

Jake's Journal ~ Close to Home



by VeryWellAged



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A Novella

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How a man who was too old to marry again ended up with four wives and avoided prison so far. A journal of my later years as edited and corrected from time to time. A story of a good man (we hope) and the women who force him (nicely) to marry them.

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Author's Foreword:

There are FOUR threads. You are about to read the first one.

This is the only thread of the four that does not touch on events in the Philippines.

The first three (The Jake's Journals) **start identically** but events quickly move each thread in a radically different direction.

Jake's Journal: The Philippines - Joyfully (PDF / azw3 / ePub / mobi) or *Jake's Journal: The Philippines with Ganda* (PDF / azw3 / ePub / mobi) diverge from this story where you will find the <**Split**>in the text.

1

There is nothing innocent about me, or what happened to me. I make no apologies for my choices or the results.

I was divorced for the third time in my life in 2008. I am not proud of that. Sad is the best way to describe it. Three times divorced is not a record any man should strive to achieve.

My first marriage was a fool's errand. I was 18 and she was 17 and pregnant. She - we - got pregnant in July. We were married in October, the nineteenth to be exact, and our son was born in May. By the time he was eight months old, she was gone and so was my son. What happened?

Hell, I'd be lying if I told you that my memories were accurate. I have told the story so many times that I no longer know what is true and what's invention. All I can be sure of is that she ran away with a drummer from a rock band. After all these years, I still remember his name. I will keep his last name from these pages – but his first name was Kenny. Within the year of her leaving me, we were divorced. That was in Vermont. I was twenty when I got the final divorce judgment. All I can say is that over the years, my assessment that she was clinically nuts seems to have been borne out.

It would be eleven years before I married again.

I had some short-term girlfriends in those long years, but for the most part, I was alone. There were a few intense relationships, each lasting about a year. Between each, there were years of true celibacy. I never learned to play the field or date casually. I was either playing with all my chips on the table or I was sitting it out completely. During those celibate years, I would wonder if my fate was to be married to my right hand for the rest of my life.

The failed marriage had left me feeling that I was not desirable; that I was incapable of attracting a truly desirable woman. Most of my relationships were with damaged women who had little to give me, and no way to grow into a healthy relationship. Why were they damaged? The reasons varied, but the fact is that I sought them out. I figured that with them I had a chance of getting lucky for a day or two. I didn't give myself a chance with women who weren't damaged. I didn't try. Or... you could say with some honesty, I didn't know how. In all honesty, maybe I still don't.

My second marriage lasted exactly thirteen years. The divorce was granted by the court on our wedding anniversary. (The odds are 364:1 and considering 365 random things probably happen each day, it's not as unlikely as you might think.) There were a few days of good marriage, followed by twelve years of hell. For the last few years, we slept in separate rooms and lived separate lives. I finally swallowed my pride/shame and admitted defeat. I left the marriage because it was the only sane thing left to do. It was that or continuing to live with a woman who had a hard time distinguishing her funds from the funds of others. Her first embezzlement had cost me in the end about ninety thousand dollars. When I left the marriage, she was playing fast and loose with federal funds and I wanted no part of it. The judge didn't believe me and pounded me in the divorce decree.

Five years later, I married again. I thought I had learned from my past disasters, but that was not to be the case. We were together a little over eight years before I left the marital residence and seven months later, she filed for divorce. She was a good woman. Not nuts, not a thief, but damaged in other ways. Truth be told, was I not damaged? I was and am damaged by the events of my life. It is fair to say that the marriage just did not 'take.' It was both our faults. On my side, it was probably far too much scar tissue from my past experiences.

So there I was, overweight, with high blood pressure, and false teeth. I snored so loud that I bet you would have heard me if we had rooms next to each other in a hotel.

In many ways I was a good man, but for whatever reason marriage and I did not work well. Was it my entire fault each time? As you can tell, I think not; however after three failures, you have to question my ability to make good choices!

Could I get married again? Sure, I guess, if I married someone who I had no interest in, but what's the point in that? The sad truth was that at this point in my life I was only emotionally responsive to slim, pretty women at least fifteen years my junior and, in truth, usually even younger. Considering all that I was, no one of such a group, who had her head on straight, was going to put me on her 'A' list.

Truthfully, I really didn't want to marry again.

For the entire time I was in my three marriages, I was not rich and sometimes I was pretty poor.

During the entire last marriage, I was in a lawsuit to recover income and ownership that was illegally taken from me over a year prior to the marriage. Even though we got along OK financially, there was this big payday always hanging out there. It was still hanging out there when we got divorced.

I was fifty-seven. I had a house to live in. (I had never sold my house when I moved into my third wife's home. That should have set off alarms!) I was alone, just barely getting by financially, and sexually starved. As much as I would like to have gotten laid regularly and frequently, there were no options.

Hell, for the first seven months back in my house I slept on a couch. I went through so many variations on how to set up the couch as my bed that I gave them version numbers. By the time

the mattress I purchased finally arrived, I was on Couch v4.2-5. It actually worked quite well.

Family? I had a son age 39 and a daughter aged 37. Both lived in a different state. Though I loved them both very much, they had and still have little to do with my life on a daily basis.

I lived in a truly rural part of the American West. The kids lived in NYC.

Once the reality of the third divorce sank into my skull, I knew that I did not want another wife. I did not want, would not be able to find, a mistress; but needed the ministrations of a prostitute on a regular basis. While my need for emotional intimacy would go unmet, my need for physical intimacy might be met. There were only two problems: I did not know any prostitutes; I did not have the money to pay for one, yet. But that might change.

I just hung out; not quite a hermit but without anything going on either.

When the legal settlement finally came about, that was the state I had been in for a while.

The settlement did not leave me filthy rich as some got to be in the "dot com" boom of the nineties, but I was now financially secure. In addition, I was still working and drawing a salary. I could easily afford a prostitute. I figured I would allocate two thousand dollars a month for whatever that would get me. The rest I would invest. As I was in a rural area, I had no idea how much those dollars would purchase in services, assuming there were any services to purchase.

Finding a prostitute was not easy in a small town. <Split> At least it wasn't for me. But, after some discreet inquiries, I found one. If I give you her name, I'd have to make it up anyway. Here I will call her "Teach".

As it worked out, \$2K purchased six meetings. I met Teach through a discreet acquaintance. She was a very pretty 33-year-old woman who stood 5'4" and weighed 122 with all the weight in the right places. With a measurement of 34-24-36, those hips of hers were perfect. I love a woman in skirts and hips make all the difference for how a skirt falls on a woman. Her height was in her legs and they were lovely. Her breasts were full B-cup and were still perky. The aureoles were small and dark. But when aroused, her nipples stood out like little flags. Her waist was trim but not skinny. Her auburn hair was shoulder length and was cut simply. Her auburn carpet was the same color as that on her head and was trimmed to a little very short patch. It didn't get in the way when I sought nourishment from her life force.

She dressed conservatively as her daytime job was an elementary school teacher. She had been divorced for three years and had a pretty, nine-year-old daughter with whom she lived in a modest home in an older (but nice) part of town. The teacher's salary of \$42K/yr was a good start and the child support of \$400/mo helped her, but my contribution of \$24K a year made her life far more manageable. I was aware that she would also be seeing others and, in the beginning, I gather she was doing so.

All the clothing I purchased for her was in drawers in my Master Bedroom. That certainly was no hardship on me. When I purchased the 'mission style' furniture suite for my bedroom, I did not have enough clothing to fill up 50% of the drawers. The walk in closet was also more than half-empty. Finally, what I bought for her wasn't for public consumption.

I never met her at her home for 'services'. As I lived alone, she came to my home. There was no need for hotels or motels. Once a month, on the first of the month, I deposited a check for two thousand dollars in her checking account. It was payment in advance. There were no dollars exchanged at our meetings.

She would arrive; retire alone to the Master Bedroom and Master Bathroom. I would have already taken a shower (as per our agreement). She would hang up her street clothes, shower, do whatever she needed and then dress for 'us.'

Once she was ready for me she would wrap herself in a silk kimono and "find me" in my home office – which was a real office. I had turned one of the three bedrooms into it. The room is right off the entrance foyer. It is where I wrote the first draft of this, before time and my life took me into a larger home. It was where I conducted most of my business, day or night, for many years. The office was usually dimly illuminated and her presence in there has always been a sight to behold; a Degas, in shade. The small smile which would cross her face betrayed amusement that I could actually get distracted with work while she was in my house changing for our intimate mating sessions. I was hopeless.

She was not sure what to make of me, other than she knew I was nuts for her. I knew it was a 'for pay' service and I was not confused, but I was never the less enthralled by her beauty and grace. Still, I did not moon over her. For that, she was thankful. There was no confusion about roles.

Sessions sometimes were soft, sweet, gentle and quiet. Sometimes they were far more energetic. We had, on occasions tied each other up. I have had her call me Master throughout some sessions and she has had me call her Mistress for some. I have taken her in every hole she has, willingly. There was a patience, and openness, that thrilled me about her in bed. It was always new. When she touched me then, and even now years later, she was and is paying attention.

She knew when a muscle was tight today but wasn't last time. She sensed my urgency when it arose and my desire for a lower tempo when I had it. It might have been a job, but she was a master craftsperson and the results mattered to her.

There was never a problem with her ability to cum. She could cum multiple times whenever we made love. She liked sex. She seemed to like sex with me. I was only good for up to two a session and sometimes only one, but I did not cum quickly or easily. Thankfully, those little blue pills came along. I actually do need them; and so I remained hard for her.

Entering her was special. Her pussy muscles could get you off without you moving at all. She was simply amazing. You could not embarrass her, you could not surprise her, and shame on you if you ever considered humiliating her. She was class from the first step she took into your world to the kiss goodbye at the door when she left.

Some of the toys we used, we purchased, and some were improvised. I purchased the padded restraint cuffs for wrists and ankles with D rings but the thigh-high hose I attached to the restraints on one end and the bed's head and footboards on the other ends were simply old hose she was no longer wearing.

The plastic sheeting I laid out over the bed before I tied her up face down one evening came from a local hardware store, but I specially purchased the fragrant oil with which I doused her.

I filled in a big part of what I needed in my life with this wonderful woman. You might be dismissive of her as a prostitute, but I cannot be. She had class, taste, discretion, intelligence, beauty, compassion and a respect for life's odd outcomes.

Now that Teach was in my life, I was happy with my arrangement.

Things changed when one night, I slipped a cylindrical pillow under her hips. Her ass was raised up off the bed. I put a penguin, vibrating dildo in her pussy with the penguin head resting against her clit and set its dial on medium. Then I mounted her from behind. The oil was super slick and I had applied it well over her ass. As my cock slid into her backdoor, I

met very little resistance. I nibbled on her right ear as I reached under her to grab her left nipple, which I pinched hard with my hand. My other hand found the penguin, with which I played, moving it around inside her, as I repeatedly rammed my cock deep into her ass. Her gasps, yips, yelps and demands for my cum were intense. At the end, after a long time, she did finally receive the hot cum. I stayed in her for a while, slowly moving both my semi-soft cock, and the penguin back and forth and producing small orgasms, like aftershocks.

Afterward I withdrew from her, removed the penguin, and the sheeting from the bed. We both showered.

When we came back to the bed and she pushed me down and sat on my chest, kneeling on my arms. She grabbed my head by the hair and gave me a warning I will long remember. *If you are going to take my heart, soul and body like you did tonight, you had damned well better get ready for the consequences. You can't do that to a woman without consequences. She will either run from you as far and as fast as she can, or she will never let you go. You had damned well better understand that.*

She was a very smart woman and a very good woman. That night's activity probably is what started a problem and my need to think hard about it. The warning was too late; the horse was already out of the barn.



2

At fifty-eight, you might think that sex once or twice a week is a damned good thing and, in truth, in my last marriage I had gone years without any sex. However, when your sex partner is a beautiful, smart and engaging thirty-three year-old, and you have had a strong libido all your life, you might want more. Unless you have regular and meaningful companionship outside the services provided, you are sure to miss her more than you would expect.

That is not to say that I wanted her around all the time. I did not. It would have been nice to have dinners that were neither alone nor at a restaurant on occasion. If I missed one thing from marriage #3, it was the wonderful, elegant dinners that came from our kitchen and the conversation, and the companionship that went with them. I never spoke of it, but as I said, Teach was a smart woman.



She called my office number.

There was no reason for her to call unless she needed to reschedule our next appointment, which was not for another seventy-two hours. I knew it was she. Her Caller-ID displayed on my office phone. Did I want to take the call? No. For a variety of reasons – none of them good – picking up the phone only meant that I would not be seeing her when I had hoped to see her.

Not wanting to do something is not a good reason to not do it. I picked up the line and answered, *Hello, this is Jake.*

There was a quiet pause, then, *Jake, I know this is out-of-the-blue, but would you be willing to come over for dinner tomorrow night with my daughter and me? You probably have plans and I understand entirely if you won't be able to, but I just thought that if you didn't, well, it would be nice... the dinner won't be anything special, but I'd like you to come. You don't need to bring anything.*

She just stopped; she had simply run out of things to say.

This was not like her.

I also did not know what to say. Ours was a 'professional' arrangement. I had never been to her home, had never met her daughter, and had never been out with her in public.

I asked, *Your daughter will be there?*

Yes.

Who else?

No one.

My head filled with many more questions. Like: are you sure about this? What is this about? Why? Do you understand the consequences? What will you tell your daughter about us?

What I actually asked was, *How long have you been thinking about this?*

Her answer told me all I needed to know.

For a couple of weeks.

There are times when you really are not given the opportunity to say, "I'll get back to you later." That alone has its own consequences, which might be unwise to set in motion. It is what I wished I could have said. She was offering what, in some

ways, I longed for. What I, for so long, since I had met Teach, had even denied to myself. It was what I knew I must not have! There were consequences to this, far beyond a simple inconvenience.

Teach had unilaterally requested we change the nature of our agreement for services to something far more complex. It might just seem like an innocent dinner, but it could not be 'just.' I would have to be introduced to the daughter. I would be a guest in her home. I had to have a role established for the daughter that would explain just why I was sitting at her dinner table eating a modest dinner, one not meant for company. Had I been consulted on any of this? No, she had done this unilaterally.

I did not want to lose her. She meant too much to me already. Was that in itself a mistake? If you are paying her for services, are you supposed to have an emotional attachment to her? Was this another proof of my own damage? Who sets up the rights and wrongs in such matters? I was lost. Had I, by creating something so regular, created my own pitfall?

I guess I could have said that I did have something going on, but I have always been really crappy at lying. I have always avoided lies as they seem to always come back to bite me! I had not cheated on my wives because I was so bad at lying. Is that fucked up?

I asked, *When should I be there and can I bring anything?*

No, I was not to bring anything and I should be at their door no later than 6pm.

The only thing I did not need to ask was, how should I dress? This being cowboy country, if you were wearing jeans and a clean shirt, you were properly dressed for just about all occasions other than funerals. As such, I would be properly dressed.

I presented myself on her doorstep promptly at 6pm. She opened the door wearing a white cotton and lace blouse and a knee-length wool skirt. She had flats on her feet and a kitchen spoon in one hand. The house was clean, not immaculate. The dining room table was set with place mats, everyday plates and glasses. Dinner was meatloaf, mashed potatoes, green beans and salad. It was indeed a good but 'nothing special' meal.

I was introduced to her daughter as 'an old friend' who was now single and might be coming over for dinner on occasion. The daughter took a couple of long looks at me and said, *How old are you?* Clearly I was far too old to be boyfriend material for her mother.

Fifty-eight I answered with a broad smile. *How old are you?* I queried back – already knowing the answer.

Nine and I am in Third Grade. Will you be coming over a lot? Do you like my mother?

Now I am not a pedophile to the extent that I do not go looking for children and I don't fantasize about children, but I would be a liar to say that there aren't some young girls who exude a sexual message long before they are supposed to be doing so. Maybe it is because our media teaches them how to do this at a very early age. However, blaming the media does not get me off the hook. This young one was having an effect on my emotional state. While her mother had not even changed out of her school attire before I arrived at their house, the daughter had. No jeans, or Nike's, or T-shirts. She was wearing a dress and little girl pumps like she might wear for a Third Grade music concert or a church "do." The dress was too short (last years?) and she was not wearing socks (and of course there was no hose). The dress was too open on the top. Was it designed to wear with a blouse? (She was not wearing one). She was wearing a very faint pink lipstick, but that was just the trappings.

The real issue was the eye contact. It was intense. No little girl giggles or shyness here. She squared her body up towards me

when she spoke. She spoke clearly without stumbles or affectation. She was engaging me as an individual, not as a role or placeholder. This Little Miss was deep trouble for anyone who was going to slide his boots under her mother's bed in her house. Teach said not a word.

I don't know how often I will be here. Yes, I do really like your mother. I answered truthfully. It is simply easier.

As soon as dinner was over Little Miss was sent upstairs to her room to shower and get ready for bed. Her mother read out what must have been the normal rules. She could read for forty-five minutes once she was in her PJ's. Off LM went for the evening.

The dinner dishes were stacked up and I offered to help wash and dry them. Once they were taken care of and put away I told Teach that we needed to talk. A couple of sighs followed and then a nod of the head. We sat in the living room. I looked her in the eyes, held her hand and said quite slowly and with genuine concern asked, *What are you doing and why are you doing it?*

Having participated, I was entitled to know. Before, it might have been offensive to ask, but not now.

Oh Jake, I'm so sorry. If I have screwed things up for us all I can say is that I didn't mean to. It's just that my daughter needs some male figure in her life. Her father never visits. She has been acting out, as no doubt you saw tonight with her choice in what she wore. If I argue, things just get worse. I was hoping that your presence would help. You are so stable and grounded in reality.

She paused and looked right into my eyes. *And... you are lonely too. I can see it when we are together.*

She paused again, looked down at her feet, took a deep breath. What came next was, for me, wholly unexpected.

In one way I don't want to change the nature of what we are doing between us, but I wish to make it look like we are dating and here's is where the change comes, I want you around here for some dinners each week and to spend time with us here. It will fill in a need you have and it will allow me to provide my daughter with a truly decent and stable male figure.

There was a long pause before she continued. *You're less of a 'trick' or a 'John' and more of a 'steady thing'. I have come to think of you as a steady presence in my life. I know you don't want marriage and I would never have considered you as a marriage candidate. But, with the time we have spent together I don't see you as an old man. I am not asking you for marriage, but I need you to engage me outside your bedroom. I'm not asking for more money. I'll take less if you want, but I know you miss the sense of closeness you'd get even from a troubled marriage....*

All the time she was talking, she was looking down, then up at my eyes and then down at her feet. She was trembling, hoping that I would not just walk away from her.

I did get up and paced a bit. When I sat down, I shifted my frame so that we might be looking at each other.

Look at me, I said. No, not at my knees; look me in the eyes. She took a few seconds but did. Now keep your eyes on my eyes while I speak. I paused before going on, gathering my thoughts. I didn't want to make a bad situation worse. What you did today was done with a good and honest heart. What you did however was wrong. It forever changed our relationship without consulting me before those actions. I understand that you did it because of your love for your daughter. The bit about me is true but it is also a rationalization and after the fact, even then. I need to be able to trust your judgment. Do you understand?

She nodded her assent but said nothing.

I continued, Look I can do this for you, but there are limits. I can see us sliding ever closer to a relationship that would be untenable for me. I must have some sense of control to the extent that we go so far and no farther. For your daughter to buy into the concept of normalcy, she will need to see me with you more often, not just occasionally. She will need to see me take you out and on occasion with her along for the ride so to speak. It is going to approach everything just short of marriage; and at some point in our life as we live it, it may not seem like too far a leap to a marriage. But, it is too far a leap. I paused again. Teach waited. I know that you say you won't take us there. OK I believe you, but what if I take us there? I am evidently capable of making very poor decisions when it comes to getting married. So in some ways it seems like an impossible situation to me. I can't allow myself to be in a 'relationship' that can lead to marriage again.

Once again I was pausing. My mind was racing.

I had, for years, on occasion read some sex fantasy stories posted on internet newsgroups. If you think you're damaged goods I guess you retreat to such props to provide the stimulation you don't get in real life. Stories featuring hypnosis had fascinated me. Some of the stories left me cold, but some were wonderful. Some were pure fantasy, but some had more than a kernel of truth to them. It got me thinking about playing around with hypnosis. However, I knew nothing about it. I wondered if I could set up a subliminal fear, of marrying me, in Teach. Could I set it up so that so long as we were not going to get married, all was well at the same time?

If I could, then even if I asked for marriage later, she would reject it. Additionally, I would be aware that the block was there and might not push the issue. It was probably the dumbest idea I ever had, but I was grasping at straws. I could see the cliff. I could see me falling over it. But, I didn't want to lose Teach.

I had been pacing. I sat down again and went on.

Maybe there is a way around it. I know this sounds crazy. It probably is, but currently I can't think of another way to approach the problem. I have only read about it, but I really need to hypnotize you. Are you willing to allow me to try?

She looked at me and said nothing for a few minutes. Finally she took my hand and said, *you will do these things for me and my daughter if I agree to this?*

Yes, so long as I am successful with the hypnosis. I answered clearly and quietly. Her only answer was, *OK.*

I'm not going to do it here. The next time you come to my place, rather than go into the Master Suite, come get me and we will sit in the living room and I will put you under – if I can. OK?

She nodded her assent.

One more thing, I will continue to contribute what I have been providing every month. Unless it is not enough for you to continue, please do not bring it up again.

I left her house (having borrowed a metronome from atop her piano) and headed home. I had a lot of work to do. I had read about hypnosis. I had seen the trance inductions explained online. I would work on it for the next 48 hours. That's about the time I had before I was with her again. I would probably fail, but I wanted to try.



3

For the next two days, precious little normal work got done at my desk. I practiced and practiced induction. It would be dark when she came out. I would have fire going in the fireplace. The ceiling is peaked in my living room and the fireplace is under the peaked, sixteen-foot ceiling.

The room was very dark and I had the metronome set to operate in a manner whereby it was visible due to the fire light. The house is out of town and there is no street noise. It was going to be very quiet and very dark.

Once I sorted it out, the operating theory on how to poison the well was simple. Silly ideas would not work. Coming up with something, that felt and sounded, plausible was not hard. I knew that I would never molest Teach's daughter, libido notwithstanding, but I could lay in a subconscious fear that if we were living under the same roof, married or not, the child was at risk.

When Teach arrived, I got her as comfortable as I could, poured her some SleepyTime tea from Celestial Seasonings and started the metronome. I kept the timbre of my voice even, as I slowly (painfully slowly that first time) induced a trance state. Initially I was not sure she was in a trance. I had read about using a pin in the arm to test whether I had been successful. I tried it. She was in a trance. I then provided two deepening sessions.

Before I laid in a suggestion, I wanted the truth about what was happening. I brought her to a state where she was very deep and had no problem answering truthfully. To my surprise, the reasons she had previously given me were pretty much what she admitted to under hypnosis. Rather than do anything else this first time I gave her a trigger phrase "Say goodnight Gracie" to re-enter the trance state telling her that each time she would go even deeper into the trance state. I told her she would only remember how good and how wonderfully relaxing

it felt to be in the trance. On a count to five, I brought her back. *How do you feel?* She smiled, reached out, and kissed me and said great! *Say goodnight Gracie.* She blinked and then slumped back on the couch. Four more times; I made sure that the trigger was working. So far, so good.

Now, I knew in some sex stories men write about making women sex slaves and of having sex with them based on suggestions made while the woman was in the trance state. I do not know if you can do that and I was not interested in trying. That was not what I was doing. First, I needed to make sure that if I was going to invest the emotional commitment in this relationship, then there could be no other men, I did not want to look publically like a cuckold. (A prostitute that I saw secretly was one thing; but a public relationship with her seeing men as a prostitute, that was something else entirely and it could not be.) I needed to make sure she could emotionally bond to me without demanding marriage or expecting to live together. Further, I did not want to be tied to this or any woman exclusively. I spent half an hour this day and I would do it again each time we met for the next month reinforcing that, while she was in trance. She had to be committed to me but had to want me to taste as many women as I wanted, so long as I told her about it and told her that she was always number one.

The poison! I told her that we must never marry. If I lived under the same roof as her daughter, I would want to take her daughter as a second wife. No, I did not tell the truth. I was trying to frighten her enough, by the power of that little girl to excite my desires. She would believe that I was not marriage material. It seemed to me like a good way to make sure that I was never trapped, finagled, conned, convinced into marriage. She would see to it. So, I put a final piece in the warning to her subconscious that if she ever considered that she might be willing to allow that to happen to her daughter it would be her responsibility to present her daughter to me as my second wife on the night before our wedding. I told her that so long as we were not married or not living under the same roof, that there was no risk at all.

