

The Wounded Warrior And The Colleen

**A Love Story by
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Chapter One

Friday Afternoon and Evening Late Spring

It's About Time: I finally located the small shop I was trying to find. I was worried that it might be closed since I'd spent most of the day just wandering around and enjoying my first day of freedom. Late in the afternoon the shopping swarms had mostly disappeared from the mall area for a while. I knew that the shop specialized in anything that measured time, like watches and clocks, and that I'd get the watch I wanted there. I also had a watch that, if it was real, needed cleaning and some repair.

I was about to get out of the car when a young woman came out of the door of the shop. She walked out to the edge of the portico into the sunlight, looked upward, and stretched. I couldn't move. All I could do was stare at her youthful perfection. She probably had no idea anyone was watching. I knew it had to be her. She fit the description perfectly. If anything, he had understated her beauty.

As he had told me, her long red hair was one of her most beautiful features. It wasn't bright red, more bronze red, and it was long and curly but somehow it arranged itself to frame her beautiful face. A gust of wind blew it into flying flames and she leaned her head to one side and let it fly. When the wind subsided, she tossed her head a couple of times and her hair settled around her shoulders and breasts. From this distance, I couldn't see the freckles on her forehead and cheeks.



I knew it was Colleen. I remembered the visit when the Senator had showed me a picture of his family. He and Michael were the book ends and Colleen and Margaret, the Senator's wife and the mother of the two children, were in the middle. I knew which one had to be Colleen and which one Margaret but I asked the Senator anyway. The two women were so much alike in every way that they could have been sisters instead of mother and daughter. Margaret's hair was the same color as Colleen's but hers was much shorter and neater. Colleen's was long and wild. I could almost picture Colleen on the rocky highlands of the Isle of Skye where her family originated.

Colleen surveyed her domain, looked at the parking lot from one side to the other, and probably didn't see me about to get out of the little rental car. I sat there waiting and watching. I felt something trying to enlarge in my shorts and I looked down and was glad to see that my buddy, after sleeping so much for the last few months, was interested in what I was seeing.

She stretched again, arms upraised this time, legs spread, leaned back, displaying maybe but to whom? She was wearing white socks and sneakers, white knee-length shorts like my khaki ones, and a dark shirt, not loose but not tight, just taut enough for me to see the mounds of her small breasts. I saw a tangle of gold-colored chains with small colored beads around her neck. She was beautiful, captivating, a tall slim gorgeous young woman. I knew she was nineteen, a year younger than me, but she could easily have been immortal and ageless.

I looked down at the middle of the little rental car, found the parking lever, and pulled it. I wasn't familiar with the car since I'd just rented it earlier that morning. It was an automatic and I wanted to drive a manual but I didn't trust my left leg yet to help me with a clutch.

The parking strip where I'd finally found a spot was slightly downhill from the row of small businesses, outliers around the big mall. The rental attendant had given me a temporary handicapped sticker but the handicapped spaces next to the businesses were all full. I had circled around and parked in the next area of the parking lot. I opened the door and got out of the car. I looked at her again and saw her watching me.

Cane or no cane? I decided to be safe, not sorry, reached back in, and found my cane. I remembered the small package on the passenger seat and grabbed that in my left hand. I wouldn't want to forget what I'd been carrying around for so long, the thing I'd been wondering about.

There was a little strip of vegetation, small trees and low bushes, between the area where I had parked and the parking area next to the businesses. I walked up to the curb, planted my cane securely on the grass on the other side, stepped over with my right leg, and started to bring my left leg forward.

That's when it happened again. My left leg vanished in an instant, disappeared, completely gone, none-functioning. My phantom leg was already in motion and my left foot didn't lift. It caught on the side of the curb and I fell. I saw the black plastic front bumper of a parked car coming up at me and my head hit it, a hard glancing blow. I fell face first into the grass and that's all I knew for a while. Lights out.

When I swam up from the dark depths to consciousness again, I felt somebody holding my hands. I struggled to open my eyes and saw two people, the beautiful young woman, Colleen, on one side and a young kid, probably Michael, her brother, on the other. The kid had to be her brother; he fit the description perfectly as well: tall, skinny, brown hair like mine, a cute kid of fifteen.

She was holding something cold on my forehead with one hand and holding my hand with the other. He was holding my other hand with one of his and had the other on my shoulder, perhaps holding me still. I saw something up above me and looked back over my head. An older woman, grandmotherly, was standing there holding an umbrella, keeping me in the shade. That was Grandma for sure. She looked the part as if she'd been made for it. She had my cane in her other hand. I looked back at the young woman and frowned questioningly.

"Welcome back," she said.

"What happened?" I croaked.

"You fell. I think you tripped over the curb and fell. You hit your head on the bumper of the car in front of us. That's why I'm holding an ice bag on your forehead."

I became aware that my shorts were pushed down far enough for my pubic hair to show, my shirt was pulled up, and a large part of my chest and belly was exposed. She saw me looking down.

"You were clawing at your stomach," she said. "You pulled your shirt out of your shorts and were trying to do something just below your navel. You were trying to say something, mumbling, and I think I heard the word 'shot.'"

“You saw?”

“Yes, I saw where you were shot and some fresh scars from operations.”

“Damn!”

“You were thrashing around so I don’t think you have a neck or spinal injury,” she said. “Do you want me to call an ambulance?”

“No!” I said, perhaps a little too loudly. “I was just released from the VA hospital this morning. I don’t want to go back.”

“Well, we should get you out of the sun,” she said. “Can you stand up?”

I looked at my left leg and saw my left knee was scraped and bleeding a little and my sock was red from another wound. I couldn’t feel either wound. I tried to lift my leg and barely succeeded. I knew it wasn’t trustworthy now and wouldn’t be for a while. After all the therapy, I thought it would be OK again. I sat up and put my hands down on the ground on each side of me.

“I’ve got something wrong with the nerves coming out of my spine and running down my left leg,” I said. “My leg just sort of disappears once in a while. It’s getting better. It hasn’t happened in the last few weeks. I can probably stand but I’ll need support. I don’t think I can walk on it for a while.”

“Michael, run get my rollator,” Grandma said.

“OK, Grandma,” he said. He ran to the shop, came out seconds later pushing a rollator, and positioned it with the seat toward where I was sitting. I had used one almost like it for months in the hospital.

“Michael, help Colleen lift him,” Grandma said.

Michael and Colleen pulled me up, put my arms on their shoulders, and we stood there for a moment. I took a tentative step with my left leg. It worked but barely. We shuffled toward the rollator, they turned me around, and I sat down in it. Michael unfolded the foot rest and I put my right foot on it. My left one didn’t want to cooperate. Colleen lifted that leg and positioned my foot on the rest.

Then I remembered. “I had something with me: a black velvet bag. Did you find it?”

Grandma reached into the pocket of her apron. “Is this it? We didn’t look inside.”

I nodded. “Hold it for me, please.”

She stuffed it back in her apron.

With Michael pushing and Colleen and Grandma following, we bumped across the parking lot and onto the portico in front of It’s About Time. Colleen held the door open and Michael pushed me inside. Grandma didn’t come in.

“Colleen, I’m going to get something,” she said. “Clean his leg while I’m gone.”

Inside, Michael and Colleen stood me up again and transferred me to an upholstered customer chair. She lifted my left leg, put my foot on the seat of the rollator, and looked at my leg. I looked too and saw that my knee was badly scraped and oozing blood and my ankle had a cut close to my sock. The cut was still running blood, it was dripping down my leg, and my sock was red with it at the top. As I watched, a drop of blood fell on the floor.

“It doesn’t hurt?” Colleen asked.

“No. I can’t feel it.”

“Michael, get me a couple of wet washcloths,” she said. “Use cold water.”

He went to the back of the store and returned with the washcloths. Colleen put one over the cut and put the ice bag on top of that. Then she pushed my hair back off my forehead, looked closely, and gently pressed down on the center of my forehead with her fingers.

“There’s some abrasion and slight bleeding here,” she said. “That’s how I knew you had hit your head. You’re probably going to have a goose egg. Maybe you didn’t knock your brains out.”

With that, she bent over, put her fingers under my chin, lifted my head, and wiped my face with a washcloth. I shut my eyes and surrendered to her. When she stopped - I didn’t want her to quit - I opened my eyes and looked at her. The top button of her shirt was unbuttoned and, bent over, the curves of her beautiful breasts were showing. Of course, I looked. She saw where I was looking, smiled, and quickly kissed me, just a little smack on my lips. I couldn’t believe it.

“You’re cute,” she said. I didn’t know what to say.

“Michael, go next door and tell Grandma to get him a pair of white socks,” she said. He ran out the door and was back in seconds.

“She’s checking out and she’s already got the socks,” he said.

Colleen grunted, stripped my sneaker and sock off, and stood looking at the cut on my shin. Blood was still running out of it. She doubled the washcloth, put it and the ice bag back on my shin, and then wiped the rest of my leg clean. I don’t know what she was looking at when she wiped half-way up my thigh but she grunted again. I looked down and saw that my penis and testicles were making a bulge in one leg of my shorts. I had worn boxer underwear as usual so everything could hang loose in the spring heat. I looked back up and saw she was smiling. She knew I knew where she had been looking.

Grandma returned and stood smiling at me too. She probably had looked like Colleen when she was young but her hair was now gray, her breasts were large, and she was more than a little chubby. She certainly looked the part of a grandmother: a beautiful loving and comforting older woman.

I sat there and enjoyed two nurses caring for me: first, cut on ankle wiped clean, antibiotic ointment and bandage applied; next, knee picked clean of sand with tweezers, gently wiped clean with cloth, ointment applied, and bandaged; and, last, forehead greased with ointment, no bandage.

“Michael, go next door and get him something to drink,” Colleen ordered and he ran out the door.

As soon as he was gone, Colleen put her hands in my armpits, lifted me easily and I stood up, wondering what now? She put her arms around my chest, one hand behind my head, and pushed down. I bent over and she kissed me: a quick smack on each cheek and a light touch of soft lips on mine.

She pulled back, looked inquisitively at me, and then kissed me again. I felt her tongue seeking entrance and I opened to her. My eyes were open and I saw hers were closed so I thought what the Hell, Grandma watching or not, and I closed my eyes and kissed her back.

Then she shocked me again. She put her hands on my butt and pulled me against her. Did I dare? I did. I put my hands on her soft behind and pulled too.

“Colleen, don’t you think you should at least ask his name before you bed him?” Grandma asked.

“Grandma, it’s just part of the therapy,” she said. “I was just trying to make him think of something other than his leg.”

“I’m Ryan MacEwen and you’ve succeeded,” I said.

“Another damned Irish mick,” Colleen said, grinning, dimples on both cheeks.

“Do you have a name?” I asked. I knew who she was. She had to be Colleen. She was undeniably a colleen.

“Yeah, Colleen Kelly,” she said and nodded at Grandma. “She’s Grandma Kelly. My brother is Michael Kelly. Caio, we’re all Italians.”

“Yeah, and I’m Chinese and I need to sit down.”

We both took our hands off the other’s butt. She helped me sit down in the chair and then put my left leg up in the rollator again. Michael returned carrying a big iced tea. He handed it to me, unwrapped the straw, and inserted it. I took a few sips. It was good: sweet and cold. Then I took a really big drink because I needed something cold after having Colleen’s hot tongue in my mouth.

I closed my eyes, breathed deeply a few times, relaxed for a moment, and then opened them again and looked around. Colleen and Grandma were both looking at me appraisingly.

“I’ve got a little bit of a headache,” I said. “Do you have something for pain, something mild?”

“Michael, get him some acetaminophen,” Grandma said.

Poor Michael, getting ordered around all the time. He was back in seconds and shook a couple in my hand. I swallowed them and a few big gulps of cold sweet tea. Then I looked at Colleen and smiled my biggest.

“Well, what do you think, Grandma?” Colleen asked. “Is he a keeper?”

“I think he’s exactly the kind of man you like,” Grandma answered. “He wears pants. Well, short ones, but pants.”

“Oh, Grandma, I like what I see: cute face, damned good smile, tall, sort of skinny, wide shoulders, narrow waist, tight little butt, long legs. He’s probably a ten in bed. He’s beautiful, Grandma.”

“I’m not a ten,” I said, determined to give as good as I got. “It’s a little over seven inches; is that enough?”

“That’ll do nicely,” Colleen said, dimpling again. Grandma threw up her hands, shook her head, and walked away. Michael just laughed at us and our dueling with words. I sat there in the chair. I needed to sit for a while after Coleen’s therapy.

“I was just coming here,” I said, trying to change the subject. “I want a watch.”

I pulled my billfold out of my shorts, fumbled for the card, and handed it to Colleen. It was a business card from the It’s About Time shop and had been given to me by Grandpa’s and Grandma’s son, Senator Kelly, a member of the Senate Veterans’ Affairs Committee. The Senator had visited me lots of times when I was in the VA hospital and we had talked long and honestly about my life and about combat. On his last visit, he had given me the card and on it he had written “Grandpa, Ryan needs a watch. I think we can help him. What do you think?”

“You must have impressed him somehow,” Colleen said. “He doesn’t give out many of these.”

“He said I had potential,” I said. “I don’t know what he saw in me.”

Michael went behind the display case, pulled out a watch, and showed it to me. It was a Seiko solar day/date watch with Arabic numerals in stainless steel with a matching bracelet: a practical utilitarian watch and a damned nice one. I held out my left arm and he fastened the watch around my wrist. It fit perfectly.

“Dad says we can always swap the card for one of these,” he said. “It never needs winding or a battery, just light.”

“It’s exactly what I wanted,” I said. “Where’s Grandpa?”

“He should be here any minute,” Grandma said. “He takes off on Friday afternoons because he stays at the shop all day Saturday. He likes to cook and, when we close, he’ll take us all home for dinner. I don’t know what we’re having but he’s a good cook. Can you come home with us for dinner?”

“Yes, but I need to talk to Grandpa about something,” I said. “I’ve got a problem, at least, I think I do, and I need his advice on it.”

“Well, wait ‘til after we’ve eaten,” Grandma said. “I’m sure Michael is hungry. He always is. You can talk to Grandpa later.”

A few minutes later, Grandpa walked in and I was introduced. I didn’t try to get up from the chair. I held out my arm to show him the watch.

“Your son visited me in the hospital and we exchanged war stories,” I said. “He gave me a card for your shop and said I could swap it for this watch.”

“I’ve been wondering when you were going to show up,” Grandpa said. “He told me about you and said we should help you if we can and to let him know if you needed his help.”

“Grandma says you can wait until after we’ve eaten,” Michael said. “Let’s go. I’m hungry.”

I watched as they quickly closed down the shop. It was evident that the four of them were used to doing this together. They all did different tasks without being told.

“Grandpa, Ryan has a rental car that we need to return,” Colleen said. “He fell and injured his leg and now he can’t drive it. The rental place is not far out of the way. Let me drive it back and you take Grandma and Michael and Ryan in your car and then pick me up.”

Nobody asked me what I wanted to do but I dug in my pocket and handed her the keys. “I’ve got some luggage in the trunk. Can you put it in Grandpa’s car?”

She nodded, kissed me on the forehead, said “Yuck,” wiped the antibiotic off her lips, and left.

With my arms on Grandpa’s and Michael’s shoulders, I hobbled outside to a big Buick. Grandma insisted I ride upfront in the passenger side and I finally managed to stuff my left leg in it. At the car rental place, Colleen was waiting out front and she stuffed her butt in the back seat with poor Michael scrunched in the middle between her and Grandma.

Grandpa drove the five of us through quiet residential streets to their house, a nice brick ranch set back under big oak trees. From talking to Senator Kelly, I knew the grandparents now lived alone and the rest of the family lived somewhere else.

I couldn't help it. I couldn't remember the last time I'd had home-cooked food, especially food as good as Grandpa's. Perhaps it was simple food to them but, to me, it was unbelievably good: meatloaf in a tangy tomato gravy, cornbread muffins, mashed potatoes with a chunk of butter melting on top, fried yellow squash, green beans cooked with ham, and a salad of vine-ripened tomatoes and cucumbers and onions. Perhaps I should have entered into the conversation and laughter more but my mouth was usually full. They all just grinned and excused me.

Colleen and Michael cleared the table while Grandma and Grandpa sat with me and we talked. I told them about all the times Senator Kelly had visited me in the hospital, the first when I was still bedridden and hooked up to monitors and tubes, the others when I was finally able to walk with a rollator but dragging my left leg, and the last visit when he gave me the card.

Officially I was no longer on active duty but all I had to do now was to report for therapy sessions as ordered. I held back on telling about my wound, how I got it, and how I had spent six months recuperating before I was finally released.

"Grandpa, I have a problem, at least, I think I have, and I don't know what I should do," I finally said. "Could I talk with you in private?"

He sat and looked at me for a moment. "Ryan, you're not the first young man we've helped. There have been others. Grandma knows if she reveals anything you want kept secret, I'll spank her butt. Michael's mother can spank his. You can spank Colleen's. She likes it. Now, let's trust them to know when not to talk."

I looked at Grandma. "Have you still got the black bag?"

She reached in her apron and held it out to me.

"Let Colleen unwrap it," I said.

Colleen took the bag, reached inside, and brought out the plastic bag containing the aluminum-foil-wrapped object. She looked at me quizzically and I nodded. She took the object out of the plastic bag, peeled back the foil, and held up the watch so the others could see. Grandpa took it and looked at it closely.

"Damn! This is a Sky Dweller Rolex," he said.

"Is it real or is it fake?" I asked.

“At first glance, I think it’s real,” he said. “Colleen, can you look it up on that infernal phone of yours?” He read her the serial number.

She could and did. Within a minute or so she was giving us a description of the watch.

“Sky Dwellers are Rolex’s super premium watches. This one was priced originally at \$46,000. The case and bracelet are both yellow gold. It’s described on the Champagne-colored dial as a Sky Dweller, Oyster Perpetual, Superlative Chronometer, and Officially Certified. It has an automatic movement and is self-winding with movement of the wearer’s wrist or with a winding stem. It shows hours, minutes, seconds, GMT, and date. It has a fluted rotating bezel and is water resistant to 100 meters or 300 feet.”

Michael held out his hand for the watch and Grandpa let him look at it.

“Where did you get it?” he asked. “It’s all dirty and muddy and the bracelet is broken.”

“The dark stuff is blood and the mud is from Afghanistan,” I started, and they all sat silently while I told them the story.

“I was an Army grunt, one of seven soldiers and one officer, assigned to protect another soldier who was some sort of wizard. We were all on a mountain side looking down in a narrow valley at a Taliban compound of decrepit buildings.

The wizard was doing his magic and feeding the coordinates of the compound back to a command center which guided drones. The first drone released its missile and it struck near the entry to the walled compound. Taliban ants staggered out of hiding and swarmed around the crater.

The wizard reported to the command center and, about ten minutes later, a second drone missile struck and all holy hell erupted. The missile had evidently struck a storage facility for explosives and the pyrotechnics lasted for a while. When the fireworks finally stopped and most of the smoke cleared, we could see the compound again. There wasn’t a single building still standing and there were no ants running around.

We went down to the site to reconnoiter for anything of informational value and to look for survivors. The lieutenant in charge said there

were to be no survivors unless they could walk out with us and we all knew what that meant: we had to kill the wounded ones.

We wandered through the building debris looking for survivors among the bodies and body parts and for anything with writing on it. I was walking in the mud – it had rained during the night – when I saw something shiny. I picked it up and stuck it in my pocket. It was the watch.

There were wounded, perhaps ten of them, some barely alive. I put two of them out of their misery with a single shot to the head and I heard shots as the other guys did the same. Finally there was only one survivor and I knew I was expected to finish him.”

“You mean the watch came from a Taliban compound somewhere?” Michael asked.

“Yes, from Helmand Province in Afghanistan,” I said. “We called it Hell Man Province because that’s what it was.”

I looked at Grandpa. “Can you fix it?”

“What do you think is wrong with it?”

“It won’t keep good time. It runs for a while and then stops. And the bracelet is broken.”

He held the watch up to his ear and shook it up and down for a minute.

“Ryan, there’s nothing wrong with the watch,” he said. “It’s an automatic watch. The movement of your wrist moves a rotor which winds a spring that powers the hands. It’s simple and elegant. The bracelet just needs a pin. Is it OK if I clean it and fix the bracelet?”

“Sure, I don’t know anything about watches. You do.”

He took the watch, went somewhere, and was back in a few minutes. He held out the watch to me. The time was correct. The watch was gleaming and pristine and beautiful. He picked up my left wrist and started to take the other watch off.

“Don’t,” I said. “I want to keep this one.”

He picked up my right wrist, put the watch on it, took it off, adjusted the bracelet, and put it back on.

“I looked inside. It’s real,” he said. “Wear it for a while and compare the time on the two. I don’t think you’ll see any difference.”

I needed time to think. Should I tell them the rest of what happened? I also needed to pee. The big sweet tea at the shop and more at dinner was demanding to be recycled.

“Could I use the bathroom?” I asked. “I need some tea relief.”

I looked at Michael. “I can use Grandma’s rollator if she doesn’t mind. I’m used to using one at the hospital.”

Michael brought it, held it for me, and I easily shifted to it. He led the way out of the kitchen to a little half-bath near the front door. I stood up, held the door jambs, and went in and pissed in blessed relief. When I can out, Michael was waiting for me in the hallway, holding the rollator.

“I want to be a soldier too, like Dad and Grandpa and you,” he said.

Maybe that settled it in my mind. I was going to tell the rest of the story even if I wasn’t welcome in their house afterward. Michael should understand that war is hell.

Back at the kitchen table, I shifted over to the arm chair, the only one of six with arms. Grandma had insisted I take it.

“Michael says he wants to be a soldier too,” I said. “Well, I’m going to tell him what I did before we left the Taliban site. You may want to kick me out of the house afterwards.”

I looked at Grandma, Grandpa, and Colleen. All three nodded.

“I was the new guy in the squad and I knew what I was expected to do. I was already filled with hatred for the Taliban and I didn’t think of them as humans, just religious idiots who wanted to kill everybody not like them. I would feel nothing but relief if all of them were wiped off the face of the earth.

I stood there over the lone survivor, me looking down at him, him looking back up at me, and we both probably had hatred on our faces. He looked intact except for the odd angles of both his lower legs. We all gathered around, the Lieutenant looked at me, turned his back, and looked at the sky. Two guys knelt and held the survivor’s hands above his head. I was ready. I took out my knife, cut the survivor’s clothing away from his genitals, and looked at his face. Fear? Hatred? No matter.

I cut his penis off, held it over his head, and let the last few drops of blood fall in his face. Then I dropped it and stomped and twisted it into the mud with my boot. I looked back at his face and now it was clearly contorted in horror. Then I cut his testicles off, pried his mouth open, shoved his testicles in, and pushed them down his throat. All of us except the Lieutenant watched as he choked to death.

One of the other guys said: "Lieutenant." He turned around, looked at me, nodded, and said, "What are you guys waiting for? We've got another mountain to climb."

I looked around at the others, Colleen, Grandma, Grandpa, and finally, Michael. I saw slight frowns on faces but no real shock or disgust.

"Ryan, how did you like your dinner?" Grandma asked.

"It was great, best I've had in years."

"Well, just wait 'til tomorrow night," she said. "I'm cooking. Grandpa's a good cook but I'm better."

Acceptance? Kindness? They wanted me to stay with them? To have dinner with them again? My throat froze and I couldn't talk and I felt tears flood my eyes. I hung my head and sniffed a few times.

I felt somebody pushing my legs apart. It was Colleen. She stood over me, pulled my head against her soft breasts, held me against her with one hand, and stroked my long hair with the other. I put my arms around her, sobbed a few times, and tried my best to bury myself in her. I felt somebody else's hands kneading my shoulders and looked up. It was Michael. He was looking at me and smiling. I looked up at Colleen.

"You still want me to stay with you?" I asked. "After I told you what I did?"

"Yes," she said. "I know that's what Dad, the Senator, I mean, I know that's what he wants. We all want you to stay with us for a while."

I looked around at the others. Grandpa, Grandma, and Michael were all smiling at me and nodding.

"When were you wounded?" Colleen asked.

"Five days later," I said.

For a moment I couldn't go on. I closed my eyes and buried my face in her softness again. When I finally let her go, I wiped my eyes with my fingers. She sat down in front of me and held my hands. I took a deep breath and told them how I was wounded.

"I was on patrol with some other guys, just walking through a small village, just winning the hearts and minds of the natives. Shit! Pardon my French. We'd been warned, never trust them, don't give them anything but smiles, but I was stupid.

