Chapter 1

April 23, 2008

I am new to the journaling world. I am not sure if I even want to be doing this, but I over heard someone at work talking about how they journal and it helps them deal with all of the stress of their lives. So, I am hoping that it has the same affect for me. I am not exactly sure where to start. Is it necessary to say my name if I am the one journaling? Maybe I should have asked, but then people would know that I had a need to journal and that would not be good. Since I am new to this I am writing in secret. I am in the bathroom away from my family writing inside of the bathtub. No I am not naked, but no one has to know that. My wife Heather is downstairs and better be preparing supper. My two sons, Ralph and Eric should be in the kitchen with her doing their homework.

My name is Arnold Green and I am 38 years old. (This is weird. Writing about myself. So lets just get all of the specifics of my life out of the way and I will continue to talk about my life in the present day). I have a head of curly hair and am over 6 feet tall. I have been married to my only wife for ten years as of last Monday. Heather is 37 years old and is a teacher. Our oldest son Ralph is 9 years old and our youngest son Eric is 7 years old. I love my family, but I find it hard expressing this to them. I am guessing it has something to with my upbringing.

My wife did have long hair, but one day she decided that she wanted a new look so she decided to chop it all off. I hated it and still do, but she doesn't know that. She is very small, petite. She has freckles on her face and I love her big breast. My sons look like me. They are going to be tall and they have a head of curly hair. My youngest son is missing teeth and I think Ralph is too.

We live in a three bedroom, three level, two and a half bathroom house in Stern, Ohio. People usually settle here when they come from a city internationally. I live the american dream I guess; kids, wife, white picket fence, and I have an excellent job protecting the city as an police officer. The town of Stern is not as big as Cleveland or Columbus, Ohio but it has a nice sized population. Most people may have never heard of this city, because it does not show up on most maps but we are located south-

west of Toledo. I love it here and I love my life here. It is a mix of the rural and urban lifestyle. Best of both worlds in a way.

This journal will be used as a way for me to get all of my thoughts out so I can remain sane. The job that I do has that effect on some of us and it is either this or going to visit a therapist once a week. I have no clue what made me actually sit here and journal for the first time, because I have heard of people journaling and keeping diaries for a log time. I just never gave it a try. (Now I am stalling). The nerves are building inside of me with the thought of officially starting this journal, because then I will be able to see my life in hindsight and reflect on some of the decisions that I may make and how this will impact my mental capacity as an officer.

I hope by journaling that I am able to improve in my daily productivity in life and really see some type of change in my life. I know that my family is probably wondering where I am. So I will have to continue this later tonight when no one is expecting me for anything...

Well it has to be about 11:45pm and my family is already asleep. I am sitting at the desk in my office righting under the desk lamp. So now its time for me to share some details of my life. Nothing truly eventful happened today, but this will be great practice for when something spectacular does happen.

I awoke this morning at 7:30am and went for my morning jog around my neighborhood. There were the usual yellow school buses patrolling the neighborhood picking up kids and my kids were outside when I began my jog. My neighborhood is inside of a gated community so I just run around the block a few times and I am able to get a sufficient workout. There are about twenty houses on my side of the street then there are twelve on the adjacent side and have houses behind each other. All of the houses are of moderate size like mine. Not all of them have a fence keeping out the public. Some of the houses have dogs populating their front yards and some of my neighbors were on morning jogs ahead of me with their dogs.

I am trying my best to fully express the look of the neighborhood and I actually thought that writing in detail will be easier for me, because I always have to write detailed police reports and give them to the chief. This is going to be a challenge I guess since I am virgin to journaling.

I remember the sun shining behind me each time I passed my house when going left out of my driveway and I do remember seeing a Miniature Schnauzer following me behind a iron fence each time I ran passed her house. There was also a brown Pitbull and a puppy sleeping in the grass on the opposite side of the street from my house. This is boring to write about... I ran around the block five times and I returned inside of the house to shower and get ready for work.

For my job I drive an unmarked car and patrol the city in search of criminals committing criminal acts. It is a fun job and I am really good at it considering I have been apart of the police force since I was in my mid-twenties. Well like I said this morning and this day was not very different than any other day. I don't drink coffee instead I drink water and I eat pancakes instead of donuts. So I am not the stereotypical police officer I am happy to journal.

(What happened next?) Thats right we went to someones house and did a bust. This was no drug bust, but a child pornography and endangerment bust. The mans name was Walter and he is 48 years old and he willing showed and sent pornographic pictures of himself to someone who he thought was a minor he met in a chat room while in reality it was me and my team. When we arrived to his house we found over forty-eight hours of downloaded pornography on his home computer. He was arrested on the spot and he didn't even try to deny or make excuses for his acts. So he made our job that much easier. His house was a one bedroom little cottage type thing. He had cats inside there and he had two computers and both had incriminating evidence on it. This guy was not the best looking man, so I guess he was using that as an excuse to exploit kids and mentally ruin them forever. The bastard! Well he is behind bars, but unfortunately he has a son and we have to do more investing on the matter to see if the child was violated in any way. When he is sentenced I know that he is going to have his ass handed to him in prison.

When I got back to the station after this bust is when I heard a couple of my fellow officers talking about journaling. They were sitting in the break room and were talking about how they each try to journal every night or so. There were both men and women talking about this. They did not know that I was listening, but I was taking a mental note of all of the benefits that they said doing this was suppose to bring. For the rest of the day I thought about if I really wanted to commit to journaling on the regular, because I used to think that real men do not keep a journal especially not a cop! But I decided to give it a try. I am not sure why I am so afraid of people finding this out, because it is completely normal for both men and women to journal and express their thoughts on paper. I am just unaware of where this fear comes from.

Thats right I almost forgot, I stopped at the Diner on my lunch break. This Diner is just like all of the diners that I see on television in all of those country places. The Diner is simple and small and has all of the same employees the place opened. I try to stop in there at least once a day to say hi or have a seat and eat something. This diner is known for there sweet potato pie!

The Diner named Diner 1 was not heavily populated when I walked in so that was nice. I do remember seeing a woman in there at the bar several seats from me to the left. I looked at her and we smiled at each other and shortly after she exited. I was with my partner Patrick Perry, he is 31 years old, but very great at what he does. He ordered a sandwich and I ordered a lunch omelet and the pie. We both drank water and we talked about nonsense. He is a newlywed so he was asking my advice on how to stay married. (Like I said today was a slow day). We left and patrolled the city until our shift was over.

Back at home I talked with my family; Family time as my wife likes to call it and then I snuck away to start this journal. I ate dinner and now I am here writing. Well I guess that is it for now. My life is usually so much more interesting, I decided to start journaling on the wrong day. Ha Ha...

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 2

April 24, 2008

This is my second journal entry, but I am not going to make this a habit of journaling everyday. Its still new so the excitement and the sense of needing to do this is strong. I actually went online today and researched some tips about journaling. Some of the things I remember reading are write the date and maybe a title to each entry. I also read write about your day so that you can come back in the future and reread some of the events of your past life. They also say try to keep your words positive, but be sure to express the negative. Then I think it said something about writing about what interest you at that time. I guess I will try to use these tips, but it will not be perfect this early in my writing.

So I woke up this morning and went for my daily run. Only this time I waited to after my kids left, because I sat with them while they ate breakfast and we talked. I am trying my best to be relatable to my kids, but I am finding it so hard because they are so young. Well, lets see what did we talk about? I asked them if they were ready for school and how do they enjoy their school? We rarely ever talk. Its very weird, because I always thought that when I had kids especially boys we would be the perfect father son combo. Its a nine year work in progress. They are big mama's boys so maybe that has something to do with it. Well I got us tickets to a baseball game in Cleveland this weekend so hopefully we will be able to bond and grow closer there. Cleveland better do us well.

I remember Ralph saying something about one of his friends, but it was kind of boring so I wasn't fully paying attention to his every word. I just pulled the old nod your head and agree trick. Something that caught my attention was when Ralph said that he wanted to be like me when he grows up and become a cop, but now that I think of it he followed up with a weird comment. Ralph said something like, “if they will accept me for the way that I am that is.” I was fully paying attention to what he was saying I just kept asking him more questions in the direction of why he chose that and if he wanted to come to my job one day, etc. I will surely have to follow up with him on that.

Eric was talking about the different cartoons that he was into at that time and how he couldn't wait for a cartoon movie to come on television soon. He told me about all of the characters and who his favorite is and who are the bad guys and everything else about all of the episodes he had time to tell about at the breakfast table. Eric made me chuckle when he bluntly asked in an innocent way, "why are you up and eating with us?" It took me off guard, but I realized he simply meant what he said and that was it. He noticed the pattern of only seeing me when he was outside waiting for his bus and I was beginning my jog. I think I answered that I wanted to spend some extra time with my kids.

I saw the kids off to the bus today before I started my jog and this time I saw a little bit of the same and a lot of new faces because I ran a bit later than I usually would. When I finished my run I came back in the house to see my wife sitting in bed in her bra and panties about to get dressed. I went to the bathroom and got in the shower without saying a word to her and when I came back out she was in the same spot in the same barley there wardrobe. I was naked and I saw her staring at me so I asked, "what, do you want to have sex?" She said no. So I asked her again, "do you want to have sex?" She said no and turned her eyes back to the television screen.

I went over to where she was standing and put myself still in the buff in front of her. She politely asked me to move. I stood there and grabbed myself. Her expression was blank and I was becoming angry that she did not want to have sex with me, because I really wanted to fuck her! I asked her if she wanted to do it one more time and when she said no again I angrily went back to the bathroom and slammed the door.

This is the type of relationship that we have grown to have with one another. It wasn't always like that, but that is how it is. We talk, but not much. We don't really argue because we don't talk. We have sex usually when ever I want and that includes in the morning before work, but for some reason the prude b*^#h did not want to bone. I try to take her out on dates, but they usually end bad and someone usually ends up walking home. I am never the one to walk home. I do not know why we are still married I should file for divorce or just leave her, but I guess somewhere inside of us there is love.

Heather could always leave me, but she knows that would be the biggest mistake of her life leaving me. If our marriage ever ends it will be because one of us are dead or I terminated our relationship. But I do love her even if she does get on my bad side sometimes.

My partner Patrick and I were on the patrol again. We had a lead that there was going to be a big drug operation in the city at a house so we were sticking close to that neighborhood as backup for our undercover man on that case. Patrick and I have been partners since he joined the force pretty much. I took him under my wing and we have been working together ever since. We are now best friends and he is the one person that I can actually call a best friend that I am not afraid to talk to about my life. We share a lot with one another, because we are always in the car together everyday.

Today a topic of discussion that really stands out to me is about our sex lives. Ironic! He was talking about how over the weekend he and his wife went out on a date to a fine dining restaurant and afterwards went back to their house and decided to try and have sex in a very different spot. "Yeah that is what we do, we try to find creative places in our house Arnold," Pat told me. This night was no exception. Pat is an excellent story teller so he gives a lot of details and it sometimes gets me the slightest bit turned on. ONLY A LITTLE BIT!! Pat continued, "she started in the car with her hand down my pants as I drove. Then we went in the house. We did the typical kissing and undressing as we moved about the house. We already knew where we wanted to mark our territory in the house."

Thinking about this is making me mad, because I was denied access to my wife this morning, this afternoon and this evening and now she is asleep. Damn! Anyways, back to Pats story, "we went inside of this oversized dog cage that looks as if we could fit two Grate Danes inside of it. No we don't have any dogs, we had this made especially for this moment. Man was that great! We made love on and off for the rest of the night. You have to try it, because it is sometimes a challenge because you are confined, but she is flexible so that came in handy."

Like I said we talk about everything and that is just an example of some of the conversations that we have had over the years. Instead of eating lunch at Diner 1 we decide to go after our shift.

It was crowded inside of the place but we were able to find a two person table and waited for our waitress to come and take our orders. As we waited I remember seeing a grandfather with a much younger woman, he must have been her Sugar Daddy. I saw a family of five sitting at the booth closest to the door. The parents sat facing the door while the children squeezed in beside one another and were eating. The other tables like ours were for the most part all occupied with mainly couples. Every couple looks different. Thats the nice thing about Stern, Ohio. There are so many people with different backgrounds. I am a black man with a irish partner. There are people from every race in this city and for the most part our job is easy, because the crime rate is very low.

Our waitress was cute and I flirted with her. I know that I am married, but it was innocent. She was in her early 20s and she was a cute blonde. If my wife doesn't change her attitude about sex soon I may be back in that diner talking to that blonde again. Well, what am I saying. I love my wife. I do love her.

Well the waitress was great and we left her a very nice tip. So she should be happy with us. I did not come right home instead I stopped at Pats house to see this sex cage he was telling me about. He was right it looked like it could fit two large dogs inside of it. I went home in time for dinner. During this time I tried to be the ideal father and engage my entire family in conversation. It actually worked. We turned the television off and we talked like a civilized family. I went to the room with my wife expecting to play naughty, but no such luck.

So another night and I am back in my office writing about my day. This is my second journal and this is not that bad at all. I think I am getting the hang of it. I wonder what my next journal entry will be about. Until next time I guess.

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 3

April 26, 2008

Well its Saturday. This is the first Saturday I have had off in awhile. I have been going in to pick up extra work, because I just could not stand to be at home at one point. So now I am going to have to face whatever fear that I have and just deal with my family. Its early in the morning. I am not sure how early it is, but everyone in my house is still asleep. I am about to go out on my run and let the day take shape on its own. I am a little bit afraid and excited about what the day could bring, hopefully a lot of excitement! We are going to a baseball game!

I almost made the biggest mistake of my life today! I can not believe that happened! I almost ruined everything that I have worked so hard to build. That was almost overshadowed today. It is still Saturday, almost midnight. I decided to stay in a motel for the night to give my wife a break from me. I am in Stern not Cleveland unfortunately...

This morning my home got into motion at about 9am. Everyone was up and about doing their usual morning routine. They were not used to me being there so they completely ignored my presence. I was not hurt by their unkind gestures, because I was treating them all the same way. I was in the basement and could hear all of the footsteps above me. I am pretty sure they did not even know that I was home. I stayed down there and listened from the bottom of the steps to hear what they were going to be talking about. My sons were tuned in to the Saturday morning cartoons, so all of their dialogue was based in that genre. My wife was completely silent, I would not have even known she was in the family room if my son did not ask her a question, "where is daddy?" Heather, I am assuming, looked at Eric then answered, "he must be out running or something." She left it at that and the conversation ceased.

I grew bored very quickly trying to listen in the basement for them to say something that was insulting to me or any type of good information. I crept up the stairs slowly and put on my best just

woke up from a nap face. They bought it. When I walked into the family room they all jumped from my sudden appearance. "Where were you? You look like you just woke up." Heather asked. I stared at her and told her that I was in the basement taking a nap after I went on my run. I took a seat next to my wife and caressed her legs.

Surprisingly enough she looked at me and allowed for me to continue. This is the most action I have had with her in a long time. We did not speak to on another. Not one word, that would had ruined the moment. Actually I do not know the last time I have spoken with that ~~bitch~~ woman. Wow. We need to fix that. Lets see what else happened this morning or today? Nothing. My life is so boring when I am not working!

Oh I almost forgot, my wife and I almost boned this afternoon. ALMOST!! allow for me to give you the rundown...

We were going to go out for dinner. So my wife and I were in our room getting ready while the kids were in their respective rooms. We decided to skip the game and go to one some other weekend. My wife was in the shower so I undressed in our room and went into the bathroom to surprise her. Of course I was in my birthday suit. Unlike normal people she like to take cold showers. WAIT!! Does cold showers have the same effect on woman that they have for men? I hoped she was not trying to go another day without being intimate! Anyways, I went in there and came behind her in the shower, being sure that the COLD water did not touch "mine". She saw me coming and she moved the fuck away from me. The nerve! How is she going to move away from me when I try to show love and affection to her. I am so sick of that!

I was so close to slapping her, I was so disgusted with her. I went back to the room threw on my clothes and left. I left the got damn house. I had to cool down or I was seriously going to hurt that stingy BITCH!!!! So I went outside in the backyard for a moment to pace and cool off. I did not want to catch a case, even though I am connected with the police! But still I will probably still end up in jail or something.... I went back into the house about ten minutes later, went to the bathroom downstairs

and showered. I did not want to see Heathers face. Even though she is so beautiful. I love her supple breast, and tight plump ass. OOOHHHH! I need to get some intimate time soon or I am going to go out and find someone that is not Heather.

We finally made it to the restaurant. It was a fancy place and I did not speak to Heather once. I really do not know what is wrong with her. She only recently beginning acting like this. I really need to put my sexual needs to the side and ask her what in the world was wrong with her attitude of late. At the restaurant we had reservations so we made our way to our table right away. I scanned the place with a police officers eye, course of habit. There was nothing suspicious going on. There was not many people inside due to the time of our early arrival.

I put on my loving face and attitude. I first struck up some random conversation with my boys. Eric, the one who always had something to say was an expert that kept the conversation going. I tried to include my wife in the conversation and finally she lightened up. She began to actually start laughing and joking around with us. I was finally becoming pleased with her. She stopped acting prude and is beginning to enjoy life... maybe she is depressed and I don't know???

We talked the through the entire dinner. All four of us. It was the most pleasant time I had spent with my family in such a long time. Something weird did occur. I saw that one girl I saw at the diner a couple of days ago. She saw me and smiled when her guy was not paying attention. I had not seen her since then and I actually did not think of her until then. I know this sounds made for television, but I have to find out who she is... so I am sure I will be journaling more about her until then. She is very attractive I just want to get to know her and thats it... I guess? We will see, if I ever see her again, but I am sure I will because this town isn't but so big. Right?

After dinner we went for a drive, something we have not done in so long. I put my right hand on the arm rest to initiate a romantic opportunity for my wife to seize the chance to feel close to me. Our boys were in the back seat and talking with one another and looking out of the window at all of the new sights that they did not recall ever seeing before. I looked down at my lonely hand that was still

waiting to be grabbed by my wife, who is not yet estranged, but she just may well be soon if she doesn't get her act together. Finally after about ten minutes of my hand resting in that same spot, she looked down at it. I saw her out of the corner of my pupils. She stared at it. Until that moment she was texting on her cellular device.... so annoying! Family time for three I guess!

She slowly made her left hand move towards mine. I saw her petite hands and I remembered what that felt like against my bare body. Something that was vaguely there, but it so hard to remember those times. Her hand lightly crawled into my open hand. I slowly began to interlock my finger with hers. She did not resist. I kept looking forward, but I was beginning to smile on the inside. I guess we don't need therapy. I turned my head to the side and looked at her. I knew that she could feel my eye energy being directed towards her, but she refused to look at me. I turned back around and just allowed myself to enjoy this moment for the progress that we had made. Deep down I knew that we really, seriously had to talk about our relationship. That communication broke off somewhere.

Heather Green has not always been like this by any means. I think all of this began when I brought something up about her family. The on family she has is from my side. So I guess that has something to do with it. She better start journaling like me and start dealing with her emotions...Damn!

Our drive ended in our house. The boys went in and read a book. I assume, because their rooms were quiet. I don't know? Heather and I went to our room and closed the door. I went to the chair in our television viewing area and by greatest astonishment Heather joined me. She even started conversation; she kept telling me how much she enjoyed herself and was pleased that myself and the boys got her to go out the house today. That is when I made my move.

I looked her circle in the eyes and straight up asked her, “Why have you been so super stale to me of late? You never want to talk, do fun things, have sex. What is wrong and please tell me because I want to be the person that will listen to you. I am not here to fix the problem just be that outlet you can turn to.” I knew that women did not want a man to just be there to solve the problem, but to listen so I acted liked I just wanted to talk... while in reality I was plotting a way to FIX her problem.

She sat up straight and turned towards me. She turned the television down a bit and continued to look at me. I was nervous about what she was going to say. “I am here to listen.” I said. She cleared her throat and sat back in her chair. I saw that her eyes began to get very glossy. I really was getting scared about what she was going to say. I leaned forward and waited for her to spit it out.

She opened her mouth and began, “I first want to apologize for the way I have been acting towards you and our boys of late. That negative attitude was unwarranted and undeserved.” She always seemed to speak so formal. “More specifically I want to first address the issue of our intimacy. I know that for the most part has been non-existent. I know that you have been putting your self out there in a variety of ways and I always give you the cold shoulder. The reason for this is, is...” She trailed off to gather her thoughts, “it is not because I am not attracted you. I love you and am very attracted to you as a person both physically, mentally and spiritually. I will also admit at this time that I do miss you and I becoming one in our intimate moments.”

This conversation actually went a lot better than I thought. She expressed a lot of feeling, but for me that was very emotional. I just can't seem to muster the strength at time to really express my words. After she finished, allow for me to continue from that point... She stood up slowly and walked towards me. I was frozen by the shock of her spoken words. They cut me very deep and made me understand a little bit more about her, but I still have my jaded attitudes toward her and hopefully those will go away with time. She walked in front of me and climbed out of her dress.

I sat there. Looking at her strip directly in front of me. I no longer felt the friction between us at that moment. She stood in front of me wearing a matching red set bra and thong panties. I looked at her and I rose out of my seat. As I was inclining out of my seat she made her way to the bed. I removed my top layer of clothing and was left in my socks, underwear, and tee-shirt. I removed my shirt as I walked to the bed. She was laying on the top of the bed now topless.

Using my feet I took my socks off. As I lifted my left leg to get into the bed I dropped my underwear and threw them behind me. I climbed into the bed and climbed on top of her. This is the

happiest I had been in a long time. I took my teeth and pulled off her thong. I climbed back on top of her...

NOW I AM DOWN HERE WRITING IN THIS JOURNAL.....AFTER SEX???? NO... So obviously something went wrong with the rest of this fucking night or I would not be down here writing in this journal. Instead I would be upstairs spooning my wife or something. I can't even begin to express the pain it it causing me. I am not even ready t write about. I became enraged and tried to walk away, but she stopped me by jumping on my back. I tossed her off and followed her back to where I tossed her. I slapped that bitch right across the face. She deserved that shit for what she did to me. She was completely out of line and she deserved what she got.

I left the room for about ten minutes to let her get her stuff together and I came back and told her about herself, “you know that I love you and that is why I hit you. You must admit that you deserved that. The way that you treated me just then, etc.” She took the blame and I made sure that everything was alright. I guess she is now upstairs tending to her face. I don't think I left a mark, but if I did that will be her reminder not to ever do what she did to me again!! She knows now! I am abut to go back up there, I am not going to talk, touch or interact with her at all. I hope she is not asleep. I am going to make her sleep on the couch. Yeah that is exactly what I am going to do... she is sleeping on the couch tonight!

Chapter 4

April 30, 2008

It has been four days since my last entry and it feels good to be back writing. I must say that a lot has happened since then and I have done a lot of things since that time. Some of it I am proud of while some of the things that I have done I am not so proud of committing. Plus, that talk that I had with Heather the other night is still resting in my soul and I can not make it leave. I keep trying, but it will not stop. I have a lot I need to get out of my mind. Including this dream that seems to be haunting me. Where should I begin?