I told her that while she would act on this knowledge in her waking state, she would not remember what I had said at all. I repeated this injunction every time I spoke to her about this while she was in the trance state.

I made no changes or suggestions during the session, other than those that I have mentioned.

Was I really going to be with other women? Well, I had no direct plans, but I was not going to give up any options I had up until now, to solve someone else's problems. I guess I hate to close doors. I never want to give up what I have, even if pursuing something new. It is screwed up. OK and so what. It is my world and it is my choice.

Did I have designs on her daughter? Well I would be lying if I told you that first night had not made an impression on me, but no, I had no designs on the child.

What I wanted most of all was to have what I had before, but that was no longer possible. What I got was something different.

The rules about 'good intentions,' and 'unintended consequences' were going to be played out in spades.

As the weeks and months progressed, I ate more and more of my suppers at her house, and the times when I didn't were the nights she joined me at my house for the sexual connection. We were essentially always together after working hours, but I always slept at home, alone.

LM did stop much of her acting out. I spent time with her on her homework a couple of days each week. It was mostly spelling words and math problems and we developed our own logic about how we studied and practiced. LM's clothing and choice of dress in front of me continued to be a problem, but the issues she had been having at school subsided and her

manageability at home had improved noticeably. Teach was ecstatic about the transformation.

When Teach and I were alone, the passion that always had been in the lovemaking continued unabated. If anything, she was more animated. Our sessions were more frequent, two or three times every week.

We would go to the movies and out to dinner. Sometimes these dinners were with LM and sometimes we got a sitter for the child. We started socializing as a couple with her friends and acquaintances from work. To the world, we were a “couple.” We started fielding the question, were we getting married? The answer was always a firm ‘no,’ we were just good friends.

Then about three months into this regime, after a pleasant but every-day dinner, LM climbed up on my lap facing me and slid over to one of my legs where upon she slid her crotch up and down on my leg while holding onto me and biting my ear. This first time she did it her mother was not in the room. I removed her immediately. This was not going to happen. I did not say a word to Teach. I just was not going to permit the behavior.

Fifteen minutes later Teach entered the room. LM climbed back on me and did it again right in front of her mother.

I started to remove and speak harshly to the child. Teach stopped me!

She asked me to allow LM to express her happiness with having me there. The biting on the ear became nibbling and her crotch was transferring moisture onto my pant leg. What the hell was going on? From then on I only permitted LM to dry hump on me when her Mother was in the room. I was not happy.

There were two reasons for my unhappiness. First, the child's actions stimulated me. Second, I was getting a real fear that my “programming” of Teach had failed, but not by a little. It had failed spectacularly! I was in deep trouble.

As the craziness continued at her home, our private meetings at my house with Teach were better than they had ever been. I was even getting encouragement to make love to other women so that I not get bored with her.

Dinners at her house got more and more weird.

Then, one night LM announced that I must marry her Mother. Teach was looking right at me with her eyes big as they would get. Teach said nothing.

Do you have anything to say Teach?

No.

Do you think marriage would be a good idea?

Jake, I know you said you didn't want to be married, but would it be so different from what we have now? I think LM was probably just picking up vibes from me.

The trigger should have gone off in Teach's head like the Fourth of July.

Nothing doing. No fireworks. No trigger.

I had failed at my attempt to use hypnosis. I would be a damned fool to use it again. OK, so how about some more truth? I had to accept that I had really fucked things up, but another truth might solve the problem.

I announced quite sincerely that neither LM nor her mother would like the results of marriage. I snored very loudly and no one but me would get any sleep. LM basically said, prove it. Teach said nothing.

I do snore incredibly loudly. That was not a lie. I do not have to have special circumstances to start snoring. All I have to do is

go to sleep. The problem remained how to show the child that her Mother would never be able to sleep.

I looked at her mother and said. *I could stay in the guest room one night. You would both clearly hear the snoring.*

Teach looked happy and relieved. Why?

Why had she even allowed this to progress this far? My best guess is that she had crossed the line – desiring marriage – and the hypnotic suggestion was not causing her to stop. Rather it was causing her to make her daughter available to me. Just what I did not want. From making sure I would not get married, the hypnotic suggestion turned out to be a way to make sure that I would have sex with a (now) ten-year-old. I was drowning.

LM indicated she was OK with the arrangement to test the severity of my snoring, with one exception. She wanted to provide a snore reducer if my claim was true. I pointed out that if that reducer worked but inhibited my ability to sleep, she would have to accept that the test failed. She and her mom asked for time to acquire the “snore reducer” and then we would have the test. With that proviso accepted by all three of us, the matter was set aside.

I still had no intention of marrying. I figured that even if the “reducer” did reduce the snoring, it would also keep me up all night. With that, I would to say it prevented me from getting any rest. So snoring or not, I would still have a way out of the marriage. The down side is that it was probably time to end the relationship with Teach. If a woman wants to marry you and you do not want to marry, then there is no choice, the ride is over. Either you marry, or you walk away.

I needed a way to end the whole relationship without lying, without breaking promises and without causing conflict with the hypnotic suggestions. The reason for this last issue was simply that I did not understand the ramifications if I should

cause conflict with what I had instructed her in the trances. It had been a blunder on my part and I was concerned that all the unintended consequences were not yet played out. What worried me most was if the expectations I set up in Teach's head, as regards LM, should play out as in conflict with my real life actions. What would happen to her mind? I did not want to find out. What would happen if she offered her daughter to me and I walked away from her while her subliminal belief was that I desired the daughter? What were the long-term psychological ramifications to a woman who would offer up her own daughter, and even then be spurned? I was quietly freaking out.

Now I had a compound goal, to avoid marriage without coming into that conflict.

Ten days later, on a Wednesday, the day of the test came. Dinner that night was bland comfort food without any real spices. I was not surprised. Homemade chicken noodle soup, a small pork chop, mashed potatoes and cooked carrots. That was it; no tea or coffee. Both Teach and LM were excited and uncommunicative. We all watched a movie on TV after the dishes were cleared and cleaned. I sat in the middle of the couch with Teach snuggled up on one side of me, and LM snuggling for all she was worth on the other side. I had an arm around each of them.

After the movie, it was way past LM's time for bed and I got ready for bed as well.

I settled into their guestroom bed and evidently went to sleep. It was less than an hour before both females were in the guest bedroom shaking me. I must have been snoring up a storm. Good!

My false teeth were in a glass by the bed. At this point, I was not the prettiest picture. I had no reason to make myself be anything other than I truly am. LM slid something like a

double-sided mouth guard into my mouth. I mumbled something about the Green Bay Packers and went back to sleep.

I woke up.

It was morning and I was alone.

There was a note by the bed written by Teach and signed by both of them. The note announced that my snoring problem was solved. This was not good news.

The next night was one at my house as per the original intent. Love making was on the rough side. I took Teach with nipple clamps. I was in her ass, with a vibrating dildo up her cunt. Now that I was the only one screwing her – and following more STD checkups – whenever I took her in the ass, I did it bareback. When I finally came inside her, well into the second hour, she just crumbled and passed out.

As she came back to the land of the living, *Say goodnight Gracie* put her under. I had to know what was going on. *Sweetheart, are you trying to get me to marry you?*

I do not know what I expected. What I heard was what I had feared the most. It was what I had guessed.

You told me that you'd marry me if I gave you my daughter as well. I desperately want to marry you and your future Step-Daughter wants you to fuck her. She has wanted it for a while now. I know on any given night when you are with us, if I told her she could, she'd just about rape you to put you inside her. I intend to marry you. I don't have to make her fuck you. She'll do that on her own. And if I allow it, I can have you as my husband. I never intended to fall in love with you. Hell, you're a toothless old man! But I have fallen in love with you. You did that to me. I had no choice. I love you now.

I was scared and stunned. In that weird way, she was right. I had disallowed the other men. I was all she had. However, she

had done that to herself by roping me into the damned public relationship with her. The result was not what I wanted but it was the consequences of what we both at separate times had set up.

If I seemed to her subconscious to be going back on my word, maybe nothing would happen, maybe the wheels would fall off. I did not know. I did not understand the impact of these hypnotic suggestions. I sure as hell did not want to lose the love making part.

I asked, *Are you really prepared to be in bed with me and your daughter?*

Now I got back an answer that I was having a hard time believing. It just should not be!

She answered, *Yes.*

I took a deep breath. I was not prepared to move in with anyone but I did have feelings for this woman. Along with fear, I felt rising lust (which I knew was wrong) for her LM. I was not seeing anyone else. My house was large enough for the three of us, but I would have to lose my home-office to provide a guest room and I did not want to do that. I needed to have space that was mine and mine alone. I needed space and privacy.

After the last divorce, I had created a world around me that worked for me. I might have to give up a bunch. The more I thought the more confused I got.

Finally, I asked her, *What is it, that you are going to get by marrying me, that you don't have now?*

Her answer was simple and straightforward. *I want your name. I want the stability to be legally binding, not just your word. I want to make sure that when my pussy no longer satisfies you that so long as I let you have your head, you will always come home to me. I'm pretty sure you will wean our daughter off you*

as soon as the newness wears off her and she will be better off. You tried to stop her before and I bet you will again. I think your desire for my daughter is just fantasy and it will wear off. Her desire for you will wear off too. It will just take time. Give it to her... And I don't care where we live so long as it's together. And I'm pretty sure I can hold on to you for a long, long time.

I had one more question to ask. *Why does your daughter want me?*

Her answer was not completely sure but it seems to have come from some base of knowledge. *She wants you because I want you, because you treat her with respect, because she has no other meaningful father figure, because you have become a father figure in many ways to her. Because of that, she emotionally attached to you. But, the father/daughter "birth" connection is not fully there and so the taboo is not firmly built between the two of you. She will grow out of it and want to be with boys her own age and I know you will encourage that. So long as you never stand in her way as she needs to spread her wings, there will be no real damage and it might be a good thing in the long term.*

Now that was pure rationalization, but it explained how she was justifying it in her own hypnosis addled brain.

I was far too scared of what had already transpired. I chose not to change anything. I would not know where to start without doing some additional damage somewhere. I brought her back to wakefulness and sent her home.

The next day I was to have dinner with the two of them. It was Friday evening. I did not try to spiff myself up. I went as is.

Dinner was pretty special. A nice salad to start, then rib steak, twice baked potato and Brussels sprouts. (And if you're taking notes, that's about the best you can ever serve me.) There was a nice wine for the adults and apple juice for the minor. There were three candles on the table.

Both of them were wearing dresses and heels!

They had their hair done up and had perfume on. They both had used the same perfume. It was one I had purchased for Teach called Black Gardenia. It was getting to me.

They both looked lovely in their own way. One a beautiful mature woman whose body I knew and of which, I loved every inch. The other, a little vixen, coy, but intense in her certitude of what she wanted and how she was going to get it.

Maybe my ego needed pumping up, but why me? Why?

I could almost buy some of the explanation I had heard the night before, but looking at this intense ten-year-old, I just was not sure. How much did Teach work on her daughter to make this happen? How much was it the daughter's own desire? I was about to commit a felony. Do you think I did not know that? So was Teach. She had to know it too.

After dinner, they made me wait in the living room as they cleaned up the dinner dishes. I fidgeted.

When they entered the living room, Teach sat across the room. LM walked straight up to me and sat on my lap. Do you care what she looked like? She was a thin to athletically built child. Clear fair skin, auburn hair, much like her mother's. It was straight and parted in the middle. The hair came down to her shoulders. She had no bangs, blue eyes and an oval face without baby fat. The smile (closed lips) was a demure but secure one. She stood four feet nine inches and weighed eighty-two pounds. Her teeth were straight and regular; there was no need for orthodontics on this child. At her age, there was no sign of sexual development: no budding breast, and as I was to discover later, no genital hair. Still, in her head, there was sexual development. I had not caused it.

LM established eye contact and then leaned into me giving me a very long kiss.

That was awkward. I had never kissed a child like that before. I really was not ready for her physically or emotionally... and her mother was watching us! Holy shit, how wrong did it have to get?

Her mouth was working on mine, like a trout kissing an oak pier. How wrong could this be?

I felt her right hand loosening my belt buckle and open up my jeans. The audience across the room sat passive as LM was gently freeing up my cock. She pulled up the hem of her dress. There were no panties. With her hands on my cock, she tried to mount herself onto my cock. This was more than I could handle. I stopped her.

Her hands remained on my cock as I looked at her and told her, *You can touch and you can taste but you are too young for any cock to enter you without doing harm to you. Do you understand?*

It took her a few seconds to regain her composure.

But I want to feel you in my pussy. Touching and kissing doesn't do that. Mom! Tell him I can!

Her voice was not that of a little girl's. It had self-knowledge attached to it with an admixture of anger. She knew what she thought she wanted. I was unwilling to do that. Yes, I was already way over the line and I was aware of that. My actions were not to conform to the law. They were to conform to some balance between my fears of what I had wrought, and my sense that this was a bridge way too far to cross.

Her mother sat silent.

I told LM, *I'll take care of your pussy and you play with my cock. But there will be absolutely no fucking. I will not enter you.*

With those instructions given with authority and full eye contact, I lay down on the couch with my head and shoulders against the arm on one side. I moved her over me so that I had access to her pussy and she had access to my cock. With my fingers and tongue, I played with the outside of her pussy – never entering.

She was not experienced with my cock. She had never seen it before. I do not think she had ever seen any cock before. She was clumsy, but I did not say anything. I heard movement. My eyes focused on her hairless pre-pubescent pussy. I did not look up. I sensed/felt another hand on my cock and then some whispering. Slowly order came from the clumsiness, followed by intense stimulation.

LM had hooked up her suction. Very little of my cock actually made it into her mouth but that was all that was needed. I grunted.

That was all she needed as a signal to mash her pussy into my face. At which point, cum entered the child's mouth. I was normally good for a couple of hours. This was blowing my mind in a multitude of ways.

Much to my surprise LM swallowed my cum. (She told me later that her mother had told her that if she did not, my cum would be sticky and uncomfortable. It would be bitter as broccoli and salty, but it was good and healthy to swallow.) She swallowed it all and licked me clean. She stayed where she was, mouth on my cock, until I started moving.

After a while I pulled LM back around to me so that we were face to face. She kissed me on my cheeks and held me tight. I took her to her bedroom and laid her down, bidding her to sleep well.

When I got back to the living room I found Teach fingering her own pussy; close to an orgasm. I knelt down and started licking her. I would bring her off. Slowly at first – with time not a

factor, I gave her body attention. My tongue darted in and out of her pussy, every so often lapping at her clit; my hands were all over. Down on her calves, over her thighs, playing with her ass, her back, her arms and her breasts. After about a half hour of such attention, I ramped up my activity on her pussy giving her clit more attention and inserting a finger, one knuckle and then two into her ass. Her juices were very heavy when she came and she came very hard. Her breathing was ragged. In between her gasps for air there were half elucidated '*thank you's*' and '*oh, Jake's*'. As much as I did not deserve her love, I felt obligated not to disappoint her.

How had I gotten into this? All I wanted was a prostitute whom I could see once or twice a week.

I took her to her bedroom, bid her to sleep as I had her daughter and went home.

By the time I slipped into my own bed that Friday night, I was already a felon. It was bad.

However the hole was about to get dug deeper.



4

Saturday morning I was barely out of the shower when my doorbell rang.

I wasn't expecting anyone. I put on my robe (a twenty-five-year-old LL Bean light blue chamois cloth model) and went to the door. There they were, Mother and Daughter.

A little bewildered, I asked, *What?*

Teach answered, *Get dressed fiancé.*

I left the door open for them to come in and I withdrew into the bedroom to do just that. From the kitchen, I heard coffee being prepared and then a shouted warning to pack an overnight bag. By the time I had my jeans, shirt and boots on, I entered the kitchen to ask just where we were going.

Las Vegas. We're getting married tonight Jake. I have reservations at a hotel for the three of us and we will be back here by tomorrow night.

Well her timing made sense based on the screwed up logic resulting from the rules I had set up in those damned hypnotic trances.

As to the trip, we could do it. It was a ten to eleven hour drive to Las Vegas. We would be exhausted by Sunday night. But she was also right. I did say her daughter would have to be available to me the night before the wedding. I hadn't thought that I had been establishing a deal when I made the rule. Still that is what it was in her mind. She had kept her end of the deal. In spite of my desires, I would keep my end of that deal.

I went back to the bedroom, finished packing a light bag, with some clothing suitable for the wedding that night. When I returned to the kitchen two thermal travel mugs were being

closed up, and two glasses of OJ and bowls of corn flakes were on the kitchen table. (Yes, I know it sounds 'corny' but I do eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Due to lactose issues, I have it with soy milk if that makes it sound less corny.)

Teach said, I've already had breakfast but your future daughter here, and you, need something before we head out. Eat quickly. I will load your bag in the car in the mean time.

We did. Each of us then took the diligent last bathroom stop for however miles before getting into the car. It was not long before we were headed south-south-west. We would get to the interstate in two and one half hours. From there on it would be Interstate highway all the way. I drove and stayed inside my own head for most of the ride.

What can I say about Las Vegas? Let us start with the fact that I do not gamble. We have casinos here where I live, minutes from my home. It is not a moral or religious thing. I just have no interest in it, but that is not why we were going to Las Vegas.

It is in the middle of a desert, but so what, I live in the middle of a desert, just a colder one. It is much hotter in Las Vegas. Yes and I did not like it, but that is why God created air conditioning. He did, didn't he? Now that we have established that I do not like Las Vegas, it is true that it is the one place to get married if you are in a hurry.

The drive down was subdued the entire way. I was getting married and not 100% happy about that, but I wanted to hold on to this woman and I was afraid of what would happen if I rejected her now. She had been giving me what I had needed. I did not see her as a disposable commodity. I had screwed up with the hypnosis, but it was not just the hypnosis.

She had changed the rules on me before that. By establishing the level of stability in our sexual encounters, I had allowed her to factor in other thoughts and needs to our relationship. Was I to blame or was she? Like in two of my three marriages, I saw

enough to make us both deeply responsible for the results. Was this another case of me structuring things so that the outcome could only result in marriage? Not only could I not “date” without consequences, I could not even have a prostitute without the same outcome.

We got to Las Vegas at seven that evening. We did not head to our hotel.

We headed to 201 South Clark Avenue. That is the address of the Clark County Marriage Bureau and yes they are open on Saturdays and Sundays from 8am until midnight. They are also open 24 hours on holidays; no excuses there! They do not require blood tests and have no waiting period. I had to tell them the date of my last divorce and the court that handled it; so did Teach. It did not take long before we were holding a license to marry in the State of Nevada. I had been married in Vermont, New Mexico and Montana. I do not know that such facts hold meaning, but who was I to say. I was not planning to marry this evening when I got up this morning.

We had reservations at the Monte Carlo. Obviously, this was a trip that had been planned – I just was not invited to the planning. OK I gave it to her this time, but I did not want to make it a habit of giving up all control. It was not just once. This was twice, at least and maybe more. The decision to make the relationship public was hers as well. What else had I missed?

The Monte Carlo is not one of the newest or fanciest places on the strip and rooms cost less than some other locations – but the rooms are nice. We had a suite with two bedrooms. Once we were married I would occupy the larger bedroom with my wife, but for now, I would take the smaller room while the females got ready in the larger room. I guess that made sense. The next instruction took me entirely by surprise.

Before we retired to the bedrooms, I was to take a shower and very thoroughly clean myself. I was then to return to the living

room, stand naked and wait for further instructions. While the instructions were coming from one female, the other smaller one was giving me as intense eye contact as is possible. She clearly knew what was happening. I was the only one who did not. OK my fiancée and I had played at being both sides of the Dom/Sub puzzle before. Nothing extreme and it was clear that I was to be the Sub for now. I had been since I got up in the morning. So be it. I did as instructed.

The room wasn't too chilled to make standing in the all together really uncomfortable, but it was not warm either considering that being just out of a shower I was still a little damp. I did not have long to wait and what I saw had its intended effect. My cock had been as limp as possible a moment before. Then I saw the two of them, a full-grown woman and a little girl.

Both dressed, if this constitutes being dressed, in white hose and white garter belts but no panties. For my fiancée a fully shaved pussy matching her daughter's hairless one, a white lace demi-cup bra on one and nothing on the other (this being the only difference). There were white lace veils held up by Mexican silver combs pushed into buns they made with their hair. Around their left wrist's each had a ribbon affair with a white gardenia. Each had on white high heel sandals. They looked beautiful, stunning, erotic and exotic. I could not have taken my eyes off them if I had wanted to and I did not want to. My cock was now rock hard.

They positioned me standing in front of the back of an easy chair. They had me bend over just a bit with my hands holding on to the chair-back and me leaning forward a bit. Then the little one scooted on her knees between the chair-back and me. My fiancée came up behind me and knelt down. Two mouths attacked me. LM sucking my member – not licking or kissing and playing with - no, we are talking Hoover suction. All the while, she was caressing my balls.

From the back, my fiancée spread my ass cheeks and slid her tongue over my crack. I may normally be a marathon man but

right then it felt like a sprint. Miss Hoover was now using her right hand on my shaft in addition to the Hoover action and her left hand squeezed my nuts hard. She had my full attention for a moment until a tongue entered my ass and then withdrew followed by a finger... deep and then two? Man! I blew my load.

There was another surprise. LM had attached a partially unrolled condom to the head only of my dick. When I blew my load it went into the rubber and not down her throat. LM carefully removed the condom and used a twist tie on the open end. What was going on here? In the meantime, my fiancée produced a warm washrag and was in the process of cleaning me up. I was instructed to go to the small bedroom and get dressed for the wedding.

Evidently, Teach had been busy when I was in the shower. When I got into the room, there was a note on top of my bag. I was to wait for five minutes after the females said goodbye before I exited the room. At which point I was to get a cab and ask the cabbie to drive to 1401 Las Vegas Blvd. South.

There also was a ring in a box on my bag. Along with the ring was a note saying that it was her grandmother's, and even should we choose another for her, she would like to be married with this one. OK, that worked for me. It is a nice ring. The rest of the note said, **Jake, this is a single ring ceremony. I don't think it is fair to expect you to wear a ring. If you want to later, let's talk about it. OK?** It is hard to argue with a smart perceptive woman.

OK, I was here for the party; I played along. I wore good black slacks, a very good custom tailored white dress shirt with spread collar, a good silk tie, my Lucchese high gloss black dress boots and a gray silk sports jacket. I changed my normal belt with a black leather dress belt and connected my silver buckle to it. I exchanged my every day hat for my "go on Sunday" version of the same. I was ready. The cab took me to the chapel.

As I entered, I was greeted by a fellow who said, *You must be Jake*. No arguing there, I followed him.

My bride had added a sweet white satin dress with lace and pearls. The short mandarin collar was closed around her throat and the layers of lace made modest her lovely breasts. The calf length dress hid most of her beautiful legs, but even with so many of her charms hidden, she was a beauty. LM ditched the veil but kept the matching silver comb in her hair. Her white satin and lace knee length chemise was perfect.

There is not much to say about the wedding other than what happened at the end. There were two carafes and three small silver cups on a small table to the right of the official marrying us. At the end of the ceremony the preacher said, *...as a symbol of your faith in and allegiance to your mate you will partake of the same elixir.*

Where upon LM who was to the far right, (I was on the left of my new wife,) went to the table. With the small carafe, LM poured no more than a couple of ounces. My wife whispered, *"It's juice"* and for the next two she poured from the larger carafe but no more than a couple of ounces each cup. She handed me a cup. LM then swirled her mother's cup briefly and handed it off before retrieving her cup. The official then intoned, *and may your lives be as one as the source of this which enters your lips.* And, we drank.

We were married. This was going to take some getting used to and it was clear that my bride had been spending a lot more time thinking about it than I had.

As we headed back to the Monte Carlo I asked Teach if she had dinner plans already laid out. She had.

We are eating in our room via room service.

She placed the order before we left and when we entered the lobby, she spoke to a concierge to let the kitchen know we were

ready. I would be paying for all this, but what is the saying? 'You break it, you pay for it.'

At that moment, I was not unhappy with my bride. I was just unsure of how I will handle married life. I did not do well in it three times before. Maybe, because of how we had based this marriage, things would be different. I sure as hell hoped so. I also hoped that it did not end up with me in jail! That marriage service was a bonding based not on wine alone but my semen. It was not in my cup, but I was giving odds it was in theirs.

