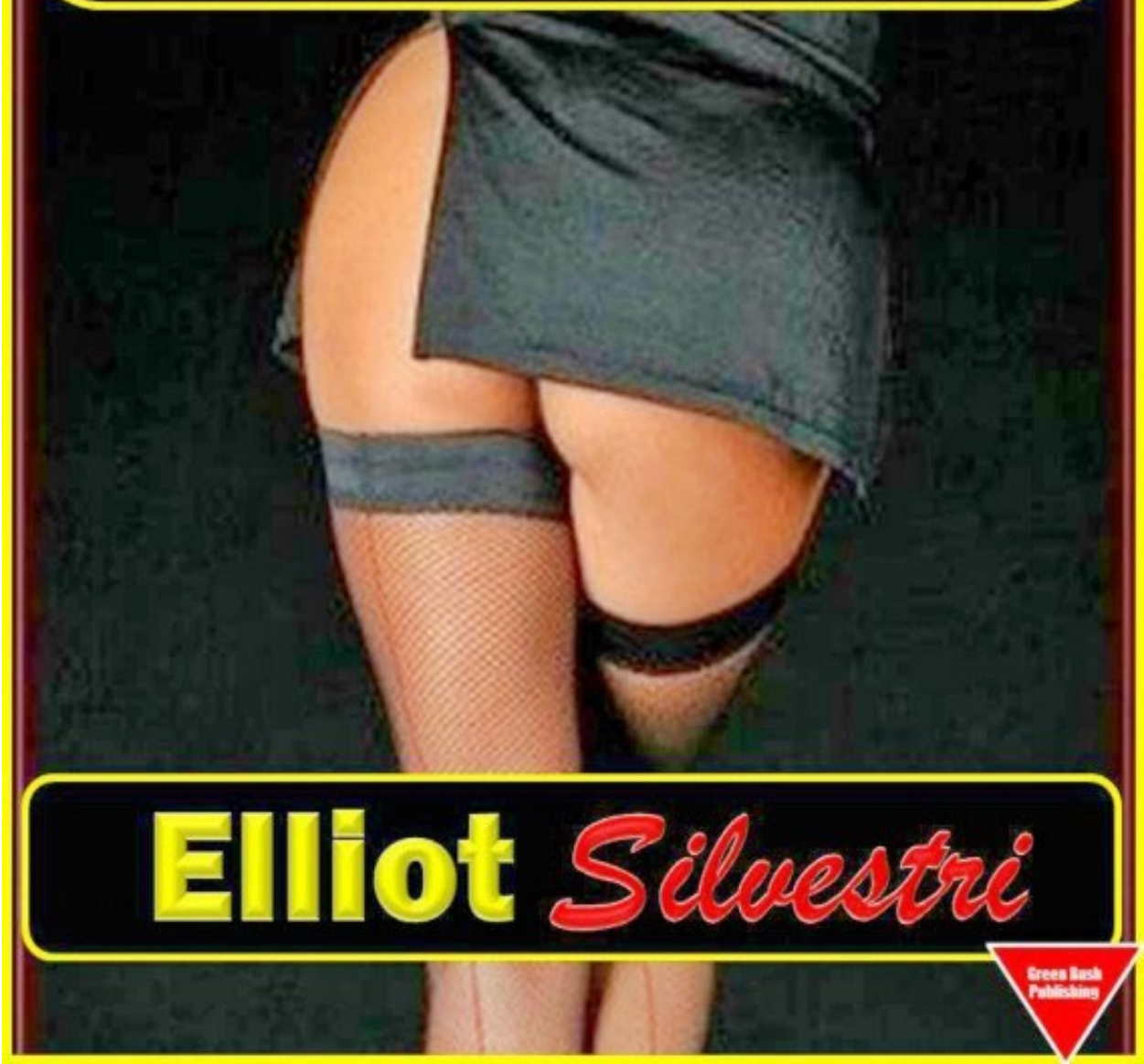
I Love Your Wife

Part IV: Connecticut

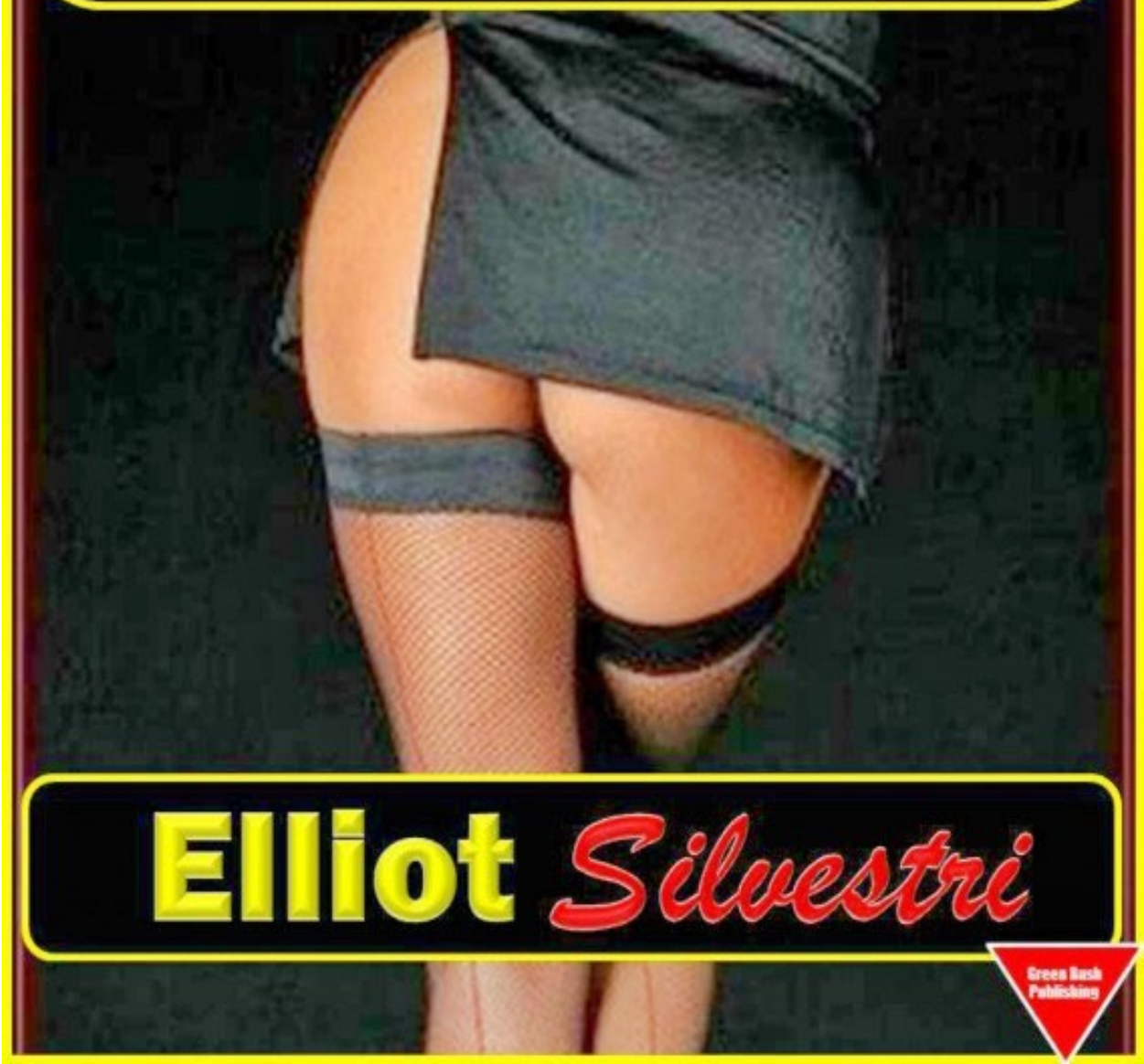


Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

I Love Your Wife

Part IV: Connecticut



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I Love Your Wife

Part IV: Connecticut

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter Eleven

EVEN THOUGH IT was a middle of the day date, going out with Minnie for lunch and shopping was relaxing. There wasn't any sex involved at all. I had no idea where she took me, it might have been nowhere any of her friends or acquaintances ever saw her because she wasn't the least bit ashamed to hold my hand and kiss me even though she was wearing a wedding band and I wasn't.