I have been working a lot lately. This week I have been taking extra hours just to keep myself busy. Patrick and I have been keeping to our same routine and all has been going well in that avenue of my life. I have seen that one woman again in the diner and once again she left shortly after we arrived. I really do want to talk to her. I think I have a crush! Well, I do not want to think to much about her, because I am married. My work days have really been long, but easy. Nothing to exciting. I just like spending as much time away from home as possible ever since Sunday night. This is the night following my incident with Heather. I guess I will start with Sunday night then...

First, we went to church as a family... kind of... we drove different cars... and we did not arrive at the same time nor did we sit next to each other. Until the end when we were feeling a lot better from hearing the word of God and we came together in one big scene that is made for a movie. We followed each other home and we went back to our room to once again try and talk like civilized adults. I think it was about 5pm by the time we got home, because we talked with folks after church and they served a lunch/dinner type thing. We were in our room undressing again when she turned to me and began to talk in that sincere tone like the night before.

Last night she talked about how she witnessed her mother being sexually abused by her father one day as a child. For some reason this has been haunting her lately. She says it has something to do with a news article she read about a similar situation. Then to put that on top of the fact that she does not

talk with her family anymore made it all even worse. She said something about how she heard her parents screaming at each other and she went into their room. She was about seven or eight. She saw her mother screaming and on the ground with blood coming out of her nose. She ran over to her mother and her father acted like he did not see her and he unbuttoned his pants. He slapped Heathers mother and pushed Heather. She stood up and tried to stop him, but she was no match for his firm yet gentle pushes. He pulled up Heather's mother night gown and raped her. Right in front of Heather. When he was finished he slapped Heathers mother and walked out of the house and he never returned. She said that from that point she never considered him her father, but she found a replacement in her stepfather.

I never knew this until that night. I always thought Heathers father was her real father, but in reality it had been her step father. I can not believe she kept something like this from me for such a long time. I saw past that small detail and she went on to say how she had been having nightmares about that day and how every time we are about to be intimate.. meaning sex... those images come back into her head. That is why we have been living such a celibate lifestyle for such a long time. She needs go to therapy and get over it! Finally I have come down to the bottom of the reason why she has been so distant, but it was still no excuse I was willing to live with for to long.

Now that brings me back to Sunday. This is the day when I was going to have to take matters into my own hands, but first let me finish what we talked about after church. So, she turns to me and decides to go into that whole sad for me type of attitude. BORE! I listened to her half heartily. She said something about how last night she realized that it was her fault and that she realized that me putting my hands on her was warranted. Then she really killed me. She asked, “May we not have sex or be intimate in that way for a while? Please. I just need time to heal and I am going to seek therapy for this and then after that I should be fine. Is that alright?”

Looking at her I was thinking that was not alright and I began to tell her that when I got a great idea, “that is perfectly fine.” I had to say this without smiling. We went down stairs and she began to fix our

dinner. Even though we just ate, but we knew we will be hungry later. I thought that since we are not going to be having sex we could at least have a little bit of wine to help make ourselves feel better. I poured us some red wine once she finished fixing dinner and we went to our room and reclined in our bed and watched television. Our conversation was very light. After having such heavy conversations lately and considering the fact that our relationship seems to be on ice we just decided to enjoy each others presence.

At some point I got up and checked on the boys. They had served themselves dinner and were watching television. I went back to my room and saw that my wife had finally finished her first glass of wine. I closed the door behind me and climbed back into the bed. I asked her if she wanted anymore and she declined. I was watching her out of the corner of my eyes the entire time. I knew that sooner or later she would lose it. By lose it I mean she would lose conscientiousness. As planned I saw her eyes begin to close and reopen very quickly. She started rubbing her head and looking around. I was growing more and more excited by the second. Those pills I confiscated a while back finally came into some good use. Within five minutes she was out cold. I undressed her and I undressed myself and put on a condom... I do not want anymore kids. I did not rape her, because she did not try to stop me. Plus this is what married couples do. I did not rape her, I had sex with her! It felt so good. I looked at her when I was finished. I did not bother to dress her up afterwards, because I wanted her to know that this is one of the ways we can have sex without her having terrible flashbacks.

When she awoke later that night she jumped out of the bed and looked at her bare body. She looked at me and I looked back at her. “What did you do to me?” she asked.

“We had sex when you were asleep.”

“You raped me?”

“No. We had sex. This is a way we can have sex without your flashbacks interfering.”

“What? You drugged me? I am your wife?”

“Yes and do not sound surprised. You had it coming. You have been depriving me for to long.”

She covered herself up and began to weep.

"If you tell anyone, try to runaway, or do anything about this I will beat you. I am cop so they are not going to punish me. So we are just going to keep this in the family. If you want to have sex when you are awake just let me know, because it can be arranged. If not we can just do it like we did tonight."

Heather did not answer but I could feel her trembling as I touched her. She was hopefully afraid, but I once again reassured her that everything was going to be alright. "Once again you put this on yourself, by letting your past ruin your present, thus ruining my life and I can not have that! Now go get in the shower and put some clothes on and stuff. I thought you would have learned from last night when I slapped you when you stopped us from going all the way."

I moved towards her and she backed away. She was beginning to anger me. "Why are you backing away I am not going to hurt you. Last night was an isolated situation. There is no reason to be afraid of me. Now go get in the shower." She did not move so I picked her up and put her in the shower and turned the water on and left her there. "Please do not try to kill yourself you have two boys to raise don't forget." I walked out of the room and went to the kitchen to get a snack before bed. When I came back into the room Heather was in the bed asleep I assume. She could have been faking.

I went to bed and that was the night that my haunting nightmares began...

The dream begins with me lying face down on the ground with a gun to my head. I can't see who is holding the gun against my head. I am wearing an all black outfit and I am pressed on the concrete against my right ear. I do not have any shoes on and I can hear sirens sounding in the background. There are two dogs that are licking my head. They for some reason are very nice to me. The officer is a woman. She has the gun pressed tightly against my head. I start to cry. Surprisingly I start to cry, because that would never happen in real life. She orders me to get up with my hands behind my back and face her. I look her in the eyes and that is when I see that it is my wife!!! I can not believe that it is my wife who is the cop and I am the criminal.

I look at her and she stares back at me and smiles. Now you are under my control. You thought that

after all of those years I was not going to get you back for all of the turmoil that you put me through? You thought wrong. Then the dream ends and I awake in a cold sweat. Then when I go back to sleep the dream continues and I realize that I am now in the back of the police car and my wife is driving and my two boys are sitting next to her. I can't believe they decided to side with her. She takes me to the police station and as we walk inside she beats me with a night stick. It is one of those dreams where you can feel everything as it is happened.

When that is over I wake up holding my side, the same place where she was beating me. I try to go back to sleep and as I do I go back to a variation of one of those nightmares. This time I am back at home and I am in the bathtub. My wife walks in and she is in the cop uniform again and she stares at me not saying a word. I look at her and smile in a nice vulnerable kind of way. She looks at me and bends over. I start getting excited. I am thinking this is going to be one of those type of dreams.... think again. She picks up the heater and throws it into the tub. I immediately wake up from this.

These have been the type of dreams that I have been having since Sunday. I can not shake these dreams out of my system and I hope that journaling about them will make me erase those terrible images. I am not sure if it is the way that I am living my life that I subconsciously feel as if I am losing control to my wife some how?? I am not sure, but I am sure that I will be taking back that control and she will definitely have no doubt who is wearing the cop uniform in this house!

Until next time!

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 5

May 2, 2008

It is the first Friday of the month. Usually I go out with my co workers, but I decided to come home and keep an eye on my wife. She has been hinting that she is not happy and she has been even more distant from me if that is even possible. So, so so... we (she) scheduled a mandatory couples therapy for us on Thursday afternoon. So I got off of work early and we went to this place. She met me there. Waiting in the office when I arrived and we walked in shortly after I had a seat.

Our therapist is Dr. West. He is some short bald guy. He is great at what he does, but I want to solve this problem on my own without any outside forces. I only agreed, because I was having those nightmares and maybe this could help. Heather does not know about the dreams, because I do not want to give her that power over me and she just doesn't need to know what is going on my head.

The office was poorly lit and I sat to the doctors left and Heather sat to his right. I put on my best sincere face and act. I pretended to not be at odds with my wife. I looked up a few things online. I learned that I should sit close to my wife and occasionally touch her as a symbol of our love. Smile at her and agree with what she was saying. The most important thing that I had to do was to be sure that this man did not figure out that I had hit her or was ever sexually or physically abusive towards her. So I acted like we were newlyweds and in so much love. Heather probably saw right through this because she kept subtly moving away from me.

Dr. West asked a series of introductory questions like why we were there and what not. I just let Heater do all of the talking in the beginning until he directed a question directly towards me. It was fairly painful at first. Then Heather slipped away from me and she began to tell about our lives with a light sugar coating on it. She started talking abut how she was unhappy with our marriage and how she never wants to have sex, but I always do and she is tired of it. What really struck a cord with me is when she said, “sometimes I am afraid that his temper is going to go so out of control that he will not take no as answer, drug me, and rape me why I am not conscience.” She started crying after she said

this to the therapist. I do not remember exactly what he said, because I was so angry. Being the great actor that I am I said, “baby... now you know that I will always respect when you say no even if I really want it. Where would you get such an idea?” I sounded as shocked as I possibly could. Hopefully the doctor believed me.

As a matter of fact he became very concerned with the sanity of Heater and he started drilling her about her past. So I was in the clear. She just had to blame everything on her past and I was home safe. She touched basis on the incident with her parents that one night when she was young girl and she even shared a story that I never heard about one of her friends. She said that she got that weird idea about me drugging her, she said this as she stared at me, from this happening to her best friend when they were teenagers.

Dr. W was writing all of something down. I always wondered what they wrote. If that maybe they had some type of video or audio recorder going and only wrote down little bits of what their patients were actually saying. He did not talk very much, but every time his pale lips moved and his raspy voice spoke Heather would lean forward to give him her undivided attention. She never does that for me. Maybe she is sleeping with him. Our session was for a long two hours. It felt like we were on a cross country trek through Europe. I just wanted to get out of that place, go eat, and go home to discuss with Heather why she had to flap her lips about so much!

Finally our session ended and I was in the worst mood. The doctor seemed to just focus so much attention on Heather and her problems. In a way I feel like I did not even I have to come I could have just sent a note about somethings and went about my daily routine. I put up with that two hour session, now my wife was going to have to put up with me tonight. We are going to bone whether she liked it or not. If I can go to her therapy session she can have sex with me, because that is what I want to do!

I went to the drive through of a local restaurant and picked up food for the whole family. We ate at the table as a family. Our kids had been home a little before us, but they knew to start their homework regardless if we were there or not. I stayed downstairs while Heather went to the room. I would have

went up with her, but I just could not bare the thought of wasting my energy fighting her. I helped my boys with their math homework and quizzed Eric for his spelling test the next day. Heather , several hours later, came down stairs and prepared supper. We ate lasagna. It was good no complaints. We still have some in the fridge so I may have to go and get some later.

Thursday night was relatively peaceful. My wife and I made small talk with one another. We did not bring up our session from earlier, especially due to the fact that our kids do not even know that we had the appointment. We talked about, well..., I can't even remember... nothing important. We slept in the same bed that night. Side-by-side none the less. I did not try to advance any type of sexual act on Heather. It was nice. Plus not being horny was good for a change. I finally did not feel like a high school boy!

Friday morning I went on my run and going along with the routine I always follow. Lets see did anything interesting happened at work today? We did not bust anyone doing anything bad. It was a very calm Friday. I did get to talk with Patrick about some relationship stuff. He told me that he and his wife have a normal sex life and their communication could not be any better. I told him about how Heather is refusing me and that she barely ever wants to talk. He told me not to worry and just give her some time to deal with all of her issues. He invited us to his dinner party tomorrow. I accepted the invite and I am looking forward to going. We found a babysitter and we are going regardless of what Heather looks like.

When I came home I read note that Heather left; The boys and I went to the store to pick up some food for the weekend. I was pleased. I had the house to myself and I knew that I could try and relax my mind so that I can keep my temper in control and not allow it to go wild just when I do not get my way. I went to the bathroom and took a shower to get off all of the germs from the day. I put on my favorite blue jeans and a fitted polo shirt. I put on my black ankle socks and went down stair to get a snack.

I wonder what my life would be like without a family if I was a bachelor again. That can be

arranged if I hire a hit-man to take out my family. But that is a little bit extreme even for me. Plus, that is just crazy... I will just have to enjoy moments like this. I sat on the couch eating a grilled cheese sandwich and drinking my punch and I heard the garage open. My whole entire body tensed up and for a second I went into to shock by this, but I forced myself to relax and act like I am fine that they are home.

In a way I feel like my life is becoming a bit redundant. It is quite annoying and am hoping that this dinner party brings some type of fun energy back into my life. I so desperately need something like that!

I did not move when my family came in the door. Instead I placed my food on the table in front of me and acted as if I had been asleep, so hopefully they will leave me alone.

"Be quiet, your father is asleep." Heather told the boys as she covered me. I felt a bit sorry for being so mean to her recently. "Put the grocery away and go play in your room quietly." I heard them gently putting all of the grocery away and I kept hearing light whispers among the trio.

While I was (Sleep) I began to briefly reflect on my current state of being. Was it me that had the problem and Heather and our children are just the victims of my negative tirades? Was there something deep inside of my being that was making me yearn for sex and want to make Heather feel so terrible about herself? Why was I acting this way? Was I the one in reality being distant, thus causing my family to be distant, because they are mirroring my actions?

I really began to think that I was the problem. I did not like the way that made me feel. I had to be strong and the put together one in this family. I could not be weak and let my emotions get the best of me. For goodness sake I am a cop and I do not work off of emotion. I logically try to make decisions and move with the beat of my own drum. Was there some reason why I wanted to have sex with Heather so badly... there is always videos and my hand, while Heather is going through her little issue. I need to lay off and let things settle down for awhile and not push so hard. Maybe those dreams of terror will reside in me no longer if I get myself mentally stable and lay off of Heater for awhile. I

moved around and tried to shake this soft side out of me and get back to being tough and thinking tough thoughts. That crap about being gentle was not going to be able to reside in me for to long and my mind knew it. Regardless of how hard I try being nice I just needed to make sure things are going the way that I want them to go.

I do not have time to wait on Heather to get her self together. I just need to make things happen and make Heather go along with it regardless if she likes it or night. Now this brings us to the special event of the night. It were fun, exciting, different, spontaneous, enjoyable, extreme....Pure bliss and something I plan to do more often! I am now ready to share why I feel like such a burden has been lifted off of me and a knew past time I guess has been bestowed upon me...

It seems like all of our best talking and actions get done or takes place in our bedroom when the kids are stowed away somewhere else. Obviously Heather and I were in our bedroom chatting. Well, I guess you can't really call it chatting because I was doing all of the talking and she kept saying, “yeah” and nodding her head. So annoying! I kept talking hoping to provoke some type of emotion from my dear wife, but nothing came. So I asked her about her day and she finally began to share some details. She went on about some stuff that went on in her classroom. Then she said that she snuck away for a meeting with our therapist for a one-on-one session. I was very pleased with this because she needs the extra attention. This will hopefully pay off and we can get back to our days before she became so weird.

She went on to briefly talk about how she had learned some techniques in the proper ways in which she can properly express herself to me. She said that she had to be direct and let me know exactly how she feels and when she can do that then her life will start to be better. This is when I stopped what I was doing, because I really wanted to hear what she had to say to me for once. Maybe finally she will be able to clear her mind then we COULD end the night in bed with both of us happy. That is how I wanted things to go, but did they no! Instead they went a different route that was still quite liberating.

“Arnold Green I feel like of late you have been whole heartlessly disrespecting me. I assure you

that none of this is my fought and you never have any right to hit me." I tried to say something but she over talked me. "I do not understand why you can not just allow for me to grieve and deal with my troubled past. I wish that you can just support me and allow for me to come to terms with everything on my own terms and not yours." She took in a deep breath. "I am not having sex with you until you change your attitude and treat me with some respect!"

Finally she let me speak and I was completely disgusted with this retched woman. I was beyond angry with the words that were going into my mind through my ears. I was about to crush myself. "I CAN NOT BELIEVE THAT YOU TOLD OUR THERAPIST THAT I HIT YOU!!" I screamed this at her. She tried to quiet me down, but I was to far over the edge. All of my words after that point came out in yells. "You betrayed me. You told a stranger what goes on in the privacy of my fucking home. I can not believe that you have betrayed me you stupid bitch. Did you not learn from the first time I socked your ass? You are surely going to learn your lesson now and know that you can not ever tell anyone that I hit you again!!" I paused. "Do I make myself clear?"

Heather Green looked at me. I do not know what this therapist has been teaching her, but it is going to get her killed. She did not answer me until I repeated my question. "no."

she told me that I did not make myself clear. "The therapist told me that one way for you to respect me is to stand up for myself in a gentle way." She was clearly telling me to much information.

"Are you stupid? You are going to tell me all of this as you see me getting even madder? Now I am going to have to take my anger out on your face."

"No you are not!" She stepped a small step forward and stood up straight.

This was the biggest mistake in her life. She was standing on the far end of the bed, so it was in between us. I stood there for a moment and then I lunged across the bed and punched her with my right fist across her left cheek. "Do not ever tell anyone else that I hit you! If you do I will surely kill you! Do you understand that?" She did not answer so I picked her up by her hair and pinned her up against the wall. "Are you hard of hearing?" I slapped her so that it would leave a lighter mark on her face,

but the pain was just as bad.

She tried to break me down by hitting me in the groins, but she failed and that is when I really lost control. I put my hands around her neck and squeezed as I counted slowly to seven. Then I let go and let her fragile body drop to the ground. I really do not know what happened after that point. I blacked out or something. The next thing I knew I was standing in the kitchen and looking at my wife. She had ice on her face and was being wrapped by a medic. I just can not remember what I did to her after that point. I barely remember grabbing her neck, but I saw the evidence with the marks going across her neck and I slightly remember her body limply dropping in front of me.

The cops, my friends, were there and were questioning our boys. Apparently they had called the police and they came there. I remember seeing my partner Patrick coming into the room and I was sitting on the bed as Heather was on the ground crying. They asked me what was going on. I knew the routine. This was a domestic violence case. Heather did not squeal on me and I got my friends to act like nothing happened. I had to do this so Heather will know that I am not playing about her trying to ever leave me, calling the police or anything. I did have a very stern talk with my kids about calling the police when I am interacting with their mother. I do not care what they saw or heard, but they are on punishment for calling the police.

They will probably still call, because Heather is going to tell them when I am not around. Heather knows that I am a force to be reckoned with and she has the bruises on her ribs, face, neck and body to prove it. I finally found something that I find more interesting than sex. If Heather does not want to have sex with me I am going to make sure she is not physically attractive to anyone else. This should be fun. She knows the rules. Have sex when I want to and you will not get beat. Obey me and respect me. Do not tell anyone about me beating her or anything else and the beatings will lighten up. I will of course have to beat her just to keep the physical feel of my fist and force on her body.

I hopefully have convinced her that all of this is her fault and that if she just obeys me and does what I say that none of this will have to happen again. But even if she does obey I will probably hit her

around a bit just for the fun of the sport!

Tomorrow is our dinner party at Patrick Perry's house and Heather better pile on the make-up, because she is going. I will be sure not to tarnish her physical appearance until afterwards. I am finally having fun with this journal. Something interesting has finally happened.

Until next time.... I will be sure to make my life more interesting so that I will always have something to write about!

Peace, Love and dictatorship!

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 6

May 3, 2008

The dinner party just ended a couple hours ago and it was very fun. Some unexpected things happened there. They did not include me physically harming Heather... this time. It was a really fun event considering the fact that it was my first dinner party that I have ever attended. My wife and I went and there were other couples. First allow for me to set up the whole day.

The night prior was of course the big fiasco here at my house, but that was all behind us. My wife and I spoke briefly with one another and we agreed that we will act like the perfect couple at the dinner party. We decided that morning what we were going to wear. My wife made us match, but more so coordinate to not clash with one another. I wore a white dress shirt and black and white polka dot bow tie. I threw on a gray vest and had on black dress pants and my finest black dress shoes. My wife wore a simple black shoes and red heels. She had on some jewelry, but I am unsure what it was at this time. Our boys went to a neighborhood baby sitter.

We did not do anything that day. I spent all of that time leading up to the nights events by watching television and my wife was in our room doing who knows what. The party started at 7'o clock so I went up to the room at 5:30pm and got showered. My wife was in the mirror doing her hair. When I came out I saw her quickly applying makeup to cover up the bruises that she previously received that night. I put on my clothes and sat on the bed and watched my wife finishing getting ready.

She had to know that I was staring at her, but she did not waver her motions in any way. She was always so graceful in her mannerisms. Regardless of her being hurt she still moved flawlessly with the world. I studied her ascetic in a romantic way. She was beautiful. For a moment I was breathless by her beauty and was even more ashamed that I had tarnished her effortless beauty with my unkind physical manner. She seemed not to care, but she still applied the make-up to cover any imperfections. She stripped down to her panties and bra and she looked at me. I know that she was waiting for me to advance on her, but I sat their staring at her in a gaze. She realized that I did not want anything and

continued with her preplanned actions of getting clothed. (I am writing like she talks...WOW).

Heather slipped on her dress and she asked me to zip the back of the dress. I stood and walked over to where she was standing. I purposely gently moved my fingers down her back to feel the presence of her being close to me in a neutral moment. She did not move she only stood there and waiting for me to zip her dress. She never once complained and asked what I was doing. She just stood there. I just kept scanning the back of her and I was mesmerized by what I was witnessing. She was even beautiful from the back. Finally I put my pointing finger and thumb on the cold zipper. I slowly zipped the dress up and she turned around and thanked me. She then leaned in towards me and gave me a kiss on the lips. I returned the favor and that is where it stopped.

There was nothing else that pursed from this kiss. We kissed and were both shocked by each others actions that we had to stare at each other in the eyes for a moment. This was so different than the night before that she was probably confused by my actions.

My wife sat on the bed and put on her shoes and we walked down the stairs together with her leading the way to the car. It was now 7pm so we were on time. His house was less than five minutes away and we did not want to be the first ones there. How uncool as my kids would say. I opened her door to the car and I took my position on the drivers seat and we drove off to Patrick Perry's house, but little did I know at that time that it was going to be quite unusual in a good way.

We arrived in front of the Perry's house at promptly 7:09pm. I parked on the street and I ran around to the passenger side and opened the door for Heather. She thanked me and we maneuvered to the front door. We did a routine breath check and I rang the door bell. It felt like we were newlyweds and were back to being on good terms with one another. That felt really great. I glared over the front yard and saw cars parked and more cars arriving. We were greeted by Patrick's wife Isabel who was smiling very big as she welcomed us inside. She hugged and air kissed both sides of my wife's face and she pointed her in the direction towards the dining area. She embraced me with a hug and I followed her into the dining area as well. I greeted everyone around the table and took my seat next to Heather who

had already acquainted herself with everyone around the table.