Our supper was perfect and nothing fancy. It was late and we were tired. The menu consisted of fried chicken strips, dipping sauce, BBQ ribs, fries and coleslaw and iced tea to drink. We ate, we laughed, we cuddled, we tried on calling each other by our role names, wife, husband, daughter (LM insisted she was not to be called step-daughter), and, was I ready for this?, dad. We retired to our respective bedrooms; I, with my bride, and our daughter to her separate room. That at least seemed like a good sign, or was I whistling past the grave?

There was a little present by my side of the bed. The anti-snoring device my new daughter had discovered. I was not looking forward to sleeping each night with this plastic guard in my mouth and my bride informed me that I was to leave it out until she asked me to use it.

Now, Teach knew I had false teeth, and she had once seen me without them, but this was a sweet beautiful thirty-four-year-old woman on the night we had married. I cannot express how humiliating it was to have to remove my teeth for the night, on that night. I told her as much.

Teach looked at me directly and asked me to do it.

Jake, you never hid the truth about who and what you were from me, from the day we first made our arrangements. You know I am, or at least was, a prostitute. At least I was until the very moment you married me. Both of us have issues. You are

almost twice my age. I know that. You're fat. Sorry but it's true. You might want to say you're heavy and overweight, but the truth is you are old and fat. I know this and I still love you. I grew to love you over time. You have looked out for my best interest when it was no skin off you either way. You did that long before I asked for anything from you. You have never denigrated me, and never made me feel cheap. You always behaved as if I was precious and priceless, even though you were paying very significantly for that very time. I will love you with and without your teeth. Now be quiet and fuck me. I have stopped taking the pill and I want a child.

She wanted a child.

Did I know that before? No, I did not. Did I want a child? I might be dead before the kid gets out of high school. Was it flattering that my wife wants the whole package from her husband? Yes it was. But I did not know if my semen could produce anything other than sticky sheets. One thing was for sure. My house was too small if we are to have even one more child and I did not like her home.

At that moment, it was all of little matter and for the very first time I entered my wife's pussy without a condom. The very thought of impregnating her got both of us very hot. In no time at all, she was cumming and so was I. We fell asleep with my cock inside her. Then, I was being jostled and not too gently. She asked me to put the mouth guard in, which I did, and we fell back asleep.

I woke up on Sunday morning to more bodies in my bed than the night before. LM was taking up the edge where I normally sleep. I had moved more to the center because of the love making the previous night. LM was stroking my cock and balls. Her mother was spooned against my back.

I had the mouth guard in my mouth. LM saw that I was awake. She reached up and helped to remove the guard, placing it back in its carry container. Then she snuggled up and tried to kiss

me. I was not prepared for this. I have no teeth to speak of, I was sure my breath was miserable. I was embarrassed, but she was not. She would not take no for an answer. We kissed. She played with my cock. Well that was not going to work that morning. We had a long drive and needed to get going. I told my daughter that I appreciated her attentions, but that we needed to get on the road. I woke up my wife and repeat the message that we needed to get a move on it. We were out of the room in under an hour. Considering everything, that was fast.

My wife is a highly organized woman. She had to be, to hold the different parts of her life both together and truly separated in the past. Now, I would hear for the first time what I expected was the rest of the information dump that she had been storing up. My best guess was that it would come in two sections. One on the way home, with LM catching every word, and one later when we are alone. I was not surprised. That is pretty much what happened.

Jake, I know I haven't discussed this with you, and anything I suggest, is just that, a suggestion, but there are a lot of decisions to be made. Would it be OK if we live at your house? I'm not attached to mine and we could rent it out. I know you don't need the cash and we haven't spoken about my finances now that we are married. I can cover the expenses of that house by renting it out. It's probably a good long-term investment, unless we need the cash. I assume that I will not have one of the sources of income I had before. Still, not having to cover the cost of that house will leave me in a better position.

I had given this some thought on the way down. But what was this, 'will leave me in a better position' crap? I was OK with her renting out her house, and we could live in mine for a while, but it really was too small for a family. I figured it was time to build a bigger place. As to the cash payments I had been making to her all along, she was right, there technically was no 'need' for them anymore, but it was easier to provide her with added income rather than give her access to my general finances or to make her come to me to ask if she needed something. The

spread between the cost of her mortgage plus utilities, food and such was probably around fifteen hundred a month. So on one hand I might have considered dropping my contribution down to five hundred a month, but what the hell, she was my wife now and she had a right to more.

I figured LM was listening and so I responded carefully.

I asked, 'I'm not sure with what you meant by, 'will leave me in a better position,' as with the marriage, that makes no sense. You are now financially secure. As to the day to day finances, how would it be if you just had an extra \$2K in your personal account every month? Or, I could put \$24K in once a year. Either way that is not meant to be a hard cap, as my wife, there is legally no distinction in our finances, but just to make sure that on usual stuff you have autonomy in such matters and don't have to ask permission from me. If you stop teaching we can re-evaluate this, but until such a time, what do you think?'

She looked at me and took a long deep breath and said nothing. Had I screwed up already? I hadn't answered her about the house. Maybe I had better! *As to where we're living, yes we will live at my house. Rent yours out or sell it. That's up to you. LM will get what was my guest room for her bedroom. We will have no guest room for now so we should probably plan on getting a larger home very soon. You and I will need to work on that together. Will that work for you?'*

She was looking at me as if I was a foreign animal. She almost shook. Quietly, almost in a whisper, she managed to get out, *I didn't know what to expect. The more I thought about how I just presented all this, I thought maybe I had really crossed a line. I have no right to expect the generosity of your heart. Thank you. I know ours is not a normal marriage, but I promise, knowing you as I do, to make it a good one for you.*

I told her I knew she would and we could discuss the rest when we get back except for one thing. *I need to have an "it's ok to*

say no” conversation with my daughter. Is there any chance you could swap seats with her at the next rest stop?

My wife wasn't sure exactly what I was going to say and seemed anxious, but she allowed as how I asked, it should happen. When we pulled off to get gas we switched seats. Teach was now in the back; LM in the front seat. It seemed that our daughter hadn't heard the earlier conversation as her ears had been the receptacles for iPod ear buds.

The change in the seating initiated, in LM's mind, an opportunity for some touching. Before she could get my jeans unbuttoned, I asked her to hold off for a few seconds as I needed her full attention to something that was on my mind.

Daughter, who owns your body?

I got a blank stare and then, *You?* She answered as a question.

No. Would you like to consult with your mother?

She turned around and asked her mother what I meant. Teach knew based on the question what the only answer could be and she looked at her daughter and said, *You do, sweetheart. You are the one and only owner of your body for all time.*

The little one turned back at me and asked, *Is that what you meant? That I own my body?*

Yes, that is what I meant. What happens with your body is entirely up to you. Because of that, I need to talk to you about the obligation to say 'No' when it is not right for you. You have been very nice to my body. Do I have a right to your body? No, I don't. Even if you choose to give it to me, you have an absolute right to change your mind and decide that I cannot have it. It does not matter how young or old you are. It does not matter even if you said yes to someone in the past. Everyone has the right to say, 'No.' LM was just looking at me, somewhat perplexed, somewhat angry, somewhat frustrated. *I expect you*

to say 'No' numerous times throughout your life. I absolutely expect at some point, whether it is this evening or three years from now that you will say 'No' to me. And when you do, I will love you as much as I did before you said it. You are under no obligation to do anything physical with me or anyone else. The choice to engage in physical sexual relations, with me, is not and never will be an obligation. There will be a time when you do not want to. That is 100% OK and I expect that day to come sooner rather than later. I promise you that I will be as happy for you then as I am now. Are you OK with this?

LM looked at her mother and out the window. She looked at me and then away. There was a faint anger in her expression and then fear. She started to speak and stumbled twice before she caught her breath and started to speak clearly.

*Yes, guess so, but I **want** to do this. Are you telling me to stop?*

How do I deal with that?

No, I am not telling you to stop. So long as you really want to, it's OK with me.

Having said that, dear LM, my daughter, asked me to slide back the seat as far as it would go, to which her mother, Teach said, *No! Pull over at the next rest stop. I will drive and the two of you will get in the back seat! Crimonently!*

And so, I did. My wife drove and my daughter got a protein shake.

Not a drop ever saw the light of day. LM was feeling pretty proud of herself. She was really getting very good at this very quickly. It was obvious that the knowledge her mother had acquired providing me services had been at least partially shared with LM. One by one, LM was adding to her technique things that only her mother did for me. As time progressed, when she would finish, she would on occasion look at her mother for final approval. Sometimes her mother would simply

nod with a slight smile. Sometimes there was a hint passed. I never knew the meaning of these.

I really did not understand the psychology of my daughter's attachment to getting me off and I was feeling the need to know, but I doubted the efficacy of hypnosis on a ten-year-old. I also wondered how much insight she had into her own actions.

I know. I have heard you.

I hoped that making it both OK and not required, along with learning how to say 'No' and feel good about the ability to say 'no,' might mitigate some of your concerns (and mine). You say she is too young, to be expected to be able to say no. You are right, but in reality, with this child you are wrong. She was very able to say 'No.' The problem was, from me, she was unwilling to accept 'No.'

Anyway, we drove the next two hundred miles with my jeans over my boots as LM decided she wasn't done with her Dad's cock. Towards the end, I was very hard again. Just when I was about to signal that I might blow my load, my wife announced that it was time to stop for gas! Oh, shit. I was truly fearful of blue balls as we pulled into a service station with me pulling up my jeans. After the stop, it was my turn to drive, which I did for the rest of the trip.

We pulled into our town about 8pm. We stopped at their house to grab some things they had packed previously for this very purpose and then drove home.

LM was so tired that I carried her into her new bedroom. Her mother got her into bed in short order.

We retired to the Master bedroom suite and took showers. As my wife came to me that night, I marveled at her beauty and her willingness and desire to become my wife. Did she do it fully willingly or did she because I set her up via the hypnosis? I

am pretty sure the hypnosis was not the cause of the desire for the marriage. There was one thing of which I was sure, no mother in her right mind would have given me full access to her prepubescent daughter like my wife had without some intervention from the hypnosis. It was the cause of the addition of LM to the mix. Because I could not assume I could control the outcomes from hypnosis, I knew I should leave it alone as much as possible. That was sobering enough. I had assumed it would be the block. I had been very wrong.

I was feeling a bit ornery that evening and tied my wife up before I took her without condom and filled her pussy twice. Only then did I untie her and settle down for the night.

In the morning, I awoke to a raging hard-on, and a naked daughter firmly attached to same, who was able to suck the chrome off a bumper hitch. I lasted 15 seconds of conscious thought before she got breakfast.



5

My workday was much the same as normal with the exception that I headed downtown to rent (with my wife's understanding) an apartment over a commercial enterprise on Main Street. That same week I hired a contractor to rebuild the interior, removing non-weight bearing walls and then re-flooring the place with walnut flooring purchased from Lumber Liquidators. Afterward I hired a painter to paint the entire place. I put in a new small kitchen and ordered living room suite furniture and bedroom suite furniture, delaying delivery until the contractor's work was completed.

When my wife and I had time to talk more, later that first day, I told her that I would be out of the home every Tuesday evening and Thursday evening. She looked at me softly and smiled.

She asked, *Afraid to be locked in?*

No, afraid that I might feel locked in and I do not want to ever resent you. This way I won't. I'm going to make sure I don't screw up this marriage.

It was the best answer I could give her.

Will you wear condoms when you are with her?

Well she was both right and wrong. There was no 'her,' at least not yet. Had I not always worn condoms with her until we married? However, while it was my intent to create a new arrangement with a prostitute, I had not started looking yet.

My answer was simply, *Yes, of course.*

She did not ask if I would be discreet, because she knew I would. The next question I was not expecting.

May I participate with the two of you?

To say I did not have an answer is to beg the obvious. Was she bi? I had no information that she was. Was she trying to assert her primacy? I did not have an answer. Did I have a problem with it? In theory, no I did not.

I punted, If you want to join us and if she is OK with a three-way then, of course you may. Just as I never forced you into something with which you were uncomfortable, I will be the same with her.

There was no 'her' yet. Finding another woman was a significant difficulty. I had a sense what the next question would be and I was not disappointed.

Who is she?

Dear Wife, I only lost my last 'she' 24 hours ago. I haven't even started looking. I had no one on the side while you were not my Wife.

You mean while I was your prostitute?

Yes.

Then may I assist in finding you a woman?

Are you sure you want to?

Yes.

*Then yes, you may assist under the following restrictions. Neither **you nor I** ever meet her here at our home. We only meet her at my new apartment in town. She must not travel in our normal circle of friends. I am not looking for a harem and so no setting me up in that manner. OK?*

OK.

And so it was, that a few months later, after the apartment was fully ready, one night as I reading a book at my apartment, there was a knock at the door.

May I help you?

She was stunning. Far taller than me (she was 5' 10"), red hair, nice curves.

I think I'm here to help you, Jake.

Come in. And she did.



My home life was not quite settling in yet. There were lots of comings and goings to move things between locations and to sell things no longer needed and to get the other place ready for rental. We rented a storage facility for things we might want after we built a bigger place. My wife and daughter had a stream of people coming through the place, getting a feel for the change and checking me, and the change, out I guess. It was a big surprise to many, though it had not been a surprise that we were keeping company. The adjustment period we had earlier created to help LM adjust and settle down had the other effect as well. But our repeated denials and the speed of the wedding did cause a small commotion and some idle gossip about pregnancy and a shotgun wedding. As Teach was clearly not pregnant, the talk died down after a few months. That is not to say we did not try to get Teach pregnant, but it was not happening.

The gaggle of friends LM had strengthened my belief that I was not a pedophile as a rule. These kids where of no interest to me. My desires and dreams were now a combination of some with Teach and some with my new friend, the redhead.

I made very few demands on my wife. She knew I cannot tolerate pantyhose. I know garters and hose are a fetish, but it

was a fetish she knew about. Now that we were married, it was not a two-day a week thing anymore. She agreed with a smile and a shake of the head. The pantyhose vanished and in their place via overnight delivery from Victoria's Secret came a complete supply of garter requiring hose in different shades, along with a few new garter belts.

All through this, I continued to protect my need to get away to the apartment.

My life changes whenever a new woman enters my life, to be sophomoric about it. If it does not happen that way to you, I cannot help you. It does for me. That first night with the redhead was a surprise in a number of ways. The obvious ones: I am 5'6", maybe 5'7 1/2" with my boots on; Red is 6'2", in the four-inch stiletto heels she walked in on. She towered over me. I had never in my life, made love to a woman so much taller than me before. Nor had I ever made love to a woman so strong. Red worked out in a strength-training regimen at a local gym. The winner was not assured when we wrestled in bed. It was more a question of who started with the better position. When it came to pelvic muscles, I do not think that just doing kegel exercises can explain what Red can do with a cock inside her. She can seem perfectly still looking at her, while she is doing things to your cock that defy explanation. It might make for some interesting public sex!

Red was not a wine drinker. For her it was beer or whiskey. My stock of single malt Irish whiskey began to show the impact. For the first time in a long time, I was not the only one drinking the ale I brewed.

And, Red liked women.

Not 'liked' as in want to be in a book club with, but as in 'I'd like to fuck her.' So conversations got amazingly raunchy on occasion.

The bottom line is that if I had done the picking, I never would have picked out Red as a lover: too tall, too buff, too raunchy. And that would have been yet another of my mistakes. Red was priceless and I was lucky to have her.



Over dinner one night when LM was spending the evening with a girlfriend, Teach asked me if I had an interest in any of her woman friends. Now, I do not know about you, but that was a question I never expected to hear; not in my entire adult life. It took a minute as I worked my way through a particularly nice green salad with warm beets before I could wrap my head around a response.

Sweetheart, I know of no straight man who does not fantasize about such things. However, fantasy and reality, as you know better than most, are two different worlds. I need to hear your rationale for your question, which I know to be sincere.

She was ready for that question.

*I have been worrying since before we married how I was going to keep you **in** the marriage ... no wait ... I mean it Jake. You have a wandering eye and no one knows that better than I. I assisted in finding my replacement because I knew it was critical that you should have that outlet. I did it with mixed heart. You must know that. I appreciated that you said I could be with the two of you on occasion as that opened the door for her to be my friend and not a competitor for your affections. You might have a wandering eye, but you also prize long-term relationships. Whomever you chose may be part of our world for many years.*

She stopped briefly but it was clear she was not done. I waited.

But it occurred to me that by solving a problem for me I might be taking away something you need. Jake, I am afraid of you forming a long term relationship with another woman who is

not also part of my life because, very simply, you don't know how to fuck, you only know how to love. It is both your biggest blessing and your biggest curse. I don't think you'd have any difficulty loving both of us intensely. But, if I am there too – with her – there is no sense of other. You may not need that now, but you will and if I don't make sure you have it, I will lose you even with a prostitute on the side! That's why I asked about the other women. They would tend to be far more short term and maybe fill a need without making me crazy.

She stopped once more. I was not sure if she was done but I also was not sure I had anything to say. We ate in silence for about a minute before she spoke again.

Would you tell me about the new girl?

Don't you know her?

No, it was handled through a discrete intermediary, who carried a note I wrote. The intermediary didn't know who you are. The intermediary handed the sealed note to someone, but I do not know who that someone is.

Then yes, I will tell you about her.

Well?

How much detail do you want to know?

Everything. I want to know everything you know about her, everything you've done with her, what gets her off, what doesn't, how she gets you off, how she talks to you, her middle name, ... damn it Jake, EVERYTHING!

Right now?

No, after you answer my first question. Do you want to pursue any of my friends?

Maybe. But not as you envision it.

How then?

With you, and in our bed. Not separately.

Why the change in rules? That's counter to what I envisioned!

I'm not changing the rules. You asked about something very different. Instead of a standing service from a prostitute, we are talking about affairs with your friends. If they are really your good friends, they'd be stabbing you in the back by engaging in an affair with me on the side, without you there. If they are not your friends, you are giving them fuel with which to hurt you. Plus if we do it together it makes our relationship sexier and less predictable which solves the real problem you thought might exist which is my getting tired of our relationship. I don't need to lie to you to find excitement in sex. In fact lying makes me feel creepy.

Jake, do you understand what you are doing? You're putting me in the middle of all of your life, not just one portion of it. Do you really want that?

It's more what I have fantasized about than what you offered. Can you handle it?

Yes, I can! I really can! Are you sure? I don't want to lose you!

Well I married you. That has to mean something more than a set of financials. If we are to be successful, we might as well be a team. It would be living out the deepest fantasy I have.

Really?

Really.

*OK, tell me about **her**!*

I have a better idea. I'll tell you a little. You get a sitter for tomorrow evening. Come with me to the apartment.

That got a smile, a giggle, a hug and a kiss. Later it didn't hurt the lovemaking – although that would have happened anyway.



6

The old brick office block on Main Street looked just like it was supposed to look. Built in 1916, ten years after the town was founded, it was one of the earliest examples of the 'permanent' town. There were retail shop fronts below and curb side parking. During the day, parking could be a problem. At night, parking really isn't an issue. Between the storefronts is a door opening onto a staircase, which takes you up to a hall on the second floor. There are doors up and down the hall on both sides. On the street side are professional offices used by an architect, a dentist and two lawyers. On the side that looks over the alley, the spaces are far deeper and with far more floor space. I rented one of these. Another was a yoga studio. The third one was an apartment for a couple. The feel of a 1930's Raymond Chandler novel pervaded as you walked down the hall. As you entered my apartment, all of that changed.

As with all such buildings, the ceilings are a standard twelve feet. I had the place gutted and redone – including new drywall for the walls and ceiling – new electrical runs – new kitchen and new “mission style” furniture throughout. The place looked more contemporary. Of course, we had the old fashion radiators, but in this case, it did not hurt the look at all.

I do not like ceiling lights and so all lights, with the exception of the kitchen area, were floor standing or wall sconces. Even using those damned compact florescent “bulbs” it gave the rooms a warm but not overly bright appearance. The living room had comfortable chairs with reading lights and two couches. I had a floor to ceiling bookcase built into one wall. The floor was a lustrous walnut. The design of the living room, dining room and kitchen were ‘open plan’ as in a studio. There was a separate bedroom with bathroom. A coat closet was in the entry foyer.

The bedroom – and there was only one – was not as large but pleasant. There were two walk-in closets. One of them was for

me (and my wife too). There were two dressers. One of them was for me (and my wife). The bed was queen sized, not king. I cannot explain it but I never could get used to king size beds. I can sleep quite comfortably on a double with a woman. I can sleep well on a queen with two women. I have no interest in expanding beyond that. As to fucking... hell, I can fuck a woman on a cot, kitchen counter, or living room couch.

The master bathroom was a bit more unusual. There were two sinks. And, of course, there was the stool. There was a matching bidet. There was a two-person shower, but you could squeeze three in it. A two person Jacuzzi tub (not a hot tub). A sauna closet/room within the bathroom sat three closely. In the main part of the bathroom, a ceiling mounted heating panel could be turned on, and the tile floor had a heating element underneath it. A large fan on the roof pulled air from the room without putting the noise into the room. Where there was no tile, the walls were cedar. Mirrors at the sinks and a full length on one wall completed the room.

For cooling in the summer I had a special cooling unit placed on the roof which supported wall mounted air handlers without noise in the rooms. It was a little pricey, but worth it.

I had a little “home/office” here as well. Not much but enough to get things done when needed. I could, and did, think of it, as a second home and when I was here, I was quite comfortable. Oh, there was one other thing. There were no “windows”. We bricked them up with those glass bricks that allow some light through but not images. Outside air came in through specially designed vents to prevent snooping.

I designed the kitchen for occasional use. While the fridge was large, the range top, oven and dishwasher were not. Nor was there a lot of storage space for pots, pans, gadgets and food. Just “enough” was all I thought I would need.

The new addition to my world, Red, was an administrative assistant to a female business manager for a local chemical

company, she was single and without children. At 35, she was only a year older than Teach. She was also a trained masseuse. Physically her dimensions were almost identical to my wife's but stretched over six more inches. She was thinner and trimmer looking. She tended to wear higher heels and proportionally shorter skirts than my teacher wife was used to wearing. She was in some ways upping the ante.

After the first month of meetings twice a week, during which time I paid her at the beginning of each visit - \$250 per visit - I set her up with the \$2K deposit in her bank account as I had done previously. It was fine with her and I just liked it better that way. I know you are thinking she was cheated, but that assumed that there would be weeks that we would only meet once or not at all and she would still have the cash. It actually would have worked out to her favor but for her choice in the matter, which I will explain shortly.

As is my way, she was given a key to the apartment. She was free to come there, put her personal effects there, and in doing so make it "our" place. Whereas anything my wife brought was contained in "my" space, Red's space was hers to do with as she wanted. The only limitation, and it was a big one, was that she was to never bring anyone else there. So far as I know, it never was a problem.

One of the items that quickly showed up was a very nice massage table. It resided in the living room.

Red surprised me in a number of ways. Sex? There is no such thing as bad sex and sex was wonderful with Red although some positions were not possible for me with her because of how short I am in comparison. We compensated and while I cannot speak for what I did for her other than that there was no doubt that the woman is multi-orgasmic, she was able to get me off in a number of ways including on her massage table. From the very first evening I met her she never wore panties or any underwear that covered her crotch while we were together.

Later I learned that she did wear panties at work, she took them off as soon as she came home.

It was also on that first night that I learned that she was bi. Her other major “client”, although not on my scale, for the first year we were together, was a woman in her late 50's. I did not know who that was, nor did I want to know. I gather there were a couple of other clients she would see once a month.

The biggest surprise was in the nature of our relationship. Red decided essentially to move into the apartment full time. I had not said she could, but I had not said she could not either. She had a small townhouse on the east side of town and she kept that for when she visited with others, friends or her clients. However, she spent much of her time during the week at the apartment. While weekends would often find her at the townhouse, (I guess,) and she would be out of the apartment during work hours and to meet clients during the evening on weekdays, when that occurred (no more than four times a month max,) for the rest of the time she was at the apartment.

Since I was there no more than three days / nights a week and mostly during the weekdays, as far as I knew, she was almost always at the apartment.

So rather than a private getaway apartment for myself with the occasional visitor, I essentially had a second weekday wife. Even on the weekends when I was there, she was, on occasion, there. She seemed quickly to decide that she was settling in with me. Why? I do not know, but maybe if I explained how it worked out the night she met my wife it might lay some groundwork.

I had been seeing Red for just almost a month at this point but had yet to set her up on the monthly payment regime.

As I had instructed my wife, she got a sitter (LM was still only 10 and not quite old enough to be left alone at night). Teach had gotten home from school, showered, changed and after the

sitter arrived we had left the house together and drove to my apartment. We got there at four thirty in the afternoon. She brought a book and I had one at the apartment I was reading. Upon arriving I turned on the XM (it only became Sirius/XM later) to XM Classics on channel 110 and settled on a couch with her to read until Red came at five thirty.

