



The Line of Magdalene

Book One – Chrysalis Music

By TheSpringg

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Feel free to write the author and offer constructive criticism or encouragement (TheSpringg at yahoo dot com).

If the reader has tender sensitivities relating to explicit descriptions of sexual behavior in literature, please read no further.

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Chapter One

The bell jangled as I opened the door to the record store. I was drawn in because it wasn't a chain store and looked like it might have something unusual - maybe some old blues. Everything on my mp3 player seemed a little stale. The store was unoccupied except for the clerk behind the monitor at the counter.

"Welcome to Chrysalis Music!" chirped a friendly voice from behind the counter, "Can I help you?"

"Nope," I responded. "Just browsing. Blues in the back corner, I see..."

"Looking for something in particular?"

"Nah. Just looking..."

Wandering to the back I could tell that I'd like the store. They clearly had a wide, eclectic mix of everything, and when I got to the back the Blues section was impressive. Not many stores have such a wide variety in stock, especially not those big electronics stores.

"You like blues too huh?"

The voice startled me, I put back a Big Bill Bronzy CD back in the rack and turned to answer.

"Yea.." I stammered to the stunning young lady who had appeared behind me. "uh... Yes, everything on my mp3 player seems overplayed. Need something new."

I couldn't help myself, I found myself gaping at her. She was about 5'4", long strawberry blonde hair in single braid back over her shoulder and unusually bright green eyes. I couldn't guess her age... 19? Probably a student at the local college. Her clothes were what one would expect of a girl her age, tight jeans and tank top covering well formed breasts, the mandatory navel piercing, but she was perfectly proportioned. Her face was classic beauty. Her sparkling green eyes had a quality of mystery - impish? wise beyond her years? Both? There is something subtle and indefinable there.

"Have you heard John Jackson?" she snapped me out of my reverie with the question. Refocusing, I saw she was holding out a CD.

"No... He's new to me."

"Amazing acoustic guitar work, classic songs. Rappahannock Blues they called it. He was a local guy. Died just a few years ago."

"Hey, come to the counter and I'll play it for you." she said as she turned and led me back to the counter. Mesmerized by her relaxed charm, I followed without thinking, unable to take my eyes off of her. Back at the counter she unwrapped the CD and inserted it into her computer. After the usual whirring, the music started. I loved the crisp guitar fingering and the vocals.

"Sold!" I said immediately, "I love it!" pulling out my credit card.

"Want me to rip the songs and download them to you player?"

"You can do that? I mean the owner won't mind?"

"Heck no! She says service is what separates us from the big box stores. As long as you're buying it, we're cool."

As the computer converted the music to MP3 format, we chatted amiably. Only interrupted by the occasional instant message popping up on her computer.

"What do you do?" she inquired.

"Retired." I responded.

"You're not that old!" she exclaimed.

"I'm 55. I started work young, worked hard and saved. Now I just do what interests me. Mainly photography."

"Cool!" she exclaimed. Oddly, I was sure that her eyes brightened and her smile turned to a beam. "You don't look a day over forty."

"Flattery will get you everywhere, young lady." I blurted out. "but honestly, I can't take credit for my appearance. It's all heredity, runs in the family."

"Well, your genes look good on you!" she chirped with a laugh.

"And your jeans look good on you too, young lady." I murmured with a grimace a to apologize for the follow-on pun.

"Naomi."

"huh? Oh, yea, Harrison - and don't you dare call me Harry.

"So how long have been married?" she inquired

"25 years. Noticed the ring, huh?"

"Yup! Happy?"

"Yes, very! Both girls have graduated from high school and are in college, so we have an 'empty nest.' We travel, I shoot photographs. We have fun."

"What sort of photography? Oh, the CD's done. Gimme that player, does it use standard USB? Cool, it does - justa sec."

"Landscapes, architecture, people, whatever attracts my eye."

"Want me to copy it all to the 'J' folder for Jackson? "

"Sure, thanks"

"What sorta people photos?"

"Mostly portraits and ... the female form."

"Wanna shoot my form?" she giggled as she gave a twirl.

"Are you flirting with me or do you really want to pose?" I asked coolly.

She suddenly became serious, a contrite look passed over her face, as she said, "Both." and burst out laughing.

I was chuckling as the door opened with a chime and a customer entered. She passed the credit card receipt across the counter.

"Bottom copy's yours."

After signing, I passed her my business card. If you are really interested in posing, shoot me an email.

"You get instant messages at that yahoo screen name? "

"Uh, sure," I replied as I headed for the door.

"I'm ChrysalisMuse." I heard as the door closed. I looked back and she was already talking to the new customer with her back to me.. As if she could feel my gaze, she looked back over her shoulder and smiled. I could have sworn she winked too.

As I walked away, I knew I would finally have to figure out that Instant Message stuff.

That evening after dinner, I turned on my computer, and went to search out how to chat online. I was surprised at how easy it was to find the Yahoo Messenger software and install it. Within minutes I was online and seemingly nowhere to go, so I lost interest. I was just beginning to process some photos from my last shoot with my wife, when the speakers chimed and a window popped up.

ChrysalisMuse: <hello handsome!>

My wife called out, "What was that noise, darling?"

Guiltily I replied, "Some annoying pop-up, infernal things!"

OdysseyPhotos: <Naomi? How did you find me?>

CM: <that's easy, silly. Just respond to this add message and you'll always know when I am online.>

Somehow I felt emboldened to talk to her like this, but a little illicit as well.

OP: So, what's on your mind?

CM: do you have a portfolio online? I would love to see some of your work

OP: All my current photography is digital, but my portfolio is still on paper. Never did figure out that web site stuff. Guess I should, huh?

CM: duh!

OP: I'll have to find a class.

CM: Not! It's so easy, I could teach you!

OP: Do you have time for school, a job and web tutoring?

CM: Sure! School's a snap. I can usually get my HW done at work and I set my own work schedule. The owner's cool.

OP: You seem have things under control, Naomi. A very together young lady.

CM: Thanks! Why don't you bring your portfolio by the store sometime and we'll talk about what kind of web site would be cool for it..

OP: Sure thing! When's good for you?

CM: Anytime after school.

We chatted some more, arranged a time and logged off.

The next day I was in fine spirits and spent much of the morning pulling prints together for a portfolio. Strange... For all the years that I'd been shooting, it had always been for myself - I had never put a portfolio together. I took some prints from my last trip to Chile (landscapes), some portraits of friends, and a some of the better PG rated shots from glamour workshops. Not questioning my own sudden enthusiasm for this portfolio, I headed out the door around three for a stop at my favorite photography store to pick-up a professional portfolio case.

Ned at the camera store seemed surprised to see me come in with the prints.

"You are one of my best pro customers, Mr. Sutter, but this is the first time in five years that I've seen any of your work!" he exclaimed, "You're good!"

"Thanks, Ned, but I'm not a pro. Just a slightly over-invested amateur."

"With this portfolio you should be pro. Why the sudden interest in putting a portfolio together, if you're staying amateur?"

"Not really sure Ned. I'd like to work independently with some quality models outside those group workshops and I need to demonstrate the quality of my work."

"Well you got a good selection here. Let's put these headshot up front and then these..." and we fell into an amiable discussion of which prints to include/exclude, how to sequence them, etc. Before I knew it, I had a pretty impressive portfolio, and it was 4:15, so I paid for the portfolio and left.

Arriving at the music store, I slung my Nikon D200 over my shoulder and tucked the portfolio under my arm. The store looked empty when I entered with the door jingling.

"Welcome to Chrysalis Music!" Naomi's voice chirped from the back. "I'll be right with you."

I was setting my portfolio on the counter when she appeared. She was wearing a billowing, almost sheer, white peasant blouse and tight jeans again. She was obviously not wearing a bra under the blouse, and her long braid snaked around her neck and disappeared down the front of her blouse and between her breasts.

She stopped, and stood facing me with her hands on her hips. Slowly one hand left her hip and moved up with a gracefully flowing movement, ending up pointing at her face. Suddenly, I realized where I had been staring. She was smiling with amusement and I was blushing with embarrassment.

"You look amazing..." I stammered.

"Thank you kind Sir." she said with a flouncing twirl, "I see you brought your photos, Let's have a look!"

I stood next to her completely distracted by her proximity. Her scent was faintly floral... Jessica McClintock? From beside her I could see her braid slide up and down between her exceptionally firm breasts.

"These are wonderful!" she enthused, snapping back to the here and now. "Lot's of people take pictures, but, wow, you have an eye!"

"Uhhh," I thought to myself... Take the complement.. Be smooth and calm like gorgeous young women always flatter you... "Gee thanks" I murmured... Yea very smooth, you dork.

She laughed. "I would love to have you take some pictures of me. I'd like to get into modeling someday. I can't pay, but we can work out a trade."

I stood there looking dumb. The trade possibilities ran through my mind.

"Not that! Silly" she said.

Was she a mind reader or did my thoughts scroll across my forehead on some sort of display? No, I was just leering at her, I thought still blushing.

"You know you need a website, so I'll be your web mistress and you photograph me."

"Oh!" fluster again. "sounds like a deal" I said. Should I tell her that I had come mentally prepared to offer her \$50 an hour, and once I had set eyes on her again I had immediately capitulated and was willing to spring for \$100 per hour.

"If you want me to set a web site up, we can start now. First, we have to decide on a domain name," she said looking at my card. Do you want to do it or do you trust me?"

"Trust you? Absolutely!"

"Okay, how's www.odysseyphotography.com sound?"

"Perfect! It sounds like I'll have to reprint my business cards to put me in the new age!"

Her fingers flew over the keyboard, as I watched in amazement.

"Yup! Domain's free." She said and proceeded to quiz me for full name, address, etc as she filled out an on-screen form.

"Shall we register it for 3 years to start?" and with my nod she held out her hand, "plastic?" a pause, smiling up at me.

"Oh yea..." and I fished out my credit card.

"Yahoo can host the domain for now. They're cheap, but we might want to get more bandwidth when you start getting a lot of hits.."

I continued to watch her in awe as she worked. A couple of customers came to purchase CD's, and they all complemented me on the photos. I was in another world, swept up by this gorgeous and competent young lady.

"There! You're harrison@odysseyphotography.com and I am mistress@odysseyphotography.com. I thought web mistress was too boring!" she laughed. "Now you owe me. When do I get my first photo shoot?"

"Well, I'm the retired guy with no fixed schedule. You tell me?"

"Where is your studio? Is Saturday afternoon okay? Does your wife mind that you bring home stray model wannabees?"

"Studio's at home. Saturday is fine and she hasn't minded yet, because this is the first time."

"Well take advice from a woman. Tell her tonight, so she can get used to the idea by Saturday! Never surprise a woman with another woman!" she said giggling.

She folded up my portfolio, tying it shut and tucked it under my arm.

"Is your home address the one you gave for the domain registration?"

"Yup! See you around 2:00?"

"I'll be there with a few outfits and my make up."

At home that night, I showed Kathryn my new portfolio. She was thrilled and didn't blink when I explained about Naomi, the music store, and the web site. When I told her about Naomi coming over to model, she made a point of saying, "I'll look forward to meeting her on Saturday."

When Saturday finally rolled around, I finally had the studio cleaned up, an assortment of backdrops ironed and the strobes arranged. I was still fiddling with the wireless strobe triggers, when Kathryn came in with Naomi, talking like they were old friends.

"Naomi is an accomplished young lady, for being only 16." Kathryn said with emphasis. "Since the photographer was being his typical distracted self, he forgot to get a model's release form with a parent's signature..."

Stunned, I starred at them. I felt my stomach go cold and my heart stop in panic. What had I done? I felt as though the floor was turning from solid to liquid and I was falling through. How could I have been so blind? She's a minor!

"Don't worry." Kathryn smirked. "Her Mom dropped her off and she signed the release before she left. I promised that I would be in and out chaperoning."

I tried to hide my panic by focusing my attention on my equipment.

Kathleen turned to Naomi, "Not that you have anything to fear with Mr. Oblivious here. He'll be lost in his f-stops and strobe settings. Now let's pick out your outfits and I'll help you with your make-up."

Kathryn began fussing with the clothing that Naomi had brought in her rolling carry-on suitcase. Naomi inclined her head, turned and smiling, gave me a wink. She then turned and joined Kathryn in sorting through the outfits, putting them on hangers and arranging them on the rolling clothing rack. It wasn't long before they disappeared behind the folding oriental screen that made up the model's changing room.

"What do you want to start with?" Kathryn asked from behind the screen.

"We'll start with the headshots and then move to some full length shots. You choose the outfit."

As I busied myself with backdrops, lights, and my other equipment, I listened in on the "girl talk" as they discussed outfits, makeup and generally getting prepared. I was astonished at how well they were getting along, and thankful that Kathryn was there to keep me out of jail.

"This dress will look gorgeous on you. Try it on." followed by rustling of clothes. "Well, with your figure and this dress you don't need a bra! I am jealous! Do you ever wear one?"

Laughing, I heard Naomi respond, "Only when I wear an outfit that looks better with a bra showing!"

Kathryn's gasp turned to a giggle and they began fussing with her dress and hair. It was taking FOREVER. Talk of curling and sprays continued, but finally they emerged with Kathryn beaming and Naomi looking

radiant. They seemed so pleased with themselves - they seemed to be bonding together in some way that I had never anticipated. I was not sure what to make of it.

"Do you like?" Naomi asked as she twirled to show off.

She was in an strapless midnight blue dress, that plunged low in the back. It was clinging to her form as though Kathryn had spray painted it on. It was obvious she was nude underneath or a thong at the very most. Her strawberry blonde hair was arrayed in wavy curls cascading over one shoulder, leaving the other bare.

As I starred, Kathryn unexpectedly smiled and said, "Oh, yes... He likes..."

I recovered after yet another blush, "I think this background will go well with your dress and I'm going to use a rose gel with the backlight, which will complement your skin tones and hair color. Why don't we start you off sitting on the stool." Quickly, we were getting her situated and doing strobe tests. When I looked up, Kathryn had slipped out of the study.

Naomi looked up smiling mischievously, "I told you not to worry about bringing a model wannabe home. You told Kathryn in advance, like I told you to, and she welcomed me with open arms!" she said in a whisper.

"It's not Kathryn that I am worried about. It's you! You're only 16!" I hissed.

"Oh?" she whispered with an innocent smile, "were you planning something more than innocent photographs? Seduction maybe?"

"N...no... Damn it! Naomi. You could have told me!" I stammered.

"You didn't ask..."

"Thankfully my wife has more sense than I do."

"Yes, woman's intuition. She knew that I was 16 before I crossed the threshold. That's why she asked for the model's release before my mother left."

"She seems to have taken to you, which pleases me, because I can photograph one of the true beauties of our age, without worrying about my wife being jealous!"

Even seated she managed a graceful, sweeping curtsy, which involved a bow forward and a delightful exposure of nubile cleavage.

"Hold that pose!" I exclaimed and began snapping furiously. From one pose to the next she performed like a pro. I was getting good stuff. Hell, a few sessions in different locales and she would have a professional portfolio.

"Kathryn! Wardrobe!" I shouted and we heard an affirmative sound from the other side of the house.

"I can change myself!" Naomi pouted.

"Of course you can, but my wife is our self-appointed chaperone, and I intend to keep her happy" I whispered just before Kathryn breezed in, "And me out of jail!" I added silently.

"What next? Casual or swim suit?" she asked.

"Casual" I responded curtly, not wanting to betray my desire to see her in a swimsuit.

They disappeared behind the screen, while I downloaded the picture that I had taken, installed a fresh compact flash card in the camera and pulled a new background down.

"Harrison? Is this top okay?" and before Kathryn could restrain her, Naomi was out from behind the screen, only wearing panties and the peasant blouse. In a flash I realized that Kathryn wasn't restraining her, but standing back, smiling with her arms crossed.

"The top is okay, but think that you are missing something below??"

To my surprise, Kathryn responded, "It's a conscious choice... it's a look we liked."

"Will your mother disapprove?" I asked Naomi?

"Heck, No! She's cool. She wants to see everything you take. Actually she's pretty excited about the photo shoot. She was a model when she was my age and wants me to try it too. Building a portfolio is what its all about." She responded cheerily.

We got some nice shots that afternoon, with Kathryn getting closely involved in directing and posing Naomi.

Several times she amazed me with the risqué, implied nudity that she was suggesting for the teen. At one point, I had just taken just shot from Naomi's left profile as she leaned over the cloth draped stool, arms straight, with one leg elevated and extended gracefully with her foot curving up and toe pointed. Kathryn indicated for Naomi to hold the pose and brought me around to face Naomi. The front of her peasant blouse was only loosely laced revealing clearly the swell of her breasts. After adjusting the strobe positioning and snapping a couple of good shots, Kathryn interceded again. Grabbing the spray bottle and began misting Naomi's face and hair. I contained my excitement when she held the spray bottle close inside the bodice of her loose blouse. It was an intensely erotic moment for me as Naomi's breasts were momentarily in full view and her nipples instantly hardened as the cool spray hit them

"Oh, My!" exclaimed Kathryn. "I'll need to warm that spray in the future!"

Naomi giggled, but never baulked at Kathryn's handling, nor at the brief exposure of her breasts. In fact she was careful not to let the fabric of her blouse touch her breasts as she re-assumed her former pose. This time her breasts were clearly exposed within her blouse, and the mist on her breasts had condensed quickly and a drop had formed on the tip of one nipple just in time to catch a glint of light from the strobe. With the sheen of the misting glistening on her face and breasts, her pouting, full lips and a soulfully ancient look in her eyes, it was one of the most, no, the most seductive photos that I had ever taken. It was one of those shots that I instantly knew was perfect, but I also knew I would never be able to publish because of the age of the model. What I didn't know then was the tipping point it would prove to be on future events.

Kathryn obviously knew immediately that her inspiration had paid off, and I could tell that Naomi keyed off her excitement, and jumped up.

"Can we see it?" she pleaded.

Kathryn's expression mirrored her plea, and while I knew that stopping the shooting now meant that the shoot was effectively over. From the looks on their faces, I also realized that my desire to continue working was seriously out-voted.

Before I was led out of the studio, I removed the memory card from the camera and initiated the upload to my office computer over the network. Inserting a blank card, I allowed the excited "girls" lead me to my office.

Stopping by the bathroom, I told the girls where to find the images on my server and reminded them not to save any changes they might make.

Splashing cold water on my face, I needed to take a moment. Trying to calm my aroused state, I tried not to wonder at what the heck was going on with Kathryn and Naomi. After drying my face and taking another deep breath, I headed to the office.

I found Naomi hunched over the keyboard and Kathryn leaning over her, hand resting on Naomi's back and her head down next to Naomi's so that her auburn hair intertwined with Naomi's. That last shot on the 21 inch monitor, and the wide format printer humming as it worked on an 21 x 17 inch print.

I stood in the doorway a moment, admiring the two women together. Using only available light, I rapidly snapped off a couple of shots, including one of them both looking back over their shoulders at me with sultry smiles on their faces.

Trying to ignore the charged atmosphere, I pulled up a rolling chair and asked "Okay, that's indisputably the best shot, but we can't display it on the web. Can we find a few that we can post on our web site?"

"Why can't we use this one? Mom won't mind!" Naomi whined.

"You're still a minor honey," Kathryn said, "and this one shows a little too much."

Naomi pouted a moment but it was clear that she understood. I took over the keyboard, and we began selecting the best shots. On Naomi's recommendation, I made various smaller sized images for the web site. Under guidance I learned how to upload them to a folder on our internet server so that she could later program them into the Odyssey Photography web site.

I was deep into my photo post-processing and barely heard the doorbell and shouted goodbye to Naomi as she left.

Chapter Two

Later, in the early evening, I was winding down by the computer and Kathryn showed up at my office door with a glass of wine and an invitation to dinner. I followed her out to the dining room, where I found that the table was beautifully set with table cloth, candles and the wine bottle waiting to refresh our glasses.

"Wow! What's the occasion? I know that I didn't forget our anniversary, and I know I remembered your birthday last month..."

"Can't a woman just do something for her wonderful husband?" she said smiling in an alluring way.

"Darling, you never fail to amaze me. You were wonderful today. I..."

"Oh thank god you're not angry!" she interrupted, which confused me no small bit.

"Angry? Why on earth would I be angry?" I replied, making no attempt to hide my confusion.

"I was fawning over her. Interfering with your artistic direction. And I... Well... The 'casual' outfit, with just panties and that loose top was all my idea! . I encouraged those more sexual poses!" she let go in a single breath of confession. "I am so sorry."

"Kathryn. You know I would never be angry with you and no apologies are needed. Besides, those 'casual' shots were some of my best posed work, even that wonderful last shot." I said trying to keep a serious mask on my combined mirth and relief. I had almost died when I realized that I the attractive, sensual model that I'd brought into my studio was an underage girl. I had been concerned about my wife's fury in response to what I had thought was my obvious arousal during the shoot. And here she is contrite and apologetic for her perceived misdeeds.

"You are the most darling and forgiving of men." she gushed as she led me to the table. I felt guilty for not fully confessing, but resolved that I had not really done anything wrong. I had kept my thoughts and fantasies to myself. As long as I never acted on them, what was there to confess?

Feeling contrite in my silence, and sympathetic to my wonderful wife, I led the dinner conversation away from the photo shoot and into our current favorite topic - our plans for a future excursion to highland cloud forests of Ecuador and the Galapagos Islands.

Later that evening we made love with an unusual spark of passion. In the post-orgasmic glow, as we held each other tenderly, Kathryn summoned me back from the brink of sleep with yet another confession.

"Remember how we used to fantasize about another woman joining us in bed? I know, it was only a fantasy... And it will probably remain that way. I didn't think I could handle really sharing you with another woman... But this afternoon, I was aroused - seriously wet aroused. I mean when Naomi showed up at the door, I was sort of annoyed at you bringing over a young "hottie" to pose for you, but she defused that with a smile and by the time we were selecting outfits, I was having fantasies. While you were doing the first formal dress session, I was trying to get myself under control. Clearly I couldn't do that or else I would not have encouraged her near bare bottomed outfit, nor would I have been misting her tits. She has an effect on me. I don't think that I should be there for the next shoot at her house." She took a deep breath and looked to me for understanding and forgiveness.

My mind raced with the implications. My wife was aroused by another real woman, not just a fantasy of lover. She was expecting further shoots, and was tacitly giving me permission to continue shoots with Naomi. To top it off, they had already arranged things for a shoot at Naomi's house - behind my back.

"hmppp..." I murmured sleepily, "You shouldn't feel bad. You were unprepared for your reaction to her. You'll be fine next time..."

"No, you have to do it yourself. I trust you..."

I decided that it was to my advantage not to argue. The talk of a threesome had me aroused once again, and the thought of Naomi being the third partner brought me fully erect. The last thing I wanted at that moment was for Kathryn to think I couldn't be trusted on a photo shoot with Naomi. I rolled over, my back to my lover and nestled into a spooning position, concealing my arousal. I made sleepy sounds and snuggled closer, enjoying the sensation of her bare breasts against my back. Sleep came slowly that night.

The following morning things returned to our normal routine. In the afternoon, I continuing to process photos from the previous day's shoot. It always seemed odd that digital photographs from a camera that cost thousands of dollars would need so much fiddling to get just right.

"I was serious last night." Kathryn interrupted me late in the morning. "I trust you but not myself. Naomi and I set things up for Saturday afternoon at her Mother's place. So you'll still have a chaperone." she winked.

"Hey, what happened to that print of the last shot from the shoot? The one you printed?" I changed the uncomfortable subject.

"I didn't print it. Naomi did. She took it to give to her mother.."

I gasped. "That was the only shot that her mother saw? What will she think?"

"She loved it the moment she saw it, when she picked Naomi up. She asked about the next shoot and offered their house, when she heard that you thought we needed multiple locations."

"hmmm. I was thinking of somewhere around the cabin in West Virginia. An outdoors location, but we can do that another time when you're back in control of yourself!" I joshed her.

"Please don't tease, Harrison, I am dealing with the fact that another woman got me intensely aroused. A girl in fact. A minor. Younger than our daughters! What's wrong with me? Am I becoming a lesbian?" she began to wail.

I couldn't help but laugh as I pulled her down in my lap, hugging her tight. "After making love to me the way you did last night, do you seriously think you are a lesbian? Look, " and I put some nude shots from my last workshop photo shoot on the screen. Yana Ivanova was the model and I knew from talking to her that she was a confirmed bisexual.

"It's not the same." she whimpered, "those are just pictures of a pretty girl."

"Yana, is a very attractive model and a very sensual woman. I had been planning to contact her about a private shoot. Would you like to handle wardrobe and direct again?"

She looked puzzled at me.

"You're not a lesbian, Kathryn. You may have some bisexual curiosity, but I think that you got a sexual charge out of the whole photo shoot scene and probably from directing a gorgeous, sparsely clad girl. Yana is a professional and she's 22, so you won't have to feel guilty about your feelings."

"Harrison! Are you setting me up? Did you do anything with her at that workshop?" she shot back.

"No, I only took pictures of Yana and talked while we worked. She's a nice kid and I am not setting you up. She is a very attractive, hard working and talented model. I just thought you might enjoy that photo shoot thrill again and... You might show me how charged it gets you, just like last night," I smiled.

Kathryn hugged me, bestowing a passionate kiss, and whispered close in my ear, "You're the best most understanding husband, and finally I know why I married you. I've been puzzled about that for 25 years... " She laughed. "When can we set it up?"

I laughed and rummaged around my desk, with Kathryn still wiggling on my lap. I found Yana's card and handed it to Kathryn. "Call her and tell her you're my office manager and you want to set up a shoot. Ask her if she is interested in TFP work. Refer her to our website when she asks to review my portfolio. Naomi already has programmed a good range of shots up there and I think it's starting to look really professional. If she isn't interested in TFP, ask her rates for artistic/non-commercial work."

"What's TFP?"

"Time For Prints... She works to build her portfolio. Tell her we'll cover costs of transportation from Pennsylvania. If she won't go for TFP, we'll pay \$100 per hour for 4 hours plus mileage. Think you can you handle it?"

"You got it, boss. I'm all over it." said my new Office Manager.

Monday afternoon, I grabbed my camera and headed to the music store to have a chat with Naomi.

"Hey, Harrison, I'll be with you in a moment. Can you wait?" Naomi called out when I arrived.

The store was quiet and it appeared that Naomi was alone with a friend, a slender oriental girl with long black silky hair down to her waist. She was wearing a gray suit with a cream silk blouse, and high heels. She was talking animatedly with Naomi, who was holding a couple of CD. I set my camera down, as I leaned on the counter and watched the girls. The oriental girl's body language interested me. Her eyes were glued on Naomi and she stood close to the other girl, almost touching at the hips. She was well within what I would think of as normal 'personal' space for two friends, but not for lovers. Her hands ran up and down her own arms sensually, as though she wished her hands could be fondling Naomi. Interesting...

As they walk closer, I could hear Naomi closing the sale and asking whether the other girl wanted the CD's downloaded to her MP3 player, but she declined - something about an iPod - and Naomi finished the cash sale.

"Lin, this is Harrison, my photographer." Naomi said smiling at me. "You've got to see his work!" motioning us both around behind the counter. Closer to Lin, I could tell that her clothes were finely tailored to her slim almost hipless, small breasted figure. She was perfectly manicured and carried herself in a way the spoke of money.

