

Smokin' Hot Sex, Too

By Gary Jordan

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Subj: Re: A sex story YOU have to write!

Dear Alexis,

I've told you all about how PJ and I tried to quit smoking by only having a cigarette after an orgasm. How, outside of a humorous anecdote, the experience was a complete flop with regard to curing the nicotine habit. I even said that there was no way you could get me to write a story about smoking and sex like the one Shon suggested, where some guy craves the after orgasm cigarette.

I feel a little guilty. Actually, I do have a story like that I could write, but there aren't enough details. Everything I know about the story is second hand (a second-hand smoking story - I should get an award for terrible jokes) and I'd have to make up a lot of details. I know, I know - writers make things up all the time, it's part of our stock-in-trade. But see, this is all based on a true story.

Why is that a problem, you ask? Well, I guess I'm just not that good a writer. Every story I write has some element of personal experience in it, no matter how outlandish the story as a whole. But this would be a story about two people who, although they were friends and he was a shipmate, were intimate strangers. All the details that would make this a good sex story are limited to the kinds of things one bud tells another over a beer, or confides while the womenfolk are out shopping and we're watching a ballgame.

Maybe I could give you some of the details and you

or Shon could take a swing at it.

First, there' s the couple. Let' s call them Jack and Jill. Take your finger out of your mouth and stop making retching noises; it' s just something to call them. No real names, I don' t want to be sued over this.

Jack was a chief in another division; never mind which one. He stood about six feet, neither overly muscled nor fat, but not a beanpole by any means. Dark hair, no glasses.

Jill was taller than PJ, and more slender. I' d have to say her eyes were blue, mostly because if I said violet then any member of that ship' s crew would be able to put one and one together and know exactly whom I was talking about without another detail. I won' t go into details like boob size or hips, because I hate stories that talk about "her 34C chest" or her "38DD tits", and anyway, how should I know? The closest I ever came to seeing them personally was at the beach in a teeny-weeny bikini, and *that* event meant I had to deal with the "Do you like Jill' s boobs more than mine?" question later at home.

Make Jill a blonde, too, because strawberry blonde is as revealing to her identity as violet eyes. Even changing her eye color wouldn' t conceal her identity if that weren' t changed. Maybe you should make up your own details, but in fairness to Jill, whatever you describe has to make her as stacked in fiction as she was in real life.

How Jack and Jill got involved in this whole story was that Jill was at the meeting of the wives' club when I called home from that first Monday training lunch, looking for a nooner and having PJ suggest I provide my own orgasm so I could drink and smoke with the guys. Jill overheard enough of PJ' s solution to make her very curious. She stayed after the meeting to help clean up and pry for details.

Jack didn't smoke. Somehow he'd managed never to pick up that nasty habit in fourteen years of Naval service. Jill, on the other hand, had a half-a-pack-a-day habit. As I recall, that was the only bone between them. They were an almost-perfect couple, except for his (very) slight tendency to nag when she lit up. (Can you tell I'm a smoker? The problem was the nagging, not the lighting up. <VBG>)

PJ confided the details of the substitution therapy to Jill after the meeting, along with the successes and failures to that point. Of course, she swore her to secrecy, except for Jack, and made her promise to extract the same oath from Jack. When I got home that day (and I hope you remember how memorable *that* was) PJ didn't tell me a thing about it.

I was still ignorant two days later when Jill shows up at the Off-crew Office to pick up Jack, around 14:00. I'm the Duty Chief that day, so I don't get to go home until 17:00, and I have to stay available by the phone to handle emergencies. Jill takes Jack's arm and distinctly says, "God, I'm dying for a cigarette." Jack's head whips around and we make eye contact. He blushes. Jill looks to see why he's blushing and sees me. She blushes. I suddenly realize I'm holding a catless bag, and I blush. They get to hastily depart, leaving me holding the bag, and wondering who let the cat out. Obviously, since it isn't me, it has to be my wife.

I get PJ on the phone and relate the incident, which elicits a full confession and the unwanted knowledge that Jack and Jill are now in the same two-step program. After I'm done laughing, I warn PJ that she'd better delay any dinner plans. I'm having a nicotine fit and I've got the, to put it politely, raging hard-on to prove it. I have three more hours, barring emergencies, before I can come home for a home coming celebration.

And that's when PJ reminds me we have company for dinner. That reminder isn't bad enough, she goes on to remind me who it is: Yep, you guessed it, Jack and Jill. As if what happened before I called wasn't embarrassing enough (although much less so once I realized that they weren't blushing about *my* needs), now I could look forward to sharing an evening with a couple that knew what was going on.

There were no emergencies. I locked up the office, signed out with the SUBGRUTWO duty officer, and raced home. PJ met me at the door with a big kiss and the news that our company was already there. What could I do? I changed out of uniform and went out back to fire up the grill. Jack joined me while the wives chatted in the kitchen. He was carrying two open beers.

I accepted mine and set it on the picnic table without taking a swig first. Do you remember when I explained that no way could I drink a beer without smoking? Jack, being a non-smoker, didn't have that problem, and I didn't know how to explain it to him.

