

The Whale



by VeryWellAged

... A Jake with Joy Story

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A Novelette.

Second Edition

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Warning to reader: This story is tied to a "Jake" story. To understand this story, fully, it is best to have already read *Jake's Journal: The Philippines - Joyfully* ([PDF](#) / [azw3](#) / [ePub](#) / [mobi](#))..

Prologue

My name doesn't matter. This is not about me. It is about one of the Girls.

It is part of an archive of stories that cannot, must not, be published for maybe another century, but needs to be recorded now, or the histories of these women, Jake's Girls, will forever be lost.

It is the hope of some of the Girls that laws will change and what they have lived will become legal. In the meantime, it is not legal and so these stories are for the ages, just not this age.

I won't describe who Jake's Girls are here. (Or should I say 'were'? If you are reading this a hundred years hence, they will all be dead. But what if the document is published too soon?) If you need to know, and this story will make no sense unless you do know, you should read [Jake's Journal](#). I will assume you do know and go on from there.

Background

Jezelle was a mother from the fourth graduating class of Jun's academy. Her daughter, Akiko, was a real stunner, but then all the daughters were. Jezelle married a Geoff Webster of Tivoli, New York. Geoff was a Civil Engineer, and by all accounts, a very good one. Their marriage was a good one too. There were no problems ... at least the girls say there were none, and that's all we have to go on. Geoff was, of course, in Jake's way, also 'married' to Akiko.

Akiko adored her father/husband. You can say she worshiped him. She knew where she and her mom had come from. She knew that she never would have had a chance to graduate from Red Hook High School. She wouldn't have been accepted to both Vassar College and Bard College and she certainly would not have been able to pay for either except for Geoff. She knew there was food and good food on their table every night. She never had to ask if there was supper, only what was 'for supper'. She had new clothes each season of the year. She had a soft bed on which to sleep, her own computer, and by seventeen, she had a driver's license and a car. None of those things would have happened if she was still living in the Nippa hut outside of Buluan, on Mindanao, as she had been until she was selected to study at Jun's school. And even then, if it wasn't for Geoff, all the rest would not have mattered. It was Geoff who made all she had and was today.

Akiko knew right down into the marrow of her bones, why she was where she was, and what it took to get there. She never, ever resented it or rejected it. Geoff was her mother's one and only. Geoff was her one and only as well. Jun and Jake might have been the Saints who helped them find Geoff, but it was Geoff who caused the rains to come and the sun to shine. Geoff was their God. Akiko knew that.

For twenty years, Akiko was married to Geoff, as was her mother. They kept his house, did his shopping, washed his cars, did his

laundry, cooked his food and gave him children. Geoff was their life and they never left his side.

For his part, Geoff knew that he was a very lucky guy. He loved his girls with a devoted ferocity that knew no bounds.

And then he was dead.

A heart attack took him in his seventy-sixth year. There had been no warning. He was at work in his office in Red Hook when he collapsed that late October day. He was rushed to Northern Dutchess County Hospital in Rhinebeck but it was too late. Geoff was dead.

Jezelle and Akiko were not poor now. Geoff had been a conservative man and he left them with savings, with the house paid for and a life insurance policy of three quarters of a million dollars. The girls were safe. If they had needed help, the network of Jake's Girls would have taken care of them anyway.

Jezelle was forty-five and Akiko was thirty-two at the time. Jezelle and Geoff's two sons, Brad and Charley, were nineteen and sixteen. Akiko and Geoff's daughter, Cynthia, was ten.

Brad was in his second year at Brown. Charley was a Junior in Red Hook High and Cynthia attended Mill Road Elementary School as a fifth grader. Brad took a week off from Brown and was home for the funeral, but Jezelle spoke to the counseling center at Brown and with their help, Brad returned to Brown, albeit with a lot of counseling services and many trips that year across the Mass Turnpike and then down the Taconic Parkway. Brad was a good boy, smart and agile.

Jezelle was adamant that he not allow his father's untimely death divert him from his path to success. Jezelle knew what it took to succeed and never stopped making sure her children got their shot at the gold ring. The money from the insurance policy allowed her

to pay the tuition at Brown. It was not easy to see that much money just flow out, but it was an investment in her son and so it was done.

Charley was not forgotten either. With the help of a local clinical therapist, and the support of his mother and Akiko, Charley pulled through the Junior year without his grades falling and with a good shot at college.

Jezelle and Akiko did not work outside the home. There was no new money, but they were not worrying about that. They kept their eyes on Charley making sure he was OK. And he was. Charley had his mother's intelligence and every possible advantage society could afford him. His SAT's were good, if not perfect. His grades were strong. Charley applied for and got into the college he had hoped for, Oberlin. When his friends suggested that Bard was the same as Oberlin but a lot closer, Charley just winked and said, '... And your point is?' He knew, as did Jezelle, that he was ready to cut the apron strings. While it hurt, she was also proud that he had made the choice. So twenty-three months after the death of her husband she had two sons in college. It was making a dreadful impact on the family's finances, but she would get the boys through school. That's what mattered.

