



# OUR HEALING HAREM

Our Healing Harem

# OUR HEALING HAREM

By Carlos G

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

For more than 25 years Carlos has explored a multitude of sex and relationship constructs and has been teaching singles and couples how to satisfy themselves and each other sexually.

*Read more about Carlos G's work at [www.sexologi.net](http://www.sexologi.net)*



CONTENT

|                                    |    |
|------------------------------------|----|
| CHAPTER 1.....                     | 7  |
| CREATING A THERAPEUTIC HAREM ..... | 7  |
| CHAPTER 2.....                     | 9  |
| RECRUITING A MODERN HAREM .....    | 9  |
| CHAPTER 4.....                     | 17 |
| THE HAREM SURVIVAL KIT.....        | 17 |
| CHAPTER 5.....                     | 20 |
| THE CANDY BUTT STUFFER .....       | 20 |
| CHAPTER 6.....                     | 24 |
| JUDGEMENT NIGHT .....              | 24 |
| CHAPTER 7.....                     | 26 |
| GOING HYPERGAMIC.....              | 26 |
| CHAPTER 8.....                     | 31 |
| FIRST HAREM DINNER .....           | 31 |
| CHAPTER 9.....                     | 34 |
| VIRGIN HAREM EXPERIENCE .....      | 34 |
| CHAPTER 10 .....                   | 38 |
| INDIVIDUAL DATES .....             | 38 |
| CHAPTER 11 .....                   | 40 |
| THE SEXUAL LADDER .....            | 40 |
| CHAPTER 12 .....                   | 45 |
| INDIVIDUAL RELATIONSHIPS .....     | 45 |
| CHAPTER 13 .....                   | 49 |
| INTERVIEW FOR A BLOWJOB .....      | 49 |
| CHAPTER 14 .....                   | 54 |
| THE SEXUAL STAMPEDE.....           | 54 |
| CHAPTER 15 .....                   | 56 |

|                                     |            |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| <b>HANDS-ON SEXUAL HEALING.....</b> | <b>56</b>  |
| <b>CHAPTER 16 .....</b>             | <b>63</b>  |
| <b>THE HAREM CONTRACT .....</b>     | <b>63</b>  |
| <b>CHAPTER 17 .....</b>             | <b>69</b>  |
| <b>VIRGIN HAREM LUNCH .....</b>     | <b>69</b>  |
| <b>CHAPTER 18 .....</b>             | <b>77</b>  |
| <b>ORGASM CONTROL.....</b>          | <b>77</b>  |
| <b>CHAPTER 19 .....</b>             | <b>86</b>  |
| <b>THE SPIRITUAL HANDJOB .....</b>  | <b>86</b>  |
| <b>CHAPTER 20 .....</b>             | <b>94</b>  |
| <b>VIRGIN SCHOOL .....</b>          | <b>94</b>  |
| <b>CHAPTER 21 .....</b>             | <b>100</b> |
| <b>SPIRITUAL FINGERING.....</b>     | <b>100</b> |
| <b>CHAPTER 22 .....</b>             | <b>105</b> |
| <b>THE BLOWJOB CONNOISSEUR.....</b> | <b>105</b> |
| <b>CHAPTER 23 .....</b>             | <b>121</b> |
| <b>HAREM SWINGER NIGHT .....</b>    | <b>121</b> |
| <b>CHAPTER 24 .....</b>             | <b>127</b> |
| <b>MUSES AND SIRENS.....</b>        | <b>127</b> |
| <b>CHAPTER 25 .....</b>             | <b>131</b> |
| <b>SPANKING AS THERAPY.....</b>     | <b>131</b> |
| <b>CHAPTER 26 .....</b>             | <b>137</b> |
| <b>THE DOMESTICATED MAN .....</b>   | <b>137</b> |
| <b>CHAPTER 27 .....</b>             | <b>143</b> |
| <b>CUCKQUEAN AND CUCKOLD.....</b>   | <b>143</b> |
| <b>CHAPTER 28 .....</b>             | <b>147</b> |
| <b>ARTHUR AND MARIA.....</b>        | <b>147</b> |
| <b>CHAPTER 29 .....</b>             | <b>149</b> |
| <b>HAREM ESCAPE WEEKEND .....</b>   | <b>149</b> |

**CHAPTER 30 ..... 161**  
**WHEN SEX IS TAX-DEDUCTABLE..... 161**  
**CHAPTER 31 ..... 164**  
**MAKING LOVE AS A 12-SOME ..... 164**  
**CHAPTER 32 ..... 171**  
**BEEING HEALED BY A HAREM ..... 171**



# Chapter 1

## CREATING A THERAPEUTIC HAREM

Most men have explored the fantasy of being surrounded by a group of beautiful women who act as their personal harem. I am no exception and I often considered ways to actualize the fantasy, but I also had my doubts if it was possible. One day, when hanging out with a friend in Copenhagen, I told him about my dream of establishing a harem.

"Harems are oppressive," my friend said. "Why should a group of women want to be part of something that only satisfies one man's sexual urges?"

"A harem does not need to focus on satisfying one man," I said. "If I were creating a harem, I would do it to satisfy the *women's* sexual urges."

"But why would a group of women limit their freedom by being part of a harem?" he asked.

"They wouldn't need to limit their freedom," I said, "A modern harem should be like an open relationship. Everyone can come and go when they want and can also have other partners outside the harem."

For a moment, he looked at me like I was mad, before laughing.

"I recommend you see a psychologist!" he concluded. "The only women who will sign up for your harem will be escort girls, and they will do whatever they can to rip you off."

"It wouldn't work with escorts," I said.

"Why not?"

“I’m a demisexual,” I explained. “I need a genuine emotional connection with a woman to have sex with her.”

“Crazy!” he exclaimed, shaking his head. “In that case, not even escorts will want to be part of your harem.”

When I left my friend that day, I kept considering the implications of gathering a harem. When one woman has sex with many men, we call it a *gangbang*, and when one man has sex with many women, we call it a *reverse gangbang*. Setups like these are purely sexual and have no social, intellectual, or romantic dimension. As opposed to a gangbang, a harem also has a social, aesthetic, and empowering dimension. If facilitated in the right way, a harem could have immense therapeutic value, and would surely appeal much more to most women than a gangbang.

For the next couple of days, I kept thinking about the conversation I had with my friend about the harem. Something about the way he had dismissed the idea annoyed me while also motivating me to prove that it was possible. In the coming months, I would set out to recruit a group of eight to ten intelligent and sexually explorative women with whom I had a genuine mutual attraction. By finding the right women, I wanted to reform the general perception of a harem by giving a group of women a space to unfold sexually, gain pleasure, and learn from the experience.

## Chapter 2

# RECRUITING A MODERN HAREM

Before recruiting a harem, I had to ask myself the obvious question: Where do you find women who want to meet on a regular basis to explore intimacy as a group? Different cultures have different approaches to sexuality, jealousy, relationships, and intimacy. To get started I needed to choose a culture with the ideal conditions to succeed. Having traveled for many years, I have had girlfriends and lovers from more than 30 countries. Considering the sex and relationship culture in Europe, Russia, Asia, America, and Africa, I ended up choosing South America – more specifically, Brazil. Generally, Brazilians are impulsive and emotionally transparent, and based on my experience, Brazilian women are among the most sexually playful, curious, and open-minded in the world.

When choosing a location in Brazil I decided to go to Sao Paulo. With a population of more than 12 million people, Sao Paulo gave me an optimal chance of finding enough candidates for the harem. Besides its size, Sao Paulo had a great climate but it also had other advantages. Not being a tourist city, Sao Paulo has fewer prostitutes and tourist traps than other big cities in Brazil.

Having made the decision to recruit women for the harem in Sao Paulo, it was time to focus on the next equally obvious question: How would I connect to the right women in Sao Paulo? I certainly couldn't advertise anywhere. No serious media outlet would

publish advertisements from a man trying to recruit women for a harem. The only realistic option was online dating, but this would not be easy. When setting up a dating profile, you need to define if you are looking for a male or a female partner, but there's no option if you are looking for a *group* of partners. Writing a bio explaining that I was looking for a harem would get me banned from most dating sites. If I wanted to find potential harem candidates on dating sites, I needed to write a bio that could attract women with the right profile, but what kind of profile would attract potential harem women?

As I had never met a woman who had been part of a harem, I naturally had no idea, but I was convinced that the women had to be interested in open relationships, open-minded, socially confident, and non-competitive. Besides these traits, I also needed to attract women with a specific sexual orientation. If all the women were heterosexuals, I would be the only connecting factor during sex and could easily end up getting drained. If the women had a dominant nature, they might challenge my position as the leader of the harem. For these reasons, I decided to look for women who were submissive and bi-curious.

If I managed to attract women who fit this profile, I would be confronted with an even greater challenge. As those who have spent time searching for a partner will know, it can take many years to find just *one* good match. To succeed, I was not just looking for one partner but for a group of partners who matched me and each other on a social, emotional, and sexual level. And this was not even my biggest hurdle. As a man in his late fifties who is neither a model, a celebrity, or a billionaire, I couldn't count on attracting women using my looks, status, or

wealth. My primary resource was my exploratory nature, unconventional mindset, and extensive experience exploring intimacy. Although this would give me an advantage when gathering a harem, writing about past experiences with women in my dating profile might also be a turn off.

Before I set up my dating profile, I did some basic research on the best dating sites with Brazilian members. I found three sites. One was a hookup site, the other a traditional dating site, and the third was a sugar dating site for women looking for a mature and generous partner. On all three sites, I created a profile containing some recent photos and different versions of the following bio.

***Profile name: Rejuvenation***

*Global citizen settling in Sao Paulo looking for a curious, open-minded, and caring partner. I'm not jealous and prefer open relationships, creating room for both your freedom and mine.*

***About Me***

- Terrible at small-talk and not into intimacy without mutual attraction.*
- Caring, but when it comes to intimacy, I am dominant.*
- Feel at home anywhere on the globe.*
- Enjoy a five-star hotel but also a tent in the forest.*
- I enjoy being alone and feel very confident in my own company.*
- I enjoy supporting others in the process of achieving their dreams.*
- 190 cm / 85 kg / Athletic.*
- My pictures were all taken this year.*

*About you: Intelligent, searching for meaning, slender, explorative, curious, and with the capacity for a real and genuine friendship.*

Most people know that online dating can be defined as systemized technology-based fakeness, but if you are fully aware of this from the outset, it can be used to your advantage. To stand out from most other profiles, you simply need to use real and honest photos. For my profile I took some down-to-earth selfies, making it clear that I was not trying to hide what I look like. As soon as my profiles were approved, I started looking for matches, which led me to the next level of difficulties and complications. Most online dating profiles are not created with the purpose of finding a partner. Some people open a profile just to see what happens, others want their egos boosted, and some are looking for followers for their social media accounts. Lots of female profiles are created by catfishes, dating scammers, escorts, camgirls, or men trying to learn the dating tricks of other men. Even if a profile does not fit any of the above categories, there is a good chance it was created by an online impersonator, or someone trying to sell you a subscription to another dating site.

Very few profiles are honest and real, and only a small fraction of those profiles would be created by women potentially open to joining my harem. In all the years I have been dating online, I have met hundreds of women, but I only met three with whom I had a genuine connection. None of these women had attractive dating profiles, and before meeting them, I had no idea that we would match. The first woman had a profile without photos and only a few words in her bio. The second had blurred photos and no bio. The third didn't look attractive on her profile

but looked stunning when we met in real life. When I asked the third woman why she didn't show her real self in her photos, she shrugged:

"If I did," she said. "I would get thousands of messages from horny men."

Understanding that basically, *any* dating profile could turn out to be a perfect match, I decided to write to as many profiles as possible. During my first harem recruitment day, I sent the same message to around a hundred women and a moment later, my profile was banned. An algorithm had spotted my messages, marked them as spam and closed my profile. As I continued working, I had many setbacks like these, but they didn't discourage me. After creating a new profile with another bio, new pictures, and a different credit card, I was up and running again.

For the following weeks, I spent eight to ten hours a day chatting with women who could potentially join my harem. Many did not speak much English, but all seemed eager to learn and when chatting online it worked fine using online translation. As Sao Paulo was in a time zone four hours behind Copenhagen, I was usually busy between 10 PM and 3 AM, but as time went on, my hard work started to pay off. After two weeks, I had a list of three potential harem candidates, along with promising conversations with twenty-four others. They were all based in Sao Paulo and seemed to be intelligent, attractive, and interested in open relationships. While I continued to engage with more candidates, I made agreements with the three first women to meet for interviews at a café in the Sao Paulo city center as soon as I arrived in Brazil.

## Chapter 3

# THE HAREM CUCKQUEAN

I had been recruiting women for my harem for around three weeks when I started chatting with a twenty-six-year-old woman named Maria. As soon as we started chatting, I sensed that she and I had a great connection. Maria not only spoke fluent English but was also excited about my unconventional approach to relationships. Soon, our chats became so intense that we decided to meet on a video call. On cam, our conversation unfolded naturally, and within seconds, I was convinced that Maria was perfect for the harem. The next day, on another call, we started talking about sex and I asked about her sexual preferences.

“It’s a little complicated,” she said. “I just broke up with my boyfriend because he couldn’t give me what I wanted.”

“What did you want?” I asked, worrying that she might tell me something that would turn me off.

“I always had the fantasy of seeing my boyfriend have sex with other women,” she said, “but my ex never wanted that.”

For a few seconds, I stared at her in amazement.

“Are you joking?!” I asked, not believing my ears. “Why not?”

“Because he wanted to see *me* have sex with other men.”

“Are you telling me that you are a cuckquean?” I asked, “and that your ex-boyfriend is a cuckold?”

"I don't know those terms," she said, looking embarrassed, "but perhaps I shouldn't have told you? I know it sounds crazy."

"On the contrary," I reassured her. "If you and I start dating, I would be more than happy to help you explore your fantasy."

"Really!?" she asked with a big smile. "You don't mind having sex with other women while I watch?"

"Absolutely not!" I assured her, "but tell me, what is it that turns you on about seeing your partner with other women?"

"I'm not sure...", she said, considering it. "I think it makes me jealous, but at the same time, being jealous turns me on. Does that sound crazy?"

"Not at all...", I said, "but it sounds different and very interesting."

With this new understanding of Maria's approach to sex, I decided to tell her about my vision of creating a harem.

"Wow!" she said, "and you want to be in an open relationship with all of these women at the same time?"

"Yes," I said. "If I can find them."

"Perfect!" she responded, looking excited. "If I could be part of the harem, I would not only be jealous but also horny most of the time."

"I guess you would," I agreed.

"When will you be in Sao Paulo to gather the harem?" she asked.

"In around six weeks," I said.

"Could we start out by exploring my fetish online?"

"Explore online?" I asked. "How?"

"If you can find a woman in Copenhagen and have sex with her," she said, "I could join you online."

After ending the call with Maria, I called Sally, who was not only very explorative but also an old flame of mine. When asking if she wanted to have sex with me while Maria watched us online, she was more than happy to participate. A few days later, Sally and I were ready in my bedroom. With my phone on a tripod beside the bed, Maria joined us online from Sao Paulo looking very excited.

“Can you move the camera a little to the left?” Maria said. “I can’t see both of you.”

“Like this?” I asked, adjusting the tripod.

“Exactly!” Maria said, grabbing a vibrator and getting ready to play with herself. “Would it be ok for you to start out by taking Sally from behind?”

Both Sally and I nodded, moving into the requested position.

“This is perfect!” Maria exclaimed, starting the vibrator. “Let me know if there is something you want me to do.”

“Can you take off your top?” Sally asked. “I would like to see more of your body.”

“Of course,” Maria said, removing her clothes and exposing her breasts.

“You look amazing!” Sally said to Maria.

“Thanks!” Maria said putting her vibrator between her legs.

“Are you jealous now?” I asked as Maria started masturbating.

“Only slightly...,” Maria responded, “but I hope I will become more jealous when I get to know you better.”

## Chapter 4

# THE HAREM SURVIVAL KIT

Two weeks before I got on the plane to Brazil, it became clear that I had a problem. Despite having spent around six weeks scouting women via my three online dating profiles, I still only had seven potential harem candidates. It seemed unlikely that all seven women would be a good fit. To ensure I had enough candidates, I needed to find a way to speed up the recruitment process. Doing some research, I found two women who promoted themselves as dating experts. After a few meetings giving the experts detailed instructions, they took over my dating profiles, and instantly the recruitment started picking up speed. A week later, I had twenty-three potential harem candidates on my list. With two assistants doing the hard work of scouting and chatting, I had more time to focus on what lay ahead of me.

The more I thought about my harem project, the more it dawned on me that I had no idea what I was getting myself into. Although I had a great deal of experience with open relationships, I had never had sex with more than two women at the same time. How would I react when engaging sexually with five, six, or perhaps ten women at the same time? In a threesome, it can be a challenge to open a deep and loving space with both partners. The emotional aspect of a threesome easily becomes superficial, and jealousy can quickly transform pleasure into drama. And if drama in a threesome is complicated, drama in a harem would surely be a disaster. In addition to this, there were hundreds of traps and

unknown problems that could arise. For example, some of my ex-girlfriends had made me feel guilty when I couldn't give them an orgasm every time, we had sex. So how bad would I feel if I was not able to give a whole harem an orgasm each time, we had sex?

Besides this, I began to worry about what to do if some of the women had conflicts, if they were moody, if they were complaining, or if they decided to run off with each other. Having no real-life harem experience, I naturally had no idea what kinds of problems I could face and therefore had no way of knowing how to prepare. Essentially, I was planning an expedition into unknown territories of intimacy, but how do you prepare for the unknown? If I had been on the way to the North Pole, I could have sought advice from other explorers who had traveled that path before me. But since I didn't know anyone who had the slightest harem experience, I would have to improvise as I went along.

A few days before I got on the plane to Sao Paulo, I received a call from my friend Sally who wanted to hear the latest news about my harem project.

"Currently, I have fifty-seven potential candidates," I said, "but I have two experts helping me and they are finding more each day."

"Have you considered how you are going to have sex with so many women at the same time?" she asked. "This could be a challenge."

"I know," I said, "but we are trying to recruit bisexual women, so they will also be able to engage sexually with each other."

"If I wasn't so busy working, I would visit you in Sao Paulo and bring my strap-on-dildo," Sally said. "It sounds like a mind-blowing adventure."

“Strap-on?” I said, considering it. “Perhaps I should bring some sex toys for the harem.”

“Of course, you should!” Sally agreed. “To be able to handle something like this, you will need the women to engage with each other. I’m speaking from experience when I tell you that lesbian sex without sex toys can be boring.”

“Ok,” I said, “but what should I bring?”

“You will need some kind of portable harem survival kit,” she explained. “The toys need to cover any imaginable situation a man could encounter when engaging sexually with his bi-sexual harem.”

That same evening, following Sally’s instructions, I went online shopping and bought everything I needed for the harem survival kit. The day before my departure, I received a package containing five different types of vibrators, rope, eight collars, cuffs, five small and handy whips, ten pairs of nipple clams, five ball gags, ten blindfolds, three spider gags, bondage tape, three standard butt plugs, and three plugs with bunny tails. In addition to this, I had three conventional strap-on dildos, plus one with vibration, a double dildo for two girls, a squirting dildo, and enough lubrication and condoms to keep me going for several months.

## Chapter 5

# THE CANDY BUTT STUFFER

Almost three months after having set myself the goal of creating a modern harem I was on a plane to Sao Paulo. On my computer, I had a list of 63 potential harem candidates. Each of them had at least one picture, a small and basic bio, and their contact information. All candidates looked pretty, but except for Maria, I knew nothing about them – except that they were bi-curious and interested in open relationships. While relaxing on the plane over the Atlantic my assistants were still working in Copenhagen trying to scout more harem candidates. To find enough candidates we estimated that they would need to chat with at least 2000 women online with the aim of finding around a hundred potential candidates. During the next few days, I would start meeting the first women for interviews and if all went according to my plan, the harem would be established within the first four weeks after my arrival in Sao Paulo.

When leaving the airport, I found a taxi taking me to a rented flat in central Sao Paulo. As the car merged into the busy traffic, I called Maria telling her that I had arrived safely. Currently, she was on a holiday with her family and would be back two weeks later. Feeling confident about the process ahead of me I told her that I would introduce her to the first harem women when she was back. Every time Maria and I talked about the harem she became very excited. If Maria was the kind of woman I imagined her to be, she could turn out to be the ultimate girlfriend. With her, the draining dynamics of a conventional

possessive relationship had been reversed. A man who is dating a cuckquean can only be unfaithful by *not* having sex with other women. This made me consider if Maria could become my first girlfriend with whom I would never consider being unfaithful.

The next morning when I started arranging interviews with the first women on my list, I had an unforeseen but, in hindsight, predictable experience. When writing five women on my list only three responded. One of them didn't show up at our meeting and both the girls that showed up had been using fake pictures. The first one was called Anna and had stunning model-like pictures in her profile. When meeting at a café the real Anna was not only heavily overweight but also turned out not to speak a single word of English. While chatting she had told my assistants she spoke English but had in reality been using an online translator. Not letting that bother me I invited her for lunch and while eating we had a simple conversation about her life in Sao Paulo using translation on our phones. Even though Anna and I didn't seem to have a strong connection we had a good time before saying goodbye wishing each other the best of luck in our search.

To avoid situations like these in the future, I started doing cam calls before each meeting. In this way, I avoided some of the most awkward situations, but it still didn't speed up the recruitment process. When meeting potential harem women, we usually had a good time and interesting conversation, but there was no attraction and after five meetings I still hadn't found as much as a single participant for the harem. In this way, reality caught up with me. Gathering a harem was much harder than I had imagined but luckily there were still plenty of women on my list.

Trying not to lose faith in my vision I spend the next days setting up more meetings hoping for the best. At one of my next meetings, a girl called Amanda was waiting for me by a table in a café in Sao Paulo. When seeing her I was convinced my luck had finally turned. Amanda not only looked great, but she also spoke excellent English. Looking into her eyes I sensed an unusual openness and within a few minutes, she and I were immersed in great conversation. After talking for half an hour, she started talking about her sexual preferences.

“During sex, I really like to surprise a man,” she said looking excited.

“Surprise?” I asked. “In what way?”

“When he *least* expects it,” she said lowering her voice and leaning over the table, “I like to put a lollipop into his ass. When he is in total ecstasy, I allow him to lick the lollipop.”

“A lollipop in his ass?!” I exclaimed trying not to sound disappointed. When it comes to sex, I am quite flexible, but my ass has never been one of my erogenous zones. When being ill I even have a hard time putting a tiny thermometer in there. Instead of trying to explain the details of this, I tried to move the conversation in a more fruitful direction.

“It sounds eh ... fascinating ...,” I said, “but is there anything else than butt-stuffing that turns you on?”

“Candy butt stuffing is my main thing,” she said smiling, “but I also like a man to wear heels and nylon stockings.”

Even though Amanda and I matched on many accounts there were clearly some discrepancies when it came to underwear and ass play. After our meeting, I returned to my flat feeling – to say the least – depressed. As I brushed my teeth and went to bed,

I was convinced that my friend at home had been right.

Creating a harem without hiring professional women would probably not be possible.

## Chapter 6

# JUDGEMENT NIGHT

When Maria returned to Sao Paulo my harem project was still at square one. Being early for our dinner appointment at a restaurant I sat on the edge of my chair staring nervously at the door every time it opened. As seconds ticked by, my thoughts were torturing me by telling me that when meeting Maria in real life, she and I would feel no attraction. Online you easily create hundreds of illusions about potential partners – illusions that reflect your own imperfections, loneliness, and longings. Perhaps Maria would turn out to have extraordinarily bad breath or she might be a scammer who had tricked me to believe that she was attracted to me. Now she was sitting somewhere far away laughing at the idiot who had traveled halfway around the globe to be stood up. If my relationship with Maria turned out to be an illusion, my mission in Brazil had been a total failure. In that case, I would leave Sao Paulo the next day and find a quiet nature resort to spend a few weeks alone before returning home.

While my thoughts continued spiraling down the pit of despair, the door to the restaurant opened. This time I recognized Maria as she came through the door and as she headed toward my table my heart skipped a beat. Maria was not only beautiful, but she radiated such warmth that I had no doubts: This was the kind of woman it would be worth traveling several times around the globe to meet. After getting up and giving her a long warm hug, we sat down and held hands over the table. The rest of the evening my telephone, the harem project, time, and the world outside the restaurant seized to exist.

For several hours we were both lost in conversation until the waiter took us back to earth by telling us that the restaurant had closed. A moment later we were outside walking in a random direction holding hands while enjoying the warm humid Sao Paulo air. When a little later a taxi driver stopped and asked if we needed a ride Maria said yes. The driver did not speak English, but Maria gave him directions and a moment later we were on our way to my flat. Hidden in the darkness in the backseat, speeding through the city neither of us could hold ourselves back. Soon passion took over and after kissing passionately for some time we engaged in basically any sexual act that can be performed in the backseat of a car. Several times Maria started moaning loudly and once she even stuck one of her legs in between the front seats of the taxi while trying to move into a better position. I have never been much of an exhibitionist and prefer not to involve random people like a taxi driver in my sex life, but the driver seemed not to notice. Either this guy was half deaf and blind or perhaps he was too used to crazy situations like these to bother.

## Chapter 7

# GOING HYPERGAMIC

The next morning when having breakfast Maria asked about the harem project and when I updated her, she laughed.

“I thought you were intelligent,” she said shaking her head. “You are doing it all wrong.”

“Ok ...,” I said sending her a smile, “but I might no longer need the harem now that I have you.”

“On the contrary,” she said giving me a glum stare. “How are you going to make me jealous if you don’t have a harem?”

“I see your point,” I said, “but I don’t think the women my assistants have found online are right for a harem.”

“Don’t be too sure about that,” Maria said. “What do you think are the most important traits of the perfect harem woman?”

“She needs to be social, non-competitive, and open-minded,” I said.

“True ...,” Maria said considering it, “but if you want to attract the right women you are missing the two most important aspects.”

“What aspects?” I asked.

“If you want to create a harem you need to trigger the women’s hypergamic nature.”

“Hypergamic nature?” I asked. “You mean that I should try to make them admire me?”

“Exactly!” Maria said. “To do that you will need to show them that you are resourceful, creative, intelligent, and generous.”

“But I’m not super wealthy,” I said, “and I don’t want to buy the women. I think I already told you that I am turned off by prostitution.”

"You shouldn't try to buy them," she said. "A hypergamous woman likes a man for his generous nature, but she will be turned off if he tries to buy her. There is a thin line between these two. Even though you are not rich I'm sure you can afford to take a group of women out for nice dinners or invite them to a good hotel."

"Yes," I said. "That will not be a problem."

"Exactly!" Maria said. "But being generous does not only involve spending money. You can also be generous with your knowledge, your attention, and your care."

"I fully agree," I said thinking about it. "And what was the other aspect I have missed?"

"You will need an approach that makes it possible to avoid jealousy," she said looking at me for some time to let it sink in. "If you are intimate with a woman, she and you will develop an attachment. If you allow a group of women to attach to you, they will create endless drama."

"I see your point ...," I said. "I have been thinking about attachment too, but I am not sure how to avoid that."

"The solution is simple," she said. "When meeting the women, you need to show them that you already have a girlfriend. If they understand and respect that you have a partner, they will not see you as boyfriend material."

"Ok," I said, "but who should take the place of my partner?"

"Now you are *really* stupid!" she said shaking her head while taking my hand. "You naturally need *me* by your side as your girlfriend. If they all see our relationship as perfect and unbreakable, they will just enjoy getting to know you as a friend and lover."

"But if they see that I have the perfect girlfriend they might not be interested in my harem," I said.

"Some of them might not," Maria said, "but you either need to risk losing some of the women or you will end up struggling with constant drama."

"You are right!" I concluded, "and I have nothing to lose. My current approach is clearly not working."

"You might already have met several perfect harem women," Maria said, "but you didn't notice because you didn't do anything to trigger their hypergamous nature."

"So, what should be my next move?"

"Why don't we invite a group of the women from your list for dinner at a luxury restaurant in Sao Paulo?" she asked. "We will tell them to dress for a special evening and make sure they are picked up in taxis and taken home afterward. The evening needs to be super organized, and food and drinks should be exceptional."

"Hmm ...," I said considering it. "Do you think they will be ok meeting as a group?"

"Now you are being stupid again!" Maria said laughing. "Real harem women *prefer* to meet as a group. The women who are fake, competitive, or not open-minded will automatically redraw. As you are a mature man from Europe you will attract gold-diggers and gold-diggers are possessive and hate competition. If inviting the women as a group, you will get rid of the gold-diggers instantly."

"That's great," I said.

"How many potential harem women are on your list now?" she asked.

Taking my laptop, I found the numbers.

"My scouts have been chatting with 1743 women but have shortlisted 147."

"And what do these 147 women have in common?"

"They are all bi-curious and interested in open relationships."

"Are your scouts still looking for more women?"

"No," I said. "After the butt-stuffer, I gave up and asked them to stop working for me."

"Can I see the list?" Maria asked.

After handing her my laptop she studied the list for some time.

"Why are most of these women in their twenties?" she asked.

"I'm not sure," I said. "We also approached older women, but not a lot were interested in open relationships."

"That makes sense," Maria said nodding. "They might be looking for something more serious, but let's get started! I will write an invitation and send it to 30 women from the list. In the invitation, I will present myself as your girlfriend and will tell them that we are looking for more partners. To find the right profiles we are inviting a group of women who are into open relationships for an outstanding dinner. I will also tell them that you are a fascinating man and convince them that you are a great resource person whom they will enjoy getting to know. If they have questions, they can call me and have a conversation in Portuguese."

"Good!" I said, "but it's important that they understand that this is a purely social event and that I will have *no* sexual expectations."

"I will emphasize that," she said.

“And perhaps you should also tell them that all women who are invited for dinner are bi-curious.”

“Why?” Maria asked.

“In that way, they will not only come to meet me,” I said, “but will also be excited about meeting each other.”

“That’s a great idea!” Maria exclaimed. “I will make sure to put that in the invitation.”

“Perfect!” I said giving her a kiss. “You are a truly unique cuckquean. If we succeed, I promise never to be unfaithful to you by *not* having sex with other women.”

Following breakfast, we immediately got to work. In no time Maria drafted an invitation and booked a table in a private cabin at one of Sao Paulo’s luxury restaurants. Maria turned out to be a master organizer and after sending the invitation to thirty girls twelve let us know that they would be happy to participate. The rest either got offended or didn’t respond. With Maria in charge of all communication, things moved flawlessly. As a woman who spoke Portuguese and understood Brazilian culture, she created almost instant trust with the women making them excited about meeting us.

## Chapter 8

# FIRST HAREM DINNER

When arriving for the dinner another five girls had either canceled or didn't show up. The seven women showing up seemed super friendly, open-minded, and very easy to talk to. When we all sat down there was a great atmosphere around the table. All were dressed up, looking great. While the waiter was taking orders, they were all chatting and laughing. Some of the women spoke very little English and soon the conversation around the table changed to Portuguese. As the dinner progressed Maria was by my side doing her best to translate.

After the main course, the waiter cleared the table and started taking orders for dessert. This seemed to be the perfect time to introduce my vision for a harem.

"As you are all interested in open relationships," I started. "I thought it would be appropriate inviting you as a group."

"But how many partners do you need?" a girl called Carol asked looking around the table and making everyone laugh. "You can't have this many girlfriends."

"I'm not looking for conventional girlfriends," I said. "Some months ago, I had a vision of gathering a harem."

This made them all look at each other and laugh before they started chatting very fast with each other in Portuguese.

"Can you clarify what you mean by a harem?" one of the women said making everyone listen. "Do you mean a group of women who are available to spoil one man?"

“No,” I said. “I would prefer a harem with one man being available to spoil a group of women.”

“Interesting ...,” a girl called Lena said, “but usually a harem is controlled by a sultan who owns all the women.”

“I am polyamorous and will not be interested in owning anyone,” I said. “The women in the harem will be free to come and go as they like. Instead of being a sultan, I prefer being a facilitator organizing the meetings.”

“But what is the harem doing during meetings?” Lena asked.

“Whatever we feel like,” Maria explained. “We can meet and talk, have dinners, have sex or we can explore Carlos’ collection of sex toys.”

While Maria spoke, she took a remote-controlled bullet vibrator out of her bag. Soon the vibrator was handed around the table while Maria explained how it could be controlled using an app on my smartphone.

“Can I try it?” Carol asked when the vibrator landed in her hand.

“Naturally,” I said.

With everyone cheering Carol headed for the lady’s room. When she was back, she sat on my lap while I demonstrated the toy. First, I made it vibrate with music before putting it in pulse mode. When Carol helped me adjust the frequency, I demonstrated how to make it vibrate in, what was called, ‘earthquake-mode’. After closing her eyes for a minute, she put her arms around me telling everyone that earthquake-mode was perfect. Following the demonstration, all the girls wanted to control the app.

While studying them I was amazed. Never in my life had I considered a sex toy to be a great team-

building tool. Following the demonstration, the women seemed to be elevated and some of them became flirty. When suddenly Maria started kissing Lena, Carol studied the two of them for a few seconds before she started kissing me.

At this point I no longer had any doubts:

Maria's harem recruitment approach had turned out to be nothing less than a total game-changer.

## Chapter 9

# VIRGIN HAREM EXPERIENCE

I'm not exactly a marathon socializer. When being in a social space for some time I usually feel a little lost and need to be alone. Around midnight, I was overwhelmed and decided that it was time to go home. When a little later we all gathered in the street outside the restaurant everyone was hugging each other and some of the women were enthusiastically exchanging numbers wanting to meet again. After Maria had told me that she would get taxis for everyone I stopped a taxi for myself and with a sigh of relief, I landed on the backseat. I had just given my address to the driver when the doors to the taxi opened and three of the women – Anita, Lena, and Anna – jumped into the car.

“Some of the others had to go home,” Lena said taking my hand, “but the rest of us are going with you.”

“Eh ...,” I said not knowing how to respond.

“We want to see the rest of your sex toys,” Anna insisted.

“Where is Maria?” I asked.

“Maria and Carol will be following us in another taxi.”

Fifteen minutes later I entered my flat accompanied by five women. As soon as we had closed the door behind us Maria guided our four guests around the flat. In the bedroom, she generously poured out the harem survival kit on my bed. Speaking very fast in Portuguese the group seemed to be discussing each

toy enthusiastically. Suddenly Anna got on all fours on the bed. After lifting her skirt Carol found a whip and started spanking her. This made them all laugh and soon Maria was in the process of helping Anna put on a blindfold, leather handcuffs, and a collar.

"How do I lock her hands on the back?" Maria asked looking at me for help.

Taking a piece of rope, I showed her how to fixate Anna's hands before correcting the blindfold.

"Are you ready to be dominated?" I asked Anna.

"I think so," she said sounding excited. "This is my first time."

"Ok," I said before showing Maria how to put her hand on Anna's throat while using her other hand to hold her hair.

"As the dominant, you need to let your submissive sense your firmness," I explained. "If she can feel that you know what you want, it will be easier for her to let go."

While still holding Anna's hair with one hand Maria opened her own dress with the other and guided Anna to lick her breasts.

"You can also give her orders," I said while Anita touched my arm wanting to ask me a question. Anita didn't speak much English but had Maria translate while asking me how to put on a strap-on dildo.

While I showed Anita how the straps worked, Lena took off her panties and found the lubrication to get herself ready to receive.

"It might sound silly," I said taking out a condom, "but it's always a good idea to put a condom on the strap-on."

"Why?" Lena asked.

“If you want to penetrate someone else afterward you don’t need to clean the strap-on to avoid spreading STDs,” I said. “Instead, you just change the condom.”

When Anita got in position Lena started moaning loudly while Carol asked me how to put on the nipple clamps. After putting clamps on both Carol’s nipples, Maria needed help with a ball-gag for Anna before Carol asked how much lubricating she would need for a butt-plug.

A few minutes later they were all busy with each other and while looking at the commotion in my bed I was amazed. For most of my life, I had been fantasizing about something like this and now it had become real. Surrounded by five playful women having sex with each other I felt completely at peace, but the peace didn’t last long. Suddenly Carol started kissing me and as I responded her hands were fumbling with the button in my trousers. When this happened, it dawned on me that something was not as it should be. Tonight, I had finally entered sex heaven, but the most important part was missing:

I had no erection.

While Carol was still in the process of opening my trousers, I desperately considered the situation. For me, sex is an extension of an emotional space based on presence, trust, and love. What was currently happening in my bed was almost entirely based on lust. In a few seconds, my trousers would be open, and there was a big chance that Carol would make one (or perhaps a combination) of the following conclusions:

1. I didn’t find her attractive.

2. I was impotent.
3. I was gay.

How she would react when realizing that I was not turned on I didn't know, and I didn't intend to find out. While only having a few seconds to act I located Maria who was the only woman with whom I had a genuine emotional connection. Currently, she was holding Anna's head between her thighs moaning loudly while Anna was busy stimulating her orally. In a flash, I grabbed Maria's hand and drew her toward me while kissing her frantically. As Maria responded to my kiss, I felt immense relief as blood came rushing to my rescue creating an almost full erection the moment Carol's hand found its way into my trousers.

"Wow!" Carol said looking at the others. "I just found another one of Carlos' sex toys!"

## Chapter 10

# INDIVIDUAL DATES

In the morning after our harem recruitment dinner, Maria came to see me for breakfast, and we both agreed that the dinner had exceeded all expectations. When telling her what had happened when Carol had approached me for sex, Maria laughed.

“Now I understand why you kept me so close all the time,” she said. “I was worried that you thought I didn’t want you to have sex with the others.”

“Absolutely not,” I said, “but without you close to me, I was unable to stay hard.”

“That makes sense,” she said. “If we are going to succeed with the harem project, you will need to work on that.”

“But how?” I asked.

“Simple,” she said. “You should go on individual dates with all the women. If you build up an emotional connection with each of them, it will give you much more freedom when we are having sex as a group.”

“That will be a lot of dates,” I said.

“Don’t worry,” Maria said. “I will help you organize, but what about the women from last night? Which ones would you like to invite for the harem?”

“If only evaluating from their looks I find Anna and Carol to be most attractive, but beauty is not the only decisive factor,” I said. “Lena and Anita seemed to have more presence and they were also more active when socializing.”

“So how do we decide?” Maria asked.

“I think we should set up more dinners and meet more women,” I said. “It’s important that the

women we invite for the final harem are as enthusiastic about it as you and I are. Right now, we don't know much about any of them. For now, we need to be open and see who disappears and who is eager to meet us again."

## Chapter 11

# THE SEXUAL LADDER

To understand my mindset when going out for individual dates with potential harem women I need to go a little back in time and tell a story of what happened before I went to Sao Paulo. While still at home I decided to prepare myself to meet women by booking a few sessions with a prominent dating coach. During my meeting with the coach, he tried to teach me a manipulative approach to women that would never work for me. In this way I learned how *not* to approach potential harem women and seen from this perspective my time with the coach was well spent.

When arriving in the fancy office of the coach, he guided me to a seat by a huge meeting table in front of a window overlooking the city.

“My job ...,” the coach said as he sat in front of me, “is to help guys such as you get as *much* sex as *fast* as possible. How does that sound to you?”

“I’m not sure ...,” I said considering his question. “Why does it have to be fast?”

“Let’s face it!” he explained. “Guys like you and I are always busy. We don’t want to waste time having too much conversation before getting what we want from a woman. In today’s session, I will teach you how to build, what I call, a ‘sexual ladder’. The ladder is a tool helping you to move *any* interaction with a woman to the bedroom. Women have an amazing ability to smell bullshit 10 miles away but by using the ladder even an average guy such as you can seduce a super beautiful woman without creeping her out.”

“What about getting to know the woman?” I asked. “Is that also part of the ladder?”

“It’s obvious that you have a lot to learn about women,” he said sending me a tolerant smile. “Getting to know a woman creates attachment and attachment makes it difficult to get rid of her after sex. Let me start out by walking you through the process: First, I will teach you how to identify the right ‘target’ and help you avoid being friend-zoned. Next, I will show you how to establish yourself as a high-value guy. You need to dress right, be confident, and send signals showing your ‘target’ that you are busy. When you have established yourself as high-value you are ready to sexualize the conversation.”

“Sexualize the conversation?” I asked. “What does that mean?”

“It means that you are making her feel that *she* is the one who wants to talk about sex,” he said.

“But what if *I* don’t want to talk about sex?”

“You *always* want to talk about sex,” he explained, “but you need to make her feel that you are not interested in the topic. One of my favorite ways of doing this is by looking a little intimidated before telling a target to stop undressing me with her eyes.”

While I considered how ridiculous I would feel saying something like that the coach gave me a piece of cardboard cut in the shape of a ladder. When looking at the ladder it had a description at each step.

### **The sexual ladder**

1. Identify your target
2. Avoid being friend-zoned
3. Establish yourself as a high-value guy
4. Sexualize the conversation

5. Have sex with her
6. Trigger her low self-esteem
7. Put her in your carousel
8. Repeat the process.

“Following the ladder might seem difficult but don’t worry,” the coach said. “Breaking your old patterns will take a little practice, but when you have done it a few times it will be easy.”

“Ok,” I said studying the sexual ladder for a moment. “What is this part about triggering her low self-esteem?”

“This is the perfect way of keeping her in the loop,” he said. “Use any opportunity to make her feel unattractive or unintelligent while you keep showing her that your time is more valuable than hers. The more you succeed in this, the more she will want to spend time with you. This naturally makes her very easy to control.”

“Hmm ...,” I said, “but I don’t like pushing anyone and I prefer dating women with *high* self-esteem.”

“All beautiful women have low self-esteem,” he explained, “and let me tell you a little secret.” Before continuing he leaned forward and lowered his voice. “A beautiful woman *knows* she is beautiful, but she doesn’t know if she is sexy. I will teach you how to use her insecurity to get her to spread her legs. Afterward, you only need to put her into your carousel.”

“My carousel?” I asked. “I’m not sure what that means.”

“The carousel is your lineup of women who are always ready to have sex with you when *you* have time,” he explained and continued: “I’m sure

you are now wondering how you can create a carousel.”

“Not really,” I said.

“Just after sex a woman is vulnerable,” he explained ignoring my response. “This is the best time to ignore her. Following sex, you should ignore her for at least 2 weeks. By ignoring her, your status as a high-value guy will skyrocket. After 2 weeks you write her and tell her that you have time to see her soon. At this point, she will be flattered by getting your attention and will be more than happy to meet you for sex. You might need to spend money on dinner, but it will still be cheaper than hiring an escort. My best students have between 20 and 40 women in their carousels. Do you want to be able to do the same?”

“No,” I said. “I am not attracted to women who can be manipulated like that.”

“Why not?” he asked looking puzzled.

“I find intelligence and genuine connection sexy.”

“You sound *very* deep and sincere,” he said laughing while shaking his head. “Just allow yourself to let go of your fancy ideals for a moment. Attractive women are like good food, and they should always be enjoyed on your terms.”

“But what is the point of having sex with a woman I just want to get rid of?” I asked. “Isn’t that the approach of a rapist?”

For a moment the dating coach was quiet while considering my question.

“There is an important difference ...” he finally said. “A rapist does not care about a woman’s consent. This can get him in trouble with the police.”

“So, I should get a woman’s consent to avoid trouble with the police?”

“No,” he said. “You should get her consent to follow the law.”

“Ok,” I said, “but what kind of consent should I get? The kind of consent that she regrets the next day or the kind that makes her feel depressed or lonely?”

“You are clearly not taking this seriously!” the coach said. “I’m sure you have a very low hit rate with women.”

“Yes,” I said, “but primarily with women who are turned on by manipulation.”

## Chapter 12

# INDIVIDUAL RELATIONSHIPS

As Maria and I arranged more dinners I also started going out on individual dates with women who had already attended a group dinner. Eagerly Maria was setting me up for dinners at a small and romantic restaurant close to my flat. If the dating coach had seen the way I approached the women at these dinners, he would *not* have been happy. Not only did I do what I could to bond with each of them, but I also boosted their self-esteem while not trying to move the interaction to the bedroom. When trying to document my approach as a ladder I realized that I was in fact following the exact opposite approach of the dating coach.

### **My harem ladder**

1. Identify a woman with the right profile
2. Explore if she and you feel genuine attraction.
3. Make her feel valued and don't sexualize the conversation
4. Find out if you have matching sexual profiles.
5. If there is mutual attraction have sex on her terms.
6. Boost her self-esteem while helping her learn about her sexual profile.
7. Be transparent and make her feel welcome.
8. Repeat the process.

After meeting a new woman five evenings in a row, Maria and I met and evaluated the process.

"I think five dates in five days is a little over the top," I concluded. "These meetings are very intense."

"Why?" she asked.

"With each of the women I made it clear that I had no sexual expectations," I said, "but when leaving the restaurant, they all insisted on going to my place."

"This is natural," Maria said. "Nothing attracts a woman like going out with a man who has no sexual agenda."

"Hmm ...," I said. "So, if I want more time to get to know the women, I need to pretend that I have a sexual agenda?"

"That might work," Maria laughed, "but why didn't you just say 'no' when they suggested going to your place?"

"Let's face it ...," I said. "I am not a prince from a fairytale and these girls are all very beautiful. Don't you think it will hurt their egos if someone like me rejected them?"

"Absolutely not!" Maria said. "Most men are much too eager for sex. Letting a woman know that you want to get to know her is a huge compliment."

"Ok," I said, considering it.

"But you should naturally not have more dates than you can handle," she concluded. "How many romantic meetings that include sex can you do a week?"

"Perhaps three," I said. "Remember that we are also doing the recruitment dinners and I also need the energy to be dating you."

"I understand," she said.

"And perhaps it will also be better if meeting the women for coffee dates in the afternoon," I said. "In that way, the setup will be more casual and that might lower their sexual expectations."

“Ok,” she said. “I will find a nice café and arrange the meetings there, but tell me more about the meetings. What happened when you and the women went to your place?”

“To get an idea of their role in the harem I asked them if they had any unexplored sexual fantasies.”

“That’s an interesting question,” she said. “What did they say?”

“Leanna had a fantasy of being a stripper,” I said. “When we came to my place I asked if she wanted to strip for me. She was more than happy to do that and after putting on some music she did an amazing performance including a lap dance. After her dance, we had sex in the sofa in my living room.”

“And the others?” Maria asked looking excited.

“Amanda doesn’t speak much English,” I said, “but it helped using translation on our phones and we had a great time. When arriving at my flat she told me about her rape fantasy.”

“Rape fantasy?!” Maria burst out, putting a hand in her panties. “Tell me more.”

“She likes to fantasize about going for a session with a male psychologist,” I said. “During the session, he suddenly grabs hold of her and throws her over a table. After lifting up her skirt he penetrates her from behind.”

“So, you pretended to be her psychologist?” Maria asked while moving her fingers inside her panties.

“Yes,” I said.

“What did you do with the others?” Maria asked while she continued touching herself.

“Lena has been in a long relationship with a guy who abused her,” I said. “When meeting in my

flat she wanted us to have loving and caring sex. Suelen wanted to explore anal sex and Tanni wanted me to teach her some techniques to overcome her gag reflex while deep-throating.”

“Perfect!” Maria said masturbating vigorously. “Could you go into more detail regarding Amanda and Tanni while I finish?”

## Chapter 13

# INTERVIEW FOR A BLOWJOB

In the following days, Maria stopped setting up romantic dinners but arranged individual meetings at a café she had found. The café was quiet and cozy, had several comfortable sofas, and the perfect casual ambiance when meeting potential harem women. After a few meetings, I arrived at the café to meet a woman called Paloma. During the group dinner, Paloma had been sitting at the other end of the table, and as she and I had only spoken a few words I didn't know much about her. I only knew that she was 27 years old and lived in Sao Paulo while studying psychology. The waiter at the café was an older and esteemed English gentleman who spoke Oxford English. When I sat down on my usual sofa, he recognized me.

"Meeting another young lady this afternoon Sir?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "She will be arriving for an interview at any moment."

"Extraordinarily pretty ladies you are interviewing if you don't mind me saying so Sir!" he said.

"I'm glad you think so," I said.

"If you don't mind me asking Sir ..." the waiter said. "What is the purpose of these interviews?"

"Just finding candidates," I said trying to avoid having to explain about the harem.

"I wish you the best of luck Sir!" he said smiling courteously. As the waiter left the table with my order, Paloma entered the café. When I waved a

hand at her she lit up and strode purposefully in my direction. The confident way she was walking told me that Paloma was the kind of woman who knew what she wanted from life and also knew *exactly* how to get it.

“I’m happy we could find time to get to know each other better,” she said as I got up and gave her a hug. “I find your idea of creating a harem truly fascinating.”

As we sat down on the sofa beside each other the waiter was attentively serving coffee, tea, and biscuits.

“Great,” I said. “What is it about the harem you like?”

“I easily get bored in relationships,” she said. “I enjoy doing things that take me out of my comfort zone and a conventional relationship often runs on emotional autopilot. I don’t want kids and I always try to find guys who are not traditional. Being part of the harem could be an interesting learning experience.”

“That’s perfect,” I said. “I usually feel claustrophobic in monogamous relationships. For some years I have explored polyamorous relationships and I really enjoy the non-possessive aspect of this. Are you currently dating anyone?”

“No,” she said. “I just broke up with my boyfriend a month ago.”

“Why?”

“He was a submissive foot fetishist who was into financial domination,” she said. “He always wanted to clean my flat, lick my feet and pay my bills. In the beginning, I enjoyed our unconventional setup, but it ended up becoming too much.”

“But it sounds like the perfect deal!” I said laughing. “Having a slave who cleans your feet and your home while paying your bills.”

"I know," she said with a smile, "but I am also submissive and with him, there was no room for my submissiveness."

"I understand ...," I said.

For a few seconds, we were both quiet. When looking into her eyes I sensed a lot of peace—almost as if we already knew each other.

"We have great chemistry," she concluded, and we both smiled.

"Yes," I said. "This feels really peaceful."

Following an impulse, I reached for her hand. Still smiling she put her hand in mine and for a little while, neither of us spoke. Suddenly she leaned forward and kissed me. A few seconds later we were passionately kissing while almost sliding out off the sofa.

"More tea Sir?" I suddenly heard the waiter say. Quickly Paloma and I let go of each other. While she quickly found a mirror in her bag checking her makeup, I was looking at the waiter.

"Yes, please!" I said taking a plate from the table and using it to hide the more than visible erection that created a dent in my trousers.

"Did you finish your biscuits, Sir?"

"Yes," I said.

"Can I take the plate?"

"Ehh ...," I said still holding the plate to hide my erection. "Not right now."

"Why not Sir?" He insisted. "The plate is empty."

"He is drooling," Paloma said trying to support my explanation. "He needs the plate to catch the dribble."

"Ahh...", the waiter said and sent us an extra courteous smile. "Sorry, Sir! I understand. Who

wouldn't be drooling when sitting beside a lady like this?"

When the waiter left, I looked at Paloma.

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "This is what I call instant connection!"

"It felt great!" she said throwing herself at me again. Once more we were kissing passionately when I heard a voice.

"I forgot to give you the sugar Sir!" the waiter said. As a reflex we both redrew, and I quickly grabbed the plate once more trying to hide my erection until the waiter had once more left the table.

"I am curious to hear more about your sexual profile," I said when being sure the waiter was not coming back. "Do you have any unexplored sexual fantasies?"

"Yes," she said. "Like my ex, I am also turned on by being dominated financially."

"Interesting ...," I said. "What happens in your fantasy?"

"When I masturbate, I sometimes picture myself as a poor maid who works in a huge house," she explained. "The owner of the house is an arrogant type who offers me money to give him blowjobs. Being poor and desperately needing money I say yes. The idea of following his request disgusts me, but the humiliation of feeling forced to suck him for money turns me on."

"And in this fantasy, you are not a prostitute?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I'm a poor and innocent girl who has never had sex before. Something about fantasizing about the arrogant way he throws the money at me after I have satisfied him makes me super horny."

“And how is your financial situation?” I asked.  
“Do you also need money outside your fantasy?”

“That’s the paradox,” Paloma said laughing. “I come from a wealthy family, and I have no idea how it feels being poor.”

After hanging out with Paloma for an hour she had to leave, and the waiter came back to the table to pick up the plates and cups.

“An extraordinarily pretty lady indeed Sir!” he complimented as I was taking a few notes about my meeting with Paloma. “If you don’t mind me asking Sir: What kind of job was this candidate applying for?”

While writing about Paloma giving her landlord a blowjob, I was completely absentminded and without thinking, the word ‘blowjob’ escaped my mouth.

“A blowjob Sir?!” the waiter said while frowning for a moment. “I am sorry, but I am not familiar with that profession.”

## Chapter 14

# THE SEXUAL STAMPEDE

During the next weeks, I continued meeting potential harem women. Some at the recruitment dinners and some for individual dates. As a result, I entered the – without comparison – most sexually active and diversified period of my life. Being intimate with so many different women within a very short period also taught me many new things about sex. Most people are only intimate with one person at a time. Because of this, they don't get to sense the extreme diversity of human sexuality – a diversity making each person's approach to sex as personal as their fingerprints.

During sex, all the women had completely unique bodily energies – different smells, sounds, tastes, and intensity when touching me. With some, it was not easy to connect heart-to-heart and with others, it happened instantly. With some, there was a light and playful energy and with others, we both melted and seemed to become one. During kissing, oral sex, or penetration they all created different sensations, energies, and ambiance. Each woman's sexuality had a personality with certain characteristics. Some had spontaneous sexuality – some an impulsive, demanding, insisting, powerful, passionate, aggressive, energetic, passive, and loving and some had a curious sexuality. Even though most were slender some of the women seemed heavy and some light. With one of the women, I felt a special and deep connection to nature during sex and when closing my eyes, it felt as if I had the scents of flowers, fresh soil, and leaves in my nostrils. Another had breast implants, no bodily

smell and during sex, she seemed synthetic like a doll. One had such intensity in her touch that it felt as if her hands were burning through my skin. With one of the women, I felt an uncontrollable passion during sex, but when she reached climax something about the way she moaned made it seem as if she was out of touch with me making me turn off instantly. With some of the women, I had a great social and intellectual connection, but during sex, it felt as if our sexual organs didn't match. With some I realized that their smell, skin, taste, or kiss didn't turn me on. Some had a physical aspect that turned me off – like huge nipples, rough skin, or strange feet. Many of the women probably had the same kind of reactions to me but addressing why and how we did not match physically was not easy.

While going on all these dates I also learned that great sex seems to be closely connected to a person's comfort zone. During sex, something needs to be at stake or at risk, but if too much is at stake sex can turn destructive. In a passionate sexual space, both parties need to be on edge and need to be alert. This is naturally one of the reasons I have never been turned on by professional sex – an escort rarely has anything at stake – except her time and the money she wants to make.

## Chapter 15

# HANDS-ON SEXUAL HEALING

While I continued meeting new potential harem candidates Maria set me up with a woman called Rita. Rita was 28 years and enthusiastic about the harem, but she also had some concerns. Over coffee, she told me about an experience she had as a teenager. At a party, a drunk guy pushed her into a guest bedroom and forced himself on her.

“Some time ago I read about a woman who had an orgasm during rape,” Rita said. “I just don’t understand how this is possible. When I was raped, it not only hurt like hell, but I was also paralyzed with fear.”

“If someone forces you to eat ice cream you might still like the taste,” I said. “An experience that does not include consent can still include an aspect of pleasure.”

“As a man, you might be able to tell me why some men are capable of raping a woman?” Rita asked. “How can anyone find pleasure in having sex with someone who is afraid?”

“I once wrote a biography of a woman who was kidnapped and raped more than a thousand times by an insane man,” I told her. “While writing I also talked to the rapist and realized that he was intimidated by women.”

“The guy who raped me didn’t seem intimidated at all,” she said. “He was aggressive and very demanding.”

“You cannot harm someone if you have an open heart,” I said. “This is why a rapist needs

emotional distance to turn on. To create distance, he can use aggression. Many rapists would be unable to perform sexually in a normal loving relationship and seen in the aspect they could be considered impotent."

"Interesting ...," she said considering it.

"But did your experience influence your relationship with men in general?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Since then, I have had trust issues when trying to have sex with a man. I don't consider myself lesbian, but I prefer having sex with women. This is one of the reasons I found the harem appealing."

"And you haven't had sex with a man since being raped?"

"I have tried," she said, "but I can't relax, and it doesn't go well."

"What happens?" I asked.

"I become numb and full of fear," she said. "Last time I panicked and became breathless. The guy took it as a sign that I was turned on. This naturally made the whole situation much worse."

"Did you tell him to stop?"

"For some reason, I was unable to speak," she said, "and I don't think he noticed that having sex was a terrible experience for me. Afterward, he was sweet and caring and I didn't have the heart to tell him how I felt."

"To let go during sex you need to find a way to release your trauma," I said.

"I know," she said, "but how do I do that?"

"Your trauma is connected to fear of being put under pressure by a man's sexual expectations," I said. "If you can create an intimate space with a man without having to relate to his needs it might help you relax."

"It sounds plausible," she said, "but how do I create such a space?"

"Over the years I have been approached by a lot of people who had emotional problems," I said. "One of them was a woman who had trauma after sexual abuse. What she and I did was quite unconventional, but it helped her."

"What did you do?" she asked.

"First we had several conversations like you and me have now," I said. "When having established trust, we agreed to meet in my bed at a certain time for 1 hour. On the day she arrived in my bedroom I had put an alarm clock to go off when an hour had passed. During the following hour, I would be laying on my back on the bed being completely passive. If she wanted to get undressed, if she wanted to touch or kiss or engage sexually, she could follow her urges and I would do nothing but receive. If she felt insecure or had questions, she could say whatever she wanted and I would respond in a totally transparent way."

"Are you saying that you acted as her sex therapist by performing like a male sex doll?" Rita asked smiling.

"Exactly!" I said. "In this way, she could create her own sex laboratory making it possible to explore her reaction to intimacy at her own pace."

"I never heard about something like this before," she said. "What if she wanted you to touch her? Was that possible?"

"Yes," I said. "If she wanted to be touched, she could take my hands and guide them to places on her body that she wanted me to touch."

"But did it turn you on acting like a sex doll?" Rita asked.

"It wasn't important if I was turned on or not," I said, "I was not there to gain pleasure, but to support her in the process of releasing her trauma."

"But if you didn't turn on," she said. "She would not have sex with you."

"Sex is much more than penetration," I said, "but we made an agreement before the meeting: If I turned on, she could make me wear a condom and ride me. If I didn't turn on, she could touch herself, kiss, or explore the physical space between her and me in any way she wanted."

"Did you turn on?" Rita asked.

"Not immediately," I said, "but at some point, it happened and at that point she wanted penetration."

"Interesting ...," Rita said considering it.

"In a setting like that, it's naturally important that the woman is in charge. Whenever she wanted or when the hour was up, she could leave and digest the experience. After the meeting, it was up to her if we should meet again."

"Did she want to meet again?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "and next time she wanted me to be more active."

"Doing something like this might help me," she said, "but most men would consider me crazy if I asked them to be my male sex doll. They might also say yes, but when we meet, they could decide not to follow the rules."

"Yes," I said. "That is naturally possible."

"I'm interested in doing something like this," she said, "but I don't know you very well."

"You can start out by talking to Maria," I said. "If Maria makes you more confident, I will be happy to help you."

A few days later, I'm lying on my back on my bed when Rita enters my bedroom. Maria is in the living room and before Rita meets me the two women have spent a little time together. On my bedside table, I put a condom and an alarm set to go off an hour later. Carefully and with almost no sound, Rita takes off her blouse. With a shy smile, she sits on the edge of my bed studying me. I am not turned on, but her presence makes me feel open and relaxed. While she takes off her dress, I close my eyes and enjoy the atmosphere in the room. Suddenly I feel the gentle touch of her hand on my chest. The sensation is intense, and her hand is warm when triggering sensations that flood my brain and send sparks down my spine. This is not the touch of an experienced woman, but the intense touch of a girl who wants to become a woman.

I sense that Rita is vulnerable, excited, and curious as she lies down beside me, and for some time, we both acclimatize. It takes a few minutes before she has overcome her shyness, and when she touches me again, her touch is more confident. I look at her and smile. Her eyes are clouded. This is Rita's intimacy research laboratory, and she does not need to acknowledge my existence. She reaches out for my hand and moves it to her breasts. My touch is open and in no way insistent or desirous. For a long time, she is touching and exploring herself using my hand. Leaning over me she tickles my chest with her long hair before studying my face to explore my reaction. Next, she kisses me — first on my hands, then on my belly before kissing my mouth. I respond to her kiss but make sure she is in charge. With growing confidence, she becomes more and more playful, and with her playfulness, I open and become hard.

When she sits on top of me, I am still passive, but my body responds to her movements. For some time, she gets accustomed to my body before taking both my hands, using them to stroke her shoulders, arms, breasts, and buttocks. I am doing nothing to stimulate her, but I stay open while letting her stimulate herself. Curiously she puts one of my hands between her legs, penetrating herself with one of my fingers. Her breath intensifies, and after some time she is moaning. Gradually her movements become more and more persistent. While playing my part in our mutual space, I enjoyed my role as the observer. If Rita would suddenly withdraw and leave, I would not mind. She senses the freedom we create while becoming more and more self-reliant. This is Rita's space – a space that has no right or wrong. By being passive, I am not just strengthening her trust in me but in men in general. Now she is sitting on top of me and while reaching for the condom her face tells me that she needs help. With the condom in place, I once more become passive. Once I am inside her she makes small movements and soon her tiny spasms grow into vigorous movements. As her arms are reaching for me, her nails are digging into my skin while she grounds herself. A moment later she has become pure feminine, raw passion. Her moans fill the room before she collapses on top of me.

While coming down light perspiration makes her skin shimmer. She is a little startled when my alarm clock goes off. Our time is up, and the meeting is over. After giving me a light kiss, she slowly and gently leaves my bed before getting dressed. As she closes the bedroom door, she turns around and smiles. A moment later, I can hear the sound of Maria and Rita talking and laughing together.

## Our Healing Harem

## Chapter 16

# THE HAREM CONTRACT

Inviting all the women on my list for exclusive group dinners took around three weeks. After having sent invitations to 147 women 41 accepted the invitation. Following the dinners, 19 women stayed in touch and kept being interested in the harem. When I had been out on individual dates with all 19 women, I had a good overview of each woman's emotional, intellectual, social, and sexual profile. Besides this, I also knew if they had mental issues, health problems, or were taking drugs, medicine, or alcohol. When putting together the harem I had to consider that some of the women were not good with appointments, some seemed too vulnerable, and some lived too far from central Sao Paulo to be able to attend shorter meetings. Creating a list of the best-suited women, I came up with a group of 11. Some of the women had already met at group dinners, but some had never met before. Within this group, there was a variety of fetishes and sexual preferences making it possible for the group to explore many different sexual activities.

### THE FINAL HAREM: LIST OF PARTICIPANTS

- *Anne 30: Submissive. Fetish: Fantasizing about dressing up as a schoolgirl seducing her teacher.*
- *Lucy 24: Dominant, lesbian with a leather fetish who also likes to dress as a man.*
- *Carol 27: Submissive and bi-sexual and very explorative. She prefers women to men.*
- *Rita 28: Enjoys vanilla sex and has sexual trauma after an abusive sexual experience.*
- *Maria 26: Submissive, bi-curious, and cuckquean*
- *Paloma 27: Submissive, bi-curious, and turned on by being financially dominated.*

## Our Healing Harem

- *Aline 26: Submissive, but also interested in tantric and vanilla sex. (Speaks very little English but understands most)*
- *Leanna 30: Exhibitionist with a strip-fetish, bi-curious, and mainly into traditional vanilla sex.*
- *Amanda 22: Submissive and bi-sexual with rape fantasies. (Speaks very little English but understands most)*
- *Gabi 25: Submissive, bi-sexual, and turned on by spanking and humiliation.*
- *Anita 32: Submissive and bi-sexual with an unexplored age play fetish making her fantasize about being a young girl who is seduced by an older man.*

Most of these 11 women were extroverts but some were also introverts. At least three were, what I define as, 'social connectors' making it natural for them to involve others in a social space. Two were jokers who could always come up with a sarcastic remark if things became too serious. Some of the women were loners, some a little shy, caring, street-smart and two seemed a little nerdy and were studying hardcore science at the university. Several were totally transparent and had basically no filter making them say almost exactly what they were thinking. All had explicitly expressed that they could not be open or public about participating in the harem.

Originally, I decided to create a harem consisting of submissive women who were bi-sexual or bi-curious, but while recruiting I had great chemistry with other types of women as well – including Lucy. Besides being lesbian and only attracted to women Lucy was also dominant. Even though she and I had no sexual attraction to each other we had a great emotional and intellectual attraction.

How the harem would connect as a group when meeting I naturally couldn't predict but when Maria and I went over the list together she was convinced it would work. To ensure that everyone had a mutual understanding of the conventions within the harem Maria and I wrote a few pages describing the goal of the harem, its philosophy, and basic rules.

### **THE CONTEMPORARY HAREM**

*The contemporary harem is an experiment and a research project defined by Carlos G. The aim of the harem is to explore the social and sexual dynamics of one man and a group of women when gathering regularly while being intimate as a group.*

### **Alcohol and drug policy**

*The members do not see the harem as a party or a sex club but as a place for emotional and spiritual growth and sexual and personal empowerment. When meeting, all members have a clear mind, making it possible to make a healthy decision with respect for their own and the group's sexual and emotional boundaries. When meeting privately as a harem the members will not be under the influence of alcohol, drugs, or other substances. If attending parties, this rule can be temporarily lifted by the harem facilitator but at no point should a member of the harem be drunk or high to a degree making it hard to control their actions.*

### **Facilitation**

*Carlos is the founder and facilitator of the harem. As the facilitator, he is inviting the harem for dinners and activities while ensuring that everyone feels included and safe. As the facilitator Carlos will pay for dinners,*

*traveling, and other activities within the harem. As the facilitator, he cannot make decisions on behalf of the members. If a majority of the harem members agree that they want a different facilitator the harem will set up a democratic election choosing another facilitator. There is no rule saying that the harem facilitator must be a man.*

### **Meetings**

*The harem will strive to meet twice a week and each member should be able to attend at least one meeting a week. If a member is not feeling at her best before a harem meeting – feeling sick, depressed, or tired – she will talk to the facilitator, and together they will decide if attending the harem is a good idea.*

### **Privacy**

*When attending the harem, no one can use their phones and will not take any pictures or make recordings – unless doing so is connected to an activity within the harem. Pictures of members, their names, and anything that can identify them publicly will remain private and will not be exposed to anyone outside the harem. Members cannot connect on social media unless both parties agree to do so. No one can bring visitors to the harem without everyone's consent.*

*If harem members develop a friendship or relationship outside the harem, they can connect or call each other according to their own agreement. If they are not engaging on a regular basis outside the harem all calls and meetings need to be scheduled. If randomly meeting another harem member in a setting not connected to the harem both parties will pretend not to know each other.*

*At meetings, it will be up to the individual if they want to reveal their real name and other private aspects of their lives – like workplace, address, profession, relationship status, etc. Only the facilitator will know the real names of all members and know who to reach out for, in case of an emergency*

### ***Relationship and intimacy***

*The harem is regarded as an open relationship for everyone involved, but no one is expected to have intimate relations or physical contact with any of the other members unless both parties feel attracted to do so. Within the harem, there is no sexual or emotional ownership, and all members can have any number of intimate relationships outside the harem. If engaging sexually in the harem it will always be because the individual chooses to do so, out of genuine attraction, or because a member feels the urge to explore a certain activity. Within the harem, all members will be truthful and honest toward each other about anything related to the activities explored within the harem.*

### ***Goal and Philosophy***

*The goal of the harem is to help each member achieve increased sexual and emotional awareness. In this way, the harem is an incubator of intimate expertise making it easier for members to find the right match when looking for a future partner. If a member decides to leave the harem after having found love outside the harem it will be considered good news. If on a later occasion, the member wants to return to the harem it will be up to the facilitator to decide if this is possible.*

**Dress code**

*During private meetings within the harem, a male member of the harem will wear a t-shirt and baggy loose harem pants. The women will wear sexy lingerie, underwear, or a suit or outfit that matches their sexuality. If going out for parties or dinners, the members will talk about it beforehand and dress for the occasion.*

**Safe sex**

*All members agree to practice safe sex within the harem. Harem members can choose to have an STD test and show it at the start of a meeting. In this way, they can engage without protection with other members who are also presenting a test.*

**Withdrawal or exclusion**

*Anyone can leave the harem at any time and will not need to present a reason or explanation for doing so. The facilitator can exclude any member of the harem at any time and will try to explain to all members why exclusion was necessary but will not be obliged to do so.*

## Chapter 17

# VIRGIN HAREM LUNCH

When being ready to invite the harem for the first meeting I realized that my flat was too small for a group this size. To create room for everyone I gave up my current flat and decided to find a house with a bigger living room, a pool, several bathrooms, and a dining table with enough chairs. Sao Paulo is huge and to find the ideal location I marked the home addresses of each harem woman on a map. In this way I found a house in an area making it possible for everyone to travel to meetings in a taxi in less than 30 minutes outside rush hour. Most of the women had jobs or were studying and according to Maria inviting the harem for lunch on a Sunday from 12 noon to 3 PM would give most of them a chance to attend. This turned out to be true and at the first meeting, everyone was able to join.

Before the meeting, I decided on an activity I wanted to explore with the group but having no experience I was a little in the dark. Perhaps some of the women would be very shy or feel uncomfortable and not ready to be open and playful within the group. When arriving the harem women put their clothes and bags in one of the guestrooms before gathering in the dining room. All were in a great mood which made me feel confident that we had a great afternoon ahead of us. When everyone had found a seat around the table the atmosphere was homely and casual even though they were all dressed up in lingerie. Maria and I served homemade traditional Brazilian food and freshly squeezed juice. While eating everyone was chatting eagerly until I asked

them to introduce themselves to the group. Afterward, Maria went through our harem rules while translating to Portuguese making sure everyone understood.

"In the rules, it says that we cannot take pictures during meetings," I said when Maria had finished, "but I would like to document the process of creating a harem and would like a few pictures. I have talked to a photographer who is on standby and can come later. She will make sure your faces are not shown in the pictures. If some of you don't want to be in the pictures, it will not be a problem."

"Do you want us to be naked in the pictures?" Rita asked.

"No," I said, "but it would be great if you could all be in your underwear."

"I'm ok with that," Rita said, "but I have some tattoos. Should I cover them?"

"I will tell the photographer to retouch the photos and remove any tattoos."

"Then I can't see why we should not be ok with the pictures," Leanna said looking at the others.

"Yes," Lucy said, "but remember to send us copies."

"Great!" I said nodding at Maria who wrote the photographer a text message while I continued speaking: "I am going to create an online forum making it possible for all of us to stay connected while also exchanging ideas and thoughts after each meeting. When the pictures are ready, I will share them. If any of you are not ok with the pictures, you can let me know and I will not use them."

"Perfect!" Paloma said and the others nodded.

"Have any of you told your families or friends that you are part of a harem?" I asked.

“Absolutely not!” Gabi said. “My family would force me to see a psychologist.”

“I haven’t even told my boyfriend about it,” Anne said making everyone laugh.

While we finished lunch the conversation around the table continued vividly. Everyone was eagerly asking each other questions, sharing their experiences from earlier meetings while wanting to know more about each other.

After lunch, the photographer arrived while we cleared the table and moved to the living room. The living room had a big, soft rug making it comfortable to sit on the floor.

“I’m going to suggest an agenda before each meeting,” I said, “but you can always write to me and let me know if you have a suggestion for something you want to explore at our meetings. As this is our first meeting, I would like us to start out with something fairly casual. If at any point any of you feel uncomfortable you don’t need to explain anything. You can always withdraw, sit on the sofa and observe or go to one of the other rooms and take a break. Better withdraw one time too many than go home and realize that you were part of something that you didn’t enjoy.”

After Maria had translated to Amanda and Aline making sure they understood they both nodded.

“At this first meeting I want us to explore touching,” I said.

“Are you going to teach us how to give a massage?” Carol asked.

“No,” I said. “My knowledge and technique as a masseur is basic. In my view, the touch of a masseur often creates a professional distance.

Instead of massage I prefer talking about ‘touch’. Touching takes no special skills, but only presence. When you touch someone, you don’t need to be professional, but can focus on expressing emotion. With a touch, you can express love, care, support, desire, and many other emotions or urges. Behind a loving touch, there is no other agenda than to connect. To start this, we need someone who will be ok to lay on the rug being touched by everyone at any place of her body.”

Before the meeting, I had an agreement with Maria that she would volunteer if no one else did, but half the women volunteered and soon Carol was on the floor getting ready to be the center of everyone’s attention.

“Should I be naked?” she asked.

“Being in your underwear is fine,” I said. “If you want to get naked later it’s up to you.”

When everyone was sitting around Carol, I told them to put both their hands a few centimeters over Carol’s body.



“A touch does not have to be physical,” I said.  
“You can touch other people through words, by looking at them or – like now – by touching them energetically.”

For a moment we all stayed quiet before I addressed Carol.

“Can you feel our hands?”



“Yes,” she said. “I can feel the warmth but it’s not just that. All your hands are creating different sensations.”

“Touching like this enhances your sensitivity and longing for a physical touch,” I said. “If we cultivate Carol’s longing long enough, we might be able to arouse her. Some can even reach orgasm through an energetical touch.”

“Wow!” Anita said while staring at her hands.  
“How long would that take?”

“It’s not so much about time, but mostly about our focus,” I said, “but you are all new to this. When we know each other a little better the energy will be stronger. We can explore this further at one of our next meetings. For now, you can start out by moving your hands a little, but still make sure not to touch Carol physically. Imagine that you are caressing the air just a few centimeters over her skin.”

For some time, all hands were floating over Carol’s body and as the minutes passed, Carol started breathing stronger.

“The sensation is becoming very strong now,” Carol said.

“Good,” I said. “We can now move on to physical touch. First, I want you all to touch Carol with a loving agenda.”

“How do I touch with a loving agenda?” Lucy asked.

“Try to find a loving emotion and send it through your hands to Carol,” I said.

While all the hands started touching Carol she seemed to be melting under our touch.

“If you receive a massage by a professional, we define certain areas of the body as intimate or forbidden,” I said, “but within the harem, our bodies have no forbidden areas. You can touch Carol anywhere you like, but just make sure you continue touching her with a loving agenda.”

“Can I turn around and take off my underwear?” Carol asked.

“Naturally,” I said.

When Carol had gotten rid of her underwear while laying on her back one of the women’s hands

found its way up between her thighs. Seconds later tears started running from Carol's eyes.

"We rarely touch each other intimately without a sexual agenda," I said looking at Carol. "Being touched intimately with a purely loving agenda can feel healing."

"Yes," Carol said. "This is soothing."

During the following minutes, we all continued making love to Carol only touching her lightly with our hands.

"Now let's try to change our approach," I said. "I would like you all to touch Carol with the purpose of dominating her."

As everyone changed their agenda Lucy's hand moved to Carol's throat.

"Can I choke you?" Lucy asked looking at Carol.

"Yes," she said. "I will let you know if it's too much."

After some time, I asked them all to touch Carol with a sexual and desirous agenda. A moment later all hands started rubbing themselves against Carol with the purpose of creating a sexual reaction. Soon Carol spread her legs and stretched her body while also starting to breathe harder. Her reaction stimulated and influenced everyone and when one of the girls' fingers found its way inside Carol while another hand was stimulating her on the outside Carol started moaning.

"This is great..." Rita said as she continued touching Carol with one hand while using the other to stimulate herself. As more of the others followed Rita's example Carol moaned louder and started shaking.

## Chapter 18

# ORGASM CONTROL

### ***AS TOLD BY MARIA***

After Carlos and I had arranged the first meeting everyone was excited to meet again. Only three days later we arranged a second meeting. This time we met in the evening for dinner, but as Anne and Carol had other commitments, they, unfortunately, could not attend. Over dinner, Amanda and Aline had some difficulties understanding the conversation and they asked me if they could speak Portuguese. When talking to Carlos about it he suggested that we should all socialize in Portuguese over dinner. He didn't need me to translate and while we had dinner Carlos took the role of our waiter making sure everyone had enough to eat and drink.

After dinner, our two most submissive women – Amanda and Gabi cleared the table and washed the dishes while enjoying being sexually harassed by Lucy. When the kitchen was cleared, we once more met in my living room. This time Carlos started out demonstrating two new additions to the harem survival kit. One was a special sex chair making it possible to have sex in, otherwise, difficult positions. The other was a love-swing. When installed in a door frame the swing was great for innovative lovemaking positions or so-called weightless sex. During the demonstration, Aline acted as Carlos' partner before some of the girls found the strap-ons' trying out the swing and the chair two-by-two.

Following the demonstration, we all sat on the rug on the floor and Carlos said:

"Yesterday Paloma told me that she wanted to tell you all something. I will start out by letting her speak."

When having everyone's attention Paloma spoke:

"As some of you already know I define myself as a submissive," she started, "but I don't have much experience letting someone else take control in a sexual space."

"What about your earlier relationships?" Rita asked. "Didn't you ever have a dominant partner?"

"No," Paloma said. "My last boyfriend was submissive like me. He sometimes wanted me to tie him up or force him to lick my feet. Trying to please him, I did as he requested, but it never turned me on."

"I would be happy to help you gain more experience as a submissive," Lucy said sending Paloma a flirty smile.

"I'm on for that," Paloma said to Lucy, "but my lack of experience as a submissive isn't my biggest problem. I have another issue that I never told anyone about." For a moment she considered her words before she spoke again: "To be honest I have never had an orgasm."

"I'm not sure I understand," Rita interfered. "At the end of our last meeting, I believe we all had an orgasm together as a group?"

"Not quite," Paloma said sending Rita a shy smile. "I was very close, but I ended up faking. You were all turned on and I didn't want to destroy the good atmosphere."

"That's interesting!" Anita said. "I was faking too!"

"I was not faking," Lucy said while laughing, "but I didn't cum."

"What happens when you get close to an orgasm?" Carlos asked looking at Paloma.

"I usually get nervous that it will not happen and then it stops."

"If you want," Carlos suggested. "We can explore your sexuality further tonight."

"That will be interesting," Paloma said, "but if you are planning some advanced technique to make me cum, I might as well tell you that it will *not* happen. With everyone watching me I would be much too conscious to let go."

"I fully understand," Carlos said. "I am considering doing the opposite."

"Opposite?" Paloma asked. "What do you mean?"

"Instead of trying to make you have an orgasm, I want you to focus on *not* having one."

"Ok!" Paloma said with a smile. "That shouldn't be too hard."

"Have you ever tried to avoid an orgasm?" Carlos asked.

"Of course not," Paloma said, "but I'm sure it will be easy."

"There is a huge difference between trying to have an orgasm and trying to avoid it," Carlos said. "While I show you the difference, we can all help you explore your submissive side."

"That will be great," Paloma said, "but what do you want me to do?"

"I already know your basic sexual profile," Carlos said. "You don't like pain, but you like sex to be a little rough and like to have your boundaries pushed. Do you have anything to add?"

"No," Paloma said. "I think that covers my profile quite well."

“Good,” Carlos said. “Then I want you to consider me your dominant for the rest of the evening. Will you be ok with that?”

“Yes!” she said.

“Good,” Carlos said. “As my submissive I want you to perform as my sex toy.”

“Your sex toy?” she asked looking surprised.

“Yes,” Carlos said. “As my sex toy, you will not focus on receiving pleasure but will focus on *giving* pleasure.”

“Understood!” she said. “Your pleasure is my pleasure!”

“Exactly!” Carlos said. “And from here on I want you to address me as ‘Sir’.”

“Yes Sir!” Paloma said.

“Let’s get started,” Carlos said. “Take off your underwear!”

With Paloma undressing, Carlos got up and went to a table by one of the walls in the living room. Since moving in I had organized all the harem sex toys on this table. Picking up a blindfold, some leather cuffs, a vibrator, and some rope Carlos returned to Paloma.

“Now sit on your knees in front of me and put your hands behind your back,” Carlos instructed before putting the blindfold, in front of Paloma’s eyes. Next, he asked Lucy and Rita to help him put leather cuffs on Paloma’s wrists and ankles. When Paloma was in cuffs, he used the rope to fixate Paloma’s wrists and ankles behind her back before handing a collar to Lucy who put it around Paloma’s neck.

“How do you feel?” Carlos asked while all of us formed a circle around Paloma and him.

“Good ...,” Paloma said. “I feel at peace ... Sir!”

"While we continue, I want you to use my name as your safe word," Carlos said checking Paloma's blindfold. "If you feel uncomfortable just say my name. If you *don't* say my name, I know that you are perfectly fine and ready to be at my service in any way I want."

"I just say 'Carlos' and then we will stop?" Paloma asked.

"Yes," he said.

"I understand ...," she said. "Sir!"

With Paloma ready, Carlos put one hand on her belly and another on her lower back. Slowly he drew her closer while caressing her gently with both hands. After a few minutes, she opened her mouth slightly breathing a little harder. As she was letting go, he seemed to intensify his touch and a moment later he let his lips touch her lips. When he put one hand around her throat and grabbed her hair with the other hand, Paloma started breathing harder.

"Good!" Carlos said. "Don't hold back!"

While he kept intensifying his grip on Paloma's hair, he put his other hand between her legs while touching her lightly. When she realized what was going on, she tried to push herself forward to be stimulated harder, but Carlos was playing with her making sure she would need to struggle to be stimulated. For some time, we all watched as he continued playing with her and soon, she started moaning. With Paloma moaning, the atmosphere in the room became very intense and some of the women started touching themselves.

"My sex toy is doing well," Carlos complimented Paloma before he stopped stimulating her. "You are turning me on."

"Thank you, Sir!" Paloma said suppressing a smile.

In total silence, we were all magnetically watching Carlos and Paloma and I started getting increasingly aroused.

“Should we use the vibrators?” I asked the others while nodding at the table with the sex toys.

Together with Leanna I went to the table and picked up vibrators handing them out. When we were back Carlos put a finger inside Paloma stimulating her again while she was shaking under his touch.

“Am I still turning you on, Sir!?” Paloma stuttered.

“Yes,” Carlos said. “You are doing very well.”

“Thank you, Sir!” she eagerly exclaimed.

When Carlos stopped stimulating Paloma, she was desperately trying to get into position to be stimulated again.

“Remember that a sex toy does not *receive* pleasure,” Carlos said with a demanding voice, “but only enjoys *giving* pleasure.”

“Yes Sir!” Paloma said. “I will try to control myself.”

Turning on the vibrator he put it between her legs.

“While I stimulate you, I want you to stay still and *not* say a word!” Carlos said. “If you speak or move, I will stop right away.”

Using the vibrator, he seemed to be doing all he could to arouse Paloma while she was struggling to stay silent.

“Good toy!” Carlos said before he stopped. “When I pleasure you again, I want you to scream from pleasure!”

When once more he put the vibrator between Paloma’s legs she moaned loudly.

“HIGHER!” he exclaimed giving her a light slap on the cheek with his free hand. “Don’t worry about the neighbors. They can’t hear you!”

When Paloma moaned louder, he kept stimulating her while he kept encouraging her to moan louder. When being happy with her performance he stopped stimulating her and as he stopped, she became quiet.

“Don’t stop moaning!” he ordered. “I want to hear my toy moan!”

While not being stimulated Paloma started moaning again.

For some time, he continued playing with her in this manner. Either he ordered her to scream from pleasure, to stay quiet, to beg for stimulation, or to confirm that she would follow any order he gave her. It was a great show, and everyone’s eyes were magnetically fixed on Paloma.

“Now Paloma is where I want her,” Carlos said to all of us. “She is in subspace and no longer assessing or observing the situation. It’s time to take her to the next level.”

First, he pushed her onto her side and while holding her hair with one hand he put two fingers down her throat. When Paloma spread her legs, Amanda joined in satisfying Paloma orally. When Carlos took his fingers out of Paloma’s mouth Lucy moved forward and started kissing Paloma. At this point, more of us joined in while exploring Paloma and each other. Still blindfolded and with her hands cuffed behind her back, Paloma was totally lost in ecstasy.

When Amanda stopped licking Paloma and started kissing Leanna, Carlos asked me to assist him by holding the vibrator between Paloma’s legs.

"Remember our agreement," he reminded Paloma while making sure I was holding the vibrator at the right spot. "I want you to hold back *any* urges to have an orgasm!"

"But Sir ...?" Paloma said moving her head from side to side. "It's very hard not having the urge to cum."

"I understand that you have tried to cum a thousand times," he said, "but today you will do the opposite. If I sense that you are trying to have an orgasm, I will end the session right away."

"Please don't Sir!" Paloma exclaimed.

"Then follow my orders!" Carlos said as I turned up the speed of the vibrator.

"But I don't know how to avoid the urge to cum," Paloma said.

"Then learn!" Carlos ordered, "and remember to call me Sir!"

"But I'm out of control Sir!"

"Hold back!"

With the chaos of many women having sex around Paloma, I turned the vibrator to full. Soon Paloma started shaking while Aline and Gabi threw themselves at Paloma biting and kissing her breasts.

"Sir!?" Paloma yelled. "I'm getting very close ..."

"If you cum I will spank you," Carlos said.

"Then please turn off the vibrator!" she screamed.

"NO!" Carlos exclaimed.

"PLEASE!" she shouted. "SIR!"

When Amanda penetrated Paloma from behind with a dildo, I found the perfect angle for the vibrator to stimulate Paloma vigorously.

"I'M SORRY SIR!" Paloma suddenly yelled while going through intense spasms.

When Carlos put Paloma over his knee and punished her for having an orgasm, she had another orgasm, but Carlos didn't comment on her reoccurring disobedience.

"The evenings' demonstration of orgasm control failed," he said, "but as you can see a failure can also include a grain of success."

## Chapter 19

# THE SPIRITUAL HANDJOB

After our third meeting in the harem, I received a call from Anita. Cheerfully she told me that she had found a boyfriend and that she would like to leave the harem. Congratulating her I suggested that she'd share the happy news with the others using our online forum. After the call, I considered continuing with a harem of ten, but when a woman called Sandra wrote me on one of my dating sites I decided to meet her. Sandra was 32 years old and besides looking for an open relationship she also spoke perfect English and sounded intelligent. During the daytime Sandra was busy and after a short cam call, we decided to meet for dinner at a restaurant.

From the first moment, Sandra and I had great chemistry, and the good atmosphere didn't change when she candidly told me that she was an escort looking for clients. When I asked about her services, she explained that she could offer me a 90-minute full-body massage. If I paid an extra fee, she would also give me a hand-job, and for another fee, her service included penetration. Being an escort, I naturally had no intentions of inviting her to join the harem but I still didn't mind having dinner with Sandra. Not only did she seem smart and open-minded but with her, I could also enjoy an enlightening conversation about topics that would intimidate most people.

"Do you give your clients blowjobs without a condom?" I asked after we had ordered dinner.

"The chance of catching an infection from oral sex is very slim," she said. "If I sense that a man is healthy, I sometimes give him oral sex without a condom."

"But can you tell if a client has a sexual disease or not?"

"This is not difficult," she said, "but you need to know what to look for."

"What are the symptoms?" I asked.

"If you have the experience you can tell from his smell, breath, weight, saliva, hygiene, and the way he sweats," she said. "When putting it all together, I know if he is a healthy person or not. Still, I never have penetration without a condom."

"I naturally use condoms for the usual reasons," I said, "but I also use it as emotional protection. Some women become vulnerable from unprotected sex and in the beginning, I like it to be as casual as possible."

"I like that!" Sandra said and smiled. "A condom is, in fact, a great way to create an emotional shield."

"But surely many of your customers don't like the emotional shield?" I asked.

"You are right," she replied. "Some men are desperate for intimacy. Perhaps they are lonely and feel that the rubber is standing between them and real human contact. Others are turned on by the risk of not using protection, and some are turned on by the idea of making a woman pregnant. There is also a group that doesn't like the sensation of a condom, but there is a solution for that."

"Like what?"

"You put a few drops of water-based lubrication inside the condom. Doing that gets you very close to the real thing."

"Great tip!" I said. "This is a reminder that there is a huge and hidden knowledge about sex that we as a culture should be better at sharing. Most people consider prostitution to be dangerous and traumatizing, but wouldn't any highly skilled profession be dangerous if you performed it without education?"

"That's true," she laughed. "If someone crashed a plane because he or she was not a trained pilot, we

would surely not conclude that flying is dangerous. Anyone would be able to see that the lack of education was the problem.”

During the dinner, I told Sandra about the harem and even though she found the concept fascinating we both agreed that a professional escort would not fit in. Instead, I decided to hire Sandra to give me a massage. When leaving the restaurant, we walked to my place holding hands. On the way, I made sure she understood that I *only* wanted a massage and none of her extra services.

When we arrived, I took a shower, and a moment later I was laying naked on my bed. If Sandra had been a conventional masseuse, my nakedness would have been intimidating, but a prostitute naturally didn't have such boundaries. Before getting ready to work, Sandra took off her dress. As opposed to a normal masseuse, Sandra's uniform consisted of high heels, black stockings, a G-string, and a bra. In her bag, she found some oil and when rubbing her hands in the oil, I was studying her movements. By the way, she was warming up her hands, I could tell that she had the experience but how much I didn't know, and I no longer cared. Being around Sandra felt great, and I would be happy to support her financially — even if it turned out that her massage skills were limited.

At that moment, both of Sandra's hands made contact I immediately knew that I was in for a great experience. Not only did she have a warm and caring touch, but her hands also had strength and firmness that instigated instant trust. This was not the touch of an amateur, but the touch of an accomplished and experienced masseuse. Within a short while, after she started touching me, I slipped into a blissful trance. Her fingertips, hands, and arms were not only treating me but also exploring my skin while applying a pressure that was too firm to make me fall asleep and too caring

to make me on guard. That Sandra was not only an accomplished masseuse but also comfortable touching any part of my body, made me open even further. While her hands continued melting me, my eyes filled with tears.

"This is amazing ...," I said. "Where did you learn this?"

"I invested time and money in an outstanding teacher," she smiled. "Over the years, I have learned how to give a real tantric massage, Swedish massage, hot stone, and prostate massage, and last year, I became certified as a lingam masseuse."

"Are you telling me that you are certified in giving spiritual hand-jobs?" I asked in surprise.

"Spiritual hand-jobs," she repeated and laughed. "If you want, I will be happy to give you an in-depth demonstration."

"That would be great," I replied, "but can you explain the difference between lingam massage and a hand-job?"

"Yes," Sandra said while shifting her attention. "When giving a hand-job I just try to make the man ejaculate. If I give a lingam massage I am not focused on ejaculation, but on giving him a deeper kind of pleasure."

"Will I need to have an erection for you to give me a lingam massage?" I asked.

"No," she said. "It's completely fine as it is."

Before she started, she asked me a few questions regarding my sensitivity and my preferences when being touched intimately. When she began, her touch was as natural and firm as if she was massaging any other sensitive part of my body. She used both of her hands — at first moving them together in the same direction before switching to work in opposite directions. The sensation this created was not sexual but liberating. Being touched intimately by a woman who was not trying to make me cum felt great.

When Sandra finished, she placed herself with a knee on either side of one of my legs and started massaging my belly. While doing this, something about her behavior changed. Not only was she breathing differently, but her touch had become more intense and demanding. When she also started rubbing herself against my knee, I slipped out of my blissful space and looked at her.

“You are no longer wearing panties?!” I asked.

“I took them off while you had your eyes closed,” she said, laughing.

At first, I was convinced this was a trick to make me go for her extra services, but when I suddenly got an erection, I realized that I was wrong. Being sensitive to a woman’s genuine presence, I would never have turned on sexually unless she had done the same.

“You are genuinely turned on?!” I asked, smiling at her. “So right now, you are no longer professional?”

“I have many overweight clients who are not sexually confident,” she replied. “I feel relaxed with you and the way you are able to appreciate my massage turns me on.”

Even though I had come to trust Sandra within a very short time, I still needed confirmation. Curiously I put a hand between her legs and realized that she was dripping wet. When I touched her, she collapsed in my arms, and seconds later, we were engaged in a passionate kiss. This was naturally a huge surprise for me, and while it was happening, I couldn’t help smiling on the inside. Even though Sandra had not tried to sell me anything I was now going for the extra services or perhaps I had managed to turn on because she didn’t think of this as a service. Desperately I tried to remember her price list but could not recall what she had told me.

After a few seconds of worry, I decided not to care. I have met many beautiful prostitutes but never

had the slightest urge to have sex with any of them. What was happening at this moment was so much more interesting than money. This was not just sex, but a great and honest meeting with a woman who had some highly developed and rare skills. While we were both exploring each other, I was amazed by her strong presence. Her hands, her mouth, and her movements were more experienced than any other lover I have ever had.

“Just a moment,” I said withdrawing a little. “I’m a little unprepared for this but I better find a condom.”

As a response, she pushed me back on the bed before bending down and taking me in her mouth. As her lips and tongue started pleasuring me, the feeling was highly unusual. When a moment later she was on top of me, I understood that Sandra was a skilled magician.

“Amazing!” I said. “You put a condom on only using your mouth?”

What followed was passionate, caring, and loving sex that gave both of us space to get to know each other better. Sandra turned out to be a natural submissive and very happy to let go and let me take charge. Her body language and movements were clear, and I didn’t need to ask her while learning about her boundaries or finding out what turned her off or on. When firmly holding her throat she melted under my touch, and when, a little later, I was pulling her hair with one hand while spanking her ass with the other, we were both in seventh heaven. After about an hour, she was on my lap, moving like a belly dancer. Suddenly she went through a series of strong contractions while moaning loudly. A moment later we were cuddling while talking about what had happened.

“That was a surprise!” I said, smiling at her. “I never imagined that we would have sex.”

"Only my orgasm was a surprise," she smiled knowingly. "From the moment we met, I knew we would have sex."

"Really?" I said, smiling. "You should have told me."

"You wouldn't have believed me," she said while checking that I was still hard. "What about you? Should I make you cum?"

"No," I said. "I feel great like this."

"You do?" she asked frowning.

"When being in this kind of flow, I was able to follow your climax," I said. "When you came, I felt such a release that I am fully content right now. Ejaculating would just make me tired."

"Perfect!" she said. "This means that we can continue indefinitely."

It was past midnight when Sandra was ready to go home. While saying goodbye in the corridor, it was time to move from a caring space to a financial space. Trying to think back, I still couldn't remember the prices for her extra services. Luckily, I had a fair idea of what kind of contribution would make her happy. As she was getting her coat, I put enough money in her handbag to make sure she would not have to worry about bills for the next couple of weeks. With a smile, she took out the money and gave it back to me.

"You paid for the dinner," she said. "I would like to think about this meeting as a boyfriend experience. I haven't had many of those in the last couple of years."

"Ok," I said and put the money back in her handbag. "Then I will not be paying for your service but will pay you to show up in the harem as our teacher. I feel convinced all the women would be more than eager to learn how to give a spiritual hand-job."



## Chapter 20

### VIRGIN SCHOOL

One day Maria received a message from a 24-year-old woman called Emely. Emely had attended one of our first group dinners and after careful consideration, she wanted to talk to me. The next day Maria set me up for a meeting with Emely at a cafe.

"After the dinner, I needed some time to process the experience," Emely said when sitting beside me on a sofa in the café, "but now I feel more confident. If possible, I would like to attend a meeting and then we can decide if this is something that will work for me."

When telling her about my meetings with the harem Emely looked a little worried.

"It sounds as if all the women are very experienced," she said. "I better tell you that I am not experienced with sex."

"This doesn't have to be a problem," I said. "Having experience is not always an advantage when it comes to sex."

"To be honest ...," she said considering her words. "I am a virgin. I haven't even kissed anyone yet!"

"Ok," I said. "Is being a virgin a conscious choice or didn't you meet the right person yet?"

"I have had many offers from guys at parties," she said, "but I don't want to have my sexual debut at a party with a drunk guy. The first time it needs to be a great learning experience."

"I wish I had been this clear-minded before having sex for the first time," I said. "I was 16 years and very drunk. When we were supposed to have sex, I was too nervous to get an erection. Afterward,

I was in agony for weeks thinking that there was something wrong with me.”

“This is exactly the kind of awkward experience I want to avoid,” Emely said. “Do you think a virgin can be part of a harem?”

“Having sex for the first time with a harem might be a little overwhelming,” I said considering it.

“But perhaps you can teach me a few things before I meet the harem?”

“Naturally,” I said. “Is there anything special you would like to learn?”

“I’m not sure where to start,” she said, “but perhaps you can show me how to kiss?”

“For some people kissing is much more intimate than hardcore sex,” I said, “but I will be happy to teach you when you feel ready.”

A few days later Emely came to visit me and together we sat on my sofa before I put an arm around her. For some time, we were both silent.

“This feels very strange ...,” she finally said. “Give me a moment.”

“Naturally ...,” I said.

“Ok,” she said looking at me. “I think I might be ready now.”

When our lips met, I carefully let the tip of my tongue caress her lips. At first, she behaved like a client in a dentist’s chair. With her mouth wide open, she was doing nothing to engage. After a little while we stopped.

“How does that feel?” I asked.

“It tickles,” she said, “but I like it.”

“Good,” I said. “We can try again but try to engage a little more.”

“Is there a technique I should follow?” she asked.

“In my view, it’s better not to follow a technique,” I said. “Kissing is a little like eating sweets. When kissing, you just need to engage while maximizing the pleasure. Try to open yourself and try to relax and follow your instincts.”

Once more, we started kissing while she cautiously started to respond. After some time, she withdrew and smiled.

“It’s like dancing,” she said. “As you are the man, I think you should lead the dance.”

“When kissing it doesn’t have to be the man leading,” I said. “A kiss is as personal as a fingerprint and says a lot about a person. A woman’s kiss usually tells me if she is empathic, caring, honest, passionate, introverted, self-conscious, or if she is dominant or submissive.”

“What do you sense when kissing me?”

“Right now, you are still a little shy,” I said, “but when you get more confident, I will know much more.”

“Ok,” she said before kissing me again – this time she was more relaxed.

“I wonder what makes a kiss pleasurable,” she said when we stopped. “With most people sharing spit like this would be disguising. Why does this feel nice?”

“Because we have mutual attraction,” I said.

“So, what does attraction in reality mean?” she asked. “Can it be explained?”

“I’m not sure,” I said, “but I would define it as energy appearing when two people feel that they can learn something important from intimacy with each other. When this happens, they want to merge and become one and as a result sharing body fluids becomes enjoyable.”

"Do you think it has any influence on the energy between us that I am a virgin," she asked.

"It certainly does," I said. "A virgin has never before merged with another person. When she touches a man, she is extra cautious and conscious. This creates stronger energy and is the reason why the touch of a virgin is the most powerful touch there is."

"This is probably why most people never forget their first kiss and the first time they had sex," Emely said.

For a little while, we were kissing again. This time she was improvising and had become much more playful and as she relaxed and opened, we both became aroused. For a long time, we kept kissing while she became more and more passionate and daring. Soon I was on my back on the sofa with Emely on top kissing me while rubbing herself against me until she suddenly stopped.

"I think I am ready to learn something else now," she said.

"Good," I said. "What would you like to learn?"

"Can you show me how to stimulate you using my hand?" she said.

"Yes," I said, "but how much do you know? Have you seen porn?"

"I have seen a lot of porn," she said with a smile. "I think I know everything there is to know, but I still have no real experience."

"Ok," I said opening my trousers before guiding her hand into the right position and showing her how to stimulate me.

"It's not quite as easy as it looks on film," she said while trying.

"If you start getting tired you can change your grip or use your other hand," I said.

"How does this feel?" she asked as she got started.

"It feels great," I said. "As I am now hard, I will usually lubricate myself, but not always."

For some time, she kept practicing while staring at her hand.

"I think it looks dry," she said. "Can I use spit to make you wet?"

"Of course," I said.

Carefully she bent over and tried to spit but missed. Instead, she used her tongue to make me wet before getting to work with her hand again.

"Try to keep your hand still and just touch me," I said.

"Like this?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "Just keep your hand perfectly still."

For a little while, we were both quiet while she was staring at her hand. Her touch was very intense and as time passed her hand became warm.

"You have a lot of energy in your touch," I said. "Can you feel the warmth?"

"Yes," she said, still looking at her hand. "I once did a healing course, and I had the same sensation in my hands as I do right now."

"You are applying your energy through an area where my skin is very sensitive," I said. "This makes the sensation strong and because you have never touched a man like this before the sensation gets even stronger."

After some time, she started stimulating me again while occasionally adjusting her grip a little. When she once more started kissing me her kiss was fluent and playful making me even more aroused.

“Will you show me how to make you cum?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said, “but not yet.”

“Why not?”

“We currently have such a strong energy between us,” I said, “If I cum it will drain me and it will take some time to build up the energy again.”

“That’s interesting ...,” she said. “What should we do now?”

“You can show me how you would like me to stimulate you,” I said.

“I thought you knew all about that,” she said. “Are you not the expert?”

“I don’t believe there is such a thing as a sex expert,” I said. “Everyone is different and likes to be stimulated in different ways.”

“Ok,” she said. “I will show you, but can we go to the bedroom?”

When we arrived at my bed, she showed me how she liked to be stimulated before we started kissing again.

“What is the best position for a woman when having sex for the first time?” she asked.

“For a virgin, I recommend the missionary position,” I said. “In that way, we can kiss, and you can relax and receive while having eye contact making it easy for me to sense how you feel.”

“How do I prepare before you are inside me for the first time?” she asked. “I’m afraid it might hurt.”

“Try not to prepare,” I said. “Just enjoy and the more you enjoy the more you will let go. I will not move forward until I am sure you are ready.”

## Chapter 21

# SPIRITUAL FINGERING

During our next meeting, we had dinner with Emely and our teacher Sandra while both women introduced themselves to the group. Following dinner, everyone moved to the living room getting ready to start the lingam workshop. Taking her time Sandra made a thorough introduction while demonstrating the massage on me before each of her students was given a chance to practice. With Sandra as an attentive guide, I was receiving spiritual hand jobs for almost an hour until I suddenly had an idea.

“How do you stimulate a woman with a spiritual approach?” I asked looking at Sandra.

“The approach is almost the same,” Sandra said, “and is called a yoni massage.”

“As the harem has its focus on spoiling women,” I said, “it might be more in line with our philosophy to teach everyone to do yoni massages.”

My suggestion made everyone very eager to learn about yoni massages. To demonstrate the technique Sandra chose Leanna who took off her panties before lying on the floor with a pillow behind her neck and Sandra sitting between her legs. Before getting started Sandra rubbed her hands in massage oil and when she gently started touching Leanna everyone was attentively looking at Sandra’s hands. After a few minutes, Maria asked Leanna how she felt

“It feels incredibly soothing,” Leanna said, “but it doesn’t feel sexual.”

“So, a yoni massage is not meant to be sexual?” Paloma asked.

“For some of you it will be sexual,” Sandra said, “but for others, it will be much more of a therapeutic or relaxing experience. It depends a lot on the person giving the massage and the circumstances.”

"How would you explain the purpose of a yoni massage?" Maria asked.

"A yoni massage can help you release both sexual and emotional trauma and give you a deeper understanding of how you enjoy being stimulated," Sandra explained. "While giving the massage you can learn to control the sexuality of a partner and learn how to stimulate her."

"Is it safe?" Rita asked. "I mean could I have some kind of uncontrollable emotional reaction?"

"I never heard of anyone having a bad experience with a yoni massage," Sandra said while she continued massaging Leanna, "but when touching like this your hands must be clean and if you are receiving and feel discomfort you should speak up right away. You can also use toys - such as a vibrator or yoni eggs that can be inserted vaginally. Personally, I prefer to massage without using toys."

"What kind of oil are you using?" Rita asked.

"I use the same oil as we used for the lingam massage," Sandra said. "This is sweet almond oil without perfume and no other additives."

After the demonstration, Sandra divided the women into groups of two giving everyone a chance to give and receive. Next, we turned down the light, lit some candles, put on some music, and found more pillows and blankets in the bedrooms. When everyone was ready Sandra told them to close their eyes and be quiet for a moment while preparing their minds and bodies for the massage.

"When receiving you can put a pillow under your head and another under your back," Sandra said. "Place the feet gently but firmly on the floor with the knees bent and the legs open. Stop thinking about work, family, or other things that go on outside this room and breathe slowly and try to focus on breathing into your belly. Sensual touching is a great way to warm

up for a yoni massage. You can start by touching the breasts, areola, abdomen and belly, upper legs, and inner thighs. While you do this you should work your way down the body toward the vulva.”

For a few minutes, Sandra was quiet and there was an intense atmosphere in the room while everyone was warming up for the massage.

“Don’t rush,” Sandra said. “We have plenty of time for this. Listen carefully to what your hands and body are telling you and how you are feeling. As a first step, I want the masseuses to hold the clitoris between the index finger and thumb and massage it gently while moving it lightly away from the body. After that, you can massage the inner and outer labia and any other areas that feel comfortable.”

For a few minutes, everyone was working in silence until some of the women started making moans of pleasure.

“Next I want you to make small, pulsing movements while pushing gently on the clitoris with one or two fingers,” Sandra said. “Keep pressure on the clitoris while pulling the finger down the shaft.”

“The shaft?” Rita asked. “Where is the shaft?”

“The shaft extends inside the body, back and down on both sides of the vagina, and is usually about 5 inches long,” Sandra explained.

While the masseuses were working Sandra started moving among the women correcting some of them before speaking again: “Use one of your fingertips to make small circles around the clitoris. Vary the direction clockwise and counterclockwise. Swap between small circles and larger ones, changing the pressure to whatever feels good.”

For a few minutes, Sandra kept inspecting each of the couples until she was happy with their performance.

“Now take some of the inner or outer labia between the middle finger and thumb and move the

fingers in opposite directions as though trying to snap them together but be gentle.”

Once more Sandra gave the women time to explore until she spoke again.

“There are hundreds of different techniques, but I will only show you the ones I find most enjoyable,” Sandra explained. “The last technique I will show you tonight is called cupping. Shape your hand into a cup and hold it over the vagina. Move your hand in a gentle circular motion. Then flatten the hand against the opening of the vagina and massage the whole area using the palm of the hand. When you feel comfortable using this technique you can try switching among the various techniques, I have shown you. Make sure not just to focus on the vagina all the time. Sometimes you can involve touching the rest of the body as well.”

“Can you work in other positions,” Carol asked, “or does the person receiving has to lie down?”

“Yoni massage has its roots in the yogic tradition,” Sandra said. “You can basically receive in any kind of position, but a popular way to receive is to sit with your legs crossed and your back straight, resting the palms on the knees. Today we will just use your current position but when you meet again you can explore other positions if you want.”

While the women continued massaging some of them were getting very aroused and judging from the sounds some of them were having orgasms.

“Even though the goal of a yoni massage is not to have an orgasm there is naturally nothing wrong in having one,” Sandra said. “If some of you find that you can reach climax, you may wish to try what is called ‘edging’. Edging involves stopping the massage just before climax and having some cooling off time. Then, begin the massage again while once more stopping just before climax. Repeat this as many times as you like. By delaying climax, an orgasm can become more intense when you eventually allow it to happen. The

more you repeat the process, the greater the pleasure you may experience when you are finally allowed to reach orgasm. Before I leave you today, I want each of you to take your partner to the edge of orgasm while keeping them there for three minutes.”

## Chapter 22

# THE BLOWJOB CONNOISSEUR

The morning after our yoni workshop Maria and Leanna dropped by my house while I was just about to have breakfast.

“Last night was mind-blowing!” Leanna said while I was putting breakfast on the table. “This morning Maria and I met to give each other an early morning yoni massage. It’s the perfect way to start a new day!”

“Yes,” Maria said. “Afterwards we both wanted to practice lingam massage and I suggested we could go here to practice on you.”

“No problem,” I said. “I just need to have breakfast.”

“If it doesn’t disturb you, we can practice while you are eating,” Maria suggested.

“Naturally,” I said and took off my pants before sitting by the table pouring yogurt, melon, and granola into a bowl. While I was eating Maria and Leanna sat under the table oiling their hands before being ready to practice. Before starting the massage they were massaging my belly, feet, and thighs.

“How does it feel with four hands?” Leanna asked.

“This is nothing less than amazing,” I said having a hard time concentrating on my breakfast and the massage at the same time.

“You are getting very hard,” Maria said. “Remember to think about this in terms of a massage instead of in terms of sex.”

“I am trying ...,” I said having to stop eating breakfast, “but this is very intense.”

“Why don’t we try to give him an oral lingam massage?” Maria suddenly suggested.

“You mean like a double spiritual blowjob?” Leanna asked.

“Exactly!” Maria said as she got started.

After the treatment, Leanna and Maria got up from the floor and asked me to evaluate their performance.

“Don’t misunderstand me,” I said. “This is the most intense oral sex I have ever had, but one of you kept touching me with your teeth. It didn’t hurt but it made it a little hard for me to relax.”

“Interesting,” Maria said. “It might be a problem that Leanna and I have ordinary oral skills. We need to practice more, but we could also find a blowjob expert who can teach us all about giving oral sex.”

“What a great idea!” Leanna said, “but where do we find an expert in this area?”

“I have heard that many gay men are much better at giving blowjobs than women,” Maria pointed out. “Perhaps Carlos can go to a gay bar and find a great teacher.”

“I am open to that,” I said, “but I will not be able to stay hard while a man is demonstrating blowjob techniques on me.”

“I get your point,” Maria said while thinking about it.

“We can write the other women,” Leanna suggested, “and ask them to look for a female blowjob expert online who can do a workshop with the harem.”

After breakfast, I was hanging out by the pool with Leanna and Maria until Leanna had to go to work and Maria had to attend a family birthday. When both women left, I decided to do some research trying to find a blowjob expert. Getting online I spend some time searching for a Sao Paulo-based blowjob expert but didn’t have much luck. Instead, I found the website of a

local brothel. According to the website, several of the women working there had extraordinary blowjob skills. Taking the website for face value I decided to go to the brothel and talk to some of the experts.

When a little later I arrived at the brothel in a taxi the place immediately gave me bad vibes. Tucked away from the main street, the brothel was placed in a worn-down building in a trashy area of town. The main door was open, but I didn't feel comfortable walking in. To find a little more courage I spend some time walking up and down the street in front of the brothel until I managed to convince myself to go in, Inside the brothel I found myself in a gloomy and worn-down bar with highchairs and a line of noisy slot machines. The place looked deserted, and I was just about to leave when a heavily overweight woman appeared from somewhere behind the bar. At first glance, her dirty apron indicated that she was the cleaning lady.

"Good afternoon," I said introducing myself. "I am looking for a blowjob expert."

"Blowjob?" the cleaning lady asked in a croaky voice while looking at me with a smile that revealed her yellow, crooked teeth.

"Yes," I said. "I am looking for a specialist and wanted to talk to some of your employees."

The cleaning lady's English vocabulary seemed to be limited to one word — namely the word "blowjob". While I found my phone trying to translate my request into Portuguese the cleaning lady didn't seem interested. Instead, she grabbed me by my arm. With incredible strength, she started dragging me toward a sofa at the other end of the bar while she kept repeating the word 'blowjob'. In horror, I realized that this was not a cleaning lady but one of the brothel's blowjob experts. Using all my strength I managed to wriggle myself out of her grip before running out of the place as fast as I could. When sitting in the taxi on my way back home I

was still trembling on the inside while concluding that I had done enough research for one day.

Later the same day we all received good news from Paloma who had found a blog written by a female blowjob expert who called herself “The blowjob connoisseur”. The expert was called Suelen and was based just outside Sao Paulo.

“Studying her blog I found so much new knowledge about blowjobs,” Paloma wrote. “The expert is writing about doing blowjobs while using hot drinks to keep the mouth at a *precise* temperature in order to do so-called hot-jobs. She is also using ice cubes or soft ice to keep her mouth cold while performing cool-jobs. The blogger also gives recommendations on how to use sperm in cooking and she has developed numerous recipes. For sperm drinks, she recommends this book which seems to be a kind of Bible for blowjob- and sperm play experts. In Paloma’s message, she had included a link to the book.

### **Semenology: The Semen Bartender's Handbook:**

*By Paul "Fotie" Photenhauer*

*Book description: This is the ultimate handbook for mixologists looking for ingredients that go beyond exotic fruit juices and rare spirits. Driven by a commitment and passion for the freshly harvested ingredient, Semenology pushes the limits of classic bartending. Semen is often freshly available behind most bar counters and adds a personal touch to any cocktail. The connoisseur will appreciate learning how to mix selected spirits to enhance the delicate flavors of semen. The book provides useful tips that cover every detail of Semenology, from mixing and presentation to harvesting and storage advice.*

*An example from the book*

**Semen Rimmed Margarita**

*This drink is traditionally served in a salt-rimmed glass. However, the Semenologist prepares the glass with his own homemade semen salt.*

*1 ½ oz Tequila*

*½ oz Triple sec*

*1 oz Lime juice*

*Ice*

*Rim a chilled cocktail glass with lime juice, and dip in the semen rimming salt. Shake the ingredients with ice and strain into the glass.*

**Semen Rimming Salt**

*1 part Semen*

*2 parts Salt*

*This procedure must be done well in advance. Mix the semen and salt until the salt is completely dissolved. Place the mixture in a shallow stainless-steel dish, making sure that the paste is spread out evenly. Place the dish in a warm sunny place. Once all the liquid has evaporated, crush the semen-infused salt into a powder. The semen salt is now ready to be rimmed. Semen salt is very versatile in the kitchen, so you may decide to make a large batch.*

Suelen turned out to be 38 years old and for around 15 years she had made a living as an escort with blowjobs, sperm play, and semenology as her specialty. During a call with Paloma, she became excited about facilitating a blowjob workshop with the harem. Suelen spoke perfect English and agreed with Paloma that I would pay for her transport and for a fee for a 3-hour workshop.

At our next meeting in the harem, Suelen arrived on time and surprised me by not looking like an escort. Besides being dressed casually she also wore glasses that made her look intelligent and a little nerdish. From the moment she arrived, she seemed to be very relaxed and confident among the women. On the night of our blowjob workshop, several of the women had to work or study and only seven were able to attend but this gave the workshop a peaceful and intimate atmosphere.

“Have you always been passionate about giving blowjobs?” Maria excitedly asked Suelen as we all sat down in a circle on the floor.

“When in my early teens I started fantasizing about sex I realized that I had a blowjob fetish,” Suelen said. “During my first sexual experiences, I didn’t care much about anything else than giving oral sex to my boyfriends. Giving blowjobs was such a turn-on that I could continue for hours but with time it become more than just a sexual passion. When in my twenties I had a boyfriend who couldn’t last more than a few minutes during blowjobs. As I needed much more oral stimulation I started as an escort with blowjobs as my only service. This is around 15 ago and since then I have been working five days a week and done five to eight blowjobs a day.”

“That means ...” I said, trying to do some fast calculations in my head. “That you have done at least 15,000 blowjobs!”

“Yes,” Suelen said and smiled. “Something like that.”

“After having performed more than 15,000 blowjobs,” Gabi said. “I guess you must have had some very strange experiences. Can you tell us about the weirdest client you ever had?”

“I once had a guy who was able to ejaculate ten times in an hour,” Suelen said, “and I also had clients

with dicks the size of cucumbers, but I always enjoy a challenge.”

“Do you have a boyfriend now?” Leanna asked.

“Yes,” Suelen said. “A few years ago, my best client became my boyfriend. When at work I am professional and not turned on. For me, blowjobs have become an art but when my current boyfriend came to my clinic, I was unable to be professional. Something about his dick, his presence, the way he received, and his ability to stay hard for as long as I wanted felt very erotic. In this way, I knew that he and I had a deep connection and since the day I asked him out for a date we have been a couple.”

“And he is not jealous when you work?” Carol asked.

“No,” Suelen said, “but for him, it’s important that I charge my clients. If I gave a guy a free blowjob my boyfriend would become jealous.”

After more informal chatter, Suelen suggested that we should start class. Looking more professional Suelen instructed me to take off my trousers and pants getting ready to receive.

“Did he just have a shower, or should I ask him to take a shower?” Suelen asked Maria as if Maria was responsible for my hygiene.

“He just had a shower,” Maria responded, “and I was warming up for class while he was showing but I didn’t make him cum. He is totally ready.”

“Ok,” Suelen said and told me to move an armchair into the circle and sit down. Getting ready to work, she put a pillow on the floor in front of me and put her knees on the pillow.

“You can all come a little closer,” Suelen said to the women.

While everyone gathered around me and Suelen, I was still not turned on and started worrying that I might not be able to get an erection at all.

Everyone would surely become highly disappointed if we had to cancel the class because of me. Awkwardly I pointed out that I could not promise to get an erection, but that I would do my best. Suelen didn't pay attention to my worries. Instead, she looked at the women while going through a few overall safety rules and restrictions.

"First of all, I never do blowjobs while laying down, bending backward, or being tied up," she said. "During a blowjob, I will not get undressed, and, besides that, the man is not allowed to undress me. If the man wants, he can touch my hair and caress my face and hands, but he cannot restrict my hands. If requested, I can also put my hands behind my back to take a submissive position. When ejaculating, the man can spray on my face, tongue, and in my mouth, but not on my clothes or in my hair. Any questions?"

When I raised my hand to ask what to do if the man was not turned on Suelen ignored me.

"As you can see, he is still not ready to receive," Suelen continued as if she had read my mind. "To get started you naturally need to get the guy erect. There are many ways you can do that. When I work it sometimes happens the moment I meet the client, when I wash him, or when he sees me kneeling in front of him. Other times, I need to give him some extra stimulation to get him going. Perhaps touching a little is enough, perhaps breathing on him, tickling, or just touching the tip, the shaft, or the balls with my tongue, while applying different kinds of pressure using my hands and lips. With certain men it is essential to talk first — talking alone can be the thing that opens his sexuality. With others, talking is a turn-off, but they might like eye contact or like *not* to have eye contact."

"Isn't it hard being totally professional about a blowjob?" Rita asked. "Wouldn't it be easier if you were turned on?"

"No," Suelen answered. "I am much more focused and better at my job when being strictly professional, but even though I am not turned on I am open to a little role-playing. Some men enjoy it if I pretend to be turned on; others like the clinical and professional treatment and some are turned on if I let them pretend that they are forcing me. During the years I have worked with this, I have learned to read a man as soon as we meet. Usually, I don't need to ask him what he likes."

"What about Carlos?" Maria asked. "What do you think he likes?"

"It's not something I usually talk openly about," Suelen said, "but I can sense that he is respectful towards a woman's boundaries. He seems very casual, but in reality, he is dominant and likes the sensation of a woman submitting to him."

"That's impressive!" Paloma exclaimed looking impressed. "Surely not all escorts are that conscious about their work?"

"I know very little about other escorts," Suelen said. "The few escorts I have met seem a little lost and desperate to make money... but let's get back to the blowjob, and perhaps Carlos will turn on while we talk. To give a good blowjob, you need to master several different basic techniques, and to learn them all, you must exercise your tongue and lips. For a few years, I also worked as an erotic dancer and had to practice every day to learn to use my body in ways that would arouse my audience. Before going professional with blowjobs, I spend a lot of time practicing my oral skills."

For a minute Suelen paused and opened her mouth. In a series of acrobatic movements, she showed us how she could curl her tongue, turn it sideways, twist it, and even fold it up. Next, she fetched a cherry stem in her pocket. Dramatically, she showed the stem to all of us before putting it into her mouth. A few seconds later, she opened her mouth. Now the

stem was laying on her tongue but using her tongue she had tied a knot on it.

“Amazing!” some of the women burst out simultaneously, while I considered if it was appropriate to applaud.

“Working with my tongue is not enough in my profession,” Suelen said. “I have also worked a lot with my hand-job-technique, lips, and gag reflex. When I was a beginner I would lay on a bed, leaning my head back over the edge, and put my fingers in my throat — then a small carrot and then a bigger one. In that way, I learned to suppress my gag reflex while breathing through my nose.”

“I have been working with that too,” Maria said while smiling at me, “but I still have much to learn.”

“Good to hear,” Suelen said and looked at me, “Perhaps you can start by telling all of us what turns you on about a blowjob.”

“For me, a blowjob is a kind of worshipping ritual,” I said. “By kneeling in front of me, letting me use her mouth for my pleasure, a woman can make me feel elevated like a king. To me, a blowjob is a kind of spiritual act in which a woman submits and shows me that she trusts me to hold authority over her. When I enter her mouth, she is letting me gag her into silence, and in that way, she demonstrates that she values my pleasure over her ability to speak. If she swallows, I think about it in terms of cannibalism.”

“Cannibalism?!” Rita exclaimed. “What do you mean?”

“In cannibalistic cultures, it is sometimes believed that you can take over another person’s resources if you eat them,” I said. “Maybe the same thing happens when a woman swallows semen. She is internalizing the man to show him that she wants him and her to merge into one.”

“That is really interesting!” Maria burst out, “and it turns me on thinking about it. I hope we can start class soon.”

“Ok,” Suelen said, looking at me. “Are you ready?”

“No!” I said. “You sound very skilled and professional, but something about a professional space makes it hard for me to turn on. To turn on I need this to be a little more emotional.”

“I can help you,” Paloma said while leaning towards me. With one hand, I grabbed hold of her hair while putting my other hand inside her bra, tweezing one of her nipples. Immediately, my blood was pumping to the right place, and as a bonus, Maria threw herself at me and started kissing me passionately.

“Ok,” Suelen said. “This is much better!”

While I was still kissing Maria, I could sense that Suelen had started the demonstration. For several minutes I was in complete bliss until Maria and Paloma withdrew to study what Suelen was doing.

“How does it feel?” Carol asked looking at me.

“Her tongue and lips are creating a powerful sensation making it feel as if my dick was inside a washing tunnel,” I said while trying not to be too intellectual about it. “It feels like she is making vibrations with her tongue... Perhaps you should ask her yourself... I would surely appreciate it if she could teach you what she is doing right now...”

“The technique I was just using is in fact called ‘the washing machine’,” Suelen said while taking a break. “It is based on a special tongue circulation technique that you can use on the head, shaft, and balls. To do it right you must circle your tongue while supplying the right amount of saliva while constantly changing the pressure. You can vary it by sometimes using all of your tongue and sometimes only using the tip of your tongue. At home, you should practice for at least an hour a day. If Carlos is not available, you can

practice on a carrot or a dildo while watching television.”

“Can I also use a banana?” Paloma asked.

“Yes,” Suelen said, “but for security reasons, you should remember never to use a banana for deep throat training. It can easily break and block your throat.”

For the next half an hour all the women tried to perform the washing machine technique on me. While the workshop continued, I disappeared into a paradise-like cloud-nine trance until Suelen suddenly told them to stop and said: “During a good blowjob, you should never only use a single technique. So, I will show you the ones that I think work best. First, I will teach you the twister, and after that the spring roll technique.”

While class continued, Suelen demonstrated more blowjob techniques, and tricks than I had ever imagined existed. The women were trying to memorize it all before they went on to practice. In the end, Maria found a pen and paper and started taking notes. Several times I had to focus on something totally unsexy like doing my annual tax report to avoid ruining class by ejaculating.

“A good blowjob is like a symphony,” Suelen explained. “You start slowly. In the beginning, you don’t add a lot of variation, but after some time you build it up and add more and more elements — like vibrations of the tongue and lips, and instead of saliva you can use oil, honey, or even champagne or melted chocolate.”

“I love chocolate!” Rita said.

“My favorite is pineapple,” Suelen said. “I sometimes eat pineapple — slice by slice — from a client’s dick.”

“What do you do if you don’t like the taste of a client?” Leanna asked.

“Sometimes I chew peppermint gum while giving him a blowjob. It not only helps me produce more

saliva but also minimizes the taste. Plus, some guys like the cool feeling.”

While Rita was practicing one of Suelen’s techniques, Suelen looked at the others and said: “Perhaps we should stop class and allow you to freestyle for a little while.”

After that, Paloma, Rita, and Carol started free-styling and while I was receiving a triple blowjob Suelen was directing them carefully. Sometimes she asked me if I preferred harder, softer, wetter, or drier or if I wanted more tongue, lips, or throat. Sometimes the women also started kissing each other, and in the end, I closed my eyes no longer knowing who was sucking and licking where. Floating in my blissful trance, I was suddenly taken back to reality when one of the women bit me.

“Sorry about that,” Paloma said, sending me a horny smile. “I hope you are not going to punish me?”

“Only a little and I will do it by forcing you to demonstrate your deep-throat skills,” I said before grabbing her hair and pushing myself down her throat. While Paloma was following my lead the other women supported her by licking everywhere that she couldn’t reach. When I was pleased with Paloma’s performance, I let go of her.

“Great deep throating,” Suelen complimented Paloma. “Let’s go back to class.”

Soon all the women were sitting attentively in the circle again.

“Deep throat and face-fucking are, in my view, not stimulation, but role-playing,” Suelen said. “There is a lot of pressure on the man’s dick during deepthroating and most men cannot ejaculate while being in a partner’s throat.” Taking my dick in her hand she looked around the room to get everyone’s attention before continuing. “Let us return to stimulation and I will start out by telling you a few important facts: As you can see here there is a string under the head of the penis

that connects the head to the shaft. This is the most sensitive area of a man – the male Wonder Spot. You can compare this spot to a woman's clitoris. When he reaches climax, the Wonder Spot, and sometimes the head, becomes hypersensitive. If you use your hand, you can be firm on the shaft but at the same time, make sure that you don't apply too much pressure on the head or the Wonder Spot. Sometimes I also apply a little oil while finishing him off and that works with most men. If you tickle a man's Wonder Spot playfully with the tip of your tongue while giving him a handjob, he will usually not be able to last long."

While the women were watching, Suelen showed them the technique before speaking to Carol: "To demonstrate I will give Carlos a hand job while Carol uses her tongue."

When Carol and Suelen got started I once more disappeared into paradise.

"I don't normally enjoy swallowing," Paloma said to Suelen. "But with Carlos, it's fine. He has almost no taste. Perhaps it's because he doesn't drink alcohol. Do you ever swallow when working?"

"Rarely..." Suelen said while she continued with the hand job. "But with some of my regular guests, I can swallow. I often ask my regulars to drink lots of pineapple juice during the day before visiting me. That makes them taste better. I sometimes also pretend that I swallow. After they cum, I use a towel to wipe my lips, but secretly the semen goes into the towel. Some men like me to show their semen on my tongue or to play with it using my fingers." For a moment she looked at me before saying: "Perhaps some of us can swap from mouth to mouth when you ejaculate. Would you enjoy that?"

They all looked up at me, expecting me to answer, but Carol's tongue was still tickling my Wonder Spot, and I had difficulties speaking.

"The thought of women swapping semen is very erotic," I finally managed to say. "The only problem is that when they do so, I have just cum and lost my energy."

"Are there any specific places that you like to spray?" Suelen asked while still working with her hand. Some men like to spray on different parts of a woman's body."

"I enjoy ejaculating in a woman's mouth or on her face," I said.

"Ok," Suelen said looking at the women. "I need an assistant who is turned on by swallowing."

When Paloma raised her hand Suelen said: "I will demonstrate some of my best techniques. If Carlos closes his eyes and counts slowly to ten. Paloma and I will make him cum before he reaches ten and there will not be anything he can do to stop himself. Afterward, I want him to guess who has his sperm in her mouth."

A little while later when I had finished, I looked at Suelen and Paloma and had no idea who had my sperm in her mouth.

"Suelen," I guessed.

"No," Suelen said and opened her mouth. When looking at Paloma she smiled and shook her head. Looking at the other women Rita opened her mouth showing my sperm on her tongue.

"Wow!" I said. "How did it get there?"

"That's our little secret," Suelen said with a smile, "but perhaps we will tell you another day."

## Our Healing Harem

## Chapter 23

# HAREM SWINGER NIGHT

When traveling I never visit tourist attractions, but if I have the chance, I always pay the local swinger's club a visit. A swinger's club can give you an inspiring perspective on a country's folklore that you will never find in a museum, art gallery, or historic place. During one of the meetings with the harem, we started talking about sex clubs. It turned out that none of the women had been in a sex club. Several suggested that we should go as a group.

"What is it that turns you on by swinger clubs?" Carol asked.

"I have never been turned on by sex clubs," I said. "The sex people have in clubs is usually purely physical and as you know I cannot turn on by purely physical sex. For this reason, I have never had sex in a sex club."

"Why do you want to go to a swinger club if it doesn't turn you on?" Paloma asked.

"I like the transparent way people show their passion in sex clubs," I said. "When you look at people in public, they usually look grey and boring, but in a swinger's club, they are passionate and energetic. It's a very interesting contrast."

"I can see your point," Rita said, "but I would feel very awkward if I went to such a club and met someone who knows me."

"Anyone who visits a sex club can be anonymous," I explained. "You don't need to use your real names and can wear a full-face carnival mask in the club."

This convinced everyone that visiting a swinger club was a great idea and in the following

day's Maria and I did some research to find the right kind of club. Many swinger clubs are not clean or have too many horny and disrespectful guys. By looking at the websites of different clubs we found a club that had clear rules regarding behavior, contraception, and lots of good independent reviews from female guests.

The following Saturday evening we all met for dinner at a restaurant not far from the club.

"I have to admit that I am a little nervous," Leanna said. "I might feel uncomfortable having sex in a club while strangers are watching me."

"Don't worry," I said. "No one will expect you to have sex in the club. The club is divided into a nightclub and a sex club. The nightclub is for dancing and socializing and if you enter the sex club you are free to watch without participating sexually."

"But what do I do if someone touches me, and I don't like it?" Paloma asked.

"The club has clear rules regarding this," I said. "No one can touch anyone without their specific consent and if you have sex with a man you meet in the club, he needs to use a condom. If anyone breaks the rules, I want you to come and get me. I will make sure they are kicked out but there is no need to worry, this is a nice club and there will be no such problems."

"Do we need to get undressed before entering the club?" Anne asked.

"No," I said. "We have a table in the nightclub and in the nightclub all guests have to be fully dressed. If you go to the sex club, it will be up to you to decide if you want to get undressed."

"Is there anything else we should know about the club?" Emely asked.

"Yes," I said. "There is an unwritten law of sex clubs that you don't talk to other guests about anything they do when they are *not* in the club. Generally, people in sex clubs don't want to say anything that can identify them when they are outside the club."

"Can we drink alcohol at the club?" Carol asked. "I think it will help me loosen up."

"Yes," I said. "According to our agreement you can drink alcohol when we go out, but just remember not to get too drunk. I cannot keep an eye on all of you. Make sure you are clear-minded and don't do anything you regret."

After dinner, Maria ordered some taxis and shortly before midnight we arrived at the club. Before entering the reception some of the women put on carnival masks while the doorman told me about their pricing policy. A single man or a couple had to buy a ticket and single women could get in by paying half price.

"What if the man has more than one girlfriend?" I asked.

"You have more than one girlfriend?" the doorman exclaimed lifting his eyebrows. "Then you can get in as a group if you buy one ticket."

"Great!" I said and bought a ticket. "I have eleven girlfriends."

When the long line of women walked into the club the doorman's jaw practically hit the floor.

Inside the club, a man who looked as if he was at least 90 years old presented himself as our waiter before guiding us to our table. After having been seated the waiter started taking orders for drinks. On the inside, the place looked like a conventional

nightclub with lots of tables around a spacious dance floor. The club was fairly crowded and most men wore suits and the women heels and sexy dresses.

We had just received our drinks when the music was turned up and the lights in the club started flashing. Following an overly enthusiastic presentation in Portuguese by the DJ, a male, and a female stripper entered the dance floor. Both were professionals and as they danced and flirted with the audience, all the guests cheered and clapped. The female stripper had a super sexy body and was a top professional dancer. The male stripper was less graceful, looking like a bodybuilder on steroids. After a few minutes of dancing, he suddenly ripped off his trousers and impressed us all by presenting a standing dick. While dancing vigorously slapping his dick in the faces of both male and female guests around the dance floor, he stayed rock-hard. If this guy was not on Viagra, he had to be the kinkiest exhibitionist on the planet!

When the strippers had finished their show, a door leading to the play areas was opened. At this point, Lucy went to the bar to talk to a middle-aged woman while a young guy invited Carol out for a dance. While more and more started moving towards the playrooms Maria stubbornly stayed by my side. When I told her to go and have fun with the others, she would hear nothing of it. Instead, she took my hand and asked if we could see the playrooms together. A moment later she and I were walking hand in hand like a married couple gazing into each room. The first room had black leather furniture and inside the room, Lucy was whipping a guy while the middle-aged woman from the bar was watching and cheering. In another room, Anne and Carol were having a threesome with a handsome young guy. For

a while, Maria and I continued our tour until she dragged me to an empty room with strong red light, a black mattress, and an armchair. After making me sit in the chair Maria did what she could to get me in the mood by giving me a blowjob.

The moaning and groaning of groups of strangers having sex in the other rooms made it hard for me to turn on, but by concentrating hard on Maria, I eventually managed to get hard. I was just about to feel confident that I would have my first sexual experience in a sex club when a man appeared in the doorway. The man was around 30 years and quite handsome, but he wore some strange and very strong glasses making him look like a nerd. Instead of entering the room, he stayed in the doorway studying Maria and me for a little while before he opened his trousers and started masturbating. Looking at him immediately turned me off, but when closing my eyes and pretending he was not there, I managed to stay hard. This escapist approach of mine worked for a little while until a group of guys, couples, and some of the harem women poured through the door. Some were screaming and laughing and with all the commotion around us, my erection completely vanished. Stubbornly trying to get me in the mood Maria struggled for some time but had to give up.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but it's not going to work. If you want to have sex with someone else, you are welcome but we can also have sex when we get home."

At around 4 am, the club closed, and the harem met outside the reception with Maria organizing taxis. While saying goodnight and sending the women home in groups I was constantly approached by

couples and single guys. Rumors had spread and now everyone wanted to shake the hand of the man who had eleven girlfriends. As the last to leave, I was just about to get into a taxi when a woman presented herself as the owner of the club.

“Your girlfriends created a great atmosphere in the club tonight,” she said shaking my hand. “I have never seen so many happy guests. The staff and I hope you will come back soon. Next time you can all have free entrance and a free bar.”

## Chapter 24

# MUSES AND SIRENS

*Establishing the harem in Sao Paulo was a great reminder of the extreme power of sexual attraction. Some of the world's most impressive organizations, pieces of art, and buildings were created by men who transmuted sexual attraction into creative thinking and hard work. This is a principle that also seems to apply on a smaller scale in my own life. If it hadn't been for attractive women chances are that I would not only be illiterate but also lazy, unemployed, unhealthy, unhygienic, and would live under a rock somewhere in the forest. When I am attracted to a woman my mind automatically focuses. The urge to be able to connect to the goal of my desires creates a force that the culture around me doesn't seem to appreciate and understand. We think that we can learn and grow by spending time in schools and by studying hard, but without the drive to become something in the eyes of a special woman I never saw much point in growing and learning.*

*The way I learned English is a good example of this. Growing up in Denmark with Danish as my mother tongue I never saw any point in learning English. During my ten years in school, I attended around 4 English lessons a week but only learned between 10 and 20 words. A calculation suggests that I spent around 1600 hours learning English while becoming an expert in keeping myself distracted by learning nothing during class. At the age of twenty-one, I met an attractive English girl in a bar in Copenhagen. Even though we had no way of communicating there were no doubts that we both felt immensely attracted to each other. With a friend*

*translating I managed to invite her out for a date the next day. The next day she and I went out for dinner and had poor conversation, but an amazing time and ended up having great sex. Struggling to communicate with my new girlfriend I managed to learn enough English in a month to have a basic conversation with her. With attraction giving me wings learning English became child's-play. After three months she caught me kissing another girl at a party and subsequently I had my first real argument in a foreign language. In the following months, I developed my language skills further and a year later she and I broke up during an argument in which I made almost no grammatical mistakes.*

*Through my urge to win the heart of an attractive woman, I learned more in a matter of weeks than I had learned during ten years of being mentally absent in school. Without this girl, I would never have had the necessary language skills to enter the business school getting a Master's degree. Without having wasted many years getting a Master's degree, I would never have been frustrated enough to become a writer. Seen in this perspective I can thank my attraction to this girl for all the exciting things I have done career-wise in my entire adult life.*

*Attraction has not only motivated me to learn other languages but has made me learn everything that I today regard as important. My urge to win the heart of attractive women has made me learn to read, write, calculate, play the guitar, windsurf, cook, do acrobatics, drive a motorbike, create a business, swim, have kids, become a published author and a thousand other things that shaped my life dramatically. Attraction has made me break a multitude of patterns, has made me reinvent myself*

*many times, travel around the world, and made me work hard to become financially free.*

*Women are not only giving birth to men but also building them, making them want to be men, and making them want to conquer women. As soon as the little boy is cut from the umbilical cord, he starts searching for the next woman who can stimulate his ego and nourish him emotionally. A man needs a woman to shoot straight, drive fast, hit hard, or make his first million. Most men are great at showing the world that they are free and strong, but inside they are usually confused little boys desperately looking for a woman's approval. Women are naturally also looking for approval, but surely fewer women have become celebrities or billionaires to conquer men. I have not yet heard of a woman who would be highly motivated by the thought of having scores of male groupies circulating her hotel begging to be used as one of her sex toys.*

*Even though attraction can feel stimulating and energizing it does not always lead to positive transformation. Throughout the course of my life, many attractive women have made me engage in things that turned my life into a living hell. According to the old Greek myth about Odysseus he once had to travel past the island of the sirens. The sirens were dangerous female creatures, who lured passing sailors with their enchanting music and singing voices to shipwreck on the rocky coast of their island. Sirens are seductresses that spell trouble and muses are inspiring women who can lead a man to greatness.*

*The women I gathered for the harem in Sao Paulo were not sirens but muses. This not only made me*

*highly productive when writing but the attention of all these women sometimes made me feel as if I was on a drug. Some days my body felt as if it was on the brink of explosion. Often, I would feel a sudden and irresistible urge to run in an attempt to burn all the energy accumulating in my system. When one day I was sprinting full speed down a busy business street in Sao Paulo everyone was staring at me. Running at this speed not wearing a runner's outfit probably made everyone consider if I was a criminal trying to escape the police. After getting myself breathless I would usually be able to relax for a couple of hours, but soon the energy would build up again.*

## Chapter 25

# SPANKING AS THERAPY

“Can spanking be therapeutic?” Gabi asked when meeting her alone at a cafe. Following one of the harem meetings she had asked me to meet her to talk about a personal issue. Her question reminded me that spanking as therapy was something I had been considering before. Pain comes in many forms and certain types of pain can help connect to certain emotions and release them. Spanking is a great way of communicating with another person without the use of words.

“If administrated with empathy and respect for boundaries, I’m convinced spanking can offer great emotional release,” I said. “Why?”

“When we met for the first time, I told you that I am a submissive and enjoy spanking,” she said, “but in fact, I have never explored spanking for real.”

“As I remember it I spanked you a little when we had sex the first time,” I reminded her.

“Yes,” she said and smiled. “A few slaps, but I fantasize about something much rougher. I have had fantasies about spanking since I was around 15 but I never felt confident talking to anyone about it. Years back I saw my fantasies as wrong but when trying to suppress them, I ended up becoming depressed. When I was a teen, my parents were worried about my mood swings and sent me to see a psychologist, but it didn’t help. Talking about my worries and my depressive childhood didn’t give me any release. Somehow, I knew that spanking was what I needed to connect deeper to myself. When asking the psychologist if spanking could be

therapeutic and help me handle my depression, she told me that it couldn't."

"If your depression is connected to suppressing your sexual identity," I said, "then spanking might be the best medicine there is."

"*Exactly!*" Gabi exclaimed, "but I have read that some sadists are disrespectful maniacs and I never dared to find a sadist who could help me explore."

"As you know I am not a sadist but I also only have basic experience with spanking," I said, "If you want to go deep, you will need to find an expert who is much more passionate and experienced with spanking than me."

"Right now, I just need to find out how I will react to a real spanking session," she said.

"Ok," I said. "Then tell me a little more about your spanking fantasies. Is there a reason why you are being spanked?"

"Good questions," she said considering it. "When I fantasize, I imagine that I have provoked someone who spans me."

"As a punishment?"

"Yes," she said.

"Can you describe the person spanking you?" I said. "Is it a man or a woman?"

"It can be both," she said. "It is a person of authority – perhaps my boss or teacher."

"Does the spanking session involve sex, or does it *only* involve spanking?"

"I fantasize about spanking," Gabi said, "but it feels very erotic and could probably also include some kind of sex."

"Are you tied up while being spanked?"

"Yes," she said. "I am totally helpless. In my fantasy, I am standing with my hands tied over my head and cannot move at all."

"Are you blindfolded, wearing certain kinds of clothes or do you have a gag in your mouth?" I asked.

"I am naked," she said, "and I don't know if I am gagged or wearing a blindfold."

"Would you describe being spanked as painful?" I asked. "Does it rip your skin, or does it leave red, blue, or black marks?"

"It's painful, but I only think it leaves red marks," she said.

"Do you fantasize about being spanked with a whip, a paddle, a cane, or some other kind of object?"

"I don't know," she said, "but now that you ask me I would like to try a whip."

"We can explore equipment, positions, and areas of your body," I said. "As you are talking from fantasy the reality of spanking might be a lot different than you imagine."

"I'm sure you are right about that," Gabi said.

"When doing this for the first time do you want us to be alone or can we do it at the next meeting in the harem?"

"I don't mind doing it with the harem," she said.

"Will you be fine if some of the women are spanking you as well?" I asked.

"Absolutely," she said laughing, "but only one at a time and you have to make sure they are not being too rough."

When a few days later the harem gathered in my place everyone formed a circle around Gabi and me

in the living room. As Gabi got rid of her clothes, I took out some soft leather cuffs and put them around her wrists. Next, I took out a piece of rope and tied it to the cuffs before tying a big knot on the rope. Putting the rope over a door and closing it, caught the knot on the other side of the door ensuring that Gabi was tied with her hands over her head facing the door.

“I will do a little exploration and get familiar with you and the situation before we start for real,” I said as the other women sat down to watch. “After this, I will take more control.”

“Perfect,” Gabi said.

Taking my time, I started warming up her skin giving her a light spanking with one hand. While doing so I made sure to spank on areas of her body where the skin was not too thin – like her thighs and buttocks. As her skin became warm it turned light red and I started spanking her using different objects. At first, I used a paddle and then a hairbrush, a belt, a wooden spoon, and a whip before spanking her with folded rope. While I was spanking Gabi constantly interfered and corrected me or told me what she liked and disliked. After the session, she concluded that the whip was too rough and when asked about her favorites she chose my hand and the rope.

“Now the warmup is over,” I said. “Let’s get started for real. From here on I no longer want you to interfere or try to control the situation. I am going to give you a safe word. The safe word is my name ‘Carlos’ and the only way you can influence the situation is by saying my name. If you say my name, we will stop the session.”

“You mean stop for a moment and then start again?” she asked.

"No," I said. "We will stop entirely and perhaps we can try again another day. In that way, you will only interfere if it is *absolutely* necessary."

"Ok!" she said. "I understand."

"Do you want to wear a blindfold?" I asked while touching her gently on the back making her sense my presence.

"Not during my first time!" She said looking a little nervous, "but perhaps next time."

When spanking her again I took it to the edge of her limit. Soon it was clear that Gabi was letting go and her mind seemed to have gone blank. As I continued, she became wet from sweat while crying from both pain and relief. When I decided she had enough, I gave her a break. A few minutes later, Lucy, Carol, and Paloma lined up and one by one they were spanking Gabi until I was convinced, she could not handle anymore.

When Lucy helped me release Gabi she almost dropped dead in my arms. After getting dressed she sat among us on the floor. Lucy had an arm around her, and Maria was getting her something to drink.

"I know I can be rather controlling at times," Gabi said. "Several times I wanted to get a break or interfere in the process. The way I was restrained and the rules I had to follow made me shut my mouth and let go."

"And you didn't consider using the safe word?" Maria asked.

"No," Gabi said. "Right now, I feel such an immense relief and I am already longing to do it again."

"Give yourself a few days to digest the experience," I said. "If at the next meeting, you are

still ready to explore, we can do so. What are your thoughts right now?"

"I am a little surprised," Gabi said. "I was convinced that I would only be turned on by the pain, but now I understand that I am also turned on by the feeling of helplessness."

"Interesting ...," I said. "It sounds as if you were enjoying a newfound freedom."

"Freedom?" Gabi said. "During our session, I was not free but constantly controlled."

"I know," I said, "but this gave you the freedom of being restricted and the freedom of not having a choice."

## Chapter 26

# THE DOMESTICATED MAN

During one of the harem meetings, we were all hanging out by the pool when Paloma asked me why I hadn't started a harem when I was younger.

"For many years I was living a fairly conventional life with a wife and kids," I said. "I often fantasized about having sex with a group of women, but never imagined that it would be possible to create a harem."

"It's hard for me to imagine you living in a normal family with kids and a wife," Maria said laughing.

"I never wanted to have kids or be married," I said, "but in relationships, I used to be a pleaser and I often ended up doing whatever it took to avoid drama."

"My former boyfriend was like that," Carol said. "He always did what I told him to do but he was not submissive. He just didn't know what he wanted from our relationship."

"I can relate to that," I said.

"You are very different now," Maria said looking at me. "Why did you change?"

"After a difficult divorce I decided that I couldn't continue living as a domesticated man," I said. "In the years that followed, I started living in open relationships and with time I became happier and happier not having a partner."

"I'm not sure I understand," Rita said. "What do you mean by a 'domesticated man'?"

"A domesticated man is a man who feels ashamed of his masculinity while trying to adopt

feminine values,” I said. “Most women like the idea of living with a domesticated man, but in the long run, they often get bored. A domesticated man would surely never want to create a harem such as this but would probably prefer to be part of a male harem with one woman. I once wrote a blog post about this and will send it to all of you in our online chat.”

### ***The domesticated man is dangerous***

*Historically, the domesticated man is a relatively new phenomenon. This type of man first saw the light of day during the hippie riot of the 1960s. The domesticated man would usually come with a soft beard, and a woolen sweater and would, in every possible way, be driven by feminine values. Not only did he look like a pipe cleaner, but he would also be spineless and flexible in ways that made it possible for any woman to wrap him around her finger.*

*Through the invention of the domesticated man, it became possible for men to compensate for the way women had been oppressed by men of the past. According to the Bible, women were created in the image of men, but the domesticated man was created in the image of women. Naturally, this made women fall in love with him at first sight. For the first time in history, the two genders were able to join forces to act against the injustices that women had accepted for millennia. Unsurprisingly, the domesticated man became a huge success in most western cultures. Not only was this new kind of man capable of making money for his family, but he was also emotionally supportive, loving, caring, and socially submissive. Besides that, he felt comfortable doing everything that had previously been defined as the duties of women. With his warm smile, his*

knitwear, and his motherly presence, the domesticated man was the embodiment of what women had always longed for. In him, women found the opposite of all the macho ideals boys of the past had wasted their upbringing imitating — like the secret agent, the gunslinger, gangster, and action- and superheroes. These fictional icons had previously given boys a distorted image of what it meant to have courage and strength. The domesticated man was superior to them all — primarily because he was brave and strong enough to be weak and fearful.

With a truly domesticated man by her side, a woman no longer needed a Casanova, a gentleman, a macho man, Prince Charming, an alpha male, Buzz Lightyear, Superman, or any other prehistoric male role models. Finally, women no longer had to put up with chauvinistic males opening the door for them, saving them from danger, or paying the bill at a restaurant. Never again would a woman have to dress up in feminine and impractical clothes. Never again would she be subjected to something as degrading as being thrown over the kitchen table and taken by a man who could not control his sexual urges. However, in certain parts of the world, it was agreed that domesticated men would be allowed to ravish their wives or girlfriends over the kitchen table, but *ONLY* in an emergency and *ONLY* if he was ordered to do so by the woman.

Although the domesticated man was victorious in all Western countries for many years, it gradually turned out that not all women found him equally charming. Some regarded him as pathetic, and over time, more and more women realized that the domesticated man had significant constraints — especially if he tried to seduce women, enchant

*them, or tried to make a woman feel feminine. As a result, more and more women started asking the following question: What can a woman do if one day she gets tired of the domesticated man's softness and needs a change or new inspiration?*

*As a result of growing dissatisfaction with the dictatorship of the domesticated man, we have seen numerous attempts to overthrow his regime. None have been a more efficient opposition to the domesticated man than the internet community called 'The net stockings. The net-stockings are a support group for women who claim to have been traumatized by too much care and tolerance from domesticated men. With catchy slogans, the net-stockings movement is fighting for women's rights to solely have the privilege of being weak and defenseless. In their manifesto, the initiators behind the movement are expressing a need for an armed riot against the tyranny of domesticated men.*

*"Long enough have we tolerated the domesticated man's endless and fruitless sexual foreplays," says the public spokeswoman of the community. "We are now stepping up to fight men who fill up bathroom shelves with their skin- and hair-care products! No longer will we accept being subjected to men who are following orders when we tell them what to think and how to act! How is it possible to be feminine in a world where men are reading décor magazines? How do we get rid of the kind of men who gathers in feminine male-bonding groups and spend more time than women going to antenatal classes? How can we ever be sexually aroused in a society that encourages men to wear white socks in sandals? The domesticated man must be defeated by all means! It is a woman's right to be*

*the only one who promotes care in the home or complains about her partner's lack of presence in the family.*

*Women around the world must join forces to make this revolution. Only women should be able to ask for help when carrying heavy items, chopping firewood, or repairing the car. Only women should be supported by a firm hand when walking in high heels — not the other way around. When it comes to home decoration, women should be the experts and a man should only contribute using a cordless power screwdriver. If the tyranny of the domesticated man is allowed to continue, generations of women after us will never have the opportunity to be ravished or to live out their secret French maid fantasies. Therefore, let's stand up and use our influence in business and in politics to — once and for all — eradicate the domesticated man. If the domesticated man is not stopped through brutal force, we will risk our sons becoming hardcore metrosexuals who wish nothing else for Christmas than gender reassignment surgery or anal bleaching. Long enough, have we allowed the domesticated man to copy our values and take what is rightfully ours. It is time for women around the world to put on their heels, lingerie, and silk stockings and throw themselves into a forceful battle against jewelry and perfume for men. We need men to stop caring about their looks and we need to fight soft beards in all lengths and shapes. During our first attack wave, we will overthrow male dominance in the kitchen. At the next stage of the operation, we will march into bathrooms all over the world and destroy male skincare products and nose-hair-scissors. In the third and final stage, we will launch a straightforward*

*attack in the bedrooms. Here we will end the tyranny of the domesticated man by forcing him to tie us up and spank us until his softness is completely gone and we — after almost a generation of celibacy — are finally fully sexually satisfied and happy!”*

## Chapter 27

# CUCKQUEAN AND CUCKOLD

Throughout my life I have probably seen 100.000 women, I might have interacted socially with 10.000 of these women while having sex with around 1000. With only ten women, I have felt a deep and long-lasting connection but never at the same time. While meeting potential harem women, I had many loving and explorative encounters, but Maria was the only one with whom I felt a strong and long-lasting bond.

Most of my greatest relationships have started out as a passionate romance, but after some time attraction usually wears off. Instead of having passionate sex, we start spending more and more time on a sofa watching television while eating chips and ice cream. To me, this phase of a relationship has always been a nuisance but after having been in Sao Paulo for more than two months I started longing for the tranquility of ice cream and fading attraction. Constantly going on dates exploring sex with new women or meeting a group setting up explorative sex sessions made my moments of two-someness with Maria priceless and exotic. One night when Maria and I were spooning in bed while watching a boring film I was convinced that our relationship could not become any better, but I was wrong. The film had just ended when Maria told me that there was something important, we needed to talk about.

“When do you need to go back home?” she asked.

"My tourist visa for Brazil is only valid for three months," I said. "I will have to leave in less than a month."

"I am going to miss you sooo much," she said looking sad. "It will be very hard."

"I feel the same," I said looking into her eyes.

"I love you," she said putting her arms around me.

"I love you too," I said kissing her. "I really wish I could stay longer but I need to go home. I will return as soon as possible."

"What I'm about to tell you ...," she said looking worried, "might make you decide *never* to come back again."

"I'm confident that there is *nothing* you can say that will stop me from wanting to return to you," I said hugging her reassuringly.

"I think there is," she said withdrawing a little.

"Try me," I said.

"Ok," she said taking a deep breath, "but promise me that you will not be angry."

"There is no way I can ever be angry at you," I insisted.

"We will see ...," she said looking nervous. "Do you remember I told you about my boyfriend during one of our first conversations online?"

"Naturally," I said. "The guy you stopped dating because he wanted you to have sex with other men."

"Yes," she said. "His name is Arthur and ... The truth is that Arthur and I are still together."

"Wow?!" I exclaimed. "When did you start dating again?"

"To be completely honest we never broke up," Maria explained. "I only *considered* breaking up, but we have been together for six years. He and I have

everything a great couple can have – except good sex but when meeting you I decided to stay with him.”

“When meeting me?” I asked. “Why?”

“When you and I started having sex online Arthur brightened up and became much more confident,” she said. “He never saw me with another man and the prospect of you coming here to have sex with me was a boost to our relationship. I sometimes also allowed him to look at me while I was having sex with you online.”

“He was masturbating in the background?” I asked laughing.

“Yes,” she said looking sad. “I’m sorry. I should have told you, but I didn’t know how you would react. Are you angry?”

“On the contrary,” I said kissing her. “To me love and freedom are synonyms. It makes me happy to know that another man also loves you. When I go home it is great to know that Arthur is there for you, but does he know about the harem?”

“Yes,” she said. “I told him everything. He is very impressed.”

“And he is not jealous?”

“As a cuckold, he can’t get enough of hearing about the harem,” she said smiling. “My relationship with you is creating the first sexual excitement between him and me for several years. When I tell him about you and me, he is instantly turned on.”

“This sounds interesting,” I said. “Arthur sounds like a very unconventional guy. It’s too bad I haven’t met him.”

“You actually *have* met him,” she said, “but you didn’t know it was him.”

“I have already met Arthur?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said. “You met him twice.”

“When?” I asked feeling completely bewildered.

“You met him on our first night together,” she said. “He borrowed his brother’s taxi and drove us from the restaurant to your apartment.”

“Arthur was the taxi driver?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said.

“This is why he didn’t complain when we had sex all over the taxi?” I asked laughing.

“Exactly!” she said. “Driving a taxi with me having sex with another man in the backseat was one of the sexual highlights of his life.”

“And the second time?” I asked.

“You met him in the sex club,” she said. “Do you remember the masturbating guy with strong glasses?”

“Of course,” I said, “but he looked like a nerd.”

“Arthur is in fact very handsome,” she said, “but he was worried that you would recognize him after the taxi ride. To avoid this, he disguised himself using the glasses.”

“I like his creativity,” I said. “I would be very happy to meet him.”

“You would!?” she said looking surprised, “but I was sure you would be angry. Arthur was also worried that you would find out about him and me and not want to have sex with me anymore.”

“I have loved you since the first time we talked,” I said taking her in my arms. “Nothing makes me happier than the news that there are two men in your life who loves you and wants the best for you.”

## Chapter 28

### ARTHUR AND MARIA

The next day I was invited to meet Maria and Arthur in their flat and they were both receiving me in the doorway. With a welcoming smile, Arthur gave me a warm handshake. Arthur didn't speak a word of English, but Maria translated while explaining that Arthur was not only her boyfriend but also her boss. Years back he had started a business as a graphic designer and Maria was working as his assistant in the company. When Maria was not with me, they spend almost all their time together. With Maria translating Arthur and I engaged in conversation and from the first moment he and I had great chemistry. At some point in the evening, Maria's phone rang and while she was on the phone Arthur typed a message on his phone before translating it and showing me the screen.

"I'm grateful that you saved my relationship with Maria," the message said.

"You don't need to be grateful," I wrote back. "I didn't even know that I was helping you."

For some time, we were both texting a message, but I finished mine first and showed it to him. It said: "Maria has such a loving personality. Don't you and she ever have conflicts?"

"She is an angel," he wrote back. "She is always such a great support and I have never seen her angry."

"This is very rare," I wrote. "You are lucky to have found each other."

"Are you also turned on by seeing her have sex with others?" Arthur asked.

"No," I wrote. "It neither turns me on nor off."

A few seconds later I had another text for Arthur. It said: "Don't you ever become jealous?"

"Rarely," he wrote, "but when Maria is sleeping with you, I sometimes feel lonely."

"Ok," I said. "Let me know if there is anything I can do to support you."

"It helps if Maria calls me to say goodnight," he wrote. "Especially if she tells me about the amazing sex, you and she had before she calls."

For a little while we both laughed about the absurdity of the situation while Arthur wrote another message.

"Are you never jealous?" he asked.

"I know the feeling," I wrote, "but to me, freedom is more important than love. If someone took away my freedom, I would be sad, but if freedom took away someone, I love I would be happy."

A few days later Maria and Arthur invited me for dinner. This time Arthur asked if he could watch while Maria and I had sex. I naturally had no objections, but when Maria and I started having sex with Arthur sitting in a chair watching us I was unable to turn on.

"I think Arthur is a great guy," I said to Maria, "but there is no sexual spark between him and me. Do you think it would be ok for him to go out of the room while we have sex?"

After Maria had explained my suggestion to Arthur he moved to the corridor. This helped a little but not enough for me to turn on. For some time, we continued experimenting until finding a setup that worked for everyone. If Arthur was in the kitchen while keeping the doors open, we had a perfect balance. When not able to see him, he didn't turn me off and when Arthur could hear the sound of Maria and me having sex, he was more than happy.

## Chapter 29

# HAREM ESCAPE WEEKEND

I only had a few weeks left in Brazil when I started making a few conclusions regarding the harem. Clearly, I would never have been able to gather the harem without the advice and help from Maria. In the harem, she had taken the position as a primary girlfriend and the harem had in many ways been an extension of the relationship between her and me. As Maria had predicted her presence as my partner had ensured that the other women never considered me to be boyfriend material. For this reason, I didn't have to struggle with jealousy and drama. Still, this didn't mean that you cannot create a harem without a partner such as Maria. While hanging out in Sao Paulo I did some research and learned that others had created harems with completely different structures. In some harems, there was no primary partner, and everyone was considered equal. In others, everyone involved has attachment to each other and lived together long-term. I also read stories of party-harems or play-harems that mostly had their focus on drugs and sex. In my research, I also read about an American dominant woman who lived with a harem of seven consensual male slaves. All these men had dedicated their lives to serving the woman day and night and the woman even had a waiting list of slaves hoping to be part of her harem in the future.

In my approach to harem life until this point of my journey, I had only spent between 3 to 6 hours with the harem at a time. In this way, I learned many

things about the sexual dynamics within the harem, but I still knew very little about the social and romantic aspects. How would it work if we were all sleeping in the same place, waking up together, having breakfast, going for romantic dinners, or hanging out socializing during the day? How would the women interact if staying together for several days? Would we all bond deeper, and create more trust and freedom or would we start having conflicts and drama? Who would hold the hand of who and would it be possible romancing as a group gazing lovingly into three, five, or eleven pairs of eyes? If I wanted to explore the social and romantic aspects of harem life, it would have to be soon.

To explore the social aspect of harem life, I invited the women to stay with me in a romantic beach resort for a prolonged weekend from Thursday to Sunday. All were excited to go but two of the women had obligations with work or family and had to stay home. When picking up the rest of the group women in a rented minibus Rita told us that her uncle and aunt had visited the resort and had been very impressed with the location, restaurant, and food. As we left central Sao Paulo, everyone was in a great mood and when Maria put on some local music everyone started singing along. Arriving at the resort the women were installed in two large family rooms and a suite with a living room and a huge spa. As the least social person in the harem, I had a single room making sure I would be able to withdraw if I needed some time alone.

Moments after the women had received their keycards and decided where they were going to sleep, they spread to the pool, gym, restaurant, and

beach. Even though it was just past 6 pm the sun was still out, and I had time to relax in a deckchair by the pool before getting ready for dinner.

Just before dinner time, we all met in the bar to have drinks. As Maria had defined our retreat as a 'special occasion', she insisted on ironing one of my shirts ensuring that – for once – I was dressed in style. When seeing the women arrive at the bar, I was happy that I had listened to Maria. All of them wore beautiful colorful dresses, makeup, and heels – except Lucy who was wearing bright red lipstick, a black suit, and black shiny boots.

"Are we going to party tonight?" Carol asked referring to our non-alcohol policy.

"That would be great," Leanna said looking at me.

"No problem," I said. "While we are staying here you can drink whatever you like."

Some of the women were non-drinkers like me, but the drinkers cheered and ordered cocktails.

When leaving the bar, a waiter guided us to our table in the restaurant. The restaurant had beautiful wooden furniture, a view over a tropical garden, and relaxing lounge music. As this was an exclusive resort most guests were wealthy middle-aged couples escaping their busy city lives while finding time to reconnect in romantic surroundings. Scattered around the restaurant at least 20 couples were having dinner and wine at small tables. Being seated by a long table in the middle of the restaurant the harem attracted a lot of attention. Especially from the men who were regularly sending us stolen glances while probably trying to figure out how I had created a setup like this.

After ordering a starter the women were chatting and laughing and at times some of them were kissing or holding hands. Sitting in the middle of the table I sometimes put an arm around Aline or Rita and when Maria and Paloma went to go to the lady's room, they passed me and kissed me lovingly before they left. After some time, most of the couples in the restaurant totally stopped pretending not to be staring at us. At some point – while his wife was busy complaining about the food – one of the male guests send me a quick thumbs up before looking innocently back at his complaining wife.

After dinner, we all went to the suite to hang out in the living room. The room had huge glass doors accessing a spacious balcony with a view over the ocean. While everyone made themselves comfortable a waiter arrived with a trolley with deserts, coffee, mocktails, cocktails, and a couple of bottles of champagne. While Leanna and Carol went to the balcony to smoke marijuana Rita put on some music using a portable speaker before some of the women started dancing. When Leanna came back, I reminded her about the way she had been stripping on our first date and asked if she would dance for us. Leanna didn't need much encouragement and a moment later she put on some music and made us form a circle while she started performing in the middle. Seeing the way Leanna could twerk made all the others want to learn. This turned Leanna's performance into a dance class and soon most of the women were busy trying to learn the art of twerking. When the group had turned up the music a few times there was a hard knock on the door. In the corridor, a receptionist was telling me that the neighbors were complaining and wanted us to turn down the music.

"Perhaps this resort is a little too quiet for us," I said turning down the music. "Tomorrow we can find a club and you can all make as much noise as you want."

"We need to think of a less noisy activity," Gabi said while looking at the others. "Lately I have been reading about something called sexual 'humiliation play'. Do you want to try?"

"It sounds interesting," Amanda said looking excited, "but how does it work?"

"All of you have to take turns giving me any kind of humiliating order," Gabi said. "I will do anything you tell me and if I say 'no' you can all decide on a punishment."

"And the order can also be sexual?" Lucy asked.

"Naturally," Gabi said.

"Ok," Maria said. "We need to agree that it cannot be anything harmful or something that will get us kicked out of the hotel."

When having agreed on the rules we all tried to exceed each other giving Gabi humiliating orders. First, Rita made Gabi wear headphones to hear a pop hit while singing along. Gabi's singing sounded nothing less than awful and made everyone laugh. Next, she had to lick Lucy's boots, perform as a coffee table, act like a horny male gorilla, and fake an orgasm before barking like a dog picking up objects from the floor with her mouth. Finally, Carol wrote the word: "Bimbo" with lipstick on Gabi's forehead before ordering her to go to the hotel reception and ask what time the hotel's 24-hour gym was open. To make sure Gabi did as she was told, she had to film the whole thing using her phone.

After doing humiliation play for an hour we ran out of ideas, but the game created a great atmosphere in the group. Soon some of the women started kissing and some were dancing while Rita and Carol sat on my lap talking.

Sometimes after midnight, Maria took out a present wrapped in ribbon and colored paper.

"I have bought a present for the winner of our next activity," she said and held up the present. "To find out what you learned at the blowjob workshop it is time for a blowjob competition. I am going to blindfold Carlos. Everyone who wants to be part of this can give him a 2-minute blowjob and afterward he will announce the winner."

Six of the women wanted to compete and while Maria found a chair for me and put a blindfold in front of my eyes the competitors lined up.

"What happens if he ejaculates?" Paloma asked. "Then we might not be able to finish the competition."

"If he gets close, I will slap him around and call him a bitch," Lucy said while laughing. "This should quickly turn him off."

"Perfect idea!" Maria laughed while the first competitor started working.

"This is a very close race," I said after having received blowjob number six. "I preferred numbers 3 and 4. Can they have one more minute each?"

After another round, I rated number 4 to be the winner and was convinced it was Paloma, but when taking off the blindfold Carol was cheering before receiving her present.

Following the competition, Lucy invited everyone to meet her in the spa for a lesbian orgy. As most of the women disappeared into the

bathroom, I said goodnight and went to my room to relax for an hour before going to sleep.

The next morning, we all met for breakfast before going to the beach. This was Friday morning and as it was still a normal weekday there were few people on the beach. After a couple of hours, some of the women went back to the resort while the rest of us found a deserted and rocky area with a natural pool. While sitting in the pool we had sex with Maria having a great time masturbating while watching us.

For the rest of the afternoon, we all relaxed at the resort before getting ready for dinner. This time we went to an Italian restaurant not far from the hotel before going to a local nightclub with live music. When late at night we returned to the hotel everyone was exhausted. Some were having fun in the shower while I fell asleep with a group of women in one of the big beds. Sometime around 6 am I woke up and realized that I had to go to the toilet but being surrounded by sleeping women made it difficult to get out of bed without waking them up. When sleeping with one woman it can have unpredictable consequences waking her up. She might start talking, but she might also be horny and want to have sex. In cases like these I am a bit of a pleaser and have a hard time saying no but what happens if I would wake up a whole harem? Having sex with one of the women could start a chain reaction not allowing me to sleep for many hours. Trying to be as quiet as possible I sneaked out of the bed doing all I could not to trigger an early morning gangbang of unknown proportions. When I was finally out of the bed, I took one careful step at a time making sure I would not step on anything or make noise. When a few minutes later I reached my own room, I went to

the toilet, locked my door, and felt much safer sleeping in my own bed.

On our second morning at the resort, I asked room service to serve breakfast in one of our rooms. After breakfast, we met by the pool and while ordering drinks the women were chatting vividly in Portuguese. Watching them I started realizing that these women would be able to hang out forever chatting endlessly about all sorts of things while eating nice food, having drinks, and enjoying the resort. This would not be possible for me. Each day I need some time alone to make it possible to digest some of the experiences I have had during the day. While the women were laughing, joking, swimming, and showering each other with sun lotion I decided to go for a long walk along the beach clearing my mind. When informing everyone that I would be gone for a few hours nobody objected as I left.

While walking along the beautiful sandy beach I started considering what I had learned from taking the group to the resort. No doubt a harem can create amazing moments for everyone involved but being with a group of women this size for more than a few hours at a time was a little too intense for me. I truly liked them all, but some were easier to be around than others. Some were shy and reflective, but others were very intense, talkative, and needed a lot of attention. Regarding sex, I also had some reservations. When being with one partner you can have impulsive sex that lasts from five minutes to a few hours and can quite easily control the situation. With a harem, you might open a sexual space with one woman and as the others start participating their expectations goes through the roof. After climax, most women can regenerate within minutes. Being

the only man in the group trying to extinguish their sexual hunger can be an endless task. Most of the women will constantly be horny and ready for more. If the man is a pleaser like me who has a hard time saying no, sex with a harem can turn into an endless activity leaving little room for anything else. Even the smallest sexual spark can start a huge and all-consuming hour-long gangbang.

At this point, the harem was still in its honeymoon phase, but the honeymoon phase does not last forever. If I invited the group traveling or living with me for several weeks, I now knew with full certainty that the experience would drain me. Over time some of the women would start having mood swings, some would become jealous, some would be depressed, sick, have periods, or talk endlessly about all their problems. As a man who always tries to help others solve their problems, I could end up working around the clock to keep them all happy. It only takes one drop of a poisonous chemical to make a thousand liters of clean water undrinkable. If just one of the women in the harem was in a bad mood our social and sexual space would be contaminated and everyone could end up having unpredictable reactions.

If at some point one of the women started creating too much drama, I might have to exclude her from the harem, and as a result, drama could easily spiral out of control. Within a group of people being intimately connected jealousy and other difficult emotions are always just around the corner. This is natural and in earthly behavior and cannot be avoided. Because of this, I would have to be constantly alert and act before a problem grew out of proportion. Understanding this made me see that

traveling or living permanently with a harem was beyond my capabilities. The best approach would be to continue meeting on a regular basis – keeping the relationships light. I would have to make sure I never became the boyfriend of all these women but stayed a facilitator creating a therapeutic space for them to learn and unfold. The harem could never turn into a permanent construction but had to keep its emphasis on empowering the women while preparing them for better relationships and sex with future partners.

When returning to the resort Saturday late afternoon I was refreshed and meeting the girls for dinner felt great. Once more they were dressed up and even though they were still chatting vigorously it seemed that several alliances were beginning to form within the group. Some had come closer to each other, some seemed to be developing a romance and others had created more distance. Whispering during dinner Maria informed me about a conflict between Lucy and Leanna. In my absence, Lucy had tried to take the leading role in the harem. Some of the women supported Lucy but others didn't like her. According to Maria, I would need to keep an eye on Lucy and talk to her making sure the conflict didn't grow out of proportion.

In the old days, a monarch or sultan would dedicate a closed area of his castle to his harem. He would not live and sleep with the harem and according to tradition, his mother would oversee the harem. I now understood why. No sultan would ever have time and energy to rule a country if he also had to rule a harem. With his mother managing the harem the sultan would be outside the line of fire when unpopular decisions had to be made. Not having the daily responsibility, the sultan could choose to spend

time with the harem on his terms. In my contemporary harem, I had positioned myself as a facilitator, but when spending time together as we did at the resort I not only had to be the sultan enjoying the harem but also perform as the leader. If having to make unpopular decisions, I could easily get in trouble. A solution might be to step down and let Maria take over as the leader but at this stage, it seemed to be too late. All the women knew that I was pulling the strings and if unpopular decisions had to be made all complaints would end in my lap. As these problems would all be highly emotional there would be little chance of solving them through rational arguments and decisions. The best way to solve this would be by using the approach of the old-fashioned harems. In other words: If ever creating a harem again I would need a leader who was not part of the harem.

If the situation with Lucy escalated, I might have to exclude her from the harem. Usually, a breakup is a consequence of a troublesome connection between two people but around half of the group (including myself) really liked Lucy and would be sad to see her go. The harem was a small organization, but an organization has a purpose and a goal and if problems arise its members will usually fall in place if the leader makes sure to keep everyone's attention towards the goal. But what was the goal of the harem? Empowerment and emotional growths were much too fluffy goals to keep everyone on track. As opposed to an organization the harem was an emotional construction based on intimate connections and therefore vulnerable. Excluding one of the women against her will could have disastrous consequences for the group. With a limited

experience as a harem facilitator, I had to be alert and observant and act as early as possible if trouble was on the way.

When leaving the hotel Sunday afternoon, we all agreed that this had been an amazing experience. Even though I was very happy with the experience and what it had taught me I was longing for a break. Since Sunday morning I had been looking forward to some simple solo time with Maria. The thought of her and I having a tv-dinner before collapsing in bed cuddling or falling asleep while watching a film was incredibly appealing. When a few hours later Maria and I were alone sitting in a bathtub I was more than happy. In front of us, we had a long quiet evening with no parties, no advanced sex orgies, and no risk of drama. If Maria and I would have sex it would only be the simple kind of amazing couple sex with both parties reaching climax before falling asleep with the television on.

## Chapter 30

# WHEN SEX IS TAX- DEDUCTABLE

As anyone can understand exploring harem life had cost a fair amount of money. Still, my expenses were minor compared to the money I have spent earlier in my life on other things – like my dream house, family vacations, useless investments, and cars. The harem had given me much more pleasure, adventure, and great memories than any of my earlier investments and had only cost me a fraction. Still, this didn't stop me from wondering if Tax could help me finance the harem. To find out I called the tax authorities in my home country to talk to them.

"I am a published author," I explained when a tax expert picked up the phone and presented himself. "Currently I am in the process of doing research for a book. I would like to know if my research expenses are tax-deductible."

"Naturally," the tax expert said. "When writing is your profession, you can deduct all expenses you incur on research."

"Great to hear," I said, "but is this also possible to deduct the expenses when I am writing about the social and sexual aspects of creating a harem?"

"Hmm ...," the expert said and thought about it for a while. "What are you spending your research money on?"

"Mostly on spoiling the women in the harem," I said. "I am buying them nice underwear and I also take them out for dinners and to hotels. One of them has a financial domination fetish making her turn on when I throw cash at her."

"I see ... I see ...," the expert said while sounding as if he was taking notes. "Does she keep the cash?"

"It's part of her fetish to keep the money," I explained.

"I understand," the expert said. "So, I am right when I assume that you are having ... ehh ... intimate relations with the women in the harem or did I misunderstand?"

"No," I said. "Sex is naturally part of harem life and hard to avoid."

"Ok," the expert said. "So, you are asking me if you can tax-deduct the expenses needed to pamper a group of women that you are having sex with?"

"Yes," I said. "Which reminds me that I also need to deduct expenses for condoms, sex toys, and payment for two women who helped me run my dating profiles."

"Aha ..." he said before being quiet for a long time until I was sure he had hung up.

"Hello?" I said.

"Ehh ...," the expert said. "This situation is a little ... unusual ... You can only deduct expenses from *professional* activities."

"I am very professional when doing harem research," I promised.

"But how are you performing the research?"

"I am working with an anthropologist approach called 'participant observation'," I said.

"And what does that mean?" he asked.

"It means that I am participating in fieldwork on a physical, emotional, and sexual level," I explained. "While doing so I am part of a host society that is maintaining a specific culture. By becoming an active participant, rather than simply an observer, I

work as an ethnographer who reduces the cultural distance between myself and the host society and in that way ...”

“Ok!” he interrupted. “It’s obvious that this is professional research.”

“So, what are the rules?”

“It seems you are in the clear,” he concluded.

“If your writing generates an income, you will be able to deduct your expenses.”

“Great!” I said.

“But remember to collect all the receipts.”

“Ok,” I said, “but how do I get a receipt when throwing cash at one of the women?”

“Just save the receipts from the cash machine and make her sign them as documentation.”

“Thanks!” I said. “I’m happy that this is now cleared up.”

“And one more thing,” the tax expert said. “When having sex with the women you cannot have sex for *personal* reasons.”

“I am not sure I understand,” I said.

“As this is a research project,” he said. “You can only have sex for *research* reasons.”

## Chapter 31

# MAKING LOVE AS A 12-SOME

On my last evening in Sao Paulo, the harem and I gathered around the dinner table in my place. Everyone was present and while chatting and laughing, it seemed that the conflict between Lucy and Leanna had been forgotten. Some of the women were sharing stories from our retreat and while looking at them all I felt happy and relieved. It seemed a lifetime ago that I had been sharing my harem vision with my friend in Copenhagen. Since then, I had spent more than a thousand hours scouting, texting, meeting, working, planning, organizing, and facilitating the harem. Now I felt closely connected to the group but also to the women individually.

After we had all finished the dinner, we cleared the table and gathered in the living room.

“As you all know this is my last day in Sao Paulo,” I said, “and this could be the last time we meet as a harem. I will naturally try to come back, but it can take some time. When I return some of you might be in relationships or there might be other reasons why you no longer want to be part of the harem.”

“I have already discussed this with some of the others,” Maria said. “We have a plan.”

“A plan?” I asked looking at Maria.

“Yes,” Rita said. “We have decided to continue the harem without you.”

“We have agreed that Maria will be our new harem facilitator,” Lucy said. “As you know I also

enjoy dressing up as a guy. If we need a man in the harem, I will be the man.”

“I’m not sure I have what it takes to facilitate the harem,” Maria said looking at me, “but if I need help, I will call you and get some advice. Sometimes you might also be able to join online.”

“I guess that could work,” I said.

“It *has* to work,” Rita said, “but will you be ok leaving us the harem survival kit?”

“Naturally,” I said. “If I start a harem in Europe, I will get a new kit.”

“Great!” Rita said.

“But facilitating the harem is not cheap,” I said. “How will it work financially?”

“We will not go out for dinners,” Maria said, “but will cook when meeting.”

“I hope it can work,” I said, “but where are you going to meet?”

“Arthur and I agreed that we can meet at our flat,” Maria said.

“That’s perfect,” I said. “Then he can also step in if you need a guy.”

“I already asked him,” Maria said. “He said no, but sometimes he might want to watch while I have sex with the other women.”

“Ok,” I said looking at Maria. “If you like you can be the facilitator tonight.”

“Yes,” she said. “I imagined you would suggest that, and I already know what I want to explore.”

“You do?” I asked.

“Since we started the harem, I have had a special fantasy,” Maria said to me before looking at the others. “To explore the limits of my cuckquean fetish I want to see all of you make love to Carlos at the same time.”

"You already know that I am not attracted to guys," Lucy said, "but I can be our fluffer."

"Fluffer?!" Emily asked looking confused.

"A fluffer is a person who is working at a porn production keeping the actors turned on during filming," Carol explained.

"But how can all of us have sex with Carlos at the same time?" Paloma asked.

"I'm not just talking about sex," Maria explained. "I am talking about real lovemaking."

"But what's the difference?" Carol asked.

"Sex is a physical act," Maria said, "but lovemaking is emotional and includes devotion."

"Wow!" Leanna said looking at the others. "That will be a challenge."

"To make it work we are all going to have sex while being connected through our hearts," Maria explained.

"How would you suggest that we do that?" I asked.

"I have thought about it all day and have a plan that can get us started," Maria said looking at me. "I imagine that you will be sitting in the big bed in your bedroom while receiving us one by one. With each of us, you spend a little time while you and she create a loving space. Next, she sits in bed while the next woman enters the room. When everyone has arrived in the bedroom, we will all be connecting sexually and emotionally through you. From there on I am not sure how we should proceed."

"What if all of us simultaneously used Carlos' body to satisfy ourselves?" Emely asked. "We can all get undressed, and he will be laying naked on the bed."

"That's interesting," Carol said. "One of us could ride his face, two his elbows, two his hands,

one his dick, two his knees and two could be masturbating using his feet.”

“If doing something like that I could also be part of it,” Lucy said.

“Great,” Maria said. “Let’s do it like that but remember: When we do it we all need to connect to the group through Carlos while also relating lovingly to each other.”

Without involving me in the decision, they all agreed on the plan. Looking excited Maria directed me to my bedroom before telling me to get undressed and ready. According to her plan, she and Lucy would be in the room with me while Rita would send the women in one by one. When everyone was in the bedroom Rita would enter as the last person in the group.

When everyone was ready Leanna came in and sat beside me before we put our arms around each other kissing lovingly. After a few minutes, she found a place to sit in the bed while she continued giving me a light massage. The next woman in line was Emely and after kissing for a while she found a place beside me putting her hands on my belly before Amanda entered the room. Being submissive Amanda’s approach was a little different from the others. While sitting on her knees beside me she put her hands on her back and when kissing I held her hair with one hand while putting my other hand around her throat.

When everyone was in the room the bed had become very crowded. Not having room Maria found a chair making it possible for her to sit beside the bed directing the activities. Following Maria’s directions, I had to lay on my back in the middle of the bed while everyone was touching me lovingly. As twenty hands

were making love to me, I opened myself fully to their touch. Soon waves of energy were flowing through my body and while shivering I got goosebumps all over my body.

When Maria was happy with the foreplay, she guided each of the women to a certain part of my body. Two by my feet, two on my knees, two on my elbows, and when the last two women sat on my hands, she guided me to put a finger inside each of them. While organizing the setup Lucy was assisting as our harem fluffer. Using gel and a vibrator she made sure everyone was wet and turned on. Some of the women had a vibrator and some started kissing and touching and stimulating each other. As Anne was petite and loved receiving oral sex she was appointed to sit on my face.

“Remember it will be hard for him to move or speak,” Maria explained to Anne as Anne got ready. “Keep an eye on him and make sure he can breathe.”

“If you are not careful the poor guy will drown in pussy!” I heard Lucy add making everyone laugh.

When they all seemed to be in position some of them swapped places. As I could no longer see anything I now only knew who was sitting on my face. The sensation of not knowing who was where made it hard to relate to the women as individuals. Instead, I started relating to them as a harem that was exposing me to pure feminine energy. Suddenly I had, what I was sure, was Maria’s, loving hands on my head while hearing her voice. Even though she was now speaking Portuguese I could sense her excitement. Maria’s enthusiasm and the loving foreplay made it easy for me to stay hard. Suddenly I felt a hand guiding my erection before I was penetrating one of the women without knowing who.

The warmth and wetness made me consider if I was receiving oral from one of the women but when she sat down it became clear that this was not oral.

“Ok,” I heard Maria say returning to English. “You can all start moving but start slowly. You are welcome to use the vibrators but the more you can use Carlos’ body to stimulate yourself the better. Remember to stay in your hearts and focus on connecting to Carlos and each other in a loving way.”

As they all started to move Anne started riding my face, but who was using other parts of my body I didn’t know. While the women gained speed, I did what I could to focus on giving Anne pleasure using my tongue and lips. Soon I could hear Anne moaning from pleasure, but her voice was mixed with the rest of the group and a little later I could no longer distinguish the sounds of each woman. Entering a blissful trance, I closed my eyes while an immense energy boost exploded in my heart making colors and waves of light flash on the inside of my forehead.

When Anne gave me a little more room to breathe the intensity of the situation faded a little.

“How do you feel?” I heard Maria’s voice ask from somewhere close to me.

“I am overwhelmed,” I said. “How are you?”

“Jealous, happy, and horny like never before,” she said laughing. “This is amazing!”

While Anna once more found my tongue, I returned to my blissful state while hearing the chorus of moans. Suddenly the woman using my left hand was going through intense spasms before she squirted directly into my hand. This only seemed to increase the passion of the group making everyone ride my body more vigorously. Just following the flow, I had become a connector receiving energy from each woman before distributing it to the group

making them all make love through me. As the sensation intensified, we were all melting while becoming one, and suddenly I had the feeling that I was only making love to *one* woman. What I was experiencing at this moment had to be the most exclusive full-body massage given in the history of the planet.

How long this continued I am not sure, but suddenly Anna moved away from my face. As she was sitting beside me, she looked at me and smiled while I could hear the others laugh and joke as they – one by one – got out of the bed as if my body had been a ride in a funfair.

When a couple of hours later everyone had left Maria and I took a shower together. For a long time, we stood under the hot water hugging without saying anything. When finally leaving the bathroom, I landed on the sofa.

“What an experience!” I exclaimed.

“Another great harem evening,” Maria said sitting beside me. “Is there anything you would like us to do before we sleep?”

“Yes,” I said knowing exactly what I wanted. “Let’s get some ice cream in the freezer and sit in bed while watching a boring film until we fall asleep.”

## Chapter 32

# BEEING HEALED BY A HAREM

The first weeks after being back in Copenhagen I was busy catching up with family, friends, and work while trying to keep in touch with the harem, but this was not easy. Talking regularly with all the women while keeping track of their lives would easily turn into a full-time occupation. After a month, my lack of online presence made my connection with the harem fade. Without my presence, Maria felt a little lost during harem meetings and as a result, the women became less focused and less explorative. After two months Carol, Leanna, and Aline had found boyfriends and Lucy a girlfriend. Amanda was planning to leave Sao Paulo to study in Fortaleza and Paloma was going to move to Los Angeles to work. With only six women left in the harem and difficulties executing an agenda during meetings, the harem lost its momentum.

In this way, I had to accept that there was no way I could go back and revive the harem. If one day I wanted to explore harem life again, I would have to start from square one but creating a new harem was not at the top of my mind. Going on endless dates while constantly having new partners in Sao Paulo had been a great experience, but the process also changed my view on sex. I no longer fantasized about sex with groups of women and if having sexual fantasies Maria was usually playing the leading role. Our loving and peaceful connection and her lack of possessiveness had not only opened my heart but also made me let go of a huge part of the sexual

confusion that had led me before gathering the harem. While the harem fell apart my online meetings with Maria kept growing more intense. I have never had much passion for online sex, but as the longing between Maria and I kept growing stronger we were basically eating each other through the screen during cam calls.

After three months Maria and I could not contain the longing any longer and decided to reunite for two weeks in Portugal. Together we installed ourselves in a flat in Lisbon. As soon as she arrived, we disappeared into an emotional cocoon making love for many hours each day. After the first week, we rented a small house in a village in the mountains. During the daytime we went hiking in the area and in the evenings, we went for romantic dinners before going back to the house to make love. When Maria had to return to Brazil, we stood for a long time hugging in front of the airport.

"This was amazing!" she said taking my hand. "I enjoyed every minute of it but it felt a little strange not seeing you have sex with other women. I thought we had an agreement about unfaithfulness."

"Did we?" I asked, "but I haven't as much as looked at another woman since I came back from Brazil."

"I know," she said, "and *that* is exactly the problem. We agreed that you would never be unfaithful by NOT having sex with other women. Since you left Brazil, you have been constantly unfaithful."

"That's true," I said remembering our agreement. "I'm sorry but being with a woman who is never jealous made me lose attraction to other women."

"I will forgive you this time," she said and kissed me, "but next time we meet I hope you will be less selfish and have more appetite for other women."



Dear Carlos

*What happened in our harem blew my mind.*

*So many times, in my life I have been forced to submit to situations I didn't enjoy in relationships, and it has been very hurtful. Because of that, I have been afraid to give myself fully and afraid of trusting others.*

*While being part of the harem I learned that it is possible to give up control without fear and to explore sex and feel love and care without trying to control others.*

*Since we all started meeting, I feel so peaceful and relieved in a way that I have never felt before. As you know I have been addicted to marijuana for several years, but lately, I have had no urges to smoke.*

*I understand that you did this as a research project and that we might not meet as a harem again, but this is not a problem for me. You and the other women's views on relationships and sex taught me so much about love that I am grateful in ways that I cannot put into words.*

*It has been incredible leaving behind some of the pain I had in my heart while also finding new and lasting friendships with the other women.*

Love Leanna

## Our Healing Harem