There were already two couple not including our hosts and they were colleagues of Patrick and me so I was well acquainted with them. Patrick notified his guest that we were still waiting on three more couples. Bringing our total to seven couples or 14 people who will be in attendance. I could not wait to see who else was going to be coming. Then Isabel went to the door and a few moments later walked in another co worker that I am really not well acquainted, but we greeted one another like we were good friends. Then the next couple walked through the entrance of the dining area.

When I saw her my heart stopped beating. My palms became sweaty and I looked down at the water in front of me and was shocked. I began to tremble a bit, because her being there meant that we would have to be in the same contained area for the rest of the night. There was no way around each other. I looked back up and I smiled at them as they walked around greeting everyone. They approached my wife first and they introduced themselves. Then they came over to me. The male of the two held out his hand and said, "hello my name is Zack Bell and this is my wife Amanda Bell." Amanda spoke and our eyes connected. She had noticed me the other day. She remembered who I was and she was just in as much disbelief as I was in being here.

"I believe that I saw you a couple of times at the diner when Patrick and I were in there for a break. How are you? I never knew that Patrick knew you." I found out that Patrick knew of Zack and had invited him, because I had made mention to him one time that I took an interest in that mystery girl from the diner. He is such a sneak. He was holding out on me this hold time. He knows that I am married and so is Amanda. How can he do this, but I am not going to complain. She had such a unique exotic look that fit in well in this melting pot of a city, but she still stood out in my eyes.

They took their seats and our final party members arrived. It was Phoebe the diner worker and her husband. We were finally all in attendance and the party could officially begin. I was pleased with the people that were sitting around the table. I looked at all of them and took in the situation. I was being social at a dinner party. My boys were away at the babysitters and I was here accompanied by my wife

at OUR friends dinner party. I just could not believe that this was happening. I was still in disbelief with the fact that Amanda and her husband were at the same dinner party as myself. That is the good, but very strange thing that I keep mentioning. I just hoped as I sat around that table that we could get a chance to talk and maybe make some type of connection so that it won't be weird when we see each other again at the Diner or around the city.

The party had already began I guess when the first guest arrived, but now we were being served appetizers. It was catered. Which I was pleased to learn, because I knew from what Patrick told me of his wife's cooking. The first appetizer was something very fancy that I can't even spell. It tasted great, but this prepared me for the type of fancy cuisine that was going to be laid in front of me as this dinner continued.

We enjoyed that small meal. It was going to be a five course meal so I was preparing my stomach for the food to come. I was not talking much, because I was consumed with my thoughts at that moment and I quickly pulled myself together when my wife grabbed my hands and held it in a lovely affectionate way. She was enjoying every minute of this unreal reality that we were presenting to our friends. This is all that she wanted and was happy with the hand holding. I smiled and looked at her in a cross way and then smiled at our friends that were sitting around the table with us. This was not are reality and I was beginning to regret my choice to come.

My crush from the Diner was sitting at the same dinner table eating the same food that I was eating and I actually had the opportunity for once to have a warranted reason to speak with her. My wife was sitting next to me being fake and it was beginning to drive me insane. I could not wait until she was away from me. All of my nice romantic emotions from earlier for her had escaped me and I was now transfixed with the thought of talking with Amanda. I did not want to have anything to do with my wife. I had to find a way to distance myself from her in a subtle way.

Thinking fast I turned and faced Amanda and asked her husband a question. “What do you do for a living?” He answered, “I work for an international business trading firm. We trade different

commodities of different worth on any given day."

"Amanda, what about you what do you do?" She looked at her husband first then she looked at me and returned with her answer.

"I am a stay at home wife." Amanda answered coyly. "I just do all of the house work and things.

"That is great. Zack you have to tell me your secret later on how you got Amanda to agree to stay at home and not work. I have been trying to talk my wife into that for years. I think she should not have to work that hard." I turned to her to see her expression. She smiled.

I noticed the entire night that it was hard to get a chance to talk to Amanda one-on-one. She was attached to her husband and my wife unfortunately was attached to me. I tried to be clever and find different ways to approach her at the dinner without seeming to obvious that I had a crush.

"How did you and Amanda meet, Zack?" I stared at him for a moment then I directed my eyes towards Amanda. I think I looked at her more than I looked at my own wife that night.

Zack cleared his throat. I realized that I had put him on the spot and he was nervous about sharing this story, because everyone was now looking at him and waiting for him to vomit an answer. I looked at him and he began to fidget and he was moving his lips with no sound coming through. I turned to Amanda and nodded my head to encourage her to speak. She began to move her lips and that is finally when Zack got the courage to speak. He spoke right over his wife and she immediately swallowed her words.

"Well, this is the least bit romantic, but I will share the story with you all regardless." Zack scanned the area with his overt eyes and continued to give us his account on how he and Amanda met. "It was on a cruise. It was a singles cruise and we all were on there to meet someone I guess. I was personally sick of being single and I was on a mission. I saw Amanda on the first day of the cruise, but I did not see her again until two days later. Her beauty captivated me and I just knew that was the one single person that I had to meet before this cruise was finished." Zack went on to share some more boring details of the cruise that I could care less about hearing.

“Finally after stalking her every move one day I was able to catch up with her and I initiated conversation with her. We discovered that we had a lot in common and the rest is in the past.”

“So, Amanda what did you think of Zack when you first saw him?” My wife chimed in to the conversation.

Amanda was hesitant in answering and she analyzed what she was going to speak to us all before she began her monologue. “Well at first I was a little shocked that this gentlemen, who from what I can guess was sugar daddy material was interested in me. That is why I was on the singles cruise.” She coughed and continued, “he was a pure gentlemen and the rest is in the past I guess.”

“What is the age difference in you two.” Phoebe asked.

“I am 49 and she is 22.” Zack answered quickly.

Patrick intervened into the mix of questions directed towards his guest. He brought all of our attention to the food and that was it. No more questioning was done. I was disappointed, because I wanted to hear more from Amanda. Her husband and all the rest of these people were sitting in our way.

After dinner we all moved into the family room to talk and have cocktails. Our host played some nice music and a couple of the couples decided to get up and dance. I was truly thinking of asking Amanda to dance, but I just could not work up the courage in front of all of these people. Plus, Heather asked me and I kept denying her her right to dance with her beloved husband. I am guessing that Zack had been watching us with a lot of attention and when he saw that I did not want to dance with Heather he was the brave soul that came over and asked me if he could dance with her. I hesitated on the outside, but on the inside I was pleased to get her away from me. Plus this gave me a chance to talk with Amanda. Everyone was in their own little world and I made my way over to where a now solo Amanda was sitting and quickly struck conversation with her.

She was a pleasant specimen to talk with. Very intelligent and kind with all of her words. I learned that she is originally from Thailand and that she had only recently moved here. She moved her after

she met Zack. They married rather quickly. I kept having the feeling that I was being watched the entire time that I was speaking. I knew that my wife was going to be looking at me, but on occasion I would turn around and see Zack's eyes quickly move away from our direction when I looked towards the dancing area.

Zack and Heather danced through a lot of songs and this granted myself and Amanda plenty of times to chat and get to know each other in a better atmosphere. It felt like we were speed dating or something. The funny thing is that at the end of every song we both quit talking and looked over at our partners to see if they were going to walk our way and end our relations. They did not not thankfully. I was having an affair with Amanda right in front of my wife and it felt so great. She was dancing with another man and I was talking and fantasizing about another woman. WAIT!-was this an affair or a swingers dinner party. Ha Ha

The dinner party had took an awesome turn for the best, but before Amanda and I knew it our partners were approaching us. We smiled innocently and talked as a group from that point. So the dinner party was getting a little bit cliquish so our host brought us back together as a unit with a game of charades. I took part. During my turn I was acting like a 'DIVA.' What kind of shit is that. I had to act like a diva and no one was able to guess what I was. Everyone had a chance to go, but I was bored. Heather if I am not mistaken was a Parrot. Interestingly enough was that Zack guess what she was and he went. He was some type of animal. Then I know that Amanda went and she was a giant. WoW!

The night at the dinner party was coming to an end and all of the guest stood and began to make their way to the door. We all went a way from the party with parting gift. Inside of ours were sex toys. Ok...that...means...Heather...and...I...have...to... use...these!!!So...that...means...we...have...to...have...!!! I was so happy and on the ride home I kept mentioning the gifts to Heather and what that meant; SEX!!!!

I am not a sex addict I just love sex. I had to set my wife straight when she asked me about being an addict. I am not addicted to sex. We do not have sex enough and I just want to have more of it. What I

am coming addicted to is hitting my wife. I slapped her as I was answering my question, then I slapped her for dancing so much with Amanda's husband. She was quiet after that and that is how I wanted her to be!

We made it home and Heather went directly to the bathroom to cry. I moved slowly throughout the house. Then I remembered that our sons were at the babysitters so I went directly back out of the house and went to get them. They had a blast at the babysitters and we drove home and we shared storied about our nights with one another. They asked about their mother and if she had a good time. For a second I felt bad for hitting the mother of my children. I felt horrible that I had hurt her. Reality was, for about a car ride, catching up with me, but when I walked back into that house reality left and I no longer felt any regret for hitting my wife or having sex with her when she did not know.

I am fine with what I have done to her and what I am probably going to do to her. I am actually proud that I am controlling her like this and that I have a lunch date with my crush on Tuesday at the Diner!

Chapter 7

May 5, 2008

Tomorrow can not come fast enough. I am so excited about my date. Well, I have about 12 hours until I will be seeing my crush; Amanda! My wife has no clue that I will be meeting with her and hopefully Zack is ignorant to the date as well. Saturday at the dinner party was such a great time. I think that Heather enjoyed herself as well, but she better not had had to much fun with a person she just met.

On Sunday I spoke in a civilized manner to my wife. It was Sunday after all. I tried to show some more respect to HIM. I am a work in progress. We all make our mistakes, but I know that I have a bigger problem than just a couple of mistakes. I show know remorse or repentance for my wrongs. I always try to justify my wrong actions towards ~~Amanda~~ (I just can not stop thinking about her. Ha Ha) Heather and I never seek forgiveness.

We went to church yesterday and it was about the exact topic so it got me to thinking about my actions and how I am treating my wife in such a terrible way and not asking for forgiveness or every being truly sorry for what I have done to her. I am trying to work on myself before I am to far gone and there is no looking back. To bad Sunday is not everyday and I could learn something new like this and try and learn how to hold myself accountable for the way that I am. I probably should seek some form of professional help, but my pride is blocking my way.

I, on my own, am trying to get to the root of where this behavior all began. I am acting like I am a psychologist and trying to analyze my own past to see if there was any indication to this being the way that I would treat the woman that I love. Then again can I truly love my wife if I am going to constantly treat her bad. Is this love that I have for her or is this lust that is turning violent, because I am not pleased with her any longer? Am I just tired of her and ready to move on or do I just need some type of control and I am doing this out of some form of spite towards her?

Today is Monday night and I have not hit my wife since Saturday in the car on our way home from

the dinner party. I have not turned a violent action on her because of what I learned yesterday and because I am so excited about tomorrow that I can really care less about her at this time. I really have know clue about my actions. I can not explain the way that I am. Just like I do not know why I, a married man, am so excited to go on a date with a woman in public that is not my wife. There has to be something terribly wrong with this statement of me finding joy in this action that can potentially harm my wife even more than what my hand is capable of doing to her. Yet I am still going to show up on this date and not think twice about it. I do not know why my mind works like this and I wish I could change it, but I just can not kill this urge inside of me to do wrong. What is wrong with me? Is the episode at Church yesterday really having this much of a profound effect on my mental capacity that I will no longer hit my wife. Or is this just some type of fluke.

Time is the best indicator of what our actions will be. I just hope that I digest my pride before my life spins to far out of control and I really do something to Heather that will not be able to be undone or covered with a makeup.

The other night at the party when Zack revealed how he and Amanda met it got me to thinking about how Heather and I first became a couple. Our meeting is very simple, but what it turned into is something that is quite amazing. We are high school sweet hearts. We have been together since Junior year of high school. We started dating then and we pretty much never looked back, besides the occasional break up that all high school relationships go through. We remained together for that long and have two kids together and are (happily) married. I am actually very surprised that Heather and I are still together. Especially because her family did not like me and it took all of my smarts to (brain wash) Heather into turning against her parents/family and having them do the same to her. I had to do this, because they were becoming to involved in our lives and I was losing control. So I had to eliminate them out of Heathers life, but make her think that they just did not want anything else to do with us.

This was the hardest thing that I ever had to do, but I of course was very successful. I have never

shared any of this with anyone, so journal you are the first to learn this information. I always thought that I was going to take this to my grave and not ever share how I did any of this, but I guess I was wrong. I first had to create the plan. So one night in my dorm room I began to brain storm what I should do to get rid of my future in-laws before I was officially their son-in-law. This was very hard, because we were not in the same city as them. They lived in Cleveland, Ohio we went to school in Columbus, Ohio with plans of starting our family here in Stern, Ohio. I just knew from that time that having them around was not a good idea... So I got to work on 'Operation Vanquish In-Laws'.

My roommate was in the room doing work so he was not a distraction. (It is weird to go back and think about how I schemed against Heather and pit her family against her. I should not be proud, but I am that I was able to pull such a thing off back then.) I honestly had no clue on what would be the perfect way for me to go about this, but I had to think of something fast. I knew that I had to separate Heather from her family and I had to be creative in doing so. I was literally up all night thinking about what I should do.

Then finally, a little bit cliché, I got the perfect idea as the clock struck midnight. It was a very simple idea and I was actually afraid that it was not going to work. I knew tomorrow afternoon I was going to put the plan in motion and have Heather all to myself with in 48 hours. It was a done deal and no one will ever know that I had planned any of this! Let me see I went to bed and then I went to class that morning. Then I had lunch with Heather before her afternoon class and then I went back to my room to start my plan.

I watched the clock and waited ten minutes before I knew that Heather would be out of class. Then I called her father. He answered the phone and I was put on speaker phone with his wife. I played it cool. All three of us did, because I knew that they did not like me. The conversation went something like this;

“Hey this is Arnold. How are you guys. I am doing well thanks for asking.” We had some form of small talk then I made my first move. “Heather and I are engaged, but we are getting married this

weekend. She said that she knew that you disapproved of me so she did not want to tell you about it. She doesn't know that I am calling. She went on all last night about how she hated you guys and she did not ever want to speak to you again. She says she is disappointed in you and she called you some things that I do not feel comfortable repeating."

There was silence on the other end. I waited for them to respond, but when they did not say anything I kept filling their minds with all of this nonsense that Heather did not say about them. "She said that you both have black souls and are demons, etc..." I just kept going on until hey stopped me. They asked where she was at and I told them, "she should be leaving her class now and on her way to see me. I wish that you will call her and try to figure out why she feels this way. But please do not tell her that I contacted you all. I do not want to lose her trust, but at the same time she was just so broken last night." That had no clue that I just made all of that up!!

They thanked me and hung up and said that they would be calling Heather right away. Just like they said they were going to do they called her. They left a message in her dorm room. They said to never call them again. This was going to be the last time that she will have to deal with them. Lastly they made sure to tell her that she was cut off.

I sat back in my bed and smiled and hoped that my plan had worked on her parents and now I just had to persuade Heather that she should disown her parents. She should be in my room at any moment so part two was about to go into effect.

This is really great writing about this and finally letting all of this off of my chest. It feels awesome!

Heather walked in my room and I had a sad face. I said that I had just received a angry call from her parents and they said that they want to have nothing to do with you if I am still in the picture. She was very gullible so she believed everything that I was saying. My then girlfriend. Heather began to cry into my arms. "Do not worry baby, I will take care of you for the rest of my life! You do not need you parents I am here for you!" She hugged me and I think we had sex that night. The next afternoon

Heather looked at her bank account and saw that her parents in fact did cut her off of all financial and communicative means. So she was finally no longer in her parents hands , but mine!! She was now in my control. She was vulnerable and my girlfriend that I had wrapped around my finger, because I was her Knight in Shining Armour!

We have not looked back since that time! It was simply genius and it worked like a charm!

Now tomorrow is my date with a married Thai woman and I have to get some rest so I can look my best. I feel great getting all of that baggage from a decade ago off of my CHEST!

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 8

May 6, 2008

Finally! All I could think about this morning was my lunch date with Amanda. I have not been on a lunch date since college with Heather. Maybe I should ask her out one of these days, but for now all I can think about is my crush Amanda.

I got up extra early today and went for my run. Then I came back in the house and spent a little extra time on my grooming than I usually do. My wife did ask me why the change in routine, but I just ignored her. Then I went off to work, but all I could think of was my lunch date that would be taking place at 1pm. I had to tell Patrick, because I did not want him to walk in there and sit around with us on this date.

Patrick did not get to much information, because I had to keep this under wraps from everyone. This date had to be done very discreetly. The good thing about eating at the Diner is that people share tables with complete strangers, so she was to walk in and sit at my table as if we were meeting for the first time. I was so thrilled. That is all I could think about, even now I am still high off of the whole thing. So that means that it went better than I ever expected.

My main purpose for writing tonight is to just give the details on this date. All of the other of the events of the day do not even matter. Wow! I do not even know if I can even properly write how the date went and how I felt! ~~But~~ I will try...

I walked into the Diner without Patrick. He was to wait in the car until he saw Amanda walk in then he was to go somewhere else and get lunch. He was to return and get me an hour after Amanda arrived. He did not put up a fight. I am not sure if he condemns me going on a date with a married woman, but he is responsible for Myself and Amanda talking on Saturday night. The plan was in action. Patrick parked the car and I slowly walked to the door. I kept looking around, because I felt like I was being watched. I had this bad boy energy surrounding me as I walked into the Diner. It was

a good type of bad feeling. Wow!

Making my way inside I scanned the place. I felt all of the stares on me. For a moment I forgot that I was a regular inside of the Diner so some people were used to seeing me in here. Then it was those eyes who I saw stare longer than I felt comfortable with. That is when I remembered that I am wearing my uniform and sometimes we are stared at in a unusual way. I stood in the doorway frozen in time. I could not move. This is not how I usually react in situations like this, but I knew that I was becoming suspect standing there like a fool.

Phoebe saw that I was stuck in the doorway so she called me over and this broke the trance that I was stuck within. I was pleased that she called me, because there were people standing behind me in the doorway that were waiting for me to move in order to get inside and eat. I walked over to her and greeted her and then I went to an empty seat in the back, where I could see everyone walk into the Diner. The people who were seated had to break their necks to look at me in the far back corner. This is usually not an ideal table for anyone, but I thought that we could have the most privacy here. Then I began to regret sitting here the longer that I waited for Amanda to show. If I was sitting here then that seemed a little suspicious. I usually sat out in the open. So I got up and found a different table with privacy, but was not suspicious.

I looked at my watch it was 12:53pm. Perfect. I was going to place my order and then by the time Amanda walked in I should have my food and it would seem like she just so happened to chose to sit here and we could enjoy each other. My Table Attendant walked over to my table at 12:54 and I told her that I wanted a water, and a burger with nothing on it between whole wheat bread. I ordered a salad instead of fries. I am an officer of the law so I had to be able to run after punks when I need to and I do not want to have a heavy lunch weighing me down.

My food came to the table at 1:03 and my my liquid order items arrived several moments before that time. Putting some ketchup on my burger I took a bite out of it and looked at my watch again, it was now 1:07. Where was Amanda. I took another bite out of my burger, swallowed some water. I looked

at my watch and it was 1:11. I was beginning to believe that she was not going to make it to lunch. I felt the pit of my stomach drop and I sat back in my seat and picked my water up and held it at my lips. I could feel the chill run through my nose and graze over my open eyes. I was not going to let this get me down, I was just going to blame it on Heather later and everything was going to be fine.

Looking down at my watch again it read; 1:18. When I looked up there was someone pulling out the chair at my table. "Sorry, but I want to sit here alone." I looked up and at the person for the first time and she smiled at me.

"I am sorry I had a meeting with someone and they stood me up and there are not many tables, can I please sit here?" She asked gently as she still held on tightly to the chair in her hand.

"Well, that is fine. You can sit I am almost finished anyways." I looked inside of my water and saw the five floating ice cubes. I was floating like the ice cubes now. At 1:19 Amanda took her seat at my table.

Finally!

I smiled at her and she smiled back. I am so new to this undercover dating that I did not know what to say to her. So I just introduced myself to her. She returned the greeting and then we looked across the table at one another. Luckily the table attendant came to our table to take her order. I was shocked by her presence. I wanted to actually run for the door. I was ashamed by these feelings that I did not know I was capable of possessing as a real man. I was slowly beginning to question myself as a man, because I was not as fluid on this date as I thought I should be.

It was now 1:21 and we had not said another word to one another after our initial greeting. I was beginning to feel like one of those punks that I chase during drug busts. I was not a man, but a little boy. I tried to stop this self defamatory thought I had about myself.

Looking across the table I saw that Amanda was just as nervous she was looking behind her constantly. Every time the bell at the door rung she would quickly turn and look to see who walked into the Diner. I looked at her. She was beautiful. She had the most long thick black hair I had ever

seen.

“Have you ever cut your hair, because it is beautiful.” Confidence rising.

“No, I could never cut my hair I love it. Plus my husband would never allow me.” Chuckles.

Her almond color skin in her face was flawless. She had a wide nose that was perfect.

“Your face is so beautiful.” The man meter is climbing.

“Thank you so much. I do not get compliments a lot.” Blushes.

She was wearing layers of clothes so it was hard to look at her figure.

“You look nice today with your wardrobe.” Goodbye the boy in me.

“Thank you so much, I am glad someone likes it.” Smiles.

I had to be more bold. My burger was almost gone and I had to get back to work soon so I had to make my presence known.

“You are very beautiful and I am more attracted to you than I am to my wife. I do not want to leave my wife, but I hope that there is someone that we could see each other where there is less pressure.” I whispered softly that she pretty much had to read my lips. I believe she was able to understand everything by her response.

Like me she whispered in a very soft tone. “I know we have to meet again where there is less pressure. First dates are always awkward anyways. I am not sure when, because my Husband.” She turned around. “Well, how about a motel room where we could be alone and just TALK!” She made sure to say the word talk in a normal tone not a whisper.

“That is fine with me. How about on Thursday. Same time?”

She looked around again and again before she gave me an answer. “Sure which Motel?”

“The one on Corporation Drive. Motel-Motel.” I smiled at her and we agreed. I pulled out my cell phone and made the reservation. “Room 211.” I told her as I rose from my seat. I went over to Phoebe and paid for the both of us and walked out of the Diner without saying goodbye or even looking at her again. That is how you begin to control them!

Thursday, Thursday, Thursday! Two days and I will see Amanda again and hopefully have more progress. Heather is calling for me now so I will go try to be a good husband and see what the hell she wants.

THURSDAY!!!!! MOTEL-MOTEL!!!!! ROOM 211!!!! LUNCH TIME!!!!