The only ones who came out to the street were old men and young boys. Females stayed inside. A young kid, maybe twelve or thirteen, held out his hand, begging, and said something. I carried little peppermints to moisten my mouth because of the dirt and dust and I reached in my pocket for one for him. That's when he pulled a big pistol out of his clothes.

I was carrying my M4 carbine on my right arm as usual with my finger curved around the trigger. The carbine could be operated in four modes: safe, one round, three-burst, or fully automatic. I was more than a little scared and apprehensive and mine was on automatic.

The kid shot me in the stomach and at the same time I shot him and some others with my rifle on automatic. His bullet penetrated my intestines and lodged against my spine and I fell, unconscious. I was wearing body armor but he shot me at an angle and somehow it missed the armor.

The next time I was barely conscious I was in a hospital somewhere and people were scrambling and doing things to me. They put my lights out again and I finally woke up in another hospital in Turkey. I had tubes running in and out of me and monitors attached to me. They had repaired my intestines. A few days later I was flown to the VA hospital in Washington. They removed the bullet and transferred me here to this VA hospital for recovery.

I eventually learned what happened in the village in Afghanistan. We had walked into a Taliban ambush. I had taken out some of them with my rifle and the other guys killed a bunch more. We killed over twenty of them and didn't lose a single man."

"That was over six months ago," I said. "My intestines became infected and I fought that for over a month. Rumor says they dipped their bullets in shit to cause infections and I don't doubt it. They finally removed all the tubes and monitors and I've been in therapy for months, trying to regain my strength and to walk again."

“War is hell, Michael,” Grandpa whispered. “Don’t ever forget that.”

“I may have done something wrong, Grandpa,” I said. “I thought the watch might be real and maybe I could sell it and go back to college. I’ve been discharged but I’m not sure what sort of benefits or disability I’ll get yet. At our base in Afghanistan, I knew I shouldn’t show the watch around so I stuffed it down one of my other boots and stuffed socks on top of it. I was trying to decide what to do when I was shot five days later. I had been in the VA hospital here for months when my personal stuff from Afghanistan was delivered to me. I looked in the toe of my boot and the watch was still there.”

“Why do you think you might have done something wrong?” he asked.

“We weren’t supposed to take anything off the bad guys,” I said. “I’d heard of guys who collected penises, others ears. I didn’t take it off one of them but I suppose that’s where it came from.”

“Well, I don’t think what you did is wrong, picking it up out of the mud. You just found it,” he said. “I’ll tell my son, the Senator, and we’ll let him worry about it. Just don’t tell anybody outside the family.”

Outside the family? Did he mean he already felt I was part of their family? I finally whispered, “Yes, sir.”

He took my hand in his. “Ryan, don’t call me sir. I’m not your superior. Call me Grandpa. That’s what I am now.”

“OK, Grandpa.”

“Now, do you really want our help,” he said. “If you do, I want to hear you say it. Look me in the eyes and say it.”

I looked him in the eyes, swallowed, and waited until I could speak. “I want your help. I need it.”

“You’ve got to talk to me and the others about what you’re feeling, Ryan,” he said. “We’re not mind readers. We’ll do our best to help you but you’ve got to help us understand you. I don’t want to hear any more talk about you trying to commit suicide. Do you understand?”

“Yes, si...Grandpa. He told you?”

“Yes, you were lucky. He said you vomited up most of the painkillers you’d saved. I don’t want any nonsense like that again.”

“I won’t but...I was so damned depressed and nothing worked right. I couldn’t use my leg and I couldn’t even get a har...an erection. I wasn’t a man. I was just a damned invalid and I couldn’t see any way for me to live with that.”

“The Senator told me you have no family,” Grandpa said. “Is that right?”

“Yes, I was just in my freshman year in college when my father was mugged and killed in New Orleans. He worked on off-shore oil rigs. Then my mother died less than a year later of cancer. That’s when I dropped out of college and enlisted. My sister and I were very close but she’s disappeared and nobody knows where she is.”

“You say you were in college,” Colleen said. “Were you a good student? Do you want to go back?”

“Yeah, I was pretty good. I made As and Bs and a C or two. I sort of want to go back but I don’t have any help and it costs an arm and a leg now. I’ll have some veteran’s benefits but they haven’t been decided yet. I don’t want to mortgage my future with student loans. That’s why I wanted the watch, to sell it and use the money to go back.”

“Ryan, you said you couldn’t even get a hard on,” Colleen said, smiling at me. She pulled her blouse down so at least half of her breasts were showing. “Does it work OK now?”

“Colleen!” Grandma said.

“I caught him looking at my breasts in the shop, Grandma,” she said. “At least he’s interested.”

“Colleen, maybe you can see if it works now,” Michael said.

“Maybe I will,” she said, and stuck her tongue out at him.

“It works better now,” I said. “I haven’t been with a woman in about a year. I don’t know if it can keep its head up long enough to do its job.”

“Well, you kids just don’t do it right here in my kitchen,” Grandma said. “You’ll give Grandpa a heart attack.”

“Shit, I still have hard attacks without watching them,” Grandpa said. “You cause them.”

I looked around, hardly believing what I was hearing. I yawned once, took a couple of deep breaths, and then yawned again.

“Collen, are your father and mother staying in Washington this weekend?” Grandma asked.

“Yes, Grandma,” Colleen said. “They’re going to a couple of fancy things tomorrow night and Sunday. Dad’s speaking at the Sunday one. He wants me to write him a ten minute speech. I’ve outlined it with the usual and I need to finish it tomorrow. He wants it before noon.”

“Well, maybe you and Michael had better take Ryan home and put him to bed,” she said. “I think he’s tired and sleepy.”

“OK, maybe I’ll see if it works,” she said, looking at me and smiling wickedly.

Chapter Two

Friday Evening

When Colleen and Michael took me home with them, there was a problem. She drove a little fire-red sports car, perhaps chosen because it almost matched her hair. It had two bucket seats in front and a little bench behind where no adult could sit unless they sat sideways. She had left her car parked at her grandparents’ house and Grandpa had then driven her, Michael, and Grandma to the shop. Now she wanted to drive the three of us home in her car.

Grandma offered to let me borrow her rollator but Grandpa couldn’t fold it up to fit in the tiny trunk of her car. It would fit behind the bucket seats but then there would be no room for Michael. I had two suitcases with all my worldly goods to go with me. Michael came up with the answer.

“Grandma, have you still got the walker?” he asked. Grandma nodded yes.

I knew what a walker was, a folding four-legged device with wheels on the front legs and slides on the back. They were commonly used at the hospital and I had used one for months.

Michael, the gofer, ran to get it. It folded nicely and fit in the trunk with my small suitcase. Michael fit on the back bench with my big

suitcase standing up. I managed to fold up enough to get both legs in the passenger side of the car. Coleen drove. Problem solved.

She drove us rather sedately through residential neighborhoods and in through the gate of what I immediately saw was a community of wealthy homes, most on what looked like two- or three-acre lots. She turned on a driveway between huge old trees to the front of a two-story mansion. Without a word, she stopped, popped the trunk open, and got out. Michael folded her seat up, crawled out, and the two of them came around to my side and helped me stand.

I stood there for a moment, my arms on their shoulders, until I felt my legs were both under me and then shuffled forward a little. My left leg barely worked. I knew I'd better use the walker.

"I think I need the walker," I said. "My leg's a little better but I can't trust it."

We went through the front door into a wide central hallway with stairs to the second floor. Colleen told me the layout: big living room to the left, dining room to the right, really huge family room at the end of the hall, kitchen to the right, and office to the left. She didn't mention bedrooms so I assumed they were all upstairs.

"I don't think I can do stairs," I said.

"That's OK," Michael said. "We can use the elevator. Where do you want to take him?"

"To a guest bedroom," Colleen said. "You get his suitcases and we'll help him get settled. Then we can sit in the kitchen while we talk."

"This is home, Ryan," she said to me. "My family's rather well to do. I might as well call it what it is, a rich, damned rich family. Mom and Dad are self-made millionaires. Let's go upstairs and show you your bedroom."

She led me to an elevator near the stairs, opened it, and we stood waiting for Michael. He was back quickly with my two suitcases. We let the elevator carry us up to the second floor and then she led me to a bedroom.

"We have two guest bedrooms, Ryan," she said. "Both have king-size beds because we frequently have couples for guests. You'll have your own private bathroom. Michael and I have rooms to the left at the end of the hall and we share a bath. Mom and Dad have a room to the right and a private bath. Do you think you can be comfortable here?"

I surveyed the large room. King-size bed. Big TV on the wall opposite the bed. Two upholstered chairs. Comfortable? Damn right, I could.

“When did you pack your suitcases?” she asked. “How do you usually sleep?”

She pointed to the bed and Michael obediently put my suitcases down on it.

“Last night. What do you mean, usually sleep?”

She led me over to the bed, pushed my little suitcase out of the way, and indicated she wanted me to sit down. I sat. The bed felt good under my butt.

“Michael usually sleeps naked,” she said. “I usually sleep in cotton panties and a shorty nightgown. You can sleep naked here if you want to. When it’s just family, we’re like nudists here.”

“Your parents too?”

“Yes, Ryan, I’ve seen them and Michael all my life. We have a pool out back and when we swim, the four of us, I mean, we usually do that naked.”

“We’re going to treat you like family, Ryan,” Michael said. “You might as well get used to it.”

“Michael, get me some hangers, she said. “I’ll check his clothes and you hang them up.” He nodded.

She opened my big suitcase, unfolded my five shirts, two pants, two shorts, jeans, jacket, and sweater, shook them, and looked at them carefully. Michael hung them in a walk-in closet. She picked up my boxer shorts as a small bundle, gave them to him, and he put them in the closet. Same with t-shirts and socks and my other sneakers. He put my toiletries in the bathroom.

I wished I had nicer clothes but I hadn’t expected anyone else to be looking at them. They were all well-worn but at least they were clean. When she was through, she looked at me. Perhaps I looked sad or unhappy. She walked in front of me, took my hands, and pulled me up against her.

“Ryan, I want you to hug me,” she said. “Would you, please?”

Would I? Of course. There was still a man somewhere in me. I wanted to hold a beautiful young woman like her in my arms. I wrapped my arms around her, not on her behind this time, just on her back. She cradled her head against the side of my throat and I felt her warm breath. I turned my head slightly, smelled her hair, and closed my eyes. She put one hand on the back of my head and gently stroked it. I wanted to hold her forever. I felt hands on my back gently kneading my shoulders and I knew it was Michael, behind me.

“Get a room,” Michael said, and I opened my eyes. Colleen made no effort to release me so I kept my arms around her.

“Ryan, this is your home now,” she said. “Grandma and Grandpa, Mom and Dad, Michael and I, we’re your family now. I’m going to be like a sister to you, Michael like a brother. We’re going to help you as long as you need it. We’re going to help you get your life back.”

“What if I never want to leave?” I said.

“I don’t suppose we’ve thought of that,” she said. “The others have left when they were ready. When you’re ready, I imagine you’ll want to leave too. How long has it been since you had a haircut?”

She ran her fingers through my long hair.

“A long time. I didn’t think it mattered when I was in the hospital. They didn’t care.”

“Well, I sort of like you with long hair,” she said. “We’ll get you an appointment next week to have it styled.”

“No, take me to a barber shop. I’ve never wasted money on stuff like that.”

“Ryan, the first of next week, Michael and I are going to take you shopping for clothes. You need some nice clothes for when you meet people, clothes that are quiet and conservative, nothing wild and weird. Dad will want you to look that way. Do you have a suit?”

“No.”

“Sport coat?”

“No.”

“Dress shoes?”

“No.”

“Well, you’ll need a couple of conservative suits and maybe a navy-blue blazer with two pairs of pants, gray and khaki. We’ll start with that and then outfit you from head to toes.”

“Colleen, I can’t afford stuff like that,” I protested. “I’ve got a little savings but I want to hang on to it and maybe start back to college.”

“Ryan, don’t worry about money,” she said. “Dad’s looking for a young man to help him with something. Maybe that’s what he meant when he said you had potential. You can consider what we spend a gift or a loan or an advance on your salary or whatever. Just quit worrying about money. Trust me. I know what I’m doing.”

“Well, I don’t know what you’re doing. I suppose I’ll have to trust you.”

She squeezed me against her belly and breasts, kissed me on the cheek, and then turned me loose. “Butthead! Now, hug Michael. He’s going to be like your little brother.”

I turned around and hugged Michael. He squeezed me but he didn’t kiss my cheek. I felt a little wobbly so I held onto his shoulders and sat back down on the bed.

She opened my small suitcase, took out the folded towel I had put on top, and stood looking at what was resting on another folded towel. Michael helped her look. I knew what I’d put inside so I looked at her to see how she reacted.

“What is it?” she asked. “A tablet? A laptop? It’s too big for a tablet and a little small for a laptop.”

“It’s my computer,” I answered. “It’s small but it’ll do anything a laptop or desktop can do. I’ve always been good with computers and I got it new a few months ago when I was beginning to feel like living again.”

She found my charger docking station and unrolled the small towel I’d put around it. From the way she grunted, I assumed she knew what it was.

“What’s in the socks?” Michael asked.

“You can look.”

I watched as he began to empty the socks. I waited to see if he knew what the different items were.

“Damn, you’ve got a couple of two-terabyte external hard drives,” Michael said, handing one to Colleen to see. There wasn’t much to see: a little black device, about four inches long by two and a half wide and less than a half inch thick with a USB connector cable.

He found my little mouse and stood looking at it.

“It’s a mouse,” I said. “Unfolded, it’s off. Fold it.”

He bent the mouse and the light came on.

“It’s a wireless blue-tooth mouse,” I said. “It works as well as the big ones.”

“Why do you need external hard drives?” he asked.

“That’s where I keep my diary,” I said. “My thoughts, my ponderings, my musings, a little bit of everything. I do a lot of writing. I’ve also got thousands of books on it, Broadway musicals, classical music, operas, stuff like that.”

“Why two?”

“Back up.”

He picked up my earphones and looked at them.

“They’re wireless blue-tooth earphones,” I said. “They’re paired with my computer so I can listen to music while I write or watch musicals and operas and stuff like that.”

Next, he pulled my two external speakers and their charging station out of a towel and, again, he looked at them for a moment and then looked at me.”

“They’re blue-tooth speakers, wireless ones, half-way decent sound. They have batteries which need recharging about every twelve hours. The charging station will take both speakers at the same time.”

Next, he emptied a sock of all my flash drives and dongles in a pile on the bed, and, as usual, looked at me.

“Some are flash drives to easily move data between computers. Some are dongles and, before you ask, dongles do a variety of things. For

example, this one will plug into the side of a big TV to show whatever is on the screen of my computer. We can watch an opera on the big TV.”

“You can; I can’t; I’ll die,” he whispered.

Last, he pulled out my recorder and looked at it. It looked like a cell phone with a 5 by 3 inch screen on one side. Again he looked at me.

“It’s a recorder,” I said. “It will record voice or images or movies. It’s paired with my computer too.”

“How does it work?”

I showed them. I opened my computer, pressed my right thumb against the screen and gave it a few seconds to boot up. Then I pressed my thumb on my recorder and gave it instructions.

“Alexander, will you please record my voice?”

“Yes, Ryan, I will record your voice.

“Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country.”

I pointed to my computer screen. My words were displayed there.

“Recorder off,” I said.

“Damn, I like that. Can I do it?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“In the first place, the computer or recorder will not operate without my right thumb print. Second, the computer is named Alexander and unless you say its name it will ignore you. Third, it recognizes my voice and will work only for me.”

“Do it again.”

“Alexander, record my voice.”

“Fuck you, Ryan,” Alexander said.

Colleen and Michael both looked at me incredulously.

“Damn, I forgot to say the magic word. Alexander, record my voice, please.”

“Yes, Ryan, I will record your voice.”

“The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.”

I didn’t bother to look at my computer screen. Colleen and Michael did. I knew the panagram would be displayed there.

“Recorder off,” I said.

“If it knows your voice, can’t you talk directly to your computer?” Colleen asked.

“Yes, but if I want to record my thoughts, I just open my recorder and speak to it and it will transmit my words to my computer the next time I boot it up. The recorder is just a modern version of old technology.”

“Don’t you have a cell phone?” Colleen asked.

“The recorder is also a cell phone but I don’t usually carry it around. I don’t want millions of people butting in on my life.”

“Why does it say fuck you if you don’t say please?” Michael asked.

“Because it has a weird sense of humor,” I said. “Alexander likes to joke with me.”

“Damn, Dad would love that setup,” Michael said.

“Yes, he does.”

They both looked at me with questions on their face.

“It’s a prototype,” I said. “Your father gave it to me a few months ago. He asked me to test it and give him feedback.”

“You mean his company is developing that system? For sale?”

“Of course it’s for sale or it will be soon. You must not tell anybody about it. I mean it. He trusts me and I trust you. Understand?”

They both nodded.

“Why did you name it Alexander?” Michael persisted.

“It’s a Russian first name consisting of four syllables that’s not commonly used in our society unless it’s shortened to Alex. The prototype usually requires three-syllable passcodes but I changed it to require a four-syllable password. It recognizes my voice and will respond only to my commands. It’s all part of the security system.”

That was it, the sum total of my possessions in two suitcases: clothes in one, computer in the other, my total worldly possessions except for a little money in the bank.

“Are you going to let me read your diary?” Michael asked.

“No, and don’t try. In the first place, even if you could get Alexander to work, my hard drives are encrypted,” I said truthfully, and then I lied. “In the second place, if anyone tries to break the encryption, the drives contain an explosive that’s powerful enough to kill everyone in this room.”

“You’re shitting me. I mean, you’re lying.”

He looked at Colleen. She just shook her head.

“Is that where you keep your porn stash?” she asked.

“No, I’ve got a three-terabyte drive for that,” I lied.

She just grinned at me and shook her head again.

“Well, let’s go back downstairs and sit and talk,” she said.

I used the walker and followed her back to the elevator and downstairs into a kitchen that wasn’t like any I was used to: granite counter-tops, huge sinks and stoves, two wall refrigerators, and an antique rectangular kitchen table with eight matching chairs.

She watched me as I stood there, looking at everything. When I finally looked back at her, she was grinning dimples at me again. She walked up to me, pulled an arm chair away from the table, pulled the walker to one side, and put her hands on my waist to steady me. I put my hands on her shoulders and shuffled back to the chair and sat. She and Michael sat too.

“May I have a beer, Colleen?” Michael asked. “I haven’t had one yet this week.”

“You know the rules,” she said. “Would you like one, Ryan? I think I’ll have one too.”

“I haven’t had anything like that in about a year,” I said. “Sure, I’d like one too. What are the rules?”

“I can have two per week,” he said. “Wine with meals doesn’t count. No hard stuff unless my father approves. He’s approved a couple of times. I like beer better.”

The three of us sat there at the kitchen table and enjoyed a beer, not canned beer but crisp clean beer in a really cold bottle dripping with condensation. I’d forgotten how good it was.

“Ryan, before we go to bed, there’s one more thing I want to do,” Coleen said. “Will you let me?”

“I don’t know,” I answered but I really knew I’d do anything she wanted me to do. “What is it?”

She reached up with both hands, slowly unbuttoned her shirt, took it off, and dropped it on the floor. She had on a little lacy white bra. She let me look for a moment and then she reached behind her, did something, and dropped the bra beside her chair.

I looked in wonder at the most beautiful breasts I’d ever seen: small perhaps, not the slightest droop, milky white, little pink circles around a darker almost-red nipple, absolutely perfect female breasts.

Michal distracted me for a moment when he took his shirt off. I didn’t know what I was supposed to do. He walked over behind me, lifted my arms, and pulled my shirt over my head. Then he went back to his chair and sat down, grinning at me.

Colleen was sitting in her chair, legs crossed and leaning to one side, like women do. My legs were spread to give my buddy and his cohorts room. She looked deliberately at the bulge in my shorts, looked back up, smiled wickedly, and uncrossed her legs, sitting with them spread like a man. I glanced at Michael and he was sitting like me. I looked back at Colleen and, of course, at where her legs came together. She didn’t have a bulge in her shorts but I think she had her pelvis thrust forward a little.

“I’ll show you mine if you’ll show me yours,” she whispered.

“You mean, get naked?” I asked.

“Yes.”

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I assumed she meant she'd show me what was between her legs if I'd show her what was between mine. Coleen looked at Michael and nodded toward me. He stood up, heel-toed his sneakers off, pulled his socks off, unbelted his shorts, and shucked them and his white briefs at the same time. When he straightened up, his penis flopped out, swollen but not hard, standing out from his testicles.

“Like this,” he said.

Then, naked as the day he was born, he walked over to me, knelt, pulled my sneakers and socks off, stood up, and held out his hands to me. I hesitated a little too long and he put his hands in my arm pits and lifted. I put my hands on his shoulders and, when I was on my feet, he unbelted my shorts, let them fall, and pulled my boxers down. I stepped back out of the bundle around my feet and I was just as naked, standing there wearing nothing but bandages and band aids on my leg and two watches on my arms.

“Oh, my,” Colleen said. “You weren't kidding. It probably is over seven inches when it's hard.”

“Yeah, it's a nice one,” Michael said. “I'll bet that shillelagh will make a colleen cry.”

I was trying to think of something to say when Colleen stood up, dropped her shorts, and stood there for a moment in lacy white panties. Then she really short-circuited my brain. She hooked her thumbs in the sides of her panties, peeled them down her long legs, and kicked them to one side. Damn, she was a real red head. She walked over close to me and looked me up and down.

“You've got a very good body, Ryan, but you're too skinny,” she said. “How tall are you and how much do you weigh?”

She ran her hand over my shoulder. I shuddered.

“Six, two, one sixty-five,” I finally said.

“Yep, you're too skinny,” she said. “Michael is a head shorter than you and he weighs almost as much. We're going to have to put some weight on you.”

“Hospital food's not as good as Grandpa's.” I said. “And I've put on some weight. I dropped down to one fifty before I started to recover.”

“Damn!” Michael said. “You were almost a skeleton.”

Colleen walked around behind me and ran her hands down my arms, over my back, over both butt cheeks, and slapped me on one hip.

“You’ve got broad shoulders, strong arms, nice muscular pecs and biceps. Your butt is nice and tight. A beautiful body but too skinny, just too damn skinny.”

“Yeah, I worked out two or three times a week in the hospital exercise room. I needed the upper body strength to move around when my leg wasn’t working the way it should. I don’t have much leg strength any more. It’s hard to do leg exercises when one works and the other doesn’t.”

She walked around in front of me and stood looking down at my scars. Michael walked up beside her and looked too. They both ignored what was hanging down below.

“He shot you from the side; didn’t he?” she asked, pointing at the scar of the bullet wound. “The entry wound is about two inches below your belly button and just missed your hip bone. The bullet must have gone in at an angle to hit your spine. Were you wearing body armor?”

“Yes, but he managed to shoot me just at the edge of it,” I said.

“You’ve got two surgery scars,” she said. “Why?”

“The first one, in Turkey, was to repair my intestines. They had to do that as quickly as possible. The bullet broke a few blood vessels and they worried about the blood I lost in my stomach. The doctor said they were afraid they’d lose me if they went after the bullet. Two weeks later, I was in the VA hospital in Washington. When they judged I was strong enough, they went in again and got the bullet. Now I’ve got it. It’s my souvenir of Afghanistan.”

She put her hands on my shoulders, pressed down, and then held me by my sides while I sat. She pulled her chair over in front of mine, a few feet away, and sat. Michael sat down in his chair to one side. I glanced at his family jewels and, damn, he almost had a hard on, at least average, maybe larger. Like me, he wasn’t circumcised and the red head was uncovered.

I looked down at mine and, surprise, it was swollen a little and standing away from my testicles. I looked at Colleen’s face and then

down at her crotch. She slowly spread her legs, slouched forward, and showed me hers.

There's not much to see when you look at a woman's pussy. I'm all external, penis and testicles hanging out loose. She's all internal, everything hidden except the entryway. Why should I respond to her display? She was just the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. We were sitting there with the lights on bright. She was slouched forward with her butt just on the edge of the chair and I could see everything between her legs. And I'll be damned if my penis didn't respond a little. It swelled like it was going to get hard, lifted a little, and then gave up and hung its head, just what I feared the most. I didn't want her looking at it.

"Colleen, why are you and Michael doing this?" I asked.

She looked at me appraisingly for a moment. "I think you know. He told you about me; didn't he?"