Naomi directed our attention to the monitor, which showed a newly updated Odyssey Photography home page. Naomi's face seemed to lean out of the monitor over a professionally styled Odyssey Photography logo - the billowing sail of an ancient Greek vessel. The photo of Naomi was an artfully cropped version of that final shot from the photo shoot the previous day. She had the sensual, aroused look on her misted face, but as my eye was drawn down her cleavage, it faded into the sail which matched the cloth of her blouse and made the exposed nipple disappear. The effect was stunning. I managed to stifle my gasp when I first saw it, but Lin made no such attempt. She was enthralled. She put her package and purse on the counter, looked at me appraisingly and turned back to the monitor.

"Show me more." she said.

Naomi navigated to the portfolio section then to the models' section and proudly showed me how the text links to each model's gallery had been replaced with icons of each model in a glamour pose. When she hovered the cursor over Kathryn's image, it magically glowed brighter than the others.

"Very cool!" I said, impressed by the effects that Naomi had added to the new website..

"No, I want to see you!" Lin objected as she reached her hand out to cover Naomi's and direct the mouse where she wanted it to go.

"Watch it, Lin" Naomi giggled, "that model was the photographers wife!"

"Oppss! Sorry. I was too eager." She murmured, looking at me apologetically.

I just laughed and smiled, noting that Lin's hand still lay gently on Naomi's, and still guided the mouse to Naomi's icon and clicked.

They spend several minutes looking at Naomi's portfolio, with Lin cooing over them and frequently looking over at me and smiling.

When they were done, Lin prepared to leave.

"Amazing stuff! Can I schedule a photo shoot? What are your rates?"

I answered vaguely, giving her my card. "If you call, I am sure that my office manager will be happy to help you."

Naomi took my card, on the back of which I had written my new email address.

She winked at Naomi, nodded at me with a smile and said, "See ya'll!" and walked out, leaving Naomi and I standing close together behind the counter.

"Your friend is a very pretty girl," I commented.

"Lin? A friend? Oh yeah, a dear old friend that I just met a half an hour ago, when she walked through that door."

Laughing, I looked at Naomi closely. "You seem to make people comfortable with you really quickly. Lin was coming on to you pretty strong. Did you know that you had the same effect on Kathryn."

"She told you?" Naomi asked looking startled. "Are you angry?"

Moving closer, facing me, she putting her arms around my waist and looking up at me pleadingly.

"Yes, she is convinced that she can't trust herself around you in the charged atmosphere of a shoot like yesterday." I can't trust myself either, I thought, as I felt my cock begin to swell.

Naomi drew closer and moved her hips slowly against my groin. "Seems Kathryn isn't the only one that I have that effect on." she said mischievously.

Flustered I drew back slowly and changed the topic. "Kathryn told that you two had set a shoot for Saturday."

"Yea, are we still on?" she replied, looking hopeful.

"Well, Kathryn wants the two of us to go ahead. She won't be there. She doesn't trust herself around you right now and I am not sure that I can trust myself! I am happily married and you are a minor!"

"Why does everyone stuck on that 'minor'? They complement me on my intelligence and on my emotional maturity - my appearance even makes people think that I'm older than I actually am."

"You're still legally 16, regardless of your other attributes."

"I know, but its just not fair!" she whined, "my ancestors were married and pregnant by my age, and every one treats me like a little kid..."

"You're an educated, healthy young person and our ancestors weren't as well educated nor as healthy as we are. They started young and died young. In the old days I would have been considered to be ancient."

"Not!" she retorted. "I know my family tree. I come from a long-lived line, and I'll bet you do too. I bet most people think you are 40 and Kathryn is in her 30's. Am I right?"

"Well, yea. And our parents and grandparent are still alive, but ..."

"That's my point! And if you went back 250 or 2,000 years, you'd find that 50% of the live births died in their first 5 years, but if someone lived to be an adult, and weren't killed in war or worked to death as a slave or serf, then their average life span was probably not much different than they are today. My point is that our human genes probably haven't changed much in the past 2,000 years. It's our living conditions and society that have changed."

"You don't have to go back in time to see that's true, you only need to go to some third world countries today." I agreed. Naomi was smarter and more thoughtful than the average teen.

"And if you look closer, most people live longer just because they are safer, eat better, and get better medical care, but there are others that live longer just because it's in their genes." she continued.

"Point taken, but back to the original point. Then let's just accept that the fact is that the age of consent is the law of our society today."

"Yea, you're right. I know, I just hate it. Harrison, please don't give up on me. I am serious about the modeling thing and you are MY photographer. I'll make you and Kathryn a promise. Next shoot'll be at my house, and nothing will happen that my mother doesn't completely approve of - okay? I promise. Honest."

"Well, okay..." God, I wanted to be convinced, was my judgment being clouded by desire?

We talked more about the web site and though I was no longer holding her, we were still standing on one side of the counter in a close intimacy. I was thrilled with what she had done with the website and told her so.

When the some customers entered, our talk became more formal and the distance between us grew. Shortly thereafter I said goodbye and that I'd be at her place at noon on Saturday.

On returning to the house, Kathryn was a buzz. Yana wasn't normally doing TFP anymore, but she had seen my website and would be pleased to do a TFP session, since she was going to be headed to Florida anyway. She was free this coming Thursday.

"I said you'd give her prints, and she asked for a CD too. She will be here around 4:30 on Thursday. She is driving through to Florida, but I promised her mileage from PA and a place to stay for the night. Did I do good?"

"You did great darling."

"Oh and a girl named Lynn called for a portrait session. She had seen your new web site. Sounded like a Southern Belle. Wanted to know rates. I told her \$250 for a 90 minute seating, with four 8x10's of her choice. I was winging it. I hope it was okay."

Laughing, I said, "it is fine. I met her at the music store. Naomi turned her on - and I do mean turned her on - to us. She sounds southern but I think she is Filipina by origin. We may turn this into a TFP session too. She is another one that you will adore."

Kathryn's eyes lit up. "Are you setting me up with girls?"

"Would you like that?"

"Well, I think I might, but I am not going to make passes at your models. I promise."

"You have to promise to take charge of wardrobe and make-up and to help with posing. You'll enjoy it, I am sure." I felt guilty withholding information; my feelings for Naomi, that Yana was a bi-sexual, and as things were going, I was sure that there would be more to feel guilty about.

"Well, Lin is set up for tomorrow afternoon." she added.

"Tomorrow? I thought I was retired! I am beginning to feel over scheduled!"

The following day, I spend the morning straightening up in the studio. Once again, I didn't hear the doorbell, so Kathryn escorted Lin back to the studio. Kathryn was 43, but she looked great. I chuckled to myself. Naomi must have left things after her shoot, because I could have sworn that she was wearing Naomi's billowing peasant blouse, and yes, no bra was to be seen, just her full breasts and the dark areolas around her nipples.

Lin was wearing a tight zip up sweat suit and carrying an nylon garment bag.

"Hi Lin! I didn't expect to see you so soon! What would you like from the shoot? What sort of photos would you like?"

"I saw the stuff you did with Naomi. Can you do something similar with me?"

"Well, she is aspiring to be a model. So we have worked out an arrangement with her. She signed a model's release which gives me the right to non-commercial use of her images. That means I can use them on my website and for my portfolio, but I can't sell them. In return she gets some prints and copies of all the images under the same terms." I said, looking up and over Lin's shoulder to see my wife smiling and nodding positively. "So, I think that if you'd like to make the same arrangement, we can waive the fee. What do you think?"

She looked back at Kathryn smiling and visibly relaxed.

"I'll be here with Harrison, helping with wardrobe, make-up and posing, if you'd like." Kathryn informed her. At this Lin relaxed even more smile broadly and said, "That would be wonderful. Thank you."

"I will be my pleasure." Kathryn purred and I knew that she meant it

Leaving the first outfit selection and make-up to the girls, I popped out to my office. On the way out, I caught enough of Lin's bare figure in my peripheral vision to know that this shoot would be my pleasure too.

On my return, Lin was stepping out from behind the screen, wearing a tight fitting red silk dress with gold threads woven in the borders. The dress had a obvious oriental flavor but was a very modern cut. Her right shoulder was bare and there was a slit up the left side that made me wonder if she wore a thong or no panties at all.

"Beautiful! Lin what sort of shoot would you like? Any ideas?" I asked.

"What I'd really like? I like some really erotic ones like the ones you took of Naomi. Can you do that?"

"Since you are 20, I am sure that we can do at least as well. " Kathryn chimed in to say, "I am sure we can! You need a scene in mind. If it's you fantasy, and you act it out, it'll seem more real."

"Well, there is one..." hesitating, Kathryn smiled at her encouragingly, "Oh... well... here goes. I have a fantasy that my boyfriend makes love to me up against a brick wall outside a dance... Is that too weird?" she asked meekly.

"We can work with that," I said, pulling the backdrop stand aside and revealing the bare brick wall. Kathryn pulled out the fan,

"A little breeze will add to the outdoors impression." Kathryn added.

We went through a sequence of shots that got progressively hotter

Under Kathryn's direction, Lin grew continually more relaxed and more into the scene. Each shot was staged to show her in progressively into a passionate encounter with her imaginary lover. She started with looks to entice her lover, and went on. At one point, Kathryn posed her leaning back against the rough brick wall, with the fan blowing her straight silky black hair askew. Reaching under Lin's right arm, she unzipped the side of the red silk dress. The right side was the strapless side, and when the side zipper came down, the silk fabric fell away and Lin's firm right breast was exposed.

I became even more aroused, but managed to keep my attention on the camera and the composition of the photos. As Lin continued to lean back against the wall, Kathryn moved the scene along by hiking up Lin's hem. I wasn't particularly surprised to see Lin's pussy on display, I had already guessed that she was completely nude, save her red silk dress. Her pussy was neatly shaved bare with the exception of a thin, black stripe immediately above her slit. She bent her knees, and widened hesitance to give the appearance of making ready for her lover. The bare labia was smooth and betrayed no sign of her obvious arousal.

The scene drew to a close and we gather around the studio laptop to review our work. We all immediate agreed that the shots were good, but lacked the steamy realism that Lin wanted.

"Look at me there," Lin indicated to one of the early shots. "I should look like I have been passionately kissed, but I just look like I am inviting a kiss." and as we skipped on to the later shots she pointed to a delightfully puffy nipple and said, "when I am really aroused my nipples are hard as diamonds, not puffy and smooth like that." Still later Kathryn even pointed out that her pussy lacked that "penetrated, swollen look."

"How does Naomi do it? In that picture on your website, she looked so freshly, and passionately kissed. Was her boyfriend here?"

"No," I replied. "It must have been the misting Kathryn gave her and her natural acing ability. She hadn't been kissed."

"Uh.... Well... Harrison, actually she had been..." Kathryn stuttered. "been kissed that is. And it was pretty passionate, at least on my part."

"You? You what?" I asked astonished. "Kissed her?" She nodded and I looked back and forth between Lin and my wife. "Do the surprises never end around here? I suppose her hard nipples had been kisses and suckled?" Kathryn smiled sheepishly. "Well, well, you have been acting out your fantasies, haven't you?"

Seeing that I wasn't angry, Kathryn nodded. "I suppose that if we'd gotten her nude, her pussy would have showed the signs of your attention too!"

"Oh no! She's a minor! That would have been going too far. Honestly, she asked me to make it more realistic. She knew you'd never agree. I was weak..." she defended herself somewhat lamely. "Oh, Harrison. You aren't angry? I was terrified that you would be livid!"

"Kathryn, I know you've wanted that forever. I just had no way to give it to you. But, I am glad that you restrained yourself somewhat. After all, she is only 16."

Lin watched and listened as we talked. When we stopped, she looked back and forth between us pleading silently. Even I could read her meaning, but Kathryn reacted.

"Well, I can make you look kissed, dear, but only Harrison has the equipment to make you look..." Kathryn trailed off.

Lin looked at the bulge in my jeans, and then up into my eyes. "Would you let him??" she asked pleadingly.

I looked confused, I am sure, and Kathryn stepped in. "We said that it would be our pleasure to help you get this photo shoot right and we meant it. Didn't we, Harrison?" she commented, eyeing me. I nodded, though I would have never imagined how much of a pleasure it would be. "You are on the pill, aren't you, dear?" Kathryn inquired.

"Yes! Oh! Thank you!" Lin bounced up and down with her exposed right breast bouncing. "How do we do this?"

"We'll re-shoot the key scenes. There were only a handful of key shots." I suggested.

"This may be a little awkward," Kathryn, "why don't we sit down a while and get comfortable." and she moved to the sofa in the corner.

Lin and I sat down somewhat awkwardly, while Kathryn bustled off to get drinks, humming to herself.

"Your wife is pretty amazing, Harrison. I hope you realize how lucky you are." Lin whispered.

"Believe me, she continues to amaze me after 25 years, and I am not really sure what to make of this latest series of little surprises." I said.

"I don't want you to be uncomfortable with this. After all, you only agreed to do the photography..." Lin said, sounding genuinely concerned.

Just then, Kathryn returned with a tray of ice tea. And Lin stood up to help her with the tray. I took my glass from Kathryn, and immediately took a sip to have a moment to collect my thoughts. Smiling to myself, it was Long Island Ice Tea - sweet and strong. I looked up questioningly at Kathryn, knowing that she did not drink alcohol and nodded my head towards Lin and her drink.

"No, it's plain, unsweetened tea." Lin grinned. "Kathryn offered me a drink when I arrived. I told her that I don't drink."

"How did you know mine was spiked?" I asked out of curiosity.

"Your reaction to the first sip!" she laughed.

"I knew that you were the most nervous person here, darling." Kathryn interjected. "You need a moment to relax and catch-up... And I thought that 'a little something' might help mellow you."

"I feel like I am being set-up or something." I said with mock indignity.

"oh, you are! You definitely are being set-up..." Kathryn snigger. "Do you protest?"

I merely gave a sigh of resignation and continued to sip my 'little something.' Gazing up at the two gorgeous women standing in front of me. Lin was still barely dressed in the red silk dress that remained unzipped.

Kathryn was in blue jeans and what distinctly looked like Naomi's peasant blouse. I couldn't resist asking her about it.

"You noticed! I thought you were oblivious to things like what a woman's wearing!" she retorted.

"I'm not oblivious to what models wear in front of my lens! I remember the details of my photographic subjects." I defended myself and attacked back just as Kathryn would have done when one daughter of hers was caught borrowing from the other's clothes closet. "Did you ask Naomi's permission to borrow the clothes she left here?"

Naomi laughed and knowing I had caught her fair and square, feigned a guilty look. Then to my surprise she slowly lifted the blouse by the hem and took it off over her head. Her breasts full, with a mature beauty. They didn't stand out without support as the younger woman's did, but they were no less enticing, and I could tell from long familiarity that she was fully aroused. I could imagine her swollen wet labia trapped in her tight jeans. Kathryn was a good 12 years younger than me, but she had always kept her youthful figure - seemingly without effort.

I looked over at Lin and smiled. She was transfixed, openly staring at the older woman.

"You still have poor Lin at a disadvantage, Kathryn. She is practically nude except for that scrap of silk." I goaded her on, still watching Lin intently.

"Well, I wouldn't want our model to be uncomfortable." and she slowly began to unzip her jeans. Lin licked her dry lips, suddenly realized that she had been staring and took a sip of her iced tea. Other than brief momentarily smile in my direction, she never took her eyes off Kathryn as she slowly shimmied out of her jeans.

Typical of her neat style she picked up her jeans from the floor, folded them carefully and set them on a chair. She then looked at me, glanced down at her white cotton panties and then back at me, non-verbally inquiring whether she should proceed. I nodded and she was quickly completely nude. Lin was still silent, and I patted the sofa beside me. Kathryn sat down and consciously sat with her knees apart, exposing her closely cropped auburn haired pussy, with its swollen wet labia.

In turn she slid over slightly and patted the sofa between us. Lin needed no further hint and sat between us. As she sat down, she hiked up the hem of her own skirt and assumed the same position as Kathryn had, with her knees spread apart and her smooth, freshly shaved pussy exposed. She was trembling with excitement. Kathryn reached over to take Lin's hand and rest it palm down on her thigh and then rested her own hand on Lin's velvety smooth inner thigh. As she ran her hand up and down Lin's thigh, Kathryn commented on how over dressed I was. Concerned, I turned to Lin with the intent of asking her if she was still okay with how things were progressing, but didn't need to make the inquiry when I saw the lustful look on her face and her eyes on my bulging crotch.

Taking the hint, I stood up and watched the girls rub each others thighs as they watched me undress. I was pretty quick about it. I guess undressing is more of a mechanical thing for guys. Within seconds I was standing nude in front of the girls, with the most enormous hard-on of my life. Lin scooted over to one side and I sat down between them.

Kathryn wasted no time in grabbing Lin's petite hand and wrapping it around my cock, as I sat there looking on in bemused silence. Kathryn leaned over me and drew Lin's head closer and kissed her. When the kiss broke* Kathryn dropped her head lower taking the tip of my cock in her lips and swirled her tongue around the head. She then took the rest of my cock down to the base, forcing Lin's hand down as she went. Creating suction as she drew up, she released my cock with a noisy slurp.

"Doesn't look wickedly sinful, all wet like that?" she grinned at Lin.

Lin smiled back and took the older woman's comment as the offer it was intended to be. Slowly she bent over to sweetly place a kiss on the very tip of my cock. She lifted her head again, and gave a long smile to Kathryn. "I've wanted to do that for a long time..." I had thought that she was more interested in women, and had certainly not thought that she had not known me long enough to make that desire a long standing one.

"Oh dear, you're a virgin?" Kathryn asked. I knew then that I had misunderstood her meaning.

"Almost. I first had sex when I was 16, with my boy friend, and never repeated it because we broke up. Besides sex with my girlfriends was so much more awesome," Lin confessed, "but I have always felt that I was missing something." that said she slowly wrapped her lips around the head of my cock and sucked gently. Her head descended, and it felt wonderful. I leaned my head back and pulled Kathryn over for a long passionate kiss. Lin couldn't take my cock as deeply on her mouth as Kathryn could, but she used a unique tongue action that was an entirely new sensation to me. We watched the younger woman's head bob up and down on my cock, and Kathryn smiled and ran her fingers through Lin's hair.

"How am I doing?" Lin asked in a break.

"You are wonderful, baby," I replied. "but I think the photographer needs to keep focused on his job. Maybe we should get you ready for the shoot."

"Are you going to fuck me now?" she asked meekly, not able to disguise a touch of fear.

"Not, yet" said Kathryn, "and he won't do it unless you are ready and ask him to do it."

"I have to ask?"

"Yes, dear. I don't want to ever doubt whether you wanted it or not." I replied.

"While he gets ready... May I?" Kathryn asked, as she leaned over and kissed Lin passionately.

"Oh, god... Kathryn..." Lin said breathlessly, putting her arms around Kathryn's neck.

"Naomi was the first woman that I ever kissed passionately, other things were only in my fantasies..." Kathryn said, her hands beginning to explore Lin's bare breast.

I found it hard to pay attention and found myself watching the women grow more passionate. Picking up my camera, I started taking pictures of them. After a few shots, I realized that they were not even aware of my presence, let alone notice that I was photographing them.

I was fascinated to watch my wife explore the younger woman's body. She was so eager and obviously so pleased with her explorations. Lin's blissful reactions to having her breasts suckled and Kathryn's tongue licking and probing her pussy.

Eventually, Kathryn looked up with hooded eyes. "Lin, look at the hard cock on our photographer... Don't you want that deep inside you?"

"Oh yessss..please..." she responded.

"Hey girls. Let's not forget why we're here. Let's finish the photo shoot."

"work work work... What a slave driver..." Kathryn giggled, as she got up...

The Lin's posing was quick, only enhanced by her rumpled silk dress. This time she really had the look of being well kissed and well fucked. Kathryn had done a champion's job of transforming the once puffy nipples into the hard little diamond points that Lin had bragged about. Similarly the inner folds of

her pussy lips were no longer hidden within their almost virginal smooth outer lips. Instead they were protruding, red and fully swollen.

The photos were going to be so outrageously explicit that I would not be able to use more than a few on my website. Nonetheless, I was enjoying the shoot in many other ways that more than made up for that disappointment.

Kathryn was arranging Lin up against the wall for the final series of shots intended to portray the aftermath of being well and truly fucked up against the brick wall. As I lined up the first of the series in my viewfinder, Kathryn interrupted.

"Not so fast Mister! Lin was promised realism, and if she still wants it, you're going to do the honors. We have a chance to give her the photo shoot she wanted and fulfill the fantasy of being fucked up against a brick wall. What do you say, Lin?"

"Please?" was all she whispered. She had not moved from the pose, she was leaning back against the wall, her right breast exposed, her legs apart and her left hand holding up the hem of her little silk dress, exposing her willing pussy.

I put my camera down and moved over to Lin, taking her right hand in mine. "Don't worry, I'll be gentle and withdraw at the last moment."

"No!" she whispered. "please fuck me hard up against the wall. Lift me off my feet. Force yourself in hard and please don't stop - even if I cry - until you've finished with your ... pleasure."

I glanced back at Kathryn, who smiled and nodded, so I turned back to Lin. I stepped between her spread legs, and put my arms around her lower back pulling her close. Our lips touched with a passionate spark. Lin's tongue probed my lips. I did not put up any resistance, but sucked her tongue in. She used the same swirling tongue action on my tongue that she had briefly used on the head of my cock.

My cock touched her tummy and went even more rigid than before. She moaned and rubbed against it. She clearly was well past languid foreplay.

I bent my knees trying to lower my cock to the level of her pussy. Only when she straightened and stood up on tip toes could my cock rub up and down the length of her slit. She moaned and quivered. I was so ready. Feeling the intense heat and wetness of her pussy lips, I slid my hands under her ass and lifted her off the ground, holding her up. She lifted her legs and our groins separated for a moment. Using her arms around my shoulders, Lin hoisted herself up just a little, until I felt the tip of my rigid cock poised at the entrance to her vagina.

We locked eyes and slowly I pushed forward with my hips, as she eased herself down. The sensation was all encompassing. Lin was extraordinarily tight. She moaned and paused. Her eyes, once half closed in passion, popped wide open, as we both felt unexpected resistance. Only the swollen head of my cock was in her, and I pulled back a fraction of an inch. She had a puzzled look on her face and I gave her a questioning look. We held the position for a long moment. Lin shrugged and suddenly relaxed the tension in her arms. Without that support, her weight brought more pressure on the resistance and the resistance disappeared suddenly. Lin gave a high pitched yelp and bit her lip. I held still, the full length of my cock buried in her.

"Are you okay?" I breathed.

"Ooooh! Just a twinge of pain... Hold me a moment." she sighed. "Wow... I feel so... Full... Oh..." she pulled herself up an inch, "Oh yea... Now that feels gooood..." and then gingerly lowered herself, "uhhhmm, okay... that's good..." she raised and lowered herself like that a dozen times at least, with growing confidence and ardor. Within moments I was matching her movements with hip thrusts of my own.

Watching her carefully, I saw her stop biting her lip, her eyelids begin to lower slightly, and her breathing become increasingly more ragged. Soon she was panting with pleasure and I was less able to restrain myself. "Oh please... Fuck me!" she wailed and arched her back against the wall. Now with the wall supporting her back, I was able to gain more control and increase the length and force of my strokes. Soon I was able to almost completely withdraw, so that her pussy lips were just kissing the head of my cock and then thrust in deeply again. It was clear to me that she was lost in a complex fusion of pleasure and pain.

Somewhere outside the intense rapture of our union, I sense that Kathryn was hovering close and that the flashes of light that I was sensing were not exclusively from my prolonged near orgasmic state. My wife was taking photographs of her husband fucking a young beauty.

The intensity of my reaction to my penetrating thrusts fogged my mind as I hovered near my orgasm. Suddenly, I realized that Lin was panting and quivering uncontrollably. In an instant's panic I worried that I was crushing her lifeless against the wall. In the same instant, I realized that I was indeed crushing her, but her reaction was far from last gasps. She was in the midst of a overpowering, sustained orgasm. The realization threw me over the top and I immediately went rigid with an intense orgasm. My cock spasmed and I could feel my cum shooting into her tight pussy.

Almost collapsing and with legs turning too jelly, I hugged her close. Her legs were wrapped around my waist and her arm around my neck. Struggling to stay upright, I carried her to sofa, turned and sat down carefully - my cock still hard and planted deeply within her.

The strobes flashed a few more times and both Lin and I gave sated smiles to the camera. Kathryn sat down next to us and began fawning over us. Running a hand through Lin's hair and kissed each in turn, passionate, loving kisses.

"I have never seen anything like that!" she exclaimed. "What an absolute thrill."

"Oh My God!!!" Lin gushed. "I have never felt anything like that! It was...Oh! It just was..."

"What happened at the beginning?" Kathryn asked. "Weren't you ready for him? It looked like he hurt you for a second."

"It did hurt for a second.." Lin mused.

"Her hymen had not been fully broken. " I stated as fact.

"That must be it. The boy I fucked that first and only time was really small, and he had an orgasm almost before we really started. It certainly didn't do anything for me!" she elaborated and climbed off of me onto Kathryn's lap. Looking down we could see the evidence of a pinkish tinge of color mixed with the cum that coated my cock.

"Oh My God! That was it. I thought I wasn't a virgin, but I really was.... Wow!"

We cuddled together on the sofa for another hour or so. We talked of many things, including making a vow to have a non-sexual photo shoot for the web site. I was pleased.

"Oh there is one more thing I have to do, if I may." Lin said.

"Whatever you want dear." Kathryn said amiably, but we both looked puzzled when she climbed off Kathryn's lap without saying what she wanted. Her desire became clear when she knelt between my knees.

I watched, fascinated, as she smile and deftly braided her long hair. She then leaned forward and reverently reached for my limp cock. The pinkish cum had crusted on it, but as she bowed over my lap, she began to lick and suckle my cock. The sight of her gently devoting such loving attention to my cock, I slowly became harder and harder.

"Oh My God! I was told that a girl should always clean her lover, but I didn't mean to get him hard again!"

"Well, dear, if cleaning was your only intent, you should have done it while he was still hard!" Kathryn laughed. "but don't worry, go ahead and get him hard. I know what to do with it!"

Lin continued her sweet cleaning exercise while Kathryn and I kissed. When was fully hard again, and beginning to thrust to meet the willing mouth, Lin stopped and said, "He's all cleaned and ready, ma'm!"

She was smiling and licking her lips. We laughed and Kathryn slid over to straddle me. She wasted no time in lowering herself on to me and moaning as I filled her up. She sat straddling me sigh with satisfaction. I knew from long experience that Kathryn prided herself on her vaginal muscle control. She practiced kegel exercises daily. I loved the feeling of her muscles rippling up and down the length of my cock.

Lin watched in fascination as we were obviously in a passionate state of arousal as our breathing became deeper and both of us were moaning. With years of shared experience in making love together, we could easily read each other. Kathryn rose and slipped herself off of my cock. Without speaking, and moving in synch, I rose from the sofa and positioned myself behind her as she leaned over the sofa. Lin sat down on the sofa looking up at her, and I spread Kathryn's legs slightly and roughly rammed my cock into her dripping wet pussy. I held her by the hips and started fucking her hard from the rear. Lin was fondling Kathryn's tits and then slid under her and facing up began to suckle forcefully on her tits.

Kathryn quickly had the first of what I knew would multiple orgasms becoming more and more intense, eventually leading to her passing out. She was in heaven.

I continued thrusting and felt Lin's finger caress my balls. I slowed my thrusting to enjoy the sensation of Lin's fingers on my balls and the base of my cock. From the way Kathryn was reacting, I could tell that Lin's attention to her tits had not stopped. I suspected that Lin's fingers were caressing Kathryn's clit as well as my balls.

