgasm overtook her whole body and she fell to her left side to sleep.

She dreamed that Jeff came into the bedroom to find her naked on the bed, hot and musty and slippery with come as she was now. Overcome with desire, he took off his clothes, throwing them on the floor in his haste, and fucked her hard and fast. She dreamed of lifting her hips to meet his every thrust and taking his hard cock deep into her until his passion burst through and he filled her with his hot come.

When she woke it was five-thirty and Jeff wanted her ready by six. She walked briskly into the bathroom and this time walked into the shower for a quick rinse, then sat in front of the mirror to put on sparse makeup. In the bedroom, she sat on the bed and pulled on one stocking imagining that her hands were Jeff's as she smoothed it up her thigh. Then the other. She stood and pulled the dress over her head and stepped into her black six-inch fuck-me pumps.

She walked—maybe strode is a better word for her hips-forward gait—into the closet to scrutinize the effect. No lines. Before she started getting waxed, this dress even showed her pubic hair if she didn't wear panties. The contours of her nipples showed through the drape of the top. She turned to look at her butt. She leaned in front of the mirror and looked to see just how far she would have to lean for someone to see down to her nipples. It was as she remembered, about one-third of the way would offer a view as the scalloped neck of the dress gaped open to any eyes that cared to see. Suggestive but unobtrusive unless she made it so. It was up to her. That was the way she wanted it.

Six o'clock.

She sat in the armchair beside the bed to read the book of women's fantasies she had taken out from the library. Incest. She felt her stomach turn. *Yuck*. Rape. *Even worse*. Multiple partners. She began to read with interest. Fantasies. Nothing dangerous here.

Just what other women think about when they masturbate. The mental pictures they make. Hers were pretty tame, she concluded as she read more.

When she looked at the clock again she had finished the book, at least all of the parts she was interested in, and there was no sign of Jeff. She knew his cell phone would be off. If he wanted her to know where he was, he'd let her know. Otherwise it was useless to try to find out.

She turned on the television and began to click through the channels. Blithering news commentators. Frantic newscasters. Calm weather forecasters. Inarticulate urban kids standing around yakking at each other. Cops looking for bad guys. Bad guys robbing a bank.

Finally the phone rang.

"They called it off. I'll be a couple of hours late."

"Late?" she heard herself almost shouting. "You're already a couple of hours late. What the fuck do you mean late?"

"I'm sorry, honey, I was in a meeting, sweetie. I couldn't get out of it."

"You couldn't pick up a fucking phone and tell me they'd canceled your precious dinner?"

"I'll be home around ten."

"Don't bother."

Still in her high heels, she marched into the kitchen. She felt the smooth fabric of the dress against her breasts, pubis, and butt as she reached up to the wine rack to take down a bottle of very expensive Pinot Noir from the rack.

She was aware that the fabric of her dress didn't have its usual erotic effect. She slammed open a drawer and fumbled among the garlic presses, cheese planes, peelers, and ginger graters for a corkscrew. Not exactly a corkscrew. She hated them. They screwed violently into the cork and pulled it out against its will. This thing worked with

the cork, penetrated it and puffed air into the bottle to pop the cork out of its own accord.

She filled a fragile long-stemmed glass with the dark wine and took the bottle with her into the living room. She set both glass and bottle down on the coffee table and put a k.d. lang CD into the player, turned the volume so it was just right and sat in her favorite leather armchair. She kicked off her pumps and curled up in the embracing chair as she began to sip the wine.

Chapter Two

"What exactly do you think is going on?"

"I think the son of a bitch is cheating on me. That's why I called you."

"And you say that Michelle Anderson recommended my services?"

"She said you had helped her, yes. And she said you were good."

"Did she tell you that I was expensive?"

"That doesn't matter." Mrs. Windborne sat bolt upright in the easy chair in Angela's office, her purse set primly on the coffee table in front of her. There was a couch, the easy chair Mrs. Windborne occupied, and Angela's club chair. There were abstract paintings on the walls but nothing figurative to distract clients from what they were here to say. She wanted her clients relaxed enough to open up, but alert enough to be able to hear her responses and focused on their business. Sometimes it wasn't easy to achieve that delicate balance of relaxed, focused and alert.

A bookshelf occupied one end of the office and a desk the other. Angela never felt comfortable facing a client across a desk. She feared it might make visitors overly tense or guarded—remind them of some previous experience with a teacher or official. Such as a judge. During a divorce.

"Have you talked to him?"

"Talked? Have I talked to him? That's all I've done. I've asked him point blank. He denies it. I've confronted him with his lies. He just tells more stories. Each one is more outrageous than the last until I finally give up, just glad that he's back with me for a while."

"Do you have any —"

"Evidence? What kind of evidence would prove anything?"

"Phone bills. Is he calling the same phone number on his cell phone all the time after hours?"

"He has his cell phone bill sent to his office."

"I suppose that's suspicious?"

"He says it's a company phone because he uses it for company business."

"Credit card charges? Canceled checks? E-mail messages?"

"Why are you grilling *me*? *I'm* not the one you're supposed to investigate. I thought you were some kind of psychic or something. Can't you just *tell*?"

The handsome woman in her late forties or early fifties fell to the back of her chair sobbing.

"It's mostly old-time detective work. We have to find evidence if you want to be sure." It was time for gentle words.

"Gumshoes following people around with cameras?" She started to laugh through her sobs at the image.

"To put it bluntly, yes. We have operatives we use when the time comes. When we have a good reason to believe someone is cheating, we do just that. We send someone with a camera."

"Can you set up a sting?" She was bolt upright again.

"We can do that too."

"How would that work?"

"One of our operatives —"

"Seduces the son of a bitch?"

"That's essentially it, yes. Or the girl. We work for men, too, you know."

"That's like working for the other side."

Angela saw Mrs. Windborne's eyes perusing the books in their case and followed her thoughts. *Psychoanalysis, Civilization and its Discontents, The Analysis of Dreams.*

Classic Freud. Jung, Adler, Erickson, Becker. Books on modern psychology, schools of therapy, and forensics. Doyle? Sherlock Holmes?

"You'd be surprised. Look, let's go back to the beginning. Let me explain our process. What I can provide with my skills is an understanding of motives, but not actions."

"Why not?"

"I can read what people want to do, what they plan to do, and what they have recently done, but beyond that, I never know whether something is what a person wants to do, wants to avoid, or has done. It's all the same in the mind's eye, and that's what I can see."

"Isn't it enough to know that the asshole wants to cheat on me?"

"Is it? Then we don't need to do anything else. You seem pretty convinced already. Why do you need me?"

"I want to know for sure."

"Exactly."

"But can't there be different motives behind the same actions? I mean, what if someone does something without meaning to?"

"You mean like a one-night stand?"

"Um-hum," Mrs. Windborne said, a smile playing across her lips as she wilted into her chair.

Angela knew that this was a time for silence. She saw the image of the man who was not Mr. Windborne flooding the woman's mind as she reviewed the "mistake" that had fueled her imagination ever since. Angela saw Mrs. Windborne, overwhelmed with his praise and attention, eagerly undressing herself as the mystery man undressed and let his erection loose. She saw Mrs. Windborne kneel before the man, take his cock into her mouth...

"I mean, it could be something you didn't intend, couldn't it? Suppose you have too much to drink and it just happens. That wouldn't be your fault, would it? Unless you planned it or did it again?"

Angela tuned in to Mrs. Windborne's thoughts. *Mrs. Windborne felt feminine and desirable, that made her feel wanted and beautiful and sexy. Supine on the bed, her legs open to receive the man's cock into her throbbing cunt. He plunges into her as she sighs with pleasure.*

Time to speak.

"Think about it. If that happens doesn't it mean the person wanted it to? Wasn't the person ready for it, looking for the opportunity? Maybe you didn't know who or when, but you knew that you were ready for it, that you wanted it. And everyone around you knew it. The signals are unmistakable. Step by step. She sends the signal that she's available. He lets her know he is too. Each signal becomes more clear than the last until it's undeniable and..."

Mrs. Windborne was silent for a moment. The image Angela was receiving became more explicit, more active. *Plunging, gasping, release of deep-seated pleasures long locked up. The man clasped her to him and rolled onto his back to put her on top. She thrust hard forward and back until the first orgasm overtook her. She didn't stop but continued until a second orgasm shook her body. Surprised at her response, she continued until she came a third time and then rolled from the man and lay on her back gasping.*

Mrs. Windborne's voice was mechanical. "I suppose you are right."

"That's what happened, isn't it?"

"Yes. I was ready. I was waiting for months. I knew I was going to do it, and then when my mother had her heart attack and I had to fly to New York to visit her..."

"Um-hum," Angela said a soft, understanding look in her eyes. "Tell me."

"It was a last-minute flight. We were living in L.A. then. Before we moved to Chicago. I had to go by way of O'Hare. There was a snowstorm. We were able to land, but we couldn't take off. So, they put us up in a hotel. I couldn't sleep. I was exhausted,

but I couldn't sleep. I went down to the hotel bar and this nice man offered to buy me a drink."

She was silent. Angela let the silence linger. She saw the younger Mrs. Windborne in the bar, charming, conversing with the stranger. Finally Mrs. Windborne took up her story again.

"We sat in a dark booth and started talking and he told me about his personal life, about how his wife had grown so different from him, how they no longer had much to do with each other, how they each led their own lives. Even their sex lives. When he asked if I'd like to spend the rest of the night with him, I thought, 'What harm can it do?' It's been so long since Raymond has looked at me with that light in his eyes... So we went up to his room. I've never told anyone about that. Until now. It's not like I planned it. I didn't know it was going to happen. I didn't..."

Angela spoke softly but firmly. "But my point is that you had decided well before that. You didn't know the person. You didn't know the place, but you knew in your heart that you were available. Why do men hit on women? Or women on men? Because they know that some percentage of them are just waiting. The people who are waiting make themselves available. In bars, for instance. So if you're looking in such places—a bar, a beach, a coffee house—and find one of those people, you have found what you want. You may strike out four times out of five, but then that fifth time...you may not know why or who or when, but that fifth time... It's just a question of time. Keep your eyes open and you find them, the people who are ready and waiting."

Angela looked away from her client's face to the yellow day lilies in the vase on her desk. *A coffee house?*

"I suppose. Yes, that's right. I could have thanked him for the drink and gone to my own room. I didn't need to...do that. But I wanted to. I've never admitted that before. But Raymond never knew anything."

"You know he's sleeping with someone else, but he couldn't tell that you'd slept with someone else?"

"It's different."

Angela was silent.

"Don't you think it's different? For men and women, I mean?"

"Some people say that we may notice more than men as a general rule. But others say it's a difference in how we talk about things. They say men notice things that they never talk about. If we notice something, we talk about it. But they think if they don't acknowledge it by talking about it, it isn't really there. They can ignore it. They can pretend it's not real. If they don't talk about it, it's difficult for us to know what they're thinking. I think they notice as much as we do, but they don't talk as freely."

"So you think he knew but never said anything?"

"Could be. There are no accidents. So that's the problem in my business. Someone may be in the same situation you were, they may be ready and willing, but they haven't done anything yet. Are they guilty of anything?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Were you?"

"Well, I hadn't actually done anything except..."

Angela remained silent until her new client finished her sentence. "Masturbate. And everybody does that."

"So, even though you knew you were ready for a fling, you weren't guilty of anything?"

"Okay, I guess..."

"Our time is almost up, but remember, it depends on how you look at it. What I can do is tell people if their partner is at that stage. But if we think they've gone farther, if we think there's something going on, then we have to get the proof in the old-fashioned way."

"But your psychic thing? That can help, can't it?"

"Lots. I can pick up on a plan and send an operative to the right place at the right time. It saves lots of time. And in this business time is money because you'll be paying for my services and my operatives as well."

"As long as you bring me the proof."

"I have another appointment soon, so we're going to have to stop for now, but another thing to remember is that not everyone wants proof."

"Why not?" She looked straight into Angela's eyes, her disbelief showing on her face.

"They may be like Raymond. Suppose he knew something was wrong. Suppose he suspected or knew on some level that you'd been with another man. Or men. Do you think he would ask for proof? Maybe he'd rather not know for sure. Some people are like that. They'd rather not know. It's enough to confirm their partner's wish without knowing about their actions."

"I want to divorce him if he's fooling around."

"You don't need proof for that. We have no-fault divorce in Illinois. All you have to do is ask."

"Well, I want to know anyway."

"You understand I'll need three thousand dollars as a retainer."

As she got out of the chair, Mrs. Windborne pulled a signed check from her purse and handed it to Angela.

"I'll be in touch."

* * * * *

After Mrs. Windborne left Angela sat behind her desk, idly scribbling on a legal tablet. She couldn't focus on the problem of how to approach the Windborne case. She'd probably need to get a read on Raymond first thing and determine if there was anything going on. Then she could line up some of her operatives to get the details.

Her mind wandered until the phone startled her out of her reverie.

"Did you mean what you said?"

For a moment Angela was confused. Who was speaking? What had she said?

"In the coffee shop yesterday," the familiar voice continued. "You gave me your card? It had the phone number? At the coffee shop?"

"Ronda?"

"Yes, it's me. Did you really mean what you said, or were you just being kind?"

"Just let me know when and where."

"Are you free this afternoon? Tonight? Jeff is away on *another* business trip. Can you believe the asshole stood me up last night? I'm free today, tonight, tomorrow. If you meant that about the answer to the question I didn't ask. You said yes. You know what the question was?"

"Whether I'd like to make love with you."

"And you want to?"

"Yes. I have one more client to see and I will be free at four. Where do you live?"

When Ronda told her the address, Angela said, "I can walk from here. That's in that area of Frank Lloyd Wright houses, isn't it?"