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 9

May 7, 2008

Tomorrow is the day when I will see if Amanda and I have any hope of taking our relationship to the next level. Our first day was a little weird, because we were undercover. My wife has no clue that I went on a date with another woman nor will she be the wiser to the fact that I am meeting another woman in a motel tomorrow. I am excited about the motel date more than our first date.

I could not stop thinking about the first date, but the second date was also consuming a lot of my thought patterns today at work. Then I am reminded of the major fact that I am a married man and I am breaking all types of rules. I just do not understand how Heather and I got to the place where we are right now. I am also plagued by the simple fact that this is what our relationship has become. I do not want to divorce her and I find that weird. My mind is just racing with different thoughts in regards to my ties to Heather.

After I was successful in getting her to lose all connection with her parents we grew closer than ever. She depended on me both emotionally but more importantly financially. Now I am going to try and analyze my life as a therapist would, because that is why I started to journal in the first place. So what am I not connecting here in my life that can help me answer the question on why I am so set on treating my wife this way. If I can write about it that means that I am aware of my behavior, but I am not making an effort to stop it. I am not trying to change because I do not want to change. I actually want to control her even more, but I can not figure out why that is...

I am trying to stay focus tonight with my writing so that maybe it can help organize my thoughts, but the date I have tomorrow and the way that my life is beginning to spiral in a violent direction against my wife I am just not in a great place. Really I would like to tackle everything that is holding me down spiritually, but I just have no since of direction on where to begin.

1.Turmoil relationship with Heather---Violently/sexually abusive

2.Wanting to have an intimate relationship with another woman---Amanda

3.Wanting to be in control in both relationships and not taking no for an answer.

4.Discovering what is the root of all this evil inside of me.

Our relationship did not turn violent until recently I think. If I hit her before that time I do not remember and nor do I think it was a big deal if I did. Now it has to be a bigger deal, because the cops were called and I pulled rank to get out of it. This then makes me have pride flourish inside of myself for being able to get away with something that is such a big deal and not be punished for my wrong actions.

Going back and discovering why I found so much joy in destroying her relationship with her parents is a mystery to me, because I never actually sat and reflected on why I would do something like that. I still talk with my family and for the most part my family has all adopted her. We have two sons together. I know of her past, but I think that is no excuse for the way she is acting towards me. The same thing can be said for me, but I have started now and I do not plan on being nicer to her. Maybe tougher.

She has to fully understand that this is not, from tomorrow on, that this is not going to be a fairytale being with me. I should be looked at more like her master that has a love relationship and not just her husband. When I want her pussy I should be able to have it, because I own it. When her parents got rid of her she became my property and it has taken me until this moment to come to that realization.

When I want to take my anger out on her face and not feel sorry for causing her pain I should not feel remorseful. She is my property and if I chose to hit her I have the right. I have already bought her and continue to pay for her. She lives in my house. I paid for her college after her parents let her go.

Granted it is my own fought that I had to become her sole supporter, but maybe that is the universe way of putting her in my control and giving me permission now to be able to do with her what I damn well please. Should I feel regret or hurt for the pain I cause her; no. Our relationship has not always

been this sour, but things change just like the seasons and I guess the season of our relationship has finally decided to change. It is no longer Spring and Summer... It is now Autumn and Winter when things get cold and die (or at least feel hurt). I am not sorry for what I have done to her and I will keep doing what I want to her, because I am beginning to see a change in her that I like.

She is now very obedient and does not have an opinion. She listens to me. We have not had sex, because I have not wanted to. That will be a test to see if she really is under my control. I still hit her or cause some type of bodily harm. That is just me breaking her in to the new me. I am just as shocked as she is that all of this violence just seemed to appear all of a sudden. My parents are still together and I never saw my them fight. Things are only going to get better with Heather and myself when she is under my complete control and she becomes accustomed to that life style. Next I have to separate her from her teaching job and make her become a stay at home mother....

Is there any merit for me to want to be in a relationship with another woman. Why? I can have sex with Heather whenever I want especially when I make her quit her job and stay home. I can beat her and no one can stop me. So maybe I am looking for someone who I do no have that control over and can be in a more humane relationship with. Is that what I see in Amanda when I look at her? Maybe or is it just the freshness that I am attracted to? We will see! Ha Ha....

Control! This is very big for me. My best guess of this comes from not having to much control in my life until I did go off to college. Even then my parents chose the college that I was going to attend. So maybe once I saw the opportunity to take control of someones life I did the same thing that my parents did to me. Except I did it to my girlfriend. That is when our relationship dynamic began to change! I became more than just a boyfriend. I was in control I only let Heather believe that we were equals and it is not until now that I am confident in my position of having all of the power of my own life and hers!

The root of all of this evil had to spawn from somewhere. Where? When? Why me? Why do I not try to fight the urges and bad actions that I perform. I am finding myself more searching for situations

where I can show my strength and not be challenged.

I feel like I repeated myself a lot and was able to clear my mind a bit so that I will be able to think better, but this is going to be a work in progress! I am my own therapist and I will crack the code of my life and hopefully be able to transform into a neutral gentlemen toward the woman that I love(d).

Tomorrow is my Motel-Motel date so that should be fun and hopefully help put some things in my life into perspective.... This journal tonight was suppose to bring clarity, but it just made me more confused than ever. Hopefully things will start to make more since.

Motel-Motel is in my near future... HaHaHaHaHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 10

May 8, 2008

Today was suppose to remarkable. Today was suppose to be the day that I regained some form of conscientiousness about the type of relationship that I wanted to have. Today was suppose to be the day that I learned what I was missing in my relationship with my wife. Today was suppose to be the day that I fell in love all over again with a woman. Today was suppose to be.... All of this and more. Today was not suppose to be a time when I witnessed someone cry in my arms. Today was not suppose to be the day that I had to comfort someone back to a stable state of mind. Today was not suppose to be melancholy. Today was not suppose to be gray and gloomy. Today was not suppose to be...All of this and more.

I had never been to that Motel before so I was not worried about being recognized by anyone. To not draw any unwanted attention to myself I decided to have a change of wardrobe. We went into a local gas station and I put on some jeans. Then I had Patrick drop me off a block away so that I would not be seen getting out of a police car. Then I walked slowly to the entrance. As I was arriving I saw Amanda approaching. She was a picture of perfection. Her long hair was blowing in the gentle breeze and she was smiling as she saw me come around the corner.

She was still wearing layers and I was thinking how I was going to to be able to get those layers off. Little did I know that she was going to shed a different type of layer off of her self that afternoon. I smoothly glided toward the woman who was the crush of mine. We hugged and we walked into the check-in area. She stood back away from the check in desk. I looked back at her and saw that she was going to be easy to crack. I could not wait to get in that room with her. She was going to be easy! That is all that I could think about. I was just looking forward to sexually taking the layers off of her.

It was an older gentlemen behind the desk and he spoke very soft as he began to check me in. He looked around me at Amanda and then he looked at me and his facial expression changed. Was he curious of how such a young woman would want to be with me. I will admit I look older than what I

actually am, the job does that to you. He just kept looking around me at Amanda as if he was waiting for her to signal that she was in trouble and needed his help. He was very cautious with me. “Is that your wife?” “Yeah.”

I took our key and we walked back outside to find room 211. Amanda was walking very slow and she was not speaking. I did not know what was up with her. Maybe she was excited about me being on top of her in just a few moments... who knows. I grabbed her hand and we walked hand and hand together up the steps to the second level. Is saw room 201 then room 203 then 207... I was getting more and more anxious. I could not wait to get inside. I would not try to seduce her as soon as we got inside. I knew that I had to make her comfortable, because I could tell that she was highly uncomfortable with the situation.

When we stood in front of room 211 I felt her hand tighten around mine and she took a heavy step back. I did not let go of her hand. “It is ok.... I just want to talk with you in a secluded area where we will not be spotted.” She still held on to my hand tightly. She looked over the banister that she was pressed up against. When I saw her do this I had to shake the image of her actually being Heather and me pushing her over the edge...

I place the key into the door knob and turned. The door unlocked and I let Amanda go in before me, because I did not want her at the last minute to try and escape. So she slowly made her way in front of me and then she looked back at me and had a look of horror on her face. She was beginning to make me nervous. I did not want to scare her I just wanted to 'be with' her and if she was afraid of that I could not help her, because she was going to get be physical this afternoon. I had condoms so I was ready regardless if she was or not.

I let go of her hand once I was standing in the door way and there was no way for her to escape out of the motel room. She was still tense I could tell from the way that she was walking into the room. I had to think fast on how I was going to get her to loosen her stiff frame. “Make your self comfortable.” I said in my nicest tone.

“I can only stay for an hour or so...” She responded.

“That is fine, we Should be able to get a lot accomplished in that time.” I said looking at her. I walked over to the bed and took off the top blanket and threw it on the floor. I took a seat on the bed and turned the television on. I turned the volume up and flicked through the channels. “I am pleased that we are able to get to spend some alone time together.”

“Me too. I...” She said stopping herself from continuing her statement. I realized that she was not finished with her thought, but ignored that because I did not want to know what she had to say.

“Why are you here Amanda?”

“What? You wanted to meet with me here, right?” She said backing away from me. I never turned to look at her, but I could feel her energy moving away from me. “I have to use the bathroom.” She turned away from me and went into the bathroom. I knew damn well that she was not being truthful, but I ignored that because I wanted her to feel comfortable and that she was free here with me. When in reality if she tried to leave before we had sex she was going to regret it. She closed and locked the bathroom door and was in there for ten minutes. Not once did I rush her. I just stayed in the same spot, knowing that this should make her feel more comfortable.

When she came out she was in fact a little more comfortable. Making her way to the chair that was next to the bed and sat. She had removed her shoes upon sitting. I had already removed mine. “Why are you here Amanda?” I asked again, because I was not pleased with her first answer.

She looked at me blankly. So I answered the question for her, “I am here because my wife and I are not seeing eye to eye and I am not sure if we are meant to be together any longer. I just want to see who else is out there for me and what it is like to date again. I want to be in a relationship with someone else besides her and be able to compare the two.”

“I am here because I feel safe with you. You are an officer of the law and I trust that you will not harm me. My Zack is very strict and I am not sure if I want to be trapped like a relationship prisoner anymore by him.” I took off my shirt and moved more into the bed as she spoke. I looked at her in the

eyes as I made these maneuvers and she smiled at me when she saw my bare chest. "You have a great body. Zack can stand to lose a few pounds, I guess that is why he had to get me." I did not know what the hell she was talking about. I was getting more and more comfortable as I listened to her speak.

She took of fthe sweater that she was wearing. "If we have sex Arnold." That is the first time she has ever said my name. "Does that mean that I can trust you to be there for me and protect me?"

"Yes. Of course. When we have sex that means that I will be there to protect you." I was growing more and more excited, because she had fallen right into my trap. I guess the ruffy drug I had in my pocket was not going to be needed for Amanda. "Amanda you can trust me I am a cop. I have to look out for the innocent citizens of this city. You can trust me." I undid my pants and slipped them off as I lay on back. She smiled once more as she saw me in my underwear. "This is going to be a lot better than Zack trust me."

I crawled on my knees across the bed to where she was now standing and I sat up and kissed her lips. She took off the shirt that she was wearing and I saw the scars that she had to receive from Zack. I was not going to bring any attention to them until after I had my chance to with her, then I would act like I cared about her so I can be intimate with her again at another time. She was very shy as she stood there in her bra. She moved a step back from the bed and I grabbed her hands and I could feel the gentle trembles that were coming over her body. I kissed her neck and then I moved down to in-between her small breast. I worked down to her belly button and then undid her pants.

Her pants fell easily to the floor and I looked at her face and she had her eyes closed. I told her to take off her pants and get into bed. She did as I told and she laid on her back in the center of the bed. Her body was lifeless. I could not understand why she was stiff. I saw more scars on her leg. They went from her ankles all the way to her pussy. I still was able to ignore this because I was that much closer. I did not want to know the story about the scars before sex, but I was in for a surprise after we finished...

I kissed her all over her body and I kept repeating that she was beautiful. She never once opened

her eyes. Every time I came close to the area in between her legs I could feel her body tighten. Someone must have beat me to beating this up! (Ignorant Me). I put my hand on her left shoulder and raised her lifeless body. She grabbed my arm very tightly, "It is ok Amanda I am just undoing your bra." She loosened her grip around my arm. Her bra snapped off with ease and I took my right hand and threw it to the ground. The black fabric flew easily to the floor to the side of the bed. I reached into my pants pocket and took out a condom. "Remove you panties." I removed my underwear and put my own protection on, this is what I meant by protecting Amanda... Ha Ha...

Getting on top of her and doing what I came there to do... was great!

She did not make any noise. She did not put up a fight. She did not tell me stop. She did not open her eyes. She did not move her body. She did not touch me. She did not moan. She was wonderful.

I rolled to the left side of her and I waited for her to say something. She did not move. Was she dead? "How was it Amanda?"

"The best sex I have ever had." She sounded as if she was reading a script. "I trust you and I hope you will be able to keep your word and protect me. We have had sex and now I want to talk. I need to feel close to you." She moved her naked body so that it was touching mine. I was getting nervous. What did she want. Damn did she just give me something. Was I going to become lifeless like she was during sex.

"Sure. What is it that you want to talk about?" I tuned on my side so that I could look at her. She was staring at me with great intensity. It was like the pits of hell were burning through my eyes. What have I just got myself wrapped into. What was it that she was so afraid of in the outside world.

She stared at me with a crimson look of hate on her beautiful face.

She touched my chest with her hands and then she put her hand against my heart. "You have a heart that is pumping for you to save others. When it stops that means that it is time for someone else's heart to pump and take your spot. Your heart is strong I can tell." She then moved her hand to the top of my head. You brain is functioning so that you can think logically and create new ways to protect the lives

of others. When your brain stops working that means that all of your good and bad deeds are left for someone else to think about.

Taking her hand she put it on my dick. If you ever make a woman mad and she chops it off that means your heart and you brain are useless, because you are no longer that man who protected those lives. You are useless to every woman especially your wife.

By this time she was scaring me. She still had her hands on me and for the first time I was not becoming aroused. I did not make any sudden movements. Did she have a knife and was going to cut it off and hand it to me. Was she a double agent and was working with my wife to seek revenge for all of the bad that I had caused her. I did not know what to do. She took her hand off of me thankfully and touched the scar that was across her stomach.

"My father." Was all that she said as she moved her hand inside of the ridges of the scar. She found the scar on her shoulder and ran her fingers along the line and said, "Martin." She touched the two scars on her thighs and ran her hand over them and said, "Thomas." She then moved her hand to her head and moved in a line across the top of her skull. She kept her hands there and said, "Zack." I did not see any scars on her head, but maybe her hair was covering the damage.

Was this what she was hiding that she has been abused by her father and other men in he life. "She put her hand over her heart and said, "Arnold Green." I sat up straight and looked at her as she held her hand on her chest. She gently rubbed her hand across my face and I laid back down next to her. What was she trying to say was beyond me. I was confused by the whole thing. I just wanted to have sex and leave, but NO!

She paused and just sat there with her hands at her sides. She was beginning to cry. I sat her up and held her against my bare chest. I could feel her delicate breast against me and her heart was bating fast. She cried into my my body and we just sat there effortlessly for five minutes. I was not suppose to be the one comforting someone else on this afternoon. Things just took a turn that I was not expecting.

I pulled her away from me and I wiped her eyes clear of the salt water tears. She was now

beginning to settle and I waited for her to regain the strength to keep talking. She stared at me through wet eyes and then her mouth began to move, but no sound was audible to the human ear. She cleared her throat and tried again. "You did not just have sex with a married woman." What? I was so confused by this statement. Was she delusional. She had a ring on the correct finger and everything. She was not shocked by my stunned expression, instead she continued. "Zack and I are not married he just makes me say that we are so people will not ask to many questions. I do not even consider us to be boyfriend and girlfriend. I just live with him."

"Why?"

"I am from Thailand that is why. I am from Thailand that is why. I am from Thailand that is why. My father was poor. My family was desperate." She began to cry again. Not as hard as the first time, but louder. She could not escape the tears that were surrounding her face. "I have no say in what I do. I have no control in what I do. I am a relationship prisoner and so much more."

What are you talking about... Please explain. I can help I am a cop. Were you kidnapped and now are forced to live with this strange man? What? Tell me." I was becoming hysterical. She was speaking in tangents and I was dumbfounded by the words that she was deciding to share with me. "Start from the beginning."

"Zack is the dominate force in my life. What ever he says do I do. It is dangerous for me to even be here with you. If he finds out he might even kill me. He only lets me out occasionally. He has grown to trust me over the ten years that I have been living with him..."

"Wait, you were only twelve then, did he adopt you?"

"Do not be so blind Arnold. I am from Thailand! What don't you understand. I am from Thailand, not the United States. I should not be in the country I do not want to be in the country. I am from Thailand. I am not Adopted. I am controlled. I am trapped. I am a prisoner...." She grabbed my face in her her hand and looked me square in the face and said, "I AM A TRAFFICKED SLAVE! I AM A TRAFFICKED SLAVE FROM THAILAND!" She let out a loud long moan and cried into my chest

again.

I was speechless. I did not know that we had trafficked slaves in my city. I can not believe that I just slept with a slave. This is terrible. Oh no what was I suppose to do what was I suppose to do.... She was not the princess that I thought she was. She is a slave and Zack is the person that has kept her for the past 10 years... 10 years this has been going on and no one on the police force had a clue. Zack looked me in the face. He danced with my wife. Was he trying to get his next slave. Was he trying to take my fucking wife and make her his sex slave. She is my property and Amanda will be free soon too. She can not stay with that man. He is evil. I have to do something to help her. That is why she agreed to sleep with me so that I would help her. She has finally found her escape and I am her only help and I do not know what I should do...

Should I report this to my boss. Or should I just handle this myself and then invite Amanda to come live with me until she can live on her own independently. I had my own wife to worry about. She was now going to be home all the time at the end of this school year, because I made her quit her job today. What am I suppose to do with this woman who was sitting in my arms right now.

"He keeps me in the basement at times, but since we have been together for so long he trusts me and he lets me out of the house on only occasionally. He knows that I will come back, because I have no one to protect me. Will you protect me." She looked at me and waited for me to answer. This was all to much... "He beats me when I do wrong and he rapes me at least three times a week. He is pleased to rape me because he knows that I can not get pregnant... He has crushed me in more ways than one Arnold. I need someone to help me."

I climbed out of the bed and put my clothes back on. I looked at Amanda, but I did not know what to say to her that would make her feel assured that I was the one that was going to be able to protect her. Zack was not necessarily a person that I wanted to deal with. In fact now that I think about it he is the person that I should use as a guide in how to keep my woman under control. He has kept Amanda in fear of him for ten years and I have finally broke that chain. How did he do it? I really wanted to

know how this man did it. Can I have the same result with Heather... She is currently handcuffed in the basement so only time will tell.

Amanda followed my actions and began to put her clothes back on. There was so much more that I wanted to know about Zack and his ways in keeping Amanda as his prisoner. I had to know. He is the man that I must speak with. I have to get his guidance. I have to find a way to learn from him. I have too. I am going to help Amanda, but first I was going to learn all that I can about keeping a woman prisoner that you do not learn in police training. I was a cop and I have kept people under control for so long, but how was I suppose to do this to a woman who just had to walk out of the front door. She may not be able to call the police, but she had other options.

"Arnold, please you have to help me. I have to get back home now... But I need your help. You are the cop with keys to free me from this prison that I am trapped within. What are you going to do... Arnold? Arnold?"

I looked at her in the face and said, "I will help you, but it will not be easy... we can not get the police involved, because I just committed adultery and I could lose my job for having sex while on clock... I will save you from Zack TRUST ME... You will be alright with me."

"Thank you Arnold." We took the key back to the desk and we went our separate ways. I looked down at the paper she had given me as I walked around the block to meet back up with Patrick.

Amanda Bell (Somawadi Thawan)
18113 Hazelwood Avenue
Stern, Ohio 01990

Save Me Arnold Green!

Her address and her real name are engraved in my mind. I have to do something that will save her from her slave owner. But what? I had a lot of work ahead of me; Learn from Zack, Rescue Amanda from Zack, and make Heather my Relationship Prisoner!

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 11

May 9, 2008

Yesterday afternoon really wiped me out. I am sitting in my office. It is 1pm. I am at home. I could not get out of the bed this morning and pull myself to go to work. Amanda really sent me a lot of tough things yesterday. I can not leave this house again until I have a plan of what I am going to do to rescue this girl. I just can not believe that I was put in this situation. I let my wife have the room and I slept in the guest room. I will not be joyous until I do something to help that girl. How can she have such a profound control over me. It is unreal. I thought I was the masculine figure that had everything under his control. I guess I was wrong. I am sitting her in this office with the shades clothes and I am still in my night clothes. I am deeply saddened by this girls fate I think...

I think I am more saddened by Zack having such control over Amanda and I do not have that same power over Heather. I thought I was doing good, but I guess I have to step my game up in a major way. This is just not the type of Friday that I wanted to have. I have Amanda's address in my wallet. I can not look at it. It makes me want to march over there and kidnap her. I can not go over there until I have a clear plan. That is why I took the day off so that hopefully I will be able to come up with some type of plan of action that will allow Amanda to leave Zack and for Zack to give me all of the knowledge he has on control.

Shockingly enough I am writing. I just am not in the mood to write, but I thought that maybe this would help me work some thoughts out in my mind and be able to come up with a worth while plan that will be able to save Amanda from her captor. I just can not leave those words she shared with me in the motel room. I wish I had never had a crush on her. Is this my karma for cheating on my wife, that I will now be plagued with helping a girl that I really just wanted to sleep with and leave it at that.

The only plan that I have is to drive over to Zack's house and sit down with him and negotiate some plan of getting Amanda to walk out of the door with me. I need to do this without upsetting Zack,

because I am not sure what he is capable of and I if am going to do this I need to do this in secret also. I could tell others and things can turn into a big deal and Amanda may be put in more danger. Plus, I still have a crush on Amanda and if she is freed maybe she and I can run off together and start a life of our own outside of this trafficked city. I need a plan and I need one fast, because the longer she stays there the more danger she is in... in the hands of Zack.

Heather and I are not getting any better. I came home and I beat her. I beat her! I beat her! She did not do anything.... I did not need her to do anything. Her just being there when I got home from work on the day that I just had was enough. To take all of the pain that Amanda transferred into my soul and transfer all of that onto the outside of Heather was the best way for me to deal with it all. I slept better than I thought I would after I hit her. I beat her then I left her in the room by herself and went and slept in the guess room... I did not explain my reason behind her beating I just did it and walked out. She did not question nor did she try to fight back. She is obviously learning that I am the one who has the most power... like she ever doubted that.

Heather and my relationship is boring. We have not been intimate in awhile, so I just beat her. I think I will give her a break from beatings and blow some steam off sexually. It is time for me to find something that will make our relationship even better. I am not sure what that is going to be yet, but there has to be a way to make our relationship seem new.

