

Title: The Commune

Codes: MFFFFFFF, lesbian, impreg

This is erotic fiction for adults only, and only in locales where such fiction is legal.

Copyright 2019. Posted to ASSTR.ORG

By A.Muller (a pseudonym)

Version 1.0

The Commune

The year was 1973, and I was finishing up my sophomore year at a community college and wondering what to do with the rest of my life.

A community college is as far removed from the Ivy League as the Earth is from Pluto. My education to date, such as it was, wasn't going to get me much of a job. I'd have been better off at a vo-tech school studying plumbing or welding or wiring. Yeah, I would have been qualified for an actual job, maybe even a union job, and made some money.

Instead, I had done "general studies" at the community college, in the hopes that some college would let me transfer in. But for that I'd need money for tuition and books and room and board, money I didn't have. And, besides which, I was sick of school. I didn't see the point anymore. I wanted to get on with my life.

That's when Amanda stepped into the picture. She was just a friend in our group of friends, nothing more, but when she heard me talking about my situation, she spoke up.

"My sister's commune is looking for a guy to help with some of the heavy stuff this summer. I'm heading there after finals. You interested?"

I was interested. I'd been living at home ever since, well, ever since I was born. Can you spell b-o-r-i-n-g? Continuing on the same trajectory for another summer had all the appeal of a rotten banana.

Plus, I was interested in seeing a commune firsthand and getting to know Amanda much, much better. Communes were state-of-the-art in that era, and I'd been fascinated about what I'd read and heard. Amanda was just as mysterious. She had red-brown hair, a

killer body, and an infectious smile. We'd be driving across multiple states on three-day trip, so I figured I was shoo-in to get a piece of her as well as education on communes.

And so it was that the day after exams I grabbed my gym bag, dumped out some grody socks and a jock strap, and filled it with some underwear, clean socks, two pairs of jeans, five T-shirts, three polo shirts, a sweatshirt, one toothbrush, and a half-empty tube of toothpaste.

Into the back of Amanda's gas-guzzler it went, along with my sleeping bag, and away we went, headed for the commune. We left about nine-thirty and zonked out twelve hours later at a rest area. Amanda took the back seat and I the front. So much for exploring Amanda.

The next day was a repeat, only this time we started driving at five-thirty, when the morning sun burned through the clouds and illuminated the inside of the gas-guzzler like an arc light. About nine that night we crashed at another rest area, exhausted, and took off again at first light. Amanda's body was becoming booty incognita, but I figured I'd eventually get my rocks off at the commune, as she was

Must have been about one o'clock the next afternoon when we pulled off the Interstate onto a state highway, about three o'clock when we turned onto a county road, a half later when we turned onto a dirt road, and maybe 10 minutes more when we finally saw a hand-painted sign that said "Hervana" and an arrow pointing to a rutted path that didn't even deserve to be called a road.

A half-mile up the path we reached a padlocked gate and a pair of signs. One said, ominously, "You've reached Hervana. Now go away. You have been warned." The other sign read: "No trespassing, no soliciting, no hunting, no fishing, no asking directions."

Amanda switched off the gas-guzzler. We walked around the gate and headed down the path maybe 300 yards toward a clapboard barn that had seen its best days around the time of, oh, the Spanish-American War.

To our left was a field of young corn, to our right a similar-looking crop I didn't recognize. Well beyond were three women wearing boots, overalls, wide-brimmed hats. While two of the women wore tops, the other was topless and her tits stuck out around her overalls' top, jiggling and dancing as the women worked on repairing a fence and rounding up a couple of wayward goats.

One of the women noticed us. She turned toward the barn and

bellowed distinctly, stressing each syllable: "Bev-er-ly, Bev-er-ly, Bev-er-ly, vis-i-tors, vis-i-tors, vis-i-tors."

As the final "vis-i-tor" issued from the woman's lips, a slender blonde emerged from around the barn. She was wearing house slippers, blue jeans, a full-length apron and nothing else, allowing me to catch glimpses of her tits. Her hands, however, were full of double-barrel shotgun. She was deftly stuffing two shells into breech, though she kept the gun "broken" and she never cocked the hammers.

"Who the fuck are you, and what the fuck are you doing here?" Before we could answer she added, "Can't you fucking read the fucking 'stay away' signs?"