"Yes, the one that looks like a Mayan temple if you're not an archaeologist."

"I know that place. Is there a place for my car?"

"Asshole's place. He took his car to the airport with him. The garage door will be open. Push the button by the door to the house to close the garage door, and come in when you get here. You can have his place in the bed too. And the sauna. Through the kitchen, up the stairs, left into the master bedroom, right into the bathroom. First door on the right. I'll be there. Nobody else will be in the house."

* * * * *

Angela pulled her small hybrid gas-electric car into the darkness of the open garage and turned off the engine. She walked to the open door and pushed the button and

heard the garage door close behind the car. She only briefly noticed the marble countertops and restaurant-quality stainless steel appliances as she walked through the tiled kitchen to the dining room or the starkly beautiful Danish teak furniture arranged on the intricate designs of the Oriental rug. She climbed the stairs to the master bedroom and turned into the bathroom.

There she picked up on the psi patterns, the images of her making love with Ronda in the sauna. Angela unbuttoned her white blouse and folded it carefully onto the marble countertop in front of the mirror. She unhooked her utilitarian bra and put it on top. She unzipped her black slacks and stepped out of them and picked up the bra and blouse to put the folded pants at the base of her clothing. She left her shoes on the floor and put her panties and socks on top of the pile.

Aware of Ronda's growing urgency, she turned to look at herself in the mirror. At forty-two, she thought she still had an athlete's body. Her rower's shoulders were broad and her waist narrow. Her breasts were shapely and curvaceous. The hours working out in the gym after she had the baby had paid off. It was good that she got back to her rowing. It helped her shoulders and chest. The stretch marks were hardly visible.

When she opened the door of the sauna a cloud of steam enveloped her.

"Close the door!" said a voice from the cloud.

"Ronda?"

"Top bench."

As Angela's eyes adapted to the dim light inside the sauna, she saw the slim figure of Ronda sitting on the top bench, her legs dangling over the edge.

Ronda didn't know what to say or do, so she waited quietly. She leaned against the back wall and pulled her feet up to rest on the top bench as she replaced her hand where it had been when Angela opened the door.

The image of Angela's face filled Ronda's mind as her fingers began to pull her labia apart and stretch them idly. She imagined Angela naked, below her, on the bench, beginning to sweat in the steam. She tried to visualize Angela's breasts. The images

shifted in her mind as she reviewed the possibilities. *The uplifted boobs of her college roommate? The small conical tits of one of her high school soccer teammates? The full womanly breasts of the goalkeeper?*

Did she get waxed as Ronda did? Or did she have a full curly bush as Ronda had imagined in the bath?

When Ronda opened her eyes, Angela was standing in front of the door of the sauna, smiling at her. Then she saw the womanly beauty of her real breasts and started to move her finger around her clitoris wishing that Angela would do something. *I sure didn't know what to do next.*

Angela must have gotten the message because Ronda saw Angela move up to the bench beside her. Angela turned her face to the left and kissed Ronda slowly and deliberately on the lips, her tongue moving slowly but firmly into Ronda's hungry mouth. Ronda returned the kiss with mounting pleasure and did not move her hand from between her legs, but increased the pressure of her finger circling her clitoris.

Angela took Ronda's left breast in her right hand as she leaned her head down to take its nipple between her lips, draw it in, and circle her tongue around it. Ronda gasped as Angela's hand moved over her sweat-beaded stomach and down to the smooth crease where her inner thigh became her mons. Angela nudged Ronda's hand from between her legs and caressed the inner edge of her thigh until Ronda shuddered in anticipation.

But again Angela knew what Ronda wanted and resumed her kiss as the fingers of her right hand teased open Ronda's labia and found their way to the drenched interior. As soon as Ronda imagined it, the pressure decreased and moved up to orbit her clitoris, now throbbing and hard.

Before her mind could even form the image, Ronda's clitoris registered a featherlight stroke on its underside. A sigh escaped Ronda as Angela began to kiss her again. Ronda's bones melted in the heat of the kiss and sensation of the rhythmic caress.

When Ronda thought of prolonging the pleasure, the pace of Angela's finger slowed, but then Ronda knew she wanted to come fast and the pace resumed.

Ronda struggled for breath as the vibrations moved from her clitoris to overtake her thighs and then her whole body in a shudder that sent her into the oblivion of pleasure.

Ronda didn't know how much time passed before her eyes fluttered open to see Angela bringing herself to an orgasm at the end of the bench.

"What can I do for you?" Ronda asked.

"Come into my arms and hold me."

Ronda complied and the two lay side by side, the streams of their sweat mingling. Ronda felt Angela's breasts on her own, felt her back under her hands, stroked the curve of her hip and marveled at the sensation of her thighs on Angela's. They kissed.

"The tub is full of cold water when you're ready," Ronda said.

"No snow to roll in? I guess cold water will do, let's go."

Hand in hand the two women left the steam of the sauna and stepped into the cold tub of water.

"Ayyyyy," Angela shouted as she ducked her head under the water and then lifted herself out of the tub. "That is cold."

Ronda ducked and then led Angela to the shower where they soaped and washed each other's bodies.

"How do you make yourself so smooth down here?" Angela asked as she soaped Ronda's mons.

"I visit a waxing salon every ten days or so."

"I shave, but I can't get my skin that smooth unless I do it every day."

"It's nice the way it is. And I like the fringe you've left," Ronda said as she twirled the long lock of pubic hair that decorated Angela's labia between her fingers.

They rinsed off the soap, stepped out of the shower, towed each other dry and went into the bedroom where they both collapsed onto the large bed.

* * * * *

Angela's thick, wavy, shoulder-length, honey blonde hair fanned out around her head as she lay on her back, spread-eagled on the bed. Ronda lay on her side, propping up her head on the palm of her hand, beside Angela.

"Have you ever done this before? I mean...with other women."

"Yes."

"Do you do it often?"

"No. I've been with other women. Some for quite a while. Does it matter?"

"I don't know. Does it make us...lesbians?"

"I don't think there's anything wrong with being a lesbian. But I don't think of myself as a lesbian. That's just because I also like men. It's been a long time since I found a man that I liked enough to sleep with, but I have done it and I like it. I won't deny that. And I won't deny that I *like* men. Some of them anyway. I don't think I'm promiscuous if that's what you're asking. With either men or women. I'm pretty picky."

"Yeah, me too. But I have to say, I don't really like most men. If it's a question of liking someone, I like women better. Not all women. But I like more women than men. If you get my point?"

They both laughed. Then they were silent until Ronda said, "Do you think women can love each other? I mean in the same way that we can love men? Not just...physically, but real love?"

"Of course they can."

"But can it ever be the same?"

"Why not? What does it mean anyway, love? It means you'd sacrifice everything for the other person. It means you trust them with everything you have and everything you are. Does it matter if the person is a man or a woman? I think you can love someone and not be physically involved. And I know you can be physically involved with someone and not love them."

"Yeah, like my asshole husband. Well, maybe not. He's not that physically involved. Fiscally, maybe, but not physically. It's like he doesn't want to fuck me anymore, much less do all the other...things."

"Yeah, when I deduced you were well-off, I had no idea —"

"He's a corporate big shot. But that's why I think he's involved with another woman. Or other women. He doesn't seem to be interested in me."

"It may not be that."

"What? You think he's really in meetings all the time? You think he's really in Zurich now?"

"Could be."

They lay silent and Angela absorbed the patterns of the place, patterns of frustration, doubt, anxiety.

"Do you think we could love each other?"

Angela wasn't sure whether Ronda had spoken or whether she'd intercepted the thought. *It doesn't matter whether I heard it with my ears or my mind. The question is the same.*

"Yes. Don't you think we're already there?"

"We don't have a joint bank account yet."

"Is money the measure of love?"

"I don't know..."

Then Angela knew she was intercepting a mental image because it was strong and vivid. The image of her going down on Ronda.

Angela slipped her hand under Ronda's shoulder and pulled the other woman toward her to give her a long kiss. Then she lay Ronda on her back and kissed each nipple, ran her tongue along her chest and stomach, circled her navel, and reached one hand under each thigh to lift her legs over her shoulders as her tongue flowed over the

crease of her left thigh and mons down to her labia and back up the other side of the sensitive triangle.

Sensing her partner's eagerness, Angela separated her labia with both hands and saw the glistening pinkness of her open vagina. She took one of the swollen labia between her lips and then the other. Her tongue sought the underside of Ronda's erect clitoris, as large as the end of her little finger, and began to gently stroke it.

Ronda sighed and Angela understood what to do next. She placed the flat of her tongue over the top of Ronda's clitoris and pulsed up and down on it until her thighs began to quake uncontrollably. Then, sensing that Ronda wanted to prolong the ecstasy of that moment, she ran her tongue along the outer side of each of the engorged labia, then along the crease at each side of her mons, and across the bottom of the slight swell of her stomach before she returned to the underside of her clitoris.

Ronda's stomach began to quake in rhythm with her thighs and she thrust her mons upward to Angela's tongue. Again, Angela slowed the rhythm of her tongue, circled the erect clitoris, ran the tip of her tongue lightly over Ronda's stomach and circled her navel. She returned to her clitoris and began stroking it slowly and deliberately, just enough to bring Ronda to the edge of orgasm, enough to hold her at the edge but not push her over.

Finally, when she knew that her companion sought release, Angela moved the flat of her tongue quickly and firmly over her clitoris as Ronda continued thrusting her hips rhythmically upward. Angela matched the rhythm of Ronda's hips until Ronda lost control of her body in a prolonged spasm as she cried out and gasped for air and her head fell to one side, her body now limp.

Again, Ronda did not know how much time passed before she opened her eyes. And again, Angela lay stroking her own clitoris and looking at Ronda admiringly.

"Oh my God. I've never felt anything like that. Who'd have known? Jeez..." She lay back again, her body flaccid. "You could tell exactly what I wanted, couldn't you?"

"Yes, but I could also tell when you didn't know what you wanted."

"Wow. That was something else. But what can I do for you, lover?"

"What would you like to do?"

"I just wish I could give you half of what you've given me. How can I do that? You have to tell me. I can't read minds. Tell me and I'll do it. Anything."

"Give me a hug."

"That's not enough, is it?"

"A lot of times, that is the most important thing, don't you think?"

"Maybe. I don't know." Ronda embraced her lover and felt the returning pressure of her body. They slept in each other's arms.

Chapter Three

"Mrs. Windborne, I asked you to come in today because now we have the evidence you asked us to get." *Sympathetic but professional and firm.*

Angela spread out the photographs on the coffee table in front of her sobbing client. Angela pushed the box of tissues from the end of the coffee table toward Mrs. Windborne as she examined the photos.

The butt of a middle-aged man between the upraised legs of a woman. Her thighs were firm and trim but her face was not visible. The back of his head was visible but the length of his backside obscured the view of the woman's body.

"Well, we don't know exactly what they're *doing*. I mean, we can't really see if he's, you know..."

Angela remained silent. *Sometimes people don't want the evidence, she reminded herself. But she's paid for it, now she has to see it.*

"Penetrating her or anything. Maybe..." Mrs. Windborne's voice trailed off.

Then her voice became angry. "You used one of your operatives, didn't you? You set the poor man up. This was a sting. I didn't authorize a sting! That's what this is—one of your...your...people...seduced my husband."

"That's not one of our people, Mrs. Windborne. Our operative just took the photos."

Angela fanned the color prints on the coffee table hoping that one of the more explicit ones might convince her client.

"Well, I don't think these are decisive."

Angela was familiar with this response, and sympathetic with the woman. *What would be decisive? You have pictures of your husband fucking the woman. What would convince you?*

Angela tried another tack. "Can you identify the woman?" Angela stood and took from her desktop a frontal photo of Mr. Windborne and a woman, both fully dressed sitting on a couch in what looked like the living room of an apartment.

"Yes, it's Michelle Anderson from church, my best friend."

"That's the woman in these photos." Angela indicated the photos on the coffee table in front of Mrs. Windborne.

"No. It couldn't be..."

"Would you like to hear the recordings?"

"You tape-recorded them?"

"You asked for evidence." *Please don't make me show the videos.*

"How could you do this? This is an invasion of privacy! This is unconstitutional."

"It would be unconstitutional to use this evidence in a court of law, but as I told you, you don't need evidence for anything legal."

"But you were spying on them!"

"That's what we do. That's what you paid us for. The woman who sat behind you in church Sunday before last? Do you remember her?"

"No. How would I if she sat behind me?"

"You sat next to Michelle Anderson."

"How did you know that?"

"The woman behind you was one of our operatives. I followed your husband to lunch the Wednesday before that Sunday. I sat at the table next to his at the Greek restaurant downtown, Sage and Honey. Do you know the place?"

Mrs. Windborne nodded.

"He called Michelle on his cell phone."

"You eavesdropped?"

"In a manner of speaking. It's noisy in there, but I could perceive his thoughts."

"The psychic thing?"

"Yes. That's how we knew to keep an eye on Michelle. But I couldn't do it because..."

"Because she knows you, she's the one that recommended that I come to you. She knows all about you. You're the one that found the evidence about her husband...and she left him. This is her place, isn't it?" It was a statement, not a question. Mrs. Windborne's finger was on the innocent photo of the couple on the couch.

"Yes."

"And this is her bedroom."

"Yes." Angela confirmed the observation.

"I still say we don't know what they were really doing in there."

"Do you want to hear the recordings?"

"You listened to them?"

"Yes."

"And they're..."

"They're doing what they appear to be doing."

"All right, let me hear...no...okay, let me..."

"You want to hear them?"

When Mrs. Windborne nodded her assent, Angela, still standing, pressed the button on the computer on her desk. It emitted a tinny static-filled sound, and then a woman's voice.