Within moments I felt a finger slip in beside my cock, heightening the sensations of Kathryn's tight pussy. Her pussy began spasming with yet another orgasm. Her legs begin to twitch, so I pulled hips up to mine and turned her. We rotated together, I was able to keep my cock firmly planted within her from the rear. I collapsed onto the sofa, with her on my lap.

Her weight on my lap forced my cock in deeper and placed it firmly against her g-spot. She was shuddering with little rolling orgasms, when felt Lin's tongue on my balls. I reached around and guided Lin's head up a little. She took the hint and began sucking on Kathryn's enormously swollen clit. Kathryn shuddered, went rigid, and let out a deep wailing moan. Her pussy muscles contracted wildly, squeezing my hard cock out of her pussy, just before she collapsed with a sigh.

Lin gasped my slick cock without thinking and began pumping with her small hand. It wasn't long before I was on the brink of my second orgasm. Sensing my impending release, Lin planted her lips tightly on the tip of my cock head. She kept pumping with her hand as I could feel an enormous load of cum building within my balls and surging up my cock. As hard as she tried, Lin was unable to contain the flood within her mouth. She was startled and a little overwhelmed. Cum was dripping out and dripping down her chin, in spite of her attempts to swallow my cum, she had a mouthful. She was beautiful with cum glossing her huge grin.

She climbed up on the sofa with us and realized that Kathryn had lying, breathing deeply with eyes closed. "Is she okay?"

"oh yea... She does this sometimes. Orgasmed out!" I replied.

After a few moments, I stood and lifted Kathryn off the sofa. "You're welcome to stay. Let's take her up to bed." I headed out of the studio, with Lin at my heels. Arriving in our bedroom, Lin pulled back the covers and I laid Kathryn on the bed. I turned to Lin who was still in her rumpled silk dress.

I stepped towards her and slid the strap off her left shoulder. It puddled on the ground at her feet. I pulled her close and hugged her. Our kiss was sweet and loving but we were both exhausted.

"Can you stay?" I asked. "We can take a nap now and get up later for a midnight snack. Tumble back in bed and sleep in a jumble together."

"I'd love to." she sighed, and as I lifted the covers, and she slipped in next to Kathryn. We snuggled in and within moments, I was asleep.

I woke in the dark, to realize that the girls were talking in whispers. The intimate talk was interspersed with kisses. They were talking of their 'firsts' from our afternoon tryst. Lin was enthusiastic about my cock and Kathryn about Lin's lips on her pussy. I went back to sleep, knowing that I was one hell of a lucky guy.

Chapter Three

I slept through to the morning and awoke to the smell of bacon cooking. I showered quickly and towed dry. Without dressing, I headed to the kitchen in my terry cloth robe. Lin was cooking, wearing nothing but an apron. Kathryn was nude sitting on a bar stool at the granite counter, sipping a cup of coffee.

I stopped by Kathryn and gave her a lover's kiss. Taking the stool next to her, Lin passed me a steaming cup of fresh brewed coffee. Lin was smiling and humming to herself as she finished the preparation of a sumptuous breakfast. A glance at Kathryn told me that she was watching Lin with the same intent interest as I was. Lin was petite and perfectly formed and her glossy black hair covered her back, and beautiful, firm ass was fully exposed to our gaze. As she stood at the stove, she hummed to herself. She was gorgeous, exotic and obviously very happy.

After breakfast, we had a straight, very professional photo shoot which resulted in some great headshots, glamour, and even a couple of very nice artistic nudes.

Lin left for a couple of hours, planning to return in the late afternoon. She was going to her apartment for some fresh clothes. It felt as though Lin had worked her way into both our hearts. It seemed quite natural when Kathryn invited her to stay for the rest of the week and through the weekend, which meant she would be there for Yana's shoot.

I spent the early afternoon fussing with the result from that morning's shoot. I uploaded a selection of shots, but none of the most explicit ones. Kathryn had gone out shopping, so I went to see Naomi and discuss putting the new photos on the web site.

When I arrived, Naomi greeted me in her trademark cheerful fashion and went on helping other customers. I browsed for a while and looked up when the door jangled, to see the last customer leave. Naomi bounded around the counter and jumped into my arms, kissing me like a wild woman.

"Wow! New store service? You kiss all your customers like that?" I said laughing.

"The shots of Lin are inspired!" she gushed. "You did her didn't you?"

"huh?"

"Don't be coy! She came by yesterday afternoon to say hi. She had a very well fucked look about her."

"Naomi! Your talk!"

"Gimme a break! You're not my Dad! Your my very hot photographer. So, do you do all you models?" she winked.

I smiled, separating myself from her clinging embrace. "okay okay... That was really unusual. She had an effect on Kathryn..." I said, consciously shifting the focus from my role.

"Yea? Lin on Kathryn or Kathryn on Lin?" she asked

"okay, they had the effect on each other..."

Laughing she dragged me around the counter by the hand to look at the changes she'd made to the site. She had found the images from Lin's shoot in the upload folder that she had taught me to use, and had already begun incorporating them into the web site. She chosen one of the more discreet shots of Lin in the red silk dress for her portfolio icon.

"It must have been an amazing shoot! I wish I could have been there."

"It was a good shoot! I never said that it wasn't"

"Both you and Lin have been cagey about it - I can't get details. I LOVE DETAILS! On top of that, you upload some of great artistic nudes, glamour, and head shots for me to choose from, but only a few of the red silk dress shots. I know that there are a zillion more shots that you aren't sharing with me!"

"There are more. You're definitely right about that! And I won't lie, lots of them are too hot for the web site."

"I knew it! You gotta let me see'm! Can I come over and see'm?"

"Well, I don't know... We..."

"Damn!" she interrupted. "It's my age, isn't it?"

"I was going to say that we have company tomorrow and I have stuff to do on Friday."

"Can you load some on a DVD and bring them over on Saturday?"

"I'll try."

"promise?"

"Hey, I said that I'd try!"

"okay, sorry for being pushy. Here you sit down and I'll show you the updates."

I sat down in the office chair and before I could turn to the keyboard, Naomi plopped herself down in my lap.

"ohhhh! Who's happy to see me?" she joked to my chagrin, as she wiggled her tight ass on my hard cock.

I blushed and whispered, "No fair!"

"All's fair in love and war!" she giggled. "and this isn't war!"

This girl knew exactly how to fluster me and did so with startling regularity.

I tried to focus on our work, though it was difficult when Naomi periodically would wiggle on my lap. She was definitely enjoying my predicament and yet I couldn't complain too much. She was so good at managing the web site, that putting up with her teasing was a small price to pay.

At several points, customers came and Naomi cheerfully hopped up to assist them in her irrepressible style. One time a young man in his twenties entered, one of those regular customers drawn in by Naomi's charm. After being asked she introduced me as her photographer, which drew a puzzled look - jealousy? She responded by providing an Odyssey Photography card that she had printed on her color printer. It used the new sail logo and had all the updated email and website information. The fellow took the card with interest, and after chatting a while left without purchasing anything.

"Another of your fan club?" I joshed.

"Don't joke! He is infatuated with me, poor guy. It would kill him if he knew I was only 16. He stops by every day. Usually he stays longer, but you made him jealous."

"Bad me! If he looks at the photos of you on the web, it'll make him even more jealous. And your age is listed in your model's profile."

"Oh well, I didn't do anything to lead him on and I didn't lie about my age."

"It's just your magnetism."

"Animal Magnetism!" she said wiggling her ass on my lap yet again.

"Why do you do that!? Talk about leading people on!" I said feeling annoyed for an instant. "You know you are tempting and leading me on!"

"No." she said seriously. "You are different. I am not leading you on." and put her arms around my neck and kissed me very sweetly. She turned back to the monitor, as if she had answered my question.

Still puzzled and yet intrigued, I let it drop. We focused on the web site and I was learning a lot between visits from customers. It was getting dark when I left. Naomi stood on tiptoes to kiss me goodbye. "See you soon."

I returned home well after dark, the lights were off and the house quiet. Walking through the darkened door and down the hall to the master bedroom, I found Lin and Naomi curled up together in bed fast asleep. Not wanting to bother them, I undressed quietly, went back out to the kitchen, and opened a bottle of wine. I filled a large glass, and headed to the hot tub on the back porch. I uncovered the hot tub and turned on the jets and deck lights. I eased myself slowly into the hot glowing water and sighed as I settled in. The wine was delightful and the hot water put me in a reflective mood.

I set the glass down on the ledge and relaxed back on the bench, thinking back on the day, and the previous day. It had been like a fantasy come true for Kathryn and me. I had participated in the first threesome of my life. I could return to the Master bedroom now - I was sure that I would later - but right now, and make love to either one of two gorgeous women, or both of them. Still, I couldn't get today's encounter with Naomi out of my mind. Why did she keep coming on to me? What did she mean that she wasn't leading me on? That I was different? I convinced myself that my growing infatuation with her wasn't simply an older man's fascination with younger women. There was something more - a lot more - but I could put my finger on it.

I was lost in this reverie. When I looked up and saw Lin and Kathryn walking out onto the deck with wine glasses in their hands. They stepped out of their robes and Kathryn stepped gingerly into the hot tub, and Lin followed her. They settled in on either side of me. They snuggled in close. I turned to Kathryn and kissed her, then turned and kissed Lin.

"How did it go with Naomi?" Kathryn asked.

"She's made great progress on the web site. Lin's shoot looks great."

"We know that, silly! Lin logged on and we checked it out before our nap. How did it go with Naomi?"

"She knew that there were more pictures of Lin. She wants to see the whole shoot. She wants me to bring them on a DVD when I go to her place for the second shoot. Should show her?"

Lin blushed and Kathryn objected, "She's only 16! She shouldn't see the ones I took of you and Lin."

"What about the ones of us?" Lin asked Kathryn? "I'd really like her to see us."

Kathryn didn't like it but did say any more, instead she changed the topic. "Yana called. She wanted to reschedule for Friday. I told her it was fine and invited her to stay the weekend."

"Cool! I can't wait!" I enthused and we all fell silent in the heat of the tub.

Later I broke the silence. "Well, I am beat. I need to get some sleep." and I slipped out, leaving the women alone.

The rumpled sheets and blankets on the bed still showed the imprint of the two women. I crawled in and straightened the sheets over me. I drifted off to sleep with scent of my wife and her lover's perfumes mixed on my pillow.

I was awakened later by the sensuous warmth of Kathryn crawling in on one side of me and Lin snuggling in close on the other. We kisses and caressed each other. I was kissing Kathryn, when Lin found her way under the covers to my cock. While our kissing and fondling had been languid and sensuous, I had been getting a lot more sexual stimulation in the past few days than was my habit, so I wasn't fully erect when her lips first touched my cock. Her attention quickly brought me to full arousal and Kathryn's and my kissing became significantly more passionate.

I drew Kathryn up to give my lips access to her full breasts and hard nipples. I began nibble lightly on her nipples, intending to increase the intensity as her arousal grew.

I didn't get far in my attention to Kathryn's needs, when found myself completely unable to concentrate on anything but my own impending orgasm. Within mere days, Lin had progressed from a oral virgin, to a cock sucking virtuoso. She had brought me from soft to the brink of orgasm in a matter of minutes. I rolled over and arched my back. She kept me on that delicate pre-orgasmic point seemingly forever, though I know it was really only a matter of minutes. The world faded from around me and my whole awareness was focused on my cock and the intense pleasure that radiated from her lips. My orgasm was all encompassing in its intensity. Wave after wave of whole body tremors each accompanied by a seemingly endless flood of semen. My awareness returned and Kathryn was expressing her amazement and Lin was still trying to swallow the mouthful of my fluids. She had a hard time with that part. Kneeling on the bed next to me, she had a cum on her left breast that had dripped down from her chin. There was yet another small puddle collected on my stomach.

From her longer experience, Kathryn was always able too capture my entire load, but also expressed such a liking for it that she never wanted to waste a drop. I could see her eyes dart between the cum on my stomach and the cum dripping off Lin's chin and tit. She quickly decided that the cum on me could wait and leaned over me to kiss the fluid off of Lin's chin and proceeded to lick it off the other girl's nipple and her tummy. Finally she turned her attention to my small puddle and the drops that continued to ooze out of the tip of my still hard cock.

Only then did she speak. "Very well done, Lin! I have never seen him cum so quickly or uncontrollably! Brava! The work of an artiste!"

Lin blushed and smiled with her head tilted down. "Thank you" she said softly. "I truly love doing that. It amazes me that I can have that much control over a man and yet feel so completely subservient to his ultimate pleasure. I came so close to having an orgasm doing it!"

Kathryn chuckled throatily, "Well you have my permission to serve his pleasure as long as you serve mine with equal enthusiasm."

I looked over to Kathryn expecting to share smile over her little joke. Instead I saw that the little chuckle belied her serious expression. Her gaze was fixed on Lin, who in turn remained kneeling beside me with her eyes downcast, but her expression serene. "Thank you." was all she said.

Puzzled I asked, "What was that all about?"

"Oh, Jesus!" Kathryn exclaimed. "I am so sorry. When you were out, Lin and I discussed the idea of her moving in and living with us for a while. More than through the weekend - sort of open-ended. But we agreed that there were lots of details to work out, the biggest was whether you agreed."

"Please," Lin said still kneeling beside me. "May I please be excused so that you may discuss this privately?"

Still puzzled, I looked at Kathryn and she nodded to Lin who gracefully stepped off the bed, picked up her robe and left the room silently.

"What is..."

"Let me explain." Kathryn interrupted. "Lin represents the fulfillment of a fantasy for me. Plus I have grown to care a lot about her in a very short time. I would love to have her live with us."

"On her side, we represent the fulfillment of some lifelong needs of hers. Family - she was an adopted orphan from Philippines, and her adoptive parents were killed in a car accident when she was ten years old. Love - she raised herself through a series of foster homes. Some abusive. Some uncaring. The natural love she feels between us - just that love we take for granted - spills over to her and fills a void. And last but not least, sex. You in particular have given her something she only dreamed about."

"I had no idea..." I said bemused. "what would we tell the girls. I mean, won't our daughters wonder about us taking in a live-in lover who is about their age?"

"All Dina and Allie need to know is that Lin is a grad student who lives with and helps around the house in return."

"Is Lin okay with that story?"

"It isn't a story. It's the truth. Lin is a student and she wants to be our maid. Part of the need she expressed to me is her need to serve, to please, to be found pleasing. She says that she wants the feeling of pleasing people who love her for being pleasing."

"Hmmm... This is pretty astounding." I mused.

"I know it is." Kathryn admitted. "Her deceased, adoptive parents weren't independently wealthy, but their life insurance went into a trust for her. Apparently it was well invested. She wasn't able to access the funds until three years ago, when she turned 18. She has been living off of the interest and dividends - you've seen how she dresses. She isn't a starving grad student."

"Well, frankly I've paid more attention to how well she undresses!" I joked. Kathryn playfully cuffed me. "Okay! I get it. She isn't a gold digger."

"So you agree?"

"I'll need to talk to her about it, and I'd like to know more about the 'details' that you mentioned."

"We didn't get far. She would have the guest room. She would make herself available for sexual service to either or both of us at our request, when she is not at school. She would have no sex partners without our permission and approval. She will cook and clean. She only asks our love."

"Sounds pretty one sided in our favor," I said. "We need to talk about how it affects our relationship."

"I am not worried," Kathryn said. "Our relationship is strong. I love you, and right now I would love you to make love to her as much as you can. I think it is good for her. Do you mind Lin and I making love?"

"Let's just agree that if one of us starts feeling uncomfortable with the arrangements, that one can ask her to leave, and the other will accept that." I proposed.

"Deal!" Kathryn said. "I'll go get her and let you two talk... And Harrison? Please make love to her. Just you two alone? I already have and she will need that to know you are really okay with it. I'll come in later"

Without waiting for a response, she slipped off the bed and out of the room. Mystified, I got up and turned on some music in the CD player - a re-mastering of an old Diana Washington LP. I sat down on the love seat and waited. It felt odd sitting nude in our bedroom, waiting for a young woman who was not my wife.

I was still thinking on this line when the door opened, Lin came in quietly and closed the door. She padded barefoot across the room and stood in front of me. Her long, silky black hair was braided, she wore a light, short robe. She stood quietly with her eyes downcast for a long moment.

"Come on, don't just stand there, sit here with me."

A smile spread across her face. She loosened her robe and it slipped off her shoulder, falling on the floor at her feet. Thus naked, she sat on the love seat next to me and drew her feet up under her. I put my arm around her and pulled her close.

"So, you would like to live with us?"

"Oh, yes! Please. These last few days have been some of the happiest of my life. I feel like I have the love of a family and more..."

"Well, it's late. We all probably need sleep, so why don't we agree that the guest room is yours, though you are welcome to sleep with us, or ask one of us to come sleep with you, you can also have it as your private space. I only want you to be completely honest and clear in your communications about what you want or don't want."

"May I say something?" Lin asked quietly.

"Of course!"

"Kathryn and you have given me a sense of love and fulfillment that I have never known before. Nothing would make me happier than to be with you both."

I kissed her forehead, placing a hand on her breast pulled her into an embrace with my other arm around her.

"Let's go to bed." I whispered.

"Kathryn?" she questioned.

"She'll be along shortly..."

Lin rose and stood before me again. I watched in fascination as she pulled off the hair tie that held the end of her braid together and shook out her hair. She was gorgeous.

She looked up shyly. "Do I please you?"

I laughed heartily, "If you don't get that gorgeous body in my bed this very instant, you will not please me!" I said standing and taking a playful swat at her perfect ass. She froze and looked at me fearfully. I held out my arms and she relaxed tearfully melting into my arms.

"What's this all about?" I inquired

"I am sorry, one of my foster fathers abused me. I know I should not react like that... It's just..." she sobbed quietly

"Shhhh.... You can explain later... Right now we'll just go to bed."

We crawled in bed and soon she was asleep in my arms. I lay there thinking about the past couple of days. Holding her close, smelling the fresh scent of her hair, her tight ass against my groin and her small breast cupped in my hand. Soon, I was awoken briefly by Kathryn crawling in to bed beside me and I was asleep again between two beautiful women.

In the morning, I awoke alone, with the smells of breakfast cooking. I put on a robe and went out to the kitchen. Kathryn was sitting on her bar stool in her robe, drinking a cup of coffee. Lin was cooking again, wearing only an apron. I kissed Kathryn and started to take a stool next to her. Silently she gestured to Lin, whose back was turned and pantomimed a hug and kiss.

Lin turned from the stove and fell into my arms. "Thank you!" she murmured.

"For?"

"The best sleep of my life. Feeling you next to me, your hand gently cupping my breast, I felt so safe and loved. Thank you."

I smile sheepishly and with Kathryn urging me on from behind Lin's back, I kissed her lovingly and ran my hands up and down her bare back and ass.

She must have felt my cock stir, because she placed her hand inside my robe and caressed it.

"Do you want me now?" she inquired in a shy but direct manner.

Even though Kathryn smiled encouragingly, I kissed her again and said, "Breakfast smells great and I am famished. Perhaps after we eat, we can all enjoy some time together."

"I want you two to spend some time together and I have errands, so if you don't mind, I will leave you to your own devices after we eat." Kathryn interjected.

Lin beamed at her and got busy serving breakfast. We had light, fluffy omelets with bacon, toast and coffee. I helped clean up and Kathryn hustled out the door, after stopping to kiss each of us a passionate goodbye and left us standing alone in the kitchen.

When I had finished drying the dishes, I turned to Lin. She had her head tilted down and looked up from under her lashes. Looking close I could see her breathing was deep and heavy. She was struggling to control herself. I continued studying her. She trembled slightly.

"Please..." she said in a low breathy voice.

I smiled, nodded and held my hand out. "Come..." I said.

She shed her apron, and with the same delicate sensuality as the night before, she shook out her braid. With her black hair arrayed over her shoulders and covering her bare breasts, she took my hand and lead me to the bedroom. She sat me on the edge of the bed and knelt on the carpet in front of me.

"May I make a request?" she asked.

"You don't need to ask that."

"Yes, I feel that I do need to ask. At least I feel better if I ask. I have always asked permission for the most mundane things. To not ask for permission for intimate things would make me feel like a bad person."

"Will you please make love to me?"

Leaning down I kissed her and whispered, "I will".

I made a move to pull her up to the bed but she merely rose far enough to kiss my hardening cock and begin licking and sucking in her special way. When it was engorged and fully erect, I pulled her gently and this time she did not resist.

We made love for a long time that morning. I gave her another first by being the first man to give her oral pleasure. It was delightful for me to feel her shake with her orgasm as my tongue penetrated her. She found that being taken from the rear, while up on her hands and knees caused her first g-spot stimulated orgasm.

In the end, she was on her back with her heels pulled up to ass and her knees wide apart. I was on top of her pumping hard and as she moaned with ecstasy, my orgasm ran the length of my body and filled her with my seed. I could feel the intense spasms in her tight pussy as she had her fourth or fifth orgasm.

I collapsed onto her breathing hard and she hugged me tight. In a moment I rolled off of her, to relieve her of my weight. Lying on my side with my slick phallus rubbing the side of her thigh, I lifted up her leg and draped it over her side, giving me a new angle to penetrate her cum filled pussy with my still hard cock. She gasped at her unexpected insertion.

We lay there with our legs intertwined talking and enjoying the relaxed intimacy. After some time, my cock softened and slipped out. Lin smiled and winked. In a moment her lips were at my groin cleaning me up. I was amused at first by her enthusiasm for this task she set for herself, but once I was 'clean' I was also hard again. We lay back down and I reassumed our former position, with my cock once more in her dripping pussy.

"Oh dear! I'll have to clean you up again... Boys will be boys... Always getting messy!" she giggled.

We were still lying like that when Kathryn returned.

"Looks like you two are getting along well." she said. "Need any help?"

"You can join us, if you like..." I said

"I was just going to clean him up." Lin chimed in. "for the second time!"

"No, let me do it." Kathryn said easing out of her blouse but not removing her bra. "You two stay put. I'll clean you both."

She climbed up onto the bed, still in her stockings, skirt and bra. The sight alone aroused me and I am not sure if it was my resurgent cock or Kathryn's tongue, but Lin began to moan. I could not help beginning to thrust. Kathryn became more aroused and started removing my cock from Lin's swollen, dripping pussy and sucking it for several strokes before reinserting it for several more strokes. Lin was going over the top, moaning and twitching, and I was surprised to feel a second orgasm surge up from my balls. The jet of cum started in Lin's pussy, sprayed on Kathryn's face and finished in her waiting mouth.

I collapsed back on the bed and Kathryn gave me a final cleaning. I lay there and watched Lin clean my cum off of Kathryn's face with many little licking kisses. Kathryn then returned to Lin's pussy to attempt to suck out any cum that was oozing out or had been injected deeper within.

Kathryn stood for a moment to undress. I stopped her for a second and pulled down the cups of her bra.. She left the bra on with her tits exposed over the cups, and removed her skirt and panties. She then fell back on the bed in Lin's arms.

Watching their lovemaking was of great interest to me. Kathryn clearly took the lead and Lin looked for ways to please the older woman, and Kathryn was clearly in heaven. I dozed off happily.

I woke to find the 'girls' sound asleep in each others arms. I crept out of the bed and found my camera. I took a couple of quick shots of them. They were beautiful in their sleep.

I went out to the kitchen and started making sandwiches. By the time I had plates ready, the girls came out in their robes. They were ravenous.

That afternoon we visited Lin's apartment to collect her clothes and personal items. It was a cute little one bedroom efficiency apartment - perfect for a single grad student, though probably out of most grad student's price range. The apartment building was neat and well kept, with six units.

Lin's apartment was on the top floor and had a little balcony big enough for a chaise lounge, two matching chairs and a small table. The balcony overlooking the park across the street. It was charming and afforded the complete privacy.

I wondered what she would do with the apartment, thinking that she would return it to the landlord to save money. If she returned it, what would we do with all her very tasteful furnishings and artwork. It would need climate a controlled storage facility or the carpets and art would be at risk. I decided that there was no need to worry about it. There was no telling how long this delightful young woman would be living with us.

There was a knock at the door, and a man who looked to be a little older than me, dressed in overalls, was there.

"Good afternoon, Miss Lin." he said amiably. "Is this here your aunt and uncle?"

"Mr. Ford!" she chirped as she darted into his arms to hug him. "Yes, this is my Uncle Harrison, and my Aunt Kathryn."

"We'll be sorry to not see you here every day, lil' Miss." his affection for Lin was obvious. "but you must be powerful happy to have found the kin of your parents. Life is a lonely path to walk without kin."

"Mr. Ford! Your wife and you are truly like family to me. I never did feel lonely here once I found you. But you are right, I am so happy to have finally found them. And here in town as well. It's one of those blessings that Mrs. Parker always talks about."

"Well, lil' Miss, you don't worry about the building. I'll keep it up, like I always do. An' it looks like Ms. Parker's found a good tenant for number 2. You want to meet her tomorrow? "

"I would love to, but I can't. Would Mrs. Ford talk to them? She's a better judge of character than either you or I are! If she thinks their Okay, then I am sure that they are."

"Awrighty. She'd be proud to help. Gimme a holler when you want a hand with your things."

"I will Mr. Ford. Thank you so kindly"

When he had left, Kathryn and I looked at Lin puzzled.

"I forgot to tell you. I own the building." she confessed. "The Fords, Mrs. Parker and the others are my tenants."

"Hmmm. How did our grad student lover become a landlady? " I asked and Kathryn nodded to show she was equally intrigued.

"Well, when I was a sophomore in college I needed a place of my own, so I found a dumpy cheap apartment in a small building. The other residents were all older folk on fixed incomes. I was the only one under 65, and they all sort of adopted me. One day the landlord came to offer us right of first refusal. He was going to upgrade the building and go condo. Of course none of the current residents could afford it, so they were doomed to be evicted."

"I couldn't sit still for that. So, I talked to the lawyer who manages my trust fund. I'd never paid any attention to , since my tuition was paid, and I had a stipend to live on. What more did I need? Well, there was the house in Atlanta, as well as another rental property that my parents had left me. I had the lawyer sell the other rental and bought this one. I took the remaining money from the sale, bought the architect's condo drawings and we fixed the place up like the previous landlord wanted to - except the current residents stay at the same old rent. We call it Grace Apartments, after my mother."

"Don't get me wrong. The property value has appreciated in just the past year. I cover my costs out of the rents. Most importantly, they care for me and I need that. It isn't charity."

"The Fords take care of the property. Mrs. Parker is finding a new tenant to take Mr. Delaney's old apt. He passed away 2 months ago. Seems they think they've found some one who will fit in with everyone else."

"You let the tenants pick the other tenants?"

"Well, this is only the second we've had new tenants since I bought the place. But new tenants need to fit in. We're like a family."

"So you'll keep the apartment" I asked.

"Oh! Yes! I'll leave it furnished and Mrs. Parker will still keep it clean and ready for my return." I was comforted that she wasn't making a seemingly irrational and impulsive break with her past.

"Well, let's get going," Kathryn said. "we have to get ready for Yana's shoot tomorrow."

"I can't wait to meet her!" Lin said and winked at Kathryn.

"Hey, girls! This will be a real photo shoot. Not every model is your potential next sex conquest!" I admonished them.

They feigned shock, and giggled.

Lin called Mr. Ford, who helped us load the boxes in the car. Soon we were back home and the girls shed their clothes almost immediately. I went to the studio to prepare for Yana's arrival, and the girls were getting Allie's room ready for Yana.