There were snacks, a nice green salad. a nice local artisan cheese, and soup (roasted red pepper) in the fridge along with chilled bottle Pinot Gris for Teach (which is nice with cheese) and Ale for Red and me (also good with cheese and I had brewed it). There were also nice reds in a rack. I had also brought a couple of fresh baguettes. No one was going to go hungry or thirsty.

I had a rule of sorts. I am too old to rush into sex, like a starved teenager. I want a chance to relax, to talk, to admire and to flirt. I also want to talk over the day. I care about the woman (or in this case the women) with whom I am sharing my life. I care about how they are doing. If a woman cannot share with me, I am going to have a difficult time caring enough about her to want to have sex with her. She is not a piece of meat. Sex is in the head as well as the testicle or clitoris. It is possible to have a one-night stand and not care, but not so a multi-year commitment.

Red and I had been together seven times. She and I had already discussed the long-term nature of my interest. I had been pleased with the first few meetings and had indicated what the longer term prospects were. I gave her a while to chew on it. It did not take but the next time we were together for Red to tell me she was all for it. By week seven we were of the understanding that payments would become monthly at this month's end. She also knew that my wife would join us on occasion, just not when.

This last item was the only thing that got her hinky. Red was scared that she and Teach might not hit it off well. I said nothing to Teach about it. There was no reason. They either

would hit it off well or would not. Saying something would only hype the matter.

Red arrived a little after 5:30. She had her key and let herself in to the apartment. When you enter in the small foyer there is the coat closet right there and a small table upon which you can place a purse. You can see very little of the living room.

When she entered the living room, she was looking right at my wife.

Red froze.

Teach is the definition of class.

My wife put her book down, stood up and with grace and a sweet smile walked up to Red. She put both hands out in a handshake. Taking Red's right hand with her right hand, with her left hand covering, she looked directly at Red.

Teach smiled, shook her head as in disbelief and said, *Wow! You are beautiful. Thank you for entering my husband's life.*

She paused and then continued, *This is **your** space with him.*

At which point while still holding right hands, Teach's left arm gently swung an arc indicating the whole space.

*I am here only by your sufferance. You may eject me at any time and for **any** reason. I had my husband's permission to come today. I **need yours to stay**. If you do not give it, it will not have any impact on my husband's desire for you, which I know to be great. If you give me permission to stay, I intend to make love to you.*

Red started to both cry and laugh. The women embraced. I went back to some red wine I had poured myself earlier, and the book I was reading. My best guess is that I would not be needed for a while. They were headed for the bedroom.

I did not see either of them until about seven pm. At which point they entered the living room announcing they were hungry. I already had heated up the soup, laid out the cheese and set the table. I now poured the chilled pinot gris for Teach and opened two bottles of porter for Red and me.

Both were wearing silk kimonos and both were knockouts. I was a very lucky man. We sat as the girls chattered and gave me grief. It was clear that they had bonded. I had not told Red how I had gotten together with my wife, but that night before they rejoined me, at least part of the story was told.

It is hard to explain all that transpired that night as I was not there for of much of the most important parts, but for my wife, there was a new person in her life with whom she would fall deeply in love. For Red, somehow I was less a client and more of a primary anchor in her life. Whenever we were “home” together, we were likely as not to make love. My wife would go to the apartment when I was not there as well as when I was. She developed her own relationship with Red, separate from mine.

Eventually my wife insisted we increase the payment to Red for the following reasons: Red had stopped seeing all but the other woman, Red didn't make as much as my wife had been making when I was paying her and so life was more of a stretch for Red, and Red was providing more services than my wife had provided. All of this was true and so the compensation went from \$24K/yr to \$36K/yr. Of course, on a personal level it did not feel like services. It felt more like a part of life.

Over the year that followed many of my rules were overturned by the two women. Red was a frequent visitor to the house, as a friend and lover of my wife. Red got a key to the house, my wife got a key to the apartment. Red was happy with the apartment. The only issue was that I really didn't want others walking in and out of there. When rooms adjacent to my apartment became vacant, we leased those, made modifications, including making a connection between the apartments and created a

place where Red could entertain – but no clients. She gave up the townhouse, saving a fair amount for her. Following which, a few months later, Red and my wife and I had a conversation that has been a controlling decision for us since then.

Just like my wife, prostitution had been a way to create financial stability. The office job paid the bills. It was not going to provide a real nest egg for the future. Red desperately wanted to know her later years would not be rough ones. Once a suitable level of secondary income had been achieved, the only issue was holding on to sufficient clients so that if one dropped out it was not a crisis. My appearance on the scene for each of them, when it occurred, put a monkey wrench in their plans as I was too large a financial factor. My wife resolved the problem by marrying me. Teach called the meeting of the three of us for a Saturday morning at the apartment.

Red sat quietly as my wife laid out the reasons she had gotten into prostitution, my impact on her world and her resolution. She then directed me to Red's plight. She had already given up her male clients, she had given up her townhouse and she was soon to lose her one female client. While she was making enough that there was no immediate financial issue, Red was totally dependent upon me to maintain her financial position and her living space. As she got older, her value decreased and what if I dumped her in four or five years? She would be in a real fix. Even now, she would have to build back a client list, which was not all that easy. On top of everything, marriage to me was off the table.

At which point, thinking that such a thing would not have been attractive to Red, I made some offhand comment that she would not want to marry me anyway. The room got cold. Red spoke for the first time. Her voice had an edge to it. *Jake! If it ever happened that you were single, if you didn't marry me, I would cut your nuts off. Are you clear on that?*

Yes, I was clear on that! So, what to do?

To provide financial stability we set up a revocable trust that would annually move a specified sum into an irrevocable trust in Red's name. No matter what, she would be financially OK. She would be 100% vested in ten years. Essentially, I recapitulated what Red had hoped to have built by age 45, which is when she thought she would have to be retired anyway as far as the prostitution went. I wasn't spending more than the \$36K/yr. I was guarantying it would be there for all the years she expected to need it.

The day the trust paperwork was completed and the money transferred into the account we had another meeting at the apartment. My wife told me to dress up and that she would meet me there.

When I arrived, the music was on, Champagne was in an ice bucket and the bedroom door was closed. When the door opened, my wife stepped out in much the same attire as she had with LM in the hotel room before our wedding ceremony. Red entered and was dressed identically. The demi-cut lace bra's, the garters and the hose and heels. Each held a bouquet of flowers. My wife spoke for both of them.

Husband, tonight you and I will modify our vows to each other. We will put aside and renounce the promises we made to each other. Husband, you, your bride Red and I will take new vows to each other. These vows are to be as binding as any you might ever make.

She handed me a copy of the vows, which each of us took that night. From that night on, I no longer see a prostitute. I see one of my wives. I further agreed that I would not have any other woman except that one of my wives would be present with me during the entire time.

They vowed, to ever be available to me and if one were experiencing an inability to honor the vow, the other would do so in her place. There was the sickness and in health piece and all the rest that you would expect. At the end both kneeled

down and with an amazing display of cooperation sucked me until I was ready to explode. At which point with their heads cheek to cheek and my cock in Teach's mouth I shot my first stream. Before I unloaded my second shot I was in Red's mouth. The vows had been sealed.

That night we made love – all three of us and I left cum in both of them. There was no condom.



Twelve months since Las Vegas, life at home had settled down nicely. This included LM. I had sworn to myself that she was and would continue to be a virgin if I had anything to do with it. I initiated nothing with her. For the first six of those months I cannot say nothing had been happening.

The Breakfast issue: LM informed her mother that so long as she swallowed my semen in the morning, she was exempt from any expectation to eat breakfast. Her mother allowed her to get away with it once and all of a sudden it was institutionalized! Morning after morning I would awaken hard and in the process of being milked.

The (lack of) modesty issue: Was it just to see how far she could push? LM started masturbating in front of us, and she started having orgasms while doing it.

Slumber parties and her highness: We had to ban slumber parties at our house. LM started seducing other girls her age – bad enough – but when she got them into a competition to see who could have the most orgasms in the middle of our living room, I put my foot down. I did not need the cops and jail.

Her Highness and the dildo: Toward the end of the twelve months, LM found one of her mother's dildos. That was the end of her virginity. We immediately got her vaccinated for some std's.

Once LM was sexually active with others, (even though it was just girls,) I wanted her to stop her Breakfast activities. (It was all that was going on between us). Her mother talked to her about age appropriate friends, age appropriate sex partners (I know it is a nutty concept at age 10 but what can I say) and even though 'Dad loves you' no more getting Dad off.

It took a total of six months, but my sexual contact with LM ended and I breathed a sigh of relief. I know you are telling yourself that I started it. I know.

In the mean time, Teach's interest in offering up her 'friends' took an interesting twist about six months into the marriage too. It was not a friend.



7

Public schools, especially elementary schools are staffed primarily with women. My wife, being a teacher, was part of that world. We did not socialize with many teachers, but there was no reason not to do so. When Teach announced that a teacher who worked in her building was coming over for dinner, I thought nothing of it.

When our guest arrived, I admit I was surprised. She could not have been older than twenty-two or twenty-three. She was barely out of school herself. This was early November and I was willing to bet that it was this teacher's first year. I also noticed a pale ring of her skin around the left ring finger. Either her marriage or the engagement had failed. So far, I was looking at a young kid with a double whammy hitting her. I figured my wife was hurting for this kid and sought to give her a safe place to be OK.

Well that was sort'a right. First, there was another whammy with which to deal. She had arrived in her first year assignment with a chip on her shoulder and acting as if she didn't need to be doing this because her husband was a new top engineering hire at a technology firm in town. She ticked off everyone she met from the Principal to students. Then her husband dumped her and left town. She had to move out of her new big house, rent a small townhouse, and get by paycheck to paycheck. Having burned a lot of bridges coming into town, there weren't a lot of helping hands out right now. This girl was a wreck and much of it was her doing.

For all her problems, she was a very pretty young woman. She stood about 5'2" and I guess she did not weight much over 105. I would put her bra as an A cup with some padding. Her blonde curly hair was cropped at her jaw line. Like I said, a pretty little thing. She was wearing a wool sweater and skirt that looked like an 'outfit.' The color was so close to her blonde hair, as to set it off from her creamy complexion in a wonderful art-house

way where all drops away as background and the face just stuns you. The sensible shoes she could stand in all day made sense but just did not belong. The smile was missing; she looked tired and beat to hell.

My wife had pawned off LM on the parents of one of the child's friends for the night.

LM was more than happy about the evening's arrangement. She told me with all the seriousness she could muster that she really had the hots for the girl with whom she would spend the night. She and I talked conspiratorially about her plans to seduce this child. On her way out the door, I gave her a high five and I wished her good luck.

So dinner was the three of us. My wife got our guest to open up and tell me her story ... as my wife actually handled it by saying, *Jake, I only know part of the story not the whole thing, so if she will tell you, I will learn something as well.*

And so, our guest turned to me, gave me eye contact and proceeded to open her 'self' up.

Maybe you know this, maybe you don't. But if you want someone to like you, listen to them and give them eye contact while they are talking to you.

Just listen.

If you want them to like you a lot, get them to pour their heart out to you under the same circumstances. Normally people just won't do that and if I had been doing the asking – she not knowing me – I doubt she would have. However, she was indebted a bit to my wife and feeling vulnerable. With the wife sitting by the husband, establishing intimacy seemed safer as well.

Oh boy, was our guest wrong.

I held her eye contact for over 30 minutes. After she had told us her story I asked a few questions, which were directly from what she had told me and made it clear that I was paying close attention and cared about her. I always maintained eye contact.

Then I gave her validation, telling her how horribly she had been wronged, and how close both my wife and I felt towards her. How we just wanted to hold her close and give her comfort. Would she mind?

Through her tears, she nodded her acceptance. I slid my chair to hers while my wife stood behind her. I pulled our guest close to me. I put her head on my shoulder and wrapped my arms around her, one hand cradling the back of her head. My wife hugged us both bringing us together. At first, I used my fingers to dry her tears and then I started kissing her tears. She permitted me, seeing my wife not indicating a problem.

I continued kissing her and my wife started kissing her too. With this continuing and my wife peppering her face with kisses, I chose to give her a long kiss right on the lips. She allowed it. My wife moved to her ears and started kissing her ear. I slid my tongue into her mouth. She allowed it. My wife started tonguing her ear. She started moaning. We were still French kissing. I slid my hand over her breast on top of her sweater. She leaned into me and moaned.

It was my wife's turn to make the more assertive move. She slid one hand underneath the back of our guest's sweater and gently caressed the back. She moved her hand to the bra clasp, and with a simple deft motion, the clasp was undone. I continued working the breast from outside and kissing, which she was as equally engaged in, grabbing my head and pulling it into her lips. Our guest was hungry for affection.

My wife kissed the back of our guest's neck while working her hand around to the front of our guest's sweater on the opposite side from my attentions. My wife gently cupped a bare breast and pinched a nipple, eliciting a gasp. I was kissing harder than

ever, pulled tight. I heard my wife whisper in her ear, *Shall we move to somewhere more comfortable?* No words came but a nod of agreement with my head firmly attached to hers the entire time.

We did not want to overplay our hand and we could have chosen the couch, but Teach was right to risk it and move us (all still holding together, laughing, and kissing) into the bedroom. When I am with my women, we generally like to shower before sex, but this time was an exception.

My wife removed our guest's sweater and bra, before backing away to remove her own. While she was doing that, I started to remove the skirt followed by the dreaded pantyhose. Damn that crotch was going to taste nasty.

Our Guest had panties below that. Go figure. Some do, some do not. These were already soaking wet. I dropped them on the floor. She stepped out of them. Slowly I rose while kissing her knees, the front of her thighs, her hips, her belly, her breasts, her shoulders and finally her lips. My wife was behind our guest. My wife's hands were on our guests shoulders and she turned the girl around and brought her in for a face to face, breast to breast embrace and kiss. The offering was accepted and returned in spades. There was no daylight between these two women. I took the opportunity to get undressed. I was sure as hell not pretty like these two wenches. I was now behind our guest and I took my time with my hands exploring her body from the position. There was much to admire.

I knelt down and started kissing and licking her calves, slowly moving up to the back of her knees. I could see my wife's fingers between spread legs, working a wet pussy with thin, dripping, blonde pussy hair. I moved up to the thighs with my lips and tongue and then up to her ass. I was not going to move up any further for now. I was working over to the ass crack. My wife had two fingers inserted and I could hear and see the juices all around. I spread her ass cheeks and give her one long hard lick from the back of her pussy, almost but not quite

entering her anus and up to her spine. At the same moment my wife moved to our guest's clit and attacked it. In truth the last half of my journey past her anus was lost to her. She was screaming in ecstasy.

We had yet to move onto the bed. With my wife gently guiding, we all reassembled and regrouped, kissing and fondling. Then bless her again, my wife asked just the right questions in just the right way. Addressing our guest face to face, while kissing her throughout, *Sweetie, would you like my husband to fuck you? I promise you that I would be happy if he did. He's a good, gentle lover. He's STD free but he will wear a condom. You and I can put it on him.*

This time our guest was able to speak and with bright eyes, kissing her colleague repeatedly, she said, *Yes. Please.*

There were condoms in my wife's nightstand. She had always had them in "her" nightstand for as long as I had ever known her. When we married, they remained in the nightstand. I asked her after the marriage why they were still there as I was not using them anymore. At the time, she just smiled and said, "you'll see. There will come a time when you are glad they are where they are." Half a year later, I found out how right she could be.

There were all sorts in a box. She brought the box out and the girls had a lot of fun picking out exactly what I would be wearing.

Before they applied it, I interceded and asked my wife to go down on me while I first went down on our guest. The girls agreed and I got about the business of learning the ins and outs of a new pussy. There are times you just have to put up with the smell and have a good antibacterial gargle later. So be it, tuna smell and all, I gave our guest a tonguing she enjoyed enough to cum twice.

Why is it when every man knows that every pussy is different, nowhere in the literature do you see a man who takes the time to figure out how sensitive certain spots are, how long the clit is and how protected. How sensitive is the clit is to direct contact. How responsive the G-spot is. Whether your mate wants action up her ass only, while other things are happening, or not ever, for that matter.

It gives you a chance to gauge her sense of rhythm, her breathing. It also gives her a chance to communicate to you at a time when you can pay attention to her cues. Besides, getting her off by mouth is a great way to put her in the right place for when you enter her. By the second orgasm I had her pussy figured out. Her clit was not too sensitive and could take heavy contact. My fingers told me that the nerve endings on the inside, that we call the G-spot, were there and super sensitive.

And so, with some attention to detail, exploring and listening and playing, and pressing her limits, I got my reward. She came on my face twice, grinding her pussy into my mouth. My wife had all the while been helping my hard-on stay at attention. It was my wife who rolled the condom over my hard-on and brought it to the pussy lips I was about to enter.

We started in the missionary position. I knew from the earlier attentions that my young guest had a very tight pussy. No children, and evidently very little use! I am not big, but I was stretching her as I entered. Even with the lubed condom, it was slow going the first time. I got about three quarters in before I pulled back and reentered. I got in a little better this time because of the extra wetness. I got to the bottom, only to hear her grunt. Gently back and in again a few times allowed her to orient herself to being filled with cock and get comfortable. I scooped up her legs in my arms and lifted her legs and bottom as I worked in and out for a while. More grunts came. I turned her over and entered her pussy from the back. It was a straighter shot, missed hitting the G-spot, but to loosen her up, it worked well. I turned her over again, dragged her to the edge of the bed on her back, slid a pillow under her ass. Holding her

legs in the air and standing on the floor I entered her, driving all the way in, and hitting the G-spot. I had her cumming over and over. It was like a roller coaster for her. She would peak, catch her breath and peak again.

Our guest had converted my name into a mantra. She was in a state of non-awareness as the orgasms continued. My wife whispered in my ear, asking if I wanted to come now or later.

In truth I prefer to come outside a condom and there is sure as hell nothing wrong with saving my cum for my wife. I had already given our guest orgasm after orgasm. She had not been short changed.

I was just about to pull out and encourage my wife to have at our guest's pussy while I came in my wife, when our guest between gasps asked my wife if she was sure I was STD free. My wife assured her I was. Then the most intense throaty growl came from the sweet young woman I was fucking as she turned her body to see me and yelled at me to take that damned raincoat off my dick and give her some cum, she needed cum! I looked at my wife and she said *do it*. I pulled out just long enough to remove the rubber and re-enter. God did she feel so much better.

As I pumped, I heard a refrain, *give it to me, give it to me*. Her next orgasm just about squeezed my dick in two. My balls got tight and then I let loose deep in her. She felt it and came again screaming *YES!*

My wife licked me clean and then the guest was licked clean. We all snuggled with my wife sneaking me that damned mouth guard that inhibits the snoring. We laid in a tangled mess well into the night. At some point the women re-engaged and pleasured each other, my wife cumming for the first time that night. She was certainly due.

The women got up early as it was a school day and one of them needed to go home, shower and change!

We saw our guest about once a month until the end of the school term. At that point, it was time for her to move on, but in the mean time, Teach and I had some real fun with her. She had been on the pill and so cumming in her did not precipitate a pregnancy.



The daily and weekly routines worked out. My two wives each had outside obligations and schedules that made me, on occasion, something of a supernumerary. That allowed me to set up a schedule that worked well for me as I moved between the two properties. I split my time so that I was at each place three days a week. On the seventh day both wives and I would spend together at either place or somewhere else. It was actually a bit more flexible than that as most weeks we spent more than one day all together. In fact, that flexibility led to a real problem a couple of years later with LM. Overall, though there was no tension over the arrangement and I enjoyed it. The women were not fearful of each other, but there was a gentle competition between them having to do with how well I had been satisfied. As they were both excellent at that matter, the result was fun and no anger or hurt feelings. Plus, they loved each other and that helped more than I could have imagined.

Both women seemed to like the fact that I was not always under foot and so two separate places of abode, one each for the wives was their forward-looking preference. There would be no large compound or mutual backyard for us.

Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years were coming up and now I had two homes and two wives.



For the holidays, it wasn't a question of "guess who is coming to dinner?" The question was for each happening, where to hold which part. Both of my wives had family – though not in town. I had never celebrated any holiday with Red before. How do I

do it with both of them at the same time? It was time for the wives to work these matters out. I discussed my interest in having them make the decisions in these matters and I would only raise my voice if I saw us headed towards a train wreck. Otherwise, their decisions would rule the days ahead.

The results were promising. With the double apartment we had created for Red, we had plenty of room for the dinners. The larger kitchen we outfitted the attached second apartment with, was very handy.

How was I handling all these massive changes and upheavals in my life? Damned if I know. I had never felt so lucky. Improbably so! I had never had a more beautiful wife than either of these two women. I was getting off more than I ever had in my life. I had not thought I wanted to be married. The hubbub did at times get to me. Having two places helped. The apartment (my side of it) was a sanctuary. My wives might be there (normally only Red) but the rest of the world was shut out of it. And so, if everything got to be too much, that was where I would head. It seemed to be working, but I admit my past history had me worried. The wives told me it was so different this time that it would work. I hoped they were right. They had as much riding on this as I did I guess.

Were either of my wives pregnant? No. Red was not going to get pregnant. She was on the pill. That was not the case for Teach. I suspected that I might be shooting blanks. Time would tell.

Things were not pure routine, even if the routine was, in my eyes, perfect. Teach was and would continue for years to be worried that I would get bored. She continued to keep her eyes open for possibilities.

Ever since Teach and I had started going out publicly together, we had socialized with a couple in which the wife, Amy, was close to Teach's age and the husband, Steve, was in his forties. Teach was well aware that I thought Amy was exceptionally

attractive, but she also knew that not only was I not going to act on that, but had struck up a real friendship with Steve. I do not know if you can call it honorable, but it is my way of keeping my demons in check.

A year after we married, Steve and Amy divorced. It was difficult, as we liked them both. However, Steve chose to leave town and so no balancing act was needed. We started having Amy over for dinner once a week. There were no hidden agendas. Amy just needed a safe place to land. My wife and I are not vultures, at least not with our friends.

The once a week dinners became twice a week dinners and sometimes long discussions into the evening. Amy met Red as it was impossible not to if you were around us much. One night when Red was aware that Amy would be there, she brought over the massage table we normally kept at the apartment.

At dinner, Red announced that after dinner Amy was going to get a massage. Amy was more than happy with the offer. There was room for the table in the living room in front of the fireplace, the family room downstairs or in the master bedroom. We all agreed that the bedroom was preferred. LM was home and this would provide privacy to Amy.

When Red led Amy into the bedroom, Amy turned around and asked why we weren't coming in. We laughed and said something about privacy. Amy smiled and said she wanted to be with us all, as it was all of us in a way who were giving her the massage, was it not? Red agreed and we all entered the bedroom.

I was a little uncomfortable. I was in the room but looking for a way out. *Amy don't you think you'll enjoy the massage more if you weren't concerned about being pretty much naked in front of me?*

Amy smiled and put me totally off guard and causing no end of laughter with her reply. *Jake, you know full well that you've*

been ogling my body for two years now. You think a girl doesn't know when a man wants to do her? Now's your chance to check out the package!

That I did. Amy had dark brown hair to her shoulders, a trim and well toned physique with small but very pretty breasts and lovely long legs. Not an ounce there was extra or not needed.

Now it was Red's turn to catch Amy off guard. *Ok girl, you get to choose the nature of the massage you get. Here is the menu. I can give you a therapeutic massage that will loosen up those tight muscles and stop. I can give you a combination of a therapeutic massage first that moves into a sensuous massage. I can give you a therapeutic massage first that moves into a sensuous massage and then causes you to have multiple orgasms, all of them in front of your friends. It's your choice girl.*

Amy, now naked, turned bright red from head to foot! *I want it all!*

Red worked on Amy for a good 30 minutes doing the therapeutic piece of the massage. It seemed unlikely that Amy would have anything left after that exhausting process. It was followed by a 30 minute cool-down and sensuous massage which left Amy squirming. Then Red started in earnest to pop Amy's cork.

Amy was in the hands of a master. At first, there were small orgasms, then stronger ones, and then Amy hit the big time as wave after wave of orgasm racked her body under Red's deft touch.

Red called me over to the table and told me to stand at the far end of that table. She then manipulated Amy's body so that her legs were now over my shoulders. With Amy fully aware of all that was going on, Red bid me eat Amy out. I agreed and started at my task. Amy bucked, screamed, gushed cum juices and was generally out of control. While I was still at it, Red called Teach

over and said it was time for Teach to replace Jake at this assignment. Amy did not complain and started bucking again against Teach's mouth.