"...oh yes, that's right. That's it, fuck me. Hard. Oooh, fuck me..."

"Stop!"

Angela pressed the button again.

"I thought she was my friend!"

"You confided in her?"

"Yes, everything. When that...unpleasantness happened with her husband, we talked about it. She told me about an affair she'd had and how she finally broke down and told her husband and that's what...and I told her..."

"Everything?"

Mrs. Windborne turned a lighter shade of pale and sobbed, "Oh, yes...everything."

"About that night in the snowstorm? In Chicago? When you lived in L.A."

"Yes..."

Both women were silent until Mrs. Windborne spoke again.

"Oh...that's it. She knew. So she..." Mrs. Windborne was looking at the photos on the coffee table. "Do you think her thighs are fat? Why would he be attracted to that?"

Angela didn't care to comment on the woman's thighs. "Because she was available? Because he was available? Simple as that."

"The lying son of a bitch! With my best friend?"

Angela knew better than to speak.

"What do I owe you?"

"Actually, I owe you a bit of a refund. We didn't use the whole retainer. I'll prepare an invoice and send you the balance."

"Please don't send it to the house."

"Where shall I send it?"

"Just keep it."

"Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Anything else? Haven't you done enough?" Mrs. Windborne was sobbing again. "My own husband and my best friend? Haven't you done enough?"

"Only what you hired us to do."

"I didn't hire you to break into my friend's condo, did I?" Mrs. Windborne dabbed a tissue at her face.

"We use very modern technology, so technically..."

"I don't want to hear about it!"

"You did ask for evidence, and we provided evidence."

"You're right. I'll take it from here." Determination replaced sobbing.

"Do you want these? We don't keep such things." Angela indicated the photos.

"And the digital recordings? We also have videos."

"No, I don't want them. Destroy them, please."

* * * * *

"Angela Simmons Detective Agency." She answered the phone with a practiced professional tone.

"You free tonight?" It was Ronda's familiar voice.

"Yes. But it's been a hard day. I just wound up a very difficult case and I'm exhausted."

"Oh?"

"Don't even ask. You know I can't discuss it."

"Yeah, I know – what if you were working for me – right?"

"Right."

"Well, I'll fix us a nice dinner and have a nice bottle of wine to help you unwind. Six?"

"I'll see you then." Angela hung up the phone and picked up the photos from the coffee table. *I wouldn't say her thighs were fat.* She censored the thoughts from her mind and put the prints of the photos in the shredder before she destroyed the other evidence her operative had gathered. She prepared the invoice for Mrs. Windborne, itemizing every expense, the funds received from her, and the balance due, just in case she wanted it later.

She won't leave him. But she left me no hint of what she will do. She won't kill anyone. And she won't kill herself. She's not a danger. So, case closed.

Angela left her office building and went to the parking garage where she kept her car, walked up the stairs to her parking place, and opened the trunk to take out an overnight bag with a change of clothes.

She slung the bag over her shoulder and walked down the stairs and through the downtown business area, past the theatre complex where six movies were showing, none of which she cared to see, past the chain restaurants and the Frank Lloyd Wright church, the classical post office, and turned into a trim residential area. She walked past the ornate painted ladies, as people called the Victorian houses, past the simple prairie designs of Frank Lloyd Wright houses to the one that looked to some like a Mayan temple – if they weren't archaeologists. She rang the doorbell.

"You didn't bring the car?"

"It's a nice walk. And I have to go back to work tomorrow. What's the point?"

"I don't know, support the economy?"

"It'll limp along without me for one night."

Inside the house the two women hugged.

"He's in Hamburg tonight. That's the story, anyway."

"Am I ever going to meet this husband of yours? This Mr. Moore? Or is it Less?"

They both laughed.

"His name is Asshole. Mr. Asshole to you." They giggled as they walked through the house. "Let's eat in the kitchen."

Ronda had prepared lightly steamed asparagus, boiled new potatoes, and smoked salmon with an arugula salad. There were two glasses of wine on the table and an open bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon on the table.

"I got a head start. I can't cook without wine."

"It looks delicious."

Ronda picked at her food as Angela ate.

"Remember our conversation about love?"

"Yes." Angela nibbled the end of an asparagus spear, shaped her lips around it, wrapped her tongue around it, and drew it into her mouth.

"You're being obscene with your food."

"Ummm. Makes it taste even better."

Angela speared another asparagus tip and circled the tip of her tongue around the end of it. She looked over her fork to Angela and lightly licked the tip of the asparagus.

"Ummm, it's sort of soft and firm like your clitoris."

"Stop it. You're getting me all hot."

"Good." But Angela sensed Ronda's change to a more somber mood and bit into the asparagus.

"Seriously. I don't think he loves me."

"Because he's never here?"

"Yes. If he loved me he'd be here, wouldn't he? Beside that, he's keeping some kind of secret from me. I don't know for sure what it is, but I'll bet it's a woman. There's sure something he's not telling me about all these trips. Keeping secrets isn't love either."

"Maybe he has some other idea of what love is."

"Besides being with the person you love? Besides letting them in on your life?"

Angela thought about the various ideas of love she'd encountered as a love detective. Everything from picket-fenced cottages to whips and chains, from making money to making babies. She lifted one of the small potatoes to her mouth with her fork, and, from the contemplative look on Ronda's face, decided to just eat it instead of performing fellatio on it as she had the asparagus spear.

"What do you think it means?" Ronda stabbed some arugula leaves with her fork.
"Love?"

"I suppose the purest form is a mother's love for her child."

"How's that?" The innocence of Angela's response betrayed genuine puzzlement.

"Love is being willing to give everything for another. It means never holding back."

"Tell all?" Ronda leaned forward, all attention.

"Or having nothing to tell. It means suffering, too, I suppose, because when you do give all, you suffer."

"How?" Ronda's fork dangled between her fingers.

"Like with a child. The first thing that happens is you are sick all the time. As soon as you get used to that and things settle down a bit there's a short period when your hormones kick in and you understand why some women *like* to be pregnant. It's like a butterfly's wing can make you have an orgasm.

"But then you are lugging this huge parasitic growth around in your belly and your arches fall and your feet hurt and your back aches and all you want do is sit down and you can't sit down and you can't lie down and nothing is comfortable or right. And your boobs get all huge like a cow's udder and flop all over the place and hurt."

Angela slumped back in her chair with the memory.

"This is love?" Ronda took a sip of wine.

"No, this is suffering. But it's just beginning." Angela sat up and speared another potato, chewed it contemplatively, and took a sip of wine. "It's just the beginning of suffering. Because then that parasite has to come out through your body. It's just sitting in there getting ready to turn you inside out. And then it turns you inside out and you scream and curse the race of men who ever invented this whole damned way of doing things, and then you have this helpless little thing sucking on your nipple and trying to bite it off. But you're glad it's there because it relieves some of the pressure on your boobs. And then it starts to cry." Angela lifted her glass of wine. "This is good. And delicious food."

"I'm still waiting for the love to come into it." Ronda stirred her fork in the salad bowl.

"This is still the suffering part. But soon you forget the pain and..."

"Do it again?"

"Some might. I didn't forget that much."

"I'd like to have a child."

"No reason not to." Angela made an appreciative face as the salmon fell apart in her mouth.

"Asshole doesn't want one. But where does the love come in?"

"Maybe because of all the suffering, you know that you'd do anything for that little piece of 'you' that's trying to bite your nipples off."

"You've done this?"

"Yes."

"I thought there'd be stretch marks and saggy boobs."

"I was a rower in college, so I was in good shape. After the kid, I worked out pretty constantly to get back in shape."

"It worked."

"I even did those Kegel exercises to make my cunt tight again."

"Probably invented by some man?"

"Well, I like it tight too. But my point is that that's what love is. It's giving of yourself as you give yourself to your child. You give your whole self to make the baby, and then you give yourself to it to bring it up."

"And they don't notice." Ronda poured more wine for both of them.

"That's right. And pretty soon, they're grown up and telling their shrink how you fucked them up by bringing them into the world."

"So love doesn't pay?"

"It doesn't demand payment. It's a gift. That's the point. You can't ask for any return." Angela pushed her plate away. "Delicious."

"You're saying that it's not just fiscal?"

They both laughed and drank some more wine before they left the dishes and walked hand in hand to the bedroom.

Ronda led Angela into her large closet. "Let me take your clothes off, lover." Ronda positioned herself behind Angela and gently nudged her to face the full-length mirror as she pulled Angela's sweater slowly over her head. Angela was wearing a black lace bra.

"What a sexy bra! Not your usual."

"Mmm. I was feeling sexy this morning when I got dressed."

Ronda reached around Angela to unbutton and unzip her pants, and pull them down to her ankles. Angela stepped out of them.

"You *were* feeling sexy, weren't you?"

Ronda's hands glided over Angela's nearly bare hips, over the thin elastic band of her sheer black thong. Angela arched her back to thrust out her breasts.

"I like the way you look at me." Angela reached behind her to unfasten her bra.

"I'll get to that in a minute." Ronda peeled the thong down and Angela stepped out of it.

Ronda pressed herself against Angela's back and moved both hands across her stomach and down to her mons. "Why do you leave this wisp?"

"I don't know. I like the feeling of being smooth, but I like to have a little hair. And I'm not sure I can shave that close to my labia without cutting myself. Doesn't waxing hurt?"

"Not that much." Ronda twisted the length of pubic hair around her forefinger. She released the wisp of hair and unfastened the bra. With a hand on each of Angela's shoulders, Ronda nudged the bra over Angela's arms and it fell to the floor. Ronda cupped Angela's breasts in her hands and kissed Angela's neck.

"Your breasts feel so good in my hands, lover."

"Your hands feel so good on my breasts." Angela reached her right hand behind Ronda's head and stroked her hair.

Ronda released Angela's breasts and stroked the slight swell of her stomach. She used the tips of her fingers to open her labia. "Can you see? You're all shiny and wet."

"Of course, I'm all wet. You've been stroking me and looking at me and playing with me. Why don't you take me to the bed and make love with me?"

"I like to prolong it."

"Umm. So do I. Prolong it all you like."

Ronda circled Angela's clitoris with the tip of her right ring finger, then, as it emerged from its cowl, stroked along its back side. Angela sighed as her head fell backwards to rest on Ronda's shoulder. Ronda kissed the long expanse of Angela's stretched neck and grasped her buttock with her left hand.

"Oh, make it burn."

Angela squeezed harder and increased the pace of her finger.

"Let me sit down. You sit behind me. We can both see and I won't have to keep my balance like this." Angela pulled Ronda's hands from her body and sat in front of the mirror with her legs wide open to expose her open cunt.

Ronda sat behind her and moved both hands to Angela's labia to open them wider. Then she returned to Angela's now large and purple clitoris to circle it with a fingertip before she started lightly stroking its underside.

"Oh, that feels so good. Don't stop."

"Don't you want to prolong it?"

"Do whatever you want. You can prolong that all night if you like. That is so hot, to see you playing with me that way."

Ronda dipped her finger into Angela's cunt where warm moisture was flowing between her labia and increased the pace with featherlight pressure.

"Don't stop. That's just the right place. Don't stop."

Ronda continued at the same pace and pressure until Angela's thighs and stomach began to tremble, then quiver and finally to shudder as she gasped and her head slumped backward again to rest on Ronda's shoulder. Angela's breath rasped in her throat and a whimper became a shout as her body convulsed and collapsed into Ronda's arms.

Ronda rocked Angela gently until her breathing returned to normal. "Put your finger back in my cunt. You can feel it pulsing. That was a major orgasm, lover."

"Want to do it again?"

"Yes. Please."

"How many times can you come?"

"I don't know. Let's find out. If you really want to know, then take me to bed and go down on me and just don't stop when I come."

Ronda stood and offered her hands to pull Angela up from the floor and lead her to the bed. Ronda placed Angela at the foot of the bed and knelt on the floor between her knees. Angela draped her legs over Ronda's shoulders and Ronda pulled Angela's still throbbing cunt toward her and started to caress her swollen clitoris with fast-paced firm strokes of her tongue.

"That's it. Don't stop." Angela sighed and her thighs began to quiver. "Don't stop."

Again Angela shrieked with pleasure as the orgasm overtook her body.

Ronda's tongue continued its firm massage and Angela's body began to tremble with convulsions. Her thighs and arms shuddered and her stomach quaked as she gasped for breath. Ronda put her hands under Angela's hips and felt them quivering in concert with the rest of her body.

Angela's skin beaded with sweat and her eyes clenched shut as the seizure continued through her body. Her hair was wet with perspiration, her face drawn tight in a grimace as her throat rasped.

Ronda continued the fast, firm tempo of her tongue on the underside of Angela's glistening clitoris. Angela's knees vibrated against Ronda's face and fluid gushed from her cunt.

Finally, Angela's body fell limp onto the bed but Ronda continued the rhythm of her tongue on Angela's clitoris.

"Stop." Angela's voice was a hoarse whisper. "Stop. Enough. Hurts."

Ronda stood and went into the bathroom to get a towel. When she returned, she covered Angela's shining body with the large towel and put a pillow under her head.

Ronda lay on the bed, her face next to Angela's, her feet where the pillow had been. She stroked Angela's hair and waited for her breathing to regain its normal pace. Angela fell into a deep doze.

When Angela awoke, Ronda had turned around and was lying with her head on a pillow, her legs wide open, stroking her own clitoris and sighing with pleasure. "So how many times did you come?"

"Jeez, you sound like some *guy*. Some guy that's insecure about his sexual performance."

"Well..."

"I don't know, lover. How can you put a number on something like that? I came once. Then you asked if I wanted some more. I came again and then, I don't quite know how to describe it. I started to come, I came, and then each orgasm started another one and it was like one very long very intense orgasm or one on top of the other, each one more intense than the last 'til I sort of passed out."