Amanda is probably at home and Zack is treating her like I treat my wife. They may not be married, but they had all of us fooled. Soon Zack will have to find someone else to control, because I think it is time for Amanda to leave. I need to do at least one thing for a woman if I am going to be that mean to my wife. I have to balance it out somehow... Helping Amanda will balance all of the cruelty and animosity I have towards Heather. I just need to get my words straight and then I can go over to Zack's house and work out a deal that will bring me and Amanda that much closer to being together

away from our respective others. I know that I have kids, but they will not miss me. I just need a few days to reflect then I can put my plan in motion and get everything taken care of so that I can stop finding the need to drink this whiskey sitting next to me to help drown some of my sorrows.

I am nervous about the coming days; will I be able to go through with helping Amanda or will I just act like it never happened and keep being the abusive cop that I am?

There is a lot for me to think about and take care if I so chose. If I get involved any further there will be no more looking back. Whiskey what shall I do besides get drunk? Ha Ha...

Amanda or Heather, Amanda & Heather, Amanda, Heather, Amanda + Heather = ?????

Truth and clarity hopefully will prevail in this life of sanity...

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 12

June 7, 2009

It has almost been a month since the last time that I have given this journal attention. A lot has happened in that amount of time. I do not even know where the most logical place for me to begin. I am a changed man I must say. I will admit that I still put my hands on my wife in a violent way and yes I do force her to do things with me that she may not want to do. She has even drugged her own self one time so that she would not have to feel me inside of her, if that is not commitment than I do not know what it is. Looking back I see that the last time I journaled I was contemplating on what the best way to solve the problem that I had with Amanda.

The problem has been solved, but it was not easy. It took close to so long to get all of the details worked out. I had to think clearly when I was not under the influence of any type of alcohol. I had to put any and all anger against my wife to the side because I had to focus on this task. I have not talked about what I have done so it has all been bottled inside since that time. My wife just knows that this is the way things are going to be and she and the kids are going to have to deal with it. They have adjusted very well I think. I am still getting accustomed to the change of things, but I am embracing it all full on. It is like having a new identity and it is alright to go along with the flow.

I need to begin from the beginning so I can officially release all of this out of my being once and for all! It has been weighing heavy on me. I think I may need antidepressants. I do not know what the cause of this sadness prevails from, because I think that I did a good thing and should be happy with the outcome. I just need to get used to things I guess.

Starting from the beginning; I finally decided upon a plan on that Sunday following my Motel date with Amanda. It was the perfect plan so that all parties would be happy. I was just hoping that everyone, especially Zack would be pleased with it. I know I am a cop and he should do what I say, but I could not act like a cop because I wanted something from him. Aggression was not going to get me far. I knew that for sure. I was going to implement my plan on Wednesday. I did seek help from

some of my colleagues (Patrick). Since this was a trafficking situation I was able to get a little advice and help.

May 14 is the day that I had to take a chance and see if I was going to be able to save this girls life or was I going to have to just let this thing go. After work on that day I went home and changed my clothes. I ate dinner with my family. They must have known that something was not right because I was not in synch with my normal behavior. I then went to the room and brushed my teeth and walked out of the door without saying one thing to anyone. They did not try to stop me or question what I was up to. I got into the car and drove. I typed the address of my destination into the GPS and I followed the instructions and made my way smoothly through the city.

I rang the door bell and waited anxiously for someone to come and open it for me. I stood there for awhile. I could here that there were occupants inside, but they were not coming to let me inside of the house. So I rang the doorbell again and knocked on the door. Finally I heard the door being unlocked and I was greeted by Zack.

"Hello Mr. Green. What do I owe this pleasure?" Zack said as I stood on the outside of his house.

"May I come in and have a word with you please?"

"Well, I am actually in the middle of having supper and then will be going to bed."

"Please, it is very important and you are the only person that will be able to help me."

"Is this official police business?"

"In a way it is not, but if certain events change it will be. I need to talk to you before it escalades into official police business. May I come in and have a word with you in private?"

I was led inside and I saw three women sitting around a table in the dining room. Then I saw Amanda come down the steps. We greeted each other as if this was our second time meeting. Amanda, surprisingly, was wearing a thong bikini and bra. That was all of the fabric that was on her body.

Before coming to meet with Zack I was amply prepared for anything. I had a wire on me and all I had to do was push a button and Patrick and the force will be notified to come and get me. I also was

strapped with a weapon. I had in mind exactly what I had to say to him. I did my research on the Trafficking industry and was prepared to combat any of his denials that he tried to feed me.

We sat in his closed office. He looked at me. Not once did he offer me anything to drink I found that to be very rude. I sat down and made myself comfortable. I looked around the office. I saw pictures of random people who came with the frame. There were no pictures of him and Amanda or any of the other woman who I guess are slaves eating dinner. He looked at me and waited for me to interrogate him.

"How do you keep Amanda under your control? I noticed at the party that she was very tightly connected to you and I just need to know how do you do it."

"You. You came here to talk to me about that. No disrespect, but you are wasting my time. I do not feel like sharing any of the details on how I get my wife to love me and you are married so you can figure that out on your own. Good night Mr. Green." He stood while I stayed seated.

"I know that you two are not married."

Zack Bell stopped right in place like a statue. He should have been thrown off by this. He did not turn around to face me, instead he went to his cabinet and started to open it.

"Stop!" He turned and looked at me and my gun that was facing him. He was scared now. That is what I needed him to be. He was going to have to comply with what I wanted if he wanted to live. "Now have a seat and answer my question. How do you keep you 'wife' under control and I am guessing your other slaves out there from leaving you?"

"It is easy Mr. Green. There is no need for the gun. I was not trying to do anything, I was just trying to get you a cigar." He pulled a cigar from off of his desk and held it out for me. I knocked to the ground with the gun. He continued, "I first instill fear in them."

Zack gave some vital information that I use to this day. It works wonders. As he was sharing all of the details of his different methods he kept looking around him. He stood and walked to the window and looked outside. I think he was checking to see if the place was being surrounded. He had nothing

to worry about, except for the gun in my hand. He returned back to his seat and he kept giving me more and more methods. It was a bit overwhelming, but it was all very good information.

When he was finished sharing his information I thanked him. He thought I was finished, but I was not finished. I had to do everything that night or he may try to skip town. So we sat there for awhile and conversed about sports and such. Typical guy talk. It was nice to talk with a guy who was so much like me. He to did not have any remorseful emotions for what he was doing to those women. I did not care what he was doing to those women. I got my methods of how to control Heather so I was highly pleased. I started to enjoy myself. He then gave me a tour of the house and some of the hidden areas of the house where he put the women who misbehaved.

It was interesting how he had floor boards that opened and he would actually make a women go in there as a form of time out. He demonstrated this to me. I tried not to laugh, but it was brilliant. Wow! Was he not becoming my new best friend. His house was a magicians fantasy. I met the three women who I saw sitting at the table. There was another woman from Thailand and two of the women were sisters from Cambodia. They were lovely women, but that empathetic emotion that most people would feel for them did not settle in my heart. I got to see Amanda again, but we did not talk.

After the tour we made our way back into his office and had a seat. I looked at him and he looked at me. Still holding the gun I made a great proposition that he had no choice, but to go along with. He was hesitant which was expected. Zack thought he was going to be tricked and he expressed this to me, but I reassured him that he had nothing to worry about. He was going to be safe from the officials as long as he did everything that I told him. He just better not cross me and everything was going to be alright.

I removed the piece of folded notebook paper that I had in my pocket and I slid it over to Zack. “These are your instructions on what I want you to do and trust me you will be fine if you follow the instructions exactly.” He took the paper and he read over it and nodded his head to me as he agreed with each stipulation.

We went into the family room and gathered everyone around to share with them of what was going to be happening. They were so happy when I told them that they were going to be able to make the choice if they wanted to leave Zack or stay with him.. I was surprised when they hesitated about what they were going to do. They all agreed that they wanted to go out independently. Zack and I went up to his room and he called the women in the room one at a time. He either beat the women or had sex with them for the last time. Then they walked out of the front door with the belongings that they could carry. Patrick picked them up and he took them to a shelter for the night and in morning they were going to get help in starting there new lives.

Zack cried as the women went out of the door. This was not what I was expecting. I guess he really did love them. He was with them for such a long time that they were in fact a twisted family. I am not sure at this time what the women are doing, but I was notified that they all have been secured safely in a place where they will never have to experience a life like that again.

I shook hands with Zack and handed him an envelope. He was ordered not to open this until tomorrow morning. He was then again reminded that he had to follow the instructions exactly like I told him on the paper. I had gained what I came there for and I was very pleased with the outcome. Zack was very cooperative and everything went very smoothly. He sounded friendly as I walked out of the door and made my way to my car. He was holding the envelope in his left hand and the folded piece of paper in his right hand. He knew what he had to do and I am assured that he followed those instructions very well, because he has not crossed my police radar since.

The drive home was very quiet. I had so much to think about. How was I going to use these new found methods on Heather? Were they actually going to work? Would all of the women be ok? Was I going to get fired for doing this undercover work behind my bosses back? There was a lot of questions that I have and still am answering to this day.

When I walked in the house my family was sitting in the family room. I remember what I said to them like it was yesterday; “This is Amanda and she is going to be moving in with us!”

It feels good to begin to catch up on my journaling tonight. I feel like I have just opened the box of thoughts in my life and there is so much more that I have to say, but not enough time tonight.

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 13

June 8, 2008

Tomorrow will mark the one month anniversary of me to deciding that I was going to go visit Zack and make Amanda come home with me. My family has grown accustomed to her being here by this time. They have no choice, but to accept what I say. All of the things started off great. I will admit that I tricked Amanda into thinking that she and I will be able to run off together. I do have two sons and I have to be there for them. Plus, I could not see my wife go out on her own and start a life without me. Amanda, being a victim of slavery was used to seeing me hit Heather. She did not say anything. I have not hit her yet, but I am pretty sure that I will have to soon. I only have sex with her when I want to. My wife is becoming useless. She takes care of the children, but I am not sure how much longer I will need her around.

Over the past month I have not been that focused. I have been having the hardest time being able to be organized. Writing is one of those areas where I feel clustered. That is part of the reason why it took me a month to get back to writing. I had to get my house in order and make sure everyone knew the rules. I had to sit them down and get all of them accustomed with one another. I think I waited a week before I did that, I just threw Amanda into the flow of things. She thinks that she is in a much better place here with me, because I am a cop. She thinks that we are dating and I just let my wife live here to take care of the kids. She is stupid if she truly believes that.

I have not asked my wife of her opinion on the whole situation, because it does not matter. I am in charge and what is say goes. That is one thing I am confident everyone in this household knows; I am the dictator and they must abide by what I say regardless of what they may want. I still have the images of Zack's house in my mind. I have been having nightmares lately though.

The nightmares are usually a mixture of me being in the role that I put the women into in real life. I try to ignore this and put it off, but it is disturbing. I must say that I have to be sure that something like that never happens. I also have to start teaching my boys soon how to carry my legacy once I am gone.

They need to know how to treat or control their women like I control their mother and Amanda. Ralph will be 10 years old very soon so he will be ready to start learning about it.

My families reaction to Amanda was warm with a side of confusion. I left the house one night and came back with a new housemate. My wife has met her once before and I know that she was aware that I was spending a lot of time with her at that party. She probably did not expect this, but what can I say. I told my boys that she was in danger and she needed somewhere to stay so I invited her to live with us for awhile. They were fine with it. They look at her now after a month as a big sister/aunt figure which is great.

Heather and Amanda get along great. I sometimes over hear them talking about Amanda's ordeal with Zack. Amanda has actually shared more with Heather about her experience with Zack than she has shared with me. I am not hurt by this, because I know all I need to know about Zack's ways. Whatever I so happen to over hear and I find it beneficial to making the house better I will ask her more about it in private. I take care of this family by myself. I have made Heather quit her job. The school year has just ended so she has had her last day of work recently. She did not complain. Now she and Amanda are at home together a lot. I am not sure how I feel about that, but I have to see how things go. They may be trying to plot something against me... I will be sure to keep an extra special eye on them now that they will be able to spend more time together.

Heather and I still sleep in the same room together and at times we allow Amanda to join us in bed. This is my first time every experiencing a three-some. It is all that I fantasized it would be like. On most nights Amanda sleeps in the guest room. She helps around the house with different chores. My sons are happy, because they no longer have to do anything. Amanda takes care of everything for them. She is like their nanny, personal servant, friend, etc. It is great having her. She is great with my kids. She keeps Heather out of my space when I need her to be gone. She satisfies my needs. She has also told me that I treat her a lot better than Zack and she is glad that she was able to come live here.

Zack is probably in Florida by now or something. I told him to leave right away. I was able to

sweep all of this under the rug, because I insisted that I take the case. He was given some money for selling me Amanda and I paid him to let the other girls go also. He got on a plane first thing that next morning and I know that the destination was Florida, but where he went after that is beyond me. He just knows that he must never come back to the state of Ohio. I went back into his house after he left and had Amanda give me another tour.

I was amazed once again by the dynamic of the house and its secrets that only an insider could reveal. We started in the basement and I took notes in my notepad. It was amazing. I am still amazed of the genius of this man. Every room served a purpose and had a different way of helping Zack nicely house his slaves. I was so interested of course, because I want my house to be the same way. I have already begun with the basement. I was ashamed that I only was able to handcuff Heather down there and that was it. I had to really improve. So I have been very busy since I learned that this was possible.

Since Amanda moved in I have beat Heather less. Not by much, but less none the less. I am trying to let her heal so that I can just make her look and feel even worse about herself. That reminds me that I need to verbally abuse Heather more. I think the confidence is slowly climbing since Amanda came. She must think that she will find a way to escape me if Amanda was able to rid herself of Zack. I know that I need to do something that will show both Heather and start to shape Amanda into being more my property. That is the next plan that I have to execute. Ha Ha.

Patrick really helped a lot with me orchestrating the rescue/taking of the women from Zack Bell. He was the man that helped me get the money to pay Zack with. He was the one who picked the women up from the corner. He is also the one that helped me hide the fact that I took Amanda for my own personal collection. He was involved in the helping of securing a successful escape of Zack. He does not agree with what I was doing, but he is under me and he knows he has no way of proving anything so it is fine. I know that I can trust him and he is the only one at this time that keeps me from going insane from all of the pressures to be this leader both at work and at home.

It feels really great to get all of this off my chest and put it to words. This has to be one the best things that I have done for myself. This definitely beats the price of going to a therapist. That one therapist that I let my wife drag me to has been out of the picture for ever. I was just reminded of him. I should mention therapy to my wife and get her excited about going then crush her hopeless dream of finding an outlet! This is going to be a brilliant summer. Heather and Amanda are all mine and I have the humbling job of parenting two boys into following into Dads footsteps and ruling their girls like I successfully do!

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 14

June 11, 2008

This is the first journal that I feel like I have finally caught up on on all of the events of the past and now I can finally began to relate more to what is going on in my current daily life. It is hump day Wednesday. The week has been moving about smoothly. I am the only one that leaves the house and goes to work. My kids are finished with school so they are at home with their mother and Amanda. They had an excellent school year. Strangely enough Amanda has really been helping me close the gap that I had with my children before. She is really helping us find more relatable ways of growing closer to each other.

On Monday night I took the boys for a drive and left the women at home. I am not afraid of them trying to escape because I have installed bars on all of the windows and I am the only one with a key to the house so they can not get out once I lock the door. Plus Heather would never run away without her two sons. I took my kids on this ride so I can have alone time with them to get to know how they feel about our month old living situation. Eric never one to hold back expressed a lot and Ralph was a bit more reserved, but he shared some interesting insight.

"I like that Amanda is living with us!" Eric said excitedly. "How long is she going to stay?"

"She is nice, but she is not going to replace my mother right?" Ralph asked. "She is fun to be around."

"I like her too." Eric said. "I thought your were playing a joke on us at first."

"Why do you let her in your room and close the door? Does mom care?" Ralph questions were similar to this. He was very defensive of his mother which was expected. He was a mama's boy. So I expected questions like that.

I answered all of his questions very honestly. I am aware that he and his brother are young, but I also think that they have a right to know what goes on in their household. They were a bit mortified. I knew that this may be a little much, but I wanted them to know the truth. So I pretty much gave both

of them the sex talk right then and there on that car ride. That is one way in which Amanda has helped us grow closer. Having the sex talk with your sons is a very important topic that a father has with a son. This means that are communication is very open! I am happy about that.

We rode around the city and we stopped at a local ice cream parlor and ate some ice cream. I took them to the park. I for the first time felt like a father. I had never felt this way with my boys. On the ride home we talked more about the current living situations and I learned that Ralph is very concerned about his mother, because he always sees her crying when I am at work. I know that he was only trying to help her, but he gave me a reason to beat her that night. I then had to tell them something very important and made them promise to do what I said. They promised only after they heard what it was. Funny!

"Now I have a very important job for the both of you. If and only if you do this job will you receive payment!" They sat up in their seats. Eric looked at his brother and emulated his excited action. "I need the both of you to take care of your mother and Amanda when I am not home. You have to make sure that they do not cry or try to plan a way for you guys to get out of the house when I am not there. You have to tell me everything that they do, so Ralph you will need to right things down and tell me about it when I asked. But the most important part is that you have to do all of this in secret. You can not let them know. You are like undercover agents and this is your most important assignment." They nodded their heads that they understood. I answered the questions that they had and I was so pleased with them.

We pulled back into the driveway. "You mission begins tomorrow."

"Ok we are ready."

Going back in the house always took a little extra time because of the extra locks that I had put on the door. I just needed to be assured that no one was going to be able to go in or out while I was not there. Monday night I think that is when I roughed Heather up for crying in front of the kids. She learned her lesson and she got some extra lashes just, because I thought that my new belt should have

the worn in look. She did not yell at first so I kept hitting her until she did. She finally did, so I left her alone and went into the guest room to visit with Amanda.

She was reading a children's book. I offered to get her a more adult book, but she declined. I sat there and she read to me. This was a great way to end the day. I went into the boys room and they were asleep. Going back into my room I picked Heather up out of the bed and dragged her down the hall to the guest room and told her she was to sleep in there. I locked her in and I led Amanda to my room. We had a pleasant night and I had no frightening dreams only wet ones. Ha Ha...

Tuesday I went to work and had a busy day stopping criminals. The most interesting case of the day was at a high school. There was a fake gang established there and they actually were successful in bringing guns to school. They only shot a teacher then they tried to run out of the front door. How stupid does that sound. They did not get far. We caught them and the school is going to be closed for a week as we conduct an investigation. Going to the Diner is not as fun anymore, because I have Amanda waiting at home for me. It is still great fun, but that excitement is gone. We still go almost everyday and Tuesday was no exception.

Back at home that evening I tried out a new prison contraption in the basement. I forgot to open the door for Heather before I went to work so she was in there all day. Sorry! Ha! I then let her out and she was able to do what she wanted before I took her down there. She followed me and she thought that she was just going to be cuffed. Little did she know that I had a dog cage waiting for her. I just told her that I wanted her to try this out and tell me how it feels to spend the night down here in a cage. Amanda took her food and then I told her to leave. Amanda and I slept together again and we left Heather alone to keep her own self company in the basement.

Today I remembered that she was down there and I unlocked the cage door and let her out.

“That was terrible. It was cramped and I could not even sleep. Next time why don't you drug me to help take me out of my misery.” She had a point. I should do that next time, but that takes the fun out of everything. Every morning I have to get the key out of my safe. That I feel is the best place for it

when I am asleep.

Now it is Wednesday night. Heather is in our bed. Amanda is in the guest room. I think I am going to be really nice to Heather tomorrow to throw her off, so that she will never know what to expect. It is so fun torturing her! Only two more days of work and then the weekend. Which should be fun. I have not asked my boys for a report yet, so I may do that tomorrow to see what they gather. I also need to decide how much they should get paid for their scoop. They do not seem to worry about their mother as much anymore. I reassured them that I loved her and was doing it because of love. I also made sure that they keep our family secret a SECRET... So far no teachers have been calling me concerned. They do not seem depressed like some of the kids I met in similar situations. My boys are so great.

Thursday what will you bring me?

Chapter 15

June 13, 2008

HAPPY FRIDAY THE 13th !!!!!!!!!!!!!

There has been no weird things that have went on in my life today. I am excited to be at home. I know that it is the weekend and I have a lot planned. Tomorrow is Ralph's birthday! He is going to be 10 years old! That is so wonderful. We are going to go bowling and then we are going to have a little cake and ice cream. He is actually inviting some friends to come bowling with us so that should be fun for him. Plus, this will be the perfect time for me to analyze his character in relation to others. He better be tough, if not he will become tough once I have a talk with him. So that is my plans for tomorrow. I am still trying to figure out if I want Amanda to go or should she stay home.

Ralph has already told me what he wants for his birthday. He approached me with the idea when I summoned Him and his brother to my room to give me the report that they were to be generating over the past week. He said it in an innocent way. I was actually taken aback by all of his matureness. A lot older than a person that was about to be 10 years old. This was yesterday evening. He looked at me in the eyes and said, "the only present that I want for my birthday is for you to stop abusing my mother and my friend Amanda." I was at a lost for words. What did he know about this. I told him somethings, but I did not know that he was this informed to ask for something like this for his birthday. I looked at him in the eyes and I paused before I gave my response. Eric was now looking at me and waiting for me to say something.

"For how long, because I do not know how long I will be able to go without doing something."

"How long do you think you will be able to last?"

"I am not sure you give me a time frame and I will tell you."

"How about a month?"

"Wow. That is a long time."

"Whenever you are negotiating you always start big."

“Well, How about ten days? You are going to be ten so how about ten days starting tomorrow?”

“That will work... for now!” He was very bold and I liked that a lot. He was becoming more and more like me and I did not even have to do anything to make him become that way. He was being shaped on his own. Actions do speak louder than words. Ha Ha.

What they came into my room for was to give me the report on how life was when I was not home. I let Eric go first since his brother was older I would probably be able to get all of the details out of him. Eric was so funny. He was such a breath of fresh air after having that negotiating scene with his older brother. He sat on the bed next me. He leaned in and made me bring my head down to his level. He was so funny. He then whispered all of his information. I of course was sure to whisper all of my words back to him. He kept looking at his brother to make sure that his brother did not have anything to add.

In a seven year old whisper, “they sat in front of the tv and talked most of the time. I sat on the steps and listened. They just talked about the people on the stories. They said they found some guy on tv to be cute. Then they cooked dinner. I got bored so I went back to room. I watched tv and then I went back down stairs and they were doing the same thing.” I had to encourage him to give me more, but he did not have to much more to say.

“Well, Mom and Amanda spend a lot of time talking and cleaning the house while you are at work. They always clean a different part of the house each day. That is why are house is so clean. Then they do take breaks and watch tv every once in a while. They play games with us when we ask. They make sure that we are fed. We practice are spelling and math sometimes. That is fun. Then they sometimes paint with us. It really is nothing to report other than that.” He looked up at me and smiled and held out his hand so that I could pay him and his brother. He made sure that Eric got some money and that he too got something.