I must have blushed or something. He looked at the beer and started laughing. "I'm sorry," he says. "I wasn't thinking about, you-know, when I grabbed the beers."

I don't know whether to be relieved or mortified, but the former is a lot easier, so I joined the laugh. I caught a glimpse of faces at the window and we heard giggling from that direction as well.

"So how's your, uh, program working out so far?" He's got a huge grin on his face, and why shouldn't he? He's not the one struggling with nicotine fit and dinner guests.

"I guess I can't complain," I lie. "Although I could sure use a cigarette about now."

He holds up one hand. "No thanks, I' m not that kind of guy." We break up again.

"A better question might be how you and Jill are coping. Truthfully, what did you think when she told you about us and said she wanted to try to quit?"

"Truthfully? I thought it was the weirdest thing I' d ever heard of." He took a pull on his beer. "But I agreed to try. I' ve been after Jill to quit smoking for years." He glanced at the window and turned back to me, his face growing more serious. "We' ve been married since before I joined the Navy, fifteen years. Our love life has slowed down, just like anyone' s. Once a night would have been a dream come true."

"Jill gets by on just one cigarette a day?" I asked, surprised.

He shook his grinning face in a very happy negative, and held up three fingers. "Sometimes four."

We broke up again.

"I saw that!" came Jill' s voice, as the ladies opened the sliding glass door and brought out the steaks and covered bowls. They were laughing, too. "Are you giving away all our secrets?"

"Congratulations, Jill! Jack tells me you' re down to just three or four cigarettes per day."

She turned crimson and looked at Jack. "More like six or seven, but thanks."

I clapped Jack on the shoulder and said "You old dog! I didn' t know you had it in you." And then I noticed the expression on his face. He didn' t have it in him. Oops.

PJ piped up, "I' m afraid I told Jill about the loophole we found."

Jack had gone from astonishment to the beginnings of rage when Jill had corrected the number of cigarettes she was consuming. It was fairly obvious that he wasn't aware of the alternatives. I said, "So you're a solitary smoker, Jill?"

I think if she could turn any redder, they'd have to name a color after it. She nodded and looked sheepish (are there any red sheep?). In a little voice, she said, "Sometimes a girl's got to sneak off to the ladies room and have a cigarette, you know?"

Jack finally twigged to what was going on and his building anger released as amused chagrin and snorting, choking sputters.

PJ and I were less restrained. We guffawed. That's the only word for it. We'd been there. We'd done that. We'd used the tee shirt to wipe up the mess. I handed my beer to Jill.

She shook her head. "I'd better not."

"Why not? He," I hooked a thumb at Jack, "offered it to *me*." I turned away to put the steaks on the grill while everyone else giggled and snickered and generally behaved in as sophomoric a fashion as four purported adults could.

"Gary," PJ got my attention, "Jill and I have been talking and Jill asked me to ask you to tell Jack about Monday afternoon, if it wouldn't be too embarrassing. We'll just go back inside for the plates and stuff."

"What about Monday afternoon?" Jack asked. I wasn't given the chance to say no, so I thought about how best to answer. After all, Jack had just learned that Jill masturbated when he wasn't available.

I flipped the steaks, a delaying tactic. "How do you want yours done?"

"Pink in the middle," he replies, waiting for the answer to *his* question.

"You like to eat it pink in the middle?" God, I do love a good straight line.

"Yeah, I always eat it pink in the middle." My question and my grin are confusing the hell out of Jack.

"What PJ says Jill wants me to tell you is, ' Eat it pink in the middle more often,' I think." I' m not holding a straight face -It' s all I can do to stand up. I want to be rolling around holding my sides.

Jack looks so confused. Then the light finally comes on. "Oh," he says. "OHHhhh." He drops his red face into his hands and gets smacked by a beer bottle. I lose it. I' m laughing so hard I' ve got tears in my eyes and the only thing keeping me upright is the fact that I' ve got to get the steaks off the grill before they' re overcooked.

The wives come back out with plates, flatware, glasses and a pitcher of iced tea, and questioning looks. PJ asks, "Did you discuss it with him?"

"Not exactly," I laugh. "I think he understands what I was supposed to bring up, but we haven' t gotten around to any actual discussion yet."

"What did he say?" Jill asks her husband.

Still looking at the ground, Jack told her, "He asked me how I like my steak."

"Huh?" Now Jill is confused.

He watches her over the tips of his nested fingers. "I told him I liked to eat it pink in the middle."

PJ shrieked. Jill' s hue matched Jack' s. With the steaks safely off the main flame, I indulge in a little "rolling on ground, laughing my ass off". The

expression won' t be popular on the Internet - hell, there won' t be an Internet, as we know it, for another 10 or 15 years, but the activity is a lot older. So is the one that caused all the mirth and discomfiture.

Between the four of us, we managed to dish macaroni salad, baked beans, and steaks onto plates and plates in front of people. Things settle down some as we all dig in and take the edge off at least one hunger. There' s the usual round of compliments. I can' t claim to own any of them since PJ had the steaks marinating overnight and all I had to do was sear both sides. Jill made the beans with honey and barbeque sauce and bacon; PJ' s macaroni salad was up to her usual standards.