I was carrying her bags out to the car when she asked me, "Do you want to go home and fuck my husband?" This caused me to stop mid-stride.

"What?"

Minnie laughed when she realized what she had said. "Oh. Sorry. I mean to say 'Want to go home and fuck in front of my husband?' Although I could have said, 'Want to go home and watch me fuck my husband?'" She brushed a few stray hairs from her eyes. "Either way. Do either of those interest you?"

I wondered if she had a keen interest in seeing me have sex with Harry. Not just get a blowjob from him, but full-on gay sex. "I'd rather fuck in front of him, or watch you. Doesn't matter either way, I suppose."

"Except one way I get you off and the other…you'd have to get yourself off."

Back at her house Minnie knelt before me with her husband at her side. Harry was still in his cock cage but was otherwise naked. Minnie opted to keep her clothes on while she gave me head. Naturally she had undressed me. I think she especially liked being the only one in the room who was wearing clothes. She wasn't exactly forcing Harry to watch me, but I'm pretty sure he liked it. Her technique was slow and meticulous, which had caused me to rise up and stay hard, but I wasn't making any real progress toward an orgasm.

She stopped. "Don't just sit there and stare," Minnie told Harry. "Take a fucking picture."

"Oh. Right." He lifted up the cell phone in his hand and took several pictures of his wife sucking my cock.

She paused again and looking meaningfully at Harry. He took a couple more of

her looking directly at the phone with her mouth full of me. “Done?” she asked when he put the phone down.

“Yes.”

“Your turn.” They switched places and Harry put me in his mouth while she took some pictures of him sucking me. I wasn’t sure how I felt—emotionally—about that, but in that moment I decided that yes, Harry was slightly better at sucking cock than his wife. But I wasn’t going to tell the two of them that.

After a minute of Harry’s attention, Minnie said, “My turn,” and took me back from him. “I want you to cum in my mouth,” she told me.

I nodded and closed my eyes, focusing on what felt good. I could feel her head bobbing up and down, moving in tandem with one of her hands on my shaft while her other hand cupped and rubbed my balls. It wasn’t that long before I erupted in her mouth with four satisfying spurts.

I was hoping she would swallow. I loved it when a woman swallowed as I was cumming. It felt incredible. But she didn’t swallow, she kept my cum in her mouth.

And then she turned her head and kissed her husband. I couldn’t see it directly, but I knew she was passing my cum to him.

“I don’t swallow,” she told me after breaking the kiss with Harry.

“I know.”

“Harry does,” she said as she looked meaningfully at him. Harry didn’t hesitate to audible swallow my load. “Good boy,” she complimented him and gave him another kiss.

“Thank you,” he accepted the compliment.

“You aren’t feeling up to some more sex, are you?” she asked me.

“Uh…give me a few minutes,” I said.

“I don’t feel like waiting,” Minnie replied. She stood up from the floor and

started rummaging around in a dresser drawer, eventually pulling out what I thought was a vibrator and something I didn't immediately identity.

"What kind of vibrator is that?"

"The kind you wear."

Upon a second look, I realized the vibrator was doubled-ended and Minnie proceeded to open up her stance and insert the device into her pussy.

"What are you going to do with that?" I asked, a little nervous. It was strange to look at a woman with an artificial pink cock rising up from her crotch.

"Fuck my husband…unless you have a better idea."

I vigorously shook my head. "No. That sounds good to me. Go ahead."

Minnie proceeded to put the strap she had taken from the drawer around her hips to help secure the dildo into place. I had figured out it was not a vibrator. "Get the lube out of the drawer, please," she said to me.

Peering into the drawer I saw a small collection of other sex toys, and located the tube of KY in the corner. Passing it off to Minnie, I watched as she smeared some on the head and upper shaft of the dildo before she turned to Harry. "On the bed, honey, don't you think?"

He nodded and climbed up on the bed, his knees on the edge, presenting his ass to his wife. Minnie applied a good amount of lube to his opening and pressed the head of her pussy-mounted dildo to him. I got the impression they had done this before.

"Go carefully, Min," Harry said to his wife.

"I know what I'm doing," Minnie told him as she pushed inside his body. Harry groaned and Minnie grinned, taking a bit of delight in his torment. "I'm not new at this," she told me as she thrusted her hips back and forth in what would have been a completely natural motion for a man, but looked odd when she did it.

I knelt down so I could see Harry's cock. As I expected, it was trying to get hard inside his cage, but that was impossible. Flesh was always defeated by steel. "Do

you like fucking him in the ass?" I asked Minnie. "Can you actually cum from it?"

"Uh-huh," she answered. "Why do you think I use a two-headed cock on him?"

I wanted to know if Harry could cum from being fucked like that, but I figured I find out my answer pretty soon. Still, I couldn't resists asking because sometimes I'm just plain stupid.

"Can he cum like that?"

"Sure," she grunted, focusing on herself.

Though it sounded and looked vulgar and painful, both Harry and Minnie had expressions on their faces that said they were happy doing this very kinky act.

"It's impossible to make him cum like that," I told her. "You have to take the cage off."

"He can cum like that," she assured me.

I wanted to disagree with her, but that seemed overstep my bounds. Any more conversation would have been too distracting. Harry was there for her pleasure, and I was just an observer.

It didn't take very long for Minnie to cum. She was far too excited by her position and I was familiar with the signs of her orgasms. Minnie paused for a minute as she exulted in her orgasm and then resumed pounding away at Harry's ass.

"You have to stop," I pleaded with her. Harry's face was a mask of torment and pain. His cock was deep red and his balls were purple. There was no way that could be fun for him. Minnie just turned her head and looked at me in delight as she held onto her husband's hips without stopping her thrusts.

Harry's ejaculation surprised the hell out of me. The small bars of his cage came together at the end to form a little circle where—presumably—he could piss from when Minnie made him wear it for days on end. It was from this hole that his pent up ejaculate spurted. His cock was still mostly soft but trying to get hard, but there simply wasn't any space for it to grow. When he came, it had to

hurt. I figured that out from the scream he made as he climaxed. It didn't sound like a scream of pleasure.

"Holy shit." My comment was an understatement.

The married couple ignored me. "You good, hon?" Minnie asked him.

"Uh-huh." His answer was barely audible.

Minnie withdrew her fake cock and slapped him on the ass. "Good boy. Did you enjoy that?"