"Who? Your father? He told me that you were the most beautiful, best daughter any man could want. He said Michael was a fine son except that he liked to get into mischief too much. He told me a little about your grandparents. We talked most of the time about me and what combat over there was like and about my hospital care."

"That's all?" she asked.

"Well, not all, but I think that's what you want to know," I said. I'd tried to be truthful in what I did tell her. I didn't tell her about some of what her father had told me and I felt a little bad about it.

"He didn't tell you that I go through men like Sherman went through Georgia?"

"No. Do you?" He had told me but he had not used those words.

"I suppose."

"Why?"

"They're all alike. They all want the same thing. All they can think about is themselves, never about me. To them, all I am is tits and ass and a pussy."

"I'm not like that."

"You're all alike, Ryan."

“No, we’re not, Coleen. I had a girlfriend before I enlisted. She wasn’t beautiful like you but somehow we fit together. We liked the same things and we enjoyed just being with each other. We were happy together.”

“But you got in her panties anyway; didn’t you?”

I didn’t answer. She looked a little angry. Maybe she didn’t want me disagreeing with her. I looked at her, at her face, her breasts, at what she had between her legs. My penis decided it wasn’t interested. It hung its head and relaxed. She seemed puzzled.

“If Michael show’s you his ass, will that thing stand up?”

“No. I might not be much but I like girls, not boys.”

“You’ve never done anything with a boy? Most guys do.”

“Maybe I’m not like most guys. I don’t know what they do.” I wasn’t ready to answer that question yet.

“I think you know more than you’re admitting. I think Dad chose you for his next project so you could quiet me down. He knows I’m like most women who like to care for their man. I think that’s what he meant when he said you had potential.”

“Maybe he thought that but he never let on to me. He told me I had potential when he found out I’m a writer. I let him read what I wrote about a firefight I was in when a friend was killed. That’s when he said I had potential.”

“Let me tell him, Colleen,” Michael said.

“OK.”

“Maybe Dad thought you had potential to work in his local office, Ryan. His state office is here and he wants a veteran to help in it, talking with other veterans who come in. He wants somebody who can write up a report about their problems and send it to his Washington office so he can try to get help for them. You’re a wounded warrior so you can understand what their problems are.”

“Well, that doesn’t work for me,” I said. “Next fall, I want to enroll in college again. I made it through my freshman year and part way through my sophomore before I enlisted. I want to finish. I want to do something with myself. I don’t know what yet but I know I want to get

a college degree. That's why I want the Rolex, so I can sell it. I don't want to be like so many students with student loans they never pay back. If I incur a debt, I'll pay it back. That's just the way I am."

"You could do it, Ryan," he said. "Working for the Senator could be a part-time job for you."

I looked at him. He talked like he really wanted to help me do something with myself. Maybe he could be a friend.

"Well, I don't understand why we're all sitting her naked and showing each other everything," I said. "I'm tired and I think I should go to bed."

"It was Coleen's idea, Ryan," he said. "I think she wanted to scare you off. She didn't want Dad picking a man out for her."

"Can I say something?" Colleen asked.

I looked at her. Her eyes looked like she was about to cry. I nodded.

"Ryan, you're too thin but you don't seem to have any idea how damned sexy you are. You guys like looking at naked women; I like looking at naked men. I like doing things with them. I'm also a woman who likes to take care of her man. I'd like to do something to take care of you."

I wondered what she meant. Did she expect me to have sex with her, just a few hours after I met her? Would my soldier be able to perform his duty? Maybe Michael felt like relieving the tension a little. He screwed up his face and said "Eeeeeee."

Colleen looked at me critically. "Well, if he's not Dad's emissary, he's not my enemy. Maybe he can stay with us."

Michael giggled and said. "Well, it's evident he's not your everyday enema. I think he has the potential to help the Senator."

I understood their game. I said, "Everyone says I excel at elocution, enunciation, emoting, and erudition. Maybe I can help the Senator."

"Wow," Michael said. "That's six. He's good, Colleen, damn good."

Colleen just shook her head and smiled.

"Michael, I have a gene or something that gives me an exceptional command of the English language," I explained. "In my college

classes, when I wrote term papers, my first draft was usually my final draft. I don't know where I got it but writing is one thing at which I really do excel."

Colleen stood up and pushed the walker in front of me. I stood.

"Well, let's go upstairs and put him to bed," Colleen said. "I want to give him something to help him sleep."

Did she mean a pill? I didn't want any more pills. I'd fought long and hard to get off painkillers and other pills the VA hospital threw at me.

"Colleen, I don't want any pills," I said. "I've had enough pain-killers to last me a life time."

"Ryan, that's not what I have in mind."

"May I go with you?" Michael asked.

"Sure. I have two hands. Only one mouth though."

I couldn't believe what that implied. I shook my head and lifted my eyebrows.

"Yeah, I lend Michael a hand occasionally but that's as far as we've gone," Colleen said. "At fifteen, he's perpetually horny so I relieve a little pressure for him. I'm going to help you both tonight."

I dutifully followed her to the elevator. I'd follow her anywhere. Nobody's hand or mouth had done anything for me for over a year. Michael followed me. I probably had the best ass to follow – her beautiful derriere. Michael had the worst ass to follow – my scrawny butt.

In the elevator, we were all standing, as usual, facing the exit, when Michael reached around behind me, took my arm adjacent to Colleen, and swiped my hand across her ass. I just looked straight ahead and said, "Michael made me do it." Colleen threatened me: "Do it again and I'll break your arm." I reached to the other side and cupped my hand under Michael's little butt cheeks with my middle finger pointed. He almost jumped through the unopened door. "Colleen made me do it," I said.

Maybe he forgave me. He put his arm around my waist and loaned me a shoulder until I got in the bedroom and sat down on the side of the bed. Colleen carried the unfolded walker and put it near the head of the bed.

“Michael, see if our last guests left any baby oil in the bathroom,” Colleen said. “If there is, get it and a couple of wet washcloths. Get a little towel too.”

Baby oil? I knew what could be done with that and I knew that would help me sleep. All I needed was a cooperative penis. The last time I tried masturbating, it had worked well. Maybe there was a little performance anxiety. The therapist had warned me about that but I hoped that wasn't a problem this time.

“OK,” Colleen said. “You two, in bed, side by side.”

Michael handed me one washcloth, kept the other, and gave the oil and towel to her. I swung my legs up, both of them, without really thinking, and that was a surprise and a good feeling because they worked so effortlessly. Michael crawled in on the other side and stretched out beside me.

Coleen went to the foot of the bed, used her hands to indicate she wanted us closer together, and we both scooted closer until our adjacent legs were side by side. She nodded, crawled in from the foot, and straddled my left leg and Michael's right.

Perhaps I was frowning or maybe looking puzzled. She smiled at me, leaned back to display her sex, and, of course, I looked. Her mons was topped by a neat little patch of bronze-red hair and, below that, it split into two smooth hairless little mounds. I knew a woman usually had pubic hair all around her pussy but there was none back between her legs. She must have known what I was looking at so intently.

“My hair is very fine, Ryan,” she said. “I use a depilatory around my pussy and it leaves me as smooth as a baby's butt. Do you like it?”

I just smiled. Like it? I loved it: fat little split mound, little clitoral shaft up top, two lips tucked back under that, maybe a little bit of moisture glistening on the lips. I really loved it. I'd only seen a few real ones in my life and hers had to be the most beautiful little virginal-looking pussy I'd ever seen. I nodded and then, damn, I felt a little stirring in my penis.

Colleen leaned over, took my penis in one hand, took Michael's in the other, slid her hands down the shafts until the red heads were completely exposed, and sat looking at what she was holding. My dick was slowly firming up and I hoped it wouldn't give up before it stood up. Michael didn't have any problem; his was as stiff and long as a sixty penny nail. I wished I could be fifteen again.

Then she leaned over, licked my dick from my balls to the red head, sucked on the head a few times, and leaned back. I suppose the three of us watched as it grew into a stiffy, a hard-on, an erection, a whoopee, whatever and, damn, I felt relieved. I'd had enough hard-ons in my short life to know that this one was about as hard as it gets and stiff as a railroad spike.

“He's got a nice one, Colleen,” Michael said. “He'll make you grunt with that thing. It's damn near eight inches.”

“It's seven and a half,” I said, remembering when Joy had measured it. “And I won't make her grunt. I'll make her smile.”

“Well, you won't do that tonight,” Colleen said. “All I'm going to do tonight is lend you guys a hand so you sleep better. Maybe I'll lend you a mouth. Maybe someday I'll try that thing on for size.”

She sat for a moment, looking down at the two of us, at least at the parts she wanted most to see. My testicles were scrunched down between my thighs a little so I reached down, rescued them, closed my legs, and let them rest side by side. Michael watched and then emulated me even though he didn't need to. My penis was hovering above my abdomen with its uncovered head pointing at my navel. So was Michael's.

She reached down, caught Michael's right hand, and placed it on my buddy. He looked surprised but he wrapped his hand around it. Then she caught my left hand and placed it on Michael's dick. I slowly stroked and so did he.

“Michael's dick is straight but yours has a little curve in it. Does it work OK?” she asked, grinning.

“I've never heard it complain.”

“Well, it's a damn big one,” Michael said. “I hope mine grows up to be like his. I'll make all the girls grunt when I get them in the back seat of my car.”

“Well, you two turn loose before you make each other squirt,” Colleen said. “I'm going to do that.”

With that, she leaned over again, licked both my balls, licked up the shaft, took the head in her mouth, and tried to suck my brains out. She might have succeeded if she had not stopped to give Michael the same treatment. Sucking her brother's dick? That's not lending him a

hand; that's lending him a mouth. I wondered if all big sisters lent their little brothers a helping hand...or mouth?

She settled into a pattern: lick from balls to head, suck on head, lick head, stroke up and down with hand, and then change partners. Each time she left me, I used my own hand for a while, not fast enough to make me come, just enough to keep my dick stiff. Then, damn it, she stopped.

"OK, I'm going to just use my hand now," she said. "Who's first?"

"Do Michael," I suggested. "You've probably got him primed. When I was his age, I could come in about thirty seconds."

She anointed two red heads with baby oil and smeared it over the shafts and even over our balls. Then she did Michael. I watched, stroking my own dick, while she flailed her brother's dick. It didn't take long. He grunted and laid down a few good squirts on his chest and stomach.

She immediately pushed my hand out of the way, and flailed my dick too. I grunted too when I was about to come and then squirted out a heavy three-day load. The second shot, always the strongest, hit on the side of my face but I managed to close my eye before it hit. It felt damned good to get so aroused and then come like a gusher.

"Michael, you've made a mess and you can clean it up," she said. "I'm going to help Ryan."

She leaned over, wiped off my face, my chest, my stomach, milked the last out of my penis, wiped it off, and then just sat there looking at it. I looked too because it was still almost hard, laying there with its head pointed at my navel. She milked it down again, squeezed out a white drop, took the head in her mouth, and sucked what little brains I had left completely out.

She straightened up and smiled at me. "Do you think you can sleep now?"

"Maybe, will you do it again if I'm still awake at midnight?"

"No. You've had yours for tonight."

She looked at Michael. He was stroking an almost erect penis and grinning at what he was seeing.

“Michael, you can go to bed now,” Colleen said. “I’m going to stay with Ryan for just a few more minutes and then I’m going to go to bed too. Tomorrow I want to have the Senator’s speech e-mailed to him by ten o’clock. Turn out the light when you leave.”

He started to leave and was almost to the door when he turned and came back. I was surprised when he leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

“Please stay with us, Ryan,” he whispered. “I like you and I think you’ve got potential too.”

Colleen stretched out beside me, resting on her side, her right leg over mine, her right hand on my chest.

Michael stood for a moment looking at me and Colleen. Then he smiled at us, turned out the light, and left. Colleen cuddled closer to me and put her head on my shoulder.

“Ryan, did you really do what you said, to that Taliban survivor, I mean,” she whispered in the dark.

“Why do you ask?” I whispered back. “Don’t you think I’m capable of something like that?”

“I don’t know,” she said. “You just don’t seem like the kind of guy who could do that.”

“Colleen, with your life and your family, you’ve never gone through the hell I have. The day I did that, I was so depressed and down in a deep hole and thinking I could never crawl out and every time I tried the sides of the hole just fell in on me. I was like a killing machine, a robot just bent on destroying life.”

“Explain please.”

“I’ll try. My life was OK until just after I turned nineteen. My dad worked in off-shore oil rigs and he wasn’t home much but when he was he was a good father. My mother worked part time at a day-care center and she tried her best to help me. He was in New Orleans on his way back to the boat-taxi when he was mugged and killed. My mother managed to get through that but then she was diagnosed with incurable cancer and died in misery less than a year later. My older sister disappeared somewhere and I don’t know where she is. I was still in college but I couldn’t stay. One afternoon, I was at the mall when I walked by an Army recruiting station. I stopped, turned around and went in.”

“But why were you so depressed,” she whispered. “Dad, the Senator, was in the Army too. He’s a wounded warrior like you but he liked the Army.”

“I’m not blaming the Army, Coleen,” I said. “I had a girlfriend in college, not beautiful like you, but I really liked her and maybe I was beginning to love her. She wrote to me after I enlisted but I never answered. I suppose the bouts of depression had already started then, after the loss of my parents and the disappearance of my sister. Then when I was on my first tour in Afghanistan, I found out what war is really like. I was the new kid in the platoon but I had friends, one guy in particular. He was killed in a firefight, my third one, about a week before we guided the drone to the Taliban compound. That’s when I really fell in the hole so deep I knew I could never get out. That’s where I was when I killed the last survivor of our drone strike. And then five days later, I was shot and I’m still struggling to crawl out of that dark hole.”

“I hope you’ll let us help you crawl out,” she whispered. “I want to get to know you when you’re happy and in the sunshine again.”

“You asked me if I’d ever done anything with boys,” I whispered. “I evaded that question because I didn’t want to talk about it with Michael around. My friend, the one who was killed in that fire fight, he’s the only guy I’ve ever done anything sexual with.”

“I’m a big girl,” she said. “You can tell me.”

“There’s not much to tell. We didn’t go any farther than what you did with me and Michael tonight. I didn’t fuck him and he didn’t fuck me. I sucked his dick a few times and he did the same for me. We neither one gave the other a complete blow job. I jacked him off a couple of times and he did the same. That’s as far as we went.”

“You shouldn’t be ashamed of that.”

“I’m not. We were both sort of like lost souls, lonely and afraid and depressed, at least I was. We slept together a couple of times and I felt like crying about having someone to hold me and for me to hold. I really liked him, Colleen. That’s why it hurt so much when he was killed.”

Her hand came up and touched my face. I didn’t want her to feel the tears in my eyes. She gently rubbed my cheek and lips and nose. I sniffed and she moved her finger to my eyes. I closed my eyes but I’m sure she felt the tears.

“Will you let me help you, Ryan?” she whispered.

“Colleen, you’re lying here in bed with me naked. You’ve just jacked me off and that’s the first time anybody else has touched me like that in about a year. I don’t know what...”

“Shut up, Ryan, just shut up,” she said, angrily. “Don’t you understand why I did that?”

“No.”

“Ryan, I’m no expert on men but I’m learning. I know a man needs to be able to make love to a women and he thinks he’s not a man unless he can get it up and do it. I wanted to help you, to see if your dick was OK now. I wanted you to know it was. And, damn it, it was and don’t tell me you don’t feel at least a little relieved.”

“Well, I’m not sure it’s working perfectly yet,” I whispered, and I hoped my tone of voice told her I was teasing. “Do you think...we could...maybe do something else now?”

“No, Ryan, I don’t fuck on a first date,” she whispered back, and I could tell from the way she said it that she was teasing back. “You’ll have to wait for our second date.”

“I’m in no hurry,” I whispered. “Colleen, your father said you were appropriately named, that you were a real colleen, and I’d better not forget it. What did he mean?”

“He knows me, Ryan, only too well,” she whispered back. “I’m not a little filly that can be broken. I might let you ride me once and you’ll think I’m the sweetest little mare you’ve ever been on. The next time, I might buck you off and leave you face down in the dirt and then stomp on you. I have a temper that’s like a stick of dynamite and you’d better not set me off. I’m not ever going to be some man’s obedient wife. I will never promise to love, honor, and obey, especially obey; maybe I could love and honor. I’m my own person and I intend to be that way all my life. I’m not going to change just so I can get some man. I don’t need one that bad.”

“Thank you,” I whispered.

“Is that all you’re going to say?” she whispered.

“I’m tired and I need to pee,” I said. “

“I do too,” she said and rolled out of bed. “Come on. I’ll help you.”

She held out her hand so I took it and stood up. My leg was still shaky. I put my arm over her shoulders and she put hers around my waist and we hobbled together to the bathroom. I stopped outside.

“You go first,” I said.

“No, you do it first. I want to hold it.”

“It’s not a fire hose, Colleen. I can do it.”

“Indulge me, Ryan,” she said. “Let me hold it for you.”

“Damn!”

“Ryan, Michael and I share a bathroom. He’ll stand there and pee when I’m drying my hair. I’ll sit and pee while he’s brushing his teeth. We’ve done that as long as I can remember.”

I indulged her. I held onto the wall beside the commode while she stood to one side and aimed my dick. I grunted and pissed about a beer bottle full. She sat down, pissed another bottle full, patted her pussy with paper, and stood up. When we left the bathroom, she waited, let me put my arm on her shoulders, hers on my waist, and we shuffled back to the bed. I started to lie down but I decided there was something I wanted her to do, something that maybe would help me. I caught her hand with mine.

“Colleen, don’t go yet. Would you get back in bed with me, just for a few minutes? I want you to hold me for a little while, maybe with my head against your breasts. Would you do that? Just hold me?”

“That’s all? Nothing else?”

“Yes, I really am tired and I need rest. It’s been a long day.”

“OK.”

I rolled back in the bed and she crawled in with me. I turned on my side, facing her and scooted down on the bed a little. She put her hand behind my head and pulled my face against the warm softness of her breasts. I took a couple of deep breaths and let go of my worries for the night. After a while, she whispered something to me.

“You may put your mouth on my breasts, Ryan. I want you to.”

I nuzzled around in the dark like a baby, found a hard nipple, and gently sucked on it. A minute or so later, she rolled out of bed and left me alone.

I knew never deliberately to try to go to sleep. I had to let my mind go somewhere else while sleep sneaked up on me. I pictured sleep as a hand drawing a dark blanket over the world but that didn't work. I pictured it as soft snow falling silently on a cold winter night. That didn't work. I still had two puzzles demanding my attention.

The first was what I should say to the Senator in my promised e-mail report and that was the easy one. There were too many undecided aspects of the situation to report yet. I knew I should wait a few more days to firm up my thoughts. Maybe I'd report on Monday.

The second was much more complicated. I already knew I didn't want to try to break a certain little filly. That might prove impossible and anyway it would be a crime against nature to try. I still believed I knew what might tame her spirit a little so that she was willing to share her life with a man. I just didn't know whether I should or could be that man.

I turned on my side, pulled the sheet over my naked body, finally blanked my mind, and surrendered to Morpheus.

Chapter Three

Saturday

Saturday morning. I was awakened by Michael gently shaking my shoulder.

"Wake up, Ryan," he said. "It's after eight o'clock. Colleen's making breakfast for you. We've already eaten. I'm working at the shop with Grandpa today and he's coming by to pick me up in a few minutes."

I threw the sheet off and sat up on the side of the bed. I saw Michael's eyes look down at my morning piss-hard. He grunted. I grunted too because I was glad to see my best friend in that condition again. It felt full to bursting and I really needed to pee. I held out my hand to him. He understood, grasped it, and helped me stand. My left leg seemed better and, when I tried to move it, it moved but not good enough to trust it.

“Would you help me to the bathroom?” I asked.

“Ryan, you’ll never point that damned thing down,” he said. “Maybe you’d better get in the shower and piss up against the wall.”

Maybe he was joking but that’s what I did. I turned the shower on and stood out of the way until the water ran warm, trying to hold back on pissing. Then I stuck my head under the spray, put both hands on the wall, and pissed and, damn, it was a great feeling. When I finished, I looked to the side. Michael was standing there watching me and grinning.

Back in the bedroom, he handed me some black exercise shorts and a t-shirt. I sat down on the side of the bed, stuck my feet in the shorts, and stood to pull them up. I felt wobbly so I quickly sat back down to put on the shirt. He held out some white socks and, when I hesitated, he knelt and put them on my feet.

“This is some of my stuff but maybe you can wear them until next week,” he said. “Colleen’s looking forward to shopping with you. Don’t argue with her. Just let her pick out the clothes. She picks out nice stuff for me to wear when there are visitors here.”

I nodded, “OK.”

I used the walker to go downstairs to the kitchen. Colleen was standing at the stove dressed about the same way I was. I could tell she didn’t have on a bra under her t-shirt. Michael hugged her, smiled at me, and left, probably to be out front when Grandpa came by.

“Good morning, Ryan,” she said. “Did you sleep well?”

“Yeah, I died.”

“Well, sit down at the table and eat. I’m making you an omelet with sausage and cheese. It has four eggs and I want you to eat every bit of it. After that, you can have some buttered toast and jelly. What kind do you like?”

“Any thing’s OK. Orange marmalade?”

“OK. Coffee? Michael gets half coffee and half milk. What do you want?”

“That’s OK with me but could I have an extra glass of milk?”

I sat there and ate my omelet, four slices of toast with jelly, one glass of milk, two cups of half and half, and I finally felt full. Colleen cleaned the kitchen and then stood with her back to the sink watching me. I turned a little to face her.

“Thank you,” I said.

“You’re welcome,” she answered. “I like to cook.”

“I wasn’t talking about breakfast. It was great and I do thank you for it but I was talking about last night, the way I felt when you held me.”

“How? What do you mean?”

“Colleen, you holding me wasn’t about sex. I’m not sure what it was but it wasn’t sex. I just wish you could know how I felt, lying there in the dark, cuddling with you, you stroking my hair and rubbing my back. I wanted to stay there forever. Then when you said I could put my mouth on your breasts, I felt like crying when you let me do that. It made me feel good to be alive, to know I might crawl out of my dark hole.”

She walked over to me and put her hands on my shoulders. I looked up at her and she nodded. I turned my head to the side and pressed the side of my face against her soft breasts. She gently stroked my hair.

“Did you really do what Grandpa said,” she whispered. “I mean, about trying to overdose on pain pills?”

“Yes, but that wasn’t the first time. I didn’t tell the Senator about the first time. I didn’t tell anybody about that.”

“Tell me.”

“OK, but don’t tell anyone else.”

“I won’t.”

“At the hospital in Washington, I developed an infection in my intestines from the bullet wound. Scuttlebutt says the Taliban dip their bullets in shit to cause that. For weeks I had tubes down my nose feeding me, IVs in both arms, and a catheter in my dick. I wanted to die and I was so deep in a black hole I couldn’t see any daylight. They finally removed all my tubes and IVs and I decided to end it. I stole a scalpel, went in the shower, and started to cut my wrists. I stood there

probably a half hour trying to get up the nerve but I couldn't. I was too damned afraid of the void that awaited me."

She stepped back, lifted her shirt, and displayed her beautiful breasts to me again. Then she pulled my head against her so that my mouth was on one breast. I opened my lips and sucked gently on the nipple. She moved my head to the other breast and I licked the hard little red-brown berry and then gently sucked on it. She moaned contentedly. When she pulled away from me, I looked up and saw her eyes were wet with tears. Our eyes locked together, hers looked misty but they also looked loving and caring. I managed a weak smile.

"That was nice, Ryan," she said. "I liked it but I've got to get busy with Dad's speech. I promised I'd e-mail it to him by ten."

"OK. If you'll go get my computer, I'll help you. And please accept my thanks for what you just did."

"We've got a desktop and a laptop both in the office. Can't you use one of those?"

"Probably, but I'm used to typing on mine. I'll type the speech for you if you'll go get mine."

She nodded and I sat at the kitchen table until she came back carrying my little suitcase. She led me through the huge family room to the office on the other side of the house. I stood there holding onto the walker for a moment and then sat down in the chair in front of the desktop and cleared a space. She put my suitcase on the floor and I set up my little computer. I pressed my right thumb on the screen and then said the password: "Alexander."

"Now, how far have you got with the speech?" I asked. "Have you got anything in writing?"

"I've started an outline and filled it in just a little," she said. "It's a generic speech but the Senator will never use the same speech twice. He wants something new each time and I've about run out of new."