The steaks on PJ' s plate and mine were on the small side (I know I mentioned this side effect in my previous e-mail) and Jack commented on it. Aboard ship I had a number of nicknames, one of which was "the slider king." What' s a slider, you ask? That' s what we call a greasy beef patty fried on the ship' s flat grill. It' s all beef, but probably started as "no less than 70% lean," or whatever the term is for high fat content. I like beef. I love beef. I' d been known to polish off two double quarter pound cheese sliders in a sitting.

Anyway, Jack noticed and started joking about my reputation being in jeopardy, and kidding PJ about starving me. "Oh, I' ll probably eat something later," I responded, waggling my eyebrows at PJ. She blushed and Jill kittened her tea. (There' s another Internet expression. When you write this up, be sure and edit that out and substitute "spewing" or "spit up" or something.)

Remembering and recounting this episode makes it look like there' s about to be an orgy, or wife swapping, or something like that about to happen. It

wasn' t that way at all. We were like any pair of semi-adjusted couples - a lot of our banter included sexual innuendo, joking and teasing. It only seemed more charged on that occasion because everything seemed more, I don' t know, *imminent*. Everyone there knew that the moment this dinner party broke up, sex would rear its head. It wasn' t speculation; it was certainty.

We reached the stage where we would normally lean back in our seats and light up an after-dinner cigarette, and you could see the discomfort, the need, the *urgency* on three out of four faces. Even Jack' s look showed understanding for Jill' s needs, and it looked like our get-together might get-apart rather abruptly.

PJ spilled a glass of tea on herself.

"Damn," she said, but she was grinning. "I guess I' d better change." She turned to me. "Sweetheart, could you come to our room and help me pick out something to wear?" I swear she batted her eyelashes. She turned to Jill and said, "I haven' t a *thing* to wear, so it might take us a while. Will you and Jack be able to keep yourselves amused until I find what I need?"

Jill looked at Jack with a look that... Hell, Alexis, you' re better with words than I am. You know that look that makes a mouse stand still while a snake is getting closer? That' s the one. Make sure you describe that when you tell this. I remember that I almost couldn' t move and she wasn' t looking at me. It had nothing to do with the fact that PJ' s suggestion had made it difficult for me to stand upright; that look was predatory, and sexual, and I envied and pitied Jack at the same time.

We all got up and went inside. PJ led/pulled me to our room and we "got busy." Clothes flew everywhere. It was fast and furious and I think half

the charge was knowing that the same thing was happening someplace close by. I hardly lasted any time at all, but I didn' t feel guilt for making PJ earn her own cigarette by going down on her. I don' t think it was coincidence that she came when she heard Jill wailing somewhere down the hall.

We cleaned up and dressed and took our time returning to the picnic table. The J-couple was already there, and Jill had an unlit Salem between her fingers. I was carrying a Marlboro and PJ a Salem Light 100 and a lighter. We all lit up together (except Jack, of course, who just looked on with a shit-eating grin.)

It isn' t easy making eye contact after something like that. When you do, there' s an uncontrollable urge to giggle and blush, so that' s what we all did until the last butt was stubbed out. The ladies cleared the picnic table and Jack and I went and doused the fire in the grill and hosed off the patio. While we puttered, he asked me quietly about our earlier topic. He admitted that he had only tried it a few times and Jill never seemed to get into it, so it wasn' t something he was comfortable with.

I asked him, "Are you put off by it? I mean, does the taste or smell gross you out?" He shook his head. "Is there something about it that turns you off?"

"No, that isn' t it." He sighed. "I guess I' m just not any good at it. She never asked for it before, and the few times that we tried early on didn' t seem like they did anything for her."

"We had the same problem," I confessed. "Some people have natural talent. We had to work at it. I had to convince PJ to tell me what to do. Once she finally started talking, I couldn' t shut her up, and I didn' t want to. She let me know what felt good and what worked, and what didn' t. You just have to convince Jill to talk, too."

Jack was a few years older than me and married longer, too. The absurdity of giving him marital counseling didn't strike me until after they left that evening. After the silliness left, it definitely puffed up my ego. At any rate, we'd seen PJ's therapist and called off the whole "orgasms for cigarettes" thing before I had another chance to talk more than casually with Jack again. I think we were avoiding each other.

Anyway, we were both in the office checking guard mail and classroom assignments and I casually asked how Jill's quitting smoking was going. He got this expression on his face. I guess you'd call it wry, or bemused, or some combination. He answered, "Well, since I took your advice, she's down to a pack-a-day."

Anyway, Alexis, that's the story. And it's all true (give or take a lie or two.) Do you think you or Shon can turn it into something worth reading? I'm sure that someone with your talent won't keep changing between past and present tense.

Sincerely,
Gary

P.S. Do you prefer "by Gary Jordan and Alexis Siefert", or "by Gary Jordan with Alexis Siefert" or do you (oh inspiring one) want first billing. This and its antecedent are ALL YOUR FAULT. I can't blame Denny for either one.

Dear Gary~

Oh, goodness gracious no. Not at all.

The steak should be "Hot, but pink in the middle."

Other than that, run with it!

Alexis