Ronda continued to stroke her clitoris slowly and look at Angela.

Angela crawled up the bed to lie beside Ronda. "That was the most intense sexual experience I've ever had."

"Good. Now I'm going to treat myself. Open the drawer of my night table, will you? And hand me my vibrator."

"There's two in here. Which one do you want?"

"Both of them. I want one inside and one outside."

"Can I help?"

"Yes. I want you to watch. I'll tell you what to do."

Ronda took the larger of the bullet-shaped vibrators and plunged it into her cunt as she turned onto her stomach. The smaller one she held in her right hand as the fingers of her left hand separated her labia so the tip of the vibrator would caress her clitoris.

Her voice was unsteady. "I'm about to start coming. When I start, I want you to spank my ass. Hard. Okay?"

"Whatever you say, lover. Whatever you say."

Ronda's hips rotated around the vibrator in her cunt and her breath came in shorter and shorter gasps until she shouted, "Now."

Angela's palm slapped the taut flesh of Ronda's butt over and over as she came again and again.

"That's good. Make it burn. Harder!"

Finally, Ronda rolled onto her back, her body relaxed, and she tossed the vibrators aside. "Give me a hug."

The two women slept in each other's arms.

Chapter Four

The next time Ronda made dinner for Angela was a week later when Jeff was home because Angela agreed to try to discover more of his motives and means. Ronda served braised green beans, broccoli, and baked lamb with a Merlot. She wore the outfit she'd put on when she had thought she'd be going out to dinner with her husband. Dessert was chocolate mousse. When they finished eating, Jeff excused himself and said he had to be back at the office to handle some phone calls to Japan while it was business hours their time.

"See what I mean?" Ronda exclaimed as she poured another glass of wine. "Asshole doesn't even stay around to talk. He meets you, eats, leaves. That's it. Business. Asshole. He didn't even notice that I'm dressed to kill. He didn't even notice that I'm not wearing any underwear. He should have told you to get lost and fucked me. Asshole."

"I don't know. I can see why you were attracted to him, for sure. He's tall, dark and handsome as they say."

"That's the other thing. Why does he work out downtown instead of here? And why work out at all? If there's not another woman? He hasn't just had a baby after all." They both laughed and Ronda kicked off her high heels and began clearing the table in her stocking feet.

"He's coming back tonight?" Angela helped carry the dishes into the kitchen where Ronda put them in a dishwasher.

"He'll call and say he was delayed. Wait and see."

"But I can tell you that when he left he intended to come back tonight."

"He *always* intends to be on time, or to come back. He just never *does* it. What else did you see?" Ronda reached up to the wine rack and extracted another bottle of the same Merlot.

"He loves you very much."

"Yeah. Sure." Ronda had extracted the cork with her air pressure device and poured the two glasses full. "Let's go into the living room. Why do you say he loves me?"

"Well, for one thing, at supper I could pick up on the images in his mind."

"Let me guess. He was thinking about fucking you."

"Oh, you have the talent too?"

"No, but you're a beautiful woman and he's a *man*. And I know the asshole."

They sat in blue velvet upholstered armchairs with a coffee table between them.

"You're half right."

"How's that?"

"He was thinking about fucking me. And I have to say, that was pleasant for me. It was pure animal lust."

"Told you so. He's got another woman."

"I don't think so."

"Why not? There it was, he was fucking you in his mind."

"Well, he was also fucking you."

"How does that work? I mean he's only got one dick."

"Okay, making love with both of us then. I don't have any dick at all and neither do you and we make love."

"Oooh, the best love that I've ever experienced. That's for sure. I know he's not capable of *that*. He's tried. Besides, isn't that supposed to be every man's fantasy? Fucking more than one woman at a time?"

"Well, with standard equipment like you and I and he all have, how original can it get? There are limited possibilities."

Pushing in. Prodding, insistent, demanding, painful. But filling and satisfying. Angela picked up Ronda's image and said, "Did you like it?"

"The anal sex? He only did it once or twice and it kinda hurt, to tell the truth. I didn't get off on it. You?"

"I liked it the times I've done it. Not that much, but I like to masturbate and feel myself being fucked from behind like that. You haven't told him about us."

"Should I?"

"Up to you. But love hides nothing. If you love him as much as you say, why do you keep secrets from him?"

"Because I think he's lying to me. Japan? Do you buy that?"

"I do."

"Put one of your operatives on him. He'll lead her right to his snatch. He's fucking someone else. Or someones. How does that go? Someones else like attorneys general, or someone elses?"

"Maybe you've had enough wine. I think I'd say 'other people', or 'other women'."

"Are you saying..."

"No, I didn't get that. Although we're —"

"I'll bring the bottle," Ronda said as she walked unsteadily back to the kitchen. "Why do you say he loves me?" As she leaned over to fill her wineglass, she looked up to see Angela's appreciative eyes on her breasts. She set the opened bottle on the coffee table. "Thanks for that."

"What?"

"Appreciating my boobs."

"You are getting psychic."

"But why do you say he loves me?"

"I think that for him the idea of giving all means money. I think he believes that he's proving his love for you with this house and the cars and the money—that he thinks of his work as giving himself to you."

"Asshole."

"Why do you say that?"

"He knows better. Shit, he loved me better when we lived in a trailer park."

"You guys lived in a trailer park?"

"Yeah, all this rich person stuff is fake. You could tell I wasn't from money. Those folks don't go to libraries. Not to check out books. We lived in a trailer house when he was going to business school. He was good at school, but at least when we had no money, there was nothing better to do than stay home and fuck me. He got a corporate job and rose through the ranks. Just when they were downsizing and firing all their middle management people, he was on the way up. Now he's a fucking VP at Bowman, Lyons and Heartland."

"Oh, is that who he works for? Isn't he afraid that'll happen to him? That he'll get downsized."

"Of course he is. That's why he *says* he's always working. But I'd rather be poor and better loved."

"Poverty ain't what it's cracked up to be." Angela filled her glass.

"But sure, he's afraid. He's done it enough times to others, he knows it's just a matter of time 'til someone does it to him. He's worked out some kind of golden parachute deal, though. He'll be richer if they fire him than if they keep him."

"And they wonder why our economy is going to hell. And it's not because of me not driving my car and using up gas. He told you about the Chinese ship—the junk?"

"Oh yeah, he used to always talk about that when we were in the trailer park, when we were poor. He had this fantasy of getting on a Chinese junk and just sailing around the world, doing nothing."

"Well, that was the setting for what he was imagining tonight at supper."

The phone rang. Ronda arched her eyebrows in a question. "Want to bet he's detained by business in Japan?"

"Hello," she said melodically into the telephone. "What? Business in Japan? You have to go there? Oh well, I'll see you next week on Thursday... I'm glad you liked the food... Yes, she's still here... I'll tell her you said so... Bye."

"Asshole. I told you he'd do it. He says to tell you it was a pleasure to meet you. He wants to fuck you."

"He didn't say that."

"No, you said that. Come on, let's make love." Ronda pulled her dress over her head and stood in front of Angela dressed only in her thigh-high stockings, her breasts, stomach and pubis shining in the indirect light.

"Any time, lover." Angela stood and embraced the all but naked woman, and whispered into her ear, "If it's every man's fantasy, why not fulfill his? Why don't you tell him about us and invite him to join us?"

"You mean it? I didn't think you liked men that much."

"It wouldn't be men. It'd be you and him. That's different somehow."

The two walked up the stairs to the bedroom hand in hand.

"Would you do the anal thing with him?"

"Asshole?"

They both laughed at the ambiguity of her reply.

"What difference would it make?" Angela stood beside the bed unbuttoning her prim blouse as Ronda splayed herself across the bed and started to masturbate.

"I think it's hot."

"I thought you didn't like it that much." Angela carefully folded her pants and faced the dresser to put them on top of her other clothes.

“Not for me! To watch him fucking your ass. To hold his big hard cock and guide it into your little asshole, to see him sink it into you a little bit at a time, to see you taking him into you... That would be hot. Maybe I could even help out in other ways. But I’m no psychic, so I’d need some practice. I think it’s hot you watching me play with myself like this. I’m just about to come just thinking about it.”

Ronda stood up and walked around the bed to stand in front of Angela. She gently pushed her down onto the bed with both hands and pulled her panties down her legs and threw them onto the floor as she knelt between Angela’s knees. Knowing what Ronda had in mind, Angela lifted one knee over each of Ronda’s shoulders and lifted her hips from the bed just enough for Ronda’s hands to fit under them so Ronda could draw her cunt with its tuft of long hair toward her waiting lips and tongue.

“Go easy, lover. This time I want there to be something left of me so I can do you, okay?”

“Okay.”

Ronda’s firm warm tongue circled Angela’s clitoris until it was hard and as large as a pea, protruding from its cowl and vibrating with expectant lust. Then Ronda stroked the magic place she’d learned about earlier. She stroked it at just the right tempo and pressure until Angela sighed and shivered into an orgasm.

“Stop, lover.” Angela sat up and pulled on Ronda’s hands. “Come up here with me.” Ronda complied.

Angela embraced her and stroked her breasts, then her stomach and her thighs. “Lay on your back like when you masturbate. Let me do it.”

Ronda complied. Angela lay on Ronda’s left and stroked her clitoris with the tip of her right ring finger.

Angela saw the images as they developed in Ronda’s mind’s eye.

Jeff naked, his cock hard and firm. It was big enough that Ronda’s hand couldn’t reach all the way around. Angela on her stomach, her ass in the air. Ronda looking longingly at the wrinkled flesh of her anus. Ronda holding Jeff’s cock with one hand and bending down to run her

tongue around Angela's asshole, finally to dart her tongue into that tight opening, withdraw it, and then stay there to play with her anus.

Angela felt her cunt responding to the images Ronda was seeing.

Ronda places Jeff behind Angela and guides the purple head of his cock into the breach her tongue had opened. Jeff thrusts gently and Angela feels the soft head of his cock working its way into her anus, filling her up. She relaxes to accept the girth of his cock as he plunges deeper into her. Ronda plays with herself with one hand as she guides Jeff's cock into Angela's anus. Angela backs up to receive more of the cock into her.

Angela put her face on the pillow, kept her right hand on Ronda's clitoris, and started to play with her own clitoris with the ring finger of her left hand.

Ronda pushes against Jeff's ass to drive him further into Angela. He sighs and his limp shiny penis falls out of Angela's asshole.

Ronda reaches her hand between Angela's legs, dips the moisture from her cunt, and starts to stroke Jeff's cock back to life. When he's hard again, she pushes him onto his back and straddles him. She thrusts forward and back to feel his cock fill her cunt. Angela rolls over, sits on Jeff's legs behind Ronda, and fondles her breasts until she starts to come.

"That's it, lover. Don't stop. Oh, don't stop." Ronda began to come at the same time Angela did. Both of their bodies shook as Angela lost control of both hands. Angela turned onto her back and lay with her left leg thrown over Ronda's legs.

"Wow, those were some fantasies!"

"You saw them?"

"Um-hum. They got me so hot, I had to do myself while I was doing you. That made it even more intense."

"So shall we do it?"

"Do what?"

"Both of us. Fuck Jeff."

"Yes, but one thing."

"What's that?"

"He can't have anal sex with either of us and then fuck us."

"Yeah, he'd infect our vaginas. I know. But that's the difference between reality and fantasy, isn't it? I'm always fantasizing about stuff I wouldn't or couldn't do in reality."

"You sure about this?"

"Yes."

* * * * *

"Ronda Moore, I'd like you to meet some of the women who work with me as field operatives. They are all skilled, competent, well trained and bonded investigators." Angela indicated five women standing in front of the bookcase in her office. "Marcella Ingles, Maria Cortez, Gudrun Jenssen, Stephanie Li and Joyce Sato. Among them they cover all the languages of Europe and most of the languages of Asia. They're expensive, but they're the best at what they do."

The women smiled at Ronda, pleased at the compliment their employer had given them.

"What's the job, boss?" Maria asked.

"Ronda thinks her husband is cheating. She wants you to find out." Angela handed each woman a file that contained a photograph and information on their target.

"Do you have a read on him?" Joyce Sato shifted her weight.

"Indecisive."

"You can usually get a pretty good fix on these guys. Or gals. What's up with this one?" Gudrun Jenssen was the tallest of the women.

"Well... Let me put it this way. If Jeff were here with us, I think he'd be having a fantasy about fucking us all at once."

"Not that bad an idea," Stephanie said, "With apologies to you, ma'am." She nodded at Ronda. "But we have rules about things like that."

The other women waited until Ronda responded with a hesitant laugh before they joined in.

"Speaking of rules, what rules do we follow for the investigation?" Marcella studied the printed sheet in the file with the photograph.

Angela nodded to Ronda. "The floor is yours. You can tell them to only gather evidence that could stand up in court or you can tell them no holds barred."

"No holds barred. This isn't going to court. It's going to me. Do anything you need to."

"Sting?" Stephanie was eying the photograph.

"Sting?" Ronda looked puzzled.

Angela spoke in a schoolteacher voice. "Okay, suppose we have a reason to think that a person is 'available', but we can't catch him in the act. We can test the idea of availability by having someone approach the guy and come on to him. Then we see how far she has to go before he *is* in the act. Sometimes they get to a room and he leaves. Sometimes the guy will cut it off way before then. And sometimes..."

"You find out he's really available." Ronda finished Angela's sentence for her.

"Yeah. It's not pretty, but we do it sometimes. Not our operatives. But they can set it up easily enough."

"No, don't do that. I want to know just what he's up to when he says he's at meetings and working late and traveling all over the planet on his job. I'd like to know who he travels with and who he rooms with on those trips. I'd like to know where he is when he says he's staying late. Just that kind of stuff. If there's something going on, then..."