In this part of the country, folks take Halloween very seriously and decorations dotted the countryside with the season's colors and themes; making Washington Irving's tales seem to come alive. The local orchards were busy. Some apples picked for cider and others were the best for eating. Macoun Apples were so good to eat right from the tree but had no shelf life. When they came into season, which was right now, the girls could not get enough of them.

But the big house, overlooking the Hudson, on the west side of Tivoli felt empty that late October evening. Both boys off and gone to school, it was just the females at the dinner table.

The girls loved this time of year, but tonight as the shadows gave way to true night, they were feeling sad, more than a bit lonely, and very quiet. It was the second anniversary of Geoff's death. Jezelle and Akiko had been Geoff's bedroom partners for twenty years and they had more than enjoyed their matrimonial duties. Now for two years there had been no man for them, not that they had wanted one in the beginning, but by now they were sorely missing the joys of a happy bedroom.

Cynthia looked upon the dour countenances of her mother and grandmother and for the first time asked a question, she had wanted to ask ever since she was old enough to formulate it. Cynthia was now in seventh grade at Linden Avenue Middle School. She was twelve years old and her brain was on fire.

Mom, Gran, how did it happen? I mean how did you both end up being wives to Dad? And Gran, how can you be Mom's mom? You are only thirteen years older than Mom is.

Is there a good time for a child to ask such a question? Probably not. But this was possibly the most apropos time and they both knew it. The two women looked at each other over that huge harvest table and with eyebrows and pursed lips communicated as only two Filipinas do. To translate, the first eyebrow went up on Akiko. It was a question, *Yes? Should we?* Jezelle's eyebrows came up firmer and twice, *Yes, we should.* Then Akiko gently pursed her lips, *Will you tell it?* Jezelle pursed hers, *You tell.* Akiko pursed harder, *No, you tell please.*

Jezelle spoke in a way that Cynthia had not heard before. Her Gran, Jezelle, was a woman of very few words. But the tale that was woven that night over macoun apples, aged cheddar cheese, strawberry jam and potato bread was the stuff of old legends and gothic novels. Cynthia learned about Nippa huts, of Buluan, the island of Mindanao, of grinding poverty and desperation; of a foreigner and his strange family who for special, bright and pretty

girls and their mothers offered a way out of the desperation of lives without options and within months changed their lives forever. Cynthia learned about whom she was; how she came to exist and about the slippery slope, we call morals, which can tangle you up in knots if you allow it. No, no one was hurt. Cynthia's father had still been a good man. But, he was a good man with a secret, and Cynthia now knew she was the daughter of that secret. Now there were three women at the table sharing that one big secret.

And so it was, that a bond that had held two of them, was extended to and if not holding then at least touching and informing the third. But ... this is the beginning of their tale, not the tale itself. This is where they are at the end of one epoch and the dawning of a new one.

The Story

The holidays are a time when the Hudson River Valley finest dress up in their finest, cover that finest with heavy coats, get into 4 wheel-drive all-electric SUV's with all weather tires and head off to other fine homes in the valley for eggnog or a wassail bowl and assorted cakes and cookies.

It is a time of parties and good cheer to warm up the spirit as the snows and cold breezes make the drives slow and laborious. It is also a time for showing off one's home, all done up for the season; trees, ornaments, lights, garlands; and all done to tasteful perfection. Women are in their holiday best, men wearing casual, but not too casual slacks, with either dress shirts and casual sweaters or a top shelf Pendleton wool shirt. Good cheer and broad smiles applied to faces, sometimes revealing true hail fellow well met ebullience, and sometimes applied with a spackling trowel in a dimly lit room.

Geoff and Jezelle had attended such gatherings and hosted them for many years. It was simply part of the River Valley society two-step. When Geoff died, all that had stopped. Jezelle was not hosting anything and the invitations – though they certainly came in the mail, were always graciously declined, 'with regrets.'

Akiko would receive solicitous invitations from young men hoping for an intelligent, attractive companion for such a party. She also declined each offer with regret.

So it had been for two years, two years of missing Geoff and mourning his loss. But the loneliness was taking its toll and both women needed to find a palliative for the ache. Additionally, Jezelle, who had the responsibility for the family's finances, knew that something had to be done to staunch the drawdown of their funds. They were OK for now and would be for five to seven more

years. But, now was the time to act, not later when the job would be harder and the situation more desperate.