After Teach had a good long go at Amy, Red moved Amy off the table and onto the bed so that I might fuck Amy. Amy was hearing all of this and not one word of complaint was made. Teach got a condom for me and applied it. I mounted Amy who was nothing but a cum machine at that point. I rode Amy for quite a while before I deposited my cum in the condom.

Teach, Red and I showered, leaving Amy to sleep. When she did wake up, she smiled, hugged each of us and told us that never in her life did she feel so relaxed and so well fucked. Until Amy started up with a new boyfriend a couple years later, Amy engaged in sex with all of us from time to time. While most of the times I was with one of my wives, I did have Amy alone, with the wives' knowledge, on a few occasions.

After Amy started dating, she stopped coming by completely for a while.

And then, one day, we got an invitation to dinner at her home with her new husband. We, my wives and I, had a great time and no one was going to spill the beans. Amy seemed a bit stiff. Later, as she saw us out at the door, she mentioned that her new husband was going out of town on a business trip the following week. Might she come over? Amy got three immediate answers, all 'yes.' We knew Amy truly loved her husband and had no interest in divorce. However, for whatever reason, she got her batteries charged at our house pretty regularly during the next eight years.



8

LM? Well there is a hell of a relationship. By the time she had turned eleven she had turned me into her confidant and her coach. I got to hear everything from her. I had no idea what she would be like when she turned eighteen, but I had no doubt she would be in a class of her own. Oh, she learned to say 'no'. She did not use it often, but she was using it. I was proud of her for that. All her exploits were with girls. She claimed she was Bi, (yes I know it is fundamentally nuts for an eleven-year-old to even know the term exists,) and that I was her only man. I told her I would not touch her (again) until she reached her eighteenth birthday.

And that led to a problem on her fourteenth birthday.

It was an odd day, her fourteenth. We had celebrated it a few days in advance as everyone but I had obligations on the actual day.

On the actual day of her birthday, I chose to spend the day at the apartment. LM was to be with friends for the day. I would return to the house at supper time. Both Teach and Red were to be out of town and I looked forward to a quiet day with a book and XM 110 Classical. At about one in the afternoon there was a key in the door followed by the sound of the door opening. I did not expect Red back for two days and was more than a little surprised. But it wasn't Red who walked in. It was LM. I had never given LM a key!

Silence.

She walked in and sat on the chair nearest me. There was nothing unusual in her appearance. But her countenance was somber and a bit frightened.

How did you get a key?

Mom gave it to me before she left this morning.

Why?

We talked and decided I should.

Should what daughter?

Come to you to mark my turning fourteen.

Didn't we do that two days ago?

No, not you and me.

And how do you want to celebrate with me?

You haven't touched me for years now. You said it was my choice, remember? If I have a right to say no, I also have a right to say yes. And I want a birthday fuck. I'm old enough now and you won't damage anything. I won't get pregnant because I just finished my period.

Sweetheart, just how do you figure you are old enough? You are fourteen.

I say it's old enough and mom agrees. She gave me this note to give to you if you argued with me.

The note was in a sealed envelope. I opened the envelope and removed what was inside. The note was in Teach's hand.

Jake,

This was not my idea, it was your daughter's. She is determined. She says she misses you all the time and feels jealous because you have replaced her with Red. She likes Red, but feels it just is not fair. She knows she's not supposed to have sex with any adult until she is eighteen. She knows she should not have sex with you at all and she just does not give a rip. She wants what

she wants. We talked about this for hours and I need some sleep before I leave in the morning. We have come to a compromise, if you can call it that. For the next four years, her fourteenth through her seventeenth birthday, she will come to you but once a year for her 'Birthday fuck' the day her period ends. She does not want to take birth control pills and you will be the only man she will have. As to what happens when she is eighteen, well all I can say is holy shit. Talk to her, but give her the birthday present she wants more than anything in this world.

Love, me.

Does Red know about this?

No.

OK' let's go.

Where?

Back home. I'm not going to leave evidence of anything I have to explain to Red lying about in this apartment. I have an agreement between your mom and Red and me. If I were to do anything with you here, it would be hard. At home and with this note from your mother, well, it still isn't cool, but it will just have to be OK.

For the first time since she walked in, a smile crossed the child's lips and that turned into a huge grin. She stood up and just about yanked me off the couch.

Once outside we put her bike in my vehicle and drove home. The whole time she was querying me as to how Red does things, how her mom does things, since they are not here to guide her, will I be patient with her? I tried to be reassuring, calming and supportive.

When we got back to the house, I made some suggestions. *Get everything you think you might need and bring it to my rooms.*

That includes what you will want or need at the end to wash and clean up. We will start by taking showers. Your mother will not be home until tomorrow and so for the rest of the day and tonight if you want, we will be together and “our” rooms are the master rooms. If you don’t know how to do something, say to me, ‘teach me’ or ‘show me how.’ If you want to stop at any point I am going to give you a “safe word” to utter. If I hear it, everything will stop. OK?

I won’t need it!

I believe you, but if you change your mind just say RESET.

OK

Do you have any other questions?

No

Is there anything you have heard of as regards sex that you want to put off limits?

With you?

Yes.

No! Her eyes sparkled.

Well in case you discover something you don’t want to do but don’t want to say RESET, all you have to do is simply say NOT THAT. OK?

OK.

Off to your room to collect what you want and need! I will head to the master bedroom and wait for you.

I did just as I had said. I showered and waited for this precocious fourteen year-old to join me. She entered the

bedroom wrapped in a silk kimono and holding a few things folded in her arms with some toiletries on top. Dropping some items in the master bath, she left the rest on the dresser and came to my bed.

I asked her to lie on her stomach and I started to gently massage her body, from the very soles of her toes up. I was in no rush and I wanted her to relax. She was more than tense. She was tight as a spring.

I worked her calves and gave her friendly grief over her fears as I got her to relax a bit. I reminded her that I would be moving to and from sexual areas and back again. That she should just try to relax through the whole process. I would do her back and then her front before we made love.

She laughed that she would be an old lady before I fucked her. I simply replied that I wanted her to remember the experience as special and not a five minute dash to the finish line. With that she really relaxed. We talked about how my hands felt as they moved over her body. What felt good and what felt special as it proceeded. I showed her different techniques in touching areas that produced very different results depending on what you wanted to elicit from your partner. I showed her sensitive areas she really didn't know she had. The back of her knees, the small of her back, the small area at the lower back of her skull, the inside of her ankles just above her heels, her toes.

When she turned over I initially avoided her pubes and breasts and then finally returned to her breasts first. Four and a half years made a huge difference in her breasts. She was not quite as large as her mother's, but the B cup beauties she had were wonderful in their own right. She had developed into a beautiful young woman. She was exquisite. From her face to those wonderful breasts, to the waist, hips and legs, she was a knockout. Nothing was too much. Everything was just right. If you saw her for the first time that day, naked as I was seeing her, you would lose your heart, right then and there.

I applied oil that caused her nipples to tingle a bit. I provided attention to her breasts and belly for about 30 minutes. During which time her breathing became a bit ragged.

As one hand moved over her flat belly and down to her pubes she began to moan. At this point I started ever so light kissing from my lips to hers. This wasn't like kissing a nine-year-old. LM had the attributes of a young woman and I was responding to all those markers in spades.

I told her how lovely she was, how desirable she was, how much I loved to touch her, how her scent rocked my world, how much I wanted to be inside her. Simultaneously my fingers were beginning to explore her pussy; sliding in and out, touching her clit, touching her g-spot. Then all at once, I slid two fingers in while one lingered back. I attacked the g-spot with three fingers and the clit with my thumb and I slid my pinkie into her ass all at the same time, while I pinched her left nipple hard with my other hand and kissed her with real passion. She went off like a roman candle. Breaking away from the kiss she started screaming, her hips were bucking way up off the bed and her arms flung around me pulling me tight to her. It took minutes before her body stopped its spasms and she regained her breath. When she finally caught her breath, she grabbed my head with two hands, just like her mother had five years ago, looked me in the eyes and said in no uncertain terms, *Fuck me now!*

I flipped her up on top of me. She would control the amount and speed of entry.

She was so wet that she needed no lubricant. Still she was so tight that I felt like she was pushing my rock through her straw. Inside was velvety smooth. But once inside I wasn't sliding in and out of her. I felt like I was moving her with me as she pulled back and shoved forth. A vise grip surrounded by a velvet glove is the closest I can come to describing it. Her eyes were wild and her breathing was loud and raw. She gathered her legs up with her feet to the side of my hips. She was

effectively squatting on me. She slowly raised herself up until I was almost completely out of her and then, she sat down HARD. Slamming her body against my hips and causing my cock to plow through her with incredible force. She let out a cry and did it again, and another cry. She settled a moment and then all hell broke loose as she started literally jumping up and down, my cock ripping through her and her screams coming nonstop. Then... her legs gave out from under her and she collapsed with her body crumpling on top of me, and twitching as in small seizures.

I held her like that for a long time, and my cock eventually went semi soft, even though I was still inside her.

She kissed me. A soft sweet kiss, and she whispered in my ear, *tell me you are not done yet please*. I whispered back, *I'm not*.

The kiss I got back was full of desire and need. The movements of her hips were of the same variety. I was hard in a flash. She rolled us over, and asked just one thing, *Take me*.

Now in the missionary position. I did what was asked. I fucked her until I was convinced that if I went further she would not be able to walk for a week. I knew she just had her period and so the request was a fantasy and not imminent reality but she started begging for a baby.

I know it is perverse, but that tripped my trigger. My cum filled her so fully and completely that it was being pushed out of her pussy while I was still inside her.

I half rolled off while staying in her and we both went to sleep.

When we awoke, I urged her to use the Jacuzzi in our tub and following that, I applied lotion to her pussy lips.

The rest of the day, we just snuggled.

The next morning when I awoke, it was to her giving me head which I had not had in four years from her. She got me off in no time flat. And then, she swallowed all of it again.

We took showers and dressed. Both of us were hungry and I whipped up some pancakes from scratch. Hey, it is not hard. She sat down to a filling breakfast.

My head had been going a mile a minute since the head I got that morning.

I figured that this was probably the best time to talk with her without any negative backlash. We start talking. I told her how wonderful it was for me, but I wondered was it a bad thing to put off sex with boys? She agreed that all things being equal it was not. But she wanted me. I told her waiting for me is just goofy. I asked her if she knew how old I will be when she turned 18. She just gave me a shrug. I would not give up.

Do you?

Of course I know.

OK, how old then?

How old will you be when I am Free, White and Eighteen?

Yes.

Sixty-seven. Don't you think I can do simple math? You're sixty-three now!

Right, 67, you're really waiting for a 67-year-old? With a birthday fuck once a year thrown in until then?

Uh-huh, sure am. And then you are going to give me a baby every two years until you die or I say stop!

You don't even know if I can make babies. There's a real possibility that I can't.

Oh yes you can. Mom and I talked about it. She was worried because she hasn't gotten pregnant. She filched some of your cum and had it tested. You are not the problem. Mom and I agree. I will be the one to carry your children.

Now wait a minute, I suspect that your Mom did not agree to that. At least not from what she said in the letter.

Well she agrees that if you are to have more kids it would have to be me to have them.

And how do you know I want more children?

I just do. You do. And by the way, after yesterday there isn't any way in hell that I'm going to wait until my next birthday to get my next fuck!

You and I need to sit down with your mother. Until then I'm not going to go any further. I will say this. It was incredible yesterday. You were beyond wonderful. No matter what the decision is in the end, it will not be because there was something less than perfect with what happened.

At that point she jumped into my lap, held me tight and kissed me like there was no tomorrow.

We spent the rest of the time until Teach came home just holding each other. When Teach did come home the two of them sequestered themselves in the bedroom.

I went back to the apartment. Later Teach called me from the house and asked me to come back. That was unusual. But the past two days had been unusual. Fifteen minutes later Teach and I were in the living room. Teach was telling me I needed to make room for LM to be my third wife and do it now, not in four years.

I cannot say I liked the idea. I did not. We had – both of us – held back the details of the original wedding and all the info about LM and me from Red. I had no idea how she would take it. I did not want to lose Red over it. I also did not want to go to jail should she report it. I was convinced that if it became a regular part of my life there was no way to keep Red in the dark. Even if I would have been OK with it otherwise, and I was not, Red's presence in our lives made it a deal breaker.

Teach backed off. Kissed me and we just spent some time holding each other. We decided to have supper all three of us and she went to talk to her daughter.

Dinner was nice with no theatrics. We laughed and shared. Since we three knew what had taken place in the last 36 hours, there was some very bawdy comments made and comparisons sought. We all three settled down to a romantic comedy on HBO and then headed for bed. I thought the storm was over.

I was wrong as usual.

But it came from the one place I didn't expect it. Red.



It was not a week later. I was walking into the living room of the apartment from the coat closet. I tripped over baggage and boxes. Red was moving out! Why? She did not want to talk. Bullshit to that. She was my wife and damned well owed me an explanation. We argued over that for a while. No, we screamed over that! What the fuck was going on?

I was in the process of calling Teach to talk some damned sense into this redhead when Red freaked out and said, *No! I can't talk to her!*

Well if she could not talk then, she'd better talk now. And she did.

Red was mortified. She had made love with LM. She was convinced it was she, Red, who had seduced the child. She was a criminal. She was embarrassed. She had violated our trust in her.

This was a time for triage.

First, call whoever thought you were moving in with and cancel. Tell them everything is OK. I'll wait. DO IT NOW!

She did and I did.

Now sit down g'damnit. I have to talk. You have to listen. You must not say anything until I am done, but I will not start talking until Teach is here. You are not in trouble. Your sister-wife will not be unhappy with you, she will love you as much today as she did yesterday. But you are not to say anything until you have heard me and it will be as I said in front of your sister-wife.

Red just stared at me.

I got hold of Teach and she got to us in a flash; which constitutes ten minutes in this case.

When Teach walked in she saw the boxes and baggage and started to go ballistic. I asked her, firmly, to cool it and just sit while I talked. She was frightened and just sat down.

I walked Red through the bizarre courtship that Teach and I had, including the issues of LM, the hypnosis suggestions and the events surrounding the marriage. Teaches eyes were big as saucers. We had just days ago talked about the danger of Red finding out and here I was, spilling the beans. She was shaking with fright. I went on to describe the scaling back of the sexual contact until it was stopped and what had transpired the previous week, along with my discussion about how it couldn't go on because I didn't want to lose Red.

None of this was news to Teach, not even the hypnosis. We had talked about it years before. She was just terrified that Red would call the cops on us. By the time I got to the end Teach blurted out to Red, *Please don't leave us! We're sorry!*

Red looked stunned.

Before anyone else said anything else, I turned to Red and said, *Now tell Teach what happened to you.*

She did but this time she was not as sure that she was the aggressor. She was not, of course. She admitted being smitten by the child and that had freaked her out.

I turned to Teach and asked, *What did you tell LM after our talk last weekend?*

Pretty much what you told me... I guess her way of dealing with it was to bring Red into the circle by the only way she knew how, without risking Red's turning both of us in to the authorities. Teach looked at Red and once again apologized. Then she looked at me and asked, *What happens now?*

That depends on the three of us. I love you both. I love LM but at some point she will have to blaze her own path. I am far too old for her. I do not want to live without either of you. It's up to you to tell me if you are staying with me. Once we sort that out, we will sort out with to do with the child.

Teach looked back and said, *You know I'm staying. I've been part of this since the beginning. If you'd have LM, I'd have her in your bed or in Red's bed. She is better off there than anywhere else I might find her.*

Red looked at both of us.

As if to herself she said, *I have some things to say and I want you both to hear me out. First, this is fucked up beyond all recognition. It has got to be the definition of fubar. Jake and*

Teach, I don't know how you taught that child so much, but she rocked my world yesterday. I have never felt for a woman what I felt for her. I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to control myself around her and now you tell me I can continue to have her and still be your wife Jake and your sister-wife Teach. That's fucking nuts, but I can't walk away from it. I thought I was letting you down.

Red continued.

Jake, it took a lot of courage to lay it all out on the table for me today. You probably could have kept me without the risk you took. The fact that you took the risk and placed your faith in me moves me a great deal. If anything, I am more committed to this marriage. However, it makes things more complicated. Prior to this, I had two lovers, the two of you and either of you individually were enough to hold me. The two of you together was something I could never see myself walking away from. I just had the shit scared out of me. I don't want that to ever happen again. No secrets! OK? No secrets!

Teach and I nodded in assent.

After a pause, and a sense of some real relief, it was Red who spoke again.

Teach, I know you have felt that one big house would be better than what we had, but you were holding your tongue because Jake liked it. Jake, it just isn't going to work anymore. We need a large house. There are four of us now and we are, what is your term, fully meshed? That's how it seems to be. Two residences are not going to work for that.

She was right, but, there was a more pressing issue with which I had to deal. I asked my wives if I might leave them to put Red's things back and dispose of the boxes. They agreed, Teach saying she would spend the night here. Was she reading my mind? Maybe, but she certainly understood what I was going to do

next. I bade my wives a goodnight and headed back to the house.

LM did not mean to cause a wreck; she meant to create space for herself in my world. The fact that she had not thought through the possible consequences were more a factor of being fourteen than anything else. Or, so I thought.

On my way home, I called home and dear daughter answered. I asked her if she had eaten yet. Receiving a no, I asked if pizza was OK. That elicited a yes and so a call to Domino's followed before I pulled into the driveway and parked in the garage.

LM was on edge. *Where's mom?*

She's out for the night.

Is she OK?

Yes, she is OK... but you and I need to talk.

Am I in trouble?

As much as I am pretty unhappy with what you did, no you are not in trouble. However, we need to review what happened. You need to learn from today's events because what caused them must never happen again.

Jake, I'm sorry.

Child, how can you be sorry when you don't even know what the problem is?

It's because I made it with Red isn't it?

Yes it is.

Mom told me that I couldn't keep on fucking you because of Red. I only wanted her to accept me as an equal and see that I

had needs just like her! I figured that if she was fucking me, she wouldn't be upset if I fucked you too!

Child that might be the logic of a fourteen-year-old but it is not that of a thirty-nine-year-old. She freaked out. When I got to the apartment, she was already packed and moving out.

What? Why?

Because she was afraid we would file charges against her, because she's nuts for you, because she felt she had let me, and most importantly your mom, down.

But that's not right. You wouldn't do that or feel that way!

Red didn't know that. All she knew was that she had made incredible love to a minor and the child of her sister-wife. She was devastated.

Is she gone?

No. With your mom there, I told Red everything. Your mom backed my story up and convinced Red to stay. That's where your mom is now and she will stay there tonight.

So am I in trouble with mom or Red?

No, I speak for all of us. You're going to be a very busy young woman.

How?

You are going to be in my bed at least once a week and in Red's bed probably twice a week, plus you still have school and all your activities. You are as of now my third wife and with that all the responsibilities that go with it.

Like what?

Looking out for your sister-wives and making sure you act in a way to protect their good name, their personal feelings and the harmony of our home life, even when that means not getting what you want. And remember that Red is only one of your sister-wives.

That brought a huge stare back at me.

You mean my mom? She is my other sister-wife?

Of course I do. You have asked to be treated like I treat her, love you as I love her. Haven't you?

Yes, I guess I have.

Is this what you really wanted?

It was clear she had not thought that out. She did not know. She also did not know that I was completely willing to allow her to back out of this and return to a child in the home and no more sexual contact. However, the decision had to be hers. What she asked showed me that she was indeed weighing it.

So you are saying if I want to be a daughter to you and not a lover, I can be that again. No sex with Red, none with you and I would be my mother's daughter. Or I can share your bed, have Red – who is so great! I so wanted to tell you! – But I take on the responsibilities of a real wife to all three of you?

Yes, that's it exactly. Want time to think about it?

No but I have a question to ask you first.

Go ahead, you're entitled to ask as many questions as you need to ask.

Jake, do you really love me? I mean, I'm a kid. I don't know much about the stuff you guys talk about and you don't seem to care for my music and stuff. Do you really love me? The sex is

great and I don't want to give that up, but I want my husband to love me. Do you?

Child, I am far too old for you. Hell I'm too old for your mother. Yes the sex is great, but sex without love wears thin before your very eyes in a moment's time. Do I love you? Yes. I love you and cherish you. In spite of that, I wish you would look for a fellow your own age. But, if the question is, do I love you then the answer must be, Yes.

Then I have my answer, I am your wife. And then, with a wry smile, Do I get a ring?

We'll see.

Am I sleeping with you tonight?

You'll be in my bed. I'm not promising you any time to sleep.

Whoooooie! Let's go!

Pizza first, and I just heard the doorbell.

The rest of the night was a combination of blissful and hilarious as this young woman now promoted to, and with the real obligations of, wife, slowly started coming to terms with what the term might imply. All of a sudden she was worried for my welfare. Was the pizza really good for my diet? Ought she not be on top more so as to not strain my heart.

But the meat of it was a young woman, emotionally straining at the limitations of childhood while her needs were for a husband, a desire to raise children (the rest of us – all three – pushing back saying it just wasn't OK yet,) and a real honest need to nurture. Her school grades remained good and there were no problems on that front. However she dropped all outside interests and started wanting to have a real say on how the house was run. At first I tried to steer her back to school activities, but it just made her miserable. Since her investment

in home management was causing real problems with the other women in the house, I made her my office assistant. That was luckily a wonderful decision. She was always a quick study and it was also true that she knew me very well.

When school released for the summer, she started working for me full time. The results were beyond measure. I was not looking forward to losing her back to school in the fall. When she suggested she could home school, I was all for it, but the decision had to be made by her mother, or so I thought. When I inquired of Teach whether she would grant permission, she looked at me like I had lost it.

LM's your wife is she not?

Yes.

And you are considering her welfare as well as yours?

Yes, of course.

Then why are you asking me?

Because you are her mother.

Do you call my mother to ask permission on things involving me?

No. But you're not a minor.

Jake, when you took her on as a real wife that responsibility transferred to you. She is my sister-wife and I love her, but you make the decisions.

Got it.

And so, the next school year simply never happened. LM's grades via home schooling were excellent and she eventually

tested out of high school with top scores by the time she was sixteen.



9

I have not described the house we had built. Before I go on, I must. We built the new house over two years between LM's fourteenth and sixteenth years. We moved in shortly after her sixteenth birthday. Those two years were a trial. Red was perfectly right. Two homes would no longer work.

The new house is outside of town, but it is the same town. We live in a part of the country where there are what you would call bluffs. High vertical cliff faces, fifty or more feet high. I found some un-irrigated land with a south facing bluff and the only road, traveling east-west to the north of the bluff. Got it? You couldn't see the bluff from the road as you were on top of that land mass. The lack of irrigation was no problem for me. I sank a well for drinking water. The inability to grow crops in this desert was of no matter to the family. The reality was that the high bluff and lack of irrigation made the land perfect for me, and of no use for agriculture. The price for the land was low.

The driveway took you to a free standing six car garage apparently standing all alone. In fact the garage provided access to the top floor of the house which was built as a narrow vertical structure along the bluff face and anchored into the bluff. There were six floors with twelve foot ceilings on each floor. I like high ceilings.

Each floor had a balcony, which also served to keep the summer sun out of the house for the floor below. The entire south facing wall between the balconies was glass. An elevator ran between the floors as did a series of brass poles, just like you might see at an old firehouse. One pole would move you just one floor. If you wanted to avoid the elevator on downward trips, you walked over to the next pole to drop down a floor. In an emergency, it worked as a fast way down to the first floor,

which would allow you to walk out a door into the open air on the ground. LM and Red loved it. I used the elevator.

The top floor #6 was split into a living room and a game room with pool table, card table and such.

Below that #5 was a floor of offices and formal conference room with an IP-enabled video wall.

Floor #4 had in its middle a very large kitchen. On one side was a small dining room. On the other side of that dining room was a powder room (toilet and sink but no shower or tub), and two guest rooms with a common full bathroom. On the other side of the kitchen was a large formal dining room. Most suppers were in the small dining room. Breakfasts were often consumed in the kitchen. Both dining rooms looked out onto their respective portions of the balconies.

Floor #3 was all bedroom suites. Each suite had a walk-in closet and a large bathroom much like the one I designed for the apartment. Each wife had a suite, I had one, plus one spare. This and the floor directly below were the only ones where there was a hallway against the bluff face as each bedroom had its own private balcony view; we needed a way to access the rooms without walking through them all!

Floor #2 had eight guest rooms, and a common bath between each pair of guest rooms.

Floor #1 held a large gym, large Jacuzzi pool and showers, and a home theater room.