She handed me a sheet of paper with typing and hand-written additions, printed, not cursive, on it. I asked her questions about the occasion of the speech, the length, the audience, and the response the Senator wanted to engender in the audience. Then I sat there for a minute or so and organized the speech in my head. I looked up at her, thought about what I had composed, and then turned to my computer, closed my eyes, and started typing. When I stopped, she

leaned over so her head was beside mine and her breasts touched my back.

“Ryan, that’s wonderful,” she said. “Dad was right when he said you had potential. He probably meant you had potential to be a speech writer for him but I don’t understand the intro joke about the two wounded warriors who walk into a bar.”

I explained it and she laughed.

“It’s meant to be a little ambiguous and more than a little naughty,” I said. “Veterans will get it. Little children won’t.”

“How do you do it? You typed it with your eyes closed and I don’t see any grammatical or spelling mistakes.”

“I told you and Michael. I don’t know where it comes from but I have an extraordinary ability to write and to use the English language. I love writing. Someday I’m going to write books, maybe about the futility of war.”

“Could you have said the speech and just let Alexander type it for you?” she asked.

“Yes, but I sort of store the speech in one part of my mind and then review it as I type it and, at the same time, I make changes to improve it. It’s just the way my mind and my hands work, Colleen.”

“Well, we need to time it now. Would you to read it aloud like you would if you were speaking to an audience? We want no more than ten minutes or so.”

She took my right wrist, the one with the Sky Dweller on it, and, holding my hand, watched the time as I read the speech from the monitor. When I looked up at her, she nodded.

“Perfect. About nine minutes. Let me send it.”

“No, don’t send it yet,” I said. “I want to let it sit while we do something else for a while and then I want to go over it again.”

“OK. Let’s go swimming.”

“Naked?”

“Yes, Ryan, I told you we swim naked. Our pool is enclosed so nobody can see in. We can swim naked anytime of the day or night. You might as well get used to it.”

“I don’t know if I can.”

She squatted down, took off my socks, stood me up, pulled my t-shirt over my head, and pushed my exercise shorts down my legs. I stepped out of them and I was naked before her. She lifted her arms and I stripped her shirt off, pushed her shorts down and she was naked except for white socks. She held my hand for balance and took off her own socks and she was naked before me. I shook my head in wonder. She was by far the most beautiful woman I’d ever seen, well, anyway, I’d ever seen naked. If she had let me stand and look for a minute, I think my buddy would have stood up and had a good look too.

Instead, we went back to the family room and out the French doors, naked as the day we were born, holding hands and smiling. I was surprised at the size of the pool just outside the door. It was long enough to make swimming laps possible and was entirely covered with screening. There was a head-high sight barrier made of vertical plastic strips all around the perimeter. Scattered around the pool there were chairs and loungers. It looked damned luxurious to me but I suppose it was probably just a pool to a wealthy family.

I stood there in wonder, admiring her beauty, not so much sexy, just beauty of the purest sort, while she tucked her long hair in a swimming cap. She grinned at me while I watched. She probably knew why I watched her every move. Perhaps she was used to it.

I wasn’t sure I could swim laps with one leg not working right. I eased into the cool water at the end where there was a pipe to grab onto, ducked under, and came up shivering. Colleen waded in behind me, immersed herself up to her neck, and stood back up, shivering too. Of course, my eyes shifted to her taut breasts with nipples about a half-inch long. I wanted them in my mouth again.

She smiled at me and then began swimming slowly toward the other end of the pool. I followed her, caught up to her, and then realized that I was swimming with two legs. We swam laps and I glanced at the Sky Dweller at the end of each. At fifteen minutes to ten, I called time and we went back in and then to the office, still naked, holding hands, and smiling.

I read the speech silently and carefully, thinking how each part would sound, and decided that the last paragraph needed revision. I

positioned the cursor ahead of the last paragraph and instructed Alexander, "Alexander, please insert new last paragraph."

I dictated the new ending and Alexander pasted it in above the old. I sat back and looked at the speech. I was satisfied. It was better.

Colleen was reading over my shoulder again except that this time her naked breasts were against my back.

"Does the revision make it better?" I asked.

"I think so. It was good before but now it's better."

"Alexander, please cut old last paragraph. Save speech."

The old last paragraph disappeared. "Speech saved, Ryan," Alexander said.

"Colleen, if you don't stop rubbing your tits on my back, I'm going to get a hard-on," I said.

She slapped me gently behind the head. "Is that all you guys ever think about?"

"Yeah, it is. I'm ready to send it. What's your Wi-Fi password? If you don't want to give it to me, I'll put the speech on a flash drive and you can send it from one of your computers."

"I don't remember the password, Ryan," she said. "My computer has thumb-print recognition too."

I decided to show off.

"That's OK."

Using my computer, I did a quick search for modems or routers or modem/routers, found the one that had to be theirs, and then started Breaker. I turned and waited for a minute or so for the program to do its job. Damn, she was beautiful and naked and I felt a little response in my friend. A minute or so later, Breaker dinged and I turned around and looked at the password. KissMyIrish! I entered it, she gave me the Senator's private e-mail address, and I sent the speech to her father.

She was still bent over watching what I was doing. I grabbed her behind the head, pulled her face down, and kissed an Irish colleen. She didn't resist.

“OK, what do you want to do now?” she asked.

I leered at wickedly.

“Not that. I mean...damn it, Ryan, I don’t know what I mean.”

“I was just teasing, Colleen.” I said. “My leg surprised me when I swam. Maybe we could go for a walk around outside. Your house looks beautifully landscaped.”

“I know,” she said. “Let’s walk back to the creek. Back behind the pool, there’s a heavily-wooded area and our property runs all the way back to a small creek. It’s really wild and beautiful.”

“Can we go like this?”

“No, we’d better put on some clothes,” she said, smiling. “Let’s go upstairs and get dressed.”

I used the walker to go upstairs even though I wasn’t sure I needed it. She followed me into my bedroom, went in the walk-in closet, and got clothes for me, underwear, socks, sneakers, shorts, and shirt. I stood there helplessly and she dressed me and even bent over and put my sneakers on my feet. She also stuffed her hand down in my underwear and arranged my buddy and his cohorts into a neat package.

“I can dress myself, Colleen,” I said.

“Shut up, Ryan,” she said. “I’m having fun babying you.”

Dressed and using just my cane, I followed a naked Colleen out and down the hall to her bedroom, unmade bed but otherwise neat and clean and even smelling good. She pulled stuff out of a chest, handed it to me, went in the closet, got more stuff, and then stood smiling at me. Damn, I’d undressed a few women but I’d never done the reverse. Of course, I checked out the red-crowned Y between her legs when she held onto my shoulders and I held her panties for her to step into them. When I finished dressing her, no bra, I stood looking at her for a moment and then it dawned on me I had knelt with both knees on the carpet and then stood back up.

“I just knelt with my bad leg, Colleen. I think it’s working better now,” I said

“Which one, the middle one?” she answered with a straight face.

We wandered the woods, holding hands and talking, me using only my cane. From the way she led me and showed me various things, I assumed she was used to playing in the woods. Occasionally, when walking was difficult, I put my arm behind her back, my hand on her shoulder for balance and she put her arm around my waist. I stumbled a few times and I was surprised at her strength when she caught me.

We went back to the house at noon and went in the kitchen. I sat while Colleen rummaged in the refrigerator for leftovers. I got a huge serving of lasagna with a beer and a big slice of Boston crème pie. Colleen got a small serving of lasagna and a diet soft drink, that's all. I finally pushed back from the table, stuffed and satisfied, at least with food.

“Colleen, I’m used to resting or napping after lunch,” I said. “I’m not used to swimming and walking so much and, if you want me to go to your grandparent’s house for dinner, I think I’d better crawl in the bed for an hour or so.”

“I’ll bet we’re having fried chicken with home-made biscuits,” she said. “Do you want to go?”

I didn’t bother to answer. I just smiled at her and nodded.

We went upstairs to the bedrooms and into the one where I’d slept. The king-size bed was unmade, at least on my side. I was ready to crawl back in for a while.

“What are you going to do?” I asked.

“I’m going to bed with you,” she said. “If you can be good, I’ll let you hold me.”

“I’ll try to be good but it may be hard,” I said.

She looked at me and grinned. “Ryan, just relax. When I say hold me, that’s all I mean. Maybe I’m doing something for you but I’m also doing it for me. I like the idea of you holding me, just being quiet, maybe sleeping, maybe not. Isn’t that enough?”

I was serious. “Yes, it’s more than enough.”

She crawled in first and turned her butt, I mean, her back, to me. What was a man going to do? I crawled in behind her and she surprised me. She moved back until her butt was nestled in my groin, my right leg was over her left, and my face was in her sweet-smelling

hair. I let my hand rest on her shoulder and she surprised me again. She caught my hand in hers, moved it down to her breast, and I cupped it around her softness.

“Now, be good,” she whispered.

I lay there for a while, eyes closed, but my mind wasn't interested in sleep even though my body was tired. I wanted to talk to her.

“Colleen, I don't think I'm going to sleep,” I whispered. “Can we talk a little?”

“Sure,” she said. “You talk. Start with your childhood. How was it?”

“Good, very good, at least in my early years. We lived in a small town with a little library close to home. My sister was four years older than me and she'd take me with her and read to me. By the time I was five, I was reading easily. When I started first grade at six, I could write in complete sentences and usually be grammatically correct. They thought I was some sort of genius. I think I was close to an idiot savant. I didn't want to do what the teachers said. I wanted to do what I wanted to do. Reading and writing were about the only talents I had.”

“Well, you seem to have developed that talent nicely,” she whispered.

“I suppose so. We were a reasonably happy family until my sister discovered boys and decided she wanted to get married and pop out a rug rat every few years. She got married without any difficulty but she had no luck with babies and eventually was told she probably never would have children.”

“That would be a hard blow for a woman, Ryan,” she whispered. “We all want to have children.”

“Then my father was mugged and killed in New Orleans and all they got was a few dollars and a cheap watch. Next my mother was diagnosed with cancer and was dead within a few months. Last, my sister left her husband and disappeared and nobody knows where she is. I was in college, a sophomore, wondering why I was there. Then I saw the Army recruiting station and you know the rest.”

“Have you broken lots of girl's hearts, Ryan?” she asked. “Whether you know it or not, you're really one sexy guy.”

“No, Colleen, I haven't. Maybe just one or two. In high school, I got between the legs of two girls. The first time, it wasn't very good and

she wouldn't date me anymore. The second was better but she belonged to a fundamentalist church and wanted me to join. I escaped just in time. In college, I met Joy and we had a brief affair before I fucked up. All the other stuff was happening and I had no real desire to be in college. At least I was man enough to face her and tell her I was dropping out."

She was quiet. After a minute or so, I continued.

"Colleen, the next time, if there is one, I want to do it right. I shouldn't ask this but do you think you might..."

She interrupted me. "Yes, Ryan," she whispered.

"Thank you, all I was asking was if there was a chance," I said. "I don't know what a woman wants or needs from a man and I've got nothing to offer. All my worldly goods were in those two suitcases, well, not all, if you count my bank balance. I've got a few thousand there. And you've got everything, a famous senator father, a wealthy family, a nice home, a little red sports car."

"Shut up, Ryan," she said. "The most important thing a man can offer a woman is something you *can* give me. And I'm not talking about that thing between your legs."

"What?"

"Yourself, Ryan, that's what."

I couldn't believe what I had heard. "You'd...damn, are you sure?"

"No, dummy, I'm not sure. Who knows what might happen? Now shut up and just think about what I've said."

She moved my hand down and into her knit shirt and then back up.

"Colleen!"

"Just hold me, Ryan, that's all I want from you right now."

I lay there with my face almost in her hair, smelling the fragrance of something, my hand holding her naked breast, her warm butt, even with shorts on, pressed back against me, and I thought about her.

Did she really mean it? Maybe she was just saying that to give me hope, to help me crawl out my black hole. Would the Senator accept me as a son-in-law? I thought back to some of the things he had said to

me, particularly when we were talking about Colleen. He had cautioned me about her temperament and about the danger of falling in love with her. I believed that we don't helplessly fall in love. We grow in love with time and patience and kindness and caring. Maybe the Senator meant I had the potential to be like that and to be his son-in-law too. I didn't know her well enough but I liked the possibility of us joining together to go through life.

I slept for at least a while, just holding her, being comforted by the way she let me hold her breast, as though she liked me touching her. When I awakened, needing to pee again, I turned loose of her breast and looked at the Rolex. The time was just after three. My movement awakened Colleen or perhaps she was already awake. Did she even sleep?

"Let's go to the shop, Ryan," she said. "Michael and I both spend part of each day there, helping out. You can sit and watch what we do and then, later, you can help too. Customers may not come in for a while and then suddenly there's ten of them wanting help."

"I've got to go pee," I whispered.

"I know. I can feel it. I need to go too."

We went to the bathroom together and I stood there smiling and shaking my head while she sat and peed. I wasn't used to such intimacy but I liked it. When it was my turn, I put on a good show for her. I dragged my swollen dick out, pulled the foreskin back, looked at her, looked down, and drilled the commode dead center. I squeezed out the last drops, shook it a little longer than necessary, covered the head, and stuffed it back in my shorts. I looked at her and she was grinning too.

"Would you like to drive my car, Ryan?" she asked. "You can drive it with just your right leg. Just don't try to use that middle one."

Colleen's little car was an automatic, not a stick shift, and I drove it easily not using my left leg. I'd never had a car of my own, not even in college, and it felt good to be in her car with her sitting beside me, smiling, talking to me.

Michael was behind the counter at the shop, helping a customer get a watch bracelet. Another customer was waiting. Colleen immediately started helping and, of course, the guy, a middle-aged man, was happy to have help from such a beautiful girl. I sat down in a chair, propped my cane between my legs, and watched the two helpers.

Grandpa came out of the back carrying a watch for the first customer. He had put in a new battery for her. He didn't charge her and I wondered why. When both customers left, I asked. He told me she had bought the watch from his shop and had paid an extra \$10 for batteries for life.

When we left the shop, I swapped cars: me with Grandpa, Colleen with Michael. Grandpa drove home with me sitting in the front-side passenger seat of his big Buick again. Michael begged Colleen to let him drive her car and she had to be with him as long as he had just a learner's permit.

At the grandparent's home, we went in through the front door again and straight to the kitchen. Grandma was at the stove wearing a big red apron and frying chicken in a black cast-iron frying pan.

She said dinner wasn't quite ready and told Grandpa to show me his back-yard garden. He picked up a basket as we went out the kitchen door, handed it to me, and we wandered through a beautifully cared-for garden. We checked the tomato plants first and he picked a few and pointed to others for me to pick. We looked at the squash plants for signs of worms, he said, there were none, and he picked a few yellow and zucchini squash. The pole beans on the teepees were taller than me and full of green beans. He said he'd pick them early the next morning. Even the cucumbers were trained to climb. Grandpa took the basket and pointed out the ones he wanted me to pick.

Dinner was fried chicken, home-made biscuits, mashed potatoes with gravy, green beans cooked with a ham hock, a squash casserole with cheese, and a salad of vine-ripened tomatoes, home-grow cucumbers, and onions, and, of course, big glasses of sweet tea. I thought maybe I'd died and gone to heaven. Michael warned me to leave a little room for dessert. I had a big bowl of warm peach cobbler with some vanilla ice cream on top. I could have dropped dead after that and I would have died happy.

I sat at the table with Grandma and Grandpa while Colleen and Michael cleaned up and then we all sat there and talked and laughed. Then, a little after eight o'clock, I thought a wrong thought, other bad ones crowded in, and I felt the dark trying to creep over me again. What was I going to do? I couldn't let them know. As nice as they were to me, I couldn't spoil the evening.

I looked at Colleen and yawned and maybe she got the message.

"I think it's time for me to take Ryan home," she said, smiling. "He's had a long day and I think we've worn him out."

I forced myself to appear happy and to thank Grandma and Grandpa. I hugged Grandma and even kissed her on the cheek and thanked her for the best meal I'd had in years. I shook Grandpa's hand and told him he'd married the best cook in the world.

At their house, Colleen parked her little car in the circular driveway and got out. I opened the door beside me and stood up without difficulty. I pulled the seat forward for Michael and he managed to unfold and crawl out. Colleen was already standing at the open front door waiting for us.

Inside, she hurried to the small bathroom just off the family room, dropped her shorts and panties, and sat down on the commode. She didn't bother to close the door so Michael and I watched. She sighed in what was evidently relief, patted dry with TP, stood up, and said, "Next."

Michael deferred to me so I assumed the male position, fished my dick out of my shorts, and pissed in relief. Sweet iced tea for dinner was good but it's enough to make anybody need to go. I didn't flush either, I said, "Next," and Michael assumed the position. Colleen and I watched his performance. He showed off. When his fire hose ran dry, he slid his foreskin back and forth a few times, shook the last drops off the nozzle, and looked at us, grinning. He flushed.

When we went in the kitchen, Colleen immediately started undressing. A second later, Michael followed her example. I wasn't sure I wanted to show her mine again tonight. Maybe I did but I didn't want to do things her way. I wanted to do things my way. I just stood there. When they were stark-assed naked, they both stripped me.

"Colleen, I'm not..."

I started and she interrupted me with her fingers over my mouth.

"Hush, Ryan," she said. "I've got something else in mind."

Chapter Four

Saturday Evening

“Hush, Ryan,” she said. “I’ve got something else in mind.”

With that, she hugged me and I mean really hugged me tight. Her breasts and belly were pressed against me, her arms were around my chest, and her head was pressed against me. She put one hand behind my head, pulled it down, and we stood there, cheek to cheek, my head lowered, hers raised. I took a couple of deep breaths, closed my eyes, and surrendered. My buddy was pressed against her stomach, swollen but hanging down. When he asked to see too, I poked my butt back and let him lift his head and, damn, it felt good, to have my hard friend between us.

I felt Michael’s hands on my shoulders, rubbing, and then he hugged up against me from behind, his arms around me too, and the side of his head against my back. I wasn’t used to being hugged from behind by a naked male, especially one with a hard-on, but I wasn’t worried, not much anyway. Then Colleen turned me around and Michael hugged me from the front while she hugged me from the rear. There was a slight problem. My best buddy and Michael’s jockeyed for position.

“You’re going to turn my stomach, Colleen,” I said, and she probably knew I was teasing.

“Why?”

“Two hot tits against his back’s enough to turn any man’s stomach,” I said.

She slapped me behind the head and rubbed those hot tits around on my back. Michael giggled so maybe he had never heard that one.

“Seriously, what are you two doing?” I asked.

“I hope we’re giving you what you need, Ryan,” she said.

I surrendered and just stood there, the middle meat and cheese in a three-person sandwich. Maybe they were giving me what I needed. I wasn’t sure what I needed but their hugs helped. Maybe what I needed was to have what I wanted, not what she wanted. Colleen finally let me go and then Michael did too.

I wanted them to experience the same thing. I pulled Michael in the middle of me and Colleen, wrapped my arms around both of them, and squeezed. Colleen put her arms around both and helped me. Michael was belly to belly against me with his head against the side of my throat. He endured it for a minute and then, whispering, asked if

he could turn around. I thought our best buddies had decided to peacefully co-exist but maybe he thought differently. I slid my hard-on up and down against his but crack a few times just to tease him.

Then we made another sandwich with Colleen in the middle. Hard-on in the front, hard-on in the rear, she giggled and endured it. I wondered whether she would actually let us make a sandwich with her, with one hard dick in her front door and another in her rear door. I didn't pursue it. I let her go and Michael backed off too.

"What happened to you tonight?" Colleen asked. She sat down in a kitchen chair. Michael and I followed her example.

"Was it that evident?" I asked.

"It was to me," Colleen said.

"I don't know, Colleen. I don't understand what happens sometimes. It just comes over me."

"Come on, Ryan," she said. "Talk to me."

"I'll try but I can't tell you what I don't know. I don't understand myself what happens and why."

"Try me."

"The doctors at the hospital thought for a while that I might have a bipolar disorder but they finally ruled that out. I wasn't having the really high moods or irritability. I was having episodes of depression but they said that was perhaps normal for someone who had been through my troubles. They said I'd probably be OK when I fully recovered. So maybe I'm not crazy."

"OK. Now, specifically, what happened to you tonight?"

"Colleen, I was happy. I had a wonderful dinner with four caring people and everybody was treating me like one of the family. Then, some bad thoughts crept in and the curtain started to come down again. It was like somebody was pulling a blackout curtain down and cutting off all the light. I hope you got me out in time so Grandma and Grandpa didn't notice."

"I think they understood. When I told them you were tired because you'd had a long day and hadn't rested, I think they accepted that."

"Thank you."

“What were you thinking just before the curtain came down?” she asked.

I hesitated for a moment. Should I tell her? I didn’t want her to think I was going to whine about everything. I finally decided to try to tell her.

“Colleen, maybe it was just being around a loving caring family and wishing I could be part of somebody’s family like that. Then I thought about what had happened to my own family, about my health and what I’d been through, about the fact that I might be slightly handicapped for the rest of my life, about how little I owned in this world. I just felt hopeless, like there was no way I could have anything like that, what I want, what I need.”

“Damn it, Ryan,” she said, and I could tell she was a little pissed at me. “I don’t think there’s any reason why you can’t. You’re just twenty years old and you’ve been through hell but you’re young and you do have lots of potential. There’s no reason why you can’t be part of a family like that, maybe even part of this one. Who knows?”

“Colleen, I don’t want to be a whiner,” I said. “It seems like I can’t control what my mind thinks and feels sometimes. I hate being depressed. Like I said, it’s like being down in a black hole and not being able to see any way out.”

“Ryan, I expected you to be more than a little fragile. Dad’s report on you told us a lot. I studied it a lot. I’m not going to give up on you,” she said. “I’m a stubborn bitch sometimes and when I make up my mind to do something, I’ll do it. I’m going to help you heal. So is the rest of my family. Who knows what will happen? Maybe we’ll end up married.”

“You’d marry me?”

“Ryan, I’ve known you less than two days but I see no reason to throw you in the trash can yet. You’re young and sexy as hell and you’ve got a big dick. Maybe I just might. Now I want *you* to hug *me*, just you.”

She held out her arms to me and I hugged her this time. She put her arms around me and pulled me against her. I put my hands on her back and held her close. She was tall, perhaps six inches shorter than me, and her head against my cheek and throat felt wonderful. I even let my hands fall down to her magnificent rear and she did the same. My hot hard-on was pressed against her belly and she didn’t seem to feel threatened.

Were we going to play at sex again tonight? I had no idea what she wanted. I knew what Michael wanted, what all guys want: to get off. Did I want to play? Maybe I did but I didn't want to play her way. I wanted to play my way. I wanted to be in charge, not her. Maybe I'd let Michael come along for the ride and let him learn not to be a woman's little play toy, to be his own man.

She started to pull away and I didn't let her. She looked up at me, perhaps with a questioning look. I put one hand behind her head and lowered my face to hers. At the same time, I moved my hand on her butt so my index finger was in her crack. I attacked in both places. She wiggled her ass, maybe protesting my intruding finger but I persisted. She opened her mouth to say something and I smothered her words with my own mouth.

I kept kissing her, maybe tongue-fucking her because I forced her tongue to yield to mine and I played in her mouth, not her in mine. I kept playing between her ass cheeks with one finger, not trying to intrude into her little pink pucker, just teasingly close to it. I'd never seen it but I knew it would be pink.

I waited for her arms to respond. I wanted her to encircle me tightly and pull me against her, eventually to pull me into her. I pressed my swollen penis against her stomach. Somehow I knew it was going to stand up until it got some relief tonight, not droop its head and go back to sleep without coming. I didn't know how I knew but I knew it was going to perform tonight and do what I wanted it to do.

Finally, she did what I wanted. She slowly wrapped her arms around my waist, her hands on my ass, pulled me against her, rubbed her belly against my buddy, and moaned. I wanted her to yield to me, not me to her, and I believed that was what was happening. I felt I was succeeding in doing with her what I wanted, not what she wanted, and I thought of what I would do next.

"Wow," Michael said, and I stopped my aggression.

I hoped she had learned her lesson. Maybe she hadn't. As soon as her mouth was freed, she looked up at me and tried to take charge again.

"Damn it, Ryan, I...."

That was as far as she got. I kissed her again, pressed her head against mine, my open mouth against hers, and invaded her with my tongue. She squirmed, perhaps in protest, but her upper-body strength was no match for mine.

When I pulled away again, I looked into her smoldering eyes.

“Colleen, last night you were in charge but you’re not tonight. This time, I’m going to do what I want to do,” I said. “I promise I won’t fuck you yet but that’s all I’ll promise.”

She started to say something but I smothered her mouth with mine again. When she stopped squirming, I released her.