Amanda took it all in stride and kept walking toward the woman while I hung back. "I'm Amanda, Amy's sister." And she stuck out her hand for a shake.

The blonde smiled, then waved the "broken" shotgun in my direction. "Who's the guy?"

"Tim," I said loudly and, I hoped, confidently. "Amanda said you were looking for a strong back this summer, to help you with the heavy chores."

She looked me over, from top to bottom. Maybe it was my imagination, but her eyes seemed to loiter on my groin. "OK, you guys come on in the barn. And welcome." She lowered the shotgun. "I'm Beverly, obviously. By the way, Amanda, we weren't expected you till next week. And Tim...well...we'll see."

During the trip, I had asked Amanda why she had approached me about the job at her sister's commune.

"Well, it would be a chance for me to know you better," she'd said. "But mainly, I knew you were looking for something to do, and I knew that Amy's commune is looking for a strong body to help them out. You seemed to fit the bill." Then she smiled enigmatically and said no more on the subject.

As we walked toward the barn, I had no idea what to expect. Beverly opened a small rustic door in the barn's side and motioned for us to enter. What I saw was a small sea of cots covered with sleeping bags, footlockers, a rustic kitchen, and not much else at one end of the barn. At the other end was some farm equipment, an old Land Rover, a beaten-up VW microbus, and a workbench. Above the bench was a wall of hand tools, some old, some new.

In between the living quarters and the garage area the commune had framed up a small room that protruded into the vast space of the old barn. I guessed it was the bathroom, but a peak inside proved me wrong. There was a large bed and a nightstand, period. If nature called, you headed outside to a three-seat outhouse past the barn.

That evening I learned the barn wasn't connected to the electric mains. While the commune had bought the barn and a few acres around it, most of "their" land was leased from a farmer's widow. Despite rural electrification, no power lines had ever been run to the barn. The local power co-op would have gladly hooked it up, but the women didn't have the money to have power lines and power poles installed. Instead, they had purchased a small generator they ran only when absolutely necessary.

Beverly, Amanda, and I made small talk, sitting at the kitchen counter, waiting for the other commune members to appear, including Amanda's sister Amy, whom she had not seen in over a year. We'd started our trip on a Friday morning, so it was now Sunday. Beverly assured us that the commune would gather soon, as they didn't work late in the fields on Sundays.

Sure enough, about four o'clock, the women started trooping in. One by one they introduced themselves before dumping their clothes in a pile near the door and stepping under a showerhead that I hadn't seen next to the door. I was in pervert's heaven, drinking coffee and chatting with Beverly and Amanda as young woman after young woman stripped off and showered.

At one point Beverly giggled as I shifted on the kitchen stool, trying to get comfortable as my dick tried to bore its way through my jeans. "Why don't you loosen your pants, Tim," Beverly said. "You don't want your dick to break in two, do you?"

I stood up, unbuckled my belt, and undid my zipper. My prick was now visibly tenting my underwear, but the pain I'd been experiencing diminished.

The first woman through the door had been Mary, who stood about 5-foot-9. She had dark, long hair and ample boobs that drooped only a little. Next into the barn was Pam, who looked a bit mousey and stood maybe 5-foot-4. While Mary had been sun-tanned, Pam was pale beneath her light brown hair. Her tits were small and a bit flat, and she had a small potbelly.

"Pam works in town as a bank teller," Beverly explained when I commented on how pale Pam looked compared with Mary and Beverly. "We need some visible cash coming in to the commune, you know. "

"Visible cash?" That was an odd expression, but I kept my puzzlement to myself.

Next through the door and under the shower were Christine, Karen, and Donna.

I recognized Christine when she walked in; she was the topless fence-mender and goat-herder. She was short and a bit stocky, and without the floppy hat she'd been wearing, a field of red hair the color of dusty sunset bloomed in the kitchen. It bloomed sparsely between her legs, too.

Karen had thick brown hair that ended unevenly at her shoulders, a pug nose, and knockers the size of mellons. They were huge on her 5-foot-6 frame. When showering, she bent over with her butt pointed in our direction, and spread her cheeks.

"Slut!" Beverly shouted.

"And damn proud of it," Karen shouted back, grabbing her tits and pointing them straight at the three of us in the kitchen.