Throughout our years together, Teach had been the one to bring home the stray women. All these women were single, separated or divorced teachers or friends such as Amy. Not everyone she brought home ended up in bed but some did. Red and later LM started to have qualms that these women might end up becoming part of the household.

While Teach had the embedded need to make sure I always had access to other women, my other wives had no hypnotic suggestion whirling around in their heads. Teach's activities on my behalf, were not always appreciated by Red or LM. That was, in my estimation, just too damned bad.

Red, do you remember our vows?

Yes I guess.

Do you remember "I further agree that I will not have any other woman except that one of my wives would be present with me during the entire time."

Yes.

Does that mean I am entitled to be with other women?

Jake, that was before LM joined us!

Red, in some ways, LM had always been my wife, as she was there for the first ceremony. (This caused LM to break out in a huge grin. She had been vindicated in what she always thought.) We just held off physical contact for practical reasons. And anyway how did that change anything?

But you're ours!

Yes I am and I will always be. Now back off. Teach was doing what I want her to do. If you don't want to join in some of these activities, Teach and I can accommodate you.

Red shook her head and acknowledged that she had been out of line. LM had gotten an important validation. If the result was that I would have some stray pussy on occasion – so be it. She could live with that. Red was munching on LM's underage pussy like it was going to disappear any moment. And she also had access to Teach's pussy as well as my cock. You could hardly call her a one-man woman.



If there is one thing I learned from the women that Teach brought home, it is that it is easier to seduce a woman if you are a couple than if you are on your own, be you male or female. We had remarkable success.

Over the years, Teach developed serious and meaningful relationships to two of the women with whom she and I had shared a bed. Those two women would remain in Teach's life for many years. I never objected to that. Red and LM had each other. As I got older, I knew my time would end, and my wives needed something (someone) which outlasted their old fat husband. And so, there were times when there were other women at the breakfast table who had spent the night with Teach. It typically happened when I had spent the night with LM and Red. As LM and Red became a tighter couple, when I joined them I was joining them as a couple. They preferred it that way. As much as they both loved me, they were deeply in love with each other.

But when she didn't have a guest and I had been with Red and LN, it had meant Teach was completely alone on that night. It was happening more and more.

LM continued to work for me on a daily basis and took over making sure all my wives were getting their time with me. She also took care of the family schedule in general. Nothing could happen without going through LM. She bloomed. Her relationship with Red was fascinating. Red got her involved with strength training. She was now taller than I was. She started shopping for clothing with Red instead of her mother.

LM's strutting around the office, in four-inch heels, caused me no end of distractions. She was towering over me as Red did and she was enjoying it immensely.

I pushed LM to go on to college. Her compromise was to pursue an Associate's degree at the local community college and then

use an on-line school for her BA. The online BA was the only logical option as by the time LM was a few weeks beyond her eighteenth birthday, she was already pregnant.

I was dumbfounded and beside myself. My wives thought I had truly lost it! They were laughing at me. What did I expect? LM had always said it was her goal to have as many of my children as time would permit! Did I think this rock of determination was kidding? At what point in her life had she given up on any goal she had set for herself?

They were right. I had been living in the clouds. By the time I turned 70 I had one new child, eighteen months old and one on the way due in October! Red told me that unless I died soon, there would be more children. Evidently LM loved being pregnant. Go figure.

LM's first pregnancy resulted in a beautiful daughter who we named Ruth. She was born on the fifth of November 2013. LM's labor lasted seven hours and she cussed more than a few times in the process. Who wouldn't? Ruth weighed 9 pound and 13 ounces at birth with a little wisp of blond hair. While first children are often a handful for a first time mother, this was not the case for LM and Ruth. No colic and few issues of any merit appeared. Mother and child simply spooned together much like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle fit together. LM might be a handful for me, a trial for Teach, but Ruth had a mother who was as contented and as happy as the morning sun on a cloudless July day.

Our second, Rebecca, was born on the twelfth of October 2015. The second labor only lasted five hours and was a lot easier on LM. Becca, as we all called her, was eight pounds and eight ounces. Her hair was darker, more like mine I guess. She too bonded with her mother. There was no doubt in my mind. LM was a very good mother.

I took the obvious to heart and after Rebecca was born I decided we needed to look at the structure of how the family was working.

When I suggested at dinner one fine late Fall evening that with two kids already and the threat of more that maybe we ought to look into getting an au pair, I almost had to run for my life. It was Red who lowered the volume, calmed the other two down and looked at me with the 'you're such a dope' stare she has and said, *Husband ... your wives know you better than you seem to know yourself. If we were to hire an au pair, we would have in short order a fourth wife. We, your wives, are not interested in sharing you with another wife. You can have your stray stuff, but no more wives! Do we make ourselves clear?*

They had, yes, indeed.

However, there are times when they might be clear and clearly wrong. This was one of those times. In the telling of this tale of my later life and loves, you might have come to the conclusion that I never had my way and my say as the final word.

It is true that I didn't like to do that often. Most things, even if they got off course, could be put back to right. I would just as soon allow my women their heads and wait. But, sometimes it couldn't be done that way. In my estimation it was long past needing adjustment and it was time to act.

LM and Red no longer had separate bedrooms. They were a couple fulltime. That was the way the world saw them. They were a committed lesbian couple, with two children.

And that was great for them, but what about Teach. She and Red had been lovers for years, and remained lovers even after Red had her first sexual encounter with LM. Since that time however, it changed. Red spent more of her time with LM and less with Teach. By the time LM was 18, Teach was no longer in Red's bed.

That caused a number of problems for Teach and me. Teach would never tell Red, but her heart was broken. Teach slept alone the nights I did not spend with her. I arranged to spend more than 50% of my evenings with Teach. LM knew, as she was doing the scheduling, and I think she understood why I wanted it that way. Red was so head over heels with LM I don't think it ever occurred to her that I was not making the changes intentionally so that she could have more time with LM alone – which was indeed the result of the new policy. Teach and I have always been so completely in love with each other, that it did fill the hole in her heart, to some extent. But, I knew it still affected her.

The other problem was mine, and all of theirs. But they weren't thinking about it, I was. On LM's twenty-first birthday, I was 70 years of age. Teach was 44 and Red was 45. I was still active and evidently able to produce children. But how many more years I had were unknown to me. My father died on his 76th birthday. His only brother died at age 94. My mother lived until 98. How many years would I live and of those, for how long would I be of any use to my women?

All three of them, say they don't want another man. I suspect they were 50% lying but that left 50% of each answer that was truthful. So, I would accept it on good faith. Still Teach needed someone and there needed to be balance when I am gone. There were children involved now. I had to think about the structure of the family when I passed from the scene. Did I want to see Red move off with LM and my kids, while Teach was on her own? I did not. I wanted my kids raised by all three women and maybe a fourth. And if there was a fourth, might not Teach take another lover?

I was approaching eleven years of real wedded bliss. It had worked out. I loved all three of my wives. I loved each without measure. I have not fallen out of desire for any of them.

But it was time for a change. Normally I speak to all three of them at one time when making significant changes to our home

life. This time I did not. While still at the table following Red's question of whether they had made themselves clear, it was time for me to speak.

I have heard you and I will let you know my mind within the next 48 hours.

You could have heard a pin drop. Then followed an explosion of three voices, all were talking at the very same time. I smiled, got up, kissed each one on the forehead and announced that I was going for a walk. Teach said, *I'm going with you.*

I nodded my consent and left the table.

Teach's fears notwithstanding, I have always looked forward to my time with her and I hope she knows it. It is a simple fact that each day as it passes I am able to say I love her more today than at any previous time. As I said at the beginning of this journal, she's class from the first step she takes into your world to the kiss goodbye at the door when she leaves. With all the craziness of our lives, I do not know how it could have worked out better. For all the beauty that Red and LM bring to me, none of that could have happened without Teach at the very center of my world.

That night as we stepped outside, Teach held my arm tight.

We have been through a lot Jake. I have trusted you and you have never let me down. You have never stopped loving me and I don't think you have stopped now. But something was happening in there that I sure don't understand.

The walk lasted a long time and I took her through my thoughts about my will, the family compound, family dynamics now and maybe in the future, my hopes for her and my fears about where we were headed without a course correction. I acknowledged my propensity for loving – long-term relationships. I pointed out that she needed a lover.

Teach looked at me like I was out of my mind, but I was not having any of that and took her through her feelings about Red; even though I knew it would hurt her. I took her through my end days. I took her through where she would be and how she would be feeling then. At the end, she was in agreement and agreed to participate in the search for a nanny or au pair. She was not happy talking about life after my death and her survivor-hood, but she knew the likelihood ... I would go decades before her.

Amy was no longer in her life. There really was no one else who was in a position to be the love of her life when I was gone.

In my mind, we were looking for two things in one person: a lover for Teach, and a caregiver to the children.

I spent the night as had been planned with Teach and it was a sweet night filled with the care and gentle touch that we often gave to each other. We have changed over the years. Teach's hips were a bit wider, her legs a bit thicker. There were more lines on her face and her breasts needed a bra more now than they had before, but she was still a beautiful woman and my delight. I had changed far more than she had. But she was never going to mention it to me unless I apologized for something related to it, so I kept my mouth shut and enjoyed my loving wife, leaving a deposit of my desire for her to feel, warm and deep within her.

The next day was a weekday and both Teach and Red headed off to work. LM worked for me and cared for the children, which was more than a part time job at their ages. So most of the time I worked alone and she was doing childcare. Once LM got the kids down for their afternoon naps she slid into the office with a sharp question.

Why are you going to do this? It's going to screw everything up around here!

I loved my 21-year-old-wife, but there were moments when I just had to take a deep breath. This was one of those moments.

Talk to me. What do you think I am doing and what am I screwing up?

You're trying to get me interested in someone else so that Mom and Red can get back together and I'm not going to leave Red! I'm NOT! Do you hear me!

What time is it sweetheart?

Don't you sweetheart me you bastard! It's 2:30, why?

When will the kids wake up?

Not before 4.

Good, then sit there and stew for the next 45 minutes until your mother gets home. I've got nothing to say until then.

How dare you tell me...

But I interrupt her.

Damn it LM are you my wife or are you not?

You know I am!

You sure aren't acting like it! Now I have had about all the crap I am going to listen to. You will wait until Teach gets home and then I will proceed to straighten out that head of yours. When I am through I think you're going to owe me an apology!

LM did not see it, but I sent Teach a SMS text message to head home as soon as she could once the kids were released.

LM was less than happy but she sat at her desk and took care of things that did need some attention until about 3:15 when

Teach walked in the front door. I asked LM to get her mother to come to the office and to say nothing else to her. LM wasn't wanting to obey, but she did and Teach walked in to the office with a question mark across her face.

I'm sorry to have to do this Teach, but LM has really gone off the rails and I wasn't going to say anything to her until you were here, as I will not talk behind your back.

Thank you Jake. You don't know how much that has meant to me over the years.

Now LM here thinks I want to hire an au pair so as to break up her relationship with Red so that you might have Red more to you.

She said that? Daughter, is that what you accused your husband of doing? Is it?

Yes.

You don't know your husband very well. I am disappointed in you and I know that you have done your husband harm by thinking such a thing of him. The extra woman in this house was to be for me. Your husband doesn't want Red and you to break up! He recognizes that the two of you are deeply in love, as do I. If we are to have another woman in the house, it was so that I might find someone else. Your husband was concerned about how I would be when he was no longer around. You would have Red but I would be all alone. That was unthinkable to him, and he wants me to have someone just as you have Red.

What? Jake? The Au Pair is for Mom?

Yes.

Holy shit. Does Red know this?

No, I was going to talk with both of you tonight when we were together. And I still need to as Red needs to know.

Are you dying?

No, not yet at least.

You know, Jake, we are going to have real scheduling problems.

Why?

The Au Pair you guys want to add! Because if she's not part of this, how do you hide the rest of this from her?

With a gentle smile on her face, Teach reached over to LM, stroked her daughters cheek, as she explained, *That's my problem to solve with Jake's help. I think we can do it for a while anyway.*

I figured it was time for a little consequences and closure. *Is there an apology floating around somewhere?*

You were right. I was completely wrong, made assumptions that were inconsistent with how you have always acted. I'm sorry.

Apology accepted.

A smile now appeared on LM's face, *So you guys sort'a think Red and I are married too?*

Teach and I both answered *Yes.*

True to all I knew about Teach, burying the hurt she had felt in losing Red, she told her daughter, *Red loves you like there is no tomorrow. You hurt her heart and you'll never hear the end of it from me.*

So that's it, we're a pair for life in your eyes?

Teach looked hard at LM and asked, *Would you have it any other way?*

No, no I wouldn't. I just didn't think you guys would understand. We both love Jake. You know that, don't you?

We know you love him.

So what's the plan for the Au Pair?

Actually an au pair normally only signs up for a year and the limit is two years. Jake and I will be looking for a Nanny. Once a nanny is hired, we'll see if she fits in, if not we will let her go. We look will again until we find one that fits perfectly. She will help you with the kids. I assume from what you have said you plan on another pregnancy soon. So I want a nanny here to take care of the two you have while the third one is in progress. It will be easier on you and on Red, especially as to sleep once the next child arrives.

I'll talk to Red tonight but, LM, you need to be in the room at the same time. Just no interruptions, OK?

Yes, husband.

I did talk with Red that night as planned. She was at first relieved that the plan was for Teach and then when the full impact of what my acknowledgment meant sunk in, there was a combination of panic and elation. The panic was fear that I would think she was somehow leaving me. The elation was the understanding that both Teach and I saw Red and LM as a married couple and that marriage was sacred, not to be disturbed. Red had a wife ... not a sister-wife ... but a wife of her own.

The funny thing is that it changed the interaction between LM, Red and me. Rather than being with them together, now it was the opposite. I could not be with them together, only separately. I asked Teach about it. Her theory was that before we

recognized the marriage, they felt uncomfortable being apart from each other. Once the marriage was recognized, they wanted their time together to be dyadic only. Either could be with me, but the marriage stood apart. I don't know, but as theories go, it worked for me.



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We searched for a nanny and found that we were unable to hire a US citizen as a nanny that we felt we could work with. Just no way. However Teach contacted some placement agencies that handle foreign born individuals. We had to do some travelling to interview them and we were very picky. We ran through two agencies until the third one started providing us with some good candidates.

The contracts the agency provided covered the agency, the nanny, but not us in some ways. I had one of our attorneys redraft the contract to provide both protection for us and a path for the nanny, should she want out or should all of us want to stay together.

A few things in the house needed reorganizing. After LM had moved in with Red we turned LM's room into the nursery. However, with a Nanny in the house that had to change. We moved the Nursery to the second floor adjacent to the Nanny's room.

The first nanny lasted only two months, and by mutual agreement, she was released from her contract. The second nanny was Alina from Kazan in Russia. Her education was of an engineer, but she was working at a dress shop before she came to us. Alina was blond. At 5'4", she was Teach's height. With a very fair complexion and a slight build, she was barely a B cup and not much in the hip department either. She was 26 and had no children. She was as different from Red as she could be. Is that why Teach wanted her? I do not know. It was Teach, who picked her out and said 'this one.'

I was still 71 and Teach was still 45 when Alina came to us that November. LM was four months pregnant.

The first nanny never figured out what our family was about, she just did not work out. Alina however had half of it figured out in a couple of days.

Alina came to Teach and asked, *Ma'am, are you the only one who sleeps with Jake or do the others too?*

Teach responded with a question, *Why do you ask?*

Well Ma'am, the children, they are Jake's are they not?

Yes they are.

Then LM, she slept with Jake, does she still?

Alina, do you need to know this to do your job?

No Ma'am, but it would be nice to understand how this house works.

Sometimes things just come to a place where you just might as well tell the truth and see where the dust settles. Teach is and has always been a smart woman. She swallowed hard, sat down and indicated that Alina should do the same.

OK Alina, I will explain how the house works. All three women in this house are Jake's wives. Each of has her time with our husband. LM and Red are a couple as well and when one of them is not with Jake, then they are together. Does that explain it?

You do not like women, just Jake, Miss?

No, Alina, I like women too.

And Jake, he doesn't mind his wives are lesbians?

No, he prefers this. But Alina, we are not lesbians. We are bisexual and our only man is our husband.

Thank you for explaining Ma'am.

And that was it. Nothing happened for a while. Teach, who had gotten a little excited immediately after the conversation, settled down (with my help). Alina continued to work out fine as a nanny, which was important as the new baby arrived and LM needed the help.

Our third child was our first son, Asher. He was born on the sixth of March 2017. (Becca had been only seven months old when LM conceived again. This raised some eyebrows in the family.) Asher was 9 pounds and 7 ounces. He was as bald as you please and happy from day one. I cannot say if I ever heard Asher cry. His sisters thought he was the greatest present and hovered around him. Who needed dolls? They had Asher.

A word about LM and pregnancy ... She liked it. Yes, the last two months were a pull, but she radiated healthy beauty and happiness throughout. I found her beautiful when pregnant. We happily continued to engage in love making as long as we possibly could. Her lover and her mother, my other two wives, were also enthusiastic in their unbridled support. I must say that LM wore her pregnancies as a badge of honor. It caused my tail feathers to unfurl in undeserved pride.

After Alina had been with us for eight months, I suggested to Teach that she take her on a shopping trip, just the two of them.

Teach reserved a room at the Marriott City Center in Denver and told me not to wear out her sister-wives in her absence.



!! ... Hi, I'm Teach. At least that's what Jake calls me. Jake asked me to tell my own tale here and hand it back to him when my trip to Denver with Alina was over. That's what I have done.

Alina knew something was up as soon as I told her we were going on a trip. LM and Red went on trips together and I would travel with

Jake, but I never travelled without him, except for things to do with the school district. So, when I announced the trip, it was a big deal. Alina wanted to know what to pack. My suggestion was she would need very little as we were going to buy all new things for her. Now she knew something was up, but she didn't know what and I wasn't saying.

We spent the drive down to Denver with my asking her about her family and childhood. I was pretty interested in what school was like for Alina. Did she remember when they taught Algebra? In what grade did they first introduce other languages? How many hours a day and days a year did they spend in school? And so on ... We talked about fashion trends in her hometown and what the kids did to hang out as teens. By the time we got to Denver, we were too busy chatting to be figuring anything out!

We got into the city by 2pm and I suggested we go the mall at Cherry Creek and start our shopping there. We could check in to our room later. Parking is easy at that mall and the shops are wonderful. Alina needed dresses, she needed blouses and skirts, she needed slips and shoes and on and on. Jake and I had established an expected budget but it wasn't hard and fast. I would make the decisions. He asked for two things of me beyond the use of my best judgment, which went without saying. Get rid of all pantyhose. He didn't care if he wasn't bedding her. If she lived under his roof, it was his request that the garment not be worn. OK, I know he's a little weird on that one, but he is my husband. As far as I am concerned, what he says goes unless I am convinced some horrible disaster will follow from it. The second was attractive footwear. Once again, you have to know Jake. What Alina had was fine, but Jake has this thing about heavy or 'clunky' shoes. She could have shoes, boots, and flats, but if they weren't flats they should have stiletto heels of three inches or better. The flats should be as minimal as possible as if she were more bare footed. Weird? Maybe, but the guy's got a foot/shoe fetish. Leave him alone, it's his home, his wives and his nanny for his kids. And it's harmless. He's paying for it all, right?

We didn't get all the shopping done, but we made a dent. Alina did need new bras and the Victoria's Secret there has a wide selection and gave us real help in finding her size in the right bra. Now that we

really know her exact needs, I will be able to order more on-line for her. She was ecstatic. It turns out she has never had a bra that fit before. This was so much fun!

But before we went into that shop I took Alina to a quiet bench and I had my first 'Jake would like' talk with her; which is really the way he talks to you. He never demands, he asks, he "prefers if," and if Jake is important to you, you do as he asks.

So I explained that in our home all the women wore hose with garters. She said that she had noted that and why was it? I told her that Jake preferred it. And even though she was not Jake's wife, or disrobing for him, it would be a sign of respect for his feelings if she did the same.

Her response was yes of course she will, but she really didn't know how to wear a garter or select that type of hose. That of course was my job and I told her to allow me to take care of that. And so we ended up purchasing bras, hose, garter belts and a variety of really pretty slips which she needed desperately.

That afternoon, with all the shopping we did, we ended up making three trips back to the car because it was simply too much to carry.

Later over a simple supper of salads while still at the mall, Alina told me she had thought that I was taking her to get some of those "French maid" outfits! I had to laugh. And then she relaxed.

It's not like that?

No. You are to be yourself. We are not play-acting roles.

I don't have to do anything ... different?

No. You are not required to do anything except what the contract calls for, to be our nanny.

But you are treating me like family are you not?

In some ways yes, but not fully. You can decide how much you want to be part of our family.

How do I do that? I don't know the rules!

Well if you want to know, we will talk later after we get to the hotel. But please remember, it is not required of you and nothing bad will happen if you do not join the family.

I will listen to you and then I will see.

Good now let's go check into the hotel! I am beat.

The trip to the hotel from the mall during rush hour is to be avoided which is why we had our salad supper at the mall. When we got to the hotel, I used the valet service for the car as it would be a lot easier on us and that counted for a lot.

The room was nice with two queen size beds. Alina showed no problems sharing a room, and in truth I hadn't thought a thing about it as I always shared rooms with women when traveling. The school district doesn't pay for single rooms, you have to double up! Red told me later that I was assuming things, but it did work out fine.

Once we got settled, Alina was anxious and asked if I would talk about the family.

So I settled on my bed, propped a couple of pillows behind my head and figured, what the hell, I'll either be OK or screw it up. There was no way to know, but so long as I didn't mention LM's involvement before age 18, there was little anyone was really going to do to us. And if we lost this nanny, well the most difficult part of the first few months of child #3 were over. And so I began.

Jake never wanted to get married. He thinks he screwed up and roped me into marriage twelve years ago, but that isn't right. He was a gentleman and did everything he could to be decent to me and my child while avoiding marriage at all costs. But he was too nice and I used his own words and unwillingness to hurt me to get his hand in marriage. We made friends with Red and I fell for her hard. Jake had

no intention of having two wives, but once again he is a softy. Red was becoming part of our life and I made it clear that if she was to be in our family that he had to recognize her as a wife with equal standing. And so about ten years ago she became his second wife.

You used to be Red's lover while married to Jake?

Yes.

But Red and LM are a couple, I don't understand.

That happened later. Remember that LM is only twenty-two. Ten years ago she was twelve! As LM got older Jake kept on talking to LM about finding a boyfriend. She had lots of girlfriends but would always say she was saving herself for Jake. And Jake would point out that he was far too old for her. But you can't argue with LM and win easily. She was determined that when she turned 18 she would have as many children by Jake as was possible before he died. I have been unable to bear his children. Jake kept on trying to talk her out of it, but LM just got more determined. I finally interceded and told Jake that he just needed to give up to keep peace in the family. He was not happy but he did give in and that's why you are here. LM is Jake's third wife and loves him, but she is, in all other respects a lesbian by nature and sought out Red when she was old enough. I love Red, but I am not a lesbian, I am bi I guess. I am Jake's wife first and it never occurred to me that Red and LM would develop an exclusive lesbian relationship – with the very big exception that they both love Jake and are active in their duties as wives too! So at some point I did lose Red to LM, but LM's my daughter and it's OK.

Alina was silent, her eyes showing both confusion and surprise. I continued.

All three of us are loving wives to Jake. That will not change until he dies. He is a good man and we have a good life. There is no requirement that you ever enter his bedroom, but if you do, since you are not a wife, one of his wives must be present. You cannot marry Jake without a real and serious history with us in the family and agreement of the other wives. Jake would tell you it is nuts to want to marry him. I disagree with him and always have. You and I can

become intimate, and Jake does not have to be there, but that relationship if we both want it would not be a committed one to the extent that Jake will always come first with me. Does that answer your questions?

Yes. I guess. Do you want me as your lover? Is that why we are here?

*Jake wants us to be lovers. He is afraid that when he dies I will be all alone. I find you very attractive and in fact, it was I who picked you out. I did that with the clear knowledge that I might be choosing my lover. I can't take you as a lover unless that is what you want too. Everything we do, we do by consent in our home. I would like to make love to you, but I would prefer to share you with Jake. I think I have to ask you, **what do you want Alina?** You can have things just as they have been these last months. This shopping trip does not change that. There is no obligation or expectation that just because I, or Jake, have appetites that you should too.*

I have never made love to a woman. I am both scared and excited by the thought. I would not want to be with Jake without you there. I like him and he is always nice to me. But I am unsure about being with him. While we are here, away from everyone, maybe you could teach me about being with a woman?

Come here and hold me child. Let us sleep.