When I returned, Lin was in the bath, and Kathryn was putting the finishing touches on Allie's room. Seeing her naked and bent over the bed. I slipped out of the boxers that I was wearing, sneaked up behind her, pushed her face down onto the bed, spread her legs and took her roughly from the rear. I fucked her hard and fast, but I couldn't cum faster than she did. When I did cum it was hot fast and explosive.

Panting, she grinned over her shoulder at me. "So you do love me."

I heard shuffling over my shoulder. Lin was barely towed dry and she was standing in the doorway fingering her own pussy.

Without thinking, I said, "Come clean my cock, Lin"

She grinned and walked quickly to me and knelt at my cock to lick and suck it clean. What had seemed like an odd concept only days ago, now seemed so natural, especially because of the willing, loving way she did it. It was something that was just part of her nature to serve and to please.

That evening we all sat around drinking wine and talking companionably. I went to bed early and left the girls up talking until the wee hours.

The morning started late and was a bustle of activity. Yana called to say that she had made an early start on the road, so Kathryn invited her to lunch. That kept Lin particularly busy cooking. I doubted that someone who made her living as a model would show much interest in all the food that was being prepared. When I commented on that to Lin, she admitted that all her entertaining repertoire was based on preparing the holiday meals for her extended family at Grace Apartments.

"Entertaining? Yana is a working model and is coming to work!" I exclaimed. They merely smiled that smile they use on men when they know certain things that men would never understand.

Yana arrived before lunch was ready. I met her at the door and she greeted me warmly. She was in loose fitting jeans and what appeared to be a men's white oxford shirt. Only the middle two buttons were buttoned and the tails were tied in the front. She looked great, but she was the sort of woman who managed to make rags look designer wear.

Her comments showed that she remembered our workshop together, but that she had also looked at my web site. I was thrilled that she seemed impressed.

I escorted her to the kitchen where I introduced her to the girls. I was relieved to see that they had gotten properly dressed in the time I had been talking to Yana.

Yana fell in with them, helping to set the table and finish making the salad. From their talk, I sensed that they had previously discussed a good deal more than I knew. Lunch was a fresh green salad, a spicy tomato based tortilla soup, and a selection of cheeses with fresh French bread. I puzzled about the other cooking that had been going on, but quickly gave up the thought.

After lunch, we carried Yana's things into Allie's room. Considering she carried her makeup and a wide selection of outfits, the huge suitcase and two garment bags were not a lot of luggage. When Lin asked about it, Yana replied that she was headed to Florida for a swimsuit shoot, and swim suit company was providing the suits.

Once Yana was settled, we proceeded to the studio. With the other women's enthusiasm for helping Yana prepare, the privacy screen was never used. Yana simply changed where she stood. It was immediately obvious why Yana had been included in the summer swim suit catalog shoot. Her body was well toned and overall lightly tanned.

Kathryn re-assumed her role as director, posing Yana. The first shots were head shots with various changes of make-up. Yana had always done her own make-up, but she submitted to Lin's attention for some reason - most probably she was being polite. It turned out that Lin was quite talented with make-up and Yana seemed genuinely pleased. The head shots were taken with Yana topless, though only her bare shoulders showed.

On an inspiration I asked Yana if she would mind including Lin in a couple of shots. To my gratification, she agreed and in fact they both seemed pleased that I had asked.

"Topless, please, Lin." I said in an unintended command voice.

"Yes, sir!" she responded naturally. I studied her face closely as she began to undress. She smiled happily and betrayed no sign of resentment of my commanding tone. Kathryn assumed Lin's make-up role. I was fascinated to watch her apply make-up to the two model's breasts.

For the next series of shots, I assumed the director's role and gave instructions to Kathryn to pull down the mottled, light gray back drop.

I posed Yana with her back about three feet from the back drop. I brought over a small six inch wooden riser for Lin to stand on and put it directly in front of Yana. Lin stepped up on the riser and I turned her to face Yana. With a hand on the small of each of their backs, I pressed them together so that their tummies touched and breasts flattened against each others.

Stepping back, I looked the pose, and returned to move Lin a half step to the right. I had Kathryn carefully brush Lin's straight, raven hair which contrast beautifully with Yana's wavy blonde hair. The effect was startling. Lin's shining black hair fell straight down her bare back. Only the back of her head was in view, and Yana was facing the camera over her shoulder.

Several shots with varying exposures.

I moved Lin's arm over Yana's shoulder in the appearance of an embrace.

Several more shots.

Move Lin to the right a half step. Now Yana has one breast exposed framed by Lin's back on one side and her arm on top.

Click

Lin moved naturally, dropping her hand from Yana's shoulder to cup her breast, nipple still exposed over Lin's supporting hand. Yana's abs reflexively tighten at Lin's touch.

Click, Click

Yana laid her head on Lin's shoulder, face hidden in a tumble of hair. The models and my shooting were flowing naturally.

Click

Yana returned the embrace. The contrast of their skin tones brought visual interest to the intimate shots.

Click, click

Lin laid her head on Yana's shoulder, faces together. I climbed two steps up on the ladder. Several more shots.

Their lips touched. The sexual tension in the studio was building and from behind the lens, I could see that I was getting great shots.

Click, up the ladder a step, angling down on them. Click, click

And so it progressed the fluid motion of the models interrupted only by the strobes firing.

Calling a break, Kathryn reasserted herself. She had disappeared and returned with iced tea on a tray. I tasted mine hesitantly and determined that it was indeed straight iced tea. Kathryn noticed the hesitant sip and smiled.

As we drank, I drew Yana aside and asked if she was willing to do some nudes. She smiled and nodded.

While the girls we talking, I unrolled a long, wide swath of washed, off-white muslin and arranged it in a loose haphazard way over a thin foam pad on the floor. I piled a couple of king-sized sheets on top of the muslin, creating a large tousled bed in the middle of the studio.

When we were all ready to restart, I asked Yana to undress completely. I was hard almost instantaneously at the sight of her lean, well proportioned body. Hard nipples on her firm, natural breasts told me that she was aroused too. Yana's beautiful blonde hair was matched by a neatly trimmed triangular blonde bush. Her eyes met mine and then her glance darted down to my bulging crotch, and back to my eyes. She smiled, but I kept my expression bland. I raised my camera to hide my blush. I need not have been worried about Kathryn or Lin noticing my state. They were both openly staring at the beautiful nude woman before them.

Regaining my composure, I snapped a shot of my wife and Lin. The shot triggered the strobe and brought them out of their reverie. I positioned Yana in a kneeling pose in the middle of the cloth on the floor. Lin stood by with a hair brush and Kathryn with a gold handheld reflector and I draped the billowing rumpled sheets over Yana. I instructed her to slowly uncover herself. As she emerged I snapped away, pausing only as Lin darted in to touch up her hair.

Something about the scene made Kathryn laugh and the other two women joined in. The effect was not the sultry mood that I had been striving for, but I realized quickly that the energy was great and the shots of the laughing nude were even better. In the end, Yana was laughing and writhing among the crumpled sheets.

"Okay, Let's try it again." I said, "Only this time, would you mind if Lin joins you?"

"Why not all three of us?" Yana responded.

She didn't need to say more, both Kathryn and Lin were already shedding their clothes. The ensuing scene was a gracefully writhing entanglement of beautiful women. Before long however, the friction between their bodies inevitably led to them arousing each other.

I had agreed to keep the "R" rated photos for my private collection, as Yana had a strict policy of did not publishing explicitly sexual shots. After a shooting for a few minutes, I was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate, so I sat back on the sofa to watch. Yana was kissing Kathryn and was clearly growing more passionate in response to the older woman's probing fingers. Lin disentangled herself from the group, rose from the floor and joined me on the sofa. Her hand felt just right as she began to gently rub my throbbing cock and her lips explored mine. Yana looked up at us, and returned to suckling on Kathryn's breast.

@#\$%Lin slid off the sofa onto her knees and began fiddling with my zipper, slowly pulling it down. She slid her hand in, exposed my cock and wrapped her lips around the head.

"Oh my god! Lin!" Kathryn exclaimed." It's almost 5:30!"

"huhmmf?" Lin questioned barely lifting her face from between my thighs.

"Lin! Our company comes at 7:00!"

"Oh Jeezzz!" Lin blurted and then muttered apologies to me.

"We have company coming?" Yana and I said in unison.

"Yes, for dinner!" Kathryn said, in charge once more and heading out of the studio without dressing. "Harrison, can you make sure Yana is taken care of? She'll need towels and things in her room. There are fresh sheets on her bed."

I sat for a stunned second on the sofa, looking at Yana. She looked even more beautiful than before seated on the rumpled sheets with her arms wrapped around one knee pulled up to her chest. She was looking up at me.

"Well, you seem to lead an interesting life." she stated simply.

"It does seem to be that way..." I replied.

She rose and joined me on the sofa. She sat on my left side and I put my arm around her. "Kathryn and you have an open relationship. You also have an open fly."

I had completely forgotten that Lin had unzipped my trousers and that the head of my cock still showed a glisten of saliva from Lin's brief attention. My hand darted to cover myself, but Yana's hand stayed mine.

"No fair! I'm sitting here nude and you're going to cover up?"

"It's sort of hard to keep professional..."

"When you're hard?" she laughed.

"Well, yeah," I stammered. "Kathryn said to show you your room."

"Kathryn said for you to take care of me."

"I hardly think she meant.."

"I think we all know what she meant..."

She reached over to take my right hand, placing it over her inner thigh. Her hand then returned to the head of my cock, lightly rubbing it with the tips of her velvety soft fingers.

I responded by lightly massaging her inner thighs. In response she spread her legs apart. Her outer labia lips were smooth and hairless, and the pink, swollen inner lips protruded invitingly. Kathryn's attentions had aroused Yana intensely. I could not resist touching her there. The response was electric. She arched her back, gasped, and leaned over to kiss me. The kiss was passionate but brief. As soon as my forefinger separated her pussy' wet lips, she lowered her head to my lap. She was obviously intent on my cock, but used my left arm to push her over my lap, while continuing to gently probe her pussy with my right hand. I slid my left hand down the small of her back pushing her further down across my lap - erection pressed against her soft belly. She resisted briefly, but she gasped again as my hand slid down between her legs and found her sopping wet pussy from her backside.

With my right hand under her tummy, I was lightly massaging her clitoris, while two fingers of my left hand probed her pussy from behind. Within moments I had found her G-Spot and was lightly and rhythmically tapping it with the forefinger of my left hand. At the same time I began pressing more heavily on her clitoris with the forefinger of my right hand.

She began to writhe face down on my lap. Soon she was in the midst of a sustained orgasm and was dripping vaginal fluids copiously over my lower hand and my lap. Her breathing became more and more rapid and her pussy began to spasm around my fingers. As her orgasm peaked, I slowed the pace of my stroking and brought her down slowly. She went limp over my lap, continuing to breathe deeply.

"Wow!" she gasped between breaths. "That was pretty amazing. I've never had a guy do that before. Whew! Haven't cum like that have in ages..."

She slipped off the sofa and knelt between my knees, laying her beautiful, blonde head on my lap. "Now let me finish what Lin started." She said after kissing my cock.

"No, Gorgeous. You don't have to. Apparently we have company coming soon, and we need to clean up."

"Ohhh Please?" she whined. "It's my turn!"

"We'll make sure that you get a rain check! Come on! Let's get you in the shower."

Grumbling, but compliant she gather up some scattered clothes and started to dress.

"No need to dress..." I said with a wink.

She followed me up to the guest room clutching a bundle of clothes. Lin and Kathryn met us at the top of the stairs. Lin was smiling broadly and Kathryn had the harried look that she got when she was working against a deadline.

We were heading to the guest bathroom when Kathryn called out and instructed us to use the big shower in the master bedroom, where she had left towels out for us.

"But hurry Harrison!" she added. "Company'll be here in 20 minutes."

"Who's this mysterious company?" I called out as I herded the naked model to the shower.

"I want you dressed when they get here. Yana can take her time. Hurry!" was the only response that I received.

Yana laughed and good-natured and started running the hot water for the shower while I undressed. When I got there the shower was a fog of steam and Yana greeted me with a kiss and an embrace.

"Hhhmmmm that feels nice," she said as my engorged cock rubbed against her tummy. I held her in a standing position as I felt her try to sink to he knees.

"Oh no you don't" I chuckled as she playfully pouted.

"Do you always do everything your wife tells you to do?" she taunted.

"You're damned straight I do!" I shot back with a grin. "If she says 'jump!' I say 'how high?' but if she says 'Hurry!' then I don't waste time asking how fast!"

"At least let me help you wash up!" Yana said, seizing the soap and beginning to lather me up. She was actually pretty efficient about it, though if one wanted to be critical about her performance, one would have to say that objectively she spend more effort than was necessary lathering my cock and balls.

I rinsed quickly and got out to towel off quickly before dressing in my favorite Tommy Bahama shirt and trousers. While I was dressing, I couldn't help but reflect on the beautiful nude model that I had hastily left in the shower. It was pretty remarkable that I had just left a willing and gorgeous young woman in the shower. Overall the past week or two had been an amazing turn of events in my life.

I was brushing my hair when I heard a car door shut outside my bedroom window. I was darting out the door as Yana emerged from the shower. God! She was entrancing toweling that blonde hair, with another towel wrapped around her torso. She winked at me seductively but shooed me out the bedroom door as she headed to the guest room.

Chapter Four

"You look great and your timing is perfect!" Kathryn enthused, just as the doorbell rang. "Please run down and show our guests in."

Continuing in my befuddled state, I went down to the front door only to see Naomi stick her head in the door and call out.

"Hello? Oh! Hi! Harrison!" she said cheerily, as she stood aside to let another woman enter. The family resemblance was obvious and judging by her age, she was Naomi's sister. Her shoulder length hair was the same strawberry blonde as Naomi's. It was hard to decide which woman was prettier. They both were stunningly attractive.

"Harrison, this is Rachel, my mother." Naomi introduced us.

My jaw must have dropped, because Rachel smiled and said, "A common mistake, Mr. Sutter."

"Harrison, please." I interjected.

"People often mistake us for sisters." She continued, putting her hand out, giving me the cue to shake her hand and recover my composure.

After removing their winter coats they looked even better. Looking closer, I could tell she was a different generation, but not because of signs of age. It was more her bearing and the way she dressed. Rachel was wearing cream camisole top and a maroon fitted suit, stockings and heels. An elegant gold ring graced her right hand, but her left ring finger was bare. She carried herself with an air of professionalism and style. I was intensely curious about how they could appear so close in age, and who Naomi's father was.

Naomi was wearing a grey hooded sweater with a plunging neckline that buttoned tightly between her breasts, and flared open again to reveal her pierced navel. She also wore a tight short skirt. She was bare legged with Birkenstocks on her feet. Her long hair was braided, snaked around her neck, down inside the front of her sweater and down between her breasts. She had a youthful sexuality that would distract any man, or so I told myself.

At that moment Kathryn appeared at the top of the stairs, wiping her hands on a tea towel. "Don't just stand there, Harrison. Invite our guests upstairs!" I made an elaborate gesture, bowing with a sweeping motion of my arm to show the obvious stairs up to where Katherine was standing. As they started up, I busied myself with hanging up our guests coats. Women were obviously conspiring behind my back. Rachel had known that I would be surprised at her arrival.

Just as I bounded up the top stair, Lin was coming out of the kitchen carrying a tray of hors d'oeuvres. She was wearing a white silk blouse, a short black skirt, black stockings, and heels. She had the appearance of a caterer holding the tray, with the white towel over her arm. To my eyes, she looked as sexy in this "uniform" as she did nude.

"Welcome!" she said, putting her tray down and hugging Naomi enthusiastically. I laughed silently too myself as I noticed Lin's right hand give Naomi's ass a little squeeze.

Naomi extracted herself from Lin's clutch and introduced her mother. This time it was my turn to smile at Lin's reaction to Rachel.

"So you are the famous Lin!" Rachel proclaimed.

"Famous?" Lin said incredulously.

"Next to Kathryn and Harry..."

"Harrison, Mother."

"Excuse me, please" Rachel said smiling at me and then back to Lin, "Along with Kathryn and Harrison, Naomi has been talking of nothing but her new friends. She is eager to see the pictures from your photo shoot that didn't make it onto Harrison's web site. Nothing stimulates her curiosity more than denying her something!" Her laughter brought smiles to all the women's faces, but Lin's smile came with a deep blush.

"Mother!" Naomi laughed. "You just can't leave well enough alone..."

Lin's embarrassment was interrupted by Yana's entry to the living room. Yana was radiant with glowing blonde hair and form fitting blue denim bib overalls. She made mundane work clothes look elegant - and sexy - she was only wearing a translucent white tube top under the bib. The women stopped talking to stare.

"Did I interrupt something?" Yana asked innocently, and I noticed Lin smile in relief at the focus switching away from her. She picked up tray and reassumed her serving role.

Kathryn played hostess and introduced Yana around, while I watched the bevy of beautiful women interact. Soon all the women were drinking either iced tea or wine and nibbling on Lin's hors d'oeuvres.

Naomi had literally cornered Yana and was grilling her about her modeling career and Kathryn was talking quietly with Rachel. Lin sat quietly at my side, smiling at all her new found lovers and friends. She patted my thigh, stood up and gave me a quick kiss on the forehead, before heading into the kitchen.

She returned in moments with a highball glass containing a generous splash of Flor de Cana rum on the rocks. I smiled and took the glass gratefully and Lin returned to the kitchen. I sat comfortably, enjoying my rum and watching the women talk, but not even trying to track their conversations.

A little later, Lin had successfully herded everyone to the table and I understood what all the cooking had been about earlier in the day. Everyone raved about Lin's artistry in the kitchen, which left Lin blushing deeply again, and obviously flattered. Though she ate at the table with us and listened intently to the various conversations, she also seemed to be enjoying serving courses and displaying her culinary skills.

Over the course of the meal, I discovered that Rachel was an obstetrician with a flourishing local practice, in spite of the problems with rampantly escalating malpractice insurance rates.

I also learned that Rachel was the legal owner of Chrysalis Music, but in fact the entire enterprise was under Naomi's operational control. Rachel had purchased the run-down music store four years ago. It's previous owners had sold eagerly and considered themselves lucky to get out without a total loss. The competition from Borders, Best Buy, and growing online music services like iTunes, had been too intense for them.

Chrysalis Music had prospered under Naomi's management, because of local niche marketing, loyal customers, and in part because Naomi didn't take a salary.

"Four years ago?" Kathryn asked. "You've been running the place for four years, Naomi? You were 12 then!"

"Well, Mom's accountant helps, and the staff that already worked there are great!" she replied.

"So that flexible and oh-so-cool owner is you Mom?" I jibbed at Naomi, who blushed.

"No! She's the real owner! People who don't know her well often find it too incredible to believe, so she refers to me as the 'owner.'" Rachel interjected. "Truth be told, I don't know a thing about the business, other than Naomi pays the mortgage, taxes, insurance, etc. I could sell the land the store sits on for enough to cover our original purchase price. Property values have sure gone up in that neighborhood!"

"Mom says it keeps me out of trouble." Naomi said.

"Anyone want dessert and coffee?" Lin inquired as we all rose to clear the dinner dishes. I was dismayed when everyone claimed to be full.

"Kathryn, will you show me your house?" Rachel asked, and Kathryn immediately agreed.

While they wandered off, I stayed to help Lin with the dishes and Naomi disappeared into Yana's room to 'play dress-up' with the model.

I pushed Lin away from the sink and rinsed dishes and handed them to her to put into the dishwasher. When it came to the pots and serving dishes, Lin pushed me aside to wash them and place them on the drying rack. I stood behind her with my arms around her, fondling her breasts and generally trying to be a distraction. With her hands still in the sink, Lin gave in to my attention, leaned her head back and kissed my deeply. We were still locked in that kiss, I had lifted her blouse and my hands were cupping her bare tits, when we heard the sound of feet on the stairs.

We stood frozen in that kiss for a fraction of a second too long and Rachel appeared at the top of the stairs. She was looking right at us and she smiled. I gave her a slightly sheepish look and removed my hands from Lin's tits and she straightened her blouse.

"You're right, Kathryn, you can't leave them alone too long!" She chuckled as Kathryn appeared at her side. Kathryn winked at us and chuckled too, as she led Rachel down the hall to complete the house tour.

Lin smiled and turn her attention back to the dishes. Flustered and blushing, I picked up a dish towel and went to work drying the serving dishes.

When we were done, I went in search of Kathryn, with Lin following. We found her at the computer with Rachel. Lin blushed when she saw that the picture on the monitor. It was one of the shots that Kathryn had taken of me pressing up Lin against the brick wall. Her legs were wrapped around my waist and her head was thrown back. The photo captured the ecstasy on her face - making it clear she was in the midst of a orgasm.

"So these are the mysterious shots that Naomi guessed existed." Rachel surmised. "I can see why you didn't put them up on the web!"

"Yes, that session ended up being more about fulfilling Lin's fantasy than it was about building a portfolio." I explained.

"Naomi!" Rachel called out to my great surprise. "Come see this!"

Kathryn smiled at my obvious surprise and Rachel looked questioningly.

"You don't strike me as prude or fundamentalist, Harrison." Rachel said. "I have never hidden anything from Naomi."

"Hide it from her? No, I would not advocate denying that sex happens, but she is only sixteen." I responded.

Behind me I heard Naomi say, "We've had this discussion before, Harrison."

"Harrison, I think you should know when you're out numbered!" Kathryn said, grinning at me.

"I have always been numbered in this house!" I whined.

"And I suspect you like it that way!" Rachel quipped.

"So what was Harrison trying to hide from me?" Naomi insisted.

"We were looking the pictures of Lin's photo shoot." Rachel responded, and Lin blushed again. I put my arm over her shoulder to pull her close and Yana squeezed into the small office beside us. Kathryn turned the monitor so that her daughter could see. Naomi gasped audibly and turned to look at Lin and I with big eyes. Lin blushed even more deeply, if that was even possible, and buried her face in my shoulder.

Naomi crossed to Lin and hugged her. "That picture is so exciting. May I see more?" she asked looking at us both.

Lin looked up at me questioningly.

"It's okay with me, if you aren't too embarrassed." I said and kissed her on the forehead. "Besides, I know that I am out numbered!"

"Actually, I'd like you to see them, since its okay with Rachel, but I am not sure that I can stay while you look." Lin said bashfully, and walked out. I shrugged my shoulder and was about to follow when Rachel rose and indicated clearly with a look, and a nod of her head, that everyone should leave. We all took that cue and left Naomi alone with the computer.

"Let's have dessert," Kathryn suggested and called back to Naomi, "Take your time dear, we'll save some for you!"

Lin had recovered from the embarrassment by the time the coffee was brewed, and cheerfully engaged in the ensuing chit-chat over dessert. When Naomi finally came to the table, she was flushed and clearly in a state of arousal, which everyone did their best to ignore. I thought to myself that it was unfair to get her aroused like that when she had no lover to offer her relief.

We talked over coffee for a while longer, before Rachel said they had better be going. Both Rachel and Naomi thanked us for the evening. There were kisses and hugs all around.

"See you tomorrow!" Naomi called to me as she went out the door.

As we were heading to bed, Lin stopped me and whispered, "May I spend the night with Yana?"

"Let me talk to Kathryn."

Kathryn was happy to agree and we headed to bed alone. As we were snuggling in, I asked Kathryn again if she would come to Naomi's house with me for the shoot. This time she was not worried about her reaction to Naomi, but she wanted to stay home with Lin and Yana. It appears they had made plans that did not include me.

The next morning I got up late and found myself alone in the house. A note on the kitchen table told me that the girls had gone to a day spa, and had plans to go shopping, dinner, and dancing. They expected to see me the next morning before Yana left for Florida. I felt a mix of relief to be alone and annoyance at being abandoned. I found fresh baked muffins, courtesy of Lin, and I brewed some fresh roasted coffee the way I like it – strong and black.

I puttered around the remainder of the morning, getting equipment together, checking batteries, and generally killing time in a thoroughly enjoyable manner. Before I knew it, it was early afternoon. I made a sandwich with fresh French bread, ham and cheese. I ate it as is reviewed photos of my previous shoot with Naomi.

I arrived at Rachel and Naomi's house a little early, but they were ready. We sat in their living room talking about the shoot. After last night, I was not surprised that Naomi said that she wanted me to take some nudes and Rachel agreed unquestioningly. When I suggested a Mother-Daughter topless portraits, they loved the idea, and began undressing immediately.

"Hold on!" I blustered. "I am sure I looked panicked. "Can we talk though a plan for the shoot..."

Rachel laughed and laid a hand on her overeager daughter's shoulder. "We're scaring our photographer, darling!"

Naomi had stopped undressing with her blouse fully unbuttoned, giving me a pleasant view of her nubile breasts. We sat on the sofa and they looked at me expectantly. Naomi had a hard time hiding her impatience, while I felt suddenly awkward. I wished to god that Kathryn was there to deflect their stares! She would jump right in and handle the situation and I could hide behind my lenses.

"Perhaps..." I paused to think. "Perhaps we could start with some casual portraits, dressed as you are now, though... perhaps you could button up a little?" I said, looking at Naomi. "Then we can move to some formal wear..."

"Since I'm going to have to change for the formal shots, let's do the nudes in between." Naomi suggested very sensibly. Instinctively I wanted to object, but when I turned to Rachel, she shook her head with a look that told me not to look to her for support. I noticed that she still hadn't buttoned up her blouse either.

The casual portraits were easy and flowed nicely. I shot most of them using available light from the big bay window. Naomi never did completely re-button her blouse, so there was always a certain level of sexual tension in the pictures. In a pause in the shooting, Naomi asked her mother to unbraid her hair. This made for another nice series, so I encouraged Rachel to brush Naomi's long hair. There were some great shots, but when this theme was exhausted, it was time for the topless shots of the gorgeous pair.

Slipping off their blouses didn't need to have taken as long as it did. Rachel slowly took off Naomi's blouse, as I clicked away. Watching the mother and daughter undress in their living room was arousing with an intensity that surprised me. It was hard to keep focused on being the photographer and not succumb to my arousal. I had previously had glimpses of Naomi's bare breasts and was not surprised at the perfection of her form as she exposed more to my view. Her strawberry blonde hair flowed over her pale skin. Her small pert breasts were capped with rosy, puffy nipples. Her stomach was smooth with youth.

Rachel's body was a surprise. She had the body of a 21 year old. Her breasts betrayed no sag and were larger than her daughter's. Her skin had the luminescence of youth and her tummy was obviously tight and smooth. It was clear that she worked out to keep her figure, but still she had a youthful appearance that seemed inconsistent with the age of a fully qualified medical doctor and mother of a 16 year old. She even if Naomi was born while Rachel was in medical school, she just looked too darn young!

"Ahmmm..." Naomi cleared her throat to politely refocus my attention.

"Oh, sorry. No, I won't apologize! You two are just so damned perfectly gorgeous!" I defended myself. "If you caught me staring... well... then it's just your own damned fault!"

Rachel laughed and took it as the complement it was intended to be. I pull out a dining chair and carried it to the living room. I suggested that they could fuss with each other's hair and perhaps light eyeliner, while to set up my strobe and reflectors.

It didn't take long, and soon the two women were ready. I seated Naomi in the single chair and gingerly arranged her long hair over one shoulder, trying not to touch her too intimately. The thick, luxuriant hair completely hid one breast, and I trying to carefully move enough strands so that her nipple would peak out.

"I am not made of antique china!" Naomi muttered. I stepped back uncertain.