"That's where the limits come in. We can wire a place and get video and audio and photos. We're pretty good at that and unless he has some pros working for him, he won't know. But that's very expensive because this isn't local. It could be Tokyo or

Beijing or Copenhagen or London as well as somewhere closer to Chicago. Are you up for that?" Angela looked at Ronda.

"Yes."

"Okay, girls, let's go. You divide it up among yourselves."

The five women took their files and left.

"If he's doing anything, they'll find out about it and bring you photos."

"Good. But when we first met, you said you wouldn't be able to work for me. What's changed?"

"What's changed is that if you want to go through with your plan, I'm in it too now."

"How's that?"

"Think I want to fuck some guy whose been fucking everything that's available? No thank you. So I want to know what's going on too. I wasn't able to learn much, and I'd like to know more. There's that too. And I'm not so much working for you as I'm helping to connect you to these gals and they're working for you. That's a whole different invoicing procedure."

"Okay, if you say so."

"That's if you're still up for the plan we talked about."

"The three of us? Sure, I'm all for that. Hell, you were right about that. I shouldn't be keeping secrets from him. No matter what. I need to be the kind of person I want to be and not the kind of person he is. And I don't want to be someone with secrets."

"You do love him, don't you?"

"Yeah. I wish I didn't but..."

"He provides well for you. Are you sure you want to know this stuff?"

"I don't give a shit about that. Like I said, I'd rather live in a trailer house and know where I stand than live in a mansion with a guy whose just trying to avoid me."

"According to this, he should be in Copenhagen right now and return on Thursday. Want to have supper? Out? I don't cook."

"Sure, then we can go to my place?"

The two women smiled at each other as they walked to a nearby Thai restaurant.

* * * * *

"Would you like a Syrah? Or here's a nice Cabernet."

"Either one is fine with me." Angela sat in one of the velvet armchairs in the living room while Ronda opened and poured the Cabernet.

"How did you ever start — I mean, I wanted to make love with a woman for a long time, but I never could. I was afraid that..." Ronda set the two glasses on the teak coffee table, sat in the other armchair, and lifted her glass to Angela.

Angela returned the salute. "Ah, that was a long time ago."

"Can you tell me?"

"Sure. It started when I was a kid, I guess. It was all very innocent. I masturbated from the time I was in kindergarten at least. I didn't know what it was, just that it felt good to touch myself down there. My mom told me that it was okay but that it was like going to the bathroom, something I should do by myself. She also warned me that nobody else should touch me there."

"Sure, everyone masturbates, even if they don't know it. I used to hump my stuffed animals. I was masturbating but didn't know what I was doing. How did that become making love with women?"

"By the time I was twelve I was doing sleepovers with my best friend. She lived in the same neighborhood and we often slept at her place or mine. When we did that we'd sleep in the same bed. One night it was hot and we took off our pajamas. She asked me if I liked to touch myself 'down there'. I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to do. But I said yes. She asked if I would touch her there. My mom had told me not to let others touch me, but never mentioned me touching someone else. So I did."

“Did you have your psychic powers yet?”

“Not the same way I do now. They were just coming in, but I had enough to figure out what to do—what she enjoyed. She asked if I knew how to kiss. I didn’t. We had both seen people doing it in movies and on TV, but we didn’t know how. So we experimented and it wasn’t long ‘til we mastered that. We both liked it. I kept touching her with my fingers and she began to tremble the way I did when I was doing it to myself. I knew what she was experiencing and knew it was good. Then, in spite of what my mom told me, she did me. That was the first time.”

“What happened then?”

“We didn’t connect any of that to sex. But then we got our periods and we began to figure things out a little bit. The boy-girl thing. We got our boobs and boys were trying to kiss us and feel our boobs.”

“I guess that’s the same everywhere.”

“Maybe. Anyway, she moved away and I never saw her again. End of story.”

“Until now?”

“No. End of that story. I had a boyfriend in high school. He said he loved me and if I loved him I’d let him fuck me. I knew that one and I knew I didn’t want to get pregnant or get an STD. So I kept my legs crossed unless it was my hand between them. I lost my virginity when I was seventeen in college. All I knew was that I was ready. I didn’t know who or when or where. I was available for the first guy who asked, the first one who tried anything. That was anticlimactic...”

Ronda giggled at the pun.

“Thanks. It was anticlimactic but at least I knew enough about sex to keep up with the other girls in the dorm. Anyway, I never did like it much. I didn’t have any special feelings for any of the guys. They were just guys. It was like a game the girls played. Who’s fucking who. Keeping score.”

Angela was silent as she sipped her wine. "But there was a girl on the rowing team. The coxswain, the boss of the boat?"

"She's the little one that tells people what to do?"

"Yeah. She invited me to her place one night and it was just like being twelve again. It was pleasant, nice, innocent, but entirely sexual and wonderful. Almost as good as when I'm with you. Much better than any man."

"Say that again." Ronda refilled her glass.

"So that's when I knew it wasn't just a childish fluke. And I was hearing all this stuff about lesbians in college. But I knew I wasn't like the lesbians I knew."

"You were still doing guys?"

"Yeah. Too many. And I could tell what they were thinking. Half the time they were fantasizing about some other woman while they were fucking me. That ruined it. I couldn't come like that. It made them mad when they couldn't make me come. So lots of times it would go bad."

"Were you married when you had the kid?"

"We're coming to that. Then there was a guy who was madly in love with me. A lot of girls are never sure about that, but I was lucky enough to be able to tell. He was totally into me. That I couldn't resist. I married him when he asked at the beginning of our senior year. I had the baby just after we graduated."

"It didn't last?"

"Drunk driver killed him."

"I'm so sorry."

"Even though he was crazy for me physically and every other way, I still felt incomplete. It was like the sexual part wasn't quite right. He'd look at me, get hard, fuck me, we'd come."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. That's the way it's supposed to be. At its best, I guess. But I still felt something missing. Even when it was at its best."

"So there you were with a kid to raise?"

"Yeah, I got through college early. I was twenty when the baby was born, twenty-five when Robert died – was killed. That coxswain? She called me up one day. Said she wanted to see me. Said her husband was cheating on her."

"Oh, she got married?"

"Yes. But her husband was cheating on her, she thought. She remembered our talks about my psychic abilities and asked me to see if I could learn anything. She invited me to supper. And sure enough, through supper he was thinking about fucking another woman. Vividly. So after supper, he made some excuse and left."

"You told her?"

"Sure I did. I could even describe the woman. She said, 'Let's go'. We went to her best friend's place, and there they were, hard at it."

"Wow, what happened?"

"She divorced him. But that's when I figured I had a talent that could help me make a living. So I moved out here and set up shop."

"The kid?"

"Mona? She's grown up and finished college now. Working as an accountant."

"You could see that much detail in the guy's...whatever...?"

"I call it a mental image. Yes. I can see as much detail as there is. For instance, if you could have seen what Jeff was imagining when we had supper the other night, you'd have known that he'd never seen me naked."

"Why's that?"

"He was envisioning me with thick, dark pubic hair."

"You think he likes that?"

"Yes. If he didn't, he'd have imagined me like you are."

"So, you think I should grow it out?"

"Worth a try."

"I never enjoyed getting my hair pulled out by the roots anyway. I think I will do just that. I'm going to let it grow."

"Good for you, girl. Are you ready for bed yet?"

"I'm almost always ready for bed when you're this close."

The two went hand in hand to the bedroom.

Chapter Five

The next Monday Angela finished her last invoice, printed it, printed the envelope, stuffed it and sealed it. *Finished! Before noon.*

She packed up her laptop, locked up the office and went across the street to the coffee shop where she ordered a roasted turkey sandwich on a bagel and a cup of latte. She was surprised to see the place nearly empty when it was often so full. She sat at a table in a corner, pulled her laptop out of her bag and opened it because she knew there was free wireless.

“Your sandwich is ready,” called the nose-studded *barista*.

Angela fetched her sandwich and drink and returned to her computer. She ate quickly and started sipping the latte as she checked her e-mail. Gudrun’s report from Copenhagen. Nothing. She had stuck to Jeff like glue. All he did was go to meetings. Marcella had gone with her and gotten into his hotel room while Jeff was at a meeting. She’d checked his computer. Nothing. Gudrun reported that the only woman involved in any of the meetings was Danish, and, though Gudrun had to check several sources to be sure, she verified that “she” was a cross-dressing Dane waiting for a sexual re-assignment operation. Not Jeff’s type. And they weren’t together outside the meeting room anyway. The surveillance cameras showed only one incident in the hotel room besides sleeping, dressing, bathing, shaving and going to the bathroom. Jeff lay on the bed and masturbated one time.

Angela envisioned him lying naked on the bed, his muscular body tight with tension as he began to stroke his enlarged, stiff cock. Faster and faster until... She felt herself getting wet at the images.

I bet he was watching porn on the television.

The report continued that the only visual stimulation was a photograph of Ronda. Fully clothed.

Marcella took up the story when Jeff returned to O'Hare Thursday evening as he had promised. He got his car from long-term parking, and went home. He left the house about 9:00 the next morning and went to his office. He and one other corporate officer — male — were on a conference call to Tokyo.

No women. No men. Nothing. He slept on a couch at the office. Maria took over from Marcella at the office they had rented across the street from Jeff's. They kept up the surveillance mainly through microphones that Stephanie, dressed as a cleaning woman, put in the office as she emptied the trash cans. They had visual contact via a telescopic lens on a video camera. Nothing.

Those girls are good!

Maria had managed to get into his office dressed in a uniform from the cleaning contractor, pushing a vacuum cleaner and to check all of his files and bills. Nothing on the credit card. Nothing on the cell phone. Nothing on the computer.

"Hi, how are you doing?" a familiar voice rang out across the coffee shop.

"Mrs. Windborne? I'm fine, how are you?" She was with Angela's former client, Michelle Anderson.

Angela flashed onto the vivid images of Mrs. Windborne's husband fucking Michelle Anderson and wondered what the heck these two were doing together.

"This is Michelle... Oh, I forgot, you two know each other, don't you?"

Angela's mind was still half on the reports about Jeff. She found it difficult to shift her attention to what was happening right in front of her. Her mind was flooded with the contradictory images—Michelle with Raymond Windborne...the photographs Angela had presented to Mrs. Windborne? No...something else... But what?

"I'm so happy to see you," Mrs. Windborne enthused. "Are you doing anything important? Do you mind if we join you?" Michelle Anderson was sitting in the chair

Mrs. Windborne had pulled out for her and Mrs. Windborne took the other chair at the table.

Angela snapped the screen of her computer shut and said, "No, no, of course not. Please do."

"We have news for you!" Mrs. Windborne was gushing.

"What news?"

"Well, you know my husband Raymond? He was cheating with Michelle here. So I talked to Michelle about it and we decided that next time we would both be there. So a couple of days after you showed me those awful photographs, when Raymond called Michelle, she called me. When he showed up Michelle was in the living room, naked. He comes in and gets undressed and she leads him into the bedroom. He has a hard-on and is ready to go, but then he sees me."

Michelle picked up the story. "And I get on the bed with Joan here, and I say, 'come on, fuck me' and he can't do anything. Joan starts sucking him off while he's standing there and he can't get it up again. So Joan and I start making out, just to fuck with his head."

"And I thought we had given him every man's fantasy!"

"Yeah, for his wife to be with his girlfriend."

Both women laughed and Michelle resumed the story.

"So he leaves. But we found that we liked what we were doing, so we just kept on doing it."

"And?" asked Angela.

"And so I filed for divorce and moved out and now Michelle and I are living together."

"And we changed to the Unitarian Church where they have a support group that we like."

Angela finished her latte to disguise whatever expression was on her face, put down her cup and said, "Wow, that is *some* news."

"And to think," Mrs. Windborne said, "we have you to thank for it all."

"Glad to be of service."

The two women went to the counter, got a bag of coffee beans, and left hand in hand.

Angela opened her computer again. *Well that's a new one on me! What's going on with Jeff now?*

She read the report for Friday. He shaved and showered in the executive washroom, changed clothes, sent out the dirty clothes to be cleaned. Had breakfast sent in. Ate at his desk. Another conference call. New York. Conference with corporate brass. All afternoon. Two women. Both senior executives. Nobody showed any sexual interest in anyone else.

He went home late Friday night.

The manager of the cleaning crew tried to fuck one of his cleaning women Friday night. She wasn't having any of it. *Sexual harassment. I ought to find out who the contractor is and report this son of a bitch. If the woman doesn't come forward, nothing I can do. Shit! If the son of a bitch is doing it, it's because it's worked in the past.*

Saturday morning Jeff left the house and drove to the loop, parked in the company's parking garage, got coffee and bagels at a coffee shop, ate in his office. A conference call at ten. He worked on the computer...

Maybe something going on there. Maybe he's instant messaging someone. Maybe he's doing something with the computer.

The next message on her computer was from Joyce Sato. He was using a wireless connection in his office. Joyce Sato picked up the signal, decrypted it, all transmissions were business with Singapore or Tokyo.

Shit! What's the asshole up to? She caught herself referring to him by Ronda's pet name.

Maria followed him from the parking garage home late Saturday night and left off surveillance. Marcella Ingles picked him up on Sunday morning when he picked up the newspaper from the front step of the house. Then again, when he drove to a seedy bar in Garry.

Ah-ha! Gotcha, asshole.

Stephanie relieved Marcella and used a portable microphone attached to her blouse to record his conversation in the bar. He was meeting with an industrial spy who was passing corporate secrets from another firm to him.

He's cheating all right, but not on his wife.

Maria picked up the tail and followed him to another bar in another part of Garry. There he met an FBI agent. While he was inside, Maria attached a tracer to his car.

