

Title: Then We Were Three

Codes: MFF

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Version 1.0

Then We Were Three

Kayla, the beautiful young woman who was to become my wife, started dating me late in our junior year at the local university campus. We'd both started at community colleges and transferred after our two years were up.

A natural blonde with hand-sized boobs and a killer figure, Kayla had the makings of a popular girl on any campus if not for a deep streak of shyness around strangers. She was studying nursing, and I was determined to get an accounting degree and then sit for the C.P.A. exam, so I could earn some real money.

I studied hard those two years at university, though toward the end of my senior year my studying took a bit of a backseat as I began working hard on my sex life. That's when Kayla had moved out of the dorms and started sharing my off-campus digs with me, despite their being grody and definitely low rent. We married quietly the month after graduation, quietly because we were broke and couldn't afford much of a wedding.

In between Kayla's moving in and the wedding we had fucked like rabbits when not studying. Our favorite position, or at least mine, was when Kayla had me lie on my back with my ass on a pillow. A wet and warm washcloth applied lovingly to my parts was the prelude to some lovely tongue work on my dick, my balls, my thighs, and -- yes, yes, yes! -- my anus. There are advantages to hooking up with a nursing student who wants to lovingly practice what she's learned.

After she was through with the tongue bath, we'd flip positions, her ass floating on that pillow, all the better for me to lick her cunt and clit and then ram my dick deep into her socket.

After our low-budget wedding, Kayla went to work in a nearby hospital, while I spent the last of my savings on a C.P.A. prep exam course and studied, studied, studied harder than I had while in school. The concentrated book work paid off when I passed the C.P.A. exam on my first try and took a job with a regional accounting firm at a nice salary. We were on our way up!

Fast forward a year or so. Kayla and I were now twenty-three and really enjoying each other, or so I thought. That's when she dropped the bombshell.

"Sweetheart," she said one night, while gently stroking my dick. "Sweetheart, I know you're not prepared for this, but hear me out, please!" She kissed me and looked deep into my brown eyes with her vivid sapphires sparkling in the soft light of a bedside lamp. "Sweetheart, I want a sister wife."

A sister wife? What the...? Kayla's mom had fled a fundamentalist Mormon settlement when she'd turned 18. Throughout Kayla's childhood her mom had taught her to despise religion and especially polygamists. Perhaps that's why Kayla had been fanatical about watching TV reality shows about guys with multiple wives, trying to

work out exactly what her mom had run away from.

Two months earlier, Kayla had gotten in touch with the grandmother she'd never met. Grandma Sharon had encouraged her to visit the polygamist colony known as the Settlement, which Kayla did a few weeks later. I'd been surprised the polygamists had allowed Kayla to visit, but I guess the TV shows had eased some of their well-known paranoia, and perhaps the massive and well-publicized police raid on another settlement in Texas a few years earlier had persuaded them it was better to be somewhat open than live in the shadows.

Kayla climbed on top of me, cowgirl style, and pinioned my dick in her pill-protected pussy. She moved slowly, deliberately, her pussy milking my dick by tightening and relaxing, as she continued talking about what she wanted.

"Grandma Sharon introduced me to Ashtyn, who's turning 18 next week and is as determined to flee the Settlement as was my mom, maybe even more so. But Ashtyn's different. She just wants to get away from the fundamentalists, not from polygamy.

"And, Honey, I think you'd like her. In fact, I know you would. And wouldn't you like having two women to fuck, not just one? What could be better than double pussy?"

She had me there, and she certainly had the interest of my little head. I got super hard thinking about fucking two women and didn't last much longer. I pumped jizz and more jizz into Kayla's cunt while she frenched me and kept pulsing her cunt around my cock.

"I'm not saying yes, and I'm not saying no," I told Kayla after we were through making love. "I'm married to you, and having watched all those reality shows with you, we both know that jealousy is a constant companion to every sister wife.

"And what about living arrangements?" I added. "This is a one-bedroom apartment. Do we move, scrape up the rent for a second apartment, or...."