"No," he said. His words were muffled by the bedcovers.

"I bet you'll want to do it again in a few weeks," she teased him. "You always do."

Always? I thought to myself.

"Care for a go 'round?" Minnie asked me, holding her hand to her crotch, waving her dildo at me.

"No thanks. I'm good."

After a finale like that, there wasn't much else to do. I spent another day with Harry and Minnie. Fucked her twice more, but this time in private. Harry was in the guest bedroom and didn't join us for the night. Minnie very thoughtfully drove me to the airport and kissed me goodbye. I was halfway home when I received the text message from Minnie. She had very thoughtfully sent me the pictures of her and Harry.

It was a nice going away present.

Chapter Twelve

I WAS HOME only one day before I had to leave for Connecticut. I took my job because the description promised lots of travel. I thought that was exciting because it was travel. What I didn't anticipate was that most of the travel was to small cities across the U.S. and I didn't even get to see any interesting sights, I went to office parks and buildings to train people on computer systems so they could do their jobs.

I quickly realized it was shitty travel. Bu then I figured out it was also an opportunity to meet and hook up with a lot of a women.

A lot of women.

And I'm okay with that if it makes me a shallow person.

I actually met Connie in college but we had never hooked up or done anything romantic at all. I attributed that to change or just life. Turned out I was wrong. She actually did like me but didn't know how to process that. But I didn't find that out until much later. We had kept in contact, on and off, for a few years before we saw each other again in person. It was just one of those chance things. I was going to be working at an office twenty minutes from her home, so we decided to meet up.

It was just lunch. We met at a restaurant, we hugged, sat down, and she told me, "I'm dating a woman."

"Oh," was my reaction. And I managed to say, "I didn't know you were a lesbian. That…explains a lot, I guess. Shit. That sounds stupid. Sorry."

"It's okay," Connie replied. She had cut her red hair short, but with long bangs that needed to constantly be brushed out of her face. "I didn't know myself. I took me a long time to figure it out.

"You never mentioned any of this ever to me." I blinked. "You don't have anything about it on Facebook either."

She frowned and looked down at the menu. "Yeah. No one knows. Well, a few people know, but not my family."

"Oh. I get it."

“It’s complicated.”

“I bet.”

“And I’m not a lesbian,” she added.

“What? I thought that you said you were dating a woman?”

“Sheila. Yeah. She’s a lesbian. I’m bi.”

“So I did have a chance in college!” I said triumphantly and then realized that made me sound like an asshole. “But I’m too much of an idiot to have realized it.”

“You didn’t have a chance in college. No one did.”

It was a nice lunch and eventually Connie came out to her family and half of them ever refused to talk to her again. No surprise. The best part was that gave Connie the chance to marry Sheila, the woman she loved.

Unfortunately for Connie, that made me a hundred times more interested in her than ever before. She was, after all, a married woman.

But fortunately for me, Connie wasn’t a lesbian, she was bisexual. And, as she put it, “I need a little cock now and then. Real cock, not a strapon.”

I was happy to supply that cock.

A few years ago Connie made a proposal.

“Sheila doesn’t mind?” I asked her when she walked into my hotel room.

“Sheila doesn’t know that I’m here.”

“Oh.”

“What she doesn’t know doesn’t hurt her. I’ve told her I’m bi and we sort of left it at that. She doesn’t want to know if I’m getting some male strange on the side.”

“That works for me.” We stood at an uncomfortable distance to each other, not close enough to be intimate, but not far enough away to be unfriendly. “How do you want to do this?”

She shook her head slowly back and forth. “I’m not looking for romance, if that’s what you’re worried about. I came here to get laid, nothing else.” With those words she started to unbutton her shirt. I followed suit.

I had had sex with plenty of women before Connie, but never once where the two of us stripped down in front of each other and then touched. It was a little odd, but once we touched and went skin to skin, everything became very natural. We kissed, we caressed, we stroked each other and eventually wound up on the bed.

We had some very traditional, very vanilla, extra plain sex: missionary style, with a condom, no real change in position, nothing kinky at all.

“That was terrible,” Connie said when I rolled off her and headed to the bathroom to get rid of the condom.

“I’m sorry,” I apologized when I returned. “Maybe we’re destined to be friends who are in no way sexually compatible.”

She wasn’t buying it. “No. That’s not it at all. I’ve been hot for you since we were in college.”

Her admission completely dumbfounded me. “Oh. I wish you had said something sooner.”

She sighed. “I was too caught up in trying to figure out who I was. But you felt really good inside me. Much better than the strapon that Sheila and I use.”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

“Do you want to try again?” she asked a little too eagerly. “Do you have any kinks that would make it more exciting for you at least, if not me?”

“Umm…” I gave it some thought and decided I had nothing to lose. “I like fucking married women.”

That made her laugh. “You do not.”

I nodded emphatically. “Every relationship I’ve had since college has been with a married woman.”

When she realized I was serious Connie exclaimed, “Holy shit!”

“Yeah. It’s not as much fun as it sounds.”

“You only bang married women?”

I wasn’t sure if she was amazed or horrified. “As far as I know. Maybe some were lying to me. I don’t know for sure, but yeah. If she’s only a little bit attractive, and then I find out she’s married, I can’t resist her. It’s terrible.”

“How many marriages have you ruined?”

“None, as far as I know.”

“But…it’s like you’re seducing women for that one reason only.”

“And I’m going to point out here that you are married and you came looking for me. I’m sure most of the women I’ve fucked have been looking some something on the side just like you.”

“Don’t make me feel guilty,” she said truculently.

“Don’t kink shame me.” I meant to tease her, but it came out with more vehemence than I intended.

We lay side by side in the bed in silence for a minute before she spoke again. “Well, I am married, so would you like some married pussy? I want to get fucked from behind, like an animal, so I don’t have to look at you and feel guilty.”

“I don’t get lesbians,” I said.

“I’m not a lesbian, I’m bisexual. Don’t judge, just fuck me.”

I nodded and we tried again. If nothing else, Connie had a fantastic body. She spent far too much time working out, running and such, but as a consequence she

had the type of athletic body most women would kill for, and at the same time she was still perfectly feminine except for the slightly butch haircut. Her breasts were perfectly sized for her body, not too small and not too large. She sported a flat tummy and was oddly aggressive with her pubic hair grooming, giving herself a landing strip that seemed out of place on a woman who was in a marriage with a lesbian. Not that I minded, but it was just slightly incongruous.

As it turned out, getting fucked like an animal was exactly what Connie needed. Once I was hard enough to penetrate her, we starting rutting like mindless animals. I used her as roughly as possible and she loved every minute of it—and so did I.

After I came—hard—by slamming myself into her body, I found myself panting and the first words out of my mouth were, “Did I hurt you? I didn’t mean to.”

She looked over her shoulder at me, a dazed expression on her face. She was panting just as heavily as me. “Hurt me? Yeah, a little. But I wanted that. It was fucking amazing. Sheila never fucks me that hard. That’s why I need to fuck a man.”

Relieved I collapsed on the bed next to her. She was still face down with her legs spread, not bothering to move. I don’t think that she could have if she had wanted to. “Glad to be of service.”

“You know,” she said conversationally as she turned her face out of the pillow and looked at me, “I didn’t know everything about being with a lesbian, of course, when I got involved with Sheila. But the sex was great—at the start. And then it became a little routine.”