“You can say yes or no, Colleen,” I said. “Say no and I’m going to bed...by myself. Say yes and I’ll do what I want to do. I think you’ll like it.”

She looked at me again, lips tightly pressed together. I could hear her breath rasping in and out of her nose, could feel her heart beating against mine. I hoped her anger wasn’t about to erupt.

“Yes,” she finally whispered.

I put my fingers over her mouth. **“I want you to say one word, Colleen. Just one. Just one word to describe my kisses.”**

Her brow furrowed for a moment. **“Hungry?”**

“That’s good enough,” I said. “I am hungry and I’m going to eat something. That something is you, Colleen.”

“Damn, I wish I could kiss a girl like that,” Michael said.

I thought for a moment. Should I? What could it hurt? I turned loose of Colleen, grabbed Michael’s arm, and dragged him toward me. He looked puzzled. I pulled him against me, front to front, my rampant dick against his hard-on. He frowned. I leaned over, put my cheek next to his, and stopped. When I felt him relax, I kissed him on the cheek. He still didn’t protest. I put one hand behind his head, held it, and kissed him on the mouth, a closed-mouth gentle kiss. Then I turned him loose.

“What was that kiss like, Michael? Just one word.”

“Sweet?”

“Yeah, that’s what I intended. That’s where you should start, with sweet kisses, when you first kiss a girl. Never demanding kisses. Never hungry kisses. Be slow and gentle and don’t frighten her. Gradually work your way to hungry demanding kisses. Don’t try to

put your hands on her breasts until she presses against you. That's one signal she wants it. The last place you should touch her is between her legs and that's after she yields herself to you."

"How will I know, that she's yielded to me, I mean?" he asked.

"You'll know. Experience will teach you," I said.

I looked at Colleen. "Let's go upstairs. I'm going to do something for you."

She frowned a little.

"What do you want me to do, Colleen?" Michael asked.

I looked at him and I knew he had something else to learn.

"Don't ask her, Michael," I said. "If you want to play with us, just say so. You're becoming a man. Now, damn it, be one."

He looked at me and maybe I saw something new in his face, maybe a little more respect.

"I want to play too," he said in a much stronger voice.

"OK, let's take her upstairs," I said. "We'll play in my bed."

Colleen looked back and forth. Perhaps she saw that I was going to do what I wanted tonight, not what she wanted. She didn't say anything for once.

Upstairs, in my bedroom, beside my unmade bed, I pulled Colleen to me again and stood looking down at her face. Her eyes were squinted a little, her forehead furrowed, and maybe she was questioning what I was going to do. I reached down between us, positioned my hard-on straight up, put both hands on her butt cheeks, and pressed it against her belly. I saw little bit of a smile on her lips.

I lowered my head to hers again, closed my eyes, kissed her gently on her forehead, both cheeks, nose, and finally mouth. This time I didn't try to force my way in. I just touched her lips with the tip of my tongue and waited. She responded, opened her mouth, and our tongues met. A little later, my erect penis was pressed against her stomach, her soft breasts were pressed against my chest, and our mouths were open to each other, tongues playing, and I began to lose myself in her.

I relaxed, took a couple of deep breaths, and shifted to a much gentler approach, to give her a chance to catch her breath. I moved my hands from her ass, one to her back, the other to her head, and lowered my head to the side of hers, cheek to cheek. For a little while, that's all I did and I was content to be holding her naked body against mine.

"Colleen, have you ever had an orgasm with a man?" I whispered. Maybe she had not, maybe that was the reason why she was so critical of men.

She hesitated but then she said it. "No."

"Last night, after you jacked me and Michael off, did you go to your own bedroom and do whatever it is you do to have an orgasm?"

She looked at Michael and then at me. "Yes."

"Well, tonight's going to be different. I'm going to kiss you, put my mouth on your breasts, rub my face on the inside of your thighs, and last I'm going to lick your little pussy. I'm going to suck and lick your clit and you're going to have a really good orgasm. Maybe I'll keep doing it and you'll have another one. Michael is going to help me. I don't know if he wants to do the same thing I do but he should learn to do it, to please a woman, to give her an orgasm. Now, say yes or no, that's all."

Again, she hesitated for just a second. She looked me deep in my eyes and said it: "Yes."

How far should I go? And how fast. Only one way to find out. I wanted to find out if she would obey me and do what I wanted. I decided to do something that would really test her obeisance.

"Colleen, you're sure? Will you obey me?"

"No, I mean Yes."

"Then get down on your knees." I ordered.

She frowned but she obeyed. I pulled Michael over beside me and put my arm on his shoulders. He put his arms around my waist. His dick was pointing almost at the ceiling. Mine was just as stiff but at less of an upright angle, but, of course, it was heavier, that's my excuse. Colleen looked back and forth between the two of us, her eyes switching from my dick to Michael's and back again. Damn, I wanted mine in her, between her legs, buried to my balls but I knew not yet.

“Suck my dick,” I whispered. “Suck it and then suck Michael’s.”

She followed my instructions and started with me. She cradled my balls in her left hand, held my penis down with her right, opened her mouth, and started sucking. Her hand on my penis was still. Didn’t she know that a good blow-job needed a hand stroking and a mouth sucking at the same time? Maybe she did. She stopped sucking and started stroking, but she kept her mouth on the head. Finally she combined sucking and stroking and it was good. I let her do me for a while and then pulled away.

“Do Michael,” I whispered.

On her knees, she moved over to him and gave him the same treatment. I had no idea how quick on the trigger he was and whether he’d ever come in her mouth before. I didn’t want him to do that, not yet, anyway.

“Michael, don’t come in her mouth,” I said. “Let’s take our time tonight. It will be much better when you do come.”

He grunted, looking down at what his sister was doing to his dick.

“Don’t ever surprise a girl with a big load in her mouth,” I said. “Some women like it; most probably don’t. Some do it just because we like it and they want to please us. Ask if you can do it or at least warn her when you’re about to come.”

He grunted again and I watched her doing him for a short while.

“Michael, your next lesson is: always be willing to give as good as you get, maybe better. Remember that. It’s the most important thing in sex. *Always be willing to give as good as you get.* Never forget that.”

I helped Colleen stand and led her to the foot of the bed. Then I led Michael and made them both sit. I pushed Colleen back so that she was raised on her elbows, pulled her forward so that her ass was just at the edge of the bed, and last spread her legs and raised them.

Damn, she had the most virginal beautiful little pussy any man could ever imagine: bronze-red pubic patch on top of her mound, no hair on split mound between her legs, little milky-white clitoral shaft, darker pink little lips closed tight and pressed together.

I did what I had told her I was going to do but just an introduction. I rubbed my face on the soft smooth insides of her thighs, licked up each smooth thigh almost to her pussy, licked the soft mounds on

each side, and licked up the middle over her inner lips. Then I stiffened my tongue and plowed a furrow from back near her asshole, it was pink, to where the little lips came together. I did it again and again until the little lips splayed out to each side and then I stopped.

Michael looked puzzled when I knee-walked over in front of him. I pushed him back so he was on his elbows like his sister, spread his legs, cupped my left hand under his balls, wrapped my right hand around his dick, and took the head in my mouth. I sucked for a few seconds, stroked for a few more, and then sucked and stroked. Then I quit.

He looked up at my face, perhaps questioning me as to what to do next. I pulled him up so he was standing beside me. When I took his place on the bed, he seemed uncertain. I pointed to Colleen and nodded.

“I’ve never done that before, Ryan, not with a girl, not with a guy,” he said.

“It’s up to you, Michael,” I said. “Do what you want to but you should remember: *always be willing to give as good as you get.*”

Colleen giggled. I slapped her on her thigh, hard enough to hurt.

“Don’t laugh, Colleen. Let him decide what he wants to do.”

He decided. He licked Colleen’s pussy about the same way I had, a little tentative at first and then more like it wasn’t as bad as he thought and finally like he really wanted to do it. I watched him for a short while and then called a halt.

“That’s enough, Michael,” I said, and that’s all I said.

He looked at me with a question clearly on his face. I tried to keep my face impassive. I didn’t want to encourage him to suck my dick. I wanted him to do what he wanted to do. I wanted him to understand that he should be willing to give as good as he got. That was the point.

He decided. He bent over me and gave me the same treatment I’d given him. I waited until he did sucking and stroking at the same time and then I pushed him away and stood up. Colleen looked up at me questioning. I held out my hand and pulled her up.

“Do you understand now, Michael?” I asked. “Always be willing to give as good as you get.”

He nodded. "Yeah."

"OK, Colleen, you get in the middle of the bed on your back. Michael, you get one side and I'll get on the other. Let's see if we can give her a really good orgasm."

I started by just kissing her, nothing else at first, and then eased my hand over her breast. After a moment, I took my hand off one breast and pointed to the other. Michael understood. He lowered his head to her breast and began sucking on the nipple. I let him play for a moment and then, still kissing her, I caught his hand in mine and pushed it down to her pussy.

I waited a few seconds and then moved my mouth from hers down to her breast. At the same time, I pushed Michael's head up over hers. I closed my eyes and assumed he was kissing her while I was sucking the hard little nipple. I slid my hand over her smooth belly, down over her silky pubic hair, and joined Michael's hand at play.

I was in no hurry. For a while, Michael and I cooperated in kissing her, licking her breasts, sucking on the hard little nipples, and playing in her pussy with our fingers. I wanted her pussy to start exuding its juices in readiness for a hard dick. I played in her wet pussy with one or two fingers and made no attempt to touch her clitoris. I knew I was going to attack it later and not stop until she came.

A minute or so later, I decided she was ready. I moved down on the bed, pushed her legs up and back so that her pelvis was levered upward, and licked from her pink pucker to her hidden clitoris. After a few long licks, I used my thumbs on each side of her clit, pushed back and pulled apart and her clitoral foreskin skid back and there it was, the little red devil, her little dick, standing up and shining for my mouth. I pressed hard with my tongue and licked it a few times and then pursed my lips and sucked her little dick.

I wasn't sure whether she was ready or whether she was even orgasmic but I shouldn't have been concerned. She grabbed my head, started moaning and humping at my face, and gave every sign of coming and coming hard. I slid two fingers into her hot vagina and felt her contractions. I kept licking her and finger-fucking her for a moment longer and then moved from between her legs. I looked at Michael. He was watching. I pointed at him and at her pussy. He shook his head no and I shook my head yes.

"Do it, damn it," I said as emphatically as I could. He moved between her legs and started licking. She squealed when we changed, held Michael's head and tried to stuff it in her pussy. I attacked at the other

end and kissed her with an open mouth and tongue-fucked her while Michael was busy down below.

She whined into my open mouth, “Stop, please stop, I can’t take it any more.”

“Michael, don’t stop,” I said hoping he would obey my command. “Women can have orgasms one right after the other. Don’t stop until I tell you to.”

I waited until Michael resumed and watched what he did for a moment. He was licking up one side of her pussy, up the other, giving her clitoris a few hard licks, and then repeating his efforts. Good enough.

I lowered my head to Colleen’s chest, noted the red flush on her skin, and then started sucking on one hard little dark red nipple and gently pinching the other with my thumb and one finger. I kissed her again, tongue-fucked her for a moment, and then went back to her breasts.

It all worked. She was multi-orgasmic, like most women when properly done by a man. She whined against my mouth, bucked her pelvis against Michael’s mouth, and finally faded into moaning incoherently.

I looked down at Michael. He was on his belly between her spread legs. He had a grin on his face, as my father used to say, like a possum shitting persimmon seeds. He knew what he’d done.

I looked back at Colleen’s face. Her chest was still heaving and I could feel he breath coming out of her open mouth. I could even see some blood vessel on side of her throat pulsing. I waited for her to come back from wherever it is we go when we come.

When she opened her eyes, I leaned over her face and told her what I was going to do to her.

“Colleen, Michael and I have just warmed you up a little. Now I want to shove seven inches of hard dick up your little pussy...but I’m not going to do it, not tonight. Michael wants to give you another hard dick...but not tonight. You’ll have to tell me you want to be fucked.”

With that, I rose up on my knees beside her and started stroking m dick as fast as possible. Michael looked up, smiled, and moved to the other side of her, and started flailing the hell out of his dick. A few seconds later, we squirted two loads of semen all over her breasts and belly.

I waited a moment and then gave her a taste of things to come. I dragged one finger through our combined semen, held it in front of her mouth, and she opened. I watched her face to see her reaction for a moment and then pulled my finger through the semen and stuck it in my mouth. I savored the taste for a second and then pointed at Michael. He frowned but he used his own finger and his own mouth and tasted our combined semen as well. Then I told him why I'd done it.

“Michael, someday a woman is going to give you a good blowjob and then want to kiss you. Don't ever refuse to kiss her just because she's got a little bit of your come in her mouth. Always be willing to give as good as you get. That works in reverse too. It won't kill her; it won't kill you.”

I looked down at a smiling colleen. “Michael, go get me a couple of wash cloths and a little towel. Wet the wash cloths with warm water. I'll clean up Colleen's mess.”

He crawled out of bed and went in the bathroom. I heard him pissing and the water running in the sink. He came back in a few minutes with warm cloths and a towel.

“Thank you, Michael,” I said. “You can go to bed now, your own bed. Colleen is going to sleep with me tonight. Turn out the light when you leave.”

“OK, Ryan, and thanks for letting me play. And thank you Colleen.”

He left, looked back at us, smiled, and turned out the light. The light in the bathroom was still on but I knew I'd have to piss before I went to sleep and I could turn it out then.

I saw somebody's semen losing its thick viscosity and drooling down her side. I wiped her up there first. I didn't want to sleep in the wet spot and I assumed Colleen didn't either. I kept wiping until I had most of our semen wiped off her throat and breasts and chest and then dropped that washcloth on her belly. I used the second washcloth on her face, gently wiped her bronze hair back, wiped her eyes, her pink cheeks, her bruised-looking mouth, her throat, and over the red flush on her chest just above those beautiful breasts. She smiled at me. Then I used that cloth to finish wiping her breasts and belly. Last, I gently wiped her face dry with the towel, wiped her breasts and belly, and stuffed the towel between her thighs.

“Did you enjoy yourself?” she asked, smiling or maybe smirking.

“Yes, as far as I went, I enjoyed doing something for you.”

“You weren’t really in control, you know,” she said, trying to assert her old persona again.

“Yes, I was,” I said. “So were you. You let me do whatever I wanted but you wanted it too. You could have said anything and I’d have stopped.”

“You could have fucked me, you know,” she said. “You still can.”

“Maybe, but I’ll never fuck you unless I’m sure that’s what you want. I’m never going to rape you, Colleen, not even seduce you. Whatever we do, it’s going to be something we both want.”

“Come on, Ryan, you can still fuck me,” she whispered.

“Maybe, but I don’t want to. I don’t think you’re ready for what I want to give you. When I think you’re ready, I’ll make love to you.”

“Are you sure?” she whispered and teased me with her smile. “My pussy is drooling and your big dick will slide in so easily.”

“Just shut up, Colleen, I don’t want to just fuck you. You told me I might be able to give you what a woman wants, myself. Maybe that’s what I want too. I’m trying to decide.”

“I’d love to sink my fingernails in your ass cheeks while you try to pound me through the mattress. Come on, Ryan.”

“Yeah, well, come on, Colleen, drop your fucking attitude. I don’t want to just fuck you. I want to do something else with you.”

“What?”

“Have you ever heard Mendelsohn’s Violin Concerto in E minor? It’s one of the most beautiful pieces of music ever written. You’re a Stradivarius and I’m Jascha Heifetz. I want to play Mendelsohn’s concerto with you. I want to play you like a violin until you reach heights you never dreamed of. I want you to give me your body, your heart, your mind, your soul, until there’s nothing left of you alone but only me and you together playing beautiful music. Do you think you’re capable of that?”

“Are you the same man who fell flat on his face with me watching yesterday? You don’t sound like him.”

“Colleen, everything you’ve heard about me is probably true,” I said, as earnestly as I could. “I’ve been beaten down by life until there was just a spark left. I can’t lie about these scars on my belly but I didn’t tell you about all the shit that happened to me, the really gross stuff. I gave up and wanted to end it but your father talked to me and helped me start believing in life again. I’ve crawled out of the hole but I am still fragile and I still need help. I know that.”

“I want to help you, Ryan,” she whispered.

“Look, Colleen, your father described you as a beautiful young woman but that didn’t prepare me for what I saw when you walked out on the portico at the shop. I saw the most beautiful, most desirable woman any man could ever imagine. Maybe you can be a bitch but inside I think you want the same thing all women want, what all men want too.”

“Oh, you think so?”

“Yes, I do. Don’t fuck around with me, Colleen. I want you to think about what I’ve said. I don’t know that it’s possible for us to make music together but I think it might be. It won’t be easy. We will both have to commit ourselves to love and want to nurture it. I’ll be putting my soul in my hands and offering it to you. Do you want to take it?”

“You haven’t known me for two whole days yet, Ryan. Are you sure you want to offer it to me?”

I threw the washcloths toward the bathroom, settled down on the bed, pushed her onto her left side, and spooned up to her butt. Again, I put my hand on her shoulder. I wasn’t going any farther. The rest was up to her. She caught my hand, pulled it around to her breast, and I cupped my hand under her warm softness.

“Colleen, I want to sleep with you tonight. If you feel a hard-on between your legs, ignore it. It will probably be a nocturnal erection and you don’t need to worry about it. OK?”

“OK, I know you damn guys can’t control your dicks.”

“I’m serious now, Colleen. Think about what I’ve said. Do you really want me to make love to you? I should say, make love with you. That’s what I want; at least I think I do. I hope you’ll agree. I think we could be good together.”

“Ryan, shut up and go to sleep,” she whispered. “I’ll think about it tomorrow.”

I squirmed up closer to her, as close as I could get, with her hair in my face.

“Someday, I want to say ‘I love you, Colleen,” I mumbled. “Will you say it back?”

“Maybe.”

I’d forgotten something. She reminded me.

“Ryan, I’ve got to pee.”

Chapter Five

Sunday

I was awakened by Michael shaking me by the shoulder again. This time, in a befuddled sleep state, I reached out for someone soft and warm and female. My last conscious memory before going to sleep was of the two of us cuddled together, me spooned up to her warm rear, my face in the tangle of her long hair, my right leg over her left, and my right hand holding her soft breast. She wasn’t there.

“Colleen and I are about to start breakfast,” he said. “She says you have time to shower and shave if you want to. I think that means she wants you to. You’ve got about fifteen minutes.”

I looked at the Sky Dweller and then at the Seiko solar. Both showed the same time: 7:15. I threw the sheet back and looked down at my buddy. He was swollen but he didn’t urgently need to go. Perhaps the late night piss with Colleen had relieved enough pressure.

I stood up, without assistance this time, stood there a moment while I judged whether my leg was going to work, tried it, and went to the bathroom. Michael walked to the door with me, watching to see if I needed help. Someone had already helped me. On the counter, I found: towel, washcloth, hair brush, shampoo, body wash, shaving gel, after-shave, and a razor. Someone had prepared well for me to join them.

When I came out of the bathroom, the bed was made and clothes for me were laid out. There was also something that wasn't mine: a new billfold. I opened it and found that the contents of my old billfold had been transferred to the new one. There was also a credit card in my name. I was amazed at how well they had prepared for me since I knew that a few days were usually required to get a credit card.

Fifteen minutes later, I walked into the kitchen dressed in socks, exercise shorts, and t-shirt. Colleen was bent over the oven looking at something. Of course I looked at her rear, beautiful even in red exercise shorts. She reached in with a couple of hot pads and pulled out what had to be home-made biscuits. I looked at the table and saw ham slices, cheddar cheese, butter, cream cheese, orange slices, and various jellies and preserves.

"Yes, I can make biscuits too," she said. "Grandma taught me. Since you ate five last night I thought you'd enjoy some more."

I held out the billfold with the credit card showing. "What's this?"

"It's a billfold," she said. "Your old one was worn out."

"Don't play games with me, Colleen," I said. "I mean the credit card."

"It's your allowance card, Ryan," Michael said. "Dad wants you to have the same allowance as me and Colleen, a thousand a month."

"But I'm not his son," I persisted. "Why should he give me an allowance?"

"Because Dad says you should have it," Colleen said. "He wants you treated like family. Now sit down and eat."

I stood for a moment longer and looked at my plate. To the rear of the plate there was a plastic bottle, about a pint size, with something in it that looked like chocolate milk."

"OK, what's this?" I asked.

"It's to help you gain weight," Michael said. "I just made the first batch this morning. It's a powder that mixes with milk. There are five more in the fridge. You should drink two per day."

About thirty minutes later, just after eight o'clock, I pushed back from the table, satiated and content. I watched as Michael stuffed the dishwasher and Colleen put away the remains of breakfast. When they finished, I started.

“I’d like to talk to both of you,” I said. “I’ve got questions. I hope you’ll give me answers. Could we sit for a while?”

They sat and waited for my questions.

“First of all, I screwed up last night. I did something I shouldn’t have and now I really don’t know whether I should stay or get the hell out of here. I don’t know what I should do.”

“What, Ryan?” Colleen asked. “The three of us played together; that’s all. Why do you think you did something wrong?”

“Colleen, how old is Michael?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“He’s fifteen. He’ll be sixteen in about three weeks.”

“And I’m a twenty year old man who should have known better,” I said. “Legally, he’s a child; I’m an adult. Children can’t give consent to sex. I don’t want to do anything to hurt him. If word gets out, the publicity will hound him for years and I might end up on a registered sex offender list for the rest of my life. I’m a wounded warrior and your father arranged for me to be here so your family might help me. He’s the chairman of the Senate Veterans’ Affairs Committee. What if it got out that I had molested his son? I can’t cause your father problems. I just can’t.”

They both sat and looked at me for a moment. I had no idea what to do but I really felt I’d betrayed somebody’s trust.

Colleen spoke up first. “Michael, did Ryan molest you last night.”

“No, of course not. I wouldn’t let him do something stupid like that.”

Colleen persisted. “We just talked; didn’t we?”

He looked at me intently. “Yeah, that’s all. He told me something that I want to remember when I start fooling around with girls: always be willing to give as good as you get.”

I needed to talk to them about the way I felt. “Listen, you two, sometimes my emotions run away with me and I don’t know what I’m doing and maybe I don’t think straight. Michael has been so damn kind to me, like a friend or little brother, and I wanted to help him by teaching him something. He doesn’t act like a little kid and I didn’t think about his age. Damn, why do I keep fucking up?”

“You haven’t fucked up, Ryan,” Michael said. “Maybe you’re already like my big brother and...anyway, don’t go. I want you to stay. Please.”

Colleen stood up, kneed my legs apart, and pulled my head to her breasts. I buried my face in her softness and tried not to cry.

“I just want to find peace and quiet and maybe a little bit of love,” I whispered. “I want to enjoy life. That’s OK; isn’t it, for me to want that?”

“Hush, Ryan,” she whispered. “It will all come. Love will come.”

I felt Michael’s hands on my shoulders, rubbing me. I tried to relax and get control of myself, of what I was feeling. I breathed deeply a few times and struggled to chase the bad worries away. Finally, I pulled away from Colleen and used the bottom of her t-shirt to wipe my eyes. I looked up at her smiled.

“You’ve got a good smile, Ryan. You’re cute,” she said.

“You’re not mad at me, you and Michael, I mean? The doctors said I was going to be fragile for a while and I guess I am.”

“No, just don’t blow you nose on my t-shirt. Michael, get him a paper towel.”

Michal handed me a paper towel. I blew my nose on it and looked up at him.

“Michael, don’t let me mess up,” I said. “If I do something or ask you to do something you don’t like, let me know. I don’t want to hurt you or anybody else.”

“Sure. Ryan, let’s go fishing one day soon,” he said, deliberately changing the subject. “The creek at the back of our property has nice bream in it and I’ve even caught a few big-mouth bass.”

“I’m ready when you are,” I said.

I looked back and forth at the two of them. “Colleen, Michael, I don’t want to hurt anybody, not you, not Michael, especially not your father. I hope you two will cut me some slack sometimes and keep me from doing stupid things. Sometimes I really need help. I promise I’ll do better.”

“Ryan, I’ll be the first to tell you if I think you are doing something wrong,” Colleen said. “Michael will help too. Just trust us.”

“OK. I don’t know why you are all so nice to me, making me part of your family, but I like it. I really like it.”

“Is there anything else you need to talk about?” Colleen asked.

“Yeah, you said you read your Dad’s report on me. I thought all medical records at the hospital were confidential. Why were you allowed to see them?”