"Shussh," said Kayla, as she placed a hand over my mouth. "We can work out living arrangements later. For now, let's just have Ashtyn hop into bed with us. That should work, and it certainly would be fun. And I think knowing what you two are doing would ease any jealousy issues that might afflict me."

The following week, after Kayla and I fucked even more than normal thanks to our horny anticipation of getting Ashtyn into bed with us, we headed to Grandma Sharon's polygamist Settlement. We'd arranged to meet Sharon and Ashtyn in a discreet area outside the Settlement's property. Kayla had refused to show me a cell phone picture of the teenager, saying some people have to be seen to be fully appreciated. Even so, I thought I was prepared to meet the young woman.

I'd deluded myself.

Kayla had said the polygamists lived modestly and simply in a remote area, but even so I was stunned at the remoteness. We drove for miles and miles across a vast valley in New Mexico, up into mountains, and then down again. After several repetitions of valleys and mountains, Kayla turned into a side road -- a better description is a rutted trail littered with bits of broken asphalt -- and we drove for more miles. She seemed unsure of herself and checked her SatNav unit several times to make sure we were on the right road.

"Ah, there it is," she finally exclaimed, and pulled our car into a small area under a large tree. "Now we wait till dark."

The New Mexico sun finally settled behind a distant mountain, and minutes later there was a rapping on Kayla's window. I could barely see an ancient face looking in. "Show time," Kayla announced.

Upon getting out of the car I noticed only an ancient woman who proceeded to hug Kayla. She looked in my direction and nodded but said nothing. She turned and spoke softly to a shadow that had appeared near the tree trunk: "Everything's OK. Show yourself, Ashtyn."

A slim girl wearing a simple A-line dress of coarse off-white homespun that covered her to the ankles came out of the darkness and into the dim light cast by the car's interior.

Her hair could only be described as flaxen, long and yellow and reaching almost to butt. As she drew nearer, I began to make out details of her face. Her eyes were blue, her face was oval with just a few small craters where teen-age pimples had flawed her skin, her nose thin and delicate, her lips pleasantly shaped into entrancing curves, like a love boat bouncing on erogenous seas.

Ashtyn wedged herself between Kayla and Sharon, her body mostly hidden. "We haven't got time for much ceremony," Grandma Sharon said quietly. "The Settlement will start searching for us soon."

Turning to me, she said: "Dan, do you accept Ashtyn as your wife to love for all time, to cherish, and to care for her in sickness and in health?"

I certainly hadn't expected this! But I rose to the occasion and said simply, "I do."

"Kayla, do you accept Ashtyn as your sister-wife, to banish jealousy, and to love her as you love yourself."

"I do," Kayla said, and hugged Ashtyn while kissing her on the forehead.

"Ashtyn, do you accept Dan as your husband and Kayla as your sister-wife, to love them as you love yourself and to banish thoughts of jealousy?"

"I do, I do" the girl said, bouncing up and down on her feet while a world-class smile stretched across her face.

"Dan and Ashtyn and Kayla, I now pronounce you man and wife and sister wife. Go ahead, Ashtyn. You may kiss your husband."

Ashtyn giggled. "OK," she said and, stepping between Kayla and Sharon, launched herself at me and almost knocked me over. She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me passionately, deeply, hungrily.

"That's enough!" Sharon said firmly. "You guys get your butts in the car and get out of here, before the vigilantes come after you and drag Ashtyn back."

I headed to the driver's seat, but Kayla, in a voice as firm as Sharon's, ordered me to get in the back seat with Ashtyn so I could "get to know her." Ashtyn cuddled up to me as Kayla pulled out and headed down the road to the distant highway. The car was bouncing on the rough road, so kissing was dentally dangerous, but Ashtyn didn't seem to care. We kissed time and again and hugged each other tightly. Finally Ashtyn broke away.

I couldn't see much of her in the darkness, and I could barely hear her soft whisper over the banging of the car's suspension as the tires hit rut and pothole after pothole: "You're the first guy I've ever kissed, and you're wonderful!"

"So are you," I replied. "So are you."

"Are you going to deflower me now, here in the back seat?" Ashtyn asked.

"No," I said, not surprised to hear that she was a virgin. "Let's wait till we're all home."

"OK, I'd like that," she said.