“I didn’t know lesbian sex could be routine.”

“Shows what you know. Anyway, I expected lots of oral, didn’t expect the strapon that we use, and other stuff. But you might be surprised—and disappointed—to learn how much sex time we spent just kissing. Boring kissing too. She loves to kiss the back of my hand and my wrist. It’s weird.”

“Says the woman who regularly goes down on another woman,” I said more snidely than I actually meant.

“Not as much as you’d think. Sure, I eat a good amount of pussy, but most of the

sex Sheila and I have is hand to pussy."

"Really?"

"Yeah. We get each other off at the same time."

"And here I was thinking lesbians were constant carpet munchers."

"Ha. Hilarious." She took my hand and placed it on her tiny landing strip. "Not much carpet to munch."

"True," I had to agree. "So how do you have sex most often?" Maybe it was a rude question, but I was curious.

Connie held up her hand, middle and ring fingers together, pinky and index splayed. "Lots of fingering. Lots and lots of fingering. It's easy and pretty good. Then maybe oral sex and strap on sex in equal portions."

"And strapon doesn't do it for you?" I asked.

"Oh, it does," she said. "It was strange when she first put it on and fucked me, but I got used to it. And it's pretty good. And I use it on her every once in a while."

"What about vibrators?" Since she was answering the questions, I didn't stop asking them.

"We have a couple. I use mine alone, mostly. Sometime we use them together, but on ourselves, next to each other."

"Mutual masturbation?" I asked.

"Yeah. That's it. Sometimes we race and sometimes we see how many times we can get off before we're exhausted."

"Um…not to be rude…but it sounds like you have a pretty fucking awesome sex life. What are you complaining about?"

"I'm complaining about not getting real cock every once in a while like I need." She grabbed my limp cock and pulled on it a bit. "Can you get it up for me

again?” she asked.

“Maybe. But I’ll need some help.”

“It’s been a really long time since I’ve had a cock in my mouth.”

Connie wasn’t the most skilled fellatrix I’ve been with, but she had enthusiasm and that counted for a lot.

Chapter Thirteen

IT BECAME A non-discussed topic between Connie and Sheila. Sheila knew that Connie was having sex with men, and probably knew I was one of them, but they didn't talk about it to each other. Sheila, on the few occasions I met and talked with her, was a pure lesbian, had never been attracted to men, had never had sex with a man, her only sexual contacts had been women. She was proud, she told me several times, that she had fallen in love with a bi girl who loved her back and married her.

Connie told Sheila right in front of me that she didn't get to choose who she fell in love with. That made me realize the two had a simmering issue on their sex life that I didn't want to delve too deeply into.

In private, when I pressed Connie on the subject, she said that officially they had a "semi-open" marriage.

"What the hell does that mean?"

"For us, we don't talk about when we have sex with other people."

"You don't?"

"Nope. And, outside our marriage, I'm only supposed to have sex with men and she's only supposed to have sex with other women."

"Really? How does that work?"

"Pretty well so far. You've been the beneficiary of a lot of it."

"Great. Thanks, I suppose."

When I contacted Connie to tell her I'd be in her city, she was very excited. "Great! I've got an important question to ask you."

"Okay. Go ahead."

"No, this is the sort of thing that I need to do in person."

When I met her in the hotel bar the next day, Connie looked fantastic. Her short

black hair was longer than I remembered and her bangs were still always falling into her eyes, but her form-fitting clothes told me nothing else on her body had changed at all. We greeted each other with a light kiss and sat down at one of the small tables. “What is it that you wanted to ask me?”

The light in the bar was dim, but I could still tell she blanched at the question. “I need a drink first.”

We made small talk until the waitress brought our drinks and Connie consumed half of hers in one gulp.

“I didn’t know you had recently become an alcoholic,” I commented after she put the glass down.

“And I can see why you never got your stand-up comedy career off the ground,” she shot back. She frowned and then added, “Sorry. Just need a bit of Dutch courage first.”

“Is this going to be an admission of some deep, dark secret?” I asked nervously. What I didn’t want to hear from her was a confession of undying love for me and that she had married Sheila without thinking it through.

“No. You already know all my secrets. Well, the important ones, anyway.”

“Good to know.”

She took another sip of her drink and blurted out, “Sheila and I want to have kids.”

That didn’t sound terrible to me. “Congratulations,” I said a little too quickly.

“And we want you to supply the sperm,” she immediately added.

Her timing couldn’t have been worse. I had just taken a sip and coughed when she spoke the words. I managed to not wind up with the contents of my glass all over my shirt and pants, but it was a close battle. “You’re kidding,” I said after I recovered a bit.

“No,” she said evenly. “We want to use someone we know.”

“Oh…so I guess you’ve eliminated sperm banks already.”

“Yes.”

“And everyone else you’ve asked has said no?” I asked trying to avoid the real issue.

“We haven’t asked anyone else.”

“Oh.”

“You should be flattered.”

“I…am. I’m also surprised,” I managed to say.

“Why? You’re a great guy and an old friend.”

“I just haven’t considered being a father,” I told her.

“You won’t be the father. Well, biologically speaking, yes. But because Sheila and I are married you won’t be legally responsible for the baby. Two mommies, no daddy needed.”

“A very modern family.”

She finished her drink. “Truly.”

“What if I say no?” I asked nervously.

She looked away before refocusing on me and then looking over my shoulder, unable to meet my gaze. “Then we won’t be having sex. The timing is good. I’m ovulating now.”

“Now?” I asked suddenly realizing what exactly she was hinting at.

“Yeah,” she told me. “That’s why if you say no, Sheila and I have someone else in mind and I need to call her to let her know she needs to get in touch with Grant.”

“Grant. So I have competition.”

Connie rested her hand on top of mine. “Come on, Jake. What would have happened if I had gotten pregnant any of the dozen or so times we’ve had sex before?”

“I…don’t know.”

“Well, I could have just gone up to your room and fucked you and hoped for the best and never told you the truth, but I decided to be honest. Here’s the thing about ovulation: it makes me horny. I can’t escape my biological destiny.”

“Why you and not Sheila?” I asked, trying to avoid what she really wanted from me.

“That was a long series of discussions. Short answer: she doesn’t want to have sex with a man.”

“Artificial insemination—” I began.

She cut me off. “Nope. Not going to happen with Sheila.” She reached across the small table and tapped my glass. “Finish up. You’ve got work to do upstairs.”

“You’ve already decided this for me, haven’t you?”

“Yes.”

“And if I refuse, I get cut off from you, don’t I?”

“Forever,” she said.

“You know there are plenty more married women in the world I can bang.”

“But will you find another one tonight?”

We were upstairs five minutes later getting naked in my hotel room. Connie’s body hadn’t changed at all over the years. Maybe her breasts weren’t as perfectly perky as they had been when we first got together, but they were still incredibly beautiful. The one real change to her body that I saw right away came after she removed her underwear. She still shaped her pubes into a neat landing strip, but

next to that strip she now had a small tattoo. I stared at it as she stood in front of me, waiting to see if I needed some encouragement to get hard. Normally just seeing her naked body made me stand up like a teenage boy working out a problem at the board in the front of math class. Today I was a little slower.

“Are you staring at my pussy or my ink?” she asked me.