This year the two women decided to rejoin the social swirl. Jezelle accepted each invitation with the note that she would be attending with her daughter Akiko. That put them both in play each time and meant Akiko was not relegated to wait for a date, and then be held to that date for the evening. The two even took a few days for a trip to the City. And so via train from Rhinebeck into Manhattan, they shopped for dresses and shoes. They wanted to look their best.

These were two beautiful women. They had been lovely twenty years prior and now Jezelle in her later 40's was still a stunning figure. Akiko, who had been the prettiest of adolescents, grew up to be a ravishing beauty in her own right. Both were full Filipina: small, under five feet, trim, delicate, with straight black hair and black eyes. They were exotic and at the same time approachable. After twenty years Jezelle's English was not perfect, but Akiko's was impeccable. Jezelle was a wonderful woman, an exquisite cook, an inspired home decorator, with a sixth grade formal education. Akiko didn't have her mother's cooking skills, but she did have a BS and a Master's degree in Geology.

In town, both were considered 'available' and if you asked any of the married women at the parties, they would be hard pressed to tell you, which was the greater risk to their own happy homes! Those other women had nothing to fear. Neither Jezelle nor Akiko was a home wrecker. It was the furthest thing from their minds. If they had been aware of the fears of some of their 'friends' they would have been mortified.

Jezelle and Akiko had lived and loved together with one man for twenty years. They could have chosen to split up and go their own way at this point and none would be the wiser if they had done so. But their need, desire, their complex mother/daughter/lover relationship made the willingness to do that more than unlikely.

They were bonded together. They needed a new 'Geoff,' a man who would stay with them; a man who would be happy to be with both of them. A man they could share.

The first party of the season, by agreement between the two women, was just to get their feet wet. They intended only to look around and see who might be available. That did mean that they could play; they could even pick someone up to quench an immediate need; but that first night was just for openers.

They laughed and giggled for the first time in a long time as they selected what they would wear, as they did each other's hair, put on their stockings, did their makeup and finally put on their shoes. As they left the Master Bedroom, a room they had shared now for twenty-two years, they presented themselves to Cynthia. Cynthia just shrieked. Not out of horror, but out of 'holy shit' amazement. For her, Mom and Gran were just family, nothing special, and never, ever in her short life had she ever seen the two of them look anything like this! There were two incredibly – fashion model – beautiful women and it was Mom and Gran! So Cynthia shrieked and jumped up and down and the women laughed.

It was Friday night. Cynthia could stay up until ten thirty and then off to bed, even though Mom would not be home. *Yes, Mom. Don't worry Mom. Have a good time Mom.*

Off the women went east on county road 76 across US Route 9G at Kelly's Corner all the way to US Route 9, the old Albany Post Road, and then south to Red Hook. The stately home to which they were headed was three hundred years old. Some of the northern part of Dutchess County's best people would be there tonight. Over the last two decades, Jezelle had met and entertained many of them. She was liked and respected as a member of the community. Akiko was also well known. This was their town. These were their people – if not by blood and cultural heritage, then by volleyball, swim meets, school plays, band, school board meetings, zoning

board meetings, and supermarket aisles. Their Geoff had been an important man here and that had to a large extent showered grace down on them.

So when the women entered the house it neither was for the first time, nor did they need to be introduced. No, it was just the opposite as person after person came up and said,

'How good to see you out again.'

'It must have been hard.'

'How have you been, we've missed you.'

'Are you OK. How are things?'

'I bet you miss him, don't you.'

And sweetest of all... *'Oh God, I have so much gossip to catch you up on! It's going to take hours!'*

Jezelle took a lazy inventory of the men in the room. She knew many of them, not all, but those she didn't were probably going to be covered by the gossip she needed to catch up on. She was enjoying herself and feeling good. A number of men had given her appreciative glances. She knew she was looking good but not dangerous. That was her goal and she had succeeded. As she was reaching to fill her punch glass at the sideboard, she noticed Ben Whitting, one of Geoff's old clients. He was taking a good look at a woman in her twenties. The girl stood about five foot five with shoulder length red hair, and what looked like green eyes. Her figure looked athletic in her above the knee cocktail dress. Her legs certainly looked good in the sweet red pumps she had on. Yes, she was certainly pretty but she was flirting with men twenty to thirty years younger than Ben Whitting; and yes she might be fun to play with, but she was too silly and clearly not Ben's caliber. If the girl

was fishing, it was in shallow water and she had her hook set for small fish.

Jezelle approached Ben.

Oh Ben, she is fun to look at and she might be fun for a roll in the sack for a night, but she couldn't carry it off for even a long weekend. Still, I wouldn't mind a bit of it myself.

Ben looked over at Jezelle and gave her a deep appreciative smile.

By God Jezelle, if that's the type of pillow talk Geoff got from you, I can see why he married you and stayed with you for all these years. Good for you woman! Good for you! Yes, you are just right. And that is exactly what I was thinking. I'd love to give her a toss, but how do I get rid of her after that? It would be a mess!

