

Now I was wide awake. "Yeah, how many times has this happened: you're making out with a guy and he's dying of a hard-on, but you don't finish him off," I began, "You get labeled a tease. Well, what do you call a guy who can't get you to orgasm? Just plain aggravating."

"If I'm with a guy and he cums before I do, that's my definition of premature ejaculation," Joan announced.

"Boy, Joan's the tamest one of the bunch, but she's a bad girl waiting to happen. That's why we keep you around," Zelda said with a loud laugh. "Men need encouragement. Their egos are as delicate as my La Perla panties, so every now and then, I'll put on a show."

"Yeah, but you have to watch it," Joan warned. "By faking it, you could actually make things worse. He'll develop a false confidence in his ability to please you leaving you more annoyed at his obliviousness as to whether you're cumming or going."

Trying to remember the last time I had an orgasm, "A lot depends on my mood. I can't be too drunk, too full, or too stressed out."

"And then there are the guys who can make an orgasm disappear like one of those sneezes that almost happen, but never makes it past tickling my nose," Joan said. "If a guy's got a rhythm down, and then all of a sudden he changes something because he's getting 'too close' or tired of the same position, then I have to start building up to an orgasm all over again. Never thought it was possible to be sexually frustrated while *having sex...*"

"You couldn't be any worse off than me," I confessed. "The first year Tom and I were together, the sex was out of this world. But something happened over the years. We used to have marathon sessions; now he lasts all of five minutes. There's no reward in it for me. By the time I start getting into it, he's done."

Smelling a perfume strip, "That sucks... When the sex goes to hell, everything else follows," commented Zelda.