“The tattoo is new,” I said, half dodging her question.

“Sheila and I got them a little while ago,” she told me. “Hers matches mine exactly.”

“Oh, is it a lesbian thing?” It was a stupid question. The tattoo was purple ink of two connected Venus symbols. Of course it was a lesbian thing.

“What do you think?” she asked sarcastically.

“I think it’s very nice.” It didn’t matter what I thought. I was only thinking about her pussy, not her skin art.

“You just want to have sex, don’t you?” she asked me. My cock gave me away. It was rising up. I had to admit, the idea of fucking with the intent purpose of getting Connie pregnant was a bit of a stimulant to my libido. She looked at my semi-hard cock and slowly shook her head. “It’s always easy to tell when a man wants to have sex.”

“Yeah, that’s because he always wants to have sex,” I quipped. “Women keep things hidden.” I stepped up to her and placed my fingers between her legs, feeling her pussy. Her lips were wet and hot. “You’re ready too,” I said.

“Is it that obvious?” I asked as her eyes fluttered with desire and she rubbed herself against my fingers.

“Yes.”

“I’m nervous,” she admitted. “I’ve never done it without a condom before.”

“Not even with Sheila?” I teased.

She groaned and pulled me toward the bed. “Shut up. We need to fuck.”

And just like that we swept back the covers got on the bed, and got our bodies aligned. It didn't take much fumbling. We both knew what we were doing. I'd fucked plenty of women bareback before because they were on birth control of one sort or another—in fact the majority of women I slept with I didn't use condoms with—but Connie was the exception. I had always used one with her. Entering her pussy for the first time when there was nothing between us was heavenly.

We didn't fuck or just have sex. To be corny, we actually made love in the old fashioned sense. It was slow, elegant and relaxing. There was much more kissing and caressing than what I was used to with any of my other partners, but it was good all the same.

At last, when I finally came in her, she gasped with the hot thrill of cum spraying inside her pussy. The expression on her face told me that little bit of hot fluid made her fall over the edge into orgasm once again.

"Incredible, incredible," she muttered over and over while we both slowly descended from our orgasmic highs. When I got off her she didn't immediately run for the bathroom but instead brought her knees up to her chest and she wrapped her arms around the back of her knees.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Making sure the sperm gets to where it needs to go," she reported matter-of-factly. Connie didn't remain completely still; she wiggled her butt back and forth a little like she was shaking my spunk down into her womb. It was strange, but it made sense. I tried not to be dismissive of the situation.

After cleaning up in the bathroom I laid back down next to Connie. Her legs were still in the air. "Does Sheila know where you are right now?"

"Yes."

"Does she know what you're doing?"

"Right now at this particular moment?" she asked. "No. But she knows I'm here to have sex with you, to get pregnant."

"Okay then."

Silence for a minute and then she said, “I’m going to spend the night, is that okay?”

“Sure. That’s fine.” Normally with Connie it was a couple of quick fucks in the hotel, and then she went home to Sheila. This was a switch.

“We need to have sex once more tonight,” she informed me, “and then once more in the morning. That would be great.”

“Can do,” I replied happily knowing I’d have a steady supply of married pussy for the next twelve hours.

“And then you need to come to my place tomorrow. I promised Sheila she could watch while we have sex.”

That was new. “Okay…I didn’t think she was into hetero sex.” Just the suggestion made me cautious.

“She’s not, but she wants to be part of my impregnation.”

“Sure. Makes sense.” If Sheila wanted to watch her wife get fucked by me, I didn’t really have the right to complain or say no.

“Are you into anal sex?” Connie asked as she lowered her legs for a moment and then brought them back up.

“Umm…I’ve done it before, but I’m not a huge fan. Why do you ask? It’s not like you can get pregnant that way.”

She smacked my chest with the back of her hand and lifted her legs back up. “I know that. It’s just that Sheila wants to be part of me getting pregnant…”

“Right…” I prompted Connie, gesturing with my hand, indicating she should continue.

“She’s got a special scenario in her head.”

“What kind of scenario?”

“She’s pretty dominant in bed, you know that right?”

“Right.” I did; this wasn’t new information. Connie had given me some details of her sex life with her lesbian lover and wife, just enough to keep a straight guy interested, which didn’t take much. Beyond the normal things two women would do, Sheila liked tying up Connie and using her that way, with toys and fingers and such. Nothing really out there or truly kinky, just fun stuff.

“She wants to dominate both of us at the same time.”

“Okay.” It sounded just fun and kinky enough to interest me.

“You know what pegging is, right?” Connie asked, lowering her legs one last time and turning her head to look at me.

I froze.

Chapter Fourteen

THE THING ABOUT Sheila was that even though she was barely an inch over five feet tall, she had an incredible presence in the room making it seem like she was six feet tall. She was in excellent shape like Connie was—I think the two of them fed off each other in not wanting to disappoint the other by turning flabby—and this time I met her she had dyed her light brown hair to a vivid purple highlighted with blue streaks. It hung straight down to her shoulders and framed her face.

“Hello Sheila,” I greeted her with a smile and outstretched hand as Connie escorted me into their home.

She didn’t shake my hand but looked me up and down, evaluating me, making sure I hadn’t gotten fat in the six months since we had last met. “Good to see you, Jake. Did you fuck my wife last night?”

The boldness of her question startled me, but I did my best to quickly recover. “Yes, I did. She’s probably knocked up right now,” I said a little too boldly.

“Probably not,” she contradicted me. “I’m going to be the one to make sure things get done properly.”

I glanced nervously at Connie who seemed to know that she had to be the buffer between Sheila and me. “There’s no way to tell, is there, sweetie?” Connie said and gave her wife a kiss on the cheek.

“Are you okay?” Sheila asked with real concern. “He didn’t hurt you?”

“No. Of course not. Jake is always a gentleman.”

That gave me some confidence.

Sheila nodded. “Okay. Good. Let’s fuck first and then we can have some dinner.”

After a quick glance at Connie who nodded, I agreed. “Sure, sounds good. How do you want to do this?”

Sheila drew herself up to her full height which managed to make it feel like her head nearly touched the ceiling. “You ever worn a collar during sex before?”

I knew the question was coming, but even so, I wasn't ready for it. "Um. No. Never."

Her lips twisted into the shape of something that was supposed to be a smile, but it really wasn't. "Good. This will be new for you then."

"I've never been fucked in the ass either," I hastened to add and realized right away that was a stupid thing to say. Connie had given me the breakdown on what to expect, but that hadn't made me any calmer.

Sheila repeated herself. "Good. This will be new for you then."

The three of us went to the bedroom which—to my eyes at least—was surprisingly ordinary. Maybe I was expecting a lesbian marriage bed to have some special, secret quality not found elsewhere on Earth. As soon as we entered, Sheila reached underneath the bed and pulled out an commonplace plastic storage bin, the sort people use to store sweaters or photo albums. Except the contents of this one was a large variety of sex toys. I'm not a prude but neither am I a professional kinkster, but the storage bin contained more sex toys in one place than I had ever seen before.

Sheila pulled out a pair of pink leather collars along with a long metal leash. "Here we are," she said as she stood up and turned around to face us. Connie and I had been standing silently in the middle of the room watching her. When she saw that we hadn't moved, her expression turned angry. "Get undressed and put these on," she said firmly. "I don't feel like waiting for you two." She pulled her shirt over her head revealing a plain black sports bra.

Connie immediately complied and I followed suit. It seemed a strange prelude for a sexual encounter, but my life had more than a few strange turns. Sheila left on her bra and underwear, while Connie stripped naked. After giving me a sidelong glance and seeing I barely had unbuttoned my shirt, she said, "Come on, Jake. The longer you take to get undressed, the longer this whole thing takes." The smile on her face told me she was eager to play Sheila's little game.

Before I knew it Connie was naked and Sheila handed her the pink collar which Connie effortlessly secured it around her neck. It was obvious she had done this before. "Get your pants off," Sheila said, more than a little annoyed at me because I was taking so long. With a sigh she handed the other pink collar to Connie. "Help him with this when he's done." After that pronouncement, she

went back to the toy box, rooting around in it, looking for something else. What we were doing was going to take a lot of artificial aides. That was the face of modern sex, I supposed.

Once I was done undressing, Connie put the leather collar around my neck and buckled it into place. It wasn't too tight—it if had been I would have been strangled to death in short order—but the weight felt strange. I was used to wearing a shirt and tie to work, but this was completely different. I didn't want to see myself in a mirror. Most bondage porn I had seen used metal collar or black leather or something similar. The pink collar was a little too feminine for my taste, but looked pretty on Connie. I'm not sure what the dynamic between her and Sheila was, but I was just along for the ride.

"Ready for this?" Sheila asked and I turned around to look at her. She had put on a strapon hardness that was sporting a rather impressive dildo that grew out of her crotch. It wasn't huge, but it looked large on her small, muscular body, and since I was almost fully flaccid at the moment, it put me to shame. A quick glance from Sheila told her everything she needed to know. "Apparently not." Her eyes went to Connie. "I thought you said he never had any trouble getting it up."

"Just a bit nervous," I said, making an excuse for myself.

"He'll get hard," Connie promised. "I'll help him out."

A nod acknowledged Connie's offer and I saw the lube in Sheila hand. "Do you want to get yourself ready or do you need her help for this as well?" She asked the question with a smirk.

"I'll do it myself," I said taking the lube from her and squirting a huge amount into the palm of my hand. Naturally I hadn't thought this through because Connie got down in front of me to take my cock in her mouth and I was left with a handful of lube while she sucked on me. I helplessly looked at Sheila who took the lube back from me and ran a strip of it along her dildo, getting it ready.

As weird as it sounds, being naked in a room with two lesbians (okay, a lesbian and a bisexual woman) excited me and that got me harder than what Connie was doing to my cock. I knew I was there to perform a certain job and they really only wanted one thing from me, but there wasn't any harm in enjoying one's job.

“Wow, you got hard really fast,” Connie said, popping my cock out of her mouth. “Are you ready?” She asked, pulling me by the cock toward the bed. I wanted to follow but Sheila had taken hold of my elbow and was restraining me.

“Just a little precaution to make sure things don’t get out of hand with her,” she said as she grabbed the ring on the pink collar around my neck and snapped the end of the leash onto it. I felt controlled—which is what she wanted, I’m sure—and a little humiliated. That abated slightly when Sheila took the other leash in her hand and snapped it to Connie’s collar. I had the distinct impression this was something they had done before. Maybe not with me or some other third party in the room but they had definitely had sex with one of them—probably Connie—wearing a collar and leash.

Sheila looped the end of the leashes around her wrist and nodded for us to proceed. It was somewhat hard to do so with the restraint, but Connie wasn’t bothered by it, so I just went along with the game.

“Just give me a minute,” I said while applying the lube to my ass. It was an awkward, silly position to be in, but I wanted to be fully prepared. It only took a moment and when I was done, Connie proceeded to pull me down on the bed with her as her wife watched. I wiped the last of the lube on the entrance to Connie’s pussy, but it was largely unnecessary; she was already wet enough for me.

An audible gasp filled the air when I entered Connie. Both of us froze when we realized it had come from Sheila. Together we looked at her from our positions on the bed. This was the first and only time I had ever seen Sheila contrite in any way. “Sorry. I just never saw her have sex with anyone else before. Especially a man.” She looked down at the harness over her black cotton underwear, actively avoiding looking at us. After a long, uncomfortable moment she glanced up and all but barked at us, “Get on with it.”

Not wanting to piss off Sheila, I started thrusting into Connie. The sensation of the hard metal link leash on my back was distracting, but not so distracting that I couldn’t have sex. Connie didn’t seem to mind her collar and leash, even as it went over my shoulder and back to Sheila. She smiled at me, knowing what was coming. It was only when Sheila got on the bed behind me that I started to truly get nervous. She rested her free hand on my ass to stop me from moving. “You’re going to have to hold still a minute while I do this.”

If porn has done one bad thing for sex, it's that it has given people the idea that odd positions and combinations are easily done. What the three of us were doing wasn't all that strange, but is usually done by professionals in front of a camera. It took Sheila some effort to get the dildo into my ass, even with the lube. It felt odd at first, but I quickly got used to it. There was some minor pain as she used me with a few thrusts in and out of me, but that quickly presented us with the question of how I should thrust into Connie. It wasn't an easy solution. Eventually we both had to withdraw, pile up some pillows and get repositioned before we settled on positions and a rhythm that worked for us all. All the while Sheila kept a firm hold on the leashes, letting us know that she was definitely in charge.

Connie was on the bottom, on her back with some pillows under her ass, and I was inside her with my cock, in the traditional missionary position. Sheila knelt behind me with her fake dick buried in my ass. We learned how to move together and I started appreciating how it must feel to some women to be fucked with a cock. It was mind-bending that someone was using your body for pleasure and you took pleasure from them using you.

"You like this, sweetie?" Sheila said to Connie over my shoulder. I noticed they were holding hands as we fucked. It was a much more loving gesture than just having sex. They barely seemed to be aware of the Connie's collar and leash which led me to conclude this was a normal part of sex for them. I was there for their amusement and to get Connie pregnant. Nothing more. I felt used…and I kind of liked it.

"Hell yes."

"You like guy cock better than my girl cock?" Sheila asked.

"No. Different, not better."

"I'm going to make you pregnant though him, sweetie," Sheila grunted as she increased the strength of her thrusts. "We going to have a baby all our own."

I didn't mind being used especially after I realized halfway through our little group game was that I liked having a dildo up my ass while fucking Connie. It was bizarre at first, but a person can get used to anything and start to enjoy it. Sheila and I were able to coordinate our movements so I'd press into Connie at the same time she was pressing into me. Judging just by the noises she made,

Sheila was more than enjoying her first time with a man. She got off at least once and probably twice before I did. Looking down at Connie, I knew she was in heaven because she had both of her lovers in bed with her at the same time. It was never hard to make Connie cum and she did so several times before I came and filled her pussy with my cum. All the while Sheila never stopped thrusting. I wasn't sure if I came because I wanted to or if I came because Sheila fucked it out of me. Either way, it was still good.

Getting disconnected was the worst part and the leashes only made it more difficult. Once we were done I felt much better about the situation. Connie and Sheila were holding each other, laughing lightly, and kissing. Call me old fashioned, but there's nothing quite so sweet as two lesbians sharing loving kisses.

"You want more?" Sheila asked her wife.

"I always want more, especially with you."

"Want me to take it off?" Sheila asked, indicating the fake phallus jutting up from her legs.

"Uh-uh. I want the both of you again." I recognized the glint in Connie's eyes. I'd seen it before. She was a lust addict and she would want more and more.

"We can do that."

"But I want it differently," Connie clarified.

What constituted differently for Connie turned out to be fairly complex. She wanted both of us in her at the same time. I suppose I should have been somewhat grateful that my ass wasn't getting used a second time because I was a bit sore. We repositioned ourselves. This time we were on our sides with Connie in the middle. By now I barely noticed the leashes and the collar around my neck. I was facing Connie and Sheila behind Connie. I didn't realized lesbians could be into anal sex but Connie was willing to let Sheila fuck her in the ass while I fucked her pussy.

"Is this too much for you?" I asked after she had sucked on my cock to get me hard again and then put it inside her. Sheila had been first to enter Connie with the fake cock she was still wearing.

“Uh-uh,” Connie grunted. I wasn’t sure if she simply wasn’t able to speak or if she was enjoying herself too much. She wasn’t complaining so there was no reason to stop the sex. “Full,” she managed to say. “Very full.”

That made sense since she had two cocks in her at the moment. Sheila happily fucked Connie’s ass while forcing Connie’s head to turn around so they could share kisses. Connie was happy to kiss Sheila and me while we had sex. Maybe she loved being caught between the two of us, getting touched by both of us, being able to kiss the both of us, switching from one to the other. While I liked kissing Connie, I preferred watching the two of them kiss. Maybe it was a bit creepy watching them, but they had invited me into their bed.

I barely managed a second ejaculation. It wasn’t powerful and was a great relief when it was finally over for me. The two of them had paused at various points during our three-way copulation to orgasm. Sheila kept her hand on her wife’s clit practically the entire time and more than once Connie reached back to help her out.

“I’m exhausted,” I told them when my orgasm was over.

“That’s why men are the weaker sex,” Sheila informed me. “No stamina.” Even so, she still pulled her cock out of Connie’s ass and headed to the bathroom to clean up. She dropped the leashes’ handles to the bed. Now that I had cum twice apparently I was less of a threat and could be trusted alone with Connie and not do things to her without Sheila’s supervision.

“Thank you,” Connie said giving me a quick kiss. “Sheila and I really appreciate this.”

When she came back, Sheila was completely naked. Her strapon and her underwear were gone and I could see the tattoo that she had just to the side of her pussy which had a landing strip like Connie’s only hers was dyed blue. The tattoos were exact matches. They had to have been done by the same artist. It was right then I realized what a cute couple they were.

She strutted out of the bathroom with complete confidence, which was more than her right because it was her house and I was there as a special guest. “Did you get what you needed, honey?” she asked her wife as she climbed into bed next to Connie and proceeded to unhook the leash from Connie’s collar. It was a little uncomfortable with both of them there, but I didn’t know what to do so I

just stayed, though I did remove my leash seeing that Connie's was now off. Our collars were still on; I think Sheila liked that. While I was removing my leash, I didn't miss Sheila's hand going between Connie's legs.

"I think so. We'll have to wait a few days to find out. Maybe even longer than that."

To Sheila's credit, she didn't pull away when she felt the wetness on Connie's pussy, even after she realized that she wasn't just touching Connie's moisture, but my cum.

"I'd really like to fuck you right now," Sheila said softly and kissed Connie. "Don't you want my girl cock in your pussy?"

Connie had obviously thought this through. "No sex. I don't want any of his semen coming out of me before it has to. In fact, would you be a dear and get me a Softcup from the bathroom." It was odd to see Connie making a request of Sheila because the pink collar around her neck made her seem so subservient. But again, I didn't understand the dynamic between the two women.

This puzzled Sheila, who obviously hadn't given the process as thorough thinking as her wife. "Why? You aren't on your period."

"Yeah, but the cup will keep the sperm inside me for as long as possible. We've already sort of missed the first window when he came in me." She then proceeded to pull her knees up to her chest and assume the same position that she had done the day before with me. I wondered why she didn't do the Softcup trick with me, but that was in the past. Maybe she didn't have one with her, maybe she was too ill at ease to do it in front of me, maybe she did it in the bathroom when I wasn't paying attention.

I looked away as Connie inserted the cup into her body, ostensibly to keep my leavings inside of her. After everything we had done that night, it seems a little too intimate.

"You could probably fuck her with the dildo now," I pointed out to Sheila.

"What?" Both women looked startled. Maybe they had forgotten that I was there.

“As long as you don’t go too deep and disturb the cup, it should be fine for her to have sex, right? Maybe give it a few more minutes, but if anything has happened the critical moment has passed. Go ahead and fuck her.”

The two realized what I was saying was true and grinned madly at each other. “I think this calls for Meredith Baxter, don’t you?” Sheila asked.

Connie nodded emphatically.

“Who’s Meredith Baxter?”

Sheila answered as she rooted about in the plastic sex toy bin .“A lesbian actress from the 80s and a total hottie. Ah-hah!” She jumped up with a double ended dildo that was hot pink and, from my perspective, very average sized. “Nothing too big, right?”

The device was shaped sort of like a boomerang and Sheila proceeded to push one end up inside herself so that she now had another new cock projecting up from her crotch. It was slightly disconcerting to see her having a wider variety of equipment than me. “On your back, little girl,” she ordered Connie. It was odd to hear Sheila call Connie little because Sheila was shorter of the two, but more muscular. The two of them got into the position of any two lovers, with Connie’s legs spread wide and Sheila in between them. From my vantage point I could see why evolution had made women develop wider hips, and it wasn’t just for childbirth. While I easily bit between Connie’s legs, it took them some effort to get their bodies properly aligned, but then again evolution hadn’t accounted for human ingenuity or women sporting fake cocks.

Like most men, I liked watching lesbians have sex. It was beautiful to see Sheila and Connie kissing while they thrusted their hips back and forth at each other, both enjoying the pleasures of the double headed dildo. If I hadn’t already cum twice that evening, I would have taken my cock in hand and jerked off to the two of them. But I didn’t have enough desire; I couldn’t get it up. All I could do was watch.

I wasn’t disappointed by the show.

It lasted a long time and when they were finally done—and I think they only stopped because they were exhausted after too many orgasms—I slipped off the bed. “I think I’d better go back to my hotel. It’s late and you two don’t need me

around.”

To my surprise, it was Sheila who stopped me. “Don’t go. You can sleep in the other bed and be here in the morning. “

“Are you going to make me breakfast?” I joked.

Sheila laughed. “Of course not. That’s Connie’s job. I just want you to fuck her again, just be extra sure she’s gotten her belly full.”

It wasn’t the most romantic proposition I’d received, but I agreed. “Sure.” When I reached for the collar to take it off and sleep in comfort, Sheila shook her head.

“Leave it on. I like you with it on.”

Connie came into my room in the morning, which was a nice way to be woken up. She was naked except for her pink leather collar. I wondered what we looked like to outside eyes, two people wearing pink matching bondage collars at the behest of her lesbian lover. “Want to have sex?” she asked me, already knowing the answer.

“Yes.”

“Want to have some kinky sex?”

“Isn’t it always that way with you?”

“Yes. And put your collar back on.” When I was alone in the guest bedroom, I had removed my collar—what Sheila didn’t know didn’t hurt her, I figured—but going back to the Connie’s bedroom meant I had to put a show on for Sheila.

Connie led me back to her bedroom where I found Sheila still in bed, which wasn’t a surprise. The fact that she was bound to the bedframe by her hands over her head and her ankles held to the footboard by pink cuffs that matched the collar around Connie’s neck was surprising.

“You ready for this, honey?” Connie asked her wife. Sheila only nodded her head. She wasn’t gagged, she could have spoken. Maybe she was too afraid,

maybe she didn’t trust her voice, or maybe she felt too vulnerable. I don’t know.

“What’s going on?” I asked. I was already sporting morningwood, but I could feel it getting harder by the second.

“Sheila wants to try something, but she’s scared.”

I immediately figured it out. “She wants to try sex with a man, but she’s afraid,” I immediately concluded. It made perfect sense. Sheila had never been with a man and wanted to try it out, but didn’t want to chicken out halfway through either, so she had asked Connie to tie her to the bed and have me fuck her while her wife watched. Perfectly understandable.

Connie laughed at me and Sheila barked out, “No!”

I was wrong. Obviously.

When she stopped laughing Connie said, “Sheila is willing to get pregnant with me, but doesn’t want to chicken out. We just need another sample of your sperm.”

“Oh.” I was a little disappointed. How many opportunities in life would I have to deflower a gold star lesbian? “I can jerk off for you, if you want.”

Connie shook her head. “I want something a little more exciting than that. You know what’s fun? Forcing my wife to watch while I have sex with a man right in front of her and she can’t do anything about it.” With those words Connie got down on her knees and started licking and sucking my cock, which was largely unnecessary because I was already hard, but I figured she wanted me to cum in her mouth, but that wasn’t the case either.

The blowjob lasted just long enough for Sheila to get a good look and then Connie stood up and pulled my face down to her pussy. “Get me good and wet,” she ordered. As I was going down on her I glanced over at Sheila and realized that her pussy was already dripping wet. I could see her engorged labia were open just enough to let me know what she and Connie had been up to.

I loved eating pussy: the smell, the taste, the tactile sensations, the reaction from the woman. Today was even better than normal because I had to do it while kneeling in front of Connie and with Sheila watching. I’m sure it had to kill

Sheila a little to see me pleasuring her wife, but that was the game we were playing.

Abruptly Connie pushed me away from her pussy and turned around to half bend over the bed, her forearms supporting her weight as she presented her toned ass at me. “Fuck me, but don’t cum in me,” she told me.

“Huh?”

“If you cum in me, we can’t use it in Sheila,” she pointed out.

“Oh. Right.”

I put one hand on Connie’s hip and used the other to guide my cock up between her legs and into her pussy. As I started pumping away she reminded me, “Tell me before you cum.”

“You got it.”

It had been hours since I had last cum and it was early in the morning so I was eager to finish quickly.

“Oh shit, it’s gonna happen,” I blurted out.

Quicker than I could follow, Connie pushed me away and turned over, letting me see the expanse of her body, while she grabbed my cock and started stroking me. “Go ahead and cum.”

I couldn’t have stopped if I had wanted to. My climax felt good and I spurted my cum all over Connie’s stomach. I would have loved to have sprayed it on her tits and neck and face and tummy and pussy and everywhere, but that’s not what she wanted. Instead I let it go on her landing in several small puddles on her flesh. It was satisfying, but not exactly what I wanted.

“Hand me the syringe on the nightstand,” she told me, pointed to the small plastic tube next to the bed. It was an item you could buy in any pharmacy but knowing what the intended purpose was, it made me a little queasy to pick it up. Still, I did so and transferred it to Connie’s eager fingers. She put the nozzle into one of the spunk puddles I had left behind and she sucked up the viscous fluid. She repeated this process with every drop that had fallen on her body.

Throughout all of this Sheila had been watching, but had remained silent. Once the syringe was loaded, Connie turned to her wife. “Ready for this?”

Sheila violently shook her head. “No. I changed my mind. I’m not doing this.”

“Sorry, honey, but we talked about this and we both agreed that you were going to say no at the last minute and that I wasn’t to listen to you. This is going inside you and we’re going through this together.” Connie kept her voice even and calm while Sheila struggled against her bindings.

“No, no, no,” she repeated over and over as Connie crouched next to her and inserted the snub-nosed syringe into her wife. It was small enough that I knew it didn’t hurt her, but Sheila’s eyes went wide and she tried bucking her hips to dislodge the tube, but Connie was ready for her. “Don’t, don’t, don’t,” she begged, but Connie didn’t listen. A minute later, it was over and Connie withdrew the syringe and gave her wife a kiss at the top of her slit.

“There. All done. It wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“We shouldn’t have done this. We shouldn’t have done this,” Sheila said. There was a wild look in her eye. I wasn’t sure if she was excited or terrified. It was probably both which put her in the same position as just about every woman who considered getting pregnant.

“It’ll be fine, dear,” Connie said smoothly. “Don’t forget, he’s in me too. Now, don’t go anywhere until I get you a Softcup.”

Connie left for the bathroom and I just stood there with my dick in my hand, staring at Sheila who glared back at me. We didn’t say a word to each other; we didn’t know what to say. It was a relief when Connie returned with the small feminine hygiene supply that had been co-opted in use as an insemination aid. Sheila didn’t resist as Connie put the item inside her wife in the hopes that it would assist in her impregnation.

Afterward, after we had removed our collars, showered, gotten dressed, had breakfast, and I had packed up what little I had brought with me, Sheila cornered me in the kitchen when Connie was occupied for a few minutes. “Thank you,” she said.

“Thanks for what?” I asked cautiously. We had barely exchanged words since Connie had used the syringe on her.

“For everything. For being the dependable man in Connie’s life. I know she’s bi but I love her and if I don’t give her the chance for some real cock every once in a while, she’d leave me. For being so willing to help out getting her pregnant. For not thinking what we did today and yesterday was weird. For,” and here she paused and took in a deep breath, “for maybe getting me pregnant as well. It’s a lot to ask and you’ve been very nice about it.”

I didn’t tell her that I did think the whole thing was weird and I certainly didn’t say that the reason I was being nice about the whole situation was because fucking two women in whatever capacity was incredibly hot and I doubted I’d be given another chance in my life to repeat this particular adventures. “Well, you’re welcome. I suppose it’s the least I could do.” I paused and then—regretfully—asked about our strange morning sex. “Did you actually want Connie to do that to you this morning?”

Sheila looked away. “Yeah. The idea of sex with men creeps me out and I had sort of transferred that to getting pregnant. Believe it or not, lesbians can find hetero sex icky.”

“I can believe it.”

“So I had to convince Connie to do what she did. I knew I was going to act that way and she was strong enough to do what I actually needed.”

“And here I was thinking she was totally submissive to you.”

Finally Sheila looked back at me. “Submissive doesn’t mean weak. Don’t ever forget that. Too many men think women are weak. We aren’t.”

“I believe you.”

From deeper in the house we heard Connie approaching. “Anyway, thanks again. I guess you prove that all men aren’t sleazes.”

Her final words killed me because all too often when bedding married women, I felt like a sleaze, but it never stopped me from bedding more of them.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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