Oh, Ben there are always options.

Jezelle, not that I'm likely to follow up on those options, but what options?

Sweet Ben, I would tell you but then I'd have to either kill you or marry you!

State secrets! I see! Oh well, I don't want to die and I'm not marital material, but how about I date you? I'd enjoy having a woman on my arm with whom I could have these conversations without getting my face slapped.

Well Ben, that depends.

Oh, I know I'm going to regret this ... Depends on what Jezelle?

On a number of things Ben.

OK let's take them one at a time.

Are you married or involved with anyone, man or woman?

Jezelle are you inferring I might be gay? You are sweet! You don't want to break up a gay relationship! I love it! Jezelle, you have my solemn word, I am not in a relationship with anyone. I do date, but I am not in a relationship.

Have you ever hit a woman?

No Jezelle, I have never hit anyone. But I respect you for asking.

Are you an alcoholic or drug addict?

No to both!

Do you have any diseases I can get from you?

STD? Nothing dear.

Then I say OK Ben. You have a date!

That's it? You didn't want to know if I can afford you? Where I work? How much money I have?

No Ben. Geoff worked with you and trusted you. On that level, I know you are probably stable and that's all I need to know.

It doesn't matter if I am not wealthy?

Ben, I was very very poor as a child. Nothing that can happen to me now will be like that. Besides, we're just dating.

OK so how do I get that girl for a roll in the hay?

You want her tonight?

Sure, let's say I do.

Anyone at your house tonight?

No one.

Is it clean and picked up Ben?

Ha! Yes, Jezelle it is fine!

You are going to be a busy man tonight Ben. You are going to have two girls in your bed. I hope you can handle it!

Jezelle are you saying 'we' are going to have the girl together?

We are unless you don't want to. Do you Ben?

You and her, Jezelle? Is that who you are saying I will have in my bed tonight?

Yes.

Well Jezelle, if you can pull it off then all the more power to you! Yes, sure I'm up for it!

Enjoy the party Ben. I'll catch up with you later, but do not leave until you see me again.

Jezelle worked the room but kept an eye on the redheaded girl. In the process, Jezelle learned the girl's name, Grace, and where Grace worked. She learned that Grace was unattached and just dating around. In the process, she caught up with Akiko and let her know that she might not be coming home tonight and if she left, then Akiko should just take the SUV home and they would catch up in the morning. Akiko made a brief comment that Jezelle sure was fast as hell. Akiko had hardly even gotten started.

Grace headed for a bit to eat, and she found herself at Jezelle's shoulder as she got to the table. Reaching for some finger

sandwiches at the same time, they smiled at each other. Jezelle smiled with a big wonderful grin that just seems to require a big smile back.

Hi, someone told me that your name is Grace, is that right?

Yes, a'huh, sure is. And you are?

Oh, sorry, I am Jezelle. You are causing something of a heartache with my friend Ben.

Who's Ben?

That man over there.

Really? He's cute, but I'm too young for him! Are you serious? He wouldn't be interested in me!

Oh girl, he is! Really interested. It's the 'He'd like to take you home tonight, ' type of interested.

Wow, I've never been out with an older guy like that before. I'm not sure I wouldn't make a fool of myself. Is he nice?

Yes, Ben is a nice guy. If you like, I will introduce you to him and hang out to make sure you don't make a fool of yourself. But honestly, Grace, I think you will do fine. Maybe it will make him more comfortable at the party if it looks like he is with both of us and not you alone. That way neither of you raises any eyebrows. What do you think?

You'd do that for me?

No Grace, I'm doing it for Ben. OK?

Yes, and thanks for the honesty.

It's nothing, nothing.

Five minutes later Jezelle was introducing Grace to Ben and telling him about what Grace does for a living and when she moved to town, and that she had gone to College at Northwestern. Ben knew her employers and asked about how they were to work for and what her goals were. He asked about hobbies she might have. He asked her what sports she was interested in, either playing or as a fan.

After a while, Jezelle whispered in Ben's ear, but not so that Grace couldn't hear if she wanted.

Ben, why don't you offer to take us both somewhere, (and then in a voice the Grace could not hear,) To your house.

Ben followed suit and proposed that the girls and he, *Get out of here.*

They both agreed and loaded in to his BMW SUV. Jezelle got in the back seat.

They head south to the junction with 199, and turning west on 199, south on 9G and then an immediate right on the Barrytown Road and left on to the cutoff over to River Road heading south. Not long thereafter, they turned down a drive that had been plowed by private equipment winding through what seemed like woods and fields to a large brick building. It was dark and not much could really be seen. The drive came to the front door at an acute and graceful angle. A portico shielded those embarking or disembarking from any inclement weather. Ben took a second to plug the SUV into the charging station by the entrance.