Corporate spies and FBI? What is going on?

He drove home and arrived at 11:00 in the evening.

From the rented office across the street from Jeff's, Gudrun could trace his car downtown without having to risk following him from home. He went into the parking garage, got coffee...

Angela's cell phone vibrated. She snapped her computer shut, put it in her bag, and walked outside where she listened to the message and hit the call back button to see what Ronda wanted.

"What's up, girlfriend?"

"Oh, hi. That was me just now."

"Yeah, got it."

"Asshole's away tonight. Another trip."

"My gals are covering it. You want the news?"

"Sure. What's he really doing?"

"It looks like he's really going to meetings and doing corporate stuff."

"No girls?"

"Closest thing is a Danish cross-dresser."

"Can you come over?"

"I'm on my way on foot. Be there in a few."

"I'll leave the front door open. I may start without you."

Angela walked the mile or so to Ronda's house, let herself in, and went up the stairs to the bedroom where Ronda was playing with herself on the bed.

"You're much better at this than I am..."

"And I'd love to, but we need to talk."

"News?" She sat up with interest.

"No news. That's the news. Nothing. And this is costing you an arm and a leg with air travel and wages and...I don't see anything at all. We've scanned his home and office computers. We checked his laptop when he left it in his room in Copenhagen. No e-mails to women. We checked his files at the office, and the cell phone records are squeaky clean. There just isn't anything. Your guy is just that. Your guy. I've seen enough of this stuff to know that if something were going on, we'd have wind of it by now with all this surveillance and snooping."

Ronda lay back down and resumed playing with herself. "Do I have to do this myself?"

Angela unbuttoned her blouse. "Save some of that for me. You're getting fuzzy down there."

"I cancelled my salon appointments. I wish Jeff would stay here long enough to notice. Or to see me naked at least."

"Did you ever do this in front of him?"

"Play with myself? No!"

"Why not? I bet he'd like it."

"Tell you what, you join us and we can both do it. Or we can do each other and he can bloody well watch that."

"What happened to you steering his big hard cock into my asshole?"

"Oh, I'm still up for that. Come here so I can practice my part."

Naked, Angela complied.

"You're getting fuzzy down there too, girlfriend. We're going to be a couple of hairy girls in a couple of weeks if you don't do something about that fuzz."

"I thought you'd like it."

"I like you the way you've been."

* * * * *

"What time is it?" Ronda was rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

"It's early. But it's Tuesday. I have to get to work sometime."

"Can't someone cover for you today?"

"I'll see if Joyce is available." Angela said "Joyce" into her cell phone.

"Hi, Joyce, can you cover for me at the office today? Thanks. I owe you one."

"We have the whole day. Let's do the sauna and then have a hot bath."

Ronda led Angela to the sauna and turned on the heat. "Fill the water bucket, will you?" She handed the bucket to Angela.

"Shall I turn on the water in the tub too?"

"Sure, there's an automatic cut-off, so it won't overflow. Be sure it's hot enough. I don't want to jump into cold water this morning."

Angela looked at herself in the mirror. "I see what you mean about getting fuzzy. Do you have a razor I can use?"

"Sure. Open the drawer. There's a bunch in there. But why don't you let me do it? Come on back to the bed for a minute. Bring a towel. I have some shaving gel."

Angela spread out the Turkish towel and lay on it, her legs slightly open. Ronda sprayed shaving gel on her sprouting pubic hair and rubbed it in with her fingers.

"Mmmm. That feels good." Angela put her hands under her head.

Ronda took the razor from Angela's hand. "I've never done someone else before."

"Just be careful."

"These razors can't cut anyone." She was shaving and wiping the razor on the towel. "Hang on, I have to rinse it off."

She continued shaving. "Shit, it's not even."

"Hey, leave something."

"Okay, don't worry. I like that little patch as much as you do."

She carefully shaved from Angela's navel down to the small triangle of long hair that guarded her labia. Then she shaved each side of the triangle until Angela was bare to her thighs. "There, that should do it."

Ronda wiped the soap from Angela's mons with a corner of the towel and ran her hand over the shaved area to see if it was smooth. "Feels good to me. Oh this feels even better." She dipped her finger between Angela's labia and felt the dampness of her arousal. "Relax, lover, I'll take care of you." Ronda ran her tongue along the outer edges of Angela's labia.

"Doesn't it taste like soap?"

"No, lover, it tastes like you. That's a good taste. Like cinnamon and spices."

Angela relaxed as Ronda's tongue found her clitoris and began to massage her gently, and then more rapidly until Angela began to thrust up with her hips.

"Oh that's right. Don't stop."

Angela's breath was ragged, her right hand rested gently on Ronda's head.

"Don't stop," she pleaded again. "That's it. Right there."

Angela's stomach began to vibrate, then her thighs. Ronda kept up the same pressure and pace. Finally Angela shrieked with pleasure as her thighs closed on Ronda's head. Still Ronda did not relent.

"Stop, lover," Angela gasped.

"I didn't want to stop too soon."

"Don't worry you didn't." Her voice was raspy.

Ronda let Angela stay where she was while she checked the sauna and the bathtub. The faucet of the tub had automatically turned off. She checked the temperature with her toe before she returned to the bed to lead Angela to the sauna.

They sat side by side on the lower bench, their bodies dripping with sweat. Ronda filled the ladle with water from the bucket and splashed it onto the hot rocks to produce a hissing cloud of steam and sat back on the bench, her left arm around Angela's shoulder, her hand dangling down and idly playing with her breast. Angela broke the silence.

"Okay, let me get this straight. Your husband is faithful to you. Because of that you want to put him in bed with another woman? How does this make any sense at all?"

"He's only faithful to me in the technical sense. You know as well as I do that he'd like to fuck you. You said so yourself when you had supper with us last month. If he imagines fucking you, what's the difference?"

"All the difference in the world. Didn't you ever have a fantasy that you wouldn't want to really happen to you? Rough or forced sex, for instance?"

"Yeah."

"So you wouldn't really want that, would you?"

"No."

"Or have you ever thought about...I don't know...doing something like trashing a car that was giving you a hard time on the expressway?"

"Every time I'm on it."

"But you wouldn't do it."

"I don't drive a tank. I imagine myself in a tank..."

"You could get one."

"Okay, okay, I get it. So you don't want to do it?"

"Sure, I want to do it. But I'm not sure you'd be happy to live with the consequences. If we do it, then he will have been unfaithful to you. You will have made the thing you didn't want to happen really happen. Did that make sense?"

"You're saying that I'm trying to make something happen that I don't want to happen?"

"You were afraid he was being unfaithful?"

"Yes. Well not unfaithful exactly. It's not the idea of him fucking another woman that bothers me. It wouldn't be any better for her than it is for me. Big dick. Put it in. Pound my cervix. He comes. He goes. The end. I masturbate if I want to come. It's that he's keeping whatever it is secret. It's that thing about love not having secrets. Then again, maybe all of that was just a way for me to make love with you."

"Ummm. Maybe. That would give you the excuse. If he's unfaithful, it's okay for you to be?"

"Yeah. Something like that. I'm ready to soak. How about you?"

Sweat poured off the two women when they stood. Ronda opened the door and they went into the waiting tub.

"See how my boobs float? Yours are so firm. They don't even float."

"I never nursed a baby."

"Oh, nursing changes your boobs, all right. But it makes your nipples more sensitive than ever."

"What were you saying before you got off on my boobs?"

"That you're about to make happen the thing you didn't want to happen. That's what."

"What if it's for you?"

"I can get along fine without some man's cock fucking me anywhere, thank you very much."

"What about him?"

"He's happy with you."

"What about me?"

"That's the question, girlfriend. What about you?"

Ronda reached across the tub with her toe and stroked it on Angela's newly shaven pubis. "Did I do okay?"

"Oh, my, you did fine."

* * * * *

Jeff returned to his routine mid-week.

"I'm ready," Ronda said to Angela on the phone.

"Ready?"

"You know, what we talked about last week."

"You're sure you want me involved?"

"I love you, don't you understand? If anything is truly mine, then it's yours as well. Including him."

"The asshole?" They both laughed. "Hey, that's *my* asshole you are talking about, girlfriend. Wait a minute, I have another call coming in. I better take it, can't miss work even for love. Detective agency. Always looking for work."

"You're as bad as him."

"We'll talk later. Lunch?"

"Noon? Sage and Honey?"

"See you then. Bye."

Ronda went to the gym when the cleaning lady showed up. It always made Ronda uneasy to be around the house when someone was working on it. She walked briskly downtown thinking about what it would be like, thinking of her husband fucking her lover, imaging her hand on his cock, guiding it into Angela's anus, and where she would be afterwards... By the time she arrived at the gym, it was not sweat that was making her wet.

Angela dealt with the phone call from a potential client. A man thought his wife was cheating on him. Could Angela find out about that? She agreed to an interview to learn the background so she could decide whether she could learn anything. Maybe it would be as fast as a quick mental scan, but there always had to be evidence if that indicated something going on.

The hardest cases were the ones who wanted something to be going on, but weren't involved...the ones who wished and imagined and filled their minds with images but didn't do anything. They were usually the ones who were ready, like virgins waiting to lose their virginity. They'd made the decision, and now it was just a question of who and when and where, not whether. The strength of such images made the collection of actual evidence decisive.

Those were the people that sent the signals at office parties and in bars and other gatherings, the look that lasted a little too long, the eyebrow raised in question, the hip tilted out or the pelvis tilted forward suggesting something but not committed to anything. If a spouse noticed, it was deniable. If a potential partner noticed, it would escalate a notch. The face tilted as if for a kiss, the sigh, the whispered confidence, the look over the shoulder. Still deniable but less so. And then the phone call or the unambiguous invitation that both knew would be accepted because the way was already paved. It didn't take a psychic to spot them, just another person equally ready, a person on the hunt, circling, sniffing, waiting to pick up the signal.

Well, she'd see about this guy and his wife. If one partner was cheating, that usually meant something else was going on, though the depths of it weren't her business.

Her thoughts turned to Jeff and his corporate jet-setting. What was going on with that? Whatever else, he wasn't paying attention to his wife. Not the kind that she appreciated. His idea of love was being the provider, showing his affection by providing more and more and more until it didn't matter that he wasn't providing warmth and companionship. *Ah well, such are the ways of love.*

She remembered something from the corporate research she'd been doing for another client. The client thought his wife was involved with someone in the Metro Corporation because she was buying their stock. The husband thought she was getting inside tips and concluded she was sleeping with her informant. Angela had needed to find out who was in a position at Metro to do that. But in the process, she'd found out that Bowman, Lyons and Heartland owned a majority of Metro's stock. Bowman, Lyons and Heartland was Jeff's corporation. She put on her jacket and went to the library.

She soon found what she wanted. Metro produced ethanol, corn sweeteners, fiber products and other corn-based products at several plants located across the Middle West. Two years ago Bowman, Lyons and Heartland had acquired the majority of their shares and had been calling the shots. Metro's management was none too pleased, and all had resigned, citing unethical business practices they thought might compromise them.

She checked Bowman, Lyons and Heartland to find that they dealt in all kinds of commodities and food-related products from animal growth hormones to ethanol. She signed on to a library computer and went to a stockbrokerage firm's web page where she checked the graph of Bowman, Lyons and Heartland's stocks for the past decade. It had skyrocketed and was still going up.

Then she went to a commodity dealer's web page and started checking the list of products that Bowman, Lyons and Heartland provided to the world market. The prices of all of them had paralleled the price of the corporation's stock.

She was lost in her thoughts when she looked at her watch and saw that it was ten past twelve. She signed off the computer and rushed to the restaurant where she found Ronda in a booth.

"I was beginning to think you'd forgotten me."

"Never, lover. I got caught up in some work."

"You're as bad as asshole."

"You're looking buff." Angela tried to change the subject.

"Been working out. You're an inspiration. If you could lose the weight twenty years ago after having a kid and get into the shape you're in now, so can I. And I'm sure Jeff will enjoy your—what did you call them—Kegel exercises? The exercises that tighten your cunt?"

"Yes. But I'm guessing you never needed them. You're tight and firm everywhere."

They both ordered salads with dressing on the side.

"Jeff is going to be home tonight. So he says. Why don't you come over after work? If he's not there we can make love. If he is there, we can make love and see if he wants to join us. What say?"

"Well, that's subtle. Okay for the first part. If he's not there. But we need to figure out what to do in case he is there. How would that go?"

"Why don't I tell him that you and I are lovers? We'll see how he responds."

"Ummm. We shouldn't let him determine what we do by his response."

They were silent when the waitress brought their salads to the booth.

"Okay, he may be hurt, or he may like it. Let's say it's one of those two. If he's hurt, then what?" Deep in thought, Ronda nibbled on a lettuce leaf.

"Then you explain that it's because he doesn't pay any attention to you."

"Suppose he likes it?"

"Then you invite him to join us." Angela dripped some dressing onto the rest of her salad.

"Then what?" Ronda speared another lettuce leaf.

"You say you never masturbated in front of him?"

"Right."

"How about him?"

"What?"

"Did you ever see him masturbate?"

"No. Does he?"

"Yes."

"How do you...oh..."

"Yes."

"I'll bet he was thinking of you."

"He was looking at a photograph of *you*. Fully dressed."

Ronda blushed. "Really?"

"It's in the report. So let's do this. You go into the bedroom and take off your clothes. I'll lead him up there. By the time we get there, you be masturbating. Let him see you playing with yourself. If I get some message that it won't work, I'll let you know, okay? I'll be sensing what he's thinking and I'll let you know."

"Then what?"

"If he's getting aroused, I'll undress him. You'll be able to watch. Then..."

"We can't plan this all, that's enough. We'll let it develop from there. We're just going to play it by ear mostly."