And she did. We didn't make love. We did hold each other and eventually fell asleep in each other's arms. She smelled so nice and cuddled so close. I was in heaven. I was forty-six, close to twice this child's age, so young and pretty. Is this how Jake felt when he held me?

The next day I had us booked for the entire day into a day spa. If you have had the experience, I don't need to tell you and if you haven't, go, there is nothing that I am going to say here that will come close to the sense of luxurious vanity one gets for a day. I don't know if I have a right to feel so pampered, but it sure felt good!

Alina and I didn't see each other during the day and only joined up as we left for another light supper, this one at the hotel.

As soon as supper was over, we headed back to the room. There was a noticeable excitement between us. When we got to the room, I decided I needed to be in charge and in control. As soon as the door closed, I spoke to Alina, instructing her to undress and wait for me on the bed. I entered the bathroom to disrobe, not for my privacy, but to give Alina some privacy, as she got ready. I put some perfume on and exited the bathroom. Alina was ready for me.

After a day of organized luxury, the flow into foreplay seemed natural. I have only had a few female lovers and Red was by far the most knowledgeable and capable. I never had any lover of my own so young compared to my age. When Jake and I had the schoolteacher, she was 23 but I was only 34! This time it felt different and Jake wasn't there to help and guide. I'm glad he thinks I'm perfect and always know what to do, but he is wrong on that score.

So while I was in control I was also fumbling around a bit. This was the first time I was completely responsible for the pacing of the lovemaking with someone who had no clue. Whether it was Red or Jake, they always set the pace. Jake is right – I had long term affairs with Amy and Carole, who Jake knows but never made love to, but there was far less lovemaking alone with them than Jake seems to think.

It has been twelve years since I was a working girl. In those days I need to be in control, but I haven't needed to be that girl for a long time.

Being in total control is was both exhilarating and daunting. But one you can never control is sensitivity of another woman's pussy. I would have to learn about Alina's.

I leaned into her womanhood. I had to know what she tasted like. Cucumbers? She tasted like... cucumbers? Huh? Oh, of course! The spa! Oh well, I would have to take a taste in the morning, maybe after a shower.

The lovemaking was slow and deliberate. We got to know each other, intimately. I took hours and I am pleased to report that I got her cookie off three times. Her breasts where so sensitive; just licking

them sent her over. Her clit was so sensitive that Jake, if he ever has access to her, will need to be warned, as it would turn into pain for her quickly if he was too firm in his touching. She wasn't ready to have anyone touch her anus. That would have to come later.

Her toes curl up when she cums. She was so sweet. She was talking to me and moaning all through the lovemaking. Asking for this; thanking for that. After she came that third time, there was panic in her face.

She was about to cry! What, what was wrong? She was mortified. She hadn't done anything to please me! Oh sweet child. It was OK, but it wasn't, not for her and she pushed me onto my back and proceeded to give as well as she had gotten. She was all over me with an urgency I cannot begin to describe. All I know is that if she could have consumed me, there would be no trace of me today.

I can't remember when the lovemaking stopped. All I can say is that at some point it was morning and I was waking up still wrapped around my lovely Alina.

This was another day of shopping. I had no doubt and evidently, she didn't either; we were to be a couple. There was a new enthusiasm in how she looked in this or that as she tried things on; where might she wear such a thing? How would I like to see her dressed? What colors did I think looked best on her during the day? What colors were best for her to wear in our bedroom, for me? Did I want her in a teddy, slip or PJ's?

I bought her a brooch to commemorate our initial union.

She asked me if I thought there might come a time when we lived together like Red and LM. I took a page out of Jake's book. When stumped, tell the truth as best you know it. I told her that until last night the concept hadn't even entered my head but as of this morning, it had. We would just have to see where things took us.

By the time we were done at mid-afternoon both of us were completely shopped out and both of us wanted to head back to the hotel. When we got back, I took a shower and asked Alina to do the

same. Once we had toweled off, I reached out to take her gently into my arms. Alina would have none of that.

She pushed me down on the bed, spread my legs and ran her tongue as deep into me as she knew how to do. Her hands where on my ass cheeks and her face was affixed to my groin, so as to never be pulled apart. I had no control. She brought me off so many times I have no count.

Every once in a while I would try to take control but she wouldn't let me. I eventually gave up and became her sex-toy doll for hours. Only Jake has taken so complete control of me. It is an experience you don't quickly forget. It comes from the most primal passion. It had been unleashed in Alina.

This was not the timid girl of early yesterday evening. This was a woman claiming what was hers.

The lovemaking stopped for dinner. No salads tonight. Dinner was rib eye steak and baked potato. We both ate with abandon. Back in the room, the lovemaking was at a slower and more equal pace. Once again, I didn't remember going to sleep.

In the morning it was time to head home. It was a different world for me beyond the headlights. I am still Jake's wife and will always be, but my love sits to the right of me, and she ... oh shit ... I can't even think of how to express it. God, don't let her leave. I really think I do love her. What happens now?



This is Jake. You and I read this together. My heart is happy for Teach. A little sad for me? I don't know. I was getting so old that the girls needed to find loves, who wouldn't die on them within the next decade, or tomorrow – who was I kidding. I don't know how long I have. Maybe it was time for Teach to transfer her primary obligation from me to someone else. Hell I'd had a great ride and they were not dumping me, just adjusting.

I must admit, the intensity I read of Teach's feelings for Alina was amazing.

For four days after they came back I hardly saw Teach. LM and Red hovered around me, protecting me, and my feelings, but they really didn't need to do that. I was not alone. Alina did return to her nanny responsibilities during the day while Teach was at school. LM said that all as far as she could tell, all was OK.

We normally ate dinner together and Alina had been at the table but Teach had been missing. Then on the fifth evening Teach came to the table. She kissed Alina before sitting but took her place at my side and kissed me, long and sweet.

Thank you husband for your quiet indulgence of my behavior.

Teach, we have been with each other too long for me not to give you your own head.

Jake, I'm not a horse, so the metaphor is less than apt, but yes and I appreciated it. ... LM, can you rework the schedule, to give me Jake, for the next five nights?

Of course Mom.

Red is that OK with you too?

Yes.

Husband I have missed you.

I've missed you too, Teach.

And with that, dinner began in earnest.

That night Teach and I simply loved each other. Once we had both cum, me twice and she, enough that I wasn't counting, she cuddled in my arms and we talked.

I imagine I feel about Alina the way Red felt at first about LM with the exception that I wasn't afraid that I had broken the law and screwed up everything else that mattered. She took my breath away.

So it has seemed.

She wants to join the family Jake.

She already has, my love.

But she hasn't been with you.

And she doesn't need to be with me.

Yes, she does. She wants to be.

Are you sure that's not you talking?

I'm sure Jake. I gave her the choice of just being with me. She didn't know at first, but she has been watching your other wives circle around you in a protective dance that opened her eyes to how important you were to all of us. She and I talked about the depth of my love for you, and why I am willing to share you. Last night she told me that she felt horrible. Red and LM weren't mean to her, but they were, in their concern for you, shutting Alina out. She asked for the following. That I return to you without her so that all will know she knows her place. And at such a time as you think it is appropriate, that you allow her to join us as a third person in the room.

You still haven't explained why she wants to lie with me.

Alina is not a lesbian. She and I can and do have a very close relationship, but she needs a man between her legs. If she is to stay here, you are that man, there can be no one other. You created that rule, husband, many years ago.

Then that is how it shall be.

Thank you, husband.

Do you love her Teach?

Yes Jake, I do.

Good. Very good. Let's get some sleep.

Teach and I talked, at length, the next night, about her feelings for Alina. For Teach, who is bi, but more straight than Lesbian in her primary orientation the feelings she had for Alina were extremely disconcerting. The days they had together were very much needed. They needed to bond and they have. The third night I sent Teach back to Alina and I was intending to spend it alone. I had told Teach to come back the next night with Alina.

When Red became aware, I was alone – she and LM asked permission to enter.

As I wasn't expecting to have company, I had skipped taking a Viagra and in truth I wasn't expecting to do anything but talk when the women came to see me, but Red went into the bathroom and brought one to me. I looked at her, smiled and took it.

Well wives, what say you?

Jake, LM and I have had our eyes opened this past week and we have not liked what we saw in the mirror about our own behavior. We love you and we think you do know that is true, but we have been so wrapped up in each other these last four years that we have shut both you and Teach out. In some ways, it was harder on Teach than it was on you and I think you would agree with us on that.

Yes I would, Red. It concerned me greatly. I didn't blame the two of you, I just knew I needed to do something for Teach.

Well LM and I have been doing just about nothing but talking these last five days. I think ... no we both think that we really messed up. We need to be with you both individually and together. We need not to make decisions for the two of us – we need to be making decisions for the four of us.

Red very shortly it may be the five of us. Teach has fallen in love.

Have you been with her?

No, Teach will bring her to me tomorrow, but as per our understandings. I will not be alone with her. Teach will be there the whole time.

Do you want her?

It's not as easy as that. Alina is bi and does love Teach, but she – as is Teach – is primarily oriented towards males. Unless we change the rules, I am the only swinging dick allowed, so if Alina is to stay with Teach, Alina gets me too. If I say no to Alina, look what I do to Teach!

We screwed up even worse than we knew.

I wouldn't say that. It's just complicated that's all. If you think this is difficult, think of what it will be like when I die.

You trying to tell us something Jake?

No, I'm healthy for now.

OK, well LM and I will wait until you have been with her and then we need to consider how she fits in.

LM had been quiet until now, but something had tripped a switch in her unique brain, She's 26 right? Well she doesn't get wife status unless she's going to carry your children!

LM, we'll just have to see about that. In the meantime, what did I take that pill for?

That night for the first time in a long time I had both women together. This time was different from what it had ever been. More love maybe a little light on the passion, but real heavy on pleasing me. LM at some point looked me in the eyes after kissing me and simply said, *You are the only boy or man I have ever wanted. There has never been another in my world. You are the father of my three beautiful children and I will spit fire and eat nails before anyone ever hurts you. Mom may think Alina deserves you and maybe she is right, but no woman is going to get close to you unless she loves you, and will be good to you, if I have anything to say about it. You and Red and Teach can say what you will, I'm your gatekeeper and the mother of your children. Alina needs to convince me she should be with you.*

Red looked at LM and then at me, kissed my lips lightly and said the obvious. *She's pulling rank and no one in this house outranks her.*

Red was right.

LM, find her tomorrow morning. I will talk with your mother. But LM, she may be as hardheaded as you are. Don't get into a pissing contest. If she is genuine, allow her through the gate.

OK Jake.

In the morning we were a pile of three bodies when Teach slid into the room. After her momentary surprise and my warm smile, she came to me and said she would see me tonight. I rolled my eyes and told her we had a small complication. LM was still supine on the bed, across one of my legs, with eyes closed and steady breathing, (was she asleep? I could not tell) when I explained to Teach that her daughter was pulling rank and demanding to talk with Alina before she came to me tonight. Teach was about to argue – I stopped her.

Have you ever won a fight with your daughter once she digs her heels in?

No.

Well this is one of those times.

Teach sighed, stroked her daughter's head and whispered in LM's ear. LM, kissed her mother on the cheek and they held hands briefly. Teach left to take care of morning duties. I gently got my other two wives in motion and out of the bed. Today I would ignore the doings in the house.

Now with Alina as nanny, LM normally joins me by 9am. Today she joined me at 2pm. In her four-inch stilettos and on those beautiful long legs she walked up to me and sat on my lap.

Husband, you are going to have a wonderful evening. I will bet you that by morning you will be begging us to add a new wife to the fold. You will however be denied until she is with child. At which point the addition will be automatic. By the way, Mom forgot to tell her to shave her pussy. I took care of that.

And with that, I got a kiss and we got back to work. Not another word was said between us on the subject of Alina.

Dinner that night was a full table. Teach on one side of me with Alina next to her. Red on my other side, but LM was not next to her. LM had stationed herself at the other end of the table. She was by that move, announcing a change in the balance of power in the house. I might have three wives on that night, but there was only one mother of my children and she was claiming her role, first among equals. No one was arguing. LM had in that simple physical statement reshuffled the house once again. From the nine-year-old who dry humped my pants leg to the first lady of the house. It was a statement to all of us, but most of all it was a statement to Alina. Alina had heard it earlier today. Tonight LM showed her *bona fides* for what she had done and

said earlier in the day. Whatever had transpired was now sealed. The rest of us did not know.

After we cleaned up dinner, Teach led Alina into my bedroom. Some years ago the shoe was on the other foot between Teach and me. Tonight it was turn-about. By the time I got to my room both women were in garter belts, hose and high heels and not a blessed thing more. In her middle forties Teach was still a looker, but Alina at 26 was truly remarkable. I walked up to Alina and took her right hand in my two hands.

Alina, I am here tonight with you in my bedroom because my wife, who I love, more than I can express to you, has told me that you want to join me in sexual relations. For an old man to be told such a thing, of a woman as young and desirable as you, is intoxicating. But before I act foolishly on such a statement allow me to tell you that at no time will your presence in this house be predicated on whether we consummate anything here between us. I know my wife loves you and she tells me you love her. Nothing could make me more pleased than to know this. In my estimation, that alone has earned you a place in this house. Not having relations with me will not affect your relationship with Teach. Not now and not ever. There should be only one reason to seek out my bed and that is because you want to create an intimate relationship with me. I cannot think of a good reason for you to want to do that. If you do, I will be more than happy to lay with you, impregnate you and call you mine. The choice is yours.

Teach was about to say something but Alina quickly turned to her and shook her head. Teach stood mute.

You are the master of this house. Not my Teach, not Red and not even LM, although, she has great power. This is your house in which I live and in which I hope to live for many years. I did not see you as a desirable man when I first entered your doors. As you say, you are an old man and I am a young woman. But your power, your way of living with your women and your gentle use of the power you have, is very sexy. You may be an

old goat, but you have attracted my attention. From the very first day I was romantic with Teach, she told me that you had no expectations or requirements. She told me then and LM told me this morning, that all of your women were told by you that they should not marry you. You have never sought marriage and yet you have three wives! What three women already know is very much the same reason I seek you out tonight. You could not talk them out of it and you will not talk me out of it. This morning I met with LM. We talked about children. My role in your world will be to bear you children and take care of all your children. I submit to your authority and seek your love. Will you give me your love?

Yes.

And so Alina came into my arms. What craziness! That these women should convince themselves, as to my worth and desirability, is nuts!

This young woman, so slight in build, was pure movement; her hands, mouth, legs and pussy all went into action at the same time. She was going to make me get her off and she was not going to suffer any failure. She had me hard in a nanosecond and I was inside her not much after that. No foreplay here. Foreplay and the real deal happened simultaneously. She was stimulating me, and herself, and at the same time pushing my body to give her a baby the first time at it! I had nothing to do with the river flowing out of her pussy. She was wet from the get go! She mounted me and found bottom on the first thrust. Not that she was large. She was not much larger than LM was at 14! I swear we tore through things on her way to bottom but she was not hanging around to count the wounded. She pounded my dick. I was holding on for dear life.

Teach had told me about her hesitancy as to her ass, so I decided to check it out. My hands were on her ass cheeks. It did not take much to move one towards her crack. As she bounced up and down she was driving one of my fingers into her ass crack. At first, she did not notice it and then when she did, her

eyes got very large, I just smiled back and drove in further. First one knuckle, and then two, and then all the way. She was getting her ass pounded thoroughly. With action in both holes nonstop, she blew a gasket. Screaming, over and over, and pouring a fair puddle of her own juices on me. She was a fully loaded freight train and I was a penny on a rail.

This first contact lasted no more than fifteen minutes before she was spent and almost out of it. She folded down over me and just rested. I signaled Teach to join us and snuggle next to me.

Teach slid her body in, in the process, becoming anointed with various body fluids. She smiled on my bewildered stare and whispered to me...*Imagine seven days of that! I had no idea what it would be like to ride a rodeo bull and then she exploded in my head. I will warn her to take it a bit easy. I don't want her fucking you to death! And I can't wait to see Red's face once Alina has taken her! I gather that LM got the ride of her life this morning.*

An hour later Alina recovered and wanted another go at the old man and I was hard enough to get started. This second time I actually was able to taste her pussy and enjoy the girl's charms. She did have charms. Eventually I did cum again. Teach then escorted Alina back to her room before rejoining me. We showered, changed the sheets and loved each other for a very long time before we both drifted off.

Dinner the next day brought yet more changes courtesy of LM.

LM announced, *New rules!*

She was back at her new spot at the table. Now that she had gotten our attention with her pronouncement, she took a breath and continued.

There are now two women eligible to carry Jake's future children. From now on one of us will be pregnant at all times. While we are trying to get pregnant, we will have access to Jake

every night until we are pregnant. Following that, the normal rotation will be in force. When one of us reaches her eight month, the other will start again. Comments?

Yes I have three. As your husband I believe there has always been a rule that I get to review changes in this house and that all my wives are to have a say on things that affect them. Is that not so LM?

Yes, husband. But this is so important!

LM, that is the very reason why I cannot permit you to make a unilateral decision in this matter. I acknowledge you have claimed a special position in this house and not without some justification. But you have taken a step too far this time. Now I will, lay out my concerns, listen to concerns and other comments from my wives, and from Alina, who is impacted by your pronouncement as well. But before I do that, I wish to make something clear to all at this table. ... Wives, you should know that Alina wishes to join you as a wife. She wishes to bear my children and she is as determined in her own way as was LM so many years ago. Do not allow this seemingly delicate woman to bamboozle you. She is all grit and determination. She wants in 100%. ... My concerns about LM's plan have to do with the time between pregnancies, there is too little; and the access to me. I see no reason to alter the rotation. I do not want brood mares. I have wives and allow me to enjoy you as that. My last concern with that I don't want LM to bind Alina's actions now or ever. Each of you must be free to act on your own accord. ... OK, I've had my say. Teach first, then Red and then Alina. OK?

Jake, you have spoken much as I would have. I want to see no less than 15 months between each pregnancy from now on. However, I can see the reason for changing the access to your bed during times of fertility at the fifteenth month and on. And how many children are we talking about anyway? LM, I know what you always said, but I took that as a bit of hyperbole. How many?

Though the question had been asked of LM, she would have to wait for the others to speak. It was Red's turn and though she had little to add, she was not going to relinquish her turn.

I'm with Teach and have nothing to add Jake.

Is it my turn, yes? Ok ... well if I am not pregnant now I intend to be by the end of this month. As I do not know how easy it will be for me, I think what LM said about my having Jake, well I like this. I do not know how many I will want to have. I have never had a child. Can I say, ask me after I have one?

LM had been fidgeting and playing with a fork and her napkin. Now she could speak and she was in a state of high dudgeon. *How many? A damned football team. Husband so long as there is sperm in your body to make babies, I'm going to have them and waiting 15 months is too long, you might not last that long! All we have are three now! Jake, you are 72! Our oldest, Ruth is only five, Rebecca is three and Asher is four months. I have been waiting too long as it is!*

LM, I don't want you and I to have a football team. You have three wonderful children. You want another one, talk to me about it in a year! Alina, having heard what you have tonight, are you still intent on having a child by me?

Yes

Then have one and we will talk about it 15 months later. Addressing my wives, I continued, *I will accede to Alina's desire for access this month only to get her pregnant if possible. Any other comments?*

There was. I had bypassed my obligation to Red and she was not going to let that pass.

You said Alina wants to become a wife. Is that what you want Jake?

Red, have I ever asked any of you to marry?

Good point, we married you by our demand each time. But the other wives agreed each time.

That's right. So it seems to me like Alina needs to convince you. She's already convinced Teach and LM. Or do I have that wrong?

There was no dispute. Alina looked across the table at Red and then looked at me. And then she did the totally unexpected thing which I have come to expect from Alina. *Red, would you bring me to Jake's bedroom tonight?*

Red looked at Teach, Teach nodded her consent. Red looked at LM, LM nodded her consent. Red looked at me and I just looked back signaling nothing. Red looked at Alina with a curious look I could not decipher. *Come to my room at 8 tonight and we will go to Jake's room together.*

Teach asked LM to help her with something on her computer that evening once she got the children down. Dinner began.

Red and Alina came to my bedroom as expected. I had a guess that the freight train would be directed at Red tonight and I was not surprised. Red however was more like a deer caught in the headlights. Alina gave Red no mercy or shelter. She attacked Red. She was on a mission. No woman in this house would be able to say they 'tolerated' Alina.

All would have cum until there was no more juice in their bodies. And all would know that Alina was playing with all her chips on the table. Nothing was held back. Alina kept Red going nonstop from a little after 8pm until 11pm. At which point Red begged for mercy and Alina attacked her for another 30 minutes refusing to offer mercy. I finally pulled Alina off Red at 11:30, and told her she was a bad girl and took her in a way she hadn't expected, my cock straight up her ass. She howled but she came and then came, over and over again. She wasn't

going to become pregnant from tonight's session even though I did cum in her. Now it was she, who looked like the deer in the headlight. Once I was done, I whispered in her ear, *Now you are mine Alina. Welcome to the family, wife.*

Red smiled, nodded and nodded off.

And that is how we stayed, we would add no more wives, but in the next four years we added more children; Lily (dob 12 May 2018) was Alina's first and Abraham (dob 29 March 2019) was LM's second son. Then came Irina (dob 12 April 2021) Alina's second child.



11

It was November and I was 77. LM was 28, Teach was 51, Red was 52 and Alina was 32. One old fart, an AK¹, with four beautiful wives and six minor children. That meant there were eleven of us! Imagine! Eleven birthdays each year; eleven for breakfast and dinner each day. That is not inconsequential. We talked about having help, but that caused further problems.

I was too damned old to be of any real use. For the adult meals, each wife took responsibility for two days a week worth of dinners. Saturday and Sunday dinners would be with two wives in the kitchen. Friday nights we would go out to dinner or have pizza delivered. The kid's meals were the responsibility of Alina and LM. When either of the two mothers cooked, the kids ate what we ate. When Red or Teach were in the kitchen the kid's meals were different from that of the adults.

All other child care was the responsibility of the two mothers. Teach and I, in the early days, had split laundry and other household tasks. As I got older, and the family grew, Teach covered my needs and the women otherwise pooled their efforts with Red overseeing LM's scheduling.

When we built the house I was smart enough to install two large industrial size, high quality clothes washer and dryers.

The kitchen was also equipped with a restaurant sized, high quality range, large fan exhausts, fridge and stand-alone freezer. There were two large ovens and separate broiler, two microwaves and a restaurant size and style dishwasher. The pantry was huge. The variety and sizes of pots and pans was somewhat intimidating. We could make anything there and we often had fun on the weekends with some amazing meals. Holiday meals were far easier on us than on many families.

¹ Alte Kaker (Yiddish) old shitter

Of all of us, only two regularly went to work outside the home each morning, Teach and Red. They both left at 7:30 each weekday morning but in two separate vehicles. Teach would get home by 4:30. Red would walk in around 5:30. Red's meal during the weekdays was always something that did not take a lot of prep time. It is hard to get home at 5:30 from a full day at work, whip up a complex meal for five and have it on the table by 7:00! On occasion, she would walk in from work with cartons of Chinese take-out. We never complained. Besides, I like Chinese take-out.

If I was to ask you, who was most likely to throw a monkey wrench into the works, if you didn't answer LM, well fuck you – you just have not been paying attention.

Why is it always LM? Think about it. She is attached to me in a way that none of the others are or could be. I have never understood what happened when she was nine years of age, but something happened and nothing has changed her on that issue since. For her I am 'her world' – for real, age notwithstanding. But it is not just 'her' world. Look at how she went over the edge about Alina having my children. So what was it this time? If you were doing your arithmetics you would note that Ruth is nine now. Does that ring any bells?

Evidently, while other mothers told their daughters, more common bedtime stories, my youngest wife had been filling her eldest daughter's head with tales of becoming one of the special women of the covenant. What covenant, you ask? The one between my wives and me I guess.

On Ruth's 9th birthday, LM brought her to my bedroom on LM's night. Ruth was in a bathrobe and was barefoot when she entered the bedroom. LM sent her directly into the master bath and told Ruth to stay there until LM came for her.

Once the bathroom door was closed, I quietly but with great earnestness asked LM what was going on. She told me that Ruth was ready to take her part in the long path to her womanhood

in the family. I asked LM, *what part of incest do you not understand?*

She ignored me and started explaining... but I was not listening. I picked up the phone and dialed Teach's cell – and said, *Get in here NOW.*

And then, I did the same to Red. As it happened Alina was with Teach and she came too. While I was not ready to explain all this to Alina, it was not something I could control.

It took less than 30 seconds to assemble the troops and another 30 seconds to explain the situation to all except Alina – who would just have to hang loose.