She grinned and answered. “The Senator has staff privileges at the VA hospital here, Ryan. Since he’s the chairman of the Senate Veterans’ Affairs Committee, he needs to know things about VA hospitals and the patients.”

“But why do *you* get to read hospital reports?”

They both grinned. “We’re on the Senator’s staff,” Michael said. “His staff handles all sorts of stuff unless it’s classified. A few handle classified.”

“You’re staff?”

“Yes, Ryan, we’re both paid staff,” Colleen said. “We read the medical history of anyone he brings home.”

“Yeah, Dad knows how to cover his ass,” Michael said. “We’re paid staff and we get the huge amount of \$20 a month. He says that makes us his legal employees and his staff in Washington and locally knows about us and we help him with lots of things.”

“Have you read my entire medical history?”

“We skimmed through it,” Colleen said. “We know what you’ve been through.”

“And you were still willing to bring me into your home? You’d lie for me if I mess up?”

Colleen leaned over, kissed me on my sore forehead, and held both my hands. “Yes, Ryan, but you haven’t messed up. Grandpa and Dad are both veterans. As a senator, Dad worked hard to get to be chairman of the Vet Committee. He wants to help veterans. That’s the mission of his life. We love our father and we want to help him. He thinks letting a wounded warrior like you be part of our family for a while will help you heal. That’s what we’re trying to do with you.”

“Well, you both just need to know I’m trying but I don’t always know what’s right or wrong. Colleen, don’t let me do anything to hurt Michael. I like him and I’d like to be sort of like a big brother to him. I just need time to adjust and get back to normal if there is such a thing. I’m not lying when I say I need help and what you all are doing, bringing me into your family, that helps me a lot.”

Michael held up his hand for attention: “Ryan, last night, after I went to bed, I thought about what you said: always be willing to give as good as you get. That helps me because I don’t always think with my big head when it comes to sex.”

I wanted them to know I was a little uncomfortable with something else. “And this business of being naked with each other so much: I like it but I’m not used to it and I didn’t expect anything like that.”

“Ryan, do you like it when I hug you?” Colleen asked. “Do you like it when we’re naked and I hug you?”

“Yes, of course. Any man would.”

“I’ll tell you a secret,” she said. “I like it too. Everybody likes a hug. Hugging naked is just more fun.”

“Ryan, we’re not really nudists but we’re pretty casual about being naked around each other,” Michael said. “We’ve gone swimming naked as long as I can remember. You’ll get used to it.”

“I don’t know. It’s a little hard to believe I’ll be swimming with someone like Senator Kelly and both of us naked. And his wife too, I suppose.”

“If it’s hard, just tell Colleen,” Michael said, smiling wickedly. “She’ll take care of it.”

“Ryan, Dad’s just a man, like you,” Colleen said. “He puts on his pants one leg at a time. He belches. He farts. Well, not on the Senate floor but I know he’d like to sometimes. I can just picture him letting out a big fart when some shithead from the loyal opposition is speaking. Mom’s just a woman, like me, a little bit older but she’s still in good shape. They both are. They work at it.”

“When are they coming home?”

“Next weekend. Dad’s a licensed pilot on small engine planes and he has his own. Sometimes, he can leave his apartment in Washington and be home about an hour later. They’ll be here Friday afternoon.

Mom will stay for a while. Dad will go back probably Tuesday. He usually spends a day or two at his office here.”

“Yeah, that’s where Dad hopes you will help him, Ryan,” Michael said. “He wants a vet to talk to the vets who come in. He’ll take you to his office here and introduce you to his staff probably the following Monday.”

“And you think I can do that and still start college this Fall?” I asked.

“Sure, I’m going to be starting my junior year this Fall,” Colleen said. “We’ll go together.”

“Could I live here, with your family, for a while, maybe even until I graduate?” I asked.

“Ryan, you can stay with us or you can leave,” Colleen said. “This will be your home as long as you need it. It’s your life. You’re in charge.”

“I want you to stay, Ryan,” Michael said. “We’ve got room and you’re no special trouble. I could use a big brother sometimes when it comes to girls. Dad says he’ll think of a car for me when I turn sixteen. I’m going to get me a four door with a big back seat so I can talk to the girls back there. Maybe you can help me with stuff to talk about.”

“Yeah, little brother, you’re just another damn man, always wanting to rob poor little innocent girls of their virginity,” Colleen said.

I couldn’t think of anything else to ask or say. I suppose I was overwhelmed. I had left the hospital wondering where I was going in life and now I actually felt I had a chance to do something with my life for the next few years. I felt tears trickling down my cheeks again and I used the paper towel to wipe them away. Colleen leaned over and kissed me quickly on the goose egg on my forehead.

“You don’t have to cool it with Colleen, Ryan,” Michael said. “She’s fair game.”

Colleen stuck her little pink tongue out at him. He stuck his out at her and wiggled it.

“What are we going to do today?” I asked.

Colleen turned and smiled at me. “Well, I had planned for company today before I knew you were coming. I’ve invited a couple our age for the day, both university students. I’ve known her for years and she and her boyfriend have been here lots of times. A couple of weeks ago,

I invited them to spend the day with us, nothing special, just playing and talking and stuff.”

“Swimming?”

“Yes. In the nude. They’re used to it. Are you up to it?”

I looked down at my buddy, hanging around in my exercise shorts.

“I don’t know, buddy,” I said. “Two naked females. What do you think?”

Michael played the part of a ventriloquist talking to his dummy. “s’OK. It’ll be hard,” he whispered. “I can manage.”

“They’ll be here about nine o’clock,” Colleen said. “Carol and I want to give your hair a trim. She trims mine and I trim hers. We’re good with hair. David’s bringing a pair of his pants and a coat. He’s about your height and about the size I think you should be – about one eighty. I want you to try them on before we shop for you, to see what size we need to get. I don’t want to get pants for your waist size now and then have them too tight in a month or two. I thought we’d go shopping for you tomorrow. David and Carol will probably go with us. And Michael, if he wants to.”

“I want to,” he said. “I need some new sneakers.”

“Do you want me to use my credit card for my stuff?” I asked.

“No, this gets charged to another account for Dad,” Colleen said. “This is going to be like a uniform when you work for him. I charge stuff for him on that account, not to our allowance cards.”

“She spends stuff on Dad’s accounts all the time,” Michael said. “He has one for government stuff and one for personal stuff. This will go on the personal one. Dad talks to us a lot about being careful what’s personal and what’s government.”

Colleen again. “We’ll have sandwiches for lunch and maybe you can rest for an hour after that if you need to. Then I thought we’d spend the rest of the afternoon in the pool playing and do take-out pizza for dinner. They’ll probably leave by eight. They have to work tomorrow.”

“I thought you said they were students,” I said.

“They are but they’re taking the summer off, like me. They both have summer jobs. They live together. I think you’ll like them. I’ve told her about you, that you were probably going to live with us for a while.”

Just before nine o’clock, Michael answered the doorbell and escorted David and Carol into the kitchen with me and Colleen. I didn’t know them but they were familiar, like so many other college kids in love, like me and Joy another lifetime ago. Carol was young and cute and female and my buddy would certainly be interested in her naked. David was about the same size I was, just as tall but not as skinny.

Colleen made sure we did first things first. I didn’t want to try on clothes, especially not naked in front of strangers but I swallowed my reticence and stripped off my exercise shorts and t-shirt when Colleen said for me to but she made it easy. She and Michael promptly shed their clothes and so did David and Carol.

Carol was cute with clothes on and a walking wet dream without them. She was a brunette, like me but, damn, she had a cute little mound between her legs with no hair on it, not like me. David grinned when he caught me looking down there. I wondered if he liked to get his tongue into that little virginal-looking slit. I knew I would.

David was about the same size as I was about a year ago. We were about the same height and our shoulders were about the same. He looked filled out, not fat, just lean and hard. I knew how skinny I looked, even now after I’d started regaining weight. He raised his eyebrows when he saw where I was bigger than he was.

Colleen showed them around my scars and told them how I’d got them and we all ignored my best friend hanging there quietly. She condensed my scar history into about two minutes and I didn’t want her to expand it into anything more. How can you tell anyone else about the hell of the last six months?

David’s pants were, of course, too big in the waist but just right in length. Colleen and Carol considered the size and decided that I could wear the same size with a belt when I had a coat on. His coat was a good fit but too loose at the waist. Again they decided to go with David’s size and let me fill out some. I’d never had anybody to worry about what I should wear so I deferred to them.

At least they put towels over my shoulders and on my lap while they cut my hair. I’d never had two sweet-smelling naked females playing with my hair before. I liked it and so did my best friend. He tried to lift his head and look around but he couldn’t see through the towel. Then two giggly girls had to comment on how hard it was...to cut my

hair. I was tickled pink that my buddy showed so much interest in a simple haircut.

Then three guys sat and watched two girls as they played with their hair. Colleen's long wavy hair was beautiful and they decided to leave it long with just a little trim. Carol's hair was more page-boy style, that's what Colleen called it, whatever that means, and Colleen spent more time on hers. When they were satisfied they announced it was time for a quick swim before lunch.

Lunch afterwards was sandwiches and soft drinks, served beside the pool, no beer because Michael wanted to use his beer allowance with the pizza for dinner. When Colleen told David and Carol that I usually needed to rest or maybe nap after lunch and she and Michael might rest with me, they looked at each other, grinned, and asked if they could join us. Colleen looked at me. I nodded yes. I hoped they really meant rest because I wasn't ready to do anything else.

That's how the five of us ended up in my king-size bed: David spooned up to Carol's rear on one side, me spooned up to Colleen's on the other, Michael flat on his back in the middle, and all of us bare-assed naked. Michael wanted to play, who knows at what, but Colleen shook her head at him and told him to be good. Then all five of us talked quietly for a while without one word being said about how I'd been shot or my hospital stay or the endless stupid war. I was glad because I didn't want to talk about any of that.

About mid-afternoon, we had a pit stop, two females together as usual, and three guys waiting patiently for our piss turns. Then we went down the elevator and to the outdoor pool. I liked swimming because it seemed to help me with my leg and when Colleen suggested swimming easy laps first, I was glad to agree.

The five of us went from one end of the pool, not racing, just staying beside each other a few times and then sat on the side of the pool for a while to rest. Michael dug some super shooters out of a storage bin but I shook my head no. I didn't want anybody shooting even water at me.

Next we practiced diving and I enjoyed watching two sets of little breasts and two beautiful female butts bouncing up and down when Colleen and then Carol were on the end of the diving board. Michael and David showed off their diving skills and I think the ladies enjoyed seeing two dicks flopping up and down before they dived. I don't guess I'd ever seen naked guys and girls bouncing up and down before diving, certainly not from below in the pool. I begged off and told

them the truth: that I didn't want to put any stress on my leg and cause it to freeze up again.

Colleen almost embarrassed me. "Yeah, we wouldn't want to do anything to make Ryan's middle leg get hard again."

We got dressed for dinner, socks and shorts and shirts, but I don't know why after we'd spent most of the day naked. Maybe it was to keep somebody from thinking about something else to eat except pizza. Afterwards, David and Carol left about eight o'clock, saying they had something planned and we weren't invited. I suppose we all knew what it was.

I helped clean the kitchen and then the three of us went single file to the elevator. I knew I wasn't quite ready to try the stairs to the second floor. I parked my posterior against the back wall of the elevator. I'd learned that little defensive move already.

I walked behind Colleen from the elevator to the bedrooms, watching her thought-provoking ass as she led the way. Do all young women have that same wiggle or sashay, that jiggle, shake, shimmy, that side to side motion which is so enticing. Men don't. We plow ahead, straight, striding. Michael's shorts were loose on my scrawny ass so he didn't have anything as nice to admire.

I wasn't sure what we were going to do. I knew Michael wanted to play and maybe Colleen did too but I didn't know what we'd play. I just knew I had to hold it down and not do anything to cause problems. I was surprised. Colleen stopped at the door to my room and pointed inside. I entered, Michael followed, and she went down the hallway toward her bedroom. Maybe she wanted to piddle in privacy for once.

I sat on the side of the bed and Michael stood looking at me, smiling as though he knew he was going to do something he liked to do probably involving sex and his penis. I had something I wanted to do too. When I whispered it to him, he smiled and agreed to help me and we plotted our attack on Colleen.

She was back in a few minutes, naked, carrying a big towel and two other things, one in a plastic screw-top container, and the other in a squeeze bottle. She handed both to Michael and he looked at them and grinned. Colleen went around to the other side of the bed.

"Help me pull the spread and top sheet down," she said.

I helped her move them down to the foot of the bed, she flapped the towel in the air, and we spread it in the center of the bed. I wasn't sure

what was going to happen with a big beach towel and something in containers, maybe lotions of some kind, but I knew it probably involved me.

“Ryan, strip. Put your ass on the towel,” she ordered.

I stripped and, of course, Michael did too. Damn, he had a hard-on as soon as it was released. Mine was half-hard, needing just one little nudge to stand up and salute, and I was proud of it. I crawled in the bed and put my ass where she wanted it. Michael crawled in from the other side of the bed and stretched out turned toward me, head raised on elbow. Colleen crawled in, turned on her side, and looked at me just below the belly button.

“It’s a little farther down,” I whispered.

She slapped me on my leg and shook her head.

“Don’t be a smart-ass, Ryan,” she said. “I know where it is.”

I knew she was looking at my abdomen, probably at the three scars. The nurses had told me that the newness of the scars would fade with time but it had been months and they still looked almost fresh.

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to rub your scars with something,” she said. “It’s Tummy Butter and it has lanolin and cocoa butter in it. It’s used by pregnant women to ease stretching on their belly. I use it on my feet sometimes to soften them. It should help with your scars.”

“He’s going to get a hard-on,” Michael whispered.

“I know how to take care of one,” Colleen whispered back.

I lay there on my back, hands behind my head, and watched them butter my tummy. Then my buddy stood up and hovered over my stomach and he was in the way. Colleen made Michael hold him straight up and then she gently rubbed my tummy with Tummy Butter. He moved his hand up and down slowly on my dick and that was nice. Then Colleen took over with my buddy and told Michael to gently rub on another coat of Tummy Butter. My buddy liked it better when it was her hand moving up and down but I don’t know how it knew whose hand it was. I just lay there and watched and enjoyed what they were doing.

She moved down on the bed, Michael followed, and both of them rubbed my feet with Tummy Butter and that was almost the most erotic thing I'd ever experienced. They stopped with the tummy butter and started using the lotion and both of them rubbed my calves at the same time.

Then Colleen made me think of something else. "Michael, remind me, next time we do this, we need to give his toe nails a pedicure. Maybe we'll all three swap."

I would love to give her toes a good pedicure and maybe a good licking too. I tried to push that little thought away but it kept coming back. Why should I think that would be so much fun?

I held my breath when they moved up to my thighs, especially when they made me spread my legs and rubbed close to my buddy's cohorts. Just when I thought she wasn't, she did. Colleen squirted lotion on my balls and rubbed it in. Michael just giggled when my buddy bounced up and down. It did it all by itself, of course. I wasn't the one wiggling it. It was just doing push-ups, exercising itself a little.

They moved up and did my chest and down my arms next. I was relaxed, that is, except for one part, and I loved every minute of their hands on me. Then I was ordered to turn over and they rubbed their way back down, lingering probably longer than necessary on my butt. I was laying there, eyes closed when one of them stuck a finger between my slippery butt cheeks. I just said "Ohhh, that's nice," and somebody slapped me on my butt cheek. By the time they worked their way down on my thighs and calves, I was really relaxed and complacent. And really hard too and, damn, it was good to be that way after it ignored me so much in the hospital.

"Michael, would you turn out the lights?" Colleen asked. "Turn on the lights in the bathroom and leave the door open just a little."

I didn't even open my eyes when he jumped out of bed and did his job and jumped back in the bed again. I wondered what was next on the agenda.

Colleen ordered me to turn over and I managed to flip my ass. Then she moved my arm over her shoulders and lay down with her head on my shoulder, one hand on my chest, and one leg over mine. I looked at Michael and he was propped on his elbow looking at me and Colleen. I moved my other arm up and he understood, He moved close to me, put his head on my other shoulder, his leg over one of mine, and his hand near Colleen's on my chest.

For a while, the three of us lay there quietly resting with each other, whispering and laughing and talking. A few times, Colleen's hand or Michael's hand gently caressed my chest but neither ventured below my belly button. They wouldn't have far to go before they bumped into something.

"I think you for the gift, Colleen, and you Michael," I whispered. "It was good of you to help me and I really do appreciate it."

"What gift?" Michael asked.

"The gift you gave me with your hands," I answered. "There's a healing power in hands when they gently touch you. A few of the nurses at the hospital knew that and did it to help me heal. Most didn't."

"And that's a gift?" he persisted.

"Yes, Michael, something like that, freely given with no expectation of anything in return, to help someone feel better or to heal: that's a gift."

"What if I give you a blowjob and expect you to give me one back?"

"That's not a gift, Michael. That's an exchange. There's very little healing power in something like that. It may relieve the buildup of sexual tension but that's all. My first night with you and Colleen, she gave me a gift. She gave you one too."

"How? All she did was jack us off."

"And what did we do for her in return?"

"Nothing. She didn't ask us to."

"She freely used her hand and, for a moment, her mouth, to give both of us a little relief. She knew I'd had difficulty getting an erection after I was shot and after the surgery. She helped me by giving me a hard-on so I would know I was still a man. That was a wonderful gift for a woman to give to a man, a wounded warrior, and, it did more to restore me than months of therapy. It's true, she didn't ask either of us to do anything for her but perhaps she knew how her touch affected me."

"The next night, Ryan gave me a gift, Michael," Colleen said. "You helped."

“What do you mean, when we licked your pussy and you had an orgasm?” he asked.

“Yes, somehow he picked up that I had never had an orgasm with a man before and that’s why I was so down on men,” she said. “I was surprised that he knew so much about women. It was a wonderful gift. Who taught you about women, Ryan?”

“When and if you agree to marry me, Colleen, I’ll answer that question. Until that day, all I’ll tell you is that I had a wonderful loving teacher.”

“Damn,” Michael said. “I guess I’ve got a lot to learn. Maybe I need a good teacher too.

“Maybe you’ve got one,” I said.”

We lay there in silence, in the semi-darkness, quietly breathing, both of them cuddled up to my sides. After a while I asked Colleen a question,

“Colleen, may I give you a gift tonight,” I whispered. “It’s the same one I gave you last night. It’s something I very much like to do.”

“What about Michael?”

“He wants to help me. It’s something every young man should learn to do for his beloved but most don’t know how and some are unwilling. It will be a good learning experience for him.”

“And after you give me this gift, what do you want to do? What do you want me to do?”

“Nothing on both counts. It’s just a gift to you and I expect nothing in return. May I give it to you?”

“Yes, Ryan, I would like that.”

“Then let’s trade places.”

I squirmed out from between her and Michael, crawled over on the other side of her, and she moved to the middle of the bed. Michael propped up on his elbow on one side of her and I did the same on the other side. She looked expectantly back and forth at us.

I lay there for a moment looking at her beautiful face. It was devoid of makeup and the scattering of freckles on her forehead and cheeks

showed even in the dim light. The wild tangle of bronze hair looked even darker now. She was an absolutely-perfect beautiful young woman. I wanted her, not so much for sex tonight but for a life time of living and loving. I could not imagine ever finding a more beautiful woman.

“Colleen, I know next to nothing about women’s make up but I’d like to make a suggestion for you.”

“What?”

“Don’t ever cover up your freckles. You’re a uniquely beautiful young woman and they are just part of your beauty. Don’t hide them.”

“You think so?”

“No, I know so.”

“Well, you don’t know me,” she said. “I don’t wear makeup, except sometimes just a little lip gloss. I’m not going to waste time putting stuff all over my face that I can never see just to get some man. If they don’t like the unadorned me, they can just go to hell. Fuck’em.”

“You could never improve on perfection, Colleen,” I said.

I leaned over and hid my face beside her head and lay there breathing in the clean smell of her hair. She and Carol had insisted on rinsing off, her words, just the two of them, after we played in the pool and maybe she had shampooed her hair. Whatever it was I liked the smell. I liked the feel of her cheek next to mine. I slid a hand up her belly, found a soft breast, and I liked that too.

“Colleen, please try to relax and let me give you a gift again,” I whispered. “It’s something I really like to do. I know women become aroused slower than men. I know you are more likely to come if you trust me and are willing to surrender your body to me. I will never hurt you. I won’t do anything that displeases you. The magic word is stop. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ryan.”

“Michael is going to help me. Sometimes I’ll explain to him why I’m doing certain things. Is that OK?”

“Yes.”

“Colleen, it may help you to trust me if you understand what I believe about men and women. I believe we are the other halves of each other, eternally longing to be joined again and complete. I love women. I respect them. They may be imperfect human beings just as I am but together we can strive to join our lives and our bodies together in a perfect union. It’s what I want; it’s what you should want too.”

“You do have a skill with words; don’t you?”

“Perhaps, and perhaps I have some skill in making love, not fucking, not screwing, but making love. Colleen, I hope you will love me even more when we finally make love.”

“I’ve never known a man yet that I could love. Are you sure you’re the one?”

“I can be. Tonight I’m going to make love to all of you but especially to something between your legs. I’m going to use my mouth and lips and tongue down there until you have your first orgasm. We’re going to rest for a while until you recover and then Michael’s going to lick you to your second. Will you let him?”

“Yes.”

“Colleen, I want to tell you what I would do next if Michael were not with us. OK?”

“Yes.”

“I would move over you when you asked me to, when you are ready to welcome my penis into your body. My first time may be rather short and aggressive. I will be so hungry and wanting that I will probably shove my penis into your vagina with little regard for whether it hurts you or not. I can’t help it. I will be desperate to bury my dick to the balls in your cunt and squirt out a big load of semen at the entrance to your womb. I will pound your ass through the mattress until I empty my balls inside you.”

“Wow, all that your first time? Will there be a second?”

“Probably. I hope you will want it and I probably will too. Some cold rainy afternoon I will make love to you four or five times and you will have as many orgasms as you want. I’ve done that and still wanted more.”

“With whom?”

“You know I’m not going to tell you. When we make a commitment to each other, I will answer anything you ask.”

I moved my head over hers, used one finger to lower her eyelids, and gently kissed her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, and finally her mouth. I opened my mouth slightly, licked her soft lips, and waited for her to open to me, slowly and gently teasing her with my tongue until she was teasing back with hers.

I raised my head, looked at Michael, and nodded. That was the signal for him to follow me, perhaps doing the same thing I did, or whatever he wanted to do with her. Michael followed my example. He gently turned Colleen’s head toward him, leaned over, and kissed her.

I kissed my way down her throat, around on her chest at random, and then sought out her breast with my mouth. I opened my eyes long enough to look at the little pink nipples. They were almost red and stiff and I knew she was at least a little aroused. I closed my eyes and gently nursed at her breasts and she moaned almost inaudibly.

After a minute or so, I reluctantly left her soft breasts and moved down to her little umbilicus, her navel, her belly-button, that little jewel of a pit stop on the way down to her mound. I licked it clean even though it was not the least bit dirty.

I lifted my head and saw Michael paying homage to her breasts. I moved down on the bed, kneed her legs apart, and lay down between them. Don’t bend them back too quickly, I’d been taught. All women have a sense of modesty, especially about what’s between their legs. Tease her, kiss her thighs, lick them, and breathe on her pussy: she’ll let you know if she wants to make it more available to your tongue.

I put my hands behind her knees and lifted her legs slightly. She didn’t resist. I kissed and licked up the inside of one thigh, skipped over, and went down the other leg. She moaned slightly.

For a moment, I opened my eyes and looked at the feast before me. Her neat little thatch of bronze pubic hair looked almost black in the dim light. Below that I saw her hairless split mound and the little hood of skin which covered her clitoris, just as my foreskin usually covered the head of my penis. To give her an orgasm, I knew I should expose her clitoris to my tongue and I knew how to do it. I had been taught well by my teacher and I had grown to love doing it.

Still, there was no hurry. A woman’s arousal takes time which too many men are not willing to spend. I lightly licked up the little slit and smelled the scent of her arousal but I didn’t taste anything. I settled

down to gently licking around her pussy without doing anything to bring her clitoris out of hiding. She moaned faintly.

After a minute or so, I pushed back on her legs, slowly and gently, glancing at her face to see if there was any sign of protest, there wasn't, and then looking at her pussy as her hips were slowly levered up.

“Colleen, hold your legs up, please,” I whispered.