Over the next two days, as we drove home, ate at restaurants, bought clothing for Ashtyn, and spent the nights cuddling in cheap motels, I learned that Ashtyn's father, a carpenter, had eight wives and 31 children and was gone most of the time, working on construction projects across several states. His wives grew what they could in home gardens, made and swapped the kids' clothes, and collected as much state aid as they could. When the father was at home, he picked his night's partner based on the wives' ovulation charts, which was how he managed to have lots of kids amid lots of absences.

Ashtyn wanted none of that way of living. She was excited that we were city folk, and she was intent on getting an education and a good job. But she also couldn't imagine life without a sister wife. She'd confided in Grandma Sharon, who had latched onto Kayla and me, sight unseen, almost from the day Kayla first contacted her.

We arrived at our home early on a Saturday afternoon, road weary from the trip but pumped at the thought of what was in store for that night. Ashtyn and Kayla spent the rest of the day buying toiletries and yet more clothes for Ashtyn. I went to the gym to work out the road kinks and spent a couple hours on my firm's laptop, burning through the emails that had populated the inbox. After the shoppers returned, I soon abandoned the laptop, distracted by the giggles and squeals coming from behind the bedroom door. Judging by the commotion, I was married to two tweens, not two women, including one who had a nursing shift the next afternoon.

A one-bedroom apartment is no one's idea of ideal housing for a married threesome. On the way home from Grandma Sharon's we'd promised Ashtyn that we'd switch to a two-bedroom apartment as soon as possible (assuming our threesome worked out, though Kayla and I didn't mention that footnote to Ashtyn).

We'd also told her that, while we were delighted she wanted to enroll at the nearest community college ASAP, we couldn't afford to rent both a larger apartment and pay out-of-state tuition for Ashtyn. She could study online with a community college in New Mexico, then after establishing residence in our state transfer her credits to the c-college near us. Or she could take what the Brits call a "gap year" of no studying and then enroll at the nearby c-college.

Ashtyn was anxious to begin what she called "real studying," after years of marginal instruction at the public school the polygamists attended only because the State of New Mexico said all kids, including girls, had to attend school. And so she opted for the online route.

She had one more choice to make that evening. Kayla broke the news to her this way, while we were all seated in the living room before dinner: "Ashtyn, we love that you've chosen to marry into our family. We're excited and hope you are, too. Our apartment isn't the typical honeymoon spot, but that's what we can offer you.

"But how do you want the night to unfold? Do you want to spend the night alone with Dan in the bedroom? So you know, we can inflate our Aerobed and I can spend the night here in the living room.

"Or do you want me to be with you in the bedroom, helping you and helping Dan, helping to make it a memorable night and one that's as joyous as possible?"

Ashtyn looked at Kayla and then me, and then turned back to look at Kayla: "Would you just watch, or would you take part?"

"Which would you prefer, Ashtyn?"

"I didn't marry just Dan, I married both of you, and I think this is a night for all three of us. Yes, I'd very much like my sister wife to be there with me, and to join in the blessed moment. I know that sounds kinda dopey, but that's how I feel.

"I think the Lord caused you to get in touch with Sharon at exactly the time when I needed to find a wonderful sister wife and an equally wonderful and handsome husband before I was forced to marry one of the horny, wrinkled, smelly, disgusting old men in the settlement, and I think the Lord would want the three of us to be together not just during the day but also during the night.

"And," she said, barely pausing long enough to breathe, "and I think a one-bedroom apartment is just fine for a man and his two sister wives. It's perfect, in fact."

For dinner we three shared a bottle of wine. Ashtyn was underage, obviously, but Kayla and I thought a bit of wine would help her deal with what was to come. She'd never had alcohol before and she didn't really enjoy the quite dry white wine we served, but nonetheless she drank it.

After a final toast to "the best threesome marriage in the whole world" I announced I was heading to the shower. Ashtyn surprised me with: "Can I join you?"

"Absolutely!" On the trip from the Settlement she'd been eager to kiss and cuddle, but quite shy about allowing me to see her naked in the motel rooms, and in fact I hadn't.

The girls had made sure to buy Ashtyn a bathrobe. She grabbed it and headed to the half-bath off the living room while I stripped in the bedroom and headed into the master bath. Soon, the bathroom door opened slowly and my new wife entered, smiling nervously. "Hi!" was all I could think of to say.

"Hi!" she replied in turn. She looked me over, her eyes taking special notice of my engorged cock standing straight out from my groin. Slowly, she let her bathrobe fall from her shoulders.

A low "whoosh" came from my lips. She was buff and absolutely stunning. Gardening work at the Settlement had burned off whatever baby fat she'd once had. She was slender with full boobs that seemed almost out of place on her thin frame. Her nipples were relatively short and medium pink, her areolas small and a bit puffy.

I kissed her passionately, and she responded in like manner. After adjusting the water temperature, we entered the shower as one, Ashtyn giggling all the time. She explored my body, and I hers. One finger was gently, slowly probing her opening when Kayla hollered into the bathroom. "Hey, you two, save some hot water for me!"

Hopping out, I expected Ashtyn to join me, but Kayla had other ideas. As I was drying off, I could see from the shadows on the shower curtain that Kayla and Ashtyn were continuing the great exploration.

My cock and balls were almost aching at this point. Kayla and I had fucked the first motel night on our way to the Settlement, but that was days ago and I hadn't had release since. It didn't help matters that Kayla had lit scented candles in the bedroom before diving into the shower. The turned-down sheets, the flickering candlelight, the honeysuckle fragrance from the heated wax...everything whispered "sex," and boy was I ready.

Ashtyn and Kayla eventually came out of the bathroom wearing robes, while I sat on the bed naked and still very much erect.

"Shall we?" Kayla asked, and motioned to the bed. Ashtyn hopped in first and lay on her back. I went to her left side, Kayla to her right. I gently started kissing Ashtyn and teasing her left tit and nipple as Kayla leaned in to suckle on her right tit and dance her fingers on the teenager's tummy.

Soon, I could see Kayla moving her fingers south and down the slopes of Ashtyn's mons Venus, which was unshaved and covered with an almost translucent crop of thin blond hair. My wife's fingers began tapping gently on the southmost slope, drumming softly on Ashtyn's clit and lightly circling around it. My hand drifted down past Kayla's and my fingers resumed their explorations of Ashtyn's innermost secrets.

The teenager didn't know how to respond to the two hands gradually awakening her sexuality. She kissed me for a while, then lay back on the bed, savoring the sensations. I began to suckle on her left tit, then moved lips and their kisses lower, to her midriff and then to the top of her mons. Kayla scooted her hand back to the teen's right tit, thereby giving my head a highway to Ashtyn's heavenly flower and nectar.

It was now or never. I wasn't sure how the God-fearing and previously sheltered teen would react to my kissing and licking her genitalia, but she was my wife now and, I hoped, would be compliant. So I pulled my fingers away from her cunt, moved my entire body between her legs, and began kissing her thighs lightly, teasingly.

Soon I was tonguing her clit and licking her labia as though she were an ice cream cone. Kayla had assumed my role in keeping Ashtyn's top half occupied by sharing french kisses and smoothly, lightly, and softly caressing her tits.

I moved my tongue to Ashtyn's entranceway and started probing, quick and shallow at first, sustained and deep later on. As my tongue went deep it touched an obstacle: her maidenhead. My dick had been hard for many minutes now, but touching the fabric of a virgin made it swell even further. It was so hard it almost hurt, in fact it did hurt, but it was a wonderful hurt!

When my tongue started to tire I knew it was time. I moved up the bed and slid my right arm under Ashtyn. "Sweetheart, I want you to climb on top so you can ride me like a cowgirl."

Ashtyn looked puzzled. "Me on top? I don't understand, but OK."

Kayla came to my rescue: "It's so you can control how quickly and how deeply Dan enters you. Don't worry. I'll make sure everything goes great."

Ashtyn nodded and, after giving me a deep kiss, climbed aboard. Kayla positioned the teen's lean body until she was almost parallel to me, with her ass hovering over my cock. Then my wife, smiling at me, guided my dick to the bull's-eye. "Ashtyn, lower yourself on Dan's dick. Go slowly, slowly."