“Do not tell anyone that I paid you. Remember this all is our little secret right?”

“Right!” They answered together.

“OK lets get out of this room. You guys should be doing whatever kids do over summer break at this time. In doors of course.”

Ralph stopped me as we were leaving my bedroom. “Remember ten days.”

“Right, ten days... deal.”

That was on Thursday today is Friday so I only had one day to get all of my crude ways against the woman out of my system, because for the next ten days I had to be celibate in all of my violent actions. This should be fun. I have to go all the way until next Monday/Tuesday. This is going to be like rehab. Maybe I will change from the experience. Or maybe it will just make the urge that more great and I will be even more fired up than before. This is going to be like an experiment. I am curious about the outcome??

Now today at work I had a substitute partner, because Patrick called in sick. He had to be sick because that is the only time that he misses work. My partner was Elliot. He is a senior on the force and I have known him for so long. We actually were partners sometime ago for some reason or another. It was nice to have a substitute partner for the day. It showed me how much I had grew accustomed to being partners with Patrick. We are best friends and Elliot and I are just friends.

There was not to much for us to do. He did not even want to go to the Diner for lunch. Instead he said that he wanted to take me to a Vegan restaurant. The food was not that bad, but it just was not my style for lunch. I wanted to go to the Diner like we always do. So I was put in a foul mood. I kept it together though. He then kept critiquing everything that I was doing. I know that he has been working here longer than I have, but this is my normal routine how is going to come along for the day and decide to be in charge. So, I guess my day at work was not that pleasant. I was so happy to punch out and come home.

Now the deal that I have with Ralph does not start until tomorrow so I had a lot of work to do. As

soon as I got home I held a sort of conference in my room with the two ladies of the house. I got in on with Amanda. I know that she did not want to do it, but if I was going to have to go for ten days without her pussy I had to make today worth my while. I was sure to help blow off more steam as soon as I got home by beating the living daylight out of Heather. I was just so tense from my day at work.

I took Heather into the basement and I took out the black leather belt that I always use. She knew what was coming. She stood on the X that I had made on the ground. She was stripped down into nothing. I had mixed emotions. Should I beat her?? I had Amanda so I decided I was going to hit her until I felt all of the pressures of the day evaporating out of my pores. It took about five minutes for me to feel relieved even then I was not satisfied so I had her go into the bathroom and I filled the bath tub up with cold water and I held her head underneath it for about a minute at a time. I had to get all of these extreme ways out of me until my ten days of rehab began.

I let her dress and the entire time I was putting her self esteem under my foot and smashing it. I chose all of my words wisely to be sure that they had a ten day lasting effect. "Until next time Bitch!" I told her as we walked up stairs. I waited until she had composed herself back together so that the boys would not see her in that state. She walked up the stairs holding on tightly to the rail. I moved behind her. I was patient. I felt so fresh and I think that beating may just be good enough that it will last for ten days...TEN DAYS!!!!

Amanda and I had a lot of fun. In between each of our rounds of x-rated love making I was sure to do some type of cruel thing to Heather. During the whole time that we were doing what we were doing I had Heather sit in a dog cage. When I was ready for her to come out I would unlock the door and she would come over to me. The television was not on and every time that it grew quiet in my room I could here Ralph and Eric in the next room talking. I stopped for a moment and listened. They sounded so innocent. Little did they know of what was going on in here. I was having fun and it sounded like they were too. The men were happy so that meant that everyone was happy.

I had Amanda solid on that bed. She was still and stiff as board each time. I just came to the

resolution that I was not going to be able to do anything about that. She was picking up weight so her thighs were a lot thicker. Perfect! She still had that long beautiful face. I made sure that I took great care of that. Maybe I should take her bowling tomorrow and leave Heather at home?? There are so many choices.

The night has been great. I am exhausted. I barely made it down here to write. Those ladies sure know how to wipe a man out. They should both be in in the guest room. I want to have the room to myself so I told them they can sleep in there or downstairs... tonight I do not give a fuck. I just want to be left alone! WoW I am genuinely tired and tomorrow is going to be long fun day. Time to get some sleep.

Chapter 16

June 14, 2008

HAPPY BIRTHDAY RALPH GREEN! HAPPY TENTH BIRTHDAY RALPH GREEN!

Today is Ralph's birthday. He seemed to enjoy himself. I am glad that he has had a wonderful birthday. The day was all about him. I tried my best to keep the focus on him for his birthday and not draw to much attention to Heather or Amanda. That was a challenge. All day until now we were celebrating his tenth year on this earth. I remember my tenth birthday. I had this big party at a fun center in my neighborhood. All of my classmates came. Then I had a sleepover with my best friends. Ralph of course is not allowed to invite anyone to our house, but he will get over it. The day was packed with all things Ralph.

It was not shocked that Ralph was going to wake up early so that we all could begin to celebrate his birthday right a way. So I set my clock and made Amanda and Heather get up before he did and start to fix a champion style breakfast. I went grocery shopping in the middle of the night. It was weird going shopping, but I could not let Amanda or Heather out, especially after what I had done to them only hours before. I took a nap and woke up and bought all of the food we would need for this morning. It was great being one of the few people inside of the store at that time. I was able to shop in peace and buy what I want and not wait in a line when I was ready to check out.

So the boys awoke a couple hours after I woke the women. They went down stairs, because they could smell the food cooking. I was not able to get back to sleep. I just kept playing the conversation I had with Ralph the other day. I was shocked that I had agreed to ten days of sobriety. That was going to be the challenge. Today marks day one. It was successful, with a few glitches here and there.

I went to the bathroom and showered. I put back on my night clothes and I went downstairs to greet the birthday boy and his brother. “Happy Birthday Ralph!” I gave a gentle typical kiss to Heather and I hugged Amanda. They both shot each other these weird looks. They thought that something was wrong with me. Why was I hugging and kissing them so gently. I did not say anything. I ignored the

awkwardness that I got from them and went over to Ralph and Eric and asked them about their nights. Eric and Ralph both gave me the thumbs up in response to my niceness to their mother and Amanda. I smiled on the outside to this and returned the thumbs up.

We all sat around the table and ate our breakfast. It was delicious. It felt like we were at a restaurant. Partially, because I had Amanda act like a waitress and bring us our food. So that was fun. I am happy Mr. Ralph did not have anything against this. I was trying my best to be nice, but I just had to do something. Ralph rarely left me alone with his mother or Amanda I guess he was making sure that I kept to my word.

After breakfast everyone got dressed. I was already showered and so were the woman. I made Ralph and Eric get dressed. The women and I were sitting on the couch in the living room as we waited for the boys to get ready. Sitting in the same room with them was boring. I knew that I could have done something to them and Ralph would never find out, but I am a man of my word. So I tried with all of might to be civilized. I did not say anything to them at first. They were sitting on the left corner of the couch nearly on top of each other. I was on the right leaning against the side. I turned and looked at them several times before I said, "it is ok you do not have to sit like I am going to hurt you, because I am not. So sit like you like me not like you fear me."

They obeyed what I said. I do not think that this goes against the deal. I told them in a calm voice and if they chose to listen that is their prerogative. I moved closer to them. Amanda was sitting in the middle so I stood and sat in between them. I just wanted to know what it felt like to sit with the both of them when none of our adrenaline was pumping out of anger. Maybe fear for them, but I was neutral. They moved slightly to each side of me when I sat and when I stood to sit between them they kept their eyes on me the whole time. This may be actually fun to instill fear in them without actually doing anything. This can probably be just as bad for them as me hitting them; psychologically.

I think I just found my loop hole for the next ten days. Make them even more afraid of me so that they will not try anything. I do not know how I am going to keep doing this for ten days so that could

be the fun part to help make things more creative. It seemed like the boys were up there for an eternity. Finally they came down the steps and we all rose and turned to look at them. They both had on their favorite picture t-shirts and jeans. With a new pair of tennis shoes. They joined us in watching television for the last five minutes of the show.

For the first time since Amanda had arrived we were all going to be going out into public together. I made Eric, Amanda and Heather sit in the back seat. Then Ralph complained about it felt weird sitting in the front seat while his mother sat in the back so they switched places unfortunately. I pulled out of the garage and both Heather and Amanda faces lit up. This was their first time outside for awhile. They were acting like they were virgins to the outside world. I did not say nothing, but laugh to myself. Was I really making them like this. Wow, I am powerful.

The entire ride they both had there hands out of the window and were feeling the breeze go through their fingers. Then whenever we got out of the car they would both walk very slow so that they would not have to go inside. This was a highlight of my day. Seeing to grown women act like children. They should be ashamed. I am not going to say anything to them about it, because that may result in an argument thus leading me to punch their faces in. I also decided as we were driving from the house; that after my ten day are up I am going to start beating Amanda. Not in the face, because it is so beautiful, but on her body. I want to leave my mark on her like everyone else has already done. Leaving my mark on her is something that I am ready to do. She has been with me for long enough and I still have been to kind. So I think that will all be changing.

Our first stop was the toy store. Having kids that are so close in age that when one gets something the other usually wants something also. So I had to buy Eric a toy, but Ralph still got more. I think he got action figures and some other electronic somethings. Eric got a new action figure that he opened in the car and carried it around everywhere we went that day. Walking through the toy store was a challenge. Heather and Amanda could try something. They could either get someone to notice them and warn them that all is not right. They could try to run and cause a scene. I did not know what they

were capable of doing, so I had to watch them very carefully.

Each time we were near to some other person I would instantly strike conversation with them so that they would not have the chance to signal anyone. It worked, because they did not have any choice but to look at me. Going to the bathroom was a different story. They were not allowed to go the bathroom if the bathroom was for more than one person. So that meant that we stopped at a gas station a couple of times. They did not try anything so I did not have to try anything.

After we left the toy store we went to the grocery store. We had to pick up the cake for the party. We all went inside and I made sure that Heather and Amanda did not try anything while we were inside. I had to have on my cop detection of any suspicious behavior from them and they passed the test again. I was happy, but that did not mean that I was going to put my guard down. After we got the cake and supplies for the party we headed to the bowling alley. We walked inside and walked to the reserved area that I had paid for. Now this was going to be the hard part.

Keeping Heather and Amanda under control for this party when there were going to be other moms there. I had my work cut out for me. I was nervous about this part of the day. Part of me was excited to bowl and have fun, but I was scared that they may try to do something that could ruin me in that moment. This was hard. I did let them bowl. The adults who decided to stay had two lanes and all of the children had two lanes next to us. It was fun. Amanda and Heather were allowed to socialize. If they were not allowed this would be strange. They were allowed to bowl and have fun.

I not once caught them talking weird to anyone. In the toy store I told them the rules for the bowling alley. They had to always stay next to each other. Heather was to explain who Amanda was. Amanda, as we told all of the people who asked, was our new nanny/house keeper. Everyone bought it, because we used to have one when the boys were first born. So that worked out well. Amanda was not to talk about her past. Each time someone tried to asked questions, they had to change the subject. I was to never be out of hearing distance. Patrick was suppose to come and he could of helped, but he was still sick. I talked to Patrick this morning and he said that he is beginning to feel better and that he

would be at work on Monday for sure. Yes!

Looking at Ralph and Eric interact with their friends was pleasing. He did not invite any girls to his party, but after what happened tonight that should change. At the bowling alley he was like the leader of his friends. I do not know how I was able to realize this. He was the one that all of his friends went to make sure that what they were doing was acceptable. This was amusing to watch. I could not admire for to long, because I had to make sure that those two woman were acting right. I gave Heather the permission to act like a loving Mom to her sons while we were in public.

So this meant that we had to act like we are a happy married couple. That was a treat to act like I still loved her like I used to. We held hands occasionally. Amanda had to follow us where ever we went. This was very unpleasant. We bowled and we laughed. We ate cake and pizza. I bowled a 220. I think the boys had a fun time. They seemed to enjoy their friends company and the whole day was a success. No one was warned about how I ran my household. I know that I do sometimes arrest men for running their households similar to mine.

This is the part of the job that I do not like or shall I say the part of the law that I do not agree with. As men we have the right to run our houses the way that we please and if that means that we beat our women on occasion or even often that is fine. If she does not complain that means that she is ok with it. When someone else complains for her they need to mind their own damn business. As long as he doesn't kill her then he should be free to do that. Now I do believe that this should only happen in the house behind close doors on your property on the indoors.

When a man brings this lifestyle to the streets then there is a problem and that is why I have the job that I have. I usually just tell them take that home and let them off with a warning, but if I am being watched I follow proper protocol. He does get let go quicker if it is my case. I have met some really good people that I brought into jail for that reason. They thanked me and promised that they will for now on keep that at home. I am fine with that. If he pays the bills he should be able to do what he wants to who he wants under his roof.

At home we all were a little tired and were not hungry so we decided to watch movies. This was like a real family night. It was something different that I can probably only deal with for one day. Never again. Today was special for Ralph's birthday. He enjoyed having a small party because that meant that he was going to get more presents from friends and money. None of his family came, because they all live out of town but they called and sent presents in the mail. At least the family members on my side... Heather's family most likely does not know that he even exist.

After we had our movie night I had a surprise for Ralph. This makes me proud to write about this. This was the true highlight of my day. It may have been day one of ten of my sobriety, but this makes up for it. I told Ralph to go to my room and wait for me there. Everyone else had orders to stay downstairs. I went up to the room and I closed the door. Ralph was sitting on my bed and he looked at me, but he kept his attention on Amanda. Yes! She must have known what was coming. I whispered in Amanda's ear telling her what I wanted her to do. She did not move. This is the first time that I have ever saw her reject something that I told her to do. I could not hit her, because Ralph was sitting watching, but I wanted to.

I whispered in her ear again only this time it was a threat. She moved away from me at a snails pace and did as I told her. I looked at Ralph and he was starting to cry. "Why are you crying." I looked at him in the face and made him dry his face. I looked over at Amanda and she was naked. Great. I told her to sit next to Ralph. She closed her eyes once she sat down. I went into my drawer and pulled out my belt that I always use. This was just in case someone did not want to cooperate with me.

Ralph now had his eyes closed and his hand was covering them. "Dad I do not want this as a gift. I do not want to see Amanda naked." He whispered the word naked.

"I do not care. It is time for you to grow up and learn what it is that I enjoy so much about a woman." He was silent and he did not move. I looked at him and told him to open his eyes. He refused. I did not want to beat him on his birthday so I took his hand and put it against her breast. He was shaking the entire time. Amanda was even more prude than usual. I then moved his hand around

her body and I named each part of the body that I was touching. I spent extra time on those special parts of the body that she had and he and I lacked.

I had to keep moving Amanda's hand. She kept trying to block herself from being touched by my son. Each time that I let go of Ralph's hand he would quickly coil it back into his lap. Not once did he open his eyes and look at her. He was trembling. He stopped crying, but he was still trembling. The best part of the experience was when I made Ralph take two fingers and put them inside... "That is the end of our lesson Amanda you can put on some clothes. Ralph do you have any questions?"

"Can I leave?"

"Yes, sure... Was that fun?"

He shook his head and kept walking past me. I felt disrespected, but I let him go. I heard him go to the bathroom and the shower come on right away. "You were great Amanda." She was crying. She walked out of the room and went to her room. She too turned the shower on right away. They both must not have enjoyed that moment as much as I did. It was a coming of age story that I can not wait to tell all of my friends about.

That was some birthday that Ralph had. He became a man today... Kind of... I guess...

The day was fun and no one got hurt. Sleeping by myself for the next several days is going to be interesting. Heather and Amanda both will probably be pleased, but I am going to be like a teenage boy with raging hormones to the tenth power. This is just day one now nine more to go!! Well let the challenge continue...

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 17

June 15, 2008

This was a restless Sunday. There was not much to do. I went for my morning run and everything. I did not have the chance to fuck or beat anyone because this is day two of my rehab. This is horrific. I woke up early, because I found it weird to be sleeping alone. I am used to having someone there after so many years. Heather and I have not been a part ever. I do not think.

Today was a lazy day for all of us. I did not wake Heather or Amanda, but I assume that Amanda told Heather what had happened in the room with Ralph, because they slyly shot me dirty looks. Ralph stayed in his room for the greater part of the day. He only came out to eat and use the restroom. He ignored me for the most of the day. I just did not have the energy to beat him for being rude so I did nothing. I just let him be in a slump and hope he gets over it. Eric was my only friend today. We watched cartoons. He still rises early so when I came back from my run he was eating cereal and watching television.

All morning that is what we watched. I think I fell asleep at some point, because the next thing I knew everyone was up and moving about the house. I did not have anything to say to any of these people in this house, because today no one liked me except for Eric. I treated myself to a glass of whiskey and that was not even that was fun, because alcohol only makes me tired. So I took another nap. I ate dinner. It was a tv dinner. How special of a Sunday dinner. Since I was not telling people what to do they felt like they could do whatever they wanted to.

My hand did raise over the head of Heather once and Ralph was there and he yelled, “TEN!” Dropping my hand I went to my room to wash my face. I looked in the mirror and saw that I was starting to gray very badly lately. That is very unusual. I did not realized that yesterday. Again today had to be the most awful Sunday of my life. Nothing exciting happened. Boredom. I really need to get a hobby until my favorite hobby is once again allowed.

Being so bored I went for a night run and saw a lot of weird things. Well I guess it was not that

weird. There were a lot of young couples walking hand and hand through the park. Everyone seemed to be coupled off. This was making me very sick. Just the sight of this. I wonder what their home lives are like. Are they like me or are they like the happy families that I sometimes see on television.

Today is Fathers Day! Usually I get gifts, but I guess it is my fought that I did not get anything besides well wishes. That is about all anyone said to me. I wish I would have thought about this when we were at the store, because I surely would have let them get me something. To bad. That just makes this day even worse. No gifts, no one is happy with me. I did get some calls from people that I have not heard from in a while. That was great. I guess I should not feel bad, because I did not even acknowledge Mother's Day last month. At least I did get some well wishes.

Going back home was not great. I made everyone go to their rooms early that night. I locked Heather and Amanda into the guest room and said good night to the boys who usually stay up late. In my room I had sat there in silence. What was becoming of me. Was the wild sexual drive and violent rages all I was made of now. I did not want this to be my entire make. I got in be and tried to go to sleep. I could not. I was there for a a couple of hours before I decided to go get some water and write this journal entry. I hope clearing my mind will help me be able to sleep a little better. Work is looking so great right now. Leaving the house and getting away from these people is exactly what the doctored has ordered!

Chapter 18

June 16, 2008

Going back to work after having the day that I had yesterday was so wonderful. I am happy that I am the one person in that house that is allowed to come and go as I please. As promised Patrick was back. Thankfully he came back, because I really needed someone to talk with. If I was not going to visit a therapist this was the next best thing. This whole routine of locking and unlocking the doors every morning is getting tiring. Only at the end of these ten days, today being the third, will I be able to have them sleep in my room. I will be able to be rude and mean to them again. That is going to be so refreshing. Having that lifestyle back. Until then I will just have to bottle all of this tension on the inside and on the eleventh day let it all out.

When I went to work I tried to talk to others, but I could not bring myself to talk to any of them. I just wanted to see Patrick, get in the car, and start our shift. Finally Patrick got to work or was I just early. This was great. I went over to him and whispered in his ear that I had so much to tell him. At that moment I felt like such a little gossiping bitch. "I have so much to tell you." That should never come out of my mouth again. Wow this must be making me go soft. This is very embarrassing to admit. I guess not having the chance to relinquish some stress is causing me to go insane.

Work today went very well. Patrick and I were able to talk and I actually felt a lot better after telling him some things. Also, he shared a lot with me. That part, him sharing, was very unexpected. It was great that he could finally be honest with someone. That was the best part of the day. Lunch. Instead of going into the Diner we ate in the car and were able to 'talk'. I started off the conversation and he chimed in, then he took over and shared what he had to tell me. He was afraid at first, but he finally just came out and said it. What he told makes me proud.

As we sat in the parking lot I could see that everyone who passed the car on the way into the Diner looked at us. Some people were cautious about going in, because they must have thought that something had gone wrong and may not be safe for them to enter. That was funny watching all of these

city citizens walk by our car and be turned in to weird folks. That was funny.

So, I started off telling Patrick about Friday at work and how he left me with Elliot. He just kept laughing through all of the stories I was telling him. He was surprised that we did not get along. He was the one that requested Elliot to take his place, because he knew that we had a history. My first reaction was to be angry, but I sucked it back up and realized that he had my best interest in mind. Plus, I do not think that I could had survived with anyone else. (Not beating my wife is even making me write like a punk!! This is so uncool! I may have to pay Ralph off!!).

He had tons of questions about my day on Friday. He wanted to be filled in on all of the cases. I even got a chance to finally ask him about his day sitting at home sick. He said that he was throwing up all night. He thought that it was something that he ate, but he is not sure. He started to feel fine yesterday afternoon after he had a lot of sleep. He said that his wife took good care of him. He also thinks that she may the reason that he was sick. She is not the greatest cook, so some of her chicken she made may not had been cooked well. This is when he broke the news to me.

"I beat my wife this past week." I looked at him with a stunned look. This was so far out of what I ever expected him to say. He put his head in his hands. He was terribly mortified. He was obviously ashamed by what he did. This was the most interesting information that I ever heard him say. He is usually the one that is trying to help all of the women in the domestic violent cases. That is the one subject that we always had our differences.

I believe that someone should be able to run their houses the way they pleased, but he believes that no one should ever hit a woman. So hearing that he did this last Wednesday was unbelievable.

He detailed how the whole experience happened. I was silent and I was in tune to every word that he had to say. My partner is becoming more and more like me. He began his story...

"We were sitting in the family room. You know the room where we danced that one night." He paused and looked at me. "All was going well like usual. Then she said that she was having a hard time having sex with me." I looked at him. This sounded so familiar. I was happy to hear that I was

not the only one. “She said that I do not spend enough time with her and that I only really want to spend time with her when I want to have sex.” He stopped to gather his thoughts so that he could choose his words wisely. “I stood up and confronted her about what she was saying to me. I looked her in the face and waited for her to explain herself.”

Patrick now had his fist clutched tight together and he was staring out of the window and was not looking toward me. He was really embarrassed. This made me become more involved in his story. He was very dramatic. This was a side of him that I had never met. The good thing about this was that I felt more comfortable sharing my own stories with him. We had more in common than I thought.

“She stood up and got in my face. I told her to back off but she did not. She kept asking me why was it that I only wanted to have sex with her and that was it. She just kept pushing the topic. I, trying to be the gentlemen walked away from her. Then she grabbed my arm and that is when I lost it. She grabbed my arm Arnold. Why did she have to put her hands on me Arnold? She knew that I was in a fowl mood. I stopped and turned and looked at her. I looked at her hand on my arm and I looked at her face. I kept going back and forth between the two.” He stopped and then and looked at me. He saw that I was still listening. “Then with my free left hand I drew it back and slapped her across her right cheek. She instantly let go of my arm and fell to the ground.”