Donna was a different story. Her hair was straight black, her cheekbones high and wide, and her face belonged on the cover of a Smithsonian magazine cover on American Indians. She probably stood 5-foot-1, but she carried herself as if she were 6-foot-1. Powerful, awe-inspiring, threatening: all are good descriptions of Donna. Between her tits she wore a gold crucifix that winked at me when shower water pinged it.

I pulled my eyes away from Donna's hot body reluctantly when the last two women entered the door. "Amy!" screamed Amanda, and Amy ran our way and hugged her younger sister by three years. Amy was a slightly older version of Amanda: the same red-brown hair, the same killer body, and the same devilish smile with just a few crow's feet around the eyes.

After hugging and kissing her sister, Amy turned her attention toward me and pulled me to my feet. She squared my shoulders, felt my upper arms, and ran her eyes up and down me almost hungrily. My dick was still tenting, of course, and she gave it an appreciative squeeze on the head, her fingers coming down like a gentle claw from the sky. "Nice hot dog. Your name?"

Amanda piped in. "He's Tim. I thought he might be able to help you guys."

"He just might. Indeed, he just might."

While the sisters were getting reacquainted, Kathy, the last of the eight, was taking her shower. I liked the cut of her jib, or rather the cut of her tits. They were perfectly round and proud, like the tits of those girls painted on the nose of WWII bombers. She could land on my prog anytime! She was a dirty blonde, and the thatch matched to prove it.

Amy popped in the shower after Kathy, and then to my surprise Beverly stripped, gave me a quick peck on the cheek before dashing into the water. On a tanned-pale scale, she was maybe a three to Pam's one and Donna's ten. I guessed Amy would register a four or five on the same scale.

Amy, Beverly, Mary, and Pam were all considerably paler than the others. I knew why Beverly and Pam were on low the skin-tone scale, but Mary's and Amy's tones puzzled me. These women were farmers and ranchers, so why the pale skin?

After their showers, the women had put on robes and joined us on stools in the kitchen. Before she hit the shower, Beverly had prepared hors d'oeuvres and distributed them to everyone. Wonderful fragrances had wafted out of the propane stovetop and oven the whole we had talked, and now I tasted dabs of goat cheeses on the toasted breads Bev had pulled from the oven.

The shocker of the evening came when Amy, freshly dressed, came over to Amanda and me and said firmly, "Your turn, guys. Amanda, why don't you go first?" Amanda gulped visibly, walked to the shower, and turning beet red, shed her clothes and soaped up.

My turn came in a couple of minutes to a round of clapping and whooping from the kitchen crowd. "OK, Big Boy, let's see what you got," Amy shouted.

I have to say, I tried to put on quite a show. I stripped slowly to an imaginary song, gyrating appropriately (or, rather, inappropriately), then spent a long time soaping up and rinsing by jewels. "Slut!" Karen shouted.

"Thank you!" I responded to a thunderous ovation.

Beverly brought me a robe when I was through, as she had for Amanda. "You did well, Tim. You might be a keeper."

Beverly had been roasting goat meat much of the afternoon, and it was delicious, as were the veggies she cooked. After dinner, as the sun set, several gas lanterns were lit. In the flickering light everyone settled on mats and pillows in a large circle in

the center of the cots and sleeping bags, and the women passed around a water pipe and bottles of wine. Kathy picked up a guitar and started playing covers of current songs while the other women sang along.

I'd smoked marijuana some in high school and college but didn't really 'get it.' In the comfort of the barn, lubricated by the wine, surrounded by nine women wearing robes that offered glimpses of tits and sometimes snatches, I started to 'get it.'

My big head was thinking orgy as the night went on, and my little head was rarin' and ready to go. But the night quickly drew to a close. I was told to sleep in the one and only bed, and that was that.

Next morning, when the sky still almost inky, the women started to rise and get ready for their day. I quickly dressed and, after breakfast, expected to be put to work, but Kathy had other ideas. She had Amanda and I climb into the Land Rover, drove us to the gas-guzzler, and had us follow her and Pam to town.

Pam headed to the bank where she worked, while Kathy took us to a health clinic. Turned out, Kathy was the little town's sole nurse-practitioner. She was ahead of her time, as nurse-practitioners were uncommon in that era. Before the clinic's door officially opened she gave us both tetanus boosters and some other shots, and drew blood samples.