"I think what she means is that it is okay to touch her, Harrison." Rachel added.

"Mom! What I meant was that I WANT him to touch. I won't break, in fact I'll like it." Naomi said stridently.

"Well then you should have said that first, Naomi. He's just being considerate. Perhaps we should set the ground rules for Harrison, honey."

"Honestly, if we talk as we go, I think I'll pick it up." I said. This was not going to be a discussion that I thought I'd be comfortable with. In recent days my sex life had broadened dramatically, but this mother/daughter pair were beyond my experience. I didn't want to let them know how off balance they had me, so I added, "Naomi's nipples are so perfectly smooth and puffy right now. I was afraid that if I touch them too much they'll harden and get pointy."

"They do have that beautiful look of youth and virginity." Rachel said, smiling at me knowingly.

"Okay," Naomi acquiesced sheepishly.

I arranged the hair so the pretty nipple peeked out from between her glowing, strawberry blonde hair.

Next I had Rachel stand behind Naomi, with her beautifully manicured hands resting on her daughters, hands. I couldn't resist running my hands over her pert c-cup breasts and brushing my fingers over her nipples. She smile silently, but her hardening nipples stood out and she unconsciously thrust her chest out. She had a chest that would make any woman proud.

I started shooting. I framed from Naomi's tummy to Rachel's head. They were gorgeous together. Rachel put her hand on Naomi's head and stroked her hair. Naomi cocked her head to one side and looked up at her mother, her face just inches from her mother's breast. It made a great shot.

After a few more shots, the Naomi stood and changed places, letting her mother be seated. They worked well together and were perfectly comfortable with each other's nudity. There was a bond - an almost visible charge - between them that was not sexual. It could only be a bond of love between a mother and daughter.

Next I moved them to the sofa, where Naomi lay down with her head in Rachel's lap. I stopped shooting to array Naomi's hair again. This time I didn't shy away from her breasts. They were irresistible. I gently ran my hand over her nipples and watched her reaction as she arched her back to bring her body up to my hand. Rachel smiled indulgently at her daughter's reaction. Encouraged by both of their reactions, I fondled her a little longer and was rewarded with little diamond hard nipples under my fingers. Naomi sighed as I stepped back to begin shooting again. At my direction, she kept her back arched. Her panties bothered by me - they broke the smooth flowing lines of her nude body. When I mentioned it, they both rose and removed this last article of clothing. I noticed that they both have shaved their pubic areas completely bare. When they resumed their pose, I clicked away.

We were interrupted by a vibrating sound, and Rachel got up to check her blackberry.

"Sorry, Mrs. Donaldson is going into labor. I have to go." she said and hurried to gather her clothes and headed to her room to dress. She called back, "Harrison, no need to stop on my account! Please go ahead with the shoot."

Naomi smiled, still lying naked on the sofa. I was determined to call it off. I knew I could not trust myself alone with Naomi. So when Rachel reappeared moments later, transformed into from a nude model into a medical professional, I stopped her in the hall.

"Rachel, I don't think it is right that I stay alone with Naomi. I hope you understand."

"Harrison, you are loveably dense! I trust you completely. I know that you would never knowingly do anything to hurt Naomi. In fact my fear is only that Naomi will hurt you as she tries to get YOU to do what SHE wants." she responded with a grin.

"Yes, of course, but she is a ..." I stammered.

"She's a what? A minor? A virgin? You know that's a losing argument in this house. We all know she's a virgin, and if she chooses to give her virginity to you, I wouldn't try to stop her. In fact I could think of many ways she might choose to lose it that I would disapprove of, but I still wouldn't try to stop her! You... I approve of you."

Then she turned to Naomi, leaving me in shock, and said, "Darling, Be gentle with Harrison. You know you shouldn't try to force anything on him, any more than he should force anything on you! Remember, he came here for a photo shoot."

"I know, mother." she said sweetly. "Don't worry. We'll be fine."

I felt like a fly in a spider's trap. My most immediate concern was now the one of Kathryn. She had stayed away because she didn't trust herself with Naomi. Now I was the one at risk.

"You look worried, Harrison. Why don't you call Kathryn and heed whatever advice she has to offer. And, I am Naomi's GYN. You don't need to worry about pregnancy." Rachel said. "Naomi, you be good and give Harrison space for a moment."

"Okay!" she said with enthusiasm. "I'll get some clothes on and primp for the next pictures. Is formalwear okay?"

"Sure!" I said with relief and went to the kitchen to find a phone.

The first call to home yielded the answering machine. Kathryn's cell phone answered on the second ring. It was Lin.

"Hey, Kathryn looks great in this negligee! You should see her!"

"Where are you two?"

"We're all in a dressing room at Victoria's Secret. Yana is here too. So how's the shoot going?"

I explained my predicament to Lin and could hear her relaying it to Kathryn in whispers.

"You Lucky Jerk!" Lin finally interrupted, unable to contain herself further and laughing uproariously. "Can I come take your place?"

I could hear Kathryn ask for the phone.

"Harrison, what exactly did Rachel say before she left?"

I relayed the entire conversation to Kathryn, using Rachel's exact, startling words.

"Did Naomi hear it all?"

"Yes, she was lying on the sofa, and looking completely seductive! I felt like a fly in a web!" I responded.

"Sounds like a girl as picked you to be The One. And astonishingly, her mother seems to be in cahoots with her." Kathryn mused. "If you want to be The One, be gentle and follow her lead. My intuition is that they have talked about this already. Now that I think about it, it fits with things they said last night. They were

both really clear that they considered Naomi to be 'of age,' whether society agrees or not. Want me to call Rachel?"

"Are you saying that you think it is okay?" I retorted.

"Darling, I think it is more than okay. I think it is romantic. If she wants you to be The One, you have my blessing. Rachel's a doctor. She has her on the pill or she wouldn't have said it was okay."

"Holy Jesus!" I blurted out.

"Darling, Lin is right, you are a lucky jerk! Now, do you trust Rachel?"

"Yes."

"I trust her too. I trust both of them. Do you want me to call her, woman to woman?"

"No. It's okay"

"So, if you're going to spend the night, call and let me know." She said laughing. I could tell that Lin was having a laughing jealousy fit.

"Oh merde!" I swore quietly.

After I hung up, I sat there a moment staring at the phone. What the hell was happening?

"Harrison?" I turned to see Naomi standing in the entry to the kitchen. She was in a sleek black gown, wavy hair cascaded over her like liquid. She looked like she was ready for the prom, except tears were beginning to well up in her eyes. I stood and she melted into my arms.

"I am so sorry!" she said. "I was being selfish. You are married to a wonderful woman who you love."

"If you don't stop crying, the next shoot will be of a girl that looks like she's just been stood up for the prom."

She smiled through her tears. "That might be an interesting theme..."

With that, we started a series with her in tears. She kept crying throughout. I couldn't tell if they were real tears, or theatrical, but the effect was riveting. They flowed freely and her makeup smeared down the tracks of her tears. When I thought that we had exhausted the theme, I asked Naomi what she would do next, if she'd been stood up.

"First, I'd get out of this formal rig." she decided.

I followed her to her bedroom, set up my strobe and reflectors, and started shooting as she slowly undressed. The next shots of her were electric with her in black bra, panties, and stockings, with tear streaked face.

Finally, I stopped shooting and sat down beside her and put an arm around her. She leaned into me. I hugged her close, and she started to apologize again. I knew that only my actions could tell her that it was all okay. I reached over and cupped one of her breasts in my hand and when she turned to look up at me, I kissed her tenderly. She responded eagerly, her tongue probing my lips. Beginning to breathe heavily, I broke off the kiss, and used a small towel from her dresser to wipe the tear stains and make up from her face. She hugged me and slid over to straddle my lap, facing me.

"What did Kathryn tell you?" she asked.

"Didn't you hear?"

"I only heard you say 'Holy Jesus!' and 'shit' in French."

"She said that I should trust you and your Mom. She said to follow your lead. Where do you want to lead me?"

"I've led you where I want you... to my bedroom. Will you still follow my lead?" she perked up. I pulled her close and fondled her breast again, pulling the bra cup down, exposing her nipple for gentle attention.

"Yes, I'll follow." I responded.

She stood and shrugged off the black bra and shimmied out of the lacy black panties. She stood before me in nothing but black thigh high stockings. She looked both sensual and vulnerable, but she spoke with confidence.

"Your turn..."

I almost asked if she was certain, but the tone of her voice precluded the question. She was sure, so I stood and undressed under her watchful eyes. I heard her catch her breath when my fully erect penis sprang free. Once I was nude, I sat down on the edge of the bed again. Naomi was staring at my cock with big green eyes.

With slow, tentative steps she crossed the space that separated us and resumed her former position straddling my knees. This time she sat farther back on my knees, instead of rubbing her crotch against mine, as she had before. She was clearly thinking about something - second thoughts perhaps? I placed my hands around her ass and looked into her eyes.

"You okay?" I inquired.

"Uh huh..." she responded unconvincingly.

I slid my hands slowly from her ass up the small of her back. As I felt the smooth skin up her back and saw the Goosebumps rise and her nipples harden in turn. I pulled her gently to me and kissed her softly.

"Let's take some more pictures... You don't need to do this." I whispered.

She silently drew herself closer and I felt the soft skin of her inner thighs make contact with my cock. We continued kissing with growing intensity. She drew closer and I felt her breasts brush my chest and finally there was an electric moment when her thighs spread wider and her pussy made contact with my swollen cock. She felt the same electricity and gasped. I could feel my cock nestle between the length and warmth of her labia lips, and she froze when her clitoris made contact.

I hadn't moved yet and I continued to keep still, though the urge to rub my cock against her crotch was strong. I felt her settle her full weight on me and she sighed. We both looked down and we could see the head of my cock pushed down against my tummy and her bare pussy lips wrapped around the shaft.

"Will it fit in me?" she puzzled.

"Is that what's worrying you? It will, but only if you want it and when you're ready for it." I assured her.

"I want it." was all she said in response and my cock twitched reflexively. "ohhh!" she gasped.

"Sweetheart, let's take our time. We can have all night if you want. We can even do it another time. If you just want to cuddle right now, that's fine." I assured her.

"All night? Really? That's awesome. I'll need time. There is so much that I want to learn with you."

She relaxed visibly. Her green eyes began to shine as she started rocking her hips back and forth. She was growing wetter and the exterior of her pussy glided smoothly up and down the length of my cock. The sensation was wonderful and though my passion grew, but I held still. Naomi was breathing heavier. Our kisses grew more desperate and my hands roamed over her body.

She paused for a moment and I gently guided her down in to the bed. I knelt between her feet and began kissing her thighs. She arched her back, trying to bring her pussy to my lips. I did not deny her. Her pussy was unbelievably smooth and completely bare. The inner folds of her labia were pink, wet and starting to swell. I kissed her tenderly and began to probe with my tongue. Her reaction was thrilling and the musty sexual odor of her arousal had an intoxicating effect on me. She spread her legs wider to give me more access, and I probed her more deeply with my tongue. Her juices began to flow and her breathing became ragged. My tongue found her clitoris and she moaned my name. I pulled her clitoris with my lips and massaged it with the tip of my tongue. I felt her hands grasp the back of my head and held me in place. I started to lick the length of her swollen and wet slit. She began bucking and squeezing my head between her thighs.

It seemed almost no time at all, though I know it was longer, that I could sense her orgasm coming. She froze for an instant at the peak of her climax, holding me tightly in place. Her pussy flooded and I kept licking with a passion. When she started relaxing, I slowed down too. Her legs opened and I started kissing up her tummy and when I reached her breasts, I paused to give them special attention. As I kissed and lightly suckled her nipples, my fingers explored the folds of her labia and her sensitive clitoris.

Naomi pulled me up to kiss me and reached down to find my cock.

"Oh, god! Harrison! That was amazing." She tentatively and gently stroked the head of my cock and rubbed the slick pre-cum over it.

"Am I doing this right? Does it feel good? Will you teach me how to give you a blow job?" She asked smiling wickedly.

"Sweetheart, slow down! This night is for you. Maybe we can worry about me another time. Let's just lie here and maybe we can do some more photos later." I responded.

"Oh, no! I picked you. Mom approved you. Your wife agreed. You don't get away that easily!" She giggled, hugging me close.

"Hey! Your mother told you not to be too force me! Please be gentle with me!" I pleaded, laughing.

Naomi laughed with me. "You know, I've gone on dates, but you are the only guy that has even seen me naked, let alone touched me like that! I am such a total geek! A virgin geek."

"You're a gorgeous and totally desirable virgin geek." I cooed running my hand over her hips. "And you seem like you're in a hurry to get laid. What's the big rush?"

"I met you."

"Why me?"

She pulled me close and kissed me lovingly. If her intent was to divert me from the question, it worked. I spread her knees again and started to lightly slip my finger in between the folds of her labia. I found the entrance of her vaginal channel and slipped my little finger in. Only a little was in, I felt her hymen and stopped.

"Can you feel that?" I asked.

"Hmmmm.... Yes. Just a twinge, that's my hymen, huh? That's what everyone makes such a big deal about?"

"It's really tight, Sweetheart. I can just get my little finger in."

"Your cock is going to break it, isn't it?"

"Yes, when you're really sure that you want me to."

"I am a little scared, but I really want to do it! Will you?"

"Yes, but let's not rush." I continued to slip my little finger in and out of the small opening in her hymen.

"Does that hurt?"

"Mmmmm... only a little."

I withdrew my finger and began rubbing the length of her pussy, from her clit to her vaginal hole. She began to moan and her body responded. While I continued fingering her, I kissed and sucked on her nipples. Her tight young body started responding and I could tell she was climbing towards another orgasm.

She surprised me, by pushing me over onto my back and climbing on top to straddle me again. Once again, my cock lay flat against my tummy as she glided up and down bringing its entire length in contact with her slit. I lay on my back, looking up at her sitting astride my crotch - her breasts jiggled with her motion, her eyes were closed in rapture and her hand lightly fondled the head of my cock. It was not long before her body began to spasm with her second orgasm. She broke the contact between our groins and raised herself up. She was fingering herself with one hand and rubbing my slick cock with the other. Soon she had raised the head of my cock to her clitoris and was masturbating me with her clit at the same time as she was masturbating herself with the head of my cock. Her frenzy grew and I could feel my own orgasm building. I was going to spray my hot cum over her clit and hand. Before I knew what she was doing, she had manipulated my cock back so that its head was positioned right at the entrance to her pussy. We both froze for a moment and looked at each other. Her green eyes were hooded behind her eyelids and she was breathing deeply. I looked down at my rigid cock poised straight up and pointed at her virginal pussy, held lightly in place by her own hand. She relaxed her pose slightly and dropped down a half an inch. I felt the wet warmth of her pussy start to envelope the head of my cock. She stopped when we both felt the resistance of her hymen. Her eyes popped wide open.

"Naomi.." was all I uttered, before she closed her eyes and put all her weight on my cock. I felt the membrane hold, she yelped, and then it tore and she impaled herself on my cock. She inhaled deeply and stopped. My cock was buried fully up to the balls in her extraordinarily tight pussy. I struggled to compose myself and not succumb to my own orgasm immediately.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

She bit the corner of her lip and whispered, "It stings... I feel really full... stretched... Sorta like I gotta pee... Are you all the way in?"

"Oh yeah... Up to the balls. You surprised me!"

"You had me in an orgasm and I figured that I could do it then or not at all..."

"You almost didn't. You stopped for a second there."

"Yea... can we just sit still like this for a second... until the stinging stops?" she panted

"Take your time, sweetheart. But when you start moving, I'll probably cum pretty quickly. I was ready to cum when you were rubbing my cock against your clit..."

"Wow! Were you? Cum on my clit? Promise me you'll do that some time?"

"We can do it now..."

"No..." she objected. "I have you in me and you'll cum in me if you know what's good for you, buster..."

"Yes, ma'm!"

She started moving again. The sensation of her tight, hot, wet pussy was overwhelming. A glance down showed my cock was coated in a red film of her virgin's blood. Her face betrayed a mix of pain and pleasure. I reached up and cupped her breasts in my hands and pulled her nipples between my thumbs and forefinger. She sighed and began to increase the rhythm, taking faster and longer strokes. One of her hands dropped to her crotch and she began to rub her clitoris furiously. The effect on both of us was immediate. I couldn't restrain myself any longer and began thrusting up to meet her down strokes. All the while, I held her nipples between my fingers so that her breasts were pulled and distended on each of her up strokes.

Within moments I arched my back rigidly and closed my eyes as my orgasm rose from my balls and radiated through me. As semen began to well up and shoot into her, I thrust hard one last time. I could feel her shiver and her vagina began to pulse with wave after wave of contractions that rippled around my cock in her already tight pussy. My cock twitched uncontrollably and she collapsed forward on to my chest. I released her nipples and put my arms around her to hug her tight. We were both panting uncontrollably.

"Naomi!" I gasped. "That was fucking amazing! and I mean that literally! How do you feel?"

"Three unbelievable orgasms! I feel great. The stinging is gone, but I ache down there a little. Did I do good?"

"Did you do good? You did wonderfully. Did that all come naturally to you, or have you been doing 'research' of some sort?"

Naomi laughed, which caused the muscles in her vagina to contract and my swollen, but softening cock slipped out.

"You know me too well. I did some research last night. Yana gave me some advice and so did Lin."

"Interesting... What tips did they provide?"

"Well, Yana told me not to let guy just slam into me. Duh! But she also suggested that my first time it would be best if I was on top, really aroused and then sat on it, rather than having the guy on top pushing it in. She said it would give me control of when I was ready to take it into me."

"Seems like good advice. What did Lin say? She had an unusual past."

"Lin thought that Yana's advice was good. Her advice was for after..."

"After?"

"Let me show you..."

She slid down, kissing my chest. I knew immediately what Lin had recommended to the girl.

"Naomi, you don't have to. That is Lin's thing. It's not..."

She was already at my cock, cradling it in her hand. It was still slick and pink with the mix of my semen and her blood. She had a glint in her eyes.

"I want to! I like Lin's idea of cleaning her lover. Our lover. Anyway, Lin will ask me if I did it, and I want to be able to say, 'Yes!'"

With that she pulled her long hair aside and sweetly began licking my cock. I watched in fascination while she performed Lin's act of devotion.

We were lying asleep in each other's arms when I was startled awake by the bedroom door opening. Rachel was at the side of the bed and was sitting down before I could move.

She kind put a hand on my arm and whispered, "Let her sleep."

I nodded. It would have been impossible to disentangle our naked limbs without waking her.

"My girl is a woman now." she whispered.

I smiled.

"Thank you." she continued. "She looks happy." and with that she leaned over kissed us both good night and left.

I fumbled for my cell phone, flipped open and in the glow of the little screen, I composed a short text message to Kathryn.

"FOLLOWED NAOMI'S LEAD. SLEEPING HERE. LOVE. H."

I then rolled over and joined the girl in sleep.

I woke in the dark with Naomi fondling my hard cock.

"Did I wake you?" she giggled in a whisper.

"Very sweetly..."

We began kissing and fondling each other. We were both half awake and the foreplay started slowly and soon was fast and frenzied. Naomi was still wet. She lay on her back and pulled me to indicate that she wanted me to mount her. Once I was on top, she pulled her knees up and spread them wide apart.

Rubbing my cock up and down the length of her pussy, I asked her if she was sure she was ready. I didn't want her to be too sore in the morning.

"I don't care if I can't even walk tomorrow. I want you to fuck me. Fuck me and fill me with cum." she panted in a husky voice.

I positioned my cock at the entry to her pussy and let only the head enter. Holding myself above her I kissed her breasts in sequence, and felt her hands on the small of my back. She pulled me to her and I saw her wince as the full length of my hard shaft entered her. I stopped, fully embedded within her, but before I could express my concern for her, she began to pant.

"Oh! God! Harrison! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" she almost shouted.

I could do nothing else. I became consumed with the act. She continued to shout similar phrases and buck underneath me. Even though my own intense arousal and pleasure, I could tell that the girl under me was caught up in a fusion of pain and pleasure. Each of my thrusts rubbed against the stinging torn tissue of her

newly ruptured hymen and stretched her recently virgin vaginal walls. I was hurting her, but I could not stop, nor could she. We couldn't stop. Her thrusts to meet mine became faster and more erratic. Her thighs and pussy began to ripple with her orgasm. My response was immediate and animalistic. I pinned her down and thrust mercilessly through her orgasm to reach my own. I felt like I torturing her forever, whereas I realized it was virtually no time at all until I was flooding with my semen. Her vagina couldn't contain it all. I collapsed onto her. I felt the fluids flowing out around my cock and I knew I was crushing her, but I had no control. We were both panting uncontrollably. Her vaginal muscles were clenching reflexively in response to the twitching of my cock inside her. It was only a moment before I regained enough control to put weight on my right arm and start to roll off of her. She hugged me tight to prevent me from moving.

"You can't breathe!" I said.

"I need you in me a little longer." she gasped.

"Okay, roll with me."

I hooked my feet around her ankles and kept myself deeply planted with in her as she rolled over on top of me.

She kissed me.

"That was wonderful." she said.

I mumbled my apologies for hurting her. "I knew I was hurting you but I couldn't stop." I lamented

"Oh Harrison! It was amazing! Please promise me you'll hurt me like that again."

"Huh?" I puzzled

"Well, not every time. It will hurt later, but that wasn't pain. It was something else that I've never experienced. The first time it was stingy, and you were doing things with my nipples that should have hurt, but it just drove me on, and I think it distracted me from the pain in my pussy. This time was something entirely new to me. I've never had an orgasm like that. It hurt and felt wonderful. The pain and the pleasure fused together. Was that just because it was the first time and I was so tender? Will that be the last time it hurts so very good?"

"You liked the pain?" I asked in disbelief.

"Is that weird? I mean it wasn't like other pain. It was... like... so stimulating."

"Well, I don't think it's weird, but I think the pain from tearing your hymen will be gone." I said.

"Well, we sure made a mess! I must have peed. It sure felt like it."

"I think we both shot a lot of fluids, baby, but yours wasn't pee."

We talked some more and drifted off to sleep again.

I woke up again with morning sun drifting through the window and the smell of breakfast permeating the house. I carefully extracted myself from the sleeping beauty and tried to sneak into the bathroom. Rachel must have heard me rustling in the room, because she met me at the bathroom door holding a towel and new toothbrush. I grinned sheepishly and accepted the offering. She surprised me with a quick kiss and returned to the kitchen.

The hot water from the shower flooded over me. I soaped up quickly, rinsed and towed off. I returned to Naomi's room with the towel around my waist. Rachel was there again. She winked and looking down at the towel with mock disappointment.

"If you need anything, let me know."

I smiled, thanked her, and return to Naomi. She was still asleep, but my kiss opened her eyes. She smiled.

"Hungry?" I asked.

"mmm... You showered without me..." she pouted.

"Sorry..."

"Go ahead and get some coffee, I'll be right along, after I shower."

"Be quick!" I leaned over and kissed her again. She propped herself up on her elbow and watched as I dressed, letting out a catcall as I dropped my towel. I pretended to be shy and covered myself while I dressed. My antics had her laughing when I walked down the hall to the kitchen. Rachel had a breakfast for ten on the table. I sat down with Rachel and gratefully accepted a cup of coffee. Somehow I expected to be grilled on the previous night, but she made small talk, told me about the Donaldson's baby, and passed me the Sunday paper. I was browsing the main section and Rachel was reading the funnies, when Naomi appeared in flannel PJ bottoms and a tank top. Her mother laughed.

"Someone having trouble walking?" She taunted. Indeed, Naomi was walking stiffly and somewhat bowlegged. She blushed and sat down.

"I knew it would hurt. What does the doctor recommend?"

"Sit in a hot bath and soak. Don't worry, it won't always hurt afterwards. Was it worth it?" Rachel asked.

"Oh, yea, without a doubt." Naomi responded dreamily.

"You certainly woke me up! You were very vocal last night, young lady!"

"Sorry, Mom." She blushed.

I sat there quietly the whole time. Amazed at the conversation. How many 16 year old girls had sex for the first time in their own home? With an older married man? One her mother approved of? And then discussed with their mother the next morning? For them, it seemed so natural and correct, but it boggled my mind. Clearly they were an unusual family, and I realized how little I knew about them.

There were so many obvious questions. As they read the morning newspaper, I took my coffee mug and wandered into the living room. Who was Naomi's Dad? There was no evidence of any man in the house. The family pictures around the room covered the full spectrum of normal family pictures, but no men in the pictures. I was particularly puzzled by one picture that appeared to be of an extended family. I speculated that it was Naomi's cousin's, Rachel's sisters, aunts, etc. The family resemblance was clear. Though there were a wide variation in hair colors and height, they were all attractive women. I was puzzled by the number of generations present in the portrait - and the absence of any men whatsoever.

"That family portrait interests you?" Rachel said, appearing at my side.

"mmmm... yea." I replied. "The absence of men..."

"There's a very long story behind that photo. Perhaps another time? I have to go to the hospital and check on Mrs. Donaldson. Dinner? Here? Sometime soon?"

"mmmm... We'd like that..." I responded, "consciously saying 'we.'

She gave me one of those kisses that isn't exactly passionate, but leaves a guy wanting more. Even Naomi noticed.

"Mommeeeeee!!" she wailed. "He's mine!"

Rachel laughed. "No darling, He's only on loan to you. He's Kathryn's and I may have to ask her for a loan too."

"Hey! What am I? A stud service?" I asked laughing.

They both looked at me with the same enigmatic smile and said nothing. I chuckled nervously and Rachel said, "Oh, Harrison! If all we wanted was a stud service, we'd just use artificial insemination! From what I heard last night, you are a wonderful lover too!"

They both laughed at this and I joined in. We were interrupted by the phone ringing. Naomi answered it and returned in a few moments.

"That was Kathryn. They want the stud... err I mean Harrison back." she said giggling. "and they invited me to lunch."

"Then you have your plans! I am off to the hospital. Ciao!" Rachel called as she left.

Naomi and I left shortly thereafter. She was a pest in the car. My cock was her new found toy, and she wanted to play! I swatted her hand away and focused on driving.

Chapter Five

When we got home, Lin swept Naomi away to her bedroom, without making any attempt to disguise her intention of interrogating the younger girl.

Kathryn was putting the finishing touches on lunch. I had missed Yana's departure, but she had left email, yahoo messenger name, and cell phone number. I was gratified that she wanted to stay in touch.

Kathryn grilled me on the night's events, seeming pleased with my description. She was as puzzled as I was about the absence of men and the portrait of the extended family of women.

"Rachel said the she would explain it all?" she asked.

"Well, there was mention of a dinner invitation, and 'very long story.' She implied that would be an explanation."

"You're right, and I don't think we should pester Naomi about it." Kathryn added. "It sounded like the like the Sutter Stud Service might have more request requests coming in, hummm?"

I blushed. "It doesn't bother you?"

"No. I kinda like it! As long as you can still service this ole mare!" she joked.

"Kathryn! Such language! You're not old! and yes, you'll always be The One for me." I said. She saw the worried look in my eyes, and drew me into a hug.

"Don't worry, darling." she whispered in my ear. Besides, my horizons have broadened at the same time. Come on , let's go get the girls for lunch."

We found Lin's door open and the girls were sitting cross legged on the bed facing each other. They appeared to be sucking each other's fingers. We entered the room and in response to my puzzled look, Naomi said, "Lin's teaching me to give head."

I stared at them and Lin explained, "I suck her fingers and she imitates my tongue action on my fingers. She learns quickly!" she grinned as she said it. Kathryn and I laughed and Naomi went beet red.

"Okay girls lunch time!" Kathryn said, and then looking at Naomi she chuckled, "You can demonstrate your skills after lunch."

It was hard to believe, but Naomi turned a brighter shade of red. She jumped off the bed and bounded out of the bedroom and we followed her toward the kitchen.

Lunch had nicely set on the table, but the girls ate quickly. They were obviously intent on the "dessert" the Kathryn had promised.

I finished lunch last and got up to excuse myself, mumbling about processing yesterday's photos. Lin shrieked with laughter and protested that they had plans that included me. I was led by the hand into the master bedroom and three sets of hands began to undress me.

Lin was particularly enthusiastic. To my surprise, Kathryn didn't hold back, but got caught up in the "fun." Inefficient as their efforts were, they quickly stripped me nude. They pushed me down on the bed and Lin and Naomi pretended too hold me down.

Kathryn then undressed slowly. As her bra came off, Lin let out a long catcall whistle. In response, Kathryn cupped her full breasts in her hands and jiggled them at us. She turned and wiggled her ass at us as she

pulled off her panties. I was erect by this time and Lin commented on how hard Kathryn could still get me after 25 years.

Lin jumped up to undress, and Kathryn too her place beside me. Lin wiggled and shimmied her way out of her clothes, and was rewarded with whistles and applause from the other girls. When Naomi's turn came, I was surprised that she only pretended to be shy about it. She took her time about stripping, giving lots of flashes and peeks, but managing to get fully undressed without fully exposing her breasts or pussy. She had us all going wild, as she stood there with legs crossed and arms covering her breasts. When she finally lowered her arms, uncrossed her legs and curtsied to her adoring fans, she blushed.

Lin was having a hard time restraining herself and obviously wanted get her hands on the younger woman. Kathryn was more successful at appearing to be in control and reminded Lin that this was to be a blowjob lesson. Knowing Naomi a little more intimately, I could see subtle signs of relief in her eyes. I suspected that she might not be as enthusiastically bi-sexual as Lin and Kathryn were.

I was given a stack of pillows and asked to sit up against the wall at the head of the big king bed. With my legs spread, Naomi was directed to a kneeling position between my knees. Lin and Kathryn knelt on either side. It was too overwhelming to have three beautiful women kneeling around me, all focused on my cock. The best way to describe my reaction was that I wilted.

Naomi was not discouraged by my lack of arousal. She seemed supremely confident she could get me up again. Kathryn, playing teacher, said that it was a great chance to practice getting a guy hard from "scratch."

"Guys love having their cocks sucked for a several reasons. First, it feels great. Second, if its done right, it can look sexy as hell, and we all know guys are visual about sex. A good blowjob appeals to that pornographic need guys have. Third, your guy loves to know that there is nothing else on your mind - only him, and when you have his cock in your mouth, you're pretty much focused on him. And finally from my viewpoint, when you are giving him a blowjob, you're in control. You have him by the balls!"

Naomi shrieked with laughter, and Lin broke in quietly. "To me there's no sense of control." she murmured. We stopped Laughed and looked at her. "It's totally devotion. Complete focus on giving him pleasure. Worshipping..." She trailed off. The other women stared at her for a moment and then Kathryn hugged her whispering something in her ear. Lin smiled and looked up at me.

Kathryn continued. "So learn to make it feel good, look sexy while you do it, and let him know you're only thinking about him. Then you'll give him the blow job of his life. If you really do it well, you'll pleasure yourself too! I frequently have little orgasms while giving him head and I always get wet and ready to make love. Another secret, Harrison always cum faster the first time. So if you want a really long fucking, a great blowjob is a good place to start!"

The girls listened to the lecture with a mix of interest and amusement. Kathryn was enjoying the teacher role. I was actually interested, as I had never heard the topic discussed that way before.

Kathryn then gave a mini-anatomy lesson, starting with the cock head, working down to the balls and anus. Throughout this attention, I remained intellectually interested, but limp.

"Now, I was impressed with the finger sucking idea that you two came up with for teaching." Lin blushed at Kathryn's commendation. It was clearly Lin's idea. Most likely something she dreamed up with just to initiate intimate contact with Naomi.

"Let's do an experiment!" Kathryn went on. "I want to see if the finger idea works. I'll take one of Naomi's hands and she'll take Harrison's cock. Let's see..." She stopped and looked at Lin whose face was in an exaggerated pout at being left out. "okay, We'll all get involved and make a game of it! I'll take Lin's hand. She'll take Naomi's and Naomi will still have the cock. How does that sound?" she suggested.

Everyone seemed happy with the compromise game, but I had another idea. "Let's make it harder. You all have to wear blindfolds. I will watch the first Kathryn and feel what the Naomi does. We'll see if the tongue action is passed on down the line. Like that old game where you whisper a message down the line." They all laughed and agreed willingly. Kathryn quickly found three silk scarves and the girls were in their positions and 'in the dark.'

I made sure that each girl had the other girl's left hand in her mouth. That left each girl's right hand free to stroke the other's hand and for Naomi to stroke and suck my cock. It was fun to watch Kathryn lick Lin's hand from the wrist to finger tip, then see Lin pass it on, and then Naomi lick me from my balls to the head off my hardening cock. Kathryn repeated this a number of time and the message was successfully relayed. She then took Lin's fingertips in her lips and swirled her tongue around them. I was a little amazed too see Lin obviously getting aroused and accurately passing the message on. This continued with a very accurate ability on the trio's part. I gave them feedback and encouragement for as long as I could, before I called a stop to the game.

"Okay! Enough! Slow down, or I'll cum!"

The two older women stopped abruptly, though the exercise had obviously been arousing for them. They took off their blindfolds and saw that Naomi wasn't about to stop.

"Look at her go!" Lin said. "Slow down girl! Let's drag this lesson out!"

"Cock sucking can be an end in itself, it can be foreplay, it can be variation in making love, or it can end the love making." Kathryn said, assuming the teacher's role again.

"Ooohh!" Lin said, "I like all of the above. I like to taste myself or Kathryn on his cock too!"

"Hmmm?" Naomi murmured finally letting my cock go free. "You mean like cleaning him after?"

"That too! but I meant like alternating between pussy and mouth." Lin explained.

"I think I'd love that," Naomi said, "but I'm too sore down there right now."

"He could slip in me, and then you could taste me on his cock." Lin eagerly suggested, putting a hand on the girl's thigh. Naomi smiled but drew back slightly.

Kathryn smiled and returned us to the lesson. "Keeping eye contact is a great way to let your lover know he's Number One when your giving head. Try licking him and don't break eye contact."

They were so intent on the lesson that the didn't pay attention to how close to the edge I was. I couldn't take my eyes off of Naomi's hypnotic green eyes. I could feel the cum building up, but it couldn't escape, because she of the tight hold she had at the base of my cock. I was so far into this delayed orgasm that I could only moan. The shaft grew longer and thicker and the head swelled. The older women were encouraging her and she was totally absorbed. The head of my cock was just within her lips when she released her hand at the base. The back pressure was released and a wad of cum shot into her mouth. The surprise on her face was indescribable. My cock slipped out from her lips and another spurt hit Lin on the face. She laughed and Naomi got control of the situation once again with my cock in her mouth as the last spurts dripped out around her lips.

"You don't have to swallow, dear." Kathryn said, but Naomi already had. Her face broke out in a grin. She leaned to Lin, stuck out her tongue and licked the line of cum off her cheek and lips.

"That was MY cum shot and I'm not sharing!" she laughed.

"You liked it?" I asked.

"Mmmmm... good! got any more where that came from?" she joked. I laughed and curled up on the bed. The girls sat there and talked while I dozed off.

When I awoke, Naomi and I were alone in bed, my cock was hard and she was licking it. This time she used all her new found skills to bring me to orgasm quickly. When I was on the edge, I could feel the load building, and she quickly scrambled to mount me. My cock wasn't in her for more than three strokes and I was shooting cum up her tight pussy. When I has stopped cumming she lay still on top of me, with my softening cock still in her.

"I thought you were sore."

"I am, but I love the feeling of you cumming inside me."

Just then, Kathryn came in and sat on the edge of the bed. she kissed us both. "I'm sorry if the lesson got a little carried away." she said. "I hope Lin didn't overdo it, Naomi. She can't help her attraction to you. I talked to her about it. She thought you were bi-sexual too. She desperately wanted you to be. She understands, though."

Naomi smiled. "I don't know if I am or not. I loved when you kissed me and touched me, Mrs. S. I may grow too want Lin too." With that, she drew Kathryn close and kissed her tenderly. Kathryn responded. I lay there. My softening cock still in the sixteen year old that was kissing my wife. It was unreal.

We heard footsteps and they broke off their kiss just before Lin opened the door.

"Rachel's here to pick-up Naomi." She grinned at the young girl lying on me. Naomi climbed off, and ambled toward the bathroom. Kathryn went out to greet Rachel, and Lin climbed onto the bed and began her favorite chore of cleaning me. Naomi stopped at the door, turned and asked, "Do I taste good on him?" Lin just smiled and licked her lips.

When Lin had finished, I dressed quickly, leaving her somewhat disappointed, and went to the living room.

"How are Mrs. Donaldson and her baby doing?" I asked as I entered the room.

Kathryn had started a pot of tea, so we sat and chatted while Naomi showered. Rachel was wearing a suit that fit her figure perfectly. The collar of her white blouse was outside the suit and the top buttons were undone, so the blouse covered the lapels of the suit and revealed an intriguing glimpse of cleavage. I tried not to stare.

"You dress beautifully." I said. "Some day I would like to do some professional portraits of you."

"I'd like that." she said. "Could I persuade you to take some of my patients too? It would be wonderful to have some portraits of expectant mothers and new families."

"That would be fantastic for my portfolio!" I was excited! The opportunity for some good portrait opportunities, and without any sex interfering. I didn't think that I could take on anymore sex partners right now!

"Great! I am so pleased." Rachel said. "I am busy with clinic hours and possibly a delivery tomorrow, but I'll contact some of my more photogenic patients and ask if they would be willing to sit for the portraits. Can I call you on Tuesday or Wednesday to set something up."

After Naomi and her mother had left, things quieted down. Lin had a paper to work on for grad school. Since I didn't even understand the title of the paper, I agreed with Kathryn that leaving her alone to work was the best help we could offer. Kathryn wanted to call our daughters and plan a trip to visit them at college, before they disappeared on Spring Break. So I was left with time to spend on reviewing and processing the photos from the shoot with Rachel and Lin on Saturday.

There were several shots that we could use on the web site "as is," and several more that would require some artful cropping or other artifices to make them PG enough for the web. I was determined that my site not even give a hint of R rated material, let alone pornography.

Rachel called on the next Tuesday and asked if we could set up more than one shoot over the next few weeks. I said that I would be pleased to set up as many shoots as she wanted. We agreed that I would come to her office on Friday for the first shoot, her professional portrait, and to meet one of her obstetrical patients that was interested in an expectant mother shoot. She was concerned about my fee and I had to spend a good deal of time reassuring her that it was my pleasure. I explained the TFCD concept to her. I convinced her to tell her selected patients that she had made a time limited arrangement with me to take portraits on a TFCD basis. The patient would get a CD of all the images, and in return would sign a release to allow Rachel to display selected portraits in her office and to allow me to display them on my web site.

That week Kathryn, Lin and I all seemed to be more relaxed about our sex lives. We consistently slept together, with a pair of us usually having sex while the third slept or only participated peripherally. It was a comfortable and happy arrangement, with everyone getting all the sex they wanted.

Occasionally things happened outside the bedroom. On Wednesday, Lin had been sitting in front of her laptop all day. Kathryn noted she was tired, and Lin complained that she was stuck on a school project. She didn't feel she was being productive. I decided a little diversion was in order. Knowing how much I loved her blowjobs and she loved giving them, the diversion that I had planned seemed obvious. I entered the study and told Lin that I needed her service immediately. She looked confused for a moment and then sat up straighter.

"Yes, Sir?" she asked.

I ordered her to fetch pillows from her bed. When she returned with two fluffy pillows in her arms, I indicated the floor in front of me and she placed the pillows there. I instructed her to strip and to kneel on the pillows. Watching her hurry to obey gave me great pleasure in itself. Then there was the obvious male pleasure in watching a woman undress, but on top of that there was something uniquely special about giving the commands and the eagerly submissive response of this beautiful creature. When she had complied with my order, I admired the petite, beautiful young woman kneeling in front of me. Looking closely, I noticed tears welling up in her eyes.

"What brings the tears, pet?"

"Why?" She started to struggle with her composure. I could see her struggle to control her tears and rebuild her inner strength, so I waited. She started again, "When I was between 13 and 16 years old, my foster dad used to make me fetch pillows from my bed to put over his lap. He would sit in a straight backed chair in my bedroom. Just like you are now. Then he would spank me. Your orders brought that all flooding back." She blushed all over and was silent with her turmoil.

I thought odd to spank a girl between those ages.

"Did he spank you in the nude?"

"Oh my god! No!" She responded. "He was too straight for that. At most he would lift my skirt and spank my panties. It was always for something I did or didn't do that annoyed his wife."

"Did he hurt you?"

"Well the spankings hurt, but I always cried because I felt evil."

"Evil? How could you be evil? I wouldn't ever think that a girl annoying her foster mother could ever be called 'evil.' What had you done?"

"The things I did to deserve punishment were minor. I felt evil because of the effect the spankings had on me. The Moores were very rigid, devout people. They believed that sex outside marriage was a sin and even thinking about sex at my age was a terrible sin. Yet whenever Mr. Moore spanked me, I could only think about how much I wanted him to touch me where it felt good. I would get wet and imagine him doing it to me – fucking. I was terrified that he would notice the wet spot on my panties. That's why I cried, I couldn't help myself." It spilled out of her.

"Sweet Lin... My pet..." I murmured softly and reassuringly as I pulled her closed to rest her head on my lap. I stroked her hair as the sobbing subsided. When she had calmed, I asked, "You've progressed from time in your childhood. You love sex! All that other stuff is behind you."

"Intellectually, I know that... But some how I can't help it. I can't explain how guilty I felt and yet how I aroused I was and how much I want him to do things to me."

I continued to stroke her hair while we sat there quietly. Eventually she stirred.

"Would you do it for me?" she whispered. "Is that too weird?"

"No, darling, it's not too weird. Many adults use spanking as an erotic game." I responded, and she stood up.

I looked at her a moment and motioned for her lie face down over my lap in spanking position. I fondled her ass and she started to cry again.

"Don't hold back." she said through her sobbing. "Make it a real spanking."

"Did Mrs. Moore watch you get spanked?"

"Yes, she was the one that usually told on me and made him spank me. I think she liked to watch me cry."

I thought for a second.

"Kathryn, could you please come?" I called.

When Kathryn appeared in the doorway a moment later, Lin was still sobbing.

"You are going to spank her? Why?"

"She needs to be spanked. Please watch," was all I offered in response. "and don't interrupt."

I lightly massaged her ass cheeks and then began spanking, each one increasing in force and Lin's crying turned to wails. The whole thing was arousing me in a strange way. After fifteen swats, I stopped and rubbed her ass. It was pink all over. I used my hand to spread her legs and gain access to her private parts. They were soaked. I slid one hand under to finger her and rub her clit and with the other hand I approached her pussy hole from the back. Soon she was bucking in orgasm as I finger fucked her. When she passed the peak, I directed her, still panting, to knee on the pillows again. I undressed and sat down again. My cock hard and swollen, I rubbed a few strokes and looked at her. She bowed her head, still heaving for breath.

"Come bring your pillows and kneel here, gorgeous pet." I said, indicating the spot between my knees. She moved quickly and didn't need any more directions. She started kissing quickly my calves and up past my knees to my thighs. Kathryn was still standing in the doorway, watching the performance. When Lin reached my balls she began what turned into a long, luxurious blowjob. She followed Kathryn's instruction of the other day. She made eye contact and her eyes sparkled against the tear streaked face. It made my ego

swell as much as my cock. When the cum exploded from my cock, she was pleased that she managed to catch every drop in her mouth. She look quite satisfied, and happily smacked her lips.

We went straight to bed and Kathryn joined us eagerly. I slept well though I was aware that they were active for quite a while.

The next morning Lin bounded out of bed, fixed breakfast for us all and attacked her paper with renewed vigor. Clearly the little distraction the evening before had been cathartic for her. Later in the morning, when I was finishing up processing Yana's photos and burning them to CD, Lin came into the study.

"Thanks for yesterday evening. I needed that." She said. "I think I'll always cry when I'm spanked, but one thing has changed. If you don't mind, I will be asking for a spanking every once in a while. Even better, would you mind just dragging me over your knee every so often? It may be odd, but I loved it!"

"I will admit that I liked it too. You need to tell me if there other things that you'd like to explore. I am open to pretty much anything that makes you happy, Lin." I replied.

She smiled and said, "Sir, I don't think that Mrs. Sutter wasn't too thrilled about watching you spank me, and I know she doesn't want to spank me herself, though I'd love her to at least swat my ass every once in a while..."

"I'll talk to Kathryn about it. I don't think she'll mind if we leave her out of it. And what's with the 'Sir,' and 'Mrs. Sutter' stuff?"

"I don't know... I just like the sound... feel of it. It feels right. Do you mind?" She inquired.

"No, I don't mind. If you are calling me 'Sir,' Do you mind me calling you 'pet'?"

"No! I like it, Sir. It sounds like you love and care for me."

I smiled. She kissed me and returned to her room to dress for class.

When Friday rolled around, I loaded up my equipment on a rolling cart and went downtown to Rachel's office. She was in a nicely restored townhouse near the university hospital.

The sign out front simply said, "Dr. R. Magdalene," so she was in a single practice, probably associated with the university hospital. The interior was elegant but simple. It didn't have the sterile hospital feel to it, nor did it feel like a law office. It was more like a really nice home. The front of the house was a small living room that served as a waiting room. An attractive, very young receptionist sat at a small antique desk. She looked more like a concierge at a hotel than a Doctor's receptionist.

"Mr. Sutter, good afternoon. My name is Nicole. Dr. Magdalene will see you shortly. You may put your equipment in the first exam room on the right." she indicated towards the hall. "May I offer you something to drink? Coffee, tea, a soft drink?"

"Water would be nice..."

The patient room she indicated was decorated like the rest of the clinic and appeared to be another small living room, even the exam table was made to look like it fit in.

I returned to the waiting room to sit. Nicole had a bottle of Perrier and a glass with ice on a small tray. I filled my glass and had only half finished it when Rachel emerged from the other exam room accompanied by a young Latina. She had a beautiful face and long glossy black hair. She was well dressed, and very pregnant.

"Mr. Sutter," Rachel greeted me. "Thank you for coming. This is Myrna Ramirez, she eager to be your first subject! Do you have the model release papers that you mentioned?"

"I do, perhaps Nicole and Myrna could complete them while I set up. Where should I set up?"

"Will the exam room be okay? I have a last patient coming today. If you get started before she arrives, I'll stay with you. After she arrives, my niece will stay with you."

"Nicole is your niece?" I asked. She nodded. "I thought that I noticed a family resemblance."

I set up one strobe, a small reflector, and a small hair light with a barn door on it. I was set up quickly, but when I returned to the waiting room, only Myrna and Nicole were there, as the other patient had arrived.

Back in the exam room, I had Myrna stand beside a cushioned, straight back leather chair. I tested the strobes, and once I had it set to my satisfaction, I asked Myrna to be seated. The challenge with a seated and dressed pregnant woman, is that she may just look fat. I had her sit on the edge of the chair with her body in profile to the camera and her back slightly arched. She had a beautiful smile and a classic Mayan face. We followed with a couple more of her standing beside the chair, with her hands placed on the small of her back and elbows swung back. I knew we had a handful of good shots when we wrapped up. I showed her the images on Nicole's computer and when Rachel saw them, she was pleased too. She offered to have one printed and framed for Myrna, who was thrilled.

At Rachel's request and with Nicole's help, I set my lights up in her office. While Rachel was finishing some paper work and primping for her portrait, I asked Nicole to pose. My intent was to get the lights set correctly for Rachel, but didn't mention that because Nicole was so pleased to be asked.

"Naomi, thinks you're pretty awesome!" She said out of the blue. "She's lucky to have found you."

"She's easy to photograph." I responded. "Any photographer would do well with her. I was the lucky one - to find her."

"Yes, I guess you did get lucky... but I wasn't talking about the photography..." she grinned.

"Huh??" I blushed.

"Naomi and I are cousins and good friends. She's an amazing woman, and I am glad she found you." She smiled sincerely. From the look in her eyes, I understood that she knew everything. I blushed even deeper.

I hid behind my camera lens, as Kathryn often says I do, and began my test shots. Nicole was comfortable on her side of the lens and I quickly relaxed. She fetched her purse from a cabinet and sat down again, fiddled with the mirror on a makeup compact and touched up her hair with a brush. Her brown hair was cut short in an attractive style. She put her purse away, turned to face me, and I started shooting. I also didn't stop when she unbuttoned the top two buttons on her crisp, pink cotton blouse. She straightened the front of her blouse and made sure her bra showed clearly. She was small chested, but was one of those cleavage enhancing bras and it was working quite well in my opinion.

"A girl has to work with what she has." Nicole smirked.

At that moment, Rachel re-entered her office. "Warming up the photographer, dear?" Her voice rang with laughter. She stood back and indicated that was should finish up. I took a couple more shots and figured we were done, but Nicole stood and put her hands on the arm of the easy chair, leaning over, giving me a clear view down her blouse to her tummy. I snapped off a couple of shots and stepped to the side to take a couple more. She cocked her head my way and smiled seductively. I could clearly see the full cup of one side of her bra hugging a small, firm breast. I snapped off a couple more.

"You do bring something out of your female subjects, Harrison." Rachel commented. I blushed, but she continued. "Myrna is a very shy, culturally conservative person and yet she glowed for you. She had been quite reluctant to pose, but she was thrilled with the results. And Nicole doesn't usually go baring her chest, and yet I have a feeling she was going to strip nude, if I left you two alone any longer!"

"Auntie R!" Nicole protested.

"Oh, please! Correct me if I am wrong!" Rachel chided.

"Well, Naomi did it!" Nicole countered.

Rachel chuckled and looked at me. "See what I mean? " and then back to Nicole, "You'll have to talk to Naomi about that. I think she may have an opinion about sharing her photographer with her pretty cousin."

I confess that I was puzzled. Clearly Nicole knew a lot about Naomi's photo shoots and I suspected that she knew we'd had sex. Rachel seemed to think that meant that I belonged to Naomi, or at least that Naomi had say over my relationships within her family.

Nicole smiled and acquiesced to her aunt. "Your turn!" she said, gesturing to the chair. She passed unnecessarily close to me as she headed for the door. She was still buttoning her blouse as she walked slowly. I caught a whiff of the floral scent of Jessica McClintock, the same perfume that Naomi habitually wore. She winked at me discreetly and closed the door behind herself.

"What now?" Rachel asked.

"I think you look fabulous! But, do you normally wear on of the white 'doctor jackets' in the office?"

"No," replied. "I put on a lab coat when I am examining a patient. I like to make the office experience comfortable and very personal for my patients."

"I can tell! Your office is unusual for a doctor. We can do several portraits for different purposes. What would you like to portray?"

"Me. Quite simply, I just was hoping to portray me. The only portrait of me hanging in this office is the one you took on Saturday."

"Saturday?" I said confused. I did remember any the didn't involve nudity. "Which one? Where is it?"

"Behind you, on the wall."

I turned and saw the first picture I had taken that day. Naomi was seated with her mother standing behind her. Naomi's nipple wasn't air brushed out, it was quite visible, peeking out from strands of her hair. Rachel knew instinctively what I was thinking.

"Lots of my patients have complemented me on it. None have commented on the nipple, though several have asked for my photographer's contact information. I hope you don't mind. Naomi gave me a stack of your cards."

I was flustered and smiled to cover. The Magdalene's were a puzzle. I needed to get back on track. I took a moment and just looked at the picture. I heard Rachel step away, a closet door open and a rustle of clothing. I took a breath and turned, fully expecting to see Rachel nude or at least undressing. I was relieved to see that she had just taken off her suit coat and put on a lab jacket. She smiled.

"I thought that one with that 'doctor-look' would be most appropriate." She said.

"We can work with that!" I said. I asked her to lean or half-sit on the corner of her desk. I handed her a prescription pad and her Monte Blanc and asked her to imagine she was explaining a prescription to a patient. She took right to it and launched into her role, actually how the cream she was prescribing would allow the patient's husband pleasurable penetration and eliminate her patient's discomfort. She explained reassuringly that she should be able to enjoy sex even more after menopause... I snapped away and she continued in a professional but almost loving way. The shots were great. We moved on to posing her in her suit, and a even a couple of shots out in the chilly air in the small back yard of the town house.

The shoot ended and I asked if I could leave some of my equipment in her office over the weekend, since I would be shooting again following week. She agreed and I departed, but not before getting another one of those very friendly kisses that leaves you wanting more.

When I got home, Kathryn was interested to hear about Nicole. We were growing more and more curious about the apparently all female clan.

Monday, I was at Rachel's office at the appointed hour and found four pregnant women in the waiting room. They appeared to range in age from 20 to 40 years, and all seemed to be in their last trimester. They were well dressed, and attractive. Nicole began the introductions, but was interrupted by the phone. One black woman had the distinctive hair and beauty common among the women of the Horn of Africa. My suspicion that she was Ethiopian was confirmed when I heard her accent and she was introduced as Alem. When I exchanged greetings with her in her native language, Amharic, she dropped her stoic, aloof expression and bestowed a brilliant smile on me. She was eager to learn of my visits to her homeland, but just then Rachel appeared from her office.

"Harrison! You've met this morning's models." She said. "Let's take a moment and talk about the photographs that you will be taking."

"First let me share the shots from yesterday." I added. "Then we can discuss what each of our fabulously gorgeous models would like for their portrait."

There were murmurs of appreciation when I passed around my portfolio with Myrna and Rachel's portraits. The way they talked among themselves, it was clear that they knew each other well. Rachel noticed my growing understanding and clarified that the four women were a single mother's Lamaz support group that Rachel sponsored at her clinic.

"Well, if you are all part of a Lamaze group, why don't we do a group picture?" I asked.

They agreed. We posed them in the lounge sitting together. I then had Alum standing with the other women seated around her with their hands on her large pregnant belly, and looking up at her. We crowded into the examining room, and took portraits of them one by one against a backdrop. The first model was Cindy, a petite 19 year old blonde. She was wearing a billowing maternity dress that hid her form and I was frustrated trying to get a shot that satisfied me. Alum suggested that Cindy pull the dress close around her, which succeeded in showing her form more, but made the dress look absurd.

"Oh just lose the dress, honey!" said Mary, the oldest mother-to-be. "You have the body for it!"

Cindy looked at Rachel, who smiled and nodded. Hesitantly, Cindy removed her dress, panties and bra. Her belly was huge, and her navel distended. The areola surrounding the swollen nipples on her full breasts were large and dark. I took some interesting shots of Cindy backlit in silhouette, and a couple more of her with her arms extended down and hands supporting her belly. When I was wrapping up with Cindy, I turned too ask for the next model, and was startled to see that all the women had undressed and clearly wanted to follow Cindy's example.

Alem stepped forward before Cindy stepped down.

"May Cindy and I pose together, please?" She asked politely. "We're Lamaze partners."