"But tell me now if you don't want him to fuck me."

"Oh, I do. Like I said, you're not going to be getting a big thrill. A big cock, yes, but not a big thrill. I'll be the one getting the thrill when he's fucking you. How perverted is that? Anyway, the main thing is knowing what's going on."

"Do you usually get on top of him?"

“No. If he fucks me at all, he just fucks me and comes and that’s it. If I want to come, I wait ‘til he’s gone and do it myself. But it’s been a long time since even that happened.”

“Okay, would you mind if I got on top of him?”

“No. I’ll hold his cock for you.”

They both startled when the waitress said, “Are you ready for the check or will you try one of our desserts?” And they were both wet with anticipation.

Chapter Six

Angela was accustomed to walking into the Mayan house when she knew that Ronda was expecting her.

"Oh, hi." Jeff was sitting in one of the velvet easy chairs reading a financial newspaper. "Ronda said you might come by. She'll be down in a minute. Have a seat. Can I get you a drink?"

Angela sat at one end of the couch. "No thanks. How's business? You're in business, aren't you?"

His mind was full of charts and tables. Commodity prices in Europe, Asia, Latin America. Soybean crops in Brazil. Corn futures in Iowa...

"Yeah, Bowman, Lyons and Heartland. Can't complain. Same ol', same ol'..." When Jeff began to sputter Angela turned to look at the stairway where his eyes were fixed.

Ronda filled his mind. A collage of her at twenty, thirty, now – naked, clothed.

Ronda's bare leg flashed through the opening of the sarong loosely tied over her hips, her feet seemingly barely touching the floor. Not quite covering her breasts was an almost see-through white top she had tied well above her navel. Ronda floated across the room to the couch where she sat and stretched her bare legs out to Angela and rested her feet on Angela's lap as the sarong fell open to reveal her bare thigh.

Jeff sputtered again. "What's—"

"Angela and I are lovers." Ronda looked from Angela to Jeff and back as she opened her legs and put her hand on her flourishing dark pubic hair.

Angela stroked Ronda's bare foot and looked at Jeff. Jeff looked from Ronda to Angela, his mouth open.

Images of Angela naked came to the center of his mind. Angela with full pubic hair, Ronda with none. Embracing, kissing. Jeff embracing them both...

Angela nodded to Ronda.

With a flip of the wrist Ronda's sarong fell open to reveal her luxuriant pubic hair as she stretched one leg up over the back of the couch to open her vagina to her touch. "We want you to join us."

Jeff's imagined his erect cock entering Ronda. Angela's breasts suspended in front of Jeff as he fucked Ronda. Jeff looking at Angela's naked body.

"I only want you." Jeff was sputtering.

"Well, I want Angela."

While Ronda continued to stroke her labia with her right hand, she untied the knot that held her top together with her left hand to let the tails of the top fall from her firm breasts.

"And you can have us both. But we're going upstairs to bed. Now." As Ronda stood, her top and the sarong fell to the floor. She faced Jeff naked.

"You look so womanly."

"I thought you liked me bare."

"You are such a beautiful woman. I like you the way you are. All woman. Hair and all."

Ronda raised her arms above her head and turned in a pirouette in front of Jeff.

"And if I had my way, you wouldn't shave your armpits either."

Ronda lowered her arms and went flat-footed. "Yuck."

Angela stifled a laugh and stood up beside Ronda. Hand in hand they went upstairs where Ronda lay on the bed to explore herself while Angela removed her clothes in her usual careful way.

When Jeff came in he was naked and had a mighty erection.

Ronda drew up her knees and said, "Come to me, my stallion. Give me that cock."

Her face contorted with pleasure as he thrust deep into her. Angela sat beside the coupling pair and put a hand on Jeff's butt as if to steer it in and out. He moaned and rolled to his side, his cock half the size and shiny with come.

"That was fast." Disappointment showed in Ronda's voice.

"Don't worry, lover. He's not getting off that easily." Angela bent over him, her hand grasping his cock, stroking it. As it began showing signs of revival, Angela took it into her mouth and continued to stroke it with her hand. Ronda leaned over Jeff's face and, cupping her breast in her hand, put the nipple into his mouth.

Angela ministered to Jeff's cock until it was telephone pole rigid. Then she lifted one leg over him and paused. "You want to help me here?"

Ronda took the cue and grasped Jeff's penis to guide it into Angela's cunt. Angela lowered herself ever so slowly onto the aroused cock. She took him into her a quarter of an inch at a time. She began to sway back and forth, moving just her hips, and then she stopped and seemed to be motionless except for a slight rippling of her butt muscles.

"What are you doing?" Ronda asked.

"Ask him."

"Aaaah. She's...she's...pulling my cock into her...pulsing her cunt around me... I've never felt..."

"I'm giving him the Kegel squeeze, the vaginal vise grip."

Jeff thrust into her and she resumed her thrusting back and forth on him. Ronda knelt beside Jeff facing Angela and kissed her long and hard on the lips. Then she moved her face down to suck Angela's nipples. Angela began to sigh with pleasure as Jeff pushed deep into her.

"Can I have some of that?" Ronda asked.

"Help yourself," Angela said, dismounting. "This time, I'll guide the cock." Angela held Jeff's shining cock while Ronda mounted him.

"Hey, don't I get any say in this?"

"No." Both women spoke decisively. Then they both laughed.

"Relax and enjoy, honey. Most men would give their left ball to be where you are now. Just enjoy us."

Ronda took his cock into her and looked at Angela. "Oh, girlfriend, you were so right. This is the way to do it. He does have a big cock, though, doesn't he?"

"It's been a long time since anyone fucked me."

"That's right, fuck me, lover. Give it to me." Jeff arched his back and thrust his cock deep into his wife.

"But yes, he has a beautiful cock."

"Beautiful?"

"Well, all cocks are not created equal. But stop talking and fuck him, girlfriend."

Ronda lifted herself so Jeff's cock slid almost out of her. Angela grasped the shaft as Ronda's cunt was about to clear the head and held it for Ronda to plunge down on again. Angela moved her hand and began to massage Ronda's clitoris as she fucked Jeff.

"That's it, lover. Don't stop."

Neither of her lovers stopped until Ronda groaned with pleasure and slipped off Jeff's cock.

Angela mounted him again and leaned forward until she felt the shaft of his cock rubbing her clitoris in just the right place. Then she increased the pace of her thrusts until an orgasm started deep in her cunt and radiated out to vibrate the rest of her body in its own harmony as she came with a groan that became a shout.

Ronda grasped Jeff's cock in her left hand and guided it into her still twitching cunt and began to ride him until Jeff groaned and his penis fell flaccid from her cunt. Disappointed, she dismounted.

"Your turn, girlfriend." Ronda indicated Jeff's penis.

"No, your turn. Let him be for a while. Come let me take care of you."

Ronda rolled over Jeff's body to lie beside Angela. The two embraced and kissed while Angela began rotating a fingertip around Ronda's engorged clitoris. Just as Ronda's clitoris began to pulse and her mind opened with desire, Angela began to stroke the underside of the magic button until Ronda's thighs began to shudder. Angela kissed her hard and moved her finger up to circle her clitoris again to prolong the anticipation. When Ronda's stomach began to quake, Angela moved her finger between her labia and gently stretched one of them, and then the other, before putting three fingers where Jeff's cock had been, and then only one to massage her cervix. Ronda gasped with pleasure.

"Do it, lover, do it now."

Angela ended the delay with light strokes to the underside of Ronda's clitoris. She cried out with pleasure as she collapsed into the void of floating warmth, her cunt pulsing with aftershocks.

"What did you do to her?" Jeff asked, his cock now quite recovered.

"I made love with her. You should try it sometime. You can practice on me."

She kissed him hard on the lips and raised his hand to her breast as she grasped his cock and began to massage it. It was hard in her grip so she tightened her hand and moved it faster. She rolled Jeff onto his back and straddled him again, guiding his cock into her cunt with her hand. She thrust her hips forward and back. Sitting erect over him, she reached her hand down to stroke her clitoris as she began to shudder into her own oblivion.

When Angela opened her eyes, Jeff was kissing Ronda and stroking her clitoris. Angela felt Ronda's pleading even before her eyes signaled it. Angela rolled Jeff away from Ronda. "You have to do it gently. Like this." She lightly touched the head of his penis. "Check the difference." She increased the pressure and Jeff winced. "You can learn, but you have to pay attention to Ronda."

Ronda smiled and played with herself as Angela coached Jeff. "Can we do my part?"

Angela received the image and pulling her knees under her to raise her butt into the air, she turned onto her stomach.

Jeff looked puzzled until Ronda nudged him into position behind Angela. Ronda took Jeff's now erect cock in her hand and guided it gently between Angela's engorged glistening labia. Ronda moved behind Jeff and pushed his butt. "Fuck her, lover."

Angela reached between her legs and began to massage her clitoris as the length and breadth of Jeff's cock filled her cunt. Before she was even at the edge of an orgasm, though, the pressure abruptly stopped as Jeff withdrew from her. She gasped as the probing moved to another place and began to demand entry into her anus. Ronda's hands were on her butt. Angela reminded herself *relax, relax, relax* as she opened her sphincter to the invader to stretch her until she accommodated more and more and felt fuller and fuller, more and more complete. She continued to circle her clitoris with her finger, increasing the pressure at every press of Jeff's mighty cock. Ronda stroked Angela's right hip and thigh and then Ronda snaked her way between Angela's stomach and the mattress. Angela adjusted herself to accommodate Ronda and the pressure inside her shifted to match. Angela moved her hands to the sides of her face to accommodate Ronda's tongue as she began to gently lick Angela's clitoris.

"I thought you wanted to watch." Angela gasped. She didn't understand the answer as she was overtaken by an intense shudder that started deep inside her and radiated to her toes and fingers as she collapsed into a heap on her side unaware of anyone else in the pile of bodies.

Angela was only dimly aware of Ronda telling Jeff to go wash his cock before she felt Ronda's embrace.

* * * * *

"You were right about the pubic hair. He likes it. I'm glad you could tell me that. I always thought he liked my pussy bare."

"See what happens when we don't talk to our lovers? Our spouses? Hey, if mice is the plural of mouse shouldn't mice be the plural..."

"Oh no, not again with the plurals." Ronda laughed.

"Where's asshole?" Angela used Ronda's pet name for Jeff.

"He's coming back tonight. The reason you haven't seen much of me this past week is that he's been fucking my brains out every night. Thanks for teaching him how to play with me, by the way. He'll never be as good as you are, but he's better than he was. And he's paid some attention to me. That's the main thing."

"I'm glad it's working out."

"Uh-oh, my phone is vibrating. This is important. Only the agents have the cell phone number. I gotta take this." Angela stood up and took the phone from her pocket, opened it, and put it to her ear.

"Must be kinda exciting to have a cell phone that vibrates like that. Especially if you keep in your front pocket and wear such tight pants. Um-hum. Agents calling, likely story." Ronda leered.

Angela's face was intent as she listened.

"It's a mayday, boss. We're outta here. Gotta run. They're on to the bugs. We gotta jump ship right now or they'll trace them over here to us. We're gone. End of operation. Bye for now."

"Gudrun?"

"Can't talk, boss. Later."

"That really was Gudrun, the tall blonde one? The agent?"

Angela put the phone back in her pocket. "Yeah, look, something's wrong. Some of Jeff's guys found our bugs. The whole operation is blown. My girls have to get out of there fast. They're leaving now."

"What's going on?"

"How the hell would I know? We'll just have to wait and see. Look, that's always a possibility with this kind of thing. These guys aren't stupid. They don't get where they are by being stupid. Or keeping their eyes closed. But don't worry. We'll figure it out. We have to wait for the girls to get out of there, then they'll figure it out and we'll have the story.

Angela's eyebrows rose in surprise. "The phone again." She removed the phone from her pocket, flipped it open and said, "Talk to me, Gudrun. What's going on?"

"Okay, boss. We're on Whacker Drive. One of their guys got spooked, brought in a security guy, swept the place. They found all kinds of bugs, cameras, microphones. Half of the stuff wasn't even ours! Someone else is in on this operation and I don't know who the hell it is! Any clues?"

"No, not yet. Come on back to the office. I'll try to get there later. It's going to be a while 'cause I'm all tied up for the rest of the evening. If anything else breaks, give a shout."

"Right, boss."

"What's the deal?"

"I don't know, Ronda. Someone got a security guy in there and they found all of our stuff. But they also found lots of stuff that's not ours. Someone else is snooping on Jeff and his guys. Has Jeff said anything that would give you any idea of what's going on?"

"No. Well, not exactly. He's been kind of nervous lately. But not more than usual. These guys deal in commodities. That's an up-and-down kind of thing, so they're always nervous. I don't know. What do you have in mind? What kind of thing?"

"Has he mentioned any government agencies, for instance?"

"Is FCC something like that?"

"The Federal Commodities Commission? You bet it is. They're the ones that regulate Jeff's business and all commodities traders. What'd he say about them?"

"Nothing exactly. Just he was having a nightmare the other night. Tossing and turning. And he was muttering something about FCC. I didn't know what it was about. I woke him up."

"What happened next?"

"Well, I wouldn't tell just anyone, but since you've fucked him and we've shared him, I sucked his dick and when he got hard, I fucked him. He came and then went back to sleep. The whole thing took maybe five minutes. Why?"

"I'm not interested in your sex life here, girlfriend. I'm interested in Jeff's dealings with Bowman, Lyons and Heartland. Look, has he mentioned the FBI at all? My girls said he contacted an FBI guy in a seedy bar. Any idea what that's about?"

"None. Look, he's never told me anything about any of this stuff. Sorry."