I turned and looked out of the window and I smiled so that he could not see. This brought a much needed joy to me. This was so wonderful to hear that he is no longer a virgin in that sense. He told me that was all he did and immediately afterwards he helped her up and kept apologizing and putting the blame on her. He blamed it all on her. That is King! He might just have what it takes to be a true champion. He was still crushed over the situation, but I was there to encourage him that it was ok and the best way for me to do that was to share my own experiences.

What was the best story that I could tell? I decided to tell him a bit about my new living arrangements. He was part of the reason why it was like that, but he and I have not spoken about it since it started. He was silent when he finished his story, so I knew that I had to say something if I

wanted to break all of this wordlessness. So I tried to lighten the mood. “Ralph had a great time on Saturday!” This made him at least look at me again and give me a smile. “We did a lot for his birthday, but Amanda gave him, in my opinion the best gift.” This is how I led into the conversation about Amanda. I know I usually do not beat around the bush, but I did not want to just come out and say Amanda is still living with me like a slave... kind of...

This is what led me to share all about my knew life. It felt great to share all of this with someone (no offense journal. Ha Ha). He gave me his undivided attention and he did not judge me which was great. He began to lighten up again. His energy again became positive. I helped him realized that he had a right to hit his wife like I had the right to hit mine. If she tries to hit you back then you hit her harder. I was finally able to talk to someone else besides the people who live in my house. He took in all of my words and then he shared that he had hit a girlfriend in the past so this was not his first experience. One part of my story did strike a cord with him.

I told him about the gift that Amanda gave Ralph or rather the gift I made Amanda give Ralph. He did frown, but he did not judge me and he kept his comments to himself. I was not ready for anyones opinion. He kept all of his thoughts internal. Now I wish I would have asked what he was thinking. Wow I really do wonder.

Well, I said what I said to him and I do feel better about myself and what I do. I feel a lot more free to do what I want knowing that I have a confidant in this world. I can not depend on my wife. I have my good friend Patrick. Thankfully! I am going to need him for these ten days and I told him that, so he agreed to make sure I keep to my word for the sake of Ralph.

At home it was just like yesterday. Everyone kept to themselves. I stayed in the family room for the most part and watched television. I did not have much to say to anyone. I will probably be checking with Ralph and Eric for another report tomorrow. Ralph I guess has forgiven me for what I made him do on his birthday. I knew that he would get over it. He has not reminded me about the ten day promise, but I always catch him staring at me when I interact with his mother or Amanda. It is a

slightly disturbing. That is something I am going to have to get over. Sitting in my room alone makes me feel like I am single.

This room is large and meant for two (or three) souls. When Heather slept in here I rarely had nightmares, but last night I did have one. I was stranded at a bus stop and then when the bus stopped finally opened the door it was Heather and she trapped me on the bus with her and her clones. This needs to stop! My life is becoming boring and scattered again!

Chapter 19

June 17, 2008

'Darkness days of a night time soul.' I read this on something today. Usually I forget little things like this, but I can not seem to shake this one line. It was longer and made of more line, a poem I guess, but this is the only part that I remember. I saw it in the newspaper this morning. The poem was about overcoming something, but this one line is the only part that I can remember.

Not knowing what the author of the poem meant by this I tried all morning to figure out what this part of the poem means to me and why in the hell it is stuck in my mind. Well, 'Darkness days' go together. That may mean days that are sad or painful. Like my life is now on day four of ten. Then we have 'night time soul.' that again relates to something being dark, which makes me think that this person may have had been depressed at one time. Like me not being able to be myself at home. Constantly feeling constrained and not being able to express myself through the art of physical/sexual/verbal abuse. I really should write my own poem.

Again at work Patrick and I were able to talk. We did not go into Diner 1, maybe tomorrow. During Lunch we just sat in our car and ate. We talked a little bit, but only about current events. I guess the talk that we had yesterday had really took something out of us. Crime in the city has been at an all time low. Usually I would appreciate the break and the fact that we are doing our job well, but I really need more activities to occupy my mind. It is not enough to just bust a punk in the afternoon and that is it. Then I have to come home and be celibate. This is just cruel unusual punishment against myself. It just is not right and I can not take much more. When day nine approaches I think that I will again begin to experience happiness. Until then I just want to eat and sleep while I am at home. I do not want to go out, I do not want to talk with my family, I just want to be by myself.

Today I ate dinner in my room and spent the rest of the time inside going over different reports. I looked over a report that is due in a few days. Checking this same report about five times made me tired, but I could not go to sleep before 8pm. Picking up some extra shifts is sounding great right about

now. They are beginning to get happier, I can tell. Not talking to them and putting any type of hand on them is making them feel more confident in themselves I guess. Curse them both. Thought about it, but decided not to. I will just ask the boys about their special duty reports tomorrow.

Tired, but can not sleep. Lonely, but do not want to interact. Wants, but can not have. Restless, but can not move. Trapped in the body of a nice man! Yuck! Writing is not even appealing like it usually is because there is nothing interesting to translate.

Chapter 20

June 18, 2008

It is now day five of my ten day sentence in prison. To be denied my right as a man to wildly hit my wife and brutally fornicate with my girlfriend is just not right. The time that I have spent in solitary confinement is taking its toll on me. I think I am becoming depressed. I can not relate to my wife anymore. That is always what we had in common. I felt the closest to her when I put my hands on her and could hear her scream. Then I made such a deep connection with Amanda, every time I sexed her I felt like we were one. Now I am sitting in my bedroom and they are down the hall locked away for the night. Survival is the challenge.

Going to work has been awkward. I have tried to put this left over energy I have from my dry home life and put it into my job, but I am just not seeing the results. I am trying to devote more time to the craft of law enforcement, but each time I see a woman that looks like my wife I want to inflict pain upon her innocent body. Keeping my composure at work has been a job in itself. Crying is not an option for me. Sometimes I do want to cry, but I know that I am not allowed. Being raised not to cry makes it hard for me to cry now.

Not crying because I can not connect with my wife through the pain that she feels. Not crying because I can not have sex with my girlfriend, even though she does not always want me on top of her. Not crying because I am stressed at work and my sons probably do not love me as much as they should. Not crying because I do not have control over my life and feeling like I am stuck in limbo. Not crying because to kill myself would be to easy. Not crying to remain masculine and secure in myself. Not crying because my father never let me.

Looking in the mirror this morning and realizing that I look nothing like my father was not pleasant. My parents were married until my father died of cancer while I was still an undergraduate in college. Dealing with that lost was tough. I never cried. I did not cry at his funeral. I did not cry in my bed when I was alone. Instead, I locked all of that pain inside and began to take better control of my life

and the woman who was dearest to me, Heather. To know how to properly deal with my emotions is not what a person like me is taught. A person like me, a controller, is taught to deal with their emotions in any other ways besides crying. We deal with our emotions through what we are good at; controlling.

Some of us abuse the bottle, while I abuse the women. We deal with our pain through letting it out in ways that we think are masculine and will show our strength and hide our pain. We abuse to cover up and mask what we are trying to hide. Some of us are not happy with our lives, I abuse to force my power over others. Finally, gaining that control when my father died was to much and I guess not knowing how to deal with my emotions made me turn. I turned into a monster. I try to distance myself from my victims, but that does not work. It makes the urge to release the pain, the hurt, an the stress out of me the best way that I know how. I do not abuse alcohol. I do not abuse drugs. Abusing women is my vice.

My vice is the only way that I know how to deal with the pressures in life. To deal with the constant pressure to be that man that is strong. Instead of being strong and fighting the urge I am weak and I give in to the urge of abuse. It makes me happy. I am the most comfortable when I get to display my power over someone who is weaker than myself. They deserve what they get. They are mine. I own them. I was taught to take ownership of what was mine. Heather you are mine. I own you. Amanda you are mine, I own you. So is what I am doing to these two women abuse? To call myself an abuser; is that an accurate statement? To be an abuser does that mean that I beat for no reason and often? I do beat or abuse often, but I have my reasons.

I am a man that has property. How I decide to treat my property is my prerogative. I am just confused about who I am. What my motives are. Life is confusing and I never was able to comprehend how it works. Being in my 30s with a wife, a girlfriend, and two sons does not make things easier. I am lost. I am confused. I have hope, but will I ever discover that hope and be able to hold on to the positivity with in it.

Looking in the mirror made me think about my life. My mind raced with different thoughts. The only way I know how to control those thoughts are through journaling. Journals that are confusing to understand say to me that the person who has written them is confused. I just re-read what I wrote and I am confused. I am the author, but do I really make any sense. I am going to try again to see if I can gain any type of ground in understanding who I am and what are my motives in life...

Arnold Green. Having time to take a step back from my frowned upon ways has not been great for me mentally. It has been great for my conscience. My conscience has helped me realize some things. While my mentality of doing what I am doing is growing fast. Will my conscience be able to save me from losing my way even further. My mind is telling me what I am doing (controlling/abusing) is fine and perfectly normal.

To not abuse is not what I am used to doing. I have grown accustomed to getting what I want when I want it from my wife and Amanda. I do not have to ask I take and I force. I do not wait. I push and I pull and I punch. I am not gentle and kind I am rough and rude. When my mind gets the idea that it wants something from them it tells my body to get moving right away. This is the life that I know. Heather has always been there for me to control. I stole her away from her parents and mentally bought her. Claiming her as my property a long time ago. When you have ownership of something you have the right to treat it the way that you please. Beating and raping Heather is what I please to do to my property, so I do that.

This same mentality was transferred to my relationship with Amanda. She is a woman number one. I am stronger than she is. So taking ownership of someone who has lived the type of life that she has lived was easy. There was not the family in the way, only a slave hoarder. He was far to easy to get rid of and out of our way. I claim and own Amanda as mine, with this comes the choice of treating her the way that I please. I rape her, and the only reason it is considered rape is because she does not always feel in the mood. She and Heather both have to realize that they do not own me I own them. So when

the owner says do something or he wants something or he wants to do something you go along with it.

Once they understand this they will be able to live happier lives and still be spiritually close to me. I must admit that this bet of going ten days without being able to express my ownership not abuse over these woman has been tough. When you own something for so long or even a little while it is hard to let it go. It is even harder not to give it the type of attention that you are used to giving it. My mind and body is not used to being so solitary in life. They are yearning for that release of power of what is theirs. When these ten days are up they will be back to their upbeat, physically strong, not depressive selves.

Having a father and mother that both controlled your life for so long is hard to deal with a life without them in control. I was their property for so long that I grew to know that position, but once I was sold to independence my life changed. I think that it is every mans right to take control of the woman in his life. That is what he is suppose to do. When he has kids he controls and has ownership of them. This is how society is or should be. Growing up my parents dictated everything I did and my father dictated everything that my mother did. I never saw him hit her, but I knew that he owned her and was renting me. So once his lease was up with me it was my responsibility to go out and buy a house and take ownership of that woman living inside of it with me. Heather & Amanda are those women.

A conscience is there to help you decide when something is wrong. I used to get these gut wrenching feelings before I struck Heather. In my stomach I would feel knots, this is not right. Then after awhile they went away. Now they are coming back. Each time I think about what I want to do I get dizzy. I contract pains in the pit of my stomach. Is that my conscience telling me that it is alright to be calm and collected. I love my wife and Amanda, that is why I own them. My love of owning them keeps anyone else from doing what I like to do with them. This keeps them safe from the others in the world. My conscience is proud that I am keeping them safe from harm in the outside world. I am not going to kill them. They may be left with physical and mental scars.

Arnold Green only takes ownership of humans that he loves. When I love a woman that much I show my love in a lot of ways. Ways that are frowned upon by some, and in ways that are smiled at. They are mine and I love them. Not being able to show my love to them in the way that I want is making me insanely depressed. This is the only way that I feel comfortable expressing my love and ownership for these women and without that I am lonely.

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 21

June 19, 2008

I will have to plead insanity for my livid rant yesterday. I was not in my right mind. The whiskey and vodka made me think out of my element. That is exactly why I do not drink often. I thought that maybe that could take the edge off of the way that I was feeling. I was just at an all time low emotionally and of course I did not cry. To think that today is six of ten days that I have to be sober is such a good thing. This day-to-day nightmare is almost over. It is almost over. I just have to stay strong for a little while longer and Ralph will have his stupid birthday wish. The one good thing that comes from this sobriety is that it gives me time to think about all that I want to do to them bitches once these chains are lifted.

Well I had to look at them on more than one occasion today. When I unlocked the door before work this morning I stood in the door way and stared at them as they sleep. My prey was sleeping unaware of the predator being so close to them. Their guard was down and all I had to do was attack and I was not going to be stopped. I could of quickly pulled off my pants and got a feel of Amanda. That would have been a great way to start off the day. I could feel the adrenaline in my blood begin to flow as I stood in that door way and I stared at them. I wanted them. I wanted to touch them. I wanted them to know that I loved them, but words were not going to be enough to show that I loved them. They need to feel me. On the outside and on the inside of them. They need me to beat and fuck them until they pass out. I want that for them.

All day I could not do anything, but think of my property in my house roaming around doing whatever they pleased. Did they know how badly I just wanted to come home and have my way with them. To show them who their owner is. To make them scream and shout for mercy to me. To know that I want them to never feel this way with anyone else. Like anyone else would be able to make both of them feel the way that I make them feel. That feeling of pure pleasure from the balled up fist hitting bare flesh, to the sound of a leather belt slapping across a naked back of a helpless woman who

sometimes refused to moan. To the pleasure and intensity of the sound of the fast paced, but longevity of sexual intercourse between a man and his girlfriend. To feel her stiff body that emulates how stiff you are in certain places of your own anatomy.

I usually drive the car but I was so distracted by the approaching day of freedom. I just wanted to create the perfect present for them. I had to get the boys preoccupied with something else. Maybe I would lock them in the basement for awhile so they will not bother us. Or I would just threaten them not to bother us. Wanting to hear Amanda not make a sound, but feel the hard vibrations of her body screaming. To make the sweet sensation of my power and energy being transferred to the being that is so strong to have kids and yet seems not strong enough to take a few cuts and bruises.

This is how it will go... The boys are going to be some place where they will not be a burden for us. I will invite Heather in to the room and then I will invite Amanda. I will be in the room already and will be sitting in the bed, naked. Or should I undress in front of them. Yeah that is better I will be in bed fully dressed and I will ask them to have a seat and watch television with me. I will then sit there with them for about ten or so minutes. Until the show that we are watching gets to a place where my absence will not intrude on the story line. Then I will rise from the bed and go to the bathroom.

While we sit on the bed though I will strike normal conversation. They do not know about the bet or at least they should not. I need to be sure to ask Ralph about this, but even if they do what are they going to do about it. I will get up and walk around the room and not look at neither one of them in the face. I will then keep walking around the room. The door will be open this entire time. So I have to build up the suspense until I finally walk to the entrance of the door. I will turn and look at them. Most likely they will not look at me. They will be facing the television. To get their attention I am going to smile and slam the door with all of my strength! The door will be locked with the key and then I will begin to walk around the room again smiling. Repeating, “10 days, 10 days.” They should not know what I am talking about. Then I will walk over to... Who should I approach first?

If I decide to approach Heather first that will be able to save some extra energy for the physically

more pleasurable part. Heather will be expecting what is going to happen. So I will play the nice card. I am going to kiss her and whisper sweet nothings into her ear. She will then be more afraid than anything. I will raise my right hand and put it behind her left ear. Grabbing on to her head. Then I am going to drag her off of the bed and throw her forward to the open are in the room. Amanda is looking and preparing for what she will be going through, but this is my one-on-one time with my wife. It is going to be worth the wait for Amanda, she has no idea.

Heather is now on the ground. Looking at the floor. I will walk behind her and pick up her right foot. She is very small so I will be able to drag her around the room. I have seen this in movies and I always wanted to try it. So I will pick her up and hold her like I am about to carry her over the thresh hold on our wedding night. Then I will walk her over and make her look at herself in the mirror. Then I will say, "you are so ugly you made our mirror break." Then I will throw her into the mirror. The seven years of bad luck will just have to come and visit me. Bad luck and me are just going to have to work something out. Heather should be very weak by this time.

Heather is not used to this type of pain. Only, I feel that this all is still elementary and I need something that is a bit more grown up and original. What is grown up and original? Or just more grown up. This next and final thing that I do to Heather should be something that will make her know both that I love her and that I am in full ownership of her. It has to be alpha major.

Being cautious of the glass that is on the floor I am going to try an experiment. That sounds fun. I will make her pick her body off of the floor and shake all of the glass off. She is still clothed and now is the time for her to undress. Things will get a lot more interesting if she is mother-naked. Now she is standing there in her birthday suit. I am liking the view. She stares at me and I stare back and say... Then I make her walk over to me, because I am not going to be stepping in any glass. She is bleeding slightly from the mirror. Now it is time to top the mirror event. A trick that is amazing. I am going to do something that is just pure cruel.

It is time to test out my latest home project. I am going to take her into our closet and make her sit

on the floor while I pull up the floor boards... Thanks Zack! I am going to stuff her bruised ass inside and close the door. Before I leave I am going to make her know her true worth at that moment by spitting on her as she sits in between the floor and the ceiling. That is going to be the best part. Must have my camera handy to take a picture of her. Then I can throw the broken glass inside with her and close the floor back up and put a clothing hamper and items on top so she can not get out. I will only leave her in there for about five minutes so she will not die... Ha Ha.

Next up is going to be sexually stunning. Having sex with her is always the same. She lays on her back and bam... I do what I want then I get up. This time I am going to bam; do what I want then I am going to make her loosen up by putting her in a hot bath tub full of water. I am going to hold her head under first so she can get used to the water of course. Then I will use the taser I have from the job and see how much of a shock she can take. Is that going to kill her? Then I will leave her there after I drain the water out.

By this time I will be so tired I will just want to go to bed and I will let them both know that they have to get up and make it to the guest room. If they want me to help I can drag both of them their literally! Or maybe I will just drag them their for the fun of the game...

When these days of innocence and no pleasure are over I am again going to reign supreme!!!

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 22

June 20, 2008

Today is Friday. Patrick and I both agreed that we would work through the weekend to help pass the time faster for my own sanity. I know that this should help, but now I am beginning to regret asking for the extra work over the weekend. Patrick has just left my house. I invited him over for several reasons. It is day seven so I was feeling really bored in this house by myself with no one to relate to. Then there is the fact that Patrick is the one person who understands and knows what I am going through. Then it is nice to just be with a guy for a change and watch television and talk about all of those guy things. At least that is what I thought.

Patrick and I got off of work at about six. Then we went our separate ways. Patrick arrived to my house some time after 8 pm. It is now 11:36pm. It was pleasant being able to invite him in my house. He did notice all of the locks and bars on the windows. I guess I forgot to warn him about that, but he did not say anything, he only stared. Then I took him into the family room so we could watch tv while the final touches to our dinner was being prepared. We were having baked chicken with compatible side dishes.

The entire time I noticed that he kept looking around seeming to wait for something to jump out at him. Nothing was going to come from out of the air and scare him. He seemed very distracted from the time that he walked into the door. It was understandable for the first couple of minutes then we went into the dining room to have dinner. It was delicious I must say. That is something that my wife is good at doing.

At the dinner table Patrick really was acting weird, he seemed to be afraid of me. Each time I would ask him a question he would jump and then answer my question in a cold tone. I was very close to making him leave my home. Maybe he just had a bad day at home or something. I did not ask, because I did not care. He just needed to shape up and act better.

After dinner I decided to give him a tour. This was similar to the tour that Zack had given me. Patrick has been to my house, but he has not been here since I made my improvements. He did not have much to say besides the occasional question. On our tour is when I finally saw him begin to lighten up and joke around with me. "My wife could really use a cage sometimes when I do not feel like being bothered."

We joked all up and down the house. He kept asking me if this really worked in taming my wife and my girlfriend Heather. He asked me how the kids were taken all of this. I told him the truth about everything. After our tour we made our way to the family room. Then this is when our night turned into a nightmare.

Heather walked into the room and I ignored her. She was saying something to me, but I did not want to hear what she had to say. I did not smell anything on fire, nor was she frantic to warn me of someone dying. She insisted on talking to me. I know that she was only talking to me because Patrick was there and she knew that I was not going to do anything with company. Patrick and Ralph both saved her ass tonight. (That stupid present that Ralph wanted.) Finally after she should stood there for five minutes I looked at her. I picked up my glass that was sitting on the table and threw it against the wall, "she is such a stupid Patrick. She really needs to get away from me right now!" I said all of this to Patrick so I would not be in violation of my bet with Ralph.

Heather backed out of the room quickly and I heard her feet shuffle up the steps and a door close. I turned to Patrick and said, "Pat you now see what I have to constantly go through with this woman." He stared at me and cut his eyes back on the television. "What is going on with you? You have been acting very cold towards me lately."

Patrick looked down at his feet, then he looked up and said, "Not being one to judge because of my past history with my wife, but are you not just a bit to cruel to her? She seemed harmless and you threw a glass and shattered it."

"What? You are questioning what I do in my house while you are sitting on my sofa?"

Patrick stood and he walked over to the door. “Will you please let me out.”

“Gladly. But first let us get one thing clear, you have no right to come in my house and tell me what to do or how I am.” Taking the key out of my pocket I began to unlock the door. “You are such a bastard. We are suppose to be friends who have each others back. I was being nice to you this entire night and I even shared with you tips and tools to use back in your house and you did not have anything to say. Now that you have your training you think you can bad mouth me! Good Bye!” Patrick interjected, but I just kept talking over him so I am not sure what he was saying.

He left the house and I locked the house back up. Then that is when I went up to the guest room and told Heather to come and clean up the glass that was in the family room. It was her fought that it was shattered. She agreed of course and she got right to work. This is going to be great practice for her, when she has to clean up the glass from the mirror that her body is going to break. I went to my room and sat on the bed and tried to make sense of what had just happened between me and Patrick. I just did not understand. He is going through things in his house, so maybe he is just releasing some stress...

Going back down stairs I found that the place was empty. I was nervous, because the house was to quiet. Then I looked around and the lights began to cut off all through the house. I lightly made my way back up stairs and I looked in all of the rooms and everyone was accounted for. Looking out of my bedroom window I saw that Patrick's car was not out there, and the street lights were off. Then the lights all came back on. I left my bedroom and told everyone it is time for bed. I locked the women in the room and told my boys I will see them tomorrow.

Back in my room before I started writing I noticed that my foot was bleeding. I had stepped on a piece of glass. I rushed into the bathroom and cleaned my foot off. I searched for a bandage, but could not find one right away. In the hall bathroom I found what I was looking for. My foot felt numb, I was getting worried. So I had a seat while I drank some water out of the water I am going to be using for my run tomorrow morning. Turning and going back to my room I felt the pressures and arguments of the day leaving my mind and body as the the blood in my foot drained.

Journaling every day has been therapeutic. I am finally able to appreciate the art of journaling and the money it is saving me from going and seeking professional help. This is more convenient and helps me organize my thoughts. It is great to be able to explore and brainstorm what I want to do in the future. Before I would just act off of impulse and not really care. This has made me be more passionate about what I am doing to Heather and Amanda. This is making me realize that what I am doing to them is justifiable and I have no reason to feel bad! Journaling is really keeping me sane and thoughtful of my actions.

