

Jason stood near the end of the aisle, watching the woman in white walk toward him. The entire church was on its feet, and he could hear the mother of the bride sniffing. When the bride drew near, he could just make out Maria's dark eyes through her wintery veil. She looked his way and winked, then continued past on her trip to the altar.

The ceremony was long, and it was hard not to tune it all out. Sometimes the congregation would all say "Amen" and he would look around, wondering when the prayer had started. He was bad at weddings, especially religious ones, and expected Jesus to hop down off of his cross at any moment and drag him out the front door and toss him into the road.

Last time he had seen Maria had been almost three years ago. It was the time he had filled her ass to the brim about an hour before her first date with the man she was about to marry in front of her family today. Looking at the giant cross above the dais, he wondered if Jesus judged him for it, wondered if Maria had been right all along about the loophole.

He also wondered if Jesus would be the kind of guy who liked microbrews. He was a carpenter, after all, and would probably appreciate the amount of craft that went into a good pilsner, or even a sour. He pictured hanging out with the Messiah on his back porch, shooting the shit about how Game of Thrones had ended, maybe grill a couple of steaks and chat about—

"...speak now, or forever hold your peace." the priest announced, and Jason felt all the blood rush out of his face. This was it, the moment where somebody would stand up and announce that Jason had pumped so much cum into this girl that certainly she didn't deserve to wear white, and the groom's party would bum rush him, and the fight would spill over into the pew where Maria's Nana sat, causing the ninety year old to crack her head and—

Naomi pinched him in the side, and he flinched. Maria was now kissing her husband, and everybody was taking pictures. The wedding party left, and he let out a deep breath of relief when everybody was dismissed. The weather outside was grim, so the reception had been moved beneath a large tent that had been decorated with christmas lights.

Jason and Naomi sat at a table with six other strangers, and watched the festivities commence. Naomi was hitting the wine pretty hard tonight. She and her girlfriend had broken up a month ago, and he knew she was taking it hard. He would be grateful when school resumed in the fall, and she would go back and start working on her Master's program. It would be good for her to focus on something else for a bit.

"Hey, Mr. Dawes." A familiar voice had him on his feet, and he smiled at Megan. Her red hair had been cut short, and it was pinned back with a pair of jeweled butterfly clips. She wore a tight fitting green dress that hugged her thighs. "Long time, no see."

"Megan, it's so good to see you!" He stood and gave her a big hug. It had been almost two years since Megan had come over to his house. The rumor was that she had started a serious

relationship with a business tycoon on the East Coast, which meant that she had moved on.
“How’s med school?”

“Oh, it’s interesting enough. My sister says hi, by the way. She’s really happy down in Florida, so rarely comes by anymore.” Megan sipped her wine, a sly grin on her face. “Don’t suppose you’d like to dance later?”

“Of course I would.”

“I’m looking forward to it.” When Megan walked away, Wild Jason threw himself in her path, lying on his back to see up her skirt. Dad Jason took off his suit jacket and covered Wild Jason’s eyes, starting a brief scuffle between the two of them.

“How about you? Do you want to dance?”

Naomi snorted, her eyes on the open bottle of wine at the table. “Nah. I’m good.”

“Just not in the mood?” He sat back down next to her. “Want me to get you some shrimp from the buffet?”

Naomi’s face brightened somewhat. “Yeah, actually. Shrimp sounds good.”

“I’m on it.” He crossed the room to the food table and loaded up a plate with shrimp and garlic bread. When he returned, Maria and her new husband stood at the table, greeting everybody.

“Hi, Mr. Dawes.” Maria gave Jason a big hug. “Thank you so much for coming.”

“Thanks for inviting me, you look very beautiful.” He turned to the groom. “You are a very lucky man.”

“I really am.” The groom took Jason’s hand in his own. “And I wanted to say thanks.”

“Thanks? For what?” He looked at Naomi, who raised her eyebrows in curiosity.

“For being there for her. She told me you offered her plenty of spiritual advice while she was in school, helped her figure out some things she couldn’t discuss with her parents.”

Wild Jason choked on his wine, and Dad Jason frantically pounded his back.

“Um, yeah, well...” He looked at Maria. “I don’t know that I... said anything that special.”

“Nonsense, Mr. Dawes.” Maria stepped in and gave him a light kiss on the cheek. “I’ll never forget the advice you gave me about saving myself for marriage. You really had a way of filling me up with self confidence. I don’t know that today could have been this special without you.”

“Oh, well, that.” He knew better than to elaborate or ask questions. “I was just trying to be a good person.”

“Oh, you’ve always been very good.” Maria hugged him once more. “See you on the dance floor?”

“In a bit.” He watched them go over to the next table, and then sat down next to Naomi with her shrimp.

“You’re going to Hell. You know that, right?” Naomi smiled, then picked up a piece of shrimp and peeled it.

“Yep.” He picked up Naomi’s wine and slammed half of it. “But maybe it was worth it, if I really did help her.”

“You know you did.” His daughter ate another piece of shrimp. “You helped all my friends.”

Jason’s smile faded from his face. This hadn’t been a topic of discussion in some time, and he worried that Naomi had just enough wine to get loud. “I don’t think I did anything special.”

“You were like a safety net for them. Look at where they are now. Maria has the man of her dreams. Megan is going to be a doctor, God knows she couldn’t have done that if she’d been distracted by a bunch of college boys. You were there for them when they needed it, and now they’ve moved on to bigger and better things. Oh, and speaking of my friends, looks like your date walked in.”

He looked over at the door and watched Brianne cross over the threshold in a beautiful green dress that clung to her body. Her hair was getting long, and she wore it swept away from her face. When she spotted the two of them, she walked over and joined them at the table.

“I made it!” she declared, then popped a piece of shrimp in her mouth. “I can’t believe my flight got delayed by an entire day!”

“Yeah, well, when smoke starts coming out of the engine, they tend to push things back a bit.” He placed a hand on her waist. “I’m glad you’re here.”

“Me too.” She grabbed his hand and smiled. “I’m sorry I missed the ceremony, though.”

“You didn’t miss much. Standard getting married stuff.” Naomi flipped her hair out of her face. “Anyways, like I was saying, life isn’t always measured by money or success. Experiences count too, and you allowed them the opportunity to explore who they really were. Think of how empowering that must have been for them.”

“Ooh, what are we talking about?” Brianne asked.

“Dad is feeling guilty about fucking someone in the ass.”

“Why should he? He’s pretty good at it.”

Jason winced, then grabbed the open bottle of wine and quietly moved it onto the ground where Naomi couldn’t see it. “Probably not something we should talk about here, after so many glasses of wine.” He looked at Brianne with an imploring look, then turned back to Naomi. “Why don’t you eat some more shrimp?”

“That I can do.” Naomi picked at her plate some more, and Brianne hid her wineglass when she wasn’t looking. Jason mouthed ‘thank you’ at her, then turned his attention back to the party. Brianne grabbed herself a plate of food and started talking with Naomi about her classes.

He really admired the relationship the two of them had. When school finally started, Brianne announced to him that she was thinking of taking a gap year in order to properly save up and reevaluate her life. Part of her decision ultimately came down to if he would be willing to let her stay another month so that she could find a place to live.

One month had become two, then four, and then they had celebrated Christmas together. It definitely wasn’t a traditional romance, especially with Brianne encouraging him to continue relationships with the others. She seemed to get off on the idea of it, but he wondered if it was because she knew the others would eventually move on. He had no intention of being romantic with any of them, but Brianne remained in his life, somehow able to keep up with him in he bedroom.

Last summer, he transferred to a new district in a different city to give both of them a fresh start. Brianne maintained steady income from her cam show, and then started a sex positive blog about her relationship with an older man and what she had learned from him that she wished others her age could know. She had just given a speech at a conference in Baltimore, which is why she had shown up late to the wedding.

He had worried that Naomi would be upset. He didn’t care about the rumors or gossip that had put him with Brianne, but he would drop her in a heartbeat if it meant hurting his daughter.

It hadn’t. Naomi loved how happy the two of them were together, and she and Brianne were closer than ever. It made him nervous,

“Hey!” Megan stood at the edge of the table. “You owe me a dance.”

“I, uh…” he looked at Brianne.

“Go for it.” She dismissed him with a wave and leaned toward his daughter, intensely following her conversation.

“C’mon, Mr. Dawes.” Megan dragged him out onto the dance floor. The first couple of dances were just for fun, but then a slow one came on, and she pulled him in tight, then grabbed his butt.

“People are watching,” he warned her, but she laughed.

“They’re watching the bride and groom. Almost nobody knows who we are.”

“But... what about your boyfriend?”

“Dumped him. I’m in town for another week, Was wondering if I could drop by for old times sake.”

Jason laughed, then looked at Brianne. “Well, I don’t know. My girlfriend might get jealous.”

“Hmm. Maybe she can watch? Or even play.”

He was immediately hard. It had been something Brianne had talked about on more than one occasion. “Maybe I could arrange something. But, speaking of old times sake, can I ask you a question?”

Megan leaned in close, her lips just barely on his ear. “I once let you come inside my ass while dressed as a nurse with a ball gag in my mouth. Of course you can ask me something.”

“I, uh...” the memory redirected any remaining blood from his brain to his dick, and it took him a minute to remember what he wanted to ask. It didn’t help that Megan was grinding against him, albeit very subtly. “Oh, right. When we were first... together... did that experience empower you?”

“Weird question.” She slid her arms around his sides and laid her head on his shoulder. “Truthfully? It’s kind of hard to explain. Sex for a woman is kind of like the lottery. Once you have someone else to do it with, maybe they’re no good at it. You work hard to train them, never bettering yourself, and then they move on. Or maybe they are great, but have a wandering eye. So maybe you get lucky, you meet someone you can grow sexually with, but your emotions get in the way, you get attached. With you, it was different. I didn’t have to worry that you would get attached, and you were always super respectful with me. At the same time, you had no problem indulging my curiosity, and let me take the lead when I need to. Those times, for me, anyway, were very freeing. So, yes, I would call that empowering.”

“I see.”

“How about a question for you? Over the years, I know you did things with the others, but we’ve all moved on. Well, most of us, anyway. The sword cuts both ways when it comes to no attachments, and your sexy little harem is no more. Why did you pick her, out of all of us? Was it because none of us tried, or was it because there’s something more between the two of you? Why not pursue someone closer to your own age?”

“Hmm. That’s a good question. Okay, I’ll answer by going the long way around. I’ve had a lot of sex with a lot of women, and what I had with you was something I just wasn’t finding with my own age group.”

“What’s that?”

“Enthusiasm. Each of you was so excited to be with me, and to try new things. I enjoyed exploring that with you. Some of the women my own age were experienced, but had settled into their own routines. They knew what they liked and what they didn’t, and had no interest in the exploration piece. I found that exciting. As for why her? Maybe it’s because out of all of you, she actually needed more than just that.”

“Interesting. So it’s like she fulfills both your wild side and your nurturing side.”

“Perhaps.” The slow song came to an end, and the bride and groom came out onto the dance floor to enjoy their first dance, so everybody moved to the edge of the dance floor. He thought of Maria and her husband, two people with plenty in common and the rest of their lives ahead of them. “It makes me feel... complete. I don’t know that I’m ever going to want what they have, and I shouldn’t have to. Right now, we have a good thing, and I think we understand each other. She wants someone to take care of her emotionally, and I like being that guy. But she’s also independent, and I don’t have to do all the thinking for her. And it certainly doesn’t hurt that we share... certain interests.”

“I like that idea. Living outside the norm, society be damned.” Megan smirked. “Maybe I should have made a more serious play for you.”

Naomi appeared, a fresh glass of wine in her hand. “They really are a cute couple.”

“I think most people are on their wedding day.”

“That’s probably true.” Naomi went to drink her wine, but Jason snagged it from her.

“Thanks, my throat was really dry.” He drained the glass in front of her, and she scowled at him before storming off.

Megan touched Jason’s shoulder. “I’ll keep an eye on her for a bit if you’ll do me a favor.”

“Yes?”

Megan leaned in close. “Talk to your girlfriend. I’m staying at The Lodge, on the edge of town. Penthouse Suite. I’m feeling rather non-conventional as well, and was hoping that both you and Brianne could drop by, after you get Naomi home. Maybe the three of us could discuss a possible long-term arrangement.”

“I... uh...” He grinned. “I’ll see what I can do.”

“You’d better.” Megan winked, then vanished into the crowd.

Jason kept watching the dance, and it was followed by the father-daughter dance. Maria held onto her father's shoulders, her dad awkwardly keeping in step with her. Dad Jason wiped a tear from his eye, while Wild Jason sat on the shoe of a nearby observer, his tie undone and a half full glass of wine in one hand.

Someday, Jason imagined he would dance with his own daughter at her own wedding. It could be years from now, maybe decades if her most recent relationship was any indicator. Would he still be close with her in a decade? Despite the things he had gotten up to with her friends, she never treated him any differently, other than the occasional teasing.

"Hey." Brianne slipped into his arms and pressed herself against him. "Megan told me that you wanted to tell me something."

"Oh. Um, short version. She was hoping to get together with us this evening. After we get Naomi home. Seems she broke up with her boyfriend and was hoping for some two-on-one action."

A sadistic grin crossed Brianne's face, and she pulled him close, her lips going by his ear. "If you can get her to eat me out by the end of the evening, I will do anything you want."

"Really? That surprises me."

"It shouldn't. The idea of making her my bitch makes my pussy clench. Goes back to some unresolved superiority issues I have with my classmates is all." She bit him playfully on the ear. "Speaking of, I masturbated on the plane, thinking of how hot you would look in your suit."

He faked a yawn, then looked at his wrist. "Well, look at the time. Do you think Naomi is ready to go yet?" He searched the room and laughed. His daughter was currently arguing with a server at the buffet table over their lack of shrimp while Megan tried to drag her away.

"I certainly hope so." Brianne said. They crossed the room as the dance ended, and made it to the table in time to watch Naomi stuff her face with a roll.

"You good?" he asked.

"Just drunk and depressed," she said around her roll.

"Maybe we should go."

Naomi shook her head. "Not yet. They said they're bringing more shrimp out."

"You sure?"

"Yeah." She took Megan by the hand. "Come dance with me."

Megan laughed, winking at Jason as she was dragged by him. An upbeat song had come on, and the two of them danced onto the edge of the dance floor, laughing at some private joke between them.

“Do you mind?” Brianne stepped away from him. “I give her fifteen minutes before she’s done for the night, and wouldn’t mind sneaking a quick dance in with my friends.”

“Go, go.” He watched he join the others, and the three of them started dancing in a manner that quickly attracted negative attention from members of the bride’s party.

Jason looked back and forth between the women, a broad smile crossing his face, then turned his attention downward. Dad Jason let out a sigh, watching the women dance.

“If they start twerking, I’ll break it up,” he promised himself. Dad Jason shook his head in disbelief and took a seat on the floor moments before someone stepped on him, his body deflating like a whoopie cushion.

Jason laughed, and watched Wild Jason try to peel his other half off of the floor. The girls were laughing and twirling each other now, and he realized there was no reason not to join in. His daughter would need some counseling on the ride to her mother’s house, and he was sure Brianne had a surprise of her own for him on the ride over to the hotel.

He looked down at Wild Jason, who flexed his biceps, nodding in agreement, then gave Dad Jason a rough yank, finally peeling him free. The two of them might disagree at times, and they each had their flaws, but, in a way, they would always be the best parts of who he was.

The girls spread out as he approached, and he busted out his best Pulp Fiction dance moves. Naomi groaned in embarrassment, but Brianne and Megan cheered him on.

He couldn’t be happier.