She also swabbed our throats and genitals, saying she wanted to make sure that, in the close quarters of the commune, we didn't pass around hepatitis or something. I thought it was pretty weird when she stuck a swab up my johnson, but she was the doc, so what did I know?

After Amanda and I got back to the commune, this time armed with a gate key so we could park the guzzler in the barn, we were put to work. Amanda helped Beverly with baking bread, a twice-weekly event, while I was put to work repairing and extending the goats' fence, under Christine's and Karen's watchful eyes.

For next ten days, that was the routine: Work my ass off during the day, oogle the women while they showered, put on a show when I showered, and smoke dope in the evening before heading to bed alone, always alone. The first few days I was exhausted in the evening from the farm work and in the morning muscles I didn't know I had ached, but by the second week I was largely over the aching if not the evening fatigue.

The evening of the tenth day, everything changed. After dinner,

while the water pipe was being prepared, Kathy stood up and announced, "I have some news. I hope it is good news all around.

"The results of health tests have come back. Amanda and Tim are 100% healthy in every category. Good job, Amy! Good job, Amanda! Good job, Tim!" There were a few loud cheers from the women, and the passing of the water pipe and wine resumed.

I headed to the one and only bedroom a few minutes later, tired from the days work. The gas lamps were extinguished and the barn plunged into darkness, and I had barely closed my eyes when I realized that someone was next to the bed.

"Hi, Tim. It's Christine. Mind if I spend the night with you?"

Mind? Hell no! "Sure, climb in."

Her body was that of a 25-year-old who has gained a bit of weight since high school and whose tits have drooped a bit. Her nipples were about three-quarters of an inch long, extending out from areolas the size of silver dollars. The longish nipples were nice, but I prefer smaller areaolas. Having not been laid in a while, I wasn't going to quibble, though. Her skin was heavily freckled, like that of every redhead I've ever known. Her lips were thin, and her teeth perfect.

Christine was as hot in bed as her hair was red. We spent minutes kissing and holding each other. She kissed firmly and passionately, and then her mouth left my lips and headed south, her tongue leaving a wet and sensuous trail.

"Hi there," she whispered when she'd reached her goal. "You're a nice size." Then she attached her mouth to my cock. I'd been hard, but her mouth made me harder still, if that was possible, while her hands danced over my shaft and balls and tickled my ass around my anus.

Just when I thought I was going to cum, she backed off, whispering "Not yet, Big Boy." I heard her rip open a package and felt her stretch a condom on my prick. Then she climbed on top and rode me, slowly, fast, slowly, fast. I was playing with her tits, trying to suck one, but she was having none of that while she fucked me with abandon.

Suddenly she rolled over, pulled my head to her, and kissed me hard. "Ride me hard, please. Fuck me!" My dick had fallen out when she'd flipped over, but I quickly put it back in and obliged, but only after giving each nipple a hard suck and nibble. Then it was off to the races, starting with a walk, then a canter, and as we

both moaned and groaned, a gallop that ended with me firing deep into the center of her sex. If not for the condom, my load would have penetrated deep into her womb.

"That was exceptional, Tim. Thank you!" After snuggling for a few minutes, Christine rolled out of bed and walked away into the depths of the barn. Lonely again! But not for long, as it turned out.

About an hour before dawn, I felt on soft kiss on my cheek. "Ready for a nice wake-up, Tim?" I recognized the voice. It was Amy. Hearing no objection from me, Amy slid naked under the covers and moved in for a kiss.

She was an amazing kisser. We must have lip wrestled, with twirling, probing tongues, for at least twenty minutes. Then she broke away. "I have a confession to make," she said softly, as the others were still sleeping. "Maybe you've figured it out, but if you haven't.

"Tim, we don't just want a strong back to help us with the farming. We're a tightknit group here. We're also normal, healthy, young women, and most of us want to get laid now and again.

"But Hervana is a woman's commune, so we don't want a bunch of guys hanging around and, well, being asshole guys and telling us what to do. Or being with us and then cheating on us and giving us the clap or worse. Or flirting with some of us and ignoring girls like Pam

"So I asked Amanda to bring us a nice, healthy, disease-free guy who might be willing to keep us happy – all of us – and yet not become a bossy prick. Don't know why Amanda thought you'd do, but so far you've been OK. Are you interested?" While she spoke, Amy had been gently stroking my side, teasing my nipples with shy strokes. As she waited for an answer, she pulled my free hand to her mouth and gently kissed it.

My prick had risen for the occasion and was shouting "Yes! Yes! Yes!" while my mind was thinking about the future. If 'hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,' what kind of hornet's nest was I about to stir up if I started fucking eight or nine women? Inevitably feelings would be hurt, jealousy would ride in on a pale rabid horse that would kick and bite and spray its venom on everyone.

While I was thinking it over, and enjoying Amy's stroking, she continued: "While it would be a sexual paradise, Tim, you'd have to walk an awfully straight line. You'd have to treat each one of

us equally, with respect. Even if you fell in love with one or two of us, you couldn't show it, you couldn't give your love any extra attention. Rather than a paradise, it might be hell.

"And," she said, and giggled, "your social life would suck. You couldn't go on any dates with the local wenches. No spreading the clap back at the commune. Nope, just old-fashioned fucking with the mares in the barn." The rising sun's glow was filtering into the bedroom, and I could see a wicked, beguiling smile on Amy's face.

"Speaking of fucking," she said, "please do me now. I'm wet and ready. Please, a quickie before we have to get up."

I nodded and kissed her as she ripped open a condom, sheathed my penis, and spread her legs on the bed. I climbed into her saddle, probed deep, and started humping slowly, then faster. Sensing I was getting ready to shoot, I pulled out and let the first inklings of inevitability ebb. Then back to work, humping slowly.

"For god's sake, fuck me hard and fast. We're about out of time, Tim." My hips and thighs answered Amy, and less than a minute later we came together in a chorus of grunts and groans. And hand-clapping!

"Well done, you two," said a voice I recognized as Donna's. "Good rhythm, strong finish."

A glance at the doorway revealed Donna standing in the middle, with Beverly and Karen on either side of her. All of them were grinning. Beverly hadn't clapped, that's for sure, as her right hand was deeply buried in her snatch, frigging herself. "Now get off her and let's get the day underway."

"OK," I replied. "And what about a door for a little privacy?"

"Nope," replied Beverly. "That idea was voted down months ago, when we built the rumpus room."

"True, true," Amy said as she leaned over, and gently pulled the condom off my now deflated dick. "Mind if I have a taste?"

I motioned for her to go ahead, and she gently cleaned my cock with her tongue and lips. "Yummy! The perfect combination of cunt and cock."

That evening was like all the others, up till bedtime. As the lamps were being snuffed out, Pam asked the group, somewhat timidly, "Can I have my turn?" A general murmur of assent came

from the group, along with a hearty "Fuck 'im well!" I didn't recognize the voice, but I suspected it was Donna's.

Pam grabbed my hand and led me to the rumpus room. I was beginning to feel like a trained seal, but a very contented one. Pam in bed was unlike Pam elsewhere. Whatever wildness she suppressed while working in the bank erupted when she got in bed with me.

She started licking my ears, then gently moved down to my neck, my nipples, my abs, my dick, my balls, and she kept on going, giving me not just a rim job but a thorough anus cleaning with her strong and lengthy tongue. Then back to my dick she went, licking, gently blowing, softly caressing.

"Swing around so I can enjoy your lovely ass," I whispered. A lovely ass it was indeed. As she changed positions, I began running my hands over her soft ass, and then I began teasing and eventually frigging her cunt. I was doing too good of a job, as she stopped the fellatio and ebulliently enjoyed my frigging.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming, oh god I'm cumming."

After she came I softly stroked her back, gently ran my hand over the orbs of her ass, and moved on to teasing her tits and nipples. After a few minutes of post-orgasmic cooling, she started playing with my balls and the base of my cock.

My dick had wilted a bit after she'd stopped the fellatio, but her ministrations had it standing proud again. I pulled her on top of me, licked her nipples, and French kissed her before kissing her on the neck and nibbling her earlobes. I pulled her forward and got ready for my cock to spear her cunt.

"Go ahead," she said. "I'm on the pill."

I went ahead, slowly at first, then rapidly, then slowed down to a comfortable pace, kneading her breasts as we fucked.

"Oh, god, that's it," she murmured and then collapsed on my chest. "So good. A bit faster, fuck!"

My pace increased and suddenly her cunt tightened around my dick and she practically screamed in my ear, "Yes, fuck, yes, yes."

From the barn came one "Keep it down!" and then a "Fuck her good!"

I did the latter, and Pam soon collapsed on me, panting and mewling. "Thank you!" she said, and kissed my nose.

"Thank you!" I replied. We stayed joined at my dick for a few minutes till it fell out, followed by a small fountain of cum that dribbled down my balls. Pam slept with me for most of the night, until evicted in the early morning by mighty Mary. I say "mighty" cause she was the tallest of the Hervana women.

Her first name gave a hint of her sexual behavior, which is to say there wasn't much. As I learned later, most of her sexuality had been drummed out of her by nuns at the Catholic schools she attended. We kissed briefly that early morning, and then she lay on her back and spread her legs slightly.

I dutifully began kissing her tits and teasing her tummy with my fingers, inching down to my nirvana. My hand was nearing her pud when she reached down and grabbed it. "Please, just do me."

"But you're not ready," I said, and began to nibble my way lower.

"No!" she barked. "Just do me."

So I pried her legs apart with my knees, got in praying position, and teased her cunt lips with my cock.

"Please," she repeated, "just do me. We're safe. You don't need a condom."

I proceeded to hump her hole. I doubt she really enjoyed it, but Mr. Prick was happy nonetheless. Only weeks afterward did I learn that the rhythm method – Catholic roulette – was how she calculated "safe" times. At the moment, Mr. Prick and I were simply delighted to be fucking as nature intended, no Trojans involved.

Mary did say, "That was nice" once I was done, but other than those few words, I have no idea how she felt and whether I placated "the itch" in her. After my cock stopped pumping swimmers in her, she slid out from under me, slipped into her robe, and walked away in the dim morning light bathing the barn's interior.

After breakfast, Amy pulled me aside for what she called "a consultation."

Frankly, Amy looked pissed. "OK," she said, "you're getting your rocks off. In two days you've fucked four of us, but you haven't said one way or the other whether you've accepted the deal I offered. No more fucking around. Are you with us? Or do I need to show you the gate?"

The last two days I made up my mind for me. I enjoyed the after-

dinner wine and toking, the women's nightly shows at the shower, Beverly's cooking morning, noon, and night, and I especially enjoyed the fucking. And not just for fuck's sake. The variations were nice, very nice. Christine's aggressiveness and dynamite fellatio were delightful, but so too was Mary's passivity, allowing me to pump to my dick's content, savoring the experience quietly and peacefully.

"I'm in," I said.

"But for how long?"

"How about if I commit for two years? Is that enough?"

"It should do," Amy replied. "By then, we'll have probably worn out your dick." She smiled broadly. "OK, keeping fucking. I'll tell the others we have a buyer." She kissed my hard on the lips and grabbed my groin. "Don't wear it out before its my turn again."

At dinner that night, after the main course, Beverly brought out a large iced cake and a big bag of cookies. We ate the cake, but the cookies were a going-away gift for Amanda. She was leaving in the morning, heading home. Turned out Hervana had paid her to recruit a guy. As I'd proved myself an acceptable fucker, and had accepted the position on offer, Hervana was paying her a bonus and sending her on her way.

I felt a twinge of regret at not having had a chance to sleep with Amanda, but I gathered from her body language that she didn't feel the same. I guess that to her I was something of a whore, a cock for hire, and she didn't want me and Mr. Prick anywhere near her girly parts. Oh, well. You can't fuck 'em all.

Amanda did say her goodbyes to me before backing the gas-guzzler out the main barn doors and down the dirt road. "Take care of yourself," she said. "I hope you like it here." She gave me a weak, obligatory hug, and was gone.

I learned later that she'd been sent off with \$3,000 of Hervana's cash, a large sum in those days. When I learned that, I began to puzzle about the source of the commune's wealth. The financial fog wouldn't dissipate for a long time, and I'm not sure I still know the full story.

The night before Amanda left I'd hoped she come to my bed for a goodbye fuck, but it was Beverly who slipped under the sheet instead.

"Hey, Honeybuns, given that your ride is leaving in the morning and you're not, I assume you've decided you'd rather do your riding here."

"Yes 'am," I replied, and pushed her deep into the mattress and planted a kiss on her pale lips. "I figured I had more ground to plow."

"You say the nicest things. I think you're going to be very happy here." With that, Beverly squirmed out from under me and grabbed my balls. "Poor things. They feel awfully full."

"Roll over, Beethoven!" she commanded, and I did. She scooted up to me and pushed her cunt into my face. "Lick, lickety lick."

When she was showering in plain view after work, I had thought from my vantage point in the kitchen that Beverly, like a lot of blondes I knew, had sparse hair "down there." I had been wrong. She was totally shaved, which was definitely not the norm in 1973. Or maybe she was 'Nair'ed, meaning she'd used a brand-name depilatory that was heavily advertised back then.

However her pudendum came to be hairless, I liked it and I licked it lovingly as she knelt over me. Soon the little man in her boat was standing up quite tall, and she was moaning. "Woof!" she whispered. "Woof, woof! This bitch wants doggie."

As she assumed the canine position, I clambered up and began to tease her labial lips with my cock. Round and round I swirled my cock, and teased her by putting it in a fraction of an inch before pulling it out.

After half a minute of the teasing, she ended it by slamming backward with her hips while grabbing my thighs after I'd penetrated her a fraction of an inch. I slipped right in, then pulled out.

"Condom, m'am?"

"Oh, fuck. Yeah, you'd better."

"I don't have any. The other women brought them."

"I don't have any either. Let's risk it. 'You may fire when ready, Gridley.' "

"I love a woman who talks dirty history to me," I said, and began to hump. Beverly was my fifth fuck in two and a half days, and I'd be lying if I said that had I felt any inclination to cum

prematurely.

Rather, we fucked and fucked and fucked, moving from doggie to missionary to side-by-side to cowgirl to reverse cowgirl. I finished by sitting upright with my legs crossed and having her sit in my lap, harpooned on Mr. Prick.

"That was something, Mr. Tim," Beverly said as she snuggled up next to me. "Something nice."

Kathy kicked Beverly out of bed with a sweet voice that firmly proclaimed, "It's my turn." I wondered as Kathy climbed how it was that I got two blondes the same night. Never did figure that out.

"Let's just spoon for a while, Sweet Heart," Kathy said. "Like olden days." Maybe 'they' spooned as Kathy did, back in olden days, but I have some doubts. She slid up behind me and began tickling my chest, playing with my nipples, all the while kissing around my ears with occasional sucks on my earlobes.

When tired of that, she reached down and played with dick till it was hard. "Roll on your back," she commanded.

Deftly, she rolled on a condom before mounting me like a cowgirl and aiming my prick at her hole. She was a bit dry, so I let her take the lead. She pushed down a bit, pulled back, and repeated till I was all the way in. Then we fucked slowly.

That was pretty much it, up until I cummed. At that point she rolled off, removed my condom, squeezed some cum out of the rubber like it was a toothpaste tube, and slurped it up. "Yum!" She smiled in the dim light. "Truth be told, I'd rather give head than get laid. There's something about it that really gets me off."

That evening, at dinner, Amy took me aside. "Have to tell you, Stud, the girls are giving you good marks. Real good marks. Nonetheless, the rumpus room isn't yours tonight, or at least not at the beginning. "

Uh, the thing is, Donna's a lesbian and there's no convincing her to try some cock. So Karen, who's up for anything, will be taking your place this evening. But don't worry. Karen'll fetch you in the morning so you don't feel neglected."

After the usual wine and dope I grabbed a spare sleeping bag and joined the scrum of women sleeping at the kitchen end of the barn. Must have been about 4 a.m. when Donna flicked my nose a couple of times, waking me up. "Karen wants you in the rumpus room."

Karen welcomed me with open arms, and open breasts. Her knockers were huge on her slender frame, and jutted out to the sides. "Come 'ere, Big Boy, let's see what you've got."

She played with my jewels while I kissed her, but she wasn't all that into it. "Hate to say it," she said, "but while your kissing is nice, I've been kissed and teased and licked and played with all night by lesbian lips, and yours just aren't the same. So let's try some nice belly bumping instead."

With that, she popped a condom in her mouth, bent over Mr. Prick, and covered him with aforesaid French raincoat. Then we fucked. By dawn's early light we were on condom number three and my groin literally ached when I ejaculated.

The fucking rotation continued for the next few months more or less as described. Sometimes a woman would get two or even three nights of bonking in succession, other times I might not get my rocks off for several days when the women's menses fell at the same time or several of them were traveling.

However, whether I performed or not, I got paid, in cash, every two weeks. Christine was the paymaster and carefully counted out the money into my hand. Mostly I saved my earnings, mostly because I didn't need to spend money. A few or all of us would go into town occasionally to watch a movie or buy a few personal items, but that's it. Any wanderlust I had was defused by the fucklust I satisfied night after night with the women.

Then came the drug raid. About half past three one morning we were awakened by shouts at the door and bright lights pouring into the barn. The locals apparently thought they were raiding a bunch of drug-crazed 'hippies' out to subvert the community. The sheriff looked mildly surprised when he recognized Pam as a teller at 'his' bank.

I know he was surprised when Kathy said "Hi!" to him and asked what the heck was going on. She'd given him a physical just a couple weeks before.

Kathy's presence defused the situation, no doubt. As the town's one and only nurse-practitioner, she was incredibly valuable to the locals. Without her, they would have to drive 30 minutes to see an overwhelmed and over-the-hill doctor who, as everyone knew, was half drunk half the time.

The sheriff glanced around the barn after Kathy said her hello, tipped his hat, and mumbled something about having made a mistake. He said that while looking directly at the water pipe in the

middle of the sleeping bag scrum. "Let's get out of here," he said to his deputies, and they left, but not before he advised us to "behave ourselves."

There was no more sleep for any of us after that, and I missed a wake-up fucking by Mary at dawn's first light. "That was close, too close," Amy said loudly. I didn't think much more about the raid, assuming that the sheriff had learned his lesson.

In the following days, however, the commune's routine was significantly disrupted. Amy and Mary vanished, as did Donna and Karen, but I was told by everyone else not to worry. Then Pam dropped a bombshell one night, after giving me a good fucking. Turned out, she hadn't been all that careful about taking her birth control pills and was now a couple of months pregnant. What to do?

The next morning, while I still weighing what Pam had said, Beverly took me aside and filled me in. "Shut up and listen," she said. "You ever wonder how the commune always seems to have money despite, how do I put this, little visible economic activity?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Well, we're a drug factory, Mr. Tim. Amy and Mary are chemists and very good at what they do. Specifically, they make LSD for blotters. The lab, in case you're wondering, is in a secret basement underneath the barn. Yep, you've been fucking on top of it.

"Me, I act like a cook and housekeeper, but my main job is making the actual blotters. You may have seen them: They have a special watermark, an abstract labia design.

"Right now, Amy and Mary are off getting materials to set up a new lab in another state. Donna and Karen are scouting locations.

"And me? I don't want to leave here, but I have to. That raid was way too close for comfort. If the sheriff had dug around a bit, he'd have found the lab and our goose would be cooked. In other words, Hervana is history, at least for now.

"Tim, I like you. A lot. Hell, I love you."

I mumbled something.

"Tim, Pam wants to keep her baby, and I want to keep you, and Pam wants to keep you. We're tired of worrying about getting busted

and we're tired of seeing you fucking our friends when you could be fucking us.

"Pam and I have come up with a plan. So hear me out.

"Here it is: The three of us say "Sayonara!" to this joint and make a new life for ourselves as a threesome, a threesome with a baby, somewhere far from here. How about it?"

I pulled Beverly to me and kissed her, hard. Pam was standing nearby, within earshot. I walked over to her and kissed her hard, too. I pulled her over to Beverly and said softly to both of them, "I can't imagine any guy in the world getting a better offer. Yes, absolutely yes!"

We left Hervana that afternoon, after buying a car in town. Our immediate destination was Idaho, where we set up housekeeping with a bed for three. Sometime, if you want to know more, I'll tell you.

#

While this story is 100% fiction, I was inspired by photos that friends of mine took years ago when visiting a women's commune in Missouri. The photos showed three or four young women in a field, topless but wearing overalls.

#

Any comments? Email me at: Angler77@Safe-mail.net