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 23

June 21, 2008

Right now it is early Saturday afternoon. Work was alright considering that it is a Saturday. We, Patrick and I, were busier than usual. That was good. Are argument did have an effect on the way that we reacted with one another today. I went to work to be away from family and Patrick was suppose to keep me preoccupied. We barely talked throughout the day. We spoke about work stuff and that was it. It was sad. We always talk. Unbelievably enough we got into an argument again... I was shocked. I thought that he had said that all he wanted to say last night, but wrong is what I was.

Going in to work and having to be in the car with him was tough. I spoke and he spoke when we greeted one another. We got into the car and were off to start our shift. I was fine not talking, because the last thing that we said to one another was not the best of words. He was happy with it to, because he did not try to apologize. I respect that. He does not have to apologize, because I never do. We had a busy shift. Ironic as it may be we had to go to a domestic violence house. When I looked at Patrick he kept looking at me and shaking his head. We have not been on one of these in awhile. I knew full well what he was shaking his head about.

My partner was shaking his head, because I had pulled the guy to the side and had a few words with him. He must of saw the guy smile and he knew that I had worked some of my magic and he must have not approved. All that I said to the guy was that he had a right to do what he wanted to his wife or girlfriend inside his own house. I then assured him that he will not be in jail long. Little did Patrick know I did scorn the man. I scorned him, because of how sloppy he was with what he was doing. His woman had called us so that meant that he was not doing his job. I just told him that he is going to have to work harder to instill the fear in her so she will not make that mistake again.

He thanked me and we had to book him, but I was able to get them to release him. I talked to his woman into not pressing charges. He thanked me and they both went about their business. Patrick must have saw all of this and was not happy. Maybe he wanted to talk to the guy and give him pointers

or tips. We got back in the car after this and we drove to the Diner. We walked in together and I made the effort to speak with Patrick. I asked him where he wanted to sit and he said something under a quiet tone. I ignored this at the moment and picked the table for the both of us. Once again at the table we did not speak with one another.

Patrick needs to grow up and realize that he is to blame for Amanda becoming my property. He must have forgot this, I will be sure to remind him tomorrow of this very important information. We sat and ate our lunch and both just listened to the conversations going on around us. This was very boring. I now wish that I would have just gotten up and moved somewhere else. The good thing that came away from this silent lunch was it gave me the chance to return to my fantasy.

The rest of the day went well. It was quiet, but we got a lot of crimes stopped and what not... we finally were about to clock out and that is when he finally decided to say something to me. We were in the parking lot about to get of the car when he began his notorious rant against me. "You did not have to congratulate that guy at that domestic violence house. I know that you gave him tips and stuff. You should be ashamed of your damn self. You are nothing but a... cocky bitch!"

I had to use all of the power vested within me not to hit him. I wanted to break his nose or something. So instead of getting physical I got verbal. "You are a weak fucker who has no cock, who is now afraid to hit his wife!"

Slamming the door I walked into the building and punched out. I got in my car and left. When I came out of the building I saw Patrick still sitting in the car. I looked at him and flipped him off. He did not return the gesture. When I was pulling out of the parking lot I saw him in my rear view mirror getting out of the car. He is so afraid of me. Finally I came home and I told everyone to leave me alone and I went to my room and shut the door. I was still angry obviously from the argument.

After I was able to cool off with the comfort of solitary confinement I called the boys into my room. They knew what I wanted and they both brought paper with words on them to show that they had been taking notes. Their reports were very short and to the point. They reminded me that today is the eighth

day and when this is up they would like to make it longer. I laughed in their faces and told them to get out of my room. I went downstairs to eat a snack and that is where I saw something disturbing or shall I disgusting. It was vomit on the kitchen floor. Amanda and Heather were on the couch and the boys were in their room. No one had done anything about this.

Vomit is another thing that is going on the list of why Amanda and Heather deserve what they are going to get from me. Plus my foot still had a bandage on it and they both were going to be punished for that. These ten days have been torture and they seem like they are only getting worse. I yelled and everyone came quickly to the kitchen. None of them admitted to doing it so I made all of them take part in cleaning. “Why stop in the kitchen you might as well clean the whole first floor. I took my food to my room and I have been here since.

Now I think I better go check on their progress and maybe I will get the chance to add another X to my list of things that they do wrong... It is going to be a long night!

Chapter 24

June 22, 2008

Today was a bittersweet day. It had its good and its bad. I always try to make everything as positive as possible and today was one of those days. First off; today is day NINE! Number one; I am shocked I listened to my son and even more shocked that I lasted for nine days. The night is not over, meaning that everyone is still awake. It is Sunday so its the day of rest. I decided to give everyone a rest from me and me a rest from them.

In other news I am off of work for the next couple of of days. Patrick and I were supposed to work on these said days, but that is no longer the case. I will now be spending my time not making any money at home. Now this does have its advantages; I get to be home with my family! Ha Ha... No really I get to be home with Heather and Amanda and that agreement will be over between me and Ralph so I will once again be able to take control and show them that I love them again. This should be a fun way to spend my days off. It is only for two days; Monday and Tuesday. The reason why I do not have work is not so fun. Thanks a lot Patrick...

Well once again we worked and that was fine. Granted we did get into an argument yesterday. Again we tried to put that in the past and be adults about it ; by giving each other the silent treatment. That worked out fine until we got back to the station.

During the day everything was fine. We went to the Diner and had normal cases nothing extreme. I did not go over and talk to anyone and give them tips or anything about how to treat their wives. So Patrick had no reason to get mad at me today. I did not bring up any of the previous days worth of arguments and disagreements that we had. I even was joking with him. He may not have said anything back to me, but he did laugh. So I was thinking that we were beginning to work things out and hopefully by the end of the day we could be on speaking terms.

So, at the Diner we did talk. We said things, but did not direct them to one another. I really did not pay attention to what he was saying. He was on his phone and I was on mine. I called my mother. I

have not talked to her in such a long time. She said that she wants to come and visit some time soon. So I will have to fix the house up. That is the one person that I do not want to know how I live in my house. I am not sure if she would approve of all of my doings. Yes, it is my house and my rules, but it is my mother and she still has that slight controlling power of fear over me. It is frightening.

Back to my day at work. We went to a mall, because we got word that a dealing of drugs was about to take place and we wanted to be on location so that we could be of service to our fellow officers. That was fun. I got to run through the mall and chase a criminal when she thought that she could get a way from us. We caught all of the crime doers and one person got shot. She is doing fine also. She was just some innocent person who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

With this behind us and us doing such a good job, we swallowed our differences and congratulated each other on a job well done. That was all we had for each other and we went back to the car to continue with the day. The day after that point was almost over so we began to head back to the station. I turned the music on and we listened to some mixed tunes on the ride back. We were able to enjoy some music in peace and everything. Turning left into the station is when things went down hill.

Then I had to come home to a house that was a mess. These people have no disclosure to what I have to go through everyday. They think that I am going to go to work kill the pig (no pun intended... Ha), bring it home and clean it, and then turn it into bacon and feed it to them. They do not work. They surely do not do any work around the house or it would not look the way that it does. It is so disappointing. I am ashamed to come to a house like this. I, being a natural born leader, kindly in my best type of kind instructed everyone on what they need to be doing.

My family was very cooperative thankfully, because that is the last thing that I wanted to deal with. An cooperative family was not on my agenda nor was what happened at the end of work today.

I pulled into the parking lot and Patrick angrily turned the CD off that I had put in a couple of blocks away and he rolled down his window. Yes he rolled down his window and threw it out of the car. “If that is the type of music that abusers listen to I do not want to hear it!” he said that to me, but he never

once looked at me. I was in shock by his childish ignorance. Does he think that he is some superstar diva or something.

At that point if the car crashed into a pole on the passenger side I would have been glad. That was beyond rude. It was crude and unusual punishment that had no warrant for its action!!!

I think I blacked out for a moment and when I came to I was standing outside of the car and I was on top of Patrick punching him in the face. Then I guess I blacked out again, because the next thing I knew I was inside of the building holding an ice pack and rag on my face. That punk got some hits in on me. I am far more than shocked about the whole thing. At one point I think he was on top of me beating my face in and then the roles switched I guess. It is all hard to remember. Two guys on the force broke us apart and we were both suspended for two days and ordered to work out our differences, because we are still going to be teammates.

When I walked in the house and everyone saw my face that was the first time that they actually said something nice to me. I did not immediately notice the messy house. I allowed for them to wait on me hand and foot. This time they did it on their own as I told the horrific story that went on between me and Patrick. They comforted me. Awkwardness reigned, but I took it all in like a puppy. It felt great. Once I had some time to recoup I was back and telling them about themselves and this messy house. For that little time everything felt perfect. Does it take me getting in to a fight for them to notice me and treat me kind. It is sad!

The house looks a lot better and my face feels a lot better. I have some extra days off to heal my face. I am no longer mad at Patrick. He did what he wanted and he fought me. I am not sure who started it, but it has to be the final straw. Only thing left for us to do now is for one of us to kill one another. Then that will be the end. Tomorrow is the last day of this ultimate test and then at midnight I will be able to strike my first victim in this house. That should take a lot of the boredom away from my day. I think I will let them sleep through the night and get their last day of rest. The Last Rest Will be Tomorrow Night! Finally Finally Finally!

A R N O L D G R E E N

Chapter 25

June 23, 2008

At the strike of midnight the curse will be broken and I will be able to turn back into a man. I will then again be able to rejoin my passion for the adventures that this world has to offer at home. I am thrilled. As I look at the clock it reads; 10:56pm!!! The curse is almost over. I put everyone to bed early, well the women anyways. The boys are going to be boys and may stay up all night. Today was such a good day off.

I decided that I was going to sleep in and I took a run in the afternoon. I saw some unfamiliar faces and got to talk with some of my neighbors. So that was very different and out of character. The run went well and I even ran an extra five minutes. Great!

Then coming back in the house I kissed my wife and gave Amanda a hug and patted my boys on the back. This was a great day. I had today off and tomorrow will be the same, only I will be free to get back to the real Arnold Green and 'love' some nice ladies. HA HA...

I ate a hardy breakfast and watched some television. I did not yell at anyone or make them do anything. I was very easy to get along with today. I know that they were pleased.

Looking in the eyes of these unsuspecting folks was so easy to do today. Pleasant! I relaxed all day and I even invited everyone into my room and we had a movie night. Thrill!

Patrick gave me a call this afternoon. When I picked up my cell phone and saw that it was an incoming call from Patrick I was torn between answering and ignoring his call. Luckily I picked up, because he apologized and said that since we are going to be working together we should work out our differences and make things right. With this nice gesture I invited him to go on my morning run tomorrow so that we can talk and blow off some steam with one another in a constructive manner. He agreed so I am going to see him tomorrow and hopefully we can work out all of our differences.

I keep getting distracted by the clock and it changing every minute. I have stopped writing several

times already and it is now; 11:12. I really need to try and stay focus, but it is so hard!

When I put the ladies to bed I told the boys good night. They were in the family room watching horror films... I remember summer days like that. I got my water bottle and energy drinks cold and ready for me in the morning. I am happy to go running with Pat and then come back in this house, shower and unlock the door, and then lock the door and then cause trouble!

11:29.....11:42.....11:43.....11:44.....11:50.....Ten minutes!!!!!!

For my last ten minutes as a prisoner in my own body I would like to take have a moment of silence for the past ten days and the boredom that it brought me... Ha Ha....

Let the count down begin.... 11:58..... 11:59..... 10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1,0.....12am Tuesday June 24.... Sleep, run and then let the fun begin!!

Chapter 26

June 24, 2008

I just came back from my run a little bit ago and I said good bye to Pat. It was great. We talked and then we competed to see who could run the fastest. I started to feel really winded and I had to stop a couple of times. My heart was beating really hard. I guess I am excited about what is going to happen in the next half hour. I am about to go and wake them two up; "Heather & Amanda I now pronounce you as mine and only mine until one of you die!" I have been looking forward to this for ten days. The boys are still asleep so I want to do this before they get up. Thats why I let them stay up late. I am so smart.

Whoa... I just dropped my pen. That run really has me tired, my hand is shaking still. My heart has slowed a bit, but it is still pumping hard. I guess I should not have drank that energy drink. It has me all jittery. Great! Well there is only one way to get rid of the jitters; a violent festival of love!

"Morbid Thoughts from a Night of Dark Dreams, Makes the World Around Me Seem Awfully Serene." - Arnold Greens attempt to finally create a poem! It took me awhile to come up with something, but here it is. It is excellent and I am ready for a pleasurable war with two lucky ladies....

TO BE CONTINUED... AFTER THE FOLLOWING EVENTS OF THE MORNING! HA HA!

Chapter 27

June 26, 2008

Two days ago I took a chance. I risked my life and the life of three others. What I did had to be done. I knew that what was going to happen was going to rescue me and them. Having to take the lead and orchestrate such a daunting task that meant life or death was not what I was expecting ever to have to do in my life. I had ten days left of survival and at the end of those ten days I could have been killed. She could have been killed. He and his brother could have been killed. Taking the chance and letting him control our lives after that day was not an option anymore. Finding our way out was easy, but going through with the plan was hard. Thinking of a life after was easy, but being certain of survival was hard. Looking him in the eyes and knowing that he may not stop was easy, but not knowing how far he could escalade was hard. I, Heather Green, am a survivor of brutal domestic violence.

Having a plan was the most crucial. Having faith was even more important. Garnering the strength to ask for help, even from your kids, was needed. With the help of God, Patrick & Isabel Perry, Amanda Bell (Somawadi Thawan), Ralph Green, Eric Green, and myself we made it out alive. We each played a major role in our survival, no persons job was least important than the other. With circumstances like these a person has to be very precise in their actions. We had to be strong and focused. Not letting our fears eat us alive and staying together.

My sons... Ralph and Eric. They are the reasons why I did not try to run. They are the reasons why I never tried to fight back. They are the reason why I am still alive. Eric, my youngest son is seven years old. He was a champion through out all of this. He kept me strong and kept me laughing with his brutal honesty. He never kept me guessing about what he was saying, he was blunt. Ralph was the leader of the two. Being ten years old he had to make sure that his brother stayed safe. He was in charge of making sure that his brother did right and stayed out of harms way. He was a champion.

Amanda was my partner in this all. We were experiencing the same. We were one. We were

connected. When I felt pain so did she. Arnold was the reason why she always woke up with nightmares. She would wake up and complain of unbearable pains inside of her vagina from constantly being raped by him. He never knew when to stop. Amanda is from Thailand and she is a survivor of human trafficking and the sex slave industry. She is the true survivor.

Patrick Perry and his wife Isabel were our outside source. Our outside breath of fresh air. They put their lives on the line trying to help us prisoners. They were the ones that caused fights with Arnold in order to get him to confess to what he was doing. Patrick is the same man who on Friday June Thirteenth came to my house and brought us a gift that would be the difference between us walking out a live. Patrick & Isabel are a saints.

What all of these people did to save their own lives and mine was remarkable. They are all heroes and champions and saints. Patrick Perry our breath of fresh air erased his friendship and partnership with Arnold to see that the victims in this house were rescued and all of them came out alive. It was not going to be easy and Patrick knew this. Arnold had a higher rank and could really pull a lot in the force. When Patrick did say something to people at work about Arnold and his ways, they did not believe him. That is why he had to assign himself the job of seeing us four to safety. What he did was great...

Patrick sent his wife over to the house while he and Arnold were far away. She came and rang the door bell. Her first visit was on June tenth. We talked through the window and the mail box hole on the front door. Arnold every day would lock us in the house. He was the only one with the key. To make matters even more extreme he had bars installed on all of the windows, so escaping was not an option. So Isabel came over and we talked. I told her all that was going on in here and she said that she and Patrick were going to help, but that the police force were not going to back them up. She gave us the idea of creating a way for us to stall Arnold from hitting us. That is why Ralph asked for the gift of ten days of non-violence. We were all unsure if he would go for it, but it was coming from Ralph so we were praying that he would agree.

Arnold agreed to being sober in a way of violence for ten days as a tenth birthday present to his son Ralph. We were all relieved. Patrick's wife would come back every day to see that we were all still alive and not victims of homicide. We were alive for now. Patrick has been friends with Arnold for quite some time, but he knew that he had to become better friends with him. So he made up the story about hitting his wife. He knew that Arnold would see that they could bond over this and this had the potential of Patrick always being able to know of are safety.

On June thirteenth is when Patrick came by and delivered a gift for us with instructions on how and when to use it. He also told us that once we use this there is no way in taking it back. We had to react and react quickly and efficiently in order for the gift to be of great use to us. Once he gave us the gift his responsibility in all of this was almost over. Now he was to have no more communication with us, he had to work on getting Arnold emotional. Patrick would be a friend with Arnold one day and the next day he would fight with him to throw him off. A lot of what Patrick did with Arnold was by chance of working. He had to take a chance and pray that what he was doing would work accordingly and make a difference in our lives.

Patrick knew about the ten days and he knew that once those ten days were up there was going to be a great chance that we could be terminated at any moment. We all just prayed that Arnold kept his word and abided by the rules for ten days. Patrick got into a physical fight with Arnold in hopes that he could make up with him on the day that Arnold was going to become the monster that he is. So they made up and went on a run. Patrick made sure that Arnold was out of the house so that we could mentally and spiritually prepare on what we were going to have to do to see that we make our way out. When Arnold came back from his Run with Patrick on June 24, 2008 it was now up to all of us in this house to make him proud.

Ralph and Eric were true stars through all of this. Ralph being the big brother kept Eric in a great mood and was great at distracting him from what was going on. When Arnold would leave us at home to got to work we would plan what we were going to do once he got home. At the top of our list would

be rehearsing with them what to do on the day of the ultimate battle; June 24, 2008. I had to be very grown up with them unfortunately, but Arnold made it this way. I was honest with them and told them what their father was doing to Amanda and myself. This was the only way that I knew they would truly understand how important it was that we stick to the plan.

Ralph told me that his father agreed to the ten days and that he was asking Eric and himself to give him reports about what was going on throughout the day. So every morning Amanda and I would coach them on what to say just in case their father did ask for a report. Ralph kept me informed about his father and he lied to his father for me. Ralph and Eric looked at this like a game. They were double agents loyal to me their mother. They knew that if they made a mistake someone could be killed and they did not want that.

When Arnold would lock us in our room for the night it was up to Ralph and Eric to spy on him and see what he was doing. So, every morning they would give me a real report on what their father was doing. Arnold was not doing much, except he would write every night almost they told me. They would say that he was keeping a journal. Their next mission was dangerous, but they had to do it. They had to get that journal. We had to know what Arnold was doing. What was Arnold thinking. Unlike most people who hide their journals, Arnold did not. So when he left, Ralph would know where he put it and he would bring it to me. So I was prepared, we all were prepared and knew what Arnold had planned for us on June 24. The first time that I read the journal was on June 21. I would get it and I would skim what it said. It was to heavy on my heart.

When the ten days were almost over I knew what was going to happen. We all knew and we had to prepare for that. The most important job that Ralph and Eric had was to be followed through on the night of June 23. This was the last day that we were going to be safe. If the boys were not successful we all were doomed. One of the gifts that Patrick brought over to us were some pills. All that he told us was to put these in Arnold's water bottle on that night. He told us this would make him a bit dizzy. He will not be able to control his body after a certain point so we had a chance of defending our selves.

On that run with Patrick, Arnold was pushed to his limit. Patrick knew that the pills were taking effect when he saw that Arnold was tiring out. He knew that we had a better chance at being safe.

Arnold never intended to kill us. We knew that I think. We just did not want to take the chance and let him continue to hurt us until we did die. Amanda and I were the next stage. We had to go along and let Arnold lock us in the bedroom that morning. We knew that he was capable of anything, but we had to take this chance for the kids. We had to be strong like they were and do our part. We all knew that Arnold was going to beat me first, so Amanda had a chance to catch him off guard.

When we went into that room we did not wait for Arnold to react. First we knew that the drugs were taking its effect, because he was fumbling with the keys to lock the door. Arnold walked over to me and he grabbed my shoulder and he caressed me. He kissed me and told me to undress. This is where he made a mistake. I kept an eye on Amanda the entire time. I took my top off and threw it in his face as hard as I possibly could. Amanda came from behind him and hit him over the head with the lamp. He went down. With his cut foot, thanks to my glass dropping the night before, and his drugs this blow to the head was enough to knock him out.

I went into his pocket and threw the keys to Amanda she rushed over to the door and unlocked them. I bent over Arnold and gave him a kiss and said, “The Love I have for you no longer is a factor, what we had is over you bastard.” With the other gift that Patrick had slipped though the mail hole in the door that was not used for mail, because all of our mail was sent to the police station. I took the sharp police pocket knife out of my pocket. I looked at it and I said, “for the boys...” I slit Arnold Green's throat 17 times. 17 equals the age of our boys.” I had to do this to be sure that he did not get up while we were fumbling with all of the keys and trying to get out. By the time I left the bedroom I met the others at the door. They were on the last lock and we ran out. Patrick was waiting for us. He went inside armed and shortly after back up came. Our house is a crime scene. We are in a hotel.

Reading his journal I learned the truth about why my parents disowned me. Calling them and making things right will become a priority soon. Knowing that Arnold would become such a monster

never occurred to me. In college he did hit me once, but that was it. He did not apologize so that should had been my warning. Hearing the boys in the other room while Arnold was so treacherous to me and Amanda had to be the hardest part. Not being able to leave sooner was tough. We could have implemented the plan earlier, but we all were not ready. We had to be in our right minds and wait for the perfect time for all of us. Arnold has finally reaped what he sowed.

Patrick quit his job and he and his wife are moving out of state once all of this is over. Amanda has agreed to stay with me and the boys for now as we figure all of this out. We have to make sense of it all. Starting next week we will be starting therapy. When Arnold's mother decides to bury her son, I am not sure if we four will be in attendance. It is to soon. Arnold will never understand the scars he has left on the inside of me. All of the nightmares I had and will have. All of the flashback I am having and will have.

I try to look back now and see if there was ever a chance for us to make an escape and their was none. I always thought of poisoning Arnold's food, but that would not have worked. He always had someone test his plate before he ate. He locked us inside when he was not their. He had the whole city on his side. He was aggressive and controlling. I was not afraid for my life, I was afraid that if I try to defend myself I would die and my sons would be left to be raised by him. Then he would teach them this. He already began with Ralph on his tenth birthday. Disgusting! Arnold's mother says that his father was very certain that Arnold never saw the abuse, but she knows that Arnold has seen her be abused by her husband when he walked into the room when he was three or four.

Now here I am a survivor. Could I have died? Yes. Was I going to die? No.
A new life will begin as the old decays. With lost I have found a strength to survive. To love in a kind way. To be gentle and soft. Most importantly to never look back and blame myself for any of this. He did this to me. I am not a victim. I am person that lived and learned, that grew and conquered. I was, but no longer am a relationship prisoner.

H E A T H E R G R E E N