She didn't answer but she caught her legs behind her knees and pulled. I put my hands on the inside of her thighs and pushed apart. Perfect. Just where I wanted her: her thighs in a perfect V.

I looked through the V and saw Michael. His mouth was on one breast, his hand was on another, and his head was tilted with his eyes looking at me. I nodded at him and he understood that I was ready to show him what I had proposed, for me to do first, and for him to do second.

He crawled down the bed to where I was lying, flopped on his belly, looked at me, grinned, and nodded. I understood that he was ready too, that he was as much into giving Colleen a gift as I was. He watched intently as I started.

I put my hands on her smooth buttocks with my thumbs on each side of her slit, pulled apart and pushed up, and the little red devil, her clitoris, was exposed. I loved seeing it, all blood red and hard, just like the head of my dick, but not even a half inch long, little lips tied to it at the bottom. I glanced down further at the little dimple or her urethra and further still at the coral-colored closed entrance to her vagina. It was beautiful and captivating and I wanted my dick in her.

I looked at Michael. Perhaps he had never seen his big sister in such a position before. From the look on his face, he seemed to find the sight as captivating as I did. We had agreed to be as silent as possible in order not to break the mood I hoped to create within her. I had asked him to be as slow and gentle as possible when he had his turn with her. There may be times when a woman wants a quickie as much as a man but I knew that was for the future. Tonight was for slow, sensual, in the almost-dark, teasing, slowly building her arousal, and winding her spring tighter and tighter until it released by itself.

I closed my eyes, lowered my head, and feasted. I licked her from the bottom to the top of her pussy, at first just light touches of my tongue. I wanted to see if she was willing to let me do anything to her so I licked her pink pucker a few times, and, yes, even in the dim light, it

looked clean and pink. She moaned but she didn't protest. I resumed the long swipes over her pussy from taint to pubic patch. Gradually I felt the little knob of her clit become harder and, when I looked, it was longer as well.

So I added another step. I pursed my lips and sucked on it, followed that with long swipes. What was it that my sister had told me: that her clitoris and my penis were really the same as far as sensitivity and that maybe that hers was more sensitive?

Michael's head was right beside mine and he was watching and mimicking what I was doing. I hoped, when he had his turn, that he enjoyed the taste and smell and feel of her pussy as much as I did.

Perhaps Colleen was getting tired from holding her legs back. Her fanny was gradually lowering on the bed. I slid my hands up her smooth thighs, behind her knees, pushed back, and levered her hips up so her pussy was perfect for licking. I didn't need to hold it open anymore. It was spread, little lips like wings on each side, wet, glistening, and fuckable. I stiffened my tongue and pushed it down into her vagina a few times, moved up and licked her clit for a while, and then tried to suck it into my mouth.

She started keening, that marvelous Irish word which describes the sound a woman makes in the throes of passion, not the sorrow of someone's death but the ecstasy of her body. I slid two fingers into her hot depths, licked harder, and she exploded. I knew she could cuss but she let me have a plethora of choice ones. I didn't care. Her pussy tried to squeeze something out of my fingers and I wished that my dick had been in her instead. I knew she was out of her mind with a good orgasm.

I cuddled up to her on one side and Michael moved next to her on the other. I had told him what we should do after she came, not to simply let her satisfaction almost put her to sleep but to do things to her to keep her aroused. We both nuzzled in her hair and kissed her cheeks and throat while our hands roamed from her breasts over her heaving belly down to her wet pussy. She gently moaned and let us play with her.

After a minute or so, I nodded to Michael and he knew what to do. I stayed up top, kissing her and loving her breasts. He kissed his way down below to her belly, gently spread her legs again, and started kissing and licking everything around her pussy. She must have liked what we were doing; she moaned just a little.

When Michael pushed her legs back, I helped him by hooking my arm around them and pulling back. He moved again, this time, flat on his belly, and started licking closer and closer to her pussy. I didn't need to be told when he bared her clit again and licked up her pussy again and again. She moaned almost continuously.

Patience. I had been taught. Just be patient. She will come again and go wild again and cuss us both again. When she did, I learned a few good ones, women's cuss words maybe because I'd never heard them in the Army.

That was where Michael and I had agreed to give her a shower. He crawled up and straddled her left leg. I straddled her right. We both used a flying hand on our dicks and spurted out a couple of hot loads right on her pussy, belly, and breasts. She watched and smiled and then smeared our semen over her from breasts to belly to pussy.

Chapter Six

Monday and Tuesday

Monday morning, Colleen, Michael, and I were at the mall when they opened. David and Carol were waiting for us. I felt confident enough about walking to use only a cane and I hardly needed it. For the next two hours, I let Colleen choose new clothes for me, with the assistance of Michael and David and Carol. The young salesman was a friend of David and Carol and even more of a friend after he heard the k-ching of the register ringing up the items. I didn't bother to worry about the cost. I knew that was a losing battle with Colleen.

I paraded in and out of the changing room and tried on clothes as Colleen dictated. Michael helped me into and out of so many different items I lost count. I turned around and modeled while Colleen and Carol and David discussed how I looked.

I couldn't believe what Colleen wanted me to have, no, insisted that I have. She chose two conservative suits, one a dark blue pinstripe, the other a dark gray plaid. The coats were a good fit in the shoulders but too large in the waist. She said they would fit when I added 20 pounds. The pants were also too large but they could be altered to my present smaller size and altered again to my larger size after I gained weight. At least, the store didn't charge extra for altering.

She also chose two sport coats for me: a classic navy blue blazer with brass buttons and a conservative sport coat, a light gray hounds tooth with elbow patches. With those I got three pairs of worsted-wool dress pants, dark blue, gray and khaki; two pairs of cotton permanent-press casual pants, khaki and black; and two pairs of knee-length shorts, regular and cargo.

She chose dress shirts, casual shirts, dress socks, white socks, t-shirts, regular and v-neck, and undershorts. I refused to wear briefs and insisted on boxers, all I had ever worn and we compromised: some regular boxers and some mid-thigh boxer briefs. At her insistence, I acquiesced to two little stretch briefs, dark blue with red trim. She said I could wear them, just for her, sometime. Who was I to argue? Shoes: black dress, brown casual, and sneakers. Three belts: dress, plaited, and stretch.

The only thing we didn't buy was ties, which I didn't want to wear but she insisted I would. She said she was going to raid her father's horde of ties.

For his assistance and patience, Michael was rewarded with a new pair of sneakers and two pairs of shorts; that's all. David got two pairs of shorts and Colleen insisted putting them on my tab.

Lunch was different stuff from the mall food court. I ate what Colleen ordered for me but I warned her that the two tacos and the big beef and bean burrito might cause a blow-back. Michael sniggered and said "Yeah, he's going to fart up a windstorm."

After lunch, David and Carol had to go to work and Colleen and I dropped Michael off at It's About Time to help his grandparents. Colleen said they would bring him back home when they closed.

I really needed to rest and, when I told Colleen, she wanted to rest with me. Fully clothed, if shorts and shirts and socks count, we crawled in my bed, she turned her back to me, and I didn't need to be told to spoon up to her. I put my right hand on her hip and waited to see if she would move it to her breast. She leaned forward, released her bra in back, and then moved my hand to her naked softness. Somehow it wasn't arousing but more just comforting and caring. We talked and whispered and giggled and laughed for a while and it was so good that I didn't want to sleep but finally I did for a while.

When I woke, I looked at the Sky Dweller - about five after three - and I was alone. When I went downstairs to the kitchen, Colleen was putting the ingredients for a salad on the table.

“I’m making a Greek salad, Ryan, and I’ve got two frozen pizzas thawing. Michael and I like the thin-crust ones. Is that OK for dinner?”

“Yes, anything is fine with me. Do we have time to do something else before Michael gets home?”

“What?”

“I’d like very much to go for another walk in the woods with you,” I said. “I’d like to hold your hand and when we’re deep in the woods, I’d like to share a kiss with you, not a sexy kiss, just a simple little kiss.”

She smiled at me. “I think I’d like to do that too.”

I helped her by slicing the cucumber, onion, and bell pepper. She sliced the Romaine and tomatoes, crumbled some feta cheese, and drained some black olives. At her direction, I made the dressing: olive oil, red wine vinegar, lemon juice, and oregano. She put the salad in the fridge and, when I tried to hand her the dressing, she shook her head and told me that the flavor of the dressing comes through better if it’s not refrigerated. Live and learn.

After that, we went for a leisurely stroll in the woods, holding hands, occasionally bumping hips, quietly talking. I felt confident enough to walk without a cane and managed most of the time. On a couple of occasions at uneven places, I held on to her shoulder and she put her arm around my waist. Maybe she thought I didn’t really need assistance but she didn’t say anything.

Finally, deep in the woods, I stopped. We put out arms around each other, looked in each other’s eyes, and grinned. I put one hand behind her head and pressed her soft cheek against mine. For a while, that’s all we did, just holding each other, quietly breathing, and no hurry for any more. When I felt full, I pulled back from her, slowly lowered my face to hers, and gave her a chaste kiss on her soft lips. That was enough and I was somehow satisfied with our kiss.

After dinner, the three of us swam and played in the pool for an hour or so, naked again. For the first time, I felt free and relaxed in being naked with them and I understood how good it was to be that way.

I had no idea what we’d do, if anything, before we went to bed but Colleen did. She said we should all sleep by ourselves because, as she put it, she didn’t want to get hooked on something. She was certainly addictive to me but was surprised to hear her say I was that way to her.

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Tuesday morning, Colleen and Michael and I went to the shop to help her grandparents. I took my computer, thinking I might have time to make a few diary entries. Colleen wanted me to watch her work the cash register and do credit cards. After a couple of times, I felt confident enough to ring up a sale on my own.

Business was constant during the morning and I didn't really have time to use my computer until that afternoon. Colleen asked me to show her grandparents some of my additions to the computer, insisting that I forget to say please for one command. I was embarrassed to hear Alexander say "Fuck you, Ryan," with her grandparents standing there but they both got a big laugh out of it.

Tuesday evening, Michael and Colleen and I went to the movies. The multiplex movie at the mall was playing something Michael wanted to see: a movie about the coolest superhero ever. He said it rated four out of five so it must be pretty good.

Colleen saved me. She looked it up on her computer and I knew I wouldn't like it. There were scenes in the movie where a guy was converted into a superhero by being hooked up to all sorts of machines and tubes. Looking over her shoulders, the short excerpt I saw was enough to convince me she was right. I had been hooked up to all sorts of machines too and it had not made a superhero out of me. I didn't want to be reminded of it.

We compromised. Michael went to see the superhero movie and Colleen and I went to see a chick flick. Before, I wouldn't have been caught dead watching a chick flick but I enjoyed this one because of what went on off screen. Colleen held my hand through much of the movie, not me holding her hand but her holding mine. She often leaned toward me and our heads were side by side and I smelled her sweet-smelling hair. Once she turned toward me, I turned toward her, and we kissed, just the most innocent closed-lips kiss imaginable but it was probably as wonderful as any kiss I'd ever had.

After the movie was over, we stood in the lobby waiting for Michael. His movie ended about ten minutes after ours. When he exited in the crush of people, Colleen and I, still hand in hand, went out toward the parking lot and Michael followed.

Just outside the mall, the jostling crowd separated us for a moment and pushed me ahead of her. I stopped and looked back for her and, at that moment, I saw some big guy close behind her. She cursed and

turned around facing him. I saw his hands cupped down and I knew he had groped her rear.

Then she surprised me. She put her hands up, probably on her breasts, and asked him. "Would you like to feel these too?"

He smiled and I saw his hands reaching up. That's when she let him have it: her knee in his nuts. He grabbed his cohorts first but then he reached for her. By that time, I had made my way through the throng and I pushed her to one side. With all my strength, I shoved my right fist about six inches into the groper's solar plexus. When he doubled over, I started to do what I had been trained to do, to give him my knee in his face, hopefully hard enough to break his nose. Somehow I held back and, when the guy collapsed, I caught him under the arms and slowly lowered him to the ground. He immediately curled up into a pretzel, silent, struggling, unable to breathe, and I knew he was out of commission for a while.

Something seemed strange to me and I thought for a minute, trying to reason what it was. Then it occurred to me that the guy must have known that Colleen was with me and that I was just a few feet away. Yet he groped her anyway. Why? Could he have been doing it to provoke me into defending her? He was much bigger than I was and probably wasn't afraid of me. Could he have known I was a wounded warrior and that might disadvantage me?

I reached down to my belt and took out my little recorder. It looked like a cell phone but it was capable of so much more. The groper saw me about to take his picture and covered his face with his hands. I told him he'd better cover his nuts because that was where I was going to kick him. He started to move his hands down, realized that was a mistake, and moved them back over his face. Too late! I snapped a couple of pictures of his face.

I looked around for Colleen and Michael. He was standing to one side protectively in front of her. I smiled, grabbed her hand, and we quietly walked away, me holding one of her hands, Michael holding the other. The big groper was curled up on the sidewalk groaning. Most of the crowd walked around him. A few stood looking at him for a moment. Nobody offered to help him.

I stood for a moment before getting in the car, feeling emotions that I hadn't felt in a long time. Laying the big groper out was just so damn sweet and I loved the way it made me feel, that I could be a man and take care of someone and protect her. It was like a breath of fresh air on a spring day. Still, I wondered why he had groped her with me so close.

We were on our way home, me driving, Colleen in the shotgun seat, Michael scrunched up on the rear bench seat, when he asked me a question.

“Ryan, you were so cool. Were you mad when he groped Colleen?”

“Yeah, I was in a rage. I wanted to kill him.”

“But you just hit him once and he collapsed. Damn, that was cool.”

“Michael, my training helped me do no more than what was needed. A hard blow to the solar plexus will immobilize anyone. I started to really hurt him but I held back.”

“Why? I wanted kill him too when he groped Colleen. Could you have killed him?”

“Yes.”

“How?”

“Something I learned in another life, Michael. When a man is kned in the nuts, his first reaction is to bend over and grab them. He didn’t bend over far enough and I guessed that maybe Colleen had missed them. I hit him as hard as I could in the solar plexus. When you hit a guy there, the diaphragm spasms and he can’t breathe and is often in a lot of pain. That usually immobilizes him for a while and makes him bend over. I started to grab him behind his head, shove it down, and knee him in the face as hard as I could. That can break his nose and sometimes drive bones back into his brain, if he has one. It’s just another way to kill a man.”

“Where did you learn to do stuff like that, I mean, in your other life?” Michael asked.

“I was in training with the Army Special Forces, the Green Berets, but I washed out just short of finishing.”

“The Green Berets, they’re like Navy Seals; aren’t they?” Michael asked. “Why did you wash out?”

“They are, except we didn’t have water training like they do. Have you ever heard of a disease called mononucleosis, the kissing disease?”

“Yeah, I’ve heard of it but I don’t know much about it.”

“It’s a contagious disease and can be transmitted by kissing. Mine wasn’t because I hadn’t kissed anybody for months before I got it. Among other things, it causes headaches, fatigue, and muscle weakness. I couldn’t do the Green Beret training and I was given easy duty for a few months.”

We drove in silence for a few minutes before Colleen said anything.

“Thank you, Ryan,” she whispered.

“You’re welcome. A man will always try to protect his woman.”

“I’m not your woman yet, Ryan.”

“No, but maybe you will be.”

“Yeah!” Michael whispered in the back seat.

At home, I parked Colleen’s car in her favored spot, went around to her side, and held her door for her. Michael pushed the driver’s seat forward and crawled out. When Colleen stood up, I thought I saw a frown on her face and I wondered why. She let me hold her hand while Michael fumbled with the front door.

Inside, I watched her face carefully and saw signs that suggested something might be causing her discomfort. When she said she was going to bed by herself, no smile, maybe a little bit of a frown, and that Michael and I could entertain ourselves, I thought I knew what it was.

Michael and I went to the bathroom off the family room and put out the fire. Michael really had to go so I let him go first and he pissed right in the center of the bowl long and hard enough to put out any Boy Scout fire. Then he stood and watched me as I released another torrent from my firehose and doused the embers.

“What’s wrong with her, Ryan?” he asked.

“Nothing,” I said. “I think she has her period.”

“Oh,” he said. “How do you know?”

“I don’t know, Michael. I said I think that. Where do you keep mild painkillers?”

He led me to a kitchen cabinet and showed me the collection. I found what I wanted and poured a small glass of milk.

“What are you going to do?” asked.

“I’m going to do something for Colleen and then I’m going to bed. You can do what you want to but don’t stay up late. Tomorrow morning you and I are going to cook breakfast. I don’t think Colleen will want to.”

Upstairs, I went to my bedroom, found what I wanted, and then went to the door of Colleen’s bedroom and tapped lightly.

“Colleen, may I come in?” I asked.

I heard her moan and then she said “No.”

“I’ve got something for you, a mild pain reliever and a glass of milk,” I said.

I was about to give up when I heard he say “OK.”

Her bedroom was dark except for a nightlight. She was curled up in the bed on her side wearing a nightgown and socks. The sheet and bedspread were tangled at the foot of the bed. When she saw the glass of milk, she sat up on the side of the bed.

“You’ve got your period; haven’t you?” I asked.

“Yeah, how did you know?”

“I told you I had an older sister, Colleen. She sometimes had bad cramps when her period first started and I helped her occasionally.”

I offered the pain reliever to her, the same one my sister used, and she shook two out in her hand. She tossed them in her mouth, took the milk, and drained the glass. Then she looked back at me, saw me reach in my armpit for the plastic container, and frowned.

“What’s that for?”

“It’s the Tummy Butter you and Michael rubbed on my stomach,” I said. “May I return the favor?”

“Why was it in your armpit?”

“I have only two hands, Colleen. With pills in one, milk in the other, I had to carry it somewhere. Besides, I wanted to warm it.”

She looked at me inquisitively and then a frown crept over her face.

“Sometimes, I rubbed my sister’s tummy when she had bad cramps, Colleen,” I said. “Would you let me do that for you?”

“Are you crazy?”

“Listen, Colleen, I’ll bet you have a tampon in your vagina and a pad in your panties. My sister would do that when her flow was heaviest. I learned a lot about women’s bodies from her. I’d like to comfort you, if you’ll let me, the same way I comforted her.”

She looked at me for a moment and then gave me a weak smile. “OK.”

At my direction, she lay down flat on her back. I stuck a pillow behind her knees and parted her robe from the waist down. I saw the outline of a pad in her panties. Maybe she was like my sister.

“Push your panties down a little, please, just to your mons pubis.”

When she did, I stuck my fingers in the Tummy Butter and gently rubbed her tummy from her navel down to her mons. Then I did it again, and again, and again.

I glanced at her panties. They looked fresh, like she’d just put them on.

“Did you mess your panties?” I asked. “I mean, bleed on them. They should be washed in cold water to keep from permanently staining them. I’ll do it if you wish.”

“You’re crazy,” she whispered.

“No, I’m not, Colleen,” I insisted. “I sometimes did it with my sister’s panties. If you had a nose bleed and got blood all over your shirt, it should be immediately washed out in cold water. Menstrual blood just comes from a different part of your body. There’s no difference. It’s not unclean just because it comes from your uterus.”

“Yeah, but you guys never have to put up with it.”

“No, we don’t but we should always treasure you for what you do to have children with us. Your womb gets ready for a little fertilized egg to embed in it and, when it doesn’t, it weeps tears of blood. It’s part of a sacred ritual to carry on our lives together in children.”

“I still think you’re crazy. Do you get a thrill from doing it?”

“No, I don’t, Colleen. I’ve told you, to me, women are men’s other half and without them we’re never complete. I respect women and their roles in our lives. I love them for what they do to nurture us and our children. If we join our lives together, that’s the way I will always be with you.”

“Where did you get that idea?”

“A Greek philosopher, Plato, wrote something called The Symposium. In it he said that humans originally had four arms, four legs, and a single head with two faces. These creatures had great strength and threatened to conquer the gods. Zeus split them in two and each half forever longs for his or her other half. When they find each other, there is a great joy in being unified again. I believe that’s the way we are, Colleen.”

“You’re weird, too.”

I kept rubbing her tummy from navel to mons, just gently rubbing with a little pressure. I was very careful to stop when my fingers touched her pubic hair. I didn’t think she would be ready yet for the best of all remedies for menstrual cramps.

“Colleen, does your tummy feel better now?” I asked.

“Yes, it’s better.”

“I hope you can sleep now,” I said. “If you don’t, tomorrow night we can try a better remedy for cramps. I think you’ll agree when I’ve done it with you.”

“What is it?”

“Just a little something someone taught me.”

“Who?”

I didn’t answer. I stood up and pulled the pillow from under legs.

“Turn on your left side,” I whispered. “Hug the pillow against your tummy and go to sleep.”

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When she turned, I pulled the sheet over her up to her shoulders and, since the room was a little cool, I pulled the bedspread up too. Then I leaned over, kissed her on the cheek, and left her.

“Good night, Colleen,” I whispered.

“Good night, Ryan, and thank you,” she whispered back.

I stopped just inside the door to her room. There was something I wanted from her. It was something I needed and she seemed to understand and to be willing to give it to me. I walked back to the side of her bed.

“Colleen, would you do something for me?” I whispered. “Would you let me hold you for just a minute? Then I’ll go to my own bed. I promise.”

She hesitated for a moment and then answered. “OK.”

I lifted the covers and crawled in behind her. I wiggled forward and she moved back and we came to rest spooned up together. I wanted my hand on her breast, not on her hip, but I hesitated to ask her. We lay there close together, quietly breathing and relaxing. Then she did what I wanted her to do. She took my hand in hers and guided it inside her robe to her breast.

I wanted so much to hold her and to sleep with her but I thought that would be too much to ask tonight. After a minute or so, I kissed her on the back of her neck and crawled out of her bed.

“Thank you, Colleen,” I whispered. “You’ve helped me too.”

“I still think you’re weird but you’re sweet, Ryan,” she whispered.

Chapter Seven

Wednesday

Wednesday morning, I awakened a few minutes after six, a habit from the time when morning activities began in the hospital. I lay there for a few minutes, not knowing what, if anything was planned for the day. Then I heard the faint sound of a toilet flushing and I assumed somebody else was up. When I went downstairs to the kitchen, Michael was there, bent over looking in the refrigerator. We were both wearing the usual in-house uniform of t-shirt, exercise shorts, and socks. He shut the fridge door and looked at me.

“What’s up?” I asked. “Any idea what we’re doing today?”

“Yeah, I need to do yard work,” he said. “Colleen and I maintain the yard.”

I was surprised. “Why? I know your parents can afford a yard service.”

“We can and I’m it,” he said. “We’ve got a system. Colleen and I get points for the work we do and we save them up for big things. That’s how Colleen got her car. Dad says we must have some sweat equity in things like cars. I get my allowance and I can save it up but I can’t use it for big stuff.”

“What all do you do?”

“I do the yard work and maintain the little mower and the riding mower. Colleen helps me sometimes but I’m in charge. We both work at our grandparent’s shop. Then Mom and Dad find other jobs for us to do, anything that’s beyond the usual. Cleaning the house is just usual but there’s not much to do. We have a maid service that comes in once a week on Thursday.”

“How does the system work? For example, how do you know when you’ve earned a car?”

“We get points for each hour we work. Dad matches them four for one. I’ve got a little over four hundred points now, worth about four thousand dollars. With Dad’s matching part, I could buy a car for about twenty thousand. I’m going to wait to get one until I’ve got at least twice that. I can probably have one before I’m seventeen. I’d love to have a BMW.”

“That’s an expensive car.”

“I know. Maybe you and Colleen can take me car shopping and we could get some prices on new and used ones.”

“Can you use some help with the yard?” I asked. “I want to go easy on my left leg but I should be able to do something. Maybe I could use the riding mower.”

“That’s usually what I do after I use the little mower to edge around the bushes and driveway. You use the big mower, I’ll use the little one, and Colleen can prune. We’ll still have a couple of hours of work.”

“OK. Right now, I think we’d better make some breakfast. What do you want?”

“I don’t care, as long as there’s lots of it.”

“I saw eggs in the fridge. Do you have any cheddar cheese? I like eggs scrambled with sharp cheddar cheese. That and toast and jelly sound OK?”

“Yeah. I want some coffee too. You want some?”

“Yeah.”

I had no idea what time Colleen would get up but I decided to cook for her too. I started to scramble six eggs but Michael added two more. He made coffee and started toasting bread. Then he poured two large glasses of orange juice, offered me one, and we toasted the day with OJ.