My little head slid right in, then came to the thin pale membrane separating girlhood from womanhood. Ashtyn scrunched up her face, as if she was being pierced by a white-hot poker, then forced her ass down suddenly.

"O my God, that hurts!" she shouted so loudly that my right ear was still ringing some twenty minutes later. Then it was all over. I was balls deep in her, my little head butting up against her cervix.

Neither of us moved for several long moments while Kayla looked lovingly at us, focusing on me, then the teen, then me again, and then the juncture where Ashtyn and I had become one flesh. "Make love, but slowly does it," she said to Ashtyn. "Just move up and down, and enjoy the feeling of your husband being inside you."

Ashtyn obeyed, following the "slowly" order at first but then speeding up as I started to pump my cock in and out of her. And then it was really over, for my balls began signaling that I'd passed into the ecstasy zone, and I fired and pumped days of built-up cum deep into the teen's cunt.

"Ooooooh! I feel you planting seed inside me," Ashtyn said before falling on top of me and kissing me deeply. "Maybe you've seeded my first baby. Hope so. I love you."

As she kissed me, I wondered what the fuck I'd done. I had thought about birth control before fucking the teen, but I had wanted her first time, and my first time in her, to be bareback all the way. Kayla had seconded the notion. "There's no feeling in the world quite like having a guy shoot cum inside you, especially for the first time," she'd said. Of course the feeling had been magnificent for me. But what if I'd just knocked her up? Yikes!

Out of the corner of my eye I could see that Kayla had an odd expression on her face, which quickly vanished when she said, her eyes sparkling, "What a marital consummation! Now, Ashtyn, let's get you and Dan cleaned up and change the sheets." Reluctantly Ashtyn climbed off me, her thighs stained with blood. I looked down and saw that my groin was a bit bloody, too. Ashtyn dragged me into the shower with her, and we lovingly washed each other again, to the accompaniment of multiple kisses.

Fortunately Ashtyn had her period a couple weeks later, and in between I used up several boxes of condoms Kayla had bought for me. After that, Ashtyn was introduced to the Pill. In time, Ashtyn toned down her religiosity as she observed that Kayla and I weren't religious and that the sky didn't fall as a result.

And since we three were married to each other, at least in our eyes and Grandma Sharon's, horny Kayla gradually introduced Ashtyn to the concept of strap-on fucking. Many was the time when, after getting my rocks off, I would help Kayla fuck Ashtyn or Ashtyn fuck Kayla. Sometimes the girls would fuck first and then I'd introduce my special cream into one or the other, or even both vaginas if I was particularly horny.

With the marriage going so well, we stretched our finances and moved into a three-bedroom apartment in another complex and bought a third car for Ashtyn. She finished her online year at the New Mexico community college and began going to classes nearby while working part time as a waitress at a steakhouse.

Kayla was starting to hint that, with her biological clock ticking, maybe it was time for her to have a baby. Ashtyn encouraged her, saying she wanted a large family and would like to have a baby soon as well. My career was going well, so I thought we could afford one or two kids, though I knew childbirth would mean the girls' cunts would never again be so wonderfully tight.

Those were our plans until one Tuesday evening when, during dinner, Kayla's

cellphone rang. "It's Grandma Sharon. I'll put her on speakerphone."

Kayla: "Hi, Grandma Sharon! We're all here and you're on speakerphone."

Ashtyn: "Hi! Hope you're OK and the Settlement isn't punishing you."

Sharon: "I'm fine. No one suspects me of helping you escape, and they're never going to."

Me: "I'm here, too, Grandma Sharon. I want you to know, having Ashtyn join our marriage has been absolutely wonderful. All three of us will be eternally grateful to you."

The chorus of Kayla and Ashtyn: "Yes, thank you, thank you!"

Sharon: "That's why I'm calling. There's another girl here who wants out. Ashtyn, how would you feel about Lynlee joining your family?"

Ashtyn squealed with delight while Kayla and I looked at each other with stunned faces. Another sister wife?

FINI

To be continued, maybe....

Any comments? Email me at: Angler 77@Safe-mail.net