How could I object? And how did I find myself in these situations? Four nude pregnant women and their doctor. Rachel understood my moment of confusion and smiled supportively, so I proceeded. The pair looked at me expectantly for direction. Hesitantly I snapped one of them side by side, but quickly realized that it was a boring pose. I noticed that the had both shave there pubic areas completely bare. Furtive glances let me know all the women had shaved similarly. Something was odd about that, but I returned my attention to Alem and Cindy. They were of similar stature and physique, though Cindy appeared to be a few weeks farther along than Alem.

I posed Cindy behind Alem with her arms around the dark woman's waist and hands caressing the sides of her belly, while Alem crossed her arms and covered her breasts with her own hands. They looked straight and wide-eyed directly into the lens. The contrast of their skin tones was beautiful. I took several shots from slightly different angles and then moved them through a variety of poses.

The final two women posed individually. I was pleased to be able to get through a successful and productive photo shoot involving nudes and no sex. When the last portrait was done, we reviewed the portraits together on the computer in the exam room. Again I had the odd feeling of being surrounded four nude and pregnant women. Rachel graciously informed them that she was covering the cost of prints and each woman selected a couple of shots to have printed. We discussed tasteful cropping in some cases, and decided on the shots that the women would agree to have displayed in Rachel's clinic.

As I was packing my equipment, they came by one by one to give me a hug, a kiss and a murmur of thanks. While Cindy was hugging me, Alem joined her. For a brief, even erotic moment, I was embraced by two beautiful and very pregnant women. Nicole entered with Perrier for me and herbal teas for Rachel and the two remaining women.

We sat in straight back chairs, around the small coffee table. I learned that since this Lamaze group was always all women, their exercises had been conducted in privacy and in the nude. The membership in the group changed, with new women joining and women leaving after they delivered babies. At one point I noticed the difficulty and awkward posture that Cindy demonstrated when she picked up her fallen napkin. It struck me that there must certainly be things that pregnant women could not do for themselves, such as shaving there own public area, yet they were all shaved. From the general information that they had shared, I came to understand that they were more than a Lamaze group, but a general support group for the single mothers-to-be.

I watched them dress, helping each other as necessary. Rachel gave them each one of my cards, raved about my wonderful wife and my studio. They seemed excited and happy, as they left.

"You have a talent, Mr. Sutter, for getting women out of their clothes, and making them trust you. Alem, of all the women, gives her trust reluctantly, especially with men. What was your trick with her?" Rachel inquired.

"No trick. Just luck, I guess. I suspected from her appearance that she might be Ethiopian, and her name confirmed it. So I greeted her in Amharic." I explained.

"Amharic?"

"It's one of the major languages in that part of Africa. The Ethiopian women are renowned for their beauty and Alem has a classic Ethiopian face."

"And you know this because?"

"I love to travel. I have been there several times." I said. "May I ask an odd question?"

"Of course."

"I noticed that they all shave their pubic area. Why?"

"That's something the women who've been in the group a while seem to pass on to the ones." Rachel replied. "I'm not sure that there is a particular reason. It's just a rite of initiation."

"But how do they do it? I mean It would seem a pregnant woman's belly would get in the way of her shaving herself." I pressed.

"Oh! Yes, A new participant's partner shaves her, and she shaves her partner. They shave each other before each class." she explained. "It's become a sort bonding ritual. These are single women without a significant other and they each need someone they trust to support them."

"Did they leave their husbands?" I inquired.

"No, they are single mothers - donor insemination." She responded, and changed the subject. "Are you and Kathryn free for dinner on Friday?"

"I think so. Can I have Kathryn call you?"

"That would be fine." She smiled. "Are you stopping by the music store to see Naomi this afternoon?"

"I was thinking about it. I would like to get a 'Maternity' section up on my web site."

"She would like that. She has hired a new store manager. She thinks she needs to free up some time for school."

"I thought she was doing well in school." I said with concern.

"Oh she is!" She exclaimed. "She graduates in June and wants to finish her International Baccalaureate project."

"I've been selfish! I don't want the web stuff to get in the way of her studies." I said.

"Don't worry, Harrison. She has integrated the web site into her IB project in media and marketing."

Kathryn agreed eagerly to the dinner invitation. She was hoping for the "long story" and answers to a lot of questions.

Lin accompanied me to Chrysalis Music. We were both eager to see Naomi. When we got to the store there was a petite girl at the counter. She had bright blue eyes and tightly curled brown hair, pulled back into a large, fluffy pony tail. She was wearing a tight T-Shirt that hugged her slender frame and large, firm breasts. As we entered, she stood up and greeted us by name.

"Mr. Sutter! Lin! Welcome to Chrysalis Music. Ms. Magdalene said you would be coming. She is in the back office. Please go right back." She said with the same incredible cheerfulness as Naomi had always shown. When she stepped out from behind the counter to lead us back, I was again struck by how her incredible breasts stood out from her skinny frame. Her ass was startling as well, tight firm and round. Looking closer, I realized she was not wearing a bra and yet her large breasts were defying gravity. I took a step forward and almost knocked Lin over. She was riveted in place by this new beauty.

"You have us at a disadvantage, I'm Harrison. Nobody calls me Mr. Sutter except the IRS!" I said sticking out my hand and inconspicuously nudging Lin was still staring.

"Michelle," she said smiling with big Angelina Jolie lips. "I am Ms. Magdalene's new store manager."

"Pleased to meet you Michelle," I replied. "This silent woman is Lin, she seems to have lost the power of speech. Say 'Hi' to Michelle, Lin."

Lin blushed, smiled, and was still silent. I chuckled and patted Lin on the back. I realized that Michelle was quietly staring at Lin as well.

"Hey, I know where the office is..." I said smiling and stepping around Michelle. I found Naomi in the back office. Her long hair was braided and she was wearing a short plaid skirt and a white cotton blouse that buttoned up the front. She jumped up from the desk, where she had been studying. I had come to discuss the web site, but when she threw the arms around me, I reached back and shut the door behind us. Plans change. I was going to fuck this girl. I could hear giggling from the front of the store as the door closed.

It was clear that Naomi had the same idea. We were kissing and she was fumbling with my belt buckle and zipper as she backed towards her desk. I dealt with the buttons on her blouse quickly and when she backed into the desk, I lifted her skirt. I was pleased but not particularly surprised that she wasn't wearing any panties. I cupped my hands under her ass and lifted her onto the edge of the desk. Naomi had my cock in her hand and was rubbing the head against her clit while I fondled her breasts. She began to moan and rub my cock harder against her wet pussy.

"Do that thing with my nipples..." she breathed.

Looking in her eyes, I pinched her nipples. Her eyelids dropped and she breathed in sharply and positioned the head of my cock at the entrance to her pussy. I pushed hard and buried myself in her. She gasped, but not in pain this time. We both looked down in fascination as my cock slid in and out of her, she was so tight that I could barely get my entire length inside her and when I pulled back, her vagina clung tightly to my shaft. I continued pinching and her nipples and she leaned back. Her small, firm breasts stretched and she groaned.

I took her with long slow strokes. The head of my cock almost completely exposed when I pulled back. A long pause and then I buried it deep within her. It looked so sexy to see my glistening wet cock sliding in and out of her bare, pink pussy. I finally let go of her nipples and she lay back on top of her homework on the desk. She drew her knees up and put her heels on the edge of the desk. Leaning over her, I began slamming my cock into her. She was trying hard not to vocalize, but her moans were loud as her orgasm and my cum filled her simultaneously.

"Oh god, you have to come visit more often!" she panted, laying back on the desk. Her white blouse lay open and her skirt was hiked up around her waist. My cock was still buried in her and I could see my cum oozing out around it. I seemed to be filling her, leaving no room for my sperm.

"I love this school girl look!" I said. "but, you make me feel like a dirty old man!"

"First of all, I am a school girl and second, you are a dirty old man!" She said in a throaty voice and pulling me into a kiss. "My dirty old man!"

We finally recovered and Naomi cleaned my cock, taking Lin's devotion as her own. We sat at the computer and I shared the maternity shots. We agreed that most of the nudes were not suitable for our web site. She also showed me changes that she had made to tone the sexuality down.

"I can't have my IB advisor getting the wrong idea when she reviews it as my IB project!"

"If she only knew that her star pupil was sleeping with her photographer..." I laughed. There was a knock at the office door. Lin opened it a crack.

"Are you two decent?" she whispered.

We laughed. "You wish we were indecent, don't you!" Naomi shot back.

"Shhhh! Your new manager is blushing beet red. Luckily no customers came in while you were at it. We could hear you all the way out at the front counter." She whispered as she came in. "I told her you all were goofing on us. She half bought it because you are so totally weird, Naomi! But I don't think that she can figure out Harrison!"

"Ask her to come back and I'll apologize for our 'prank'." I said.

Lin walked over to the desk and ran her finger over the edge and brought up a finger full of my cum that must have spilled out of Naomi's tight, overflowing slit.

"Don't you think we'd better clean up first?" she smiled, lifting her finger to her mouth and licking the cum off, and eyeing my crotch.

"I missed that spot on the desk, but I cleaned him up well." she winked.

When Michelle came back, I apologized and said it was a prank we were playing on Lin. We hadn't meant to embarrass her.

"Hey, prank or real, I don't mind, I just blush whenever I'm turned on." she said bluntly.

"Oh?" Lin perked up.

Michelle smiled at Lin and blushed. My cock was rigid again even though I strongly suspected that this was Lin's opportunity - not mine. I could see glances between the two girls and envied Lin getting her hands on Michelle's exciting body. I left the girls and went out into the store. Shortly thereafter, Lin joined me. She looked serious.

"Sir, can I have permission to go out with Michelle?" She asked.

"You're asking because you want to have sex with her?" I inquired.

"Uh huh.. I hope so. Do you mind?"

"Mind no, Envious, yes. Just be sure that she doesn't sleep around..."

"Oh, I am pretty sure she doesn't but I will talk to her. You're envious?"

"Duh! She is gorgeous and has a wonderful body. You'll have to see if she would like to model. I would love to shoot her."

"You got it, Boss."

When Naomi came out, we talked a little further and I left Lin with the girls at the store. Back at home, Kathryn was out so I just went to bed. I was beat after a long day.

The next day, Lin was home and was bubbling about Michelle. She and Michelle had hit it off and now she was totally infatuated with the other girl.. After a dinner and drinks, they had ended up at Lin's apartment. Michelle was interested in modeling. Kathryn was excited to meet her, Especially after hearing my description of her body. Lin explained that Michelle was probably a lesbian. She had never been with a man. That was fine with me, I was getting more sex than I needed. I would be happy just to photograph her.

We were discussing a possible time to schedule a shoot, when Rachel called to invite Kathryn and me to dinner on Friday evening. This led to speculation about the Magdalene family and the long story that Rachel

had promised. Lin was disappointed that she wasn't invited and was convinced that there would be an orgy. I consoled her with a reminder she could have an evening alone with Michelle.

With this, Lin went off to call Michelle and arrange dinner at our house for the two of them. She was giddy with excitement when she came back. She had a date!

"What does she know about your relationship with us?" Kathryn asked.

"Umm.. we've never discussed it." Lin said. "What do you think I should tell her?"

"If you really care for her, then the truth is a good place to start." Kathryn advised.

"But, there is no reason to start out by explaining everything at once." I interjected. "Don't lie, don't hold back, but don't freak her out. What have you told her so far?"

"Well she met Mrs. Ford at the apartment and she asked how my aunt and uncle we doing. I didn't say anything about that, so she undoubtedly thinks that's who you are."

"You should clarify that right away. She might always be uncomfortable with you having sex with us, but it would seem completely crazy if we're related." Kathryn said. "It wouldn't exactly be incest, since you were adopted, but..."

"She doesn't even know that I'm adopted. We have lots to talk about, if we're doing anything but dating... I'll just play it by ear, but I don't want it to affect us."

"We certainly don't want it to affect us either, but most of all, we want you to be happy and, I am sure that Harrison agrees, that when you find the right person, we'd be honored to dance at your wedding, wherever and whomever you choose to marry." Kathryn confided.

"You two are so wonderful to me," She exclaimed. "Sir," she added, turning to me and bowing her head, "Do you recall last week when you promised to..." she paused and looked at me expectantly.

"Speak up." I responded to her unasked question. Kathryn looked quizzical.

"Do I have to ask?" Lin pleaded.

"Yes, pet, you need to ask, and ask nicely." I said somewhat more sternly than I had intended.

"Sir, I am in need of a spanking. Please, Sir. Will you spank me?" she said pleadingly. Kathryn watched with a puzzled look on her face. Lin looked at her hoping for understanding.

"I know you need this Lin," she said, "but I really don't understand."

"I don't think either of us understand it, Kathryn. But if you were to take her across your knee, you would feel how real her need is." I tried to explain.

"Lin, do you want me to be able to do this for you?" Kathryn queried.

Lin kept her head inclined, and spoke in a meek, low voice. "I don't know. Harrison was right. We don't really understand why this has such an effect on me." She paused.

"Should I try, Harrison?"

"Darling, you can try, but I don't think you should do anything that makes you uncomfortable. I saw the look on your face when you watched me spank her." I said.

"Perhaps if I tried it, at least I would understand better." She mused. "May I try?"

"Please Ma'm!" Lin whispered with emphasis.

"Okay, Any advice, Harrison?"

"Well, yeah. Make her strip nude. Spank hard. Don't stop when she cries. Love her afterward." I suggested, watching Lin blush. "Did I miss anything, Lin?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you want me there?" I asked and they both emphatically said yes.

"Actually," Kathryn added, "I think it would be good if you sort of directed. At least this first time. You may need to demonstrate. I've never done anything like this before."

"You'll do fine, let's go to our bedroom." I led the way and Lin followed Kathryn.

In the bedroom, I sat quietly in the chair in the corner. Kathryn used the most stern voice she could muster and ordered Lin to strip nude. Lin did so, and Kathryn insisted that she fold her clothes carefully and lay them on the clothes chest. Kathryn looked over her shoulder at me, and I patted my lap to indicate her next move. Kathryn ordered Lin over her lap and spend a moment fondling the girl's pretty ass. She then started spanking, and she wasn't spanking hard enough. Lin simply wasn't crying.

"You really have to spank her harder." I advised. "If her ass isn't pink after the first swat, you aren't doing it hard enough."

She tried again.

"Harder!"

Again a couple of swats.

"Harder!!"

This went on for a while. Finally Lin was sobbing but the interesting thing was that Kathryn was too. I stopped them and guided Kathryn's hand between Lin's thighs. When Lin's crying was interrupted by uncontrolled panting, I knew she was in good hands! When Lin had rolled through her second orgasm, Kathryn had her kneel while she pulled off her own slacks and panties. Lin didn't need to be told. She crawled between my wife's knees and began licking and sucking. They were both still crying. In the end, they were both curled up on the bed making love, I kissed them and quietly left the room. I was as horny as hell and headed to Chrysalis Music. Carrying my portfolio and camera, the bell chimed as I entered the store. Michelle was helping a customer, but she greeted me cheerfully. Naomi wasn't there, but was expected soon, so I waited. I couldn't help watching Michelle. She was in jeans and a long sleeve, gray sweater with a V-neck. While the sweater was loose fitting and somewhat bulky, the V-neck offered glimpses, and I could tell that her magnificent breasts were not confined in a bra. Her tightly curled hair wasn't pulled back today, and it billowed out around her face and spilled down her back. When the customer left, Michelle came over to talk and inquired about my portfolio.

"Would you like to see it?"

"Yes! Please! I would really like that. I have seen the web site, but prints always have richer color and more depth." She replied

"You are a photography buff?" I asked, carrying the portfolio over to the counter.

"Well, I like it. I took a class in high school. That's all"

I opened the portfolio and the portrait of Naomi leaning into the camera, with a sparkling water drop on her nipple was the first. Michelle sucked in a breath and let it out in a low almost silent whistle.

"Wow!"

"Yeah, Your boss is something truly special."

She looked me right in the eyes, very seriously. "Do you love her?" she asked disarmingly.

"I do." I responded without a doubt in my mind, which surprised me. I really did love her.

She continued to search my eyes and contemplate.

"And your wife? What does she think?"

"She loves Naomi too."

"She knows that you're having an affair with Naomi?"

"She knows everything. I wouldn't say we're having an affair. We have a special loving relationship."

Michelle considered this and went back to looking at the portfolio, pausing frequently at a photo. When she reached the first shot of Lin in her red silk dress with one breast almost exposed. Unconsciously she reached out and touched Lin's face.

"You like her, don't you?" I asked.

She pulled her hand back and responded without looking at me. "Yeah.... we.... have lots in common..." I chuckled, "I know. She told us all about last night when she returned this morning. She is pretty open with us."

"How much did she tell you?"

"Well, no intimate details, but I know that there were intimate details, and she hopes that there will be more. I think she has high hopes that there is more in the way of a relationship too." I paused and studied Michelle's face closely. "How do you feel? It's none of my business, so you can just say that it's none of my business and I'll respect that."

"First, her aunt and uncle, are cool with her living with them and being a lesbian?"

"Michelle, Kathryn and I are not related to Lin. We're not even related to her deceased adoptive parents. We've only known her a short while and we've to care for her very deeply."

"You didn't look related, but I figured that your brother had married an Asian girl, or something like that."

"No, the Aunt and Uncle story is something Lin made up to explain to her tenants why she was moving in with us."

"Why did she move in with you?"

"You should talk to Lin about that, but if being with you gives her happiness and fulfillment, then we that's what we want for her, though I will warn you that she is more bi-sexual than lesbian. You should discuss it all with her. She'll be honest and I hope you'll be the same with her."

"This is pretty bizarre! I've never had a girlfriend that I didn't have to hide our relationship - especially from her parents! I want this to work, at least I hope it does..."

"You may still need to tiptoe around her tenants at the apartment building, but you are don't have to worry about Kathryn and I. Except perhaps Kathryn hitting on you..."

Michelle's laugh rang through the store and she relaxed visibly, but I stiffened. I couldn't remember what photos of Lin were in the portfolio. I was sure that the ones of me fucking her against the brick wall were not there, but I wasn't sure whether some of the other more explicit ones were there or not. I tried to deflect her interest from the portfolio, but failed.

Michelle gasped at the next one where Lin was leaning up against the wall, her breast was bare and the hem of her dress was hiked up, almost exposing her pussy. She looked at me and back at the photo. She started to ask something and thought better of it. She stopped again at the photo of Yana facing and Lin with her back to the camera. Finally she stopped at the three women in the rumpled sheets.

She looked at me a questioning look. "Is that your wife?" she asked, pointing at Kathryn.

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"Lin described her. Do..." She stopped again. "Never mind."

"Is something wrong?" I asked.

"Wrong? Heck no. It's too right. It's a little confusing." She smiled and surprised me by kissing me on the cheek. "No worries, Mate." she said in a fake Aussie accent.

She was looking at the maternity pictures when Naomi arrived. Naomi came right over, glanced at the photos and kissed me. She turned to see Michelle staring, and leaned over and kissed her too. She laughed at the surprised look on Michelle's face, grabbed my hand and started pulling me back towards the office.

"Could you turn up the music for a while?"

"Don't want to shock any customers?" Michelle teased.

"Nope. Don't want offend any music store managers!" I shot back.

Chapter Six

On Thursday afternoon, Lin appeared at the door of my study. She had an impish grin on her face, and wearing an oriental silk robe. She looked inordinately pleased with herself. My smile was a question back to her.

"You busy?"

Glancing back at the monitor, I considered my response.

"Come on!" she whined, starting to fidget and hop from foot to foot.

Still grinning and beckoning, she led me down the stairs and into the studio. The strobes were set up, with the modeling lamps aimed at the sofa. A muslin drop cloth was draped across the sofa. Michelle was asleep on the sofa, tangled in the backdrop, her long curly hair spilled around her face, and one delightfully full breast exposed. Lin looked at me and smiled.

"Isn't she gorgeous?" Lin whispered, handing me the old Nikon D-70 expectantly.

Taking her forcefully by the elbow, I pulled her out of the studio and into the hallway.

"She is beautiful. The pose is something almost impossible to get by posing a model. Still, it's not right for me to even see her like that, let alone photograph her without her consent!" I hissed. Lin appeared shaken. "I'm sorry, pet. It's just not right, but there is no doubt that she's lovely, seductive, sexy... She's the whole package... Wait until she wakes up."

"It's okay! Really, we talked about it. While we were making love... It really turned her on... It'd be cool!"

Hugging her close, "Lin... My pet... The idea of things that turn her on in the midst of passion with her lover may not be things she really wants to do in real life. Wait... Let her have a chance to..."

"It's okay Mr. Sutter." a sleepy voice interrupted from behind us.

Turning we saw Michelle wrapped in the backdrop, leaning on the door to the studio. Directing a sultry smile at Lin, she extended a hand in our direction. Releasing herself from my embrace, Lin crossed to Michelle, with her robe falling off her shoulder. The pair embraced and looked back at me. I had the consent needed, even if not the actual model release, so I raised the camera and began. The natural light from the windows in the hallway created shadows that are hard to duplicate with studio lights. I snapped off a series of Lin and Michelle in an embrace leading to a tender kiss. Lin's robe had fallen completely off her shoulders and hung on her elbows. Her hand burrowed through the folds of the muslin cloth wrapped around Michelle. I was rewarded with a clear shot of Lin on tiptoes kissing Michelle, her right hand cupping the taller girl's full breast.

Lin led Michelle to the studio, with my camera capturing their gently sinuous movements. Their lovemaking was languid at the outset, and soon they were completely oblivious to my presence. Lin's robe was tangled amidst the folds of the backdrop cloth. Caught between voyeuristic arousal and my photographer's drive, I kept snapping. Even the flashing strobes didn't distract the two lovers. Whether it was a performance for the camera or real passion didn't matter to me. The effect was so real. My photographic principle was to push the erotic envelope, but to never stray into pornography. Closely cropped shots of tangled fabric, breasts and thighs of different hues pressed together, and the contrasting hair color and texture framing their faces, would keep the images in that envelope.. It was all working well, but leaving me too aroused to continue to work effectively.

Slipping silently out of the studio, my intention was to take a cold shower, but I ran into Kathryn returning from an outing. There was no escaping her appraising eye. Smiling, she held out a hand for the camera that I held absentmindedly. A quick preview on the small screen and she took my hand.

"You've been busy!" she murmured, leading me to the study. "I want to see!"

With the images on the large screen and Kathryn in my lap, it was impossible to restrain my erection. After reviewing the shots quickly, Kathryn couldn't restrain herself either. She stood, unbuckled my belt and hurriedly pulled my jeans to my ankles. After hiking up her skirt, she shimmied out of her panties. My cock was standing up straight, the tip glistening with pre-cum as she straddled my lap with her back to me. I admired her rounded ass as she descended on my cock, filling her pussy.

"Now let's look at them more closely..." She squeezed her kegel muscles tightly around my organ deep within her. Rightfully proud of her muscle control, this was a favorite game of hers. Joined as we were, the objective was to bring the other to orgasm first, using only the kegel muscles in our groins. No thrusting, kissing, fondling or other movements were allowed. For all intents and purposes an outside observer would see no significant movement, until one lost control and succumbed to orgasm. Sitting on my lap she didn't need to feign interest in the erotic photos of Lin and Michelle. All the while, her pussy muscles caressed and rippled, massaging my cock. Not being allowed to move any other muscles, I had never been able to make her cum first. This was her game, but I played willingly because losing was so damned sweet. This time, I tried to resist, but I knew it was inevitable, and it wasn't long before I exploded within her. I was panting when she turned and primly said, "I win!"

We were surprised by Lin and Michelle applauding from the doorway behind us. "How long had they been watching?" I wondered to myself.

"Brava! Brava!" they chanted in response to Kathryn's attempt to curtsey while still seated on my lap and impaled on my softening cock. They were dressed and Michelle appeared ready to leave.

"Can we see the pictures before Michelle leaves?" Lin asked. Kathryn had not shifted from her position on my lap. Michelle appeared reticent to enter the room, but Lin dragged her lover to view the monitor. In no time they were enthralled with the images and Michelle's discomfort evaporated. Both young women were thrilled with the pictures. Michelle kept smiling back over her shoulder at Kathryn and me.

"I have to get to the store or my boss will fire me!" Michelle said, breaking the mood. We laughed. Nobody believed that Naomi would fire her, but Lin accompanied her out.

"Okay, now the interruption is over, I repeat, 'I win!'" Kathryn delighted.

"Your game is inherently unfair! It's impossible for me to drive you to orgasm only using my kegel muscles." I whined. "I just can't get enough contact with your puny interior erogenous zone!"

"Don't call my G-spot puny, buster! Just because yours dangles out!" she mocked me. "I think you just like losing..."

She had a point there. Since loser cumms first, it might not be bad to lose, depending on what the winner claimed as a prize. "So, what are you claiming as your prize?"

"Hmmm.... I'll be fair. I'll give you three choices. Let's see... You can clean out the interior of my car. Or you can clean out the vegetable bins in the fridge. Or, hmmm... What else?"

"Something besides cleaning, please!" I pleaded.

"No... It has to be cleaning..." she taunted me. "Oh! I have it! Perfect! You can clean all the messy juices out of my pussy!"

"Well, in that case the choice is easy!" I acted resigned to my fate as I stood up. "I'll clean out the vegetable bins!" and tried to dart for the door, but I was comically slow with my jeans still down around my ankles.

"Not so fast, buster! I changed my mind. You only get choice number 3" she giggled.

I laughed too, and got to my knees between her knees and began kissing up her thighs. I was surprised to see that she too was now shaved bare, rather than neatly trimmed as she always had been. I looked up with a quizzical expression and she just smiled. Before long I was spreading the folds of her labia apart and licking the length, carefully avoiding her swelling clitoris. Remembering her lesson on giving blow jobs, I looked up as I kissed her clitoris. Her head was tipped backwards and her eyes were closed. She moaned and pulled her heels up on the chair seat and spread her knees wider apart. Her body shuddered when my tongue grazed her clit. Her aromatic juices began flooding, mixed with my seed. As my tongue explored her more deeply, her thighs began to quiver with the first in a series of orgasms rolling through her. Looking again, her head was still back and she was frantically massaging her breasts with both hands. Her breathing pattern changed, becoming more shallow and rapid between the low sub-vocalizations of passion. She was almost silent as she went over the top into full climax. Neither of us made much noise during our lovemaking, trained from years of not wanting to awaken our daughters sleeping in the next room. Her heels dropped from the edge of the chair, as her body slumped into a post-orgasmic relaxation.

Rising to my feet slowly, I looked down at my lover. She smiled contentedly and held out her arms. Helping her to her feet, we walked slowly to our bedroom down the hall and collapsed in bed.

"What's with your pussy shaved bare?" I whispered in her ear, as she lay in my arms.

"You like?" She smiled back. "Lin shaved me a couple days ago... You've been busy elsewhere, Mister!"

"I love it..."

"It's wonderful having someone shave me. Completely unlike the chore of doing it myself. It's so sensual... and afterwards... Oh, my... Lin is wonderful..." She drifted off.

Somewhere in my sleepy, lower consciousness, I heard the phone ring, once - maybe twice - but it didn't rouse us. I don't know how long we'd been sleeping in each others arms when I felt Lin slip in beside me and Kathryn murmured greetings.

"Who was it?" Kathryn asked, waking up.

"Allie" Lin whispered

"Our daughter, Allie? Why didn't you call me?" Kathryn whispered back.

"It's okay. I'm awake. You don't have to whisper." I said.

"She said not to bother you. She'll be in the dorm all evening. She's really sweet." Lin responded.

"What did she want?" Kathryn quizzed. "Should I call her back?"

"No rush. She saw the website, that's all."

Perking up, I jumped in. "Sweet Jesus! What did she say? We never told the girls about the web site! I never thought they'd find it by themselves. Was she shocked by the nudity?"

"Chill!" Lin retorted. "She seemed fine with it. She wanted to know who the models were and I told her she should talk to you."

Looking uncomfortably at Kathryn, "What should I say to her?"

"Don't worry so much. She's our daughter, not the Taliban! Besides, if something bothered Allie she'd react the same way you would." Kathryn said.

"Huh?" giving her a puzzled look. "What does that mean?"

"When something bothers you, what do you do?" She asked rhetorically. "You avoid it completely. If it's no danger, that is. Allie would never have mentioned it, if it bothered her. You should be worrying about what to say if she wants to model for you!"

"Dina and Allie are my favorite subjects!" I protested.

"Oh?" Kathryn arched her eyebrows. "Erotic nudes?"

My response followed a moment of chagrinned silence. "You don't seriously think she'd want..." I trailed off.

"Well, you might be right. Dina is the wild one. It would seem natural for her." Kathryn mused. Lin broke out in laughter at my discomfort, which caused Kathryn to join in. I looked at them plaintively, but Kathryn stretched her nude form across the bed, dialed and handed me the phone. Returning her condescending smile by sticking out my tongue, I took the phone. Before I had it to my ear, I could already hear Allie's voice on the line.

"Hello? Daddy?"

"Hi baby! How's the Allie Cat?"

"I'm good, Pops! How's Momsie?"

"She's fine. Lazin' around in bed." I said, neglecting to mention her state of undress or Lin's presence with us. "Is The Dinosaur there?"

"No, she's at the library still..."

"Library or a date?"

"Honestly, Pops! Dina's being a good girl! She's studying, but I won't guarantee that Eric's not studying with her." She changed the topic. "Lin seems cool. You needed someone to boss around since we flew the coop?"

"Yup! and guess what? She doesn't talkback! We should have done this ages ago! All the bratty lip with put up with from you two? All gone! And she's an awesome cook! The only downside of having her around is that we eat too much. The short story is - we adore her!" I teased. Lin heard this, bowed her head submissively and tried desperately not to laugh out loud. It was difficult for me to keep from cracking up.

"Good grief! You can't love her more than Dino and the Cat!"

"Wanna bet?" I taunted laughingly

"Daddy!!!! That's not funny!" she whined, and then changed the subject. "So what's with the web site? And all the beautiful models?"

"Just expanding on my hobby..." I joked

"You're getting into web site development?" she sounded impressed.

"No, I stick to the photography, as usual. I have high school kid..." - Kathryn and Lin snickered silently - "...who's doing the website as a high school project."

"It looks great. You're a good team. Some of the photos are a little steamy..."

"We just started it. I didn't think anyone would know about it yet. How'd you discover it?"

Allie laughed in response. "You don't get on the net much, do you? Google it!"

"Huh?"

"Go to Google and type in Odyssey Photography. We're not the only ones to find it. Google takes you straight there. It's pretty popular! But the funniest part is that Eric was surfing and found it. Showed it to Dino. He said, 'Like hey, Dina! Look at this! Your Mom's on the web! And she's hot!' Dino called me and I called you."

"Wow! Quite a coincidence. Small world... Mom's Hot, huh..." - Kathryn thrust out her bare chest and gave me a smoldering look - "... I'm not telling her that, Her ego would get out of control. So you think it's 'steamy'? Is that a good or bad thing?"

"Good. Weird knowing your Dad is the photographer of all those hot models. Steamy is good. Lot's of our friends want you to take portraits, maybe even some 'Steamy' ones!. That would be weird in the extreme..."

"Why would that be so weird?"

"My Dad taking picture of my friends like that? Ewww! Too weird to contemplate."

"Okay... I seem to be pretty booked up for a retired old man anyway, and as you said, I have some pretty hot models as it is."

"You do! The pictures of that oriental girl are really amazing! Where did you find her? Who is she?"

"She's Filipina by origin. I met her at a music store. You can meet her at spring break, if you come home instead of going to Florida, that is."

"Since you have Mom up there, you need to put some pictures of Dina and me up there too."

"I don't know about that. Your baby pictures? It wouldn't be approp..."

"Daddy!" she interrupted. "We're serious. We're not babies anymore. We're all grown up!"

"Really? I don't see you enough to know."

"Dina said you and Mom should come down to campus for a visit and take pictures of us."

"I'll suggest it to her. See what she thinks... She's my bookings manager."

"Then I'm talking to the wrong person! Can you put her on?"

I said goodbye and handed the phone to Kathryn, and started to get dressed. They would be talking for hours and I was getting hungry. Lin followed me to the kitchen where she had already prepared a spicy Asian noodle salad and fresh ice tea. When Kathryn eventually joined us, we looked at her expectantly.

"We should take the RV down there and visit." She laughed and looked at Lin. "They haven't figured out that you are the hot Filipina on the web site. You have to come too! They simply have to meet you."

We spent the remainder of the evening planning the trip down to southwest Virginia. Kathryn was eager to go and to include a week at our cabin in West Virginia, which Lin had yet to visit.

Friday rolled around and Kathryn was primping for our dinner with Rachel and Naomi. Lin was beside herself with curiosity. She wanted to hear 'the long story' that we were so eagerly anticipating. She was a little miffed at not being invited and even joked that we should take a recorder so that she could hear it all herself.

"No way I would ever think of bugging the dinner conversation!" Kathryn insisted.

"I was joking!" Lin pleaded. Lin's disappointment was obvious.

"Don't worry! We'll share all the juicy details that we can!" Kathryn said with a conspiratorial smile. "But you've got nothing to complain about! From the great aromas coming from the kitchen, it seems you've got a fantastic dinner planned for Michelle tonight. You know how envious I am on that score!"

"I'm sure you'll have a good dinner too! I am sure Rachel and Naomi are great cooks too..." Lin said, having difficulty keeping a straight face, breaking down when we all laughed.

"Lin's not the only envious one!" I interjected. "Both Kathryn and I would love to get to know Michelle."

"Hey! You two need to get going..." and Lin rushed us out the door.

Chapter Seven

We arrived at Rachel's house a little after seven and it was clear that dinner was ready and that Naomi had just gotten out of the shower. Her hair was still damp and she brought a fresh scent when she barreled down the stairs and threw herself into my arms, wrapping her legs around my waist. She was happier than I had ever seen her. Her kisses were half girlish enthusiasm and half passion. When she regained her self-control she looked sheepishly at Kathryn and Rachel who regarded her antics with amusement. She slid out of my arms and went over to Kathryn, where her initially timid kiss turned unexpectedly passionate. Rachel took a step towards me and I met her halfway.

"If I don't jump into your arms..." She whispered. "Do I still merit a kiss?"

I drew her into my arms and was rewarded with a long, delicious kiss that I hoped would never end.

"Mommmy!!! Naomi wailed.

"What's good for the gosling is good for the goose..." Rachel responded with sly smile.

Following Kathryn's insistence, I didn't ask any prying questions. The dinner conversation was lively. Kathryn and Rachel discovered common interests in literature. Naomi expounded on an idea for a federation of independent music sellers, to compete with the big box stores and online music services. They all quizzed me about my intentions for my photography and the website. I had to confess that I had no other intentions than to enjoy taking photographs. Naomi had noticed a significant up tick in the number of hits the website was getting. We'd need to upgrade our bandwidth pretty soon, and that would cost more. None of us liked the idea of advertising any more than we liked the idea of charging users. I suggested that if we uploaded smaller images it would reduce the load on our bandwidth. Naomi agreed to downsize the images to optimize them for 19 inch monitors, instead of the larger images we had been uploading. She also suggested watermarking the lower left corner with our logo. Apparently some of our images were showing up on other websites.

It wasn't until after dinner that Rachel got up from the table, and escorted us to the living room. The framed family photograph that had attracted my interest previously had been removed from its place on the wall and was lying on the coffee table. Kathryn picked it up, running her fingers over the rich cherry wood frame.

"So this is the photograph that Harrison mentioned." Kathryn said. "I looks like something that would attract him - a wonderful frame like this around photograph of so many beautiful women. I'm sure that he saw models galore! I can spot Naomi and you. Who are the others?"

"That's the extended Magdalene clan. Six generations!" she said with obvious pride.

"Did you say six generations? That's not possible! Four...is a stretch...Five... is a incredible. Nobody lives to be old enough to be a... what? ... A great, great, grand parent!" Kathryn blurted out.

"One more 'great' in there." Rachel responded with a smile.

"That's her in the middle, Nana Martha. She's my great, great, great grandma!"

"Hold it." I said, pulling out my handheld and tapping the calculator to open it. "With an average of 20 years per generation, that would make her about 100 years... no! I forgot to include you, Naomi... Something like 116 years old! Wow! She belongs in the Guinness book of world records. She looks like a young 80 at most!"

"I told you we had good genes!" Naomi taunted.

"She is actually closer to 100," Rachel said. "101 last January to be exact."

"Hold it!" I exclaimed, returning to the calculator. "101 divided by 6 generations that would make each mother's average age at child birth less than 17!"

"If you account for nine months of pregnancy..." Kathryn thought out loud. "16!" she blurted out and looked from me to Naomi. In turn, I looked from Naomi to Rachel. Rachel smiled as she saw our dawning understanding.

"Naomi?" I asked. She smiled.

"Are you pregnant?" Kathryn asked.

Naomi giggled, and when she didn't answer, we both looked to Rachel.

"I'll be quite frank. I know this is an unusual situation for me... us... as I know it is for you, but not without precedent." Rachel explained. "As I told Harrison, it's a long story. It's a story that very few people outside our family knows. I have discussed it with my mothers. We have agreed that you two should know the story, but we have to ask you to keep the story confidential. Can you agree not to share the story?"

Kathryn and I both quickly affirmed our agreement.

"Okay..." Rachel took a deep breath. "This will take some time." and she launched into the story of the Line of Magdalene.

"Have you read that mystery thriller by Dan Brown? The Da Vinci Code." We nodded. "He had it all wrong, but some interesting close guesses. There's none of the modern cult stuff about Opus Dei, etc., and very little of the intrigue nowadays, but some very old intrigue. The Line of Magdalene, our family line, started in our reckoning with the marriage over two thousand years ago between a man and a young woman."

"Mary .. Magdalene .. and Jesus". Kathryn made the leap disbelievingly.

"Yes. It is true. We are their descendants. We know it to be true and have sufficient proof to convince even my scientific mind. I cannot disclose that proof outside our Line. We have lived for millennia in the shadows of lies and half-truths, and though we have knowledge of the real story, you have to understand that we guard it jealously. You could disclose what we will tell you now, but without the proofs of our lineage, few would believe you, and I can assure you that any who did believe you would seek to discredit you."

"You don't need to worry about our confidences." I affirmed.

Rachel laughed. "I know you will guard our secret. If I harbored such worries, I would not have asked my mothers for their permission to tell you as much as I have, nor as much as I intend to tell you. I ask you both to speak of it no further without consulting me."

"Agreed." Kathryn said and I nodded.

"Well then... Before we start, who wants coffee with dessert" Rachel asked, and Naomi jumped up to help serve.

She began to relate what I came to think of as the Gospel of Magdalene. It was the story of a poor Jewish couple who had an unusual child. Very little is known of his parents or his early years. What we do know is that he matured into a rebel against the corruption he saw in the temple. His teachings of love and tolerance for our fellow humans. His enlightened understanding of the spiritual relationship between man (and woman) and God. He was a charismatic leader who eschewed wealth in favor of service to the poor. When he was in his twenties, he did what all men of his time did. He married a young woman. The woman was one of his followers. Naomi giggled at this part and whispered, "a groupie!" before Rachel hushed her with a smiling look. Mary was devoted to him, accompanying him everywhere.

His message of love, personal integrity, equality and social justice resonated with the poor and even some wealthy members of Roman, Greek and Jewish society. The crowds grew at his teachings and people began to whisper of miracles when they saw such crowds listening peacefully. There was always food aplenty for the poor and wine as well. The crowds grew still further.

Mary was pregnant with his first child when the corrupt leaders in the Temple and Rome, fearful of the crowds and his growing influence, decided to take action. He was abruptly taken away, judged guilty of minor crimes, and executed on the cross, like a common criminal. Mary and his followers were harassed as well. They went underground. Mary's daughter was born in circumstances as humble as the story we know of her father's birth in a stable. In fact some of us believe that the story of Jesus' birth in a manger may actually be an adaptation of his wife delivery of his child in a stable.

Mary, and her daughter Ruth, lay low and kept the message of Jesus alive while running from persecution. The followers of that man called Jesus grew in numbers and became established as a far-flung religion. Instead of squelching it by killing its leader and harassing his followers, the corrupt power holders only succeeded in spreading it across the Roman Empire. While Mary was still alive, she was revered by those who remembered her special relationship with Jesus. Women held a central role in the leadership in the faith, in keeping with Jesus' teachings. During the dark years of Roman persecution that followed, Mary's descendants were at the center of things.

By the time it had grown to become the state religion of Rome, the leaders sought to limit the role of women. The male leadership of the church undertook to re-write Jesus' teachings to meet their own needs to consolidate power. They felt threatened by the existence of the descendants of the one they called Christ.

"Excuse me... This is amazing... No, it's unbelievable! Even if one isn't a Christian, your story turns so many beliefs on their head! You consider yourselves to be direct descendants of Jesus Christ?" I asked incredulously.

"We are descendants of Jesus, yes. The Christ story came later. Much later. That 'Son of God' thing is a distortion of his teachings. He used to say that we are all the children, sons AND daughters, of God. He never intended to say that he was divine. His message was that we are all equal in the eyes of God. That message didn't sit well with the powerful brokers that laid the foundations of Christianity, any more than it did with the men in power at the Temple, who caused Jesus to be executed. They distorted his message and persecuted his true followers - especially his descendants."

"Over these past two millennia, we have kept the Line alive by living quiet, discrete lives, avoiding the halls of power, emigrating from lands in conflict, and a paying careful attention to selection of the fathers of our children."

"Since you don't see Jesus as divine, why the obvious effort and sacrifice over the centuries to keep the Line, as you call it, alive and distinct?" I asked.

"He was the great man - perhaps not the son of God, but as he put it, the son of mankind. Maybe the greatest man to have ever lived." Rachel replied. "As he was dying on the cross, he charged Mary with the care of his children. His true followers knew this meant he was designating her as his successor. The Line survived the oppression of the Roman powers, but it was those who professed to follow Jesus Christ that drove us even deeper into hiding. Paradoxical, Huh?"

"But why don't you marry?" Kathryn asked, with curiosity in her voice.

"Jesus' charge has been passed on over the generations. We take care of his children in a more literal fashion than he intended - his actual offspring. The women of our Line who chose to marry do so, but then they leave the Line. It doesn't happen often. The only acknowledged married member of our Line was Mary."

"You can't possibly always bear female children..." I stated uncertainly.

"No." she responded seriously. "We do bear a statistically improbable percentage of female babies, but we do have our share of male offspring. They don't remain in the Line, however, and are well-placed in adoptive homes."

"I don't get it. Why no men?" I puzzled aloud. All three women looked at me. "What? So I am dense."

"You just answered the question, Harrison." Kathryn mocked me and Naomi giggled.

"If you're so smart, you tell the story!" I said and stuck my tongue out at Kathryn's teasing and she made a kissy face back at me.

"We are his daughters - the keepers of his lineage and guardians of a trust. When the time is right, we will share the message. We learned a lesson two thousand years ago. The world is ready for his message. The halls of power are still controlled by ones who abhor his message of peace and love. Dan Brown's book was right that leadership of the early Church has intentionally marginalized and demeaned women. Just look at what they did to Mary. They successfully deleted Jesus' marriage from history and completely re-wrote Mary's role in history."

"The story of Mary Magdalene being a whore?" Kathryn mused.

"Exactly!" Rachel responded. "We know that she was the childhood intended bride of Jesus, but she was also his closest friend and confidant. His teachings on the sacred relationship between all people and God came in part from the influence of their relationship on his thinking."

"The early church leaders knew this and purposefully expunged her role from the gospels that they wrote after the fact. Remember, the Book of John wasn't written in Aramaic, Jesus' language. It was written in Greek. It wasn't written shortly after his crucifixion, it was written hundreds of years later. Dan Brown was also right that among Jesus' followers, Mary was his natural successor and in fact she continued his teachings for years, but the authorities effectively squashed the local movement and his true followers were scattered to the four corners of the world."

"Does the church know you exist?" I asked.

"They did know we existed. They used to threaten us. Some of the Line have been persecuted and others executed, though the stated reasons never exposed our lineage. The existence of the Line was one of the real motivations of the Inquisition, though they would never have admitted our existence. They have called us whores, witches, heretics, and every other name."

"Okay. Men are bad news, but you seem trust me. Why are you telling me all this?" I asked.

"Men are not 'bad news,' or we wouldn't be telling you." she turned to Kathryn, "We don't often tell women outside the Line either. In fact you are the first people that I have ever told." she returned her gaze to me. "It's because of who we know you to be. Loving, and humble. And also because of your open and honest relationship with Kathryn. Her love and trust in you has been a strong endorsement." She smiled at Kathryn and back at me. "We know..."

"I am still puzzled, why do all the women of your family purposely give birth so young?" I half expected Kathryn to tease me again, but to my surprise she looked expectantly at Rachel for an answer. It was Naomi who responded with youthful sincerity.

"We have learned the lesson over the millennia passed. An unmarried woman is vulnerable in society. Since we choose to carry on outside the institution of marriage, we need to be careful to protect the Line. If we waited until twenty-five or thirty to conceive, we would risk being post-menopausal when our daughters gave birth. The unexpected death of a child, or worse, mother and child, could terminate the Line or at least a branch of the Line. With our tradition, we can maintain small families to keep a low profile and yet assure

continuity of the Line. If my child and I were to die in childbirth, my mother is still well within childbearing age." She looked to her mother for approval of her explanation, and having received a smile in return, she added, "It helps that we mature early and stay youthful longer. We're a long lived clan."

Turning to Naomi, I said, "This reminds me of some of our earlier conversations. Our arguments about age of consent. Your comments on genes." Staring at her thoughtfully. "You had this mind from the beginning. You've been sizing me up all along!" Her only response was a smile. "Another unanswered question. Are you pregnant?"

"Don't worry about Saturday night." Rachel interjected.

"But..." I trailed off, thinking of the amazing sex in Naomi's office at the store.

Returning to the age issue, "Makes sense, particularly considering the child maternal mortality rates of the old days." Kathryn said. "Why nowadays?"

"We've always assured ourselves the best health care available." Rachel grinned, "Many of our Line have been midwives, before the opportunities were available for women to study medicine. Witness my chosen profession. You are right about the decline in mortality at childbirth, but there are a myriad of other hazards and risks. Our mission is to preserve the line. We choose who we mate with carefully and we have been successful. You could think of it as an experiment in selective breeding in humans."

"Selective breeding?" I asked incredulously.

"What are characteristics are you breeding for?" Kathryn interjected, stealing my thought.

"Good looks and a great body!" Naomi chirped jokingly, eliciting laughs all around.

"Seriously?" I persisted

"Well, it's not far from the truth. Good health, longevity, intelligence... Those are some of the important ones." Rachel replied.

"Why did you choose me?" I asked.

"First of all, it's always been part of the Magdalene instinct to choose mature, successful men who wear their years well. A Magdalene's Chosen must attract her and be reviewed by her mothers." Rachel continued.

"Mothers? You keep using the plural. How can you have more than one mother?" I asked, puzzled. "And 'reviewed?' Have I been reviewed?"

"I refer to every one up the line from me as one of my mothers. Its easier than saying mother, grand mother, great grand mother... you get the idea. " Rachel responded. "and, yes, to be quite honest, Naomi was excited when she first told me about you. I had to meet you, talk to my Mothers, and get their blessing. It's important to the Line to leave it all to chance and a young girl's lust."

"Mommeeee!" Naomi wailed in protest, but quickly recover and continued in a cheerful, excited tone. "I can't wait to be a mother to, instead of being everyone's child!" Naomi interjected.

"Makes sense. Why bother with men at all? You do artificial insemination at your clinic." I asked.

"What gave you that idea? Oh! the Lamaze group! I said donor insemination, not artificial." Rachel replied.

"Huh?"

"They were all impregnated the traditional way. Just that it happens through my office, with men who have desirable genetic and other qualities... Including discretion."

"That's pretty unconventional, isn't it?" Kathryn said.

"It is, and it is only appropriate for certain women." She looked at Naomi, and then grinned at me. "I had thought that she might use my service, but she selected her own."

"You're glad I did too!" Naomi turn to Kathryn. "Watch out! She'll recruit your husband!"

"Naomi!" her mother exclaimed.

"It's true! Don't try to deny it!"

Rachel only stopped sputtering when Kathryn started laughing. They both looked at her.

"So you want my husband to be the father of your child, Naomi?" Kathryn asked, her laugh had trailed away.

Naomi and Rachel looked disconcerted at her new serious manner.

"Yes..." Naomi whispered. "Please?"

Kathryn looked at me, equally seriously, sharing the look - the secret parental code that we had used to reach an agreement when one of our daughter's was begging for something. I saw her concurrence and gave signaled mine.

"Is there any ceremony or just good old fashioned sex?" She broke down and giggled.

"The latter." Rachel looked at me. "if you are willing."

"I am all for it! and I am pretty sure he'll agree too!" Kathryn stared at me and I nodded, unable to take my eyes off Naomi. "I suppose we have to wait for her contraception to wear off." Kathryn continued.

"No, she is ovulating now. She was safe last week or I would not have let her sleep with you." she said looking at me. "She's been ovulating for a few days..." I shot a startled look at Naomi, who blushed, but Rachel continued, "... so tonight would be perfect, if you are willing..."

Rachel stuttered, suddenly aware of the looks between us. "...Naomi? Have you two been continuing to have sex?"

Naomi nodded.

"Well, she may be pregnant already then. Shall we wait and see? Magdalene women get pregnant easily." Rachel said.

"No, Let's leave that to them. Do you want to wait?" Kathryn asked, looking at me.

"I want to try again." Naomi asserted. "And I think I know what Harrison wants!" The older women followed her gaze to the crotch of my trousers and my obviously bulging cock.

"Harrison, do you have any idea how fortunate you are?" Kathryn asked in amazement.

"I do. Believe me. It has amazed me the past few weeks. And now it leaves me almost speechless." I said some what flustered. "I am lucky to have such an understanding wife. I would like her to be with us when it happens."

Kathryn smiled and looked at Naomi. "I would like that." Naomi whispered. "Mother, will you join us too?"

Rachel looked puzzled at the unusual proposal.

"Please do, Rachel." Kathryn said. "This is a big moment for Naomi. After all, she'll never be given away as a bride at the altar."

Rachel nodded and Kathryn stood and took her hand. Naomi rose and took mine. As we headed down the hall, Rachel said, "Let's use my room, the bed is bigger."

Once in the room, Kathryn indicated that Naomi and I should wait while Rachel and she undressed. I stood quietly, both nervous and aroused. Kathryn was a decade older than Rachel, but she had a wonderful body that never failed to turn me on. Rachel had the body of a 21 year old. Her breasts were firm and well shaped C cups topped with tight hard nipples and small areolas. Like her Lamaze group, her pubic area was completely bare.

I watched in continuing amazement as two older women quickly undressed. I was still standing there mutely when they turned their attention to me. I blushed at being the focus of three women's attention. Rachel and Kathryn slowly began undressing me under Naomi's excited and watchful gaze. It was without a doubt a most surreal situation. I was standing there, now completely nude, with an enormous erection and a 16 year old girl was being undressed by her mother and my wife. I knew that there were laws against us having sexual contact. I'd already crossed that line, and was now preparing to intentionally impregnate her. Plenty of underage girls get pregnant, I told myself, but how many have their mother's support or even active participation? In spite of the laws, countless married men had sex with underage girls, but how many had the active support and participation of their wives.

While Kathryn helped undress Naomi, I had noticed that she took every opportunity to affectionately fondle both of the other women. While they had not returned the fondling, they had not objected and even seemed to enjoy it. I couldn't help and wonder whether the mother and daughter would have any intimate contact during this little event. So many taboos were being broken...

Naomi wriggled to help her mother rid her of her camisole top, leaving her small, pert breasts bare. Kathryn knelt in front of Naomi and hooked her fingers into the elastic of the girl's panties. She paused for a dramatic moment and looked up at the girl, and then at me. Slowly she pulled the panties down, obviously relishing every second, caressing the full length of Naomi's smooth legs, as she lowered the panties to the floor.

We were all undressed and there was a pause. Clearly nobody had thought through what was to happen next. Instinctively I stepped to Naomi and lifted her into my arms, sweeping her off her feet with one arm supporting her back and the other under the back of her thighs. She put both arms around my neck and I carried her to the bed. Leaning over, with some difficulty, I placed her in the middle of the bed and moved up beside her. Kathryn climbed onto the bed on the other side of Naomi and Rachel crawled in next to me. Naomi and I were sandwiched in the middle.

I turned to Naomi and smiled. She mouthed the words "Kiss me," and I obeyed willingly. My tongue parted her lips and found her tongue. I felt a hand start to stroke my cock and I sighed. Naomi gasped with startled pleasure. I broke the kiss to look and see Rachel's hand on my cock and Kathryn's hand between Naomi's parted thighs.

I watched in fascination as Naomi's mother expertly stroked my cock, collecting the precum from the tip of the swollen head and spreading it slowly down the length. Meanwhile Naomi began gasping for breath. Kathryn's finger was buried in Naomi and she was kissing her tummy. I looked to Rachel who seemed to share my fascination with Kathryn's activities. When she caught me looking at her, she smiled. It seemed like slow motion as her mouth descended towards my cock and her lips slowly enveloped the head.

I looked to Naomi. She was laying back on her pillows, her face was aglow with pleasure. I took her up in my arms and kissed her passionately while I enjoyed a wonderful blowjob from her mother. Naomi went rigid and I knew she was having an orgasm - her first from another woman, I wondered? I felt my own orgasm building and laid a hand on Rachel's head to indicate that she should slow down. She let my slick cock slip from her lips and smiled at me. Kathryn looked up from Naomi's pussy and gave me a questioning look.

I rolled onto my side, facing Naomi. I lifted her leg closest to me and moved my hip close to hers. Her mother raised herself up on her knees and grasped my cock again. She positioned the head near her daughter's pussy. Naomi shifted her hips to make access easier. Rachel rubbed the head of my cock up and down the length of Naomi's pussy, eliciting moans of pleasure from us both. Finally, she positioned the head of my cock at her daughter's vaginal opening. Naomi adjusted herself again to match the alignment of my cock. We all watched Rachel and she seemed to have second thoughts. She pulled the head of my cock from the moist folds of Naomi's pussy lips, looked at it, and slipped it into her mouth again. She sucked gently, rubbing her tongue on the head. She then re-positioned it in the warmth of Naomi's pussy lips and smiled up at us.

"I couldn't resist..." She murmured, sounding sheepish.

As if on cue, the two older women slipped out of the bed and padded silently from the room. I slowly pushed my cock deeper and deeper into her tight inner warmth. Naomi groaned at the intrusion and squeezed her kegel muscles. I groaned in response.

"I... won't... last..." I gasped with pleasure.

"...Long..." she finished my sentence between pants. "Neither will I... Just make love to me... cum deep inside... Don't hold back... And don't worry..." she panted, "I am already pregnant..."

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