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An Excerpt From: PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

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She was so pathetic. It was Friday night and she was sitting here masturbating to pictures of younger men on the computer. It wasn't only pathetic, but kind of creepy. It felt better when it was the real deal. Not nearly so sad or weird. In the past, when she was with her younger husband, it had felt natural. She was just a woman with a guy who happened to be younger. No big deal. So why was she making it into such a big deal?

She sat up so fast the movable back of the chair popped up and hit her, nearly toppling her to the floor. She braced a hand on her desk while she stared at the computer with wide eyes. She was making it into a big deal. She could get a younger man. She'd done it before hadn't she? Her husband had been twenty-four to her thirty-two when they'd gotten married. He certainly hadn't objected to her age at the time. And she knew there were a lot of younger man-older woman pairs out there. Look at Demi Moore and Ashton Kutcher, for heaven's sake. It was fashionable now. So what was holding her back? Nothing, that's what.

With a shaking hand Monica reached for her beer. It was warm now, but she didn't care. Her mouth was suddenly dry with nervousness. Could she do it? She wasn't exactly the party girl type. She'd met her ex at work. Clearly she wasn't going to meet anyone new the same way. She had to be proactive. She bit her lip again, frowning. She wasn't sure she wanted to get involved with a younger man again, at least not that much younger. It was a risk that she really didn't want to take again. But for some fun and games? Hell, yes.

The computer keys clicked furiously as Monica typed in a new blog entry. She didn't give herself time to think about it too much.

Another Friday Night and I Ain't Got Nobody

This is it. Another Friday night in front of the computer staring at younger men has convinced me it's time. No more fantasies. I want the real deal. So, put your money where your mouth is, ladies. Or where your blog is. J Let's do this! I challenge each of you, and me, too, to go out there and find a younger man to make our fantasies come true. No more dreaming. Let's live, live, live!

She hit Send without even reading over the message. Within moments an answer came back from Edie.

I never realized—I've never actually dated a younger man, not more than a dinner date, anyway. Never been involved with one. But do we go out and hunt them down, or wait for them to come to us? I'm definitely there with you, but I'm not sure where to start. But then, you girls know I'm in the fashion industry, so I should be able to find someone! Maybe it's time I took advantage of those hunky men in Armani underwear!

Hmm. Edie had a good point. Where did one find younger men? Edie may be able to take advantage of hunky underwear models, but Monica didn't have that kind of luck. The computer beeped and another comment came through. It was Rachel. Monica laughed out loud. Apparently she wasn't the only one spending her Friday night staring at younger men on the computer.

You want us to REALLY hook up with a younger guy? Shit, where's my notebook? I need to make a list of yummy potentials. This is gonna be fun!

Monica snorted with laughter. Rachel and her lists. She had a list for everything. Monica already knew she didn't have enough potential younger men to make a decent list. She was starting from scratch. Elizabeth's reply came next.

Oh geez. Seriously? Ok, ok, I know my ex did the younger woman thing, but me with a younger man? It's one thing to think about it...

You know what? Screw it. I haven't had sex in over two years, and it wasn't all that great to begin with. Bring on the hot young hunk, but stick around, ladies. I have a feeling I'll need you.

Well, this was not looking promising. Edie had never done it. Rachel had to make a list first, and Elizabeth needed someone to hold her hand. It was Cam's response, however, that pushed Monica into a decision.

You first. *grin*