I'm not doing this again. I lived for years with the issue of an underage LM's sexual exploits. Not again!

Teach was, at least, sympathetic, Red was laughing and Alina was desperately trying to get a word in edgewise. Finally she succeeded.

Jake, are you saying that you didn't know, and wouldn't have permitted this?

Yes Alina, that's what I am saying. What are you saying?

I'm saying that LM and I, under her guidance, have been training all three girls on this from the very beginning – even before they could talk. Each of them is looking forward to this. It has been the bedrock upon which they have been brought up to see our universe. If you refuse, you will do great damage to all the girls!

At which point Red started laughing again, and Teach gave me the – you have lost again – look.

Teach quietly asked Alina what she meant. Alina explained that each girl was told that as they approached the time when they

would start menstruation, that I would introduce them to the pleasures of what it would be like to be a woman. I would be the role model with whom they would learn the secrets of successful women and once all the lessons were learned I would require them to stop being with me as they made their way in the world. Once they completed their sexual education and had experienced some of the world, they might ask for inclusion into our circle!

I decided it was better to continue speaking with Alina and leave LM to stew for a bit. *You two have taught each girl this myth?*

Yes Jake and we talk about it almost every night as they go to bed. Rebecca is old enough that she knows Ruth is with you tonight and I had a hard time getting her to sleep! They're excited. If you turn Ruth away the consequences will be traumatic! If I had only known I would have told you, but LM has been doing it since the girls were born, the harm started before I arrived.

LM, I can't begin to describe my upset, with you, right now.

It didn't hurt me Jake! It isn't hurting them!

There was no good option. The only option was to limit the damage, but I didn't know how to do that! One thing I was sure of, was that I didn't want LM in the room. *Teach you stay. Everyone else go – including you LM. No arguing.*

They went. I looked at Teach.

Help me?

She nodded.

OK, go bring me Ruth.

Teach went into the bathroom alone. Three minutes later...

Ruth came out of the bathroom alone.

She was dressed as her mother had been the night her mother and her grandmother prepared me for marriage in the room at the Monte Carlo. The high heels and the garter belt, no panties, and hose on that child. There was even a Gardenia on the wrist, and the same perfume. Her lips had lipstick on them, a soft pink rose color, which matched her eye shadow. Her eyelashes had been given the mascara treatment. Her nails, fingers and toes, were polished. She wore earrings and a simple gold necklace. Yes, I remembered the perfume.

But this little one had been coached by LM and not Teach. Teach at least, evidently, had some sense of restraint. I had not appreciated it at the time, but with LM as the tutor, this time was different. Ruth stood straight, looked me right in the eye. She was not scared. She was here to claim her rightful place in the world!

Mother told me that I should stand like this and you would touch me all over. And after you did that, you would bring me to your bed where I would take your clothes off. Mother told me to tell you that I have been practicing with dildos for the last six months. I will take you inside me without injury.

Teach had been listening to all this from the bathroom. Now she slid out behind the child and made her way to the bedroom door. She gave me a look, which I could not interpret and closed the door behind her as she left.

I felt very alone in the room with Ruth. I did not think that LM understood the risk she was forcing me into taking and the risk for us as a family, for her, for the kids. I was sad to the deepest place in my heart. Here in front of me was a highly sexualized version of LM as she was at age 9, and that is saying something.

Ruth knew in her heart that what she was doing was both right and necessary. You do not mess with that easily... and if we were lucky, nothing bad would happen – maybe.

I got up and talked to the child. I knelt down and took her in my arms. I just held her for a bit, but she started squirming.

Don't you want to touch me? Is there something wrong with me?

No child, you are perfect.

Then why aren't you touching me all over like Mom said you would?

Patience Ruth, patience.

But, patience wasn't going to cut it. Ruth was about to have a meltdown, right then and there. I either, needed to stop her and deal with a meltdown, or we needed to get on with the program.

I ran my palm over her head and down her back settling on her rump. She settled down. I kissed her forehead, her cheeks and her neck. I kissed closed eyes and then her ears. The hand on her rear glided down over her left leg and down to her heel. My left hand gently lifted up her chin and I kissed her neck. I kissed my way down her flat chest to her belly.

Remaining on my knees, I righted myself, held her head between my hands and told Ruth that we would move to the bed. Her eyes sparkled. She nodded and followed me once I got up, which is harder for a man of 77 to do than you may think.

Ruth this time I will undress myself and I will lie on my back. You will do what is expected of you today and then we will talk about it. OK?

Mom told me that this might be what you would do. I know what to do. Thanks!

And so I deliberately disrobed, folding my clothes and putting things away. I had taken a Viagra before LM had come into the room so that was not an issue. I lay down.

I had a woody. Why lie about it? Ruth climbed onto the bed and squatted over my cock and just before she began, I stopped her. Was she wet enough? If not she would rip herself apart! I reached down to her pussy, it was coated with KY jelly. LM had made sure Ruth would be OK physically but she had no idea what this might do to the child long term. No one in the world was ever going to be like LM on the inside. Evidently, the only one who did not know that was LM!

I relinquished control. Ruth centered herself on my uplifted member and slowly engulfed it. All of it. If LM had felt like pushing a rock through a straw, this time the rock was slick with the KY and the heat of Ruth's pussy felt like she was running a temperature, she was so physically hot. How can I explain how tight it felt? There are no words. It felt so not possible. And yet Ruth started rocking up and back down on my cock. Faster and faster. Her arms were out straight and placed against my chest as her body bounced up and down. She could not cum. She was too young.

Ruth stated talking to me, or to some phantom in the room. *You're going to cum for me. You need me. You want me. You can't live without me.*

I could cum and as Ruth's body squeezed my member beyond where it could go and provided the needed friction, I came inside Ruth with a force far more intense that I had imagined. My cum blew into Ruth with real power. This is the one thing that Ruth could not have planned for and it did take her breath away.

She rolled off me and we snuggled a bit. Following which came LM's training for act two. Ruth slid down and using her mouth, cleaned me up before collecting her robe and departing.

That was the end of the evening as I sunk into sleep alone. But, it wasn't the end of Ruth. I awoke the next morning with a new Hoover on my cock. Ruth was back in the room. She was taking full advantage of her access to my body. LM had taught her very well. I lasted only about five minutes.

I kissed Ruth's forehead and sent her off. I then called a meeting of my wives for 5:30 that evening. No one would have to take off work. The older children would watch the younger ones, with the exception of the infant who would be with us. By now Ruth was 9; Rebeca was 7; Asher was 5; Lily was 4; Abraham was 3; the infant, Irina was 18 months.

I gave LM a job to do the first thing in the morning when she showed up. I asked her to research incest and statutory rape prosecutions in our state and the laws regarding incest and sex with a minor. I also asked her to look up any literature she could find on the outcomes of families involved with such matters. I told her I wanted a report ready for the meeting that night. Lastly I told her not to speak with me about it until the meeting.

It was a grim day.



We assembled in the living room upstairs and formed a circle with our chairs. I asked LM to tell us exactly what Ruth was instructed to do so far and what she was expecting from now on. I wanted the report in detail and I wanted it in front of all the wives. LM, did not want to tell. One by one, we all told her she was not welcome in our rooms until she told us what she had been up to. Alina offered to tell us instead, but I was not having any of that. It was time for LM to come clean.

What we heard appalled me and I think Teach and Red. The girls were being taught to be baby making machines by age 14! They would be in my room almost every night. Ruth only for now, but in two years it would be Ruth and Rebecca. Lily was so

young that we didn't really think of her role for now but at four and a half, she already knew what her role was suppose to be!

I told all assembled what had transpired so far.

I then had LM read the report I had her produce earlier that day. It was sobering for all my women. I already knew just about all that was in the report. Alina was terrified. She had not known. LM was scared.

I opened the floor for discussion.

There was silence for a long time. We just looked at each other. Teach went first.

Husband... Jake, I think I speak for all but maybe LM when I tell you that your children are not the only victims here. You are a victim. You have been put in an impossible place. If there is something I know, it is that we must not divide into fighting groups but must cleave together even more strongly than we ever have in the past. We must be impenetrable to the outside world. We need to start home schooling the children. We cannot risk exposure. I have enough time in the school system that I can take early retirement and I will be the children's teacher. Next, I think we are done having children in this house. Every additional birth will raise our visibility. Lastly I think that I need to mentor Ruth and Red should mentor Becca. Alina can work with us as regards Lily. ... Jake, here's the hard part of what I have to tell you. You can't stop it cold turkey. We can slow it down and then stop it gently, but if we put the brakes on too hard or too fast we are going to have more problems. Certainly we do not want our children having children. Ruth will be back in your bed and eventually so might Becca for a while.

Red was squirming in her seat and almost started speaking before Teach was finished. *Jake, I bear some extra responsibility as LM would talk about such things but I thought it was only fantasy! I never believed LM, that she would really do this! I*

guess I have to agree with Teach in all regards and I will be responsible for Becca. I think Teach was wrong in one way last night. She should have stayed with you. At no time should you have to be with the children without a wife present. It was what you wanted last night. From now on, you will have it. That can be communicated to Ruth right away. She has no permission to enter your room without one of the wives, other than LM. Sorry LM. I do love you but on this matter only, we can't trust you. Do you understand sweetheart?

LM was clearly devastated but indicated that she understood and agreed.

Alina was crying. I had no idea whether she would want to take her children and leave our home. This was a fucking mess. Teach was trying to comfort her when she spoke up. *For all that has gone on, and for what is wrong, you, my family, have found a good way forward and will find a way to make it right. I especially like that no one has been pushed out. We are a family and I know now even better than before... we are a loving family. I will work to undo the messages LM and I have given to Lily. And I think both LM and I will need to know the new messages that Ruth and Becca are getting so that we don't get played one against another.*

Teach and Red agreed.

The only person who was deeply unhappy with Teach's outline, other than LM, was me. I don't think these women understood the emotional bond that was going to develop between the young girls and me – or the revulsion if things went wrong – after years or even only months of sexual intercourse.

LM, you are now and will forever be my wife and I do love you as much today as I ever have loved you. You have disappointed me because you schemed. This is not the first time you have schemed and that has to end. If you love me as you say you do, you must accept my word and my primacy. With my other wives, I give them freedom to make choices, that I must not

allow you to have. Your ability to make choices is poor. We all have our limits and this is yours. My other wives will likely never be required as I require you, but from now on, in all things, LM I am not just your husband, I am your master, and if you disobey me there will be punishment. And from now on, so that you remember this change in your status in this family, you will address me as Master at all times. Is that clear?

Four pair of eyes were on me; each pair as big as they might get. None of my wives had ever heard me speak in such a way before. There was silence. I waited for the answer. LM needed to make this choice and she needed to do it in front of her sister-wives as well as me. There would be no misunderstanding about what I had done or why I had done it.

I continued to wait. My eyes stayed on LM.

Yes.

Yes what?

Silence. And then LM picked her head up and looked at me. She was not angry, or cowed. She was calm.

Yes Master. I will obey you in all things.

I looked around a bit relieved if not happy. Did anyone else have anything to say? Evidently not. I asked Red and Teach to come to my office while LM and Alina got dinner together.

Once the three of us had regrouped, I wanted to pursue a possible strategy. I wanted to know how the two women who would be responsible for the girls would react to my thoughts. *How would it be if we took the following line with Ruth... 'Jake's reaction to you was not what your mother expected. Jake was supposed not to react to you, as a woman as strongly as he did. He was only to be a trainer. The problem is that Jake is concerned that by the time comes for you to go off on your own, he will have fallen in love with you. Jake is scared*

that his feeling for you will be too strong. Can we find a way to teach you what you need to know without risking Jake's feelings for you?' ... In other words, tell her she is too pretty, too good at what she does and that makes it harder for me to teach her safely.

Red was confused, *Jake are you sure you can fake those feelings?*

Red, what would you say if I was telling the truth? Do you think I'm immune from my emotions when I am making love to someone who desperately wants to make me sexually satisfied every time before she stops? My emotions are in roller-coaster mode right now. Getting head is one thing. This child was fucking me for all she was worth.

But she's only 9!

I had no answer to that, but Teach did. *You didn't see her last night. Jake's right. We have to intervene more forcefully than I was thinking. Jake, you fell in love with LM a long time ago, didn't you?*

It was really a statement, not really a question. But I nodded, *How could I not?*

Teach finally grasped my plight and desperate need to stop this. *OK, I'll go find Ruth right now. I need to explain what has happened to Jake's heart.*



Teach did explain to Ruth how she had been too good at what she was doing. That her mother LM, had taught her so well she in truth didn't need to see Jake to get better. Ruth was obviously flattered and at the same time sad. The Grandmother and grandchild sat and rocked for a while and then Grandmother suggested that Ruth might want to eat with the adults tonight.

To this Ruth's spirits perked up and the drama of the moment was resolved.

Ruth did eat with us that evening and but I could not let it continue as I didn't want to give Becca the concept that Sex was her way to the adults table. I arranged for Becca to come to the table one night the next week. And so for the time being the crisis was over. But in some ways, it was not. We were still going to have to home school these kids. Teach was going to have to retire, and this was really unfair, to her. And finally, we had told Alina and LM, no more children. That was particularly unfair to Alina who had but two children and might very well want more.

I suggested that Alina could be primarily responsible for home schooling now and we would monitor the progress of the kids. Teach could put off retirement for the moment. I privately queried Alina as to whether she wanted more children. She was hesitant to tell me, but the answer was that she did want at least one more. I agreed to it and informed the group that I just couldn't in good conscious punish Alina for LM's acts. It was a bit more risk, but not nearly as great as the primary risks with which we were dealing.

By the time Ruth would come to maturity I would assuredly be too old to be a factor in anyone's calculations.



12

It is two years later. I am 79. I have been writing and correcting this journal of my latter days for twenty-one years. I have been married to Teach twenty years. All four of my wives remain with me and claim to be happy, though I do not know why.

I have another son, Jacob. He is Alina's third child and the last I will allow! He was born only 9 days after my 79th birthday. I am way too old for this shit. Alina named the boy after me but I am not dead yet. I accused her of trying to force my death, and she just called me an old superstitious fart. Still this poor boy will go through his entire life as Jacob Jr., without ever really knowing me! Surely, I will not live much longer.

Ruth at eleven is a stunner already and I am very lucky we stopped all that crap early on. Becca will not follow Ruth's lead and has come to accept that I am simply too old now to assist, which is true all on its own.

Alina worked out perfectly as the kid's teacher. Teach has remained employed with the school district. Red is now the top manager at her company's local office. As top banana, she has no inclination to retire and is happy at work. LM? She still works for me and likes calling me Master. Red said it improved her over all adjustment within the family.

I see each of my wives intimately only once a week, which is all I can handle!

Before closing, I wish to note that in this year, 2025, within the State in which my family resides, a law passed recognizing plural marriages. My wives and I arranged for a formal ceremony at our home, to put the marriages in the books for purposes of: the value to our children; my will and any probate matters; as well as my desire that all my wives should if they

wish legally carry my name. All chose to do so. We had the birth certificates for the children amended to provide them my last name. I have never been so happy or so proud.

And so with seven children ranging from eleven years to 6 months, and four wives, in my seventy-ninth year, living in my own home and not in jail, I lay my pen down and say enough. Let my wives mark my passing, below these lines and let us call it good.

Jake Xxxxxxxxxx



In his eighty-ninth year,

We, the wives of Jacob Xxxxxxxxxx, laid his body to rest.

At the time of his passing we are respectively, as we are known in this Journal:

Teach 63, Red 64, LM 39, Alina 44

The will and trust our husband provided for us allows us a comfortable life to the end of our days, in this the family home. Our children were all here for the funeral, though it did require Ruth and Rebecca to return from college to attend.

We, here, list the children by name, age, and mother, as of the day of Jake's passing.

Ruth	21	LM
Rebecca	19	LM
Asher	17	LM
Lily	16	Alina
Abraham	15	LM
Irina	13	Alina
Jacob, Jr.	10	Alina

All the children carry their father's last name and all do so, we hope and pray, with pride.

Teach is retired. Red retires this year. Alina still home schools the three youngest children. LM runs Jake's business affairs much as if he was here with us. Jake always said she was gifted in the office and so it seems. LM thinks that Asher also has the gift and is working with him while he attends the local community college.

At the time of his death, LM still shares a suite with Red and Alina shares a suite with Teach. We, Jake's wives are both sad and happy. We had Jake for a long time and we were prepared for his leaving. Missing Jake is something we will do for years to come, but we will be in each other's arms at the same time. Jake planned well. We expect that not much will change for us, Jake's wives, for some years to come though the children are growing up quickly.

Before Jake left us, he was able to see at least his oldest children emancipate. He was thrilled that these two girls left the nest, happy and healthy. LM, (this is the rest of us speaking for her,) is not so sanguine. She points out that our children are normal and well adjusted by our standards, which is fairly not normal by the standards of others. She worries that stopping the development she had originally planned for the children will have detrimental effects as they attempt to emancipate. She held her tongue for as long as Jake lived, but now considers herself free of the obligation of obedience and so can state her concerns.

Teach, Red, LM, & Alina
Family Residence
15 November 2034



Post Script by Ruth

Grandmother T gave me permission to read this on my twenty-first birthday. That birthday was just fifteen days ago; she had emailed me the journal at school. I had just finished it five days before my father died, ten days ago from now.

I did not know what to think when I first heard I was going to get it. I did not know what to think as I started to read it. I was both mortified and proud when I read about me in my father's bedroom at age 9!

I can't tell how truthful he was elsewhere, but he told the truth about me in my part. He was so sweet to me that night and I rocked his world. I am so glad he said I did!

I haven't had time yet to digest all that I have read, but I know that I can never be happy in a 'normal' family. This one, the one that raised me with all the errors and oddities and love and caring and peace and decency and manners and intimacy, this one makes more sense to me than anything I have seen outside our home.

I am not screwed up. But I go to college with kids who are really screwed up, who don't have values and do very, very dumb things to themselves and others.

And I'm not talking about having sex. Do that right and it is both safe and fun. No, there is a difference between fucking and having a loving relationship. Father was right, sex alone is a one night thing and if you want that every now and then, fine; but you have to care about someone to have sex with them for years.

My mother, LM, was right; I needed to understand my body before someone outside tried singing me a tune. Mother taught me well. It's too bad that the law made father so scared of being with me. I really think I lost out and I finally now know he did care and he did love me in that way.

But the question for me and for all us kids is, what now. Our mothers, “the wives,” know what they will do; but what about us? I don't think the outside world is going to work well for us. My mother LM was right and I think her comments about that, just above my lines here, are truer than anyone else in the family understands.

There are four of us girls. What will we do? And what will our brothers do? Our lives up to now have been blessed, but what about our future. How do I find my Jake? How will Becca? Or Lily? Or Irina? Will we form a pact that we will each look for him and join him as a group when we find him? Will our brothers be like our father to other women or will they lead empty lives unable to climb back up to the same heights?

I am going to ask Grandmother T if Becca can read this now. And maybe in a few years Lily and Irina can too. I think there needs to be a meeting of the wives and the daughters. We need to talk.

Ruth XXXXXXXXX
Family Residence
November 20, 2034



Post, Post Script by Becca

This morning Ruth brought me a printed copy of Father's journal along with the comments of his wives and of Ruth. We are all still here following the funeral because of Thanksgiving.

It is evening now and I think everyone is sleeping. Upstairs there are now only two of the five suites in use. It is odd to think back and remember a time when there were four in use, and then three after Alina moved in with Grandmother T.

Now Father is gone. While his room, I guess, is not larger than the others, it seemed larger to me for all these years.

It is also odd to think about the eight guest rooms Father described in the journal. They are our rooms. There are seven of us and each of us has one – even though two of us are away at college. There is only one spare room here and we used to joke among ourselves that father had run out of steam one kid to soon! There should have been eight of us, or so we thought. Were we seven by accident? Real guests always stayed on the fourth floor! We never had guests on our floor!

Just like Ruth, I will have to think more about what I have read, but our mother, LM, doesn't get the credit I think she deserves because of Father's fears. To Ruth and me, and I think Lily too, Mother taught us things that other girls never learn or if they do, don't learn right. I am comfortable in my body because it is mine, and I can do what I want and need without permission. Mother was right to teach us that.

Mother loved Father more than she loved the air she breathed. I saw Father around her everyday and I really think he knew that and felt the same way for her. He was not mean to Mother in his journal, but you just don't see the deep affection they had for each other in his journal. I wonder why.

Just like Ruth, I need to be in a family of the sort we have here. Where will we find our Jake? There is no way I could live

without sister-wives. What will we do? I have been thinking about this ever since I was fourteen or fifteen. Now that I am at college, I can see how difficult it will be to find a "Jake." Reading Father's journal I can see that even he didn't grow into that "Jake" that we knew until he was already old! What will we do?

Is Lily too young to read Father's journal?

Oh Father, you thought about the happiness of your wives when you were gone, but not of your children, why? Are we not important enough to you? Did you have us just to keep your wives happy?

I wonder how Asher will grow up. He is the oldest male to grow up in Father's presence. How does he think about women? I think Ruth and I should ask him! But maybe we should wait a few years before we do.

Rebecca Xxxxxxxxxx

Family Residence

November 22, 2034



An addition by Asher (22), Lily (21), Abraham (20) and Irina (18): **Children of Jake XXXXXXXXX on the 25th of November 2039, the day after Thanksgiving.**

We are writing this together as we did most things in our life.

Becca sent the Journal to each of us last week. Asher is in CU Medical School in Denver. Lily is in a graduate program in anthropology, in U of M in Missoula. Abe is in his senior year and Irina in her sophomore year at the University of Wyoming. We speak to each other every day. I am sure our Father would smile and think he had something to do with the electronically connected world we live in!

Becca knew she could not send the journal to one without all of us seeing it. That evidently is why Asher did not see it until now! Since Becca got it at age 19, three of us are a little ticked! Becca said, Grandmothers T and Red put their foot down after they found out she had read it without permission. Way to go Ruth!

We will not share this with Jacob for now, as he is only 15.

Father has been dead for five years and Thanksgiving at our house is a double celebration because of that. While four of us no longer live here, we have yet to establish homes of our own and so this is still in many ways what we call home.

Ruth and Becca are living here again, but have been moved up to the suites. Becca says they are awaiting our participation before they move on. They told us that last year and we didn't have a clue what they meant. Now that we have read the Journal, we do understand and see how right they were. We do need to talk.

Becca wanted to know about how Asher would grow up. I think she meant how he would feel about his maleness and about women and about how he would relate to women. In the past few days, now that we have read the Journal, the four of us

have been talking about it, and how Asher feels, pretty much nonstop!

We will allow the comments our sisters have made about our Father and LM to stand without comment. Two of us are LM's children, but Lily and Irina are Alina's. Lily needs to speak about her Mother here before any other comments are made.

My mother, Alina, was, I learned by reading the Journal, in the way of this house, an afterthought, a plug for a hole in the fabric of the family. In many ways, she might have been resentful and the others might have treated her differently. But this was not the case. I saw our Father with my Mother and as much as he loved LM and he did, he also loved my Mother. He respected her opinions and sought her advice. Grandmother T might have been a public school teacher for 30 years, but when it came to our school, and his children, my Mother was the supreme authority and he told Grandmother T that, at least twice that I remember! The last thing I want to say is that Father made my Mother happy. She really was happy. If you asked her why she was always happy, she would look at you with a look of total confusion. What in the world was there anything to be unhappy about? She had a loving Husband, wonderful children, a rewarding job, a beautiful home and all the comforts she would ever need. Teaching us was her job and she took it very seriously. She is still schooling Jacob! It is also true that she loves Grandmother T very much and always will. I do not think since she came to Father's home she has ever been lonely or without love. That's pretty remarkable.

We want to talk about Asher now. We think it is fair to say that until he read the Journal, Asher was confused about why he was constantly having crossed and confusing communications when it came to women and intimacy with others. Asher is, (it is Abe, Lily and Irina talking,) very handsome. Women think he's a catch and then something goes wrong every time. For Asher this Journal was an eye-opener. His view of women was of women who fundamentally were not "normal." And "normal" women would not live our world happily. Asher

cannot, and this is true for all of us, it seems be happy in the “normal” world. This monogamous heterosexual pair bonding does not work for us. It doesn't make sense.

We, as a group, will have to find a new way through this. There are six of us who are 18 or older now. It's time we formed a plan. I think Father would approve of our not simply allowing fate to act without our hands attempting to direct our lives. If we are successful, we will create our own Journal. Let this be the close of our Father's Journal!

Asher, Lily, Abraham, Irina XXXXXXXXX
Family Residence
November 25, 2039



The End in Spades!

Images



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