There were three steps up to the landing and another fifteen steps to the front door, all under the portico. Ben pressed a button on a fob attached to his keychain and a latch sounded as if it had

released. Lights inside the house turned on. As Ben opened the door, he stepped back for the women to enter.

The Foyer was a good twenty by twenty and two stories high. The floor was maple parquet that shined in the lights from above. What looked like a Japanese 19th century lowboy stood not far from a 19th century French hall tree and umbrella stand.

Ben took the women's coats and hung them in a freestanding wardrobe on the other side of the Foyer. Grace was clearly somewhere she had never been previously, in more than a literal sense. This was deeper water than she had ever been in before; what her father used to call the deep end of the pool.

Jezelle had no idea that this was going to be where Ben lived. She honestly had not known anything about Ben's financial status, but it hadn't mattered for tonight. Tonight was a free pass, a scouting trip. She had been in some of the great homes along the Hudson. She understood something of the history because Geoff had tutored her on the history of the area. Geoff had not been fabulously wealthy but some of his clients had been and so this was not her first time at the polo grounds. The poor girl from Buluan had indeed been around. It was a long way from those days and she knew where she was and what was happening. She was the conductor. It was Ben's track, but this was her train that Grace and he were riding.

Jezelle asked Ben if he had a boudoir attached to his master suite and if it might be used as a room to relax and have a drink?

Yes, he had and yes, it was a lovely room. He used it as a study and that is in fact where his liquor was, what a wonderful suggestion he said sotto voce to Jezelle as Grace was looking around in stunned awe.

He led the two women up to his study where they found an elegant but cozier room. It was cozier than the formal feel of the entrance, though the ceiling was still twelve feet high. It was warm in temperature and color and filled with overstuffed chairs and couches. Floor lamps and table lamps provided more personal illumination to some areas while leaving others in dim outline. Ben asked Grace what she might like to drink and her answer was a bit of a surprise when she asked if he had any good single malt scotch. He did. How did she take it? Neat was her reply. Ben poured her two fingers of Balvenie 12 year old in a rocks glass and handed it to her. He was about to ask Jezelle but she just briefly shook her head. He poured himself two fingers of Old Bushmills 20-year-old single malt. They chatted for a while.

When Jezelle noted that Grace had made a nice dent on the scotch, she asked Ben to show them what the master bedroom looked like in this mansion. Ben took the cue, put his drink down and opened up the double doors into the master bedroom. The massive mahogany canopied bed made a statement in the middle of the room. The other furniture, dressers, wardrobes, chests, were all China export from the late 19th century. A large area rug covered most of the floor. Four floor to ceiling sash windows with massive drapes defined one wall. Great decorative radiators were in each room and they were in evidence here between the windows. There was a chandelier in the center of the ceiling and wall sconces all around.

Jezelle had her left arm around Grace's back and was guiding Grace around. Grace was leaning into Jezelle just a bit, feeling a little overwhelmed. Jezelle placed a soft sweet kiss on Grace's cheek, telling her all was OK. Ben's back was to them. Grace turned to face Jezelle full on and they kissed briefly again.

Jezelle guided Grace to Ben and she turned Ben around with his right arm, her hand bringing Ben's face to hers whereby she kissed him briefly and then turned him to Grace. He didn't need any

prompting now as he kissed Grace. Grace kissed Ben back with real emotion and then kissed Jezelle with the same intent.

Jezelle slowly moved the group towards the bed. She was not worried about taking her dress off, that would happen soon enough. She unzipped Grace's cocktail dress and unclasped Grace's bra. Ben did the rest, removing Grace's clothing and his as Jezelle took care of her own. While Ben was busy with Grace, she checked the nightstand drawers looking for condoms. She found them in the second drawer in which she looked. She took four out, not that he would really need four, but in case a replacement was needed, better to have more than go looking.

Ben had an erection but he had yet to enter Grace when Jezelle placed a condom on Ben's cock. In a moment for the ages, both Ben and Grace turned their heads and said 'thanks' at the same time.

Grace who was on top then took the lead, placing Ben's dick between her pussy lips, red hair flaming all around. Ben entered Grace and they started the rhythmic dance. Jezelle had seen KY jelly in the drawer and applied some to a couple of her fingers on her right hand. Jezelle's right hand worked its way up Grace's thigh and up her crack and slowly in sync with the motion of the fucking girl, slid her fingers into Grace's anus. Grace who had been kissing Ben as they fucked now picked up her head and screamed *Yes, Yes!* Ben could feel Jezelle's fingers buried in Grace's ass through the skin and on his dick which was lodged in Grace's cunt. Grace and Ben exploded at the same time.

When Grace rolled off Ben, and onto her back, Jezelle snuggled in between Grace's legs and started eating Grace's pussy. Grace's body was electric, responding immediately with sustained pulses of serious need and desire. After getting the second cum from Grace, Jezelle backed off.

But Grace felt her legs being pushed apart again. She cooperated and soon Ben was eating her out.

By the time Grace was pleading for rest and relief, Ben was hard again. With a new condom on, he positioned himself over Jezelle and started fucking her missionary style. It had been two long years since Jezelle's pussy had felt cock and she was not going to come quickly now that the holy grail of her desires had found a home inside her. Ben also was not about to come quickly as he had already cum once and the second one always took more time.

Grace watched, playing with her breasts as the other two fucked and fucked. She had been sated, but as she watched, she found a new hunger. Grace slid up next to Jezelle and they started kissing as Ben plowed Jezelle. Jezelle's free arm near Grace moved around the back of Grace's head and held her face to face as they continued to kiss.

Grace's left hand trailed down to Ben's ass and as she started playing with his bunghole. She would do to Ben, what Jezelle had done to her. Ben came hard. As Ben rolled off Jezelle, Grace rolled on. The two continued to kiss. Grace ran her thumb up Jezelle's pussy and two fingers up her ass. Jezelle came hard from Grace's ministrations.

The three rested for a while. When Jezelle noted that Ben was showing signs of life, she whispered to Ben to corn-hole Grace and handed him the KY jelly. Ben slid a new condom on, greased up the outside of the condom, got behind Grace and just took her. There is no other way to say it. He did not ask. He did not wait to see if she could handle it. He just rammed in and started fucking her ass for all he was worth.

It appeared that Grace had never had a full cock up her ass before. Her eyes were huge, she tried to scream but nothing came out. Ben was oblivious as he rammed her. And then, she came hard,

squirting the bed sheets. She was out of control. She just collapsed and Ben came seconds later, collapsing right next to Grace on one side and Jezelle on the other. They were that way in the morning when Jezelle awoke at 5:20 with a definite need for a bathroom.

Jezelle had scoped out that issue last night as they were taking their tour of the master suite and she headed off, only to be joined minutes later by Ben who it seemed was not hung up on bathroom privacy issues. Luckily for Jezelle, who did prefer to toilet in private, she was just showering when Ben came in.

He parted the shower curtain and gave her a quick kiss and stepped into the shower with her.

Jezelle, I have got to tell you, last night was something that I never thought I would ever experience. I still do not have any idea how it all happened but I think it is fair to say that I am your most devoted fan. You are great. Look, I am going to dress, go downstairs and make some breakfast for us. What would you like?

Just some fruit Ben. That is all I eat in the morning.

OK well I am going to make something more substantial for Grace and me. I bet she eats a big breakfast.

Give us an hour OK? So long as she is still sleeping I will not wake her up yet, and then we girls will talk a bit before we come down.

Jezelle, are you really this good all the time?

Good in what way Ben?

Well, I guess I have never known a woman like you in my life.

I hope that is good.

It is Jezelle, it is.

Ben was gone by the time Jezelle towed off and was back in the bedroom. She put on her bra and panties, brief as they were, and slid back onto the bed. Sensing another body close, Grace rolled over and snuggled in towards Jezelle.

As Jezelle lay there in the big bedroom, she considered the possibilities. Ben had said he was not a candidate for marriage and she would take him at his word until she learned differently. He was a nice companion, and he definitely eased the ache for a penis that she had been experiencing. But he was not the answer to her problem. She needed not to get too far involved with Ben as he would be a distraction from her need for a real solution.

Jake had taught Jezelle years before, you have to listen to what the man tells you. Everything you need to know about whether he is a real candidate will just roll out his mouth. So long as you don't put your words and your thoughts in the way, you would learn a lot by just listening. Jake had been right years ago and she trusted the lessons he had taught the girls.

It was worth knowing why Ben was not marital material. It was not worth trying to change his reality. That was a fool's errand.

The bed sheets rustled again and it looked like Grace was waking up. Jezelle lightly ran her fingers through Grace's hair. Grace smiled and whispered, *Good morning.*

Good morning, Grace.

Jezelle was massaging Grace's scalp.

Mmmm, that feels nice. Grace opened her eyes. *How long have you and Ben been up? Oh, yes that's so nice!*

We've been up about half an hour. You like that, yes?

Oh yes I do. Thank you for last night. Thank you for sharing Ben. He's great.

You are welcome Grace. I enjoyed you too! Jezelle leaned over and kissed Grace. Grace was a little out of her element, but she kissed back. Jezelle rolled so that she was half on Grace and slid a finger into Grace's pussy. Grace was not really ready for that, but her legs spread for Jezelle and she pushed her cunt into Jezelle's probing fingers.

For fifteen minutes the two women pleased each other, Jezelle brought Grace off twice and Grace returning the favor once. At which point Jezelle shooed Grace into the bathroom for a quick shower. Once the two women were dressed and ready they headed downstairs, following the noise to find the kitchen and Ben.

Jezelle might want only fruit, but there were pancakes, bacon, sausage, OJ and coffee made. Ben wanted to know how Grace wanted her eggs. Grace ate just as Ben predicted, two pancakes, two pieces of bacon, a sausage, two eggs, OJ and coffee with cream and sugar. (Or as they say in the region, "She took her coffee regular.")

There was good humor and good spirits around the breakfast table. No one had any regret and they were all taking turns kidding each other about this or that thing ... But all had things they needed to do and none had planned for this to happen. So after breakfast Ben promptly took them both home, dropping Grace off first and then driving up and over toward Tivoli.

As they drove on that sunny December Saturday morning, Jezelle had a question for Ben. *Are you willing to answer a serious question?*

What do you want to know? After last night, you have a right to ask anything.

Ben, last night you said you were not marital material. I do not want to change you. Will you tell me why you are not willing or able to get married?

Jezelle, I could never be true to one woman. I have a wandering eye and on top of that, while I clearly enjoyed making love with you, I seem to be attracted to very young women. I know you are seven years younger than I am, but my appetite is for even younger women. Last night you permitted me to have a young woman without the normal after the fact difficulties, but normally I have learned to stay away from young girls as they just end up creating real serious trouble for me ... So I want what I must not have and my life is a, never-ending, conflict. Well you wanted to hear it, are you sorry you asked?

No Ben, I am happy I hear it. Thank you. Now Ben, one more question, OK?

Sure.

Can you really afford that place you have or is it a big show?

Ben chuckled, shook his head and took a long look at Jezelle at this quiet place in the road.

My God woman, you have more raw intelligence than most of the people in this world. Good for you for asking. Jezelle I am filthy rich. If you had ever asked around you wouldn't have needed to ask me. The fact that you didn't know must mean that you aren't a gold digger. You just want to know if you get involved with me will everything come crashing down. Well Jezelle, don't worry. I can pay all my bills. Now it's my turn to ask you a question. Did you allow Geoff to see other women? Did you do things with him like we did last night?

I am sorry but I will never tell you anything about what I did with my husband. I will take that to my grave. I will never tell anyone

about what we do last night. Such things are private between man and his woman.

I'll be damned. You are better than anything and anyone I have ever dreamed of. Geoff was one lucky guy...

Yes, he was and I was a very lucky woman to have Geoff. It worked both ways Ben.

They crossed over US 9G and drove through Tivoli with Jezelle giving directions until they came to her home. Instead of opening the door right away, she sat there a few seconds turned and spoke to Ben. *Turn off the car and come into my house. There is someone I want you to meet.*

Ben was surprised but having no real reason to do otherwise, he did as this remarkable woman requested. The tasks of his morning could certainly wait. Jezelle was too intriguing to ignore.

As they entered the house, Jezelle started speaking in a language with which Ben was totally unfamiliar. There was a voice answering and then clearly a conversation back and forth. Jezelle seated Ben at the harvest table in the dining room, sat down across from him. Finishing her conversation with the unseen voice, she turned her attention back to Ben and spoke to him.

I understand a man's desire for a young woman. You are the age of Geoff when I married him twenty-two years ago. I know there is much you don't know. Much I cannot tell you in words. Please trust me when I tell you I understand and understand why you can't be faithful to one woman. I like you a lot, but I cannot be the woman you marry. I know that. But I may have the solution you're afraid to dream of and maybe we all be happy. I cannot do or explain all. But I want you to meet someone now. OK?

Jezelle I have no idea what you are talking about but I am beginning to think you know me better than I know myself. So OK, yes, sure I will meet this person.

Good. And with that Jezelle left the room.

A few minutes later Akiko entered the room dressed in a revealing, but tasteful blouse and a very short skirt, which showed off her charms nicely.

Hi Ben. I am Akiko. Mother says you are a nice guy, sometimes you like two girls in bed, that you are good in bed and a good cook too, but she is too old for you. I agree, she is too old for you. Maybe I am too old for you too?

You are probably not too old for me, but what is this about?

Mom thinks you are a good guy who has need for younger girls, not just one and that is the reason you do not marry. Is that right?

Akiko, I'm not sure what this is about. I'm not sure this is appropriate.

Ben, do you respect my mother?

Yes I do.

Then I am going to ask you to suspend any judgment you might have, and just trust me as I can assure you I am speaking for my mother and in your best interests. If you trust her to be honest, good, fair and decent, then trust me that very same way.

OK.

Good, follow me please.

Akiko led Ben to the Master bedroom, sat him down on the bed and proceeded slowly to take off her clothes. First her shoes.

She placed them in a shoe rack which had two empty spaces. Ben noticed. It seemed they belonged there.

Akiko, whose room is this?

Her back was to him, as she straightened up. Partially turning her body, her head looking over her shoulder as she told him, *This is the Master bedroom.*

She slowly unbuttoned her blouse, took it off and hung it up from where it may have come from a few minutes ago.

Who sleeps here now?

Akiko turned to Ben. Paused before answering, *Mom and me.*

She unzipped the top of her skirt.

Who slept here when Geoff was alive?

She took it off. She paused, and seemed to just be thinking before moving and hanging the skirt back up. There was a palpable silence. The question hung in the air.

She rolled down her hose on one leg.

Geoff, Mom ... and me.

She rolled down the other and put them on the dresser.

Silence again. Silence in the room and seeming in the world. Nothing seemed to move, or rustle. No breeze moved through the trees outside the windows. All was still.

Who was Geoff's real wife?

She unhooked her bra and put it on the dresser. Turning back towards Ben, a tear on a cheekbone, as she thought about the man she lost, she answered, *Mom and me. Both of us. No difference. We were his wives.*

How old were you when you became Geoff's wife.

She smiled as took off her panties and stood there naked with shaved pussy and lustrous skin. Still smiling, she came two him, ran her hands through his hair, bent down, placed her lips to his ear and told him, *Twelve.*

Ben was mute. He didn't have words, he was lost in thoughts that made no sense.

She took off his shoes.

She took off his socks, rolled them up and put them on the dresser.

She unfastened Ben's belt.

She unbuttoned his shirt.

She stood him up, and took off his shirt and hung it up.

She unbuttoned and unzipped his pants.

She had him get out of his trousers. She picked them up and hung them up.

She pulled down his briefs, his penis rampant, and put the briefs on the dresser.

She walked back to him, took him in her arms and kissed him.

He kissed her back. She took his cock in her hands, knelt down and took all of him down her throat. Her chin against his balls and she started to hum.

He lost it. Nowhere in his wildest imagining could this ever happen. Once he had cum, he was embarrassed at cumming so soon. She told him to relax, there was plenty of time to redeem his manhood if that was his concern.

She looked at him squarely eye to eye and told him, *I am not judging you. I am loving you and if there is one thing you never need fear in my arms or my mother's arms it is criticism or condemnation. We will be here for you. Now lay back.*

For four hours, they made love. Sometimes just embracing and kissing other times energetically. She had him take her in every hole. She did not allow him to use a condom. He confessed to her that each time he came in her, he was fantasizing about taking her when she was only/still twelve. She told him she was glad he did.

In the fourth hour, Jezelle joined them and the lovemaking continued into late afternoon. Between the activities on the bed, the women explained how things worked. He was never to stray away from them, but if he wanted a woman, they would help him get the woman and be there with him. So while he was not limited to them, he was theirs for the rest of his life.

It looked like he was theirs until right at the end when he said he couldn't.

They asked why and for the first time he told them his dirty secret. He got horny over little girls. He lived in constant temptation and fear of his own desires.

Jezelle excused herself.

Akiko told him that she understood. She was twelve when she was taken the first time. But Ben protested you are not twelve now and I know what I really want. They were quiet; Akiko holding him in her arms. His cock stiffened again. Just thinking about a twelve year old made his member stand at attention.

And then, the door opened and in walked Cynthia. She was dressed only in a bra and panties. Akiko, stroking Ben's cock, quietly spoke, *Ben this is Geoff's and my daughter Cynthia. Cynthia is twelve. Sweetheart come here and take over for me.* Cynthia got onto the bed and took Ben's cock from her mother's hands and Akiko left the room. He was leaking already. This was unreal. Cynthia proceeded to take Ben to the top of her throat. She was not as smooth or as skilled as her mother, but working up and down the job got done. Cynthia looked Ben in the eye and talked to him in a way he never expected in his life.

I know I have a lot to learn. Gran and Mom promise they will teach me. I know nothing right now.

Ben, I am a virgin. I can only lose this once in my life and I want it to be with the man who keeps me as his wife for the rest of his life. I will give it to you only if you legally marry mom and allow both Gran and me to live with you forever. If you do, I will, as soon as it is legal, give you children just like mom did for Dad. If you want us, all three of us, you have to say 'yes, you will and you do.' Gran and Mom trust you to keep your word. Otherwise, you should leave right now.

Then Cynthia moved so that Ben could do either: Leave or fuck her. He had to choose. It was 5 PM according to the clock on the nightstand.

Akiko looked at the kitchen clock, *Mom, you think we should bring them some food?*

Not yet. Give them another half hour. If Ben and Cyn are not down by nine, we will go up there with a tray.

The End