"Well, my research shows some strange pricing patterns. It's just too neat to be chance. I think there's some stock market manipulation going on here."

"How can they do that?"

"Fixing prices for commodities."

"How?"

"Maybe that's what all the meetings around the world are. He's meeting with other dealers and they're setting prices. If the FCC gets hold of that, they're toast."

They heard the garage door open and shut. There were footsteps in the kitchen. Finally Jeff appeared in the living room. He looked somewhere between dejected and frantic.

"What's up?" asked Ronda. Her voice was shaking with anticipation, but Jeff did not notice. He was preoccupied.

"All hell has broken loose. You can't imagine. The whole corporation is collapsing and I had to get out from under before I got caught under the rubble."

"What are you talking about?" Angela asked.

Jeff pulled off his suit jacket and untied his tie. He unbuttoned the top button of his shirt with a jerk of his neck and said, "Any chance of getting a gin and tonic?"

Ronda saw Angela's nod and went into the kitchen.

"I'll help." Angela followed Ronda to the island.

Angela sliced the limes and squeezed them over the ice cubes as Ronda measured out the gin from the blue bottle.

When they returned to the living room Jeff was slumped into an armchair.

"Okay, what's the story?" Angela handed Jeff his drink.

Jeff sipped tentatively, and then again more decisively.

"One of the secretaries noticed something suspicious. Some of the bills weren't in the right place. Then someone noticed that a computer had been accessed. That's scary shit when you're in the commodities business. But one of the execs got paranoid. It turned out there was good reason for the paranoia. He brought in a team of security experts and they swept the place. When they did, they started turning up all sorts of spy gadgets. Microphones, phone taps, even cameras."

Angela struggled to control her expression. *Keep the face blank. Show nothing.*

Ronda and Jeff both looked at her expectantly.

"Sorry, my mind wandered. My daughter. Boyfriend troubles."

"Jeff was saying that the FCC is spying on their corporation. They found some bugs."

"Why would the FCC spy on you guys?"

"Just because it's the biggest price-fixing ring in the history of commerce since, I don't know, since Rome had a monopoly on salt or something." Jeff had finished his drink and was sitting bolt upright. "I wasn't going to take the rap for that."

"How do you avoid it?" Ronda asked, her eyebrows arching to emphasize the question.

"I've been dealing with an FBI agent who's been nosing around. As soon as he showed up, I agreed to work with him. I've even worn a wire to tape-record some of the stuff my business associates are doing. But I had no idea they had so much spy gear in our offices snooping on us. He must not have believed me. So on the way home, I called and gave him the whole story. I get immunity if I testify against everyone else. Bunch of crooks."

"What are you talking about?" Ronda's look of puzzlement became more intense.

"Look, all those trips to Hong Kong, Copenhagen, Tokyo, Beijing, New York... Those were trips for all of us commodity dealers from around the world to get together. To set prices. Bowman, Lyons and Heartland is the eight-hundred-pound gorilla of world commodities, so we told them what the prices would be. They couldn't argue with us. That's the way it was. No market. No nothing. We just fixed all the prices of all of our commodities. Soybeans, corn sweeteners, fiber, cooking oil, everything! Everyone else had to follow along or get out of town. Simple as that."

There was silence except for the clinking ice cubes in Jeff's glass.

Jeff looked from Ronda to Angela. "That's against the law. Big time."

"So you turned them in to the FBI?" Ronda sat stock-still, her face intent.

"I was going to. I was working with the FBI 'til the agent thought the case was airtight. But then some of our guys got the tech guys in there and they found all kinds of bugs. The corporate brass figured they were FCC bugs and they had the goods on us. But half of them were probably FBI. I'm sure they were checking out my stories. If they'd been tapping our phones, listening in on our conversations, hell, even videotaping us in our offices, they must have the goods on everyone. I guess that was necessary. The FBI couldn't just believe one guy."

"So what happens now? Are we going to live in a trailer house again?"

"No. I haven't fought my way up this high for that. I know it's been rough on you, honey. I know I've neglected you. But you didn't say anything about it. I thought you were enjoying everything...being rich. See, in my family the guy is supposed to be the

big macho hunter and bring back the bacon. That's the way you show your woman you love her."

"I'd trade all of this for a trailer court if I could have you. You're what matters to me."

"Well, there's another side to it. It's fun."

"As good as sex?" Ronda took a sip of her drink.

"I don't know. Is Merlot as good as Pinot Noir? Is wine as good as gin? They're all good, just different. But yes, it's exciting. Not hard-on exciting like you naked playing with yourself. Or you." His eyes went to Angela with appreciation. "But exciting like a football game or downhill skiing or rock climbing or something like that. On the edge. You get to a certain place and you want to take it one more step. You don't think you can fall. But you know you could fall. You know others have fallen. That's what makes it exciting. The possibility that it'll all come crashing down around you. And the possibility that you might just pull it off. If you're smart, when you're climbing you are sure you can't fall. You have ropes. That's what the FBI was. My rope to prevent disaster."

"But you say that's what makes it exciting? The possibility that you might fall?" Angela had finished her drink and was sucking the lime.

"Yes. But you don't want to really fall. You want the excitement, but not the possibility of dying."

"So you...?" Ronda queried Jeff with her eyebrows.

"First I made sure I had a golden parachute in place. If they terminate me they have to give me severance pay of five million bucks. That took care of being fired. I'd seen enough double crosses."

"So let the fuckers fire you." Ronda leaned forward in her chair.

"When they found out the FCC was on to them, they started shredding documents...it was chaos. I got out of there and called my FBI contact. I checked with

him. I've been cooperating, so I won't go to trial. And if they terminate me, I get a nice severance package. If they don't, then..."

"Then what?" asked Angela.

"Then I don't know. We'll have to wait and see. But I'm taking some vacation time right now. I think it's a good time to disappear for a while so nobody but my FBI pal can find me."

"Where to?" Ronda asked.

"You know when we were kids I was always talking about a slow boat to China?"

"A Chinese junk?"

"That's what I had in mind. So I have one stashed in Marseilles. The captain and crew are there. They take it out now and then to keep it in shape, but it's waiting for just such an occasion."

"Wow, it must be really nice to be rich." Angela set her glass on the coffee table and sat on the couch.

"It sure is. Nobody but me knows about it. So it's okay. The tracks are covered and I have immunity anyway."

"So..." Ronda raised her eyebrows in question again. "So?"

"So we head for France, get on the junk, and disappear into the ocean for a while. We can come back whenever we want. We're safe."

"Will you come with us?" Ronda aimed the question at Angela.

"I think maybe you two need to be alone for a while. You were talking about teaching Jeff some nuances."

"But I don't want to be away from *you*."

"I have a business to run. I can't just bail out on my staff and clients."

"Oh come on! Any one of those five operatives could do it!"

"Operatives?" Jeff showed definite interest.

"It's just business. *My* business." Angela detected Jeff's curiosity and decided to deflect it. "And there's my daughter to consider too."

"You have a daughter?" His tone was incredulous.

"Twenty-two years old."

"I wouldn't have thought... A *daughter*? Twenty-two? How old *are* you?"

"A gentleman wouldn't ask that. And my daughter doesn't come into this story. She has her own life to lead. But I'm part of it."

"I just didn't know that women who had had kids could be as tight as...as virgins."

"Well..." Angela looked at her feet to hide what felt like a blush coming on.

"If you don't go, I don't know if I want to. How would you feel about going alone, Jeff? After all that's where I've been for a long time. Alone. Maybe you should try some of that aloneness now."

"If you didn't like it, why would I? And believe me, all that jet setting is plenty of aloneness for anyone."

"Sorry to cut this short, but my phone is vibrating. I really have to go and tend to my business now. I'll catch you guys later."

Chapter Seven

It was a perfect day in the South China Sea. The day was bright without being hot, a breeze was filling the sails of the Chinese junk and keeping the passengers and crew comfortably cool, but not so cool that it was uncomfortable to jump in for a swim or lie on the deck to dry in the sun.

Ronda wore only a sarong, her breasts bare and tan. She lay on the deck, her arms raised overhead, basking in the sun with her bathing suit top down, resting inside out on her sarong.

Barefoot and wearing bathing trunks, Jeff walked silently across the teak deck to sit beside her and gently untie her sarong.

“The crew...”

“The crew is always here. Let them be invisible. We’re invisible to them.” He unwrapped the sarong to expose her firm, long, tan thighs and legs to the sunlight. She reached down and pulled the top of her black one-piece bathing suit over her breasts. The hair of her armpits was silky and long. The hair of her head was long now, coming down to the middle of her back after months of not cutting it.

Now they were both swimming all the time, their bodies were trim and toned. They jumped off the junk and swam whenever the weather was good—which was all the time. Or whenever they felt like it—which was most of the time when they weren’t fucking or otherwise making love. The exercise of fucking and swimming kept both of them slim and he was even more muscular than when he’d been working out in fitness clubs in downtown in Chicago. Her breasts and hips were smaller but firmer than when they’d lived in the Frank Lloyd Wright house. His pecs were surely firmer and his thighs and butt tight.

Ronda shivered as Jeff ran his fingertip along the underside of her arm, stopped to twirl the long silky hairs of her armpit in his fingers, and outlined the underside of her breast through the swimsuit. "You are a beautiful woman. Thanks for letting your hair grow out. All of it."

He's finally figuring out how to make love with me. Sometimes I still fantasize about Angela when he goes down on me or when he strokes my clitoris with his finger, but I enjoy his attentions more and more now that he has some time for me and isn't putting all of it into his corporation.

"Why don't you take me below and make love with me?"

"Not right now. Much as I'd like to."

She pouted. "You don't have any meetings to get to, do you?"

"No, but we have to make a landing soon. I don't want to be interrupted while we're making love."

"Since when do we *have* to do anything?"

"Well, this is a surprise, humor me. Let's just say we have to pick up some supplies."

"What could we need? We still have several months' supply of fine wines. This junk has to have the best wine cellar in all of Asia. Not to mention fresh fruits and fish."

"My love, we couldn't replenish the fruit without stopping all the time."

"You're right. But why would it interrupt us. It doesn't usually."

"I thought you might want to go ashore."

"Why, where are we?"

"Coming up on the Parcel Islands. Sand Island to be specific."

"Who lives here?"

"Nobody at all."

"What country do they belong to?"

"Everyone claims them. Taiwan. Vietnam. China. Maybe others. But nobody rules them because nobody lives here. There's no farmland, just beaches. No tourists, nothing at all. If one country decides to try to take the island from some other, they may send an army for a while. 'Til they figure out it's not worth the effort and leave. Now the islands are empty. I thought it might be fun to walk in the sand and enjoy the water from the land."

"You're right."

She eyed his bronzed body, his muscles more well defined than they had been when he was twenty.

* * * * *

The skipper made the familiar call for dropping anchor as the junk approached the island.

Holding hands the couple jumped off the junk and into the water for the swim ashore. They walked through the breakers onto the sandy beach hand in hand and walked down the seashore, the wet sand firm under their feet.

"I thought you said nobody lived here."

"I did."

"Well, who is that?" Ronda indicated a woman sunbathing naked on her back, her feet just covered by the gentle swell of the water when it came ashore.

"Take another look."

The woman stood and dusted the sand off her butt and back. She turned to face them. Ronda could see that she was naked, her breasts jiggling a bit as she walked, a thick patch of pubic hair below her navel emphasized her shapely thighs. Her long legs strode purposefully and powerfully toward them.

"Angela? Angela! Jeff, how did Angela get here? And how did you know?"

Jeff looked at Ronda with an expression halfway between imploring and salacious.

"I love you. That means giving you what you really want whenever I can."

Angela and Ronda ran toward each other and embraced. Angela reached up to Ronda's bathing suit straps and pulled them down over her shoulders, pulled the suit over her flat muscular stomach, down her thighs to expose the thick patch of pubic hair, and down to her ankles. Ronda stepped willingly out of the suit to embrace Angela.

"How's business?" Jeff and Angela spoke at the same time.

All three of them laughed as they returned to the anchorage hand in hand.

About the Author

A guy's foot was coming at my head at ninety miles an hour. In a well-rehearsed move from the choreographed karate forms called *katas*, I instinctively raised my arm to block the kick. The guy was on the floor. "It WORKS," I thought, amazed at what I'd done. Each kata has a story about how you're dispatching bad guys right and left. Here comes another one! Kick!

Sensei pairs us up, one person with a padded shield, the other with bare hands. "Hammer blow," he says. I whang the shield with my fist. "HARD" Sensei shouts. I try again. "SCREAM" he says. I try with a scream. "Relax," he says. I tense up. "I SAID RELAX." It doesn't help. I try again. "Give it everything you have." I try again with a scream to curdle blood and focus all the power of my body behind my fist to move the target holder. "That's more like it." "Wow," I thought, "You really can use this karate to kick bad guy ass."

Karate is so different from the slowly moving forms of T'ai Chi I'd been practicing 'til then. Mostly gentle, T'ai chi is also method of combat—not being there when someone wants to hurt you—the subtle art of getting out of the way and using the attacker's own force to your advantage. Karate, the hard form; T'ai Chi, the soft form.

Another union of hard and soft is yoga—even slower and not at all combative. When my teacher coached me in Tantra, the meditations and forms that tap the cosmic energy from the union of the male and female elements and become aware of the sexual energy all around us, everything came together.

My Secret Sex Life features a woman who keeps her vivid and experimental sexuality hidden from the world. *Menage á Spies* is about how a Latin American sociologist, his sister, three FBI agents who are watching them (the spies), a college student, and the two women at the center of everything come together with karate, yoga, and t'ai chi, love and lots of sex. Other stories will be coming from EC.

Fletchina welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

Also by Fletchina Archer

Menage a Spies

My Secret Sex Life



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