We were sitting at the table eating when Colleen wandered in, dressed in t-shirt, exercise shorts, and socks. She walked over to me and motioned for me to stand. When I did, she put her arms around me and pressed her face against the side of my throat, all without a word. I wrapped my arms around her, put one hand behind her head, and held her close with her warm breath on my throat. She smelled fantastic and felt even better. When I looked at Michael, he was grinning.

I didn’t care. Let him grin. I closed my eyes, held her close, and gently stroked her long hair. I wanted to say it. I wanted to say, “I love you, Colleen,” but I knew it was much too early. Whether or not I said it, I felt it. How to describe it? My heart swelled with love for her? Maybe. It wasn’t below the belt love. It was heart and head and arms around her love.

“Thank you, Ryan,” she whispered.

“You’re welcome, Colleen,” I whispered back. “I’m not sure why you’re thanking me since I haven’t done anything special.”

“I’m thanking you for caring, Ryan,” she said.

“Well, I do care. Now I want you to sit down and eat some breakfast. I can cook too, just not like you or Grandma. I want you to eat and tell me you liked my scrambled eggs. Michael and I are going to mow and you can prune if you feel like it.”

When she turned me loose, I pulled out a chair for her and she sat and looked at what we were eating. Michael poured her some orange juice and I fixed her a cup of coffee the way she liked. She watched me when I put in the milk and sugar, the same way she had done it the previous day. She put jelly on buttered toast and started eating. I pushed a small serving of cheese and eggs on her plate. She frowned but she ate it.

Before eight o'clock, the three of us were out in the yard, mowing and pruning. Colleen was dressed about like me and Michael but she had on an unbuttoned long-sleeved shirt over her white t-shirt to protect her arms while she pruned. We were all wearing big-brimmed sun hats. Michael was guiding the small mower around the edges of the yard and I was on the riding mower trying to maintain a neat pattern. Not long after I started, I felt sweat trickling down my back and I knew we'd all be sweaty before we finished.

By the time I was about half through, I was wet with sweat. I stopped the mower in the shade, took off my sun hat, stripped off my shirt, and wiped my face with it. When I looked up, I saw Colleen watching me and I motioned for her to take off her shirt too.

She grinned and slowly pulled her t-shirt up over her breasts. I saw her creamy white breasts with pink areola and cherry red nipples. Then she pulled her shirt back down, shook her head no and, laughed. At that moment, a ray of sunshine struck her and I was struck too, by her mesmerizing beauty. Joy was a cute young girl. Colleen was a magically unbelievably heart-breakingly beautiful young woman.

I started mowing again but my mind was lost in the clouds. I wanted Colleen, not for sex just once or twice but for the rest of my life, a life when I could hear that laugh every day and see that smiling face. Then reality set in and I realized I had nothing to offer her except myself. I wanted to finish college and go on to do something with my life, maybe using my writing and computer skills. I had no family and she, from what I knew, had a wonderful one. Her father was not only a wealthy man but also a senator who wanted to help veterans. I had seen her mother, a womanly version of Colleen, only in pictures. Her father had told me that they were older and younger but the same.

I remembered the first time I saw a picture of Colleen, on her father's first visit to me in the hospital. I was watching an opera on my old laptop computer and he questioned me about my computer knowledge. I showed him the big clunky external hard drive and my collection of music and videos and books. He asked me how I had amassed such a collection and I just smiled. He smiled too and I assumed he knew where I got everything for free. Then he showed me

a picture of the four of them, mother and father as bookends, and Colleen and Michael in the middle, all dressed for something formal. I probably held the picture too long, staring at Colleen.

On his second visit, right after I'd tried to commit suicide, he questioned me about my family and I told him what had happened to my parents and my sister. He again showed me pictures of his family, one of the four of them dressed in swimwear somewhere in the Caribbean, both females topless, Colleen and Michael in the skimpiest bottoms I'd ever seen. He also showed me a picture of Colleen in another bikini bottom taken from the side with her head turned so she was looking directly at the camera. I almost asked if I could have that picture. If that one picture didn't raise a hard-on, nothing would. When I handed the picture back, he told me that I could keep it, that he could get another.

Maybe he knew what I wanted was a woman like Colleen. Was he saying look at her because you might have her if you can find the courage to live? Maybe he was. Perhaps even then he had thought of me as a possible suitor for his daughter. Anyway, after I saw her wild Irish rose beauty, I began to want to recover and get on with my life. That's when I quit being so lackadaisical about therapy and began to work enthusiastically at recovering.

As usual on his third visit he came alone and we talked for at least an hour. I was glad to see him again and he, as usual, pumped me for details of my recovery. This time, he talked to me about what I wanted to do after I was discharged. I told him I didn't really know but I wanted to return to college and make something of myself. He again showed me pictures of his family, some group, some individual, and one in particular of Colleen and Michael playing in their pool, both wearing nothing but skimpy bottoms again.

He had brought a small suitcase with him and I thought nothing of it. Then, as he was leaving, he handed it to me and told me to open it. Inside were the small computer and its peripherals. He told me it was mine, a gift, a prototype that one of his companies was evaluating, and asked me to let him know what I thought of it.

My attitude had changed completely before his fourth visit. I showed him some of the things I had done to the little computer and he was surprised that I could make changes to it. We talked for over an hour and that's when he said I had potential but I didn't know what he meant. That's also when he gave me the card for a watch and told me he wanted me to come stay with his family for a while after I was discharged. I wavered about accepting his invitation and almost

disregarded it, thinking that I could have no place with a family such as his.

Michael yelled at me and I remembered where I was. Colleen was nowhere in sight and Michael was evidently finished edging. I had two more strips to mow before I finished.

We put the mowers away in the backyard shed and walked in the house together. My torso was wet with sweat, my shorts were drenched, and Michael looked as sweaty. He said Colleen had gone to take a shower, that we should shower too, and he'd take us out to lunch. In the shower, Michael adjusted the water temperature to just slightly warm while I waited. After we took turns under the spray, he reached for the shampoo, opened it, and held both hands cupped for me to squirt the shampoo in them.

On sudden impulse, I decided to do something for him. I pushed his hands down, squirted the shampoo on his head, and started rubbing. He closed his eyes and stood there while I gave his head a good scrubbing. When I thought I'd done enough, I took the shower hose and rinsed his head clean.

Maybe he understood I wanted him to do me too. He picked up the shampoo but he frowned when he looked up at me. I was almost a head taller than him and he couldn't do me as easily. There was a seat at the other end of the shower. I stuck my head under the spray again, moved back to the seat, and sat down. Problem solved. He scrubbed my noggin and rinsed it thoroughly.

After I was scrubbed and rinsed, he put the spray head back in its holster and smiled at me again.

"I've never had anybody else do that for me, Ryan," he said. "It was nice."

"Michael, your father wants me to be sort of like a big brother for you," I said. "If you'll let me, I'd like to do that. You've got to understand though that I have problems, like being fragile and easily hurt. Just cut me some slack and help me get stronger. I can use a lot of help from you and Colleen."

"I understand, Ryan. Dad let me and Colleen read your file when he was thinking of inviting you to join our family. I want to help you and so does Colleen."

"Well, right now, there's something I really like that you can do for me," I said, lifted my eyebrows and smiled at him.

“What?” he said and grinned back.

The something probably wasn't what he was expecting. It was something I'd done with another guy when I was in Afghanistan.

“Scrub my back. I just can't reach all of it.”

He scrubbed my back, hard after I told him to, and I returned the favor and made him groan. He had about half a hard-on when he turned around. I thought why not. I reached down, wrapped my hand around his penis, guided his hand to my penis, and we both stroked back and forth a little. In just a few seconds we both had a whole hard-on sticking up.

“Thanks, little brother,” I said, and replaced his hand on my penis with mine. “I can wash my dick myself. I'm used to doing it.”

“You're welcome, big brother,” he said, and started stroking his own penis.

For about a minute, we both stood there just on the edge of the shower spray, facing each other, and scrubbed our penises. Maybe we scrubbed a little too much because we both squirted out a load. From the way it arced over, I suppose we'd have both got a semen shower but the shower spray knocked the squirts down. We were drying off when he asked me something.

“Ryan, this morning, when you were hugging Colleen, I watched your face and I wondered what you were thinking. Are you already in love with her?”

“No, Michael, I'm not in love with her,” I said. “I'd like to be. I'd like to love her and to be with her for the rest of my life. It's just too soon to use words like love. And, anyway, why would she want to love me? I've got nothing to offer her.”

“Yes, you do!” he said, emphatically. “She's not all that impressed with money and stuff like that. She wants a real man who will think of her and make her happy. I've already seen how you treat her. I think the two of you would be good together.”

“I don't know, Michael,” I said. “I need to talk to your father about why I'm here and why he said I had potential. I've reading between the lines but I think he has something specific in mind for me. When's he coming home?”

“Friday afternoon. He and Mom are usually here before six. Grandma may fix supper for all of us but we’ll eat here. He’ll go back on the following Tuesday or Wednesday. Mom will probably stay here for a while. On Monday, he may take you to his local office and introduce you to everybody. You’ll have to dress up for that. We’ll probably all go to church on Sunday. Are you OK with that?”

“I suppose so, I just need to reconnoiter the territory for a while before I know why I’m here,” I said. “Give me time.”

Lunch was at a local place that Michael swore had the best barbeque in town. We all had big barbeque sandwiches with fries and huge glasses of sweet tea. One big sandwich with a pile of fries was enough for me and Michael and too much for Colleen. Michael finished her sandwich. I helped put away her fries.

I wanted to rest as usual after lunch. I’d learned that an hour or so in bed, even if I didn’t sleep, helped me get through the rest of the day. When I told Colleen, she wanted to rest too so I invited her to share the king-size bed with me. I wanted to see how a movie or an opera would look on the big-screen TV in my room and I tried to think of one that she might enjoy. I decided that *The Mikado*, by Gilbert and Sullivan, might be light enough for her. She’d never seen it but, when I told her it was comic opera, she approved. When I invited Michael to join us, he had an original excuse.

“I can’t,” he said. “I’m the lead act in a reptile show from South Florida. I’ve got to wrestle a big alligator this afternoon.”

“You might enjoy it, Michael,” Colleen said.

“No, I won’t. I’ve got gangrene between my ears and I’m looking forward to having my head removed.”

“I thought you might be interested in learning a little bit about my computer,” I said.

“Let’s go,” he said. “What are you waiting for?”

In my room, I told Michael what to do and he set up my computer and the peripherals. Before I awakened Alexander, I decided to tell him about one of the peripherals and what could be done with it.

“Michael, my external hard drives are two terabytes each and that’s a hell of a lot of storage space. I could put more books on one than you could read in a lifetime, more pictures than you could look at in months, and more audio and video files the same. They cost less than

\$100 each. You could get yourself one or two and your files can be encrypted so nobody else can see them. You could have an enormous porn stash.”

“Are you going to help me?” he asked, grinning from ear to ear.

“Yes, on one condition.”

“What?”

“You must tell your father everything I help you with and give him the password so he can access it.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re a minor child, whether you like it or not,” I said. “I know you’re horny as hell all the time and you jack off probably once or twice every day. I’ve been there and done that too. In fact, now that I’ve about recovered, I’ll probably be jacking off just as much. There’s a lot of harmful crap on the internet. Your father should know what you’re doing on it. He must approve.”

“He wouldn’t approve,” he said, frowning.

“He might,” I said. “If you’re honest with him, if you give him the passcode, if you just download video’s portraying normal sex, and if I help you. With his approval, I’ll act as your big brother and keep you away from the weird and sick stuff. Wanting to see a man and a woman having sex is perfectly normal and I think it’s probably good for young guys like you.”

“What do you think, Colleen?” he asked.

“Michael, I like to look at naked men, alive or in videos,” she said. “I like to see beautiful young men and women doing normal stuff too. Ryan’s right about so much internet porn showing stupid harmful stuff. I’ve seen one where the guy pulls out just before he comes and the girl opens her mouth and catches his semen on her tongue. Just don’t ever expect me to do shit like that.”

“I won’t,” I said.

“The laptop downstairs is mine and the desktop is Colleen’s,” Michael said. “I could buy me an external hard drive and put stuff on it; couldn’t I? How do you keep it hidden?”

“There’s free encryption software that’s easy to use. You can encrypt all or part of the drive and then use a passcode to get into it. That’s what I do with all of mine.”

“Everything?”

“Yes, I get the music and videos for free but I’m not supposed to do it. I don’t want just anybody to know I’ve got my collection. I’ve got a section of my external drives that’s double encrypted and that’s where I keep my diary and the stuff I write about. Someday, I want to write a book using it.”

“You mean I could get everything for free?”

“Yes, there are places on the internet where people post everything you can imagine,” I said. “I’ll help you if you’ll do just what I say.”

“Dad must know what you’re doing and approve, Michael,” Colleen said.

“What do you mean, double encrypted?” he asked.

“First, I encrypt the external hard drive. It takes quite a while but I do it at night. Then I open that encrypted drive and create another encrypted drive inside the first one. I don’t think the NSA could get into my files. Are you ready to watch The Mikado?”

“If I have to,” he said, grinning again.

“OK, take this dongle and plug it into the USB port on the side of the TV. I’ll start the opera and it will show on my computer and on the TV. I just hope the resolution is good enough to watch.”

I asked Alexander to please start The Mikado. Colleen and I settled down in bed together, both propped on pillows. Michael stood for a while, watching, and then crawled in bed on the other side of me. A few minutes into the opera, he was laughing and questioning me about it. I stopped the opera after the first act so we could all stretch and have a tea-pee. When we resumed, Colleen did something I liked. She turned on her side, put her head on my shoulder, her hand on my chest, and her leg over one of mine. I looked at Michael and he just grinned and shook his head.

I turned so my mouth was near her ear and whispered. “Are you feeling OK, I mean, with your period, the cramps? Is the first day or two the worst for you?”

“I’m OK right now,” she whispered. “They’re usually worse later in the day. Maybe we could swap Tummy Butter massages tonight.”

“I’d like that,” I whispered “My scars hurt the worst then too.”

She probably knew I was lying. She snuggled up closer to me and giggled.

When The Mikado was over, I asked Michael if he liked it well enough to watch The Pirates of Penzance next time. He sneered but then he said “Aaahhh, maybe.” He paused, said, “Yeah,” and quickly disappeared.

Colleen helped me pack my computer away again. I didn’t know what was next on the agenda but I thought of something I wanted to do.

“Colleen, would you get back in bed with me?” I asked. “Would you hold me for just a minute or so?”

She smiled, crawled back in bed, turned on her back, and held out her arms to me. I stood looking at her for just a moment and then scuttled in from the foot of the bed. I wanted to be on top of her so I pushed her legs apart. She cooperated. Maybe both wearing shorts, she felt safe from my buddy.

I settled down on her, my head just at her breasts, turned my face to one side, nestled it on softness, took a couple of deep breaths, and relaxed. She put her hands on my head and ran her fingers through my long hair. I was content and somehow she was giving me what I needed.

When she pushed me back, I lifted up, and she pulled her shirt up so her naked breasts were exposed. I put my head back down on her warm softness and I was even more content, just to be held by her. After a minute or so, she pushed me away and we both left the bed. She was smiling at me as though she knew something and maybe I knew it too.

Dinner was Italian again and I was hungry. Maybe it’s the one cuisine that’s universally liked. I fried Italian sausage. Michael boiled the pasta and opened a jar of sauce. Colleen made a salad and finished baking some bread. It was simple enough and good enough and we all three pigged out. There was no dessert but who cares?

Afterwards, I showed Michael the site where the encryption software was available, downloaded it, and told him to read the manual. He protested that nobody ever reads the manual but I insisted, perhaps

just to give him something to do. I promised to help him get an external hard drive and to set it up as soon as he told his father what we were doing. I wanted him to have something to do while I did something with Colleen.

She and I went for a walk in the woods again. The sun was close to setting, the temperature was beginning to cool, the woods were quiet and shady, and I was happy just to be walking with her, even with a cane. We held hands and bumped hips occasionally and talked and laughed and giggled. When she said it was time to start back, I looked at her and raised my eyebrows. She knew what I meant.

I hugged her close with her face against the side of my throat and just held her, quietly holding her in my arms and wanting nothing more for the moment. After a couple of minutes, she pushed back and lifted her face to me. I leaned over, kissed her on the lips, a simple kiss between friends or maybe more. She put one hand behind my head pulled me down for a second kiss, and gave me a little touch of a teasing tongue. I shook my head and said, "That's naughty, Colleen." She smiled and we started back, hand in hand again.

"Ryan, this afternoon, when you wanted me to hold you, I liked it but you must like it too. Why?"

"Colleen, my first night here, after I'd had a wonderful family meal with you and Michael and your grandparents, I told you about the horrible thing I'd done, killing the Taliban survivor, I mean. I've felt ashamed of it since I did it. I told you all about the worst thing I've ever done, maybe to see if you still wanted me to stay with your family."

"I'm not a ditzy little girl, Ryan. I understood why you did it."

"I was hurting inside and I almost broke down crying and then you hugged me to your breasts. Somehow that helped me and your acceptance and caring made me feel calm and peaceful, like life might be worth living after all."

"It didn't make you horny?"

"No, whether you believe it or not, it wasn't sexual."

"When are you going to try to lure me to your bed?"

"I'm not."

"I don't believe you."

“Colleen, I think love should come before sex,” I said. “With time, I think I could learn to love you and maybe you could learn to love me. When you’re sure you do, you will come to my bed.”

“Don’t hold your breath.”

“Colleen, there’s a song in Brigadoon, an old Broadway musical, where a young guy is pleading for a girl to love him. He sings, ‘Come to me, bend to me, kiss me good day.’ When you are sure you love me, you’ll come to me. I’ll wait for you.”

“You’re weird. I’ll never bend to you.”

“Yes, you will. And I’ll bend to you. And for the rest of our lives, I want to see your long hair on the pillow beside me at night and to see you smiling at me the next morning.”

“I like you, Ryan. I like you very much and you’re sexy as hell,” she said. “I don’t know whether I can love you the way you want.”

“Yes, you can. Just be patient. Who knows? Maybe love will creep in on little cat’s feet.”

As we started in the back door, Colleen stopped for a moment.

“I need a few minutes to myself, Ryan. If I come to your room, will you rub me with Tummy Butter?”

“Yes, but I need to learn about your period so I can help you. There’s no reason to be so secretive about something that’s so normal for women. I understand you need to change your tampon. When do the cramps bother you most? First day or second or both? From my limited knowledge, I think that’s when most women have cramps.”

“Mine are first day and maybe second. Who taught you, Ryan?”

“Colleen, when you surrender to loving me, I’ll tell you anything you ask, no matter what. I believe a man and woman who are going to join their lives together should be honest about everything in their past. I mean that, absolutely no secrets. When you come to me, I’ll bend to you but not before then.”

“Well, tonight, I’ll come to you but just for a tummy rub. That’s all.”

“That’s fine with me, Colleen. I like caring for you. I like caring for Michael. That’s just the way I am, like it’s part of me, caring for others.”

“Would you let me do something with another part of you?”

“Colleen, what I do for you is a gift, remember. I want to show you something else that can do a lot to relieve your cramps. It’s something you’ll enjoy. You don’t have to do anything for me.”

“Well, maybe I feel the same way. I like caring for you too.”

In the house, she went upstairs. The light was on in the office so I went looking for Michael. He was there, playing on his computer. I stood behind him and watched him playing some sort of game.

“I’m going to bed, Michael,” I said. “Colleen’s going to come to my room for a while so I can rub her tummy again. Would you let me have a little quiet time with her tonight?”

“OK. I’m about to whip Jason’s ass. He’s the guy I’m playing against. I’ll go to bed by myself, that is, unless you want to rub my tummy too.”

“You can rub it yourself,” I said. “I may do that myself after I help Colleen a little.”

“Maybe you could talk her into rubbing it for you.”

“No, Michael. I won’t do that. Remember, what I do for Colleen is a gift for her, to relieve her discomfort, to help her relax and sleep better. I don’t expect anything in return from her.”

“It’ll be hard.”

“Maybe, but I know how to take care of it.”

In my room – I was already thinking of it as my room – I stood for moment thinking about how to set the scene.

The bed. I started with the bed, unmade since I last slept in it, I, straightened the covers, folded them down to the foot of the bed, and plumped the pillows neatly against the headboard.

Attire. I usually slept naked and she knew it. Should I put on some shorts to hide my buddy and his cohorts from her? I decided to do the usual, just plain old naked me, and I quickly stripped.

Lights. I tried some combinations of the lights and decided on no lights in the bedroom but soft lights from the partially-opened bathroom door. I wanted to see her but I wanted her to feel secure in the almost-dark room.

Music. I set up my computer, positioned the little speakers against the wall on each side of the bed, and chose the music for the evening: a collection of adagios, quiet peaceful music. Then I asked Alexander to please start the music.

With the scene set or maybe the battle plan complete, I waited for her just inside the door. When she entered, I was pleased at what she was wearing. I saw a filmy short nightgown and, as it opened a little at the bottom, a pair of white panties. She grinned at me. She knew what I'd done. I held out my crooked left arm, she put her right hand on it, and I escorted her to my bed.

In the bed, flat on her back, she was every man's dream. I waited until she was settled and then crawled in on my left side close to her. I leaned over her, kissed her lightly, just lips to lips, and put my cheek next to hers.

"Close your eyes, Colleen," I whispered. "I want you to keep them closed and just relax. I'm going to start by rubbing your tummy again, that's all. Just let yourself drift away and enjoy the music. You know the magic word to make me stop but I hope you won't use it."

I reached beside the bed, picked up the tummy butter, and stuck it under my testicles to warm it. I unbuttoned the lowest button on her nightgown, pushed it to each side, put my hand on her, just under her ribs, and let it rest for a moment.

Then I started to caress her, just my fingertips, bare skin of tummy first, filmy covering of panties next, gradually moving lower and lower. I found what I expected. She had a napkin in her panties with, probably, a tampon inside her. That was a minor problem but I'd long ago learned how to handle it.

I sat up, caught her panties on each side, and whispered, "Lift your fanny. I'm going to pull your panties down a little."

When she lifted, I pulled her panties down and folded them back so the dark patch of pubic hair was exposed. I lay back down, pulled the tummy butter out of its warming place, opened it, and rubbed it on her tummy. When I felt my friend begin to wake up, I moved my hips back a little so he didn't touch her. She wanted me closer so she pulled

on my hip. I straightened my best buddy and pressed him against her side.

“That’s nice,” she whispered.

For a while, all I did was to rub her tummy, gently at first, then pressing down a little, then rubbing harder. I heard her moan and that told me she liked what I was doing. So I kept doing the same thing for a while, rubbing her tummy gently, occasionally harder, sometimes really hard, and she moaned almost inaudibly.

I hoped I had lulled her into a quiet state of acceptance so I decided to go to the next step. I slid my fingertips under her panties, under the pad, down until I felt the soft lips of her pussy, and then, pressing down, drew them back up over the place where the lips came together. I felt something small and rounded and hard and I knew she was aroused. I slid my fingers down again, pulled them up, and felt her little pearl.

“Ryan!”

“You didn’t say stop, Colleen. If you want me to stop you must tell me.”

“Oh, shit, I don’t know. I don’t know what I want.”

“Yes, you do. I want to do something for you, something that really helps with bad menstrual cramps. I want to give you an orgasm. May I?”

“You’re crazy.”

‘No, I’m not, Colleen. When you come, your uterine muscles contract and the blood flow increases. An orgasm releases a flood of chemicals in the brain and that leads to the release of endorphins, our natural pain-killing hormones. Trust me, Colleen. I know what I’m talking about.’

“Maybe you know what you’re talking about but I still think you’re crazy. You don’t know what you’re getting into.”

“Yes, I do. I want to pull your panties down a little more, dip my fingers in tummy butter, and rub your clitoris until you have a good orgasm. May I?”

“OK,” she whispered.

Many years ago, when I was still a child, I'd watched as my sister rubbed her clitoris by rubbing circles around over it, even with her clitoral hood hiding it. She'd explained that it was just like what guys did when they jacked off, just sliding their foreskin up and down without directly touching the head of their dick. She'd also taught me how to make the hood slide off the little head of her clit so my tongue could give her a good orgasm. I'd done that many times even before I started jacking off, even when she had her period, and I'd never ended up with a pink mouth. Maybe next time, I'll show her how that feels.

I unbuttoned the top button on her little nightgown, pushed it to the sides, took a moment to look at her beautiful breasts, and then I lowered my head and sucked gently on one little nipple. She put her hand behind my head and moaned slightly, a woman's way of telling me she liked what I was doing. With my mouth gently nursing at her breast and my fingers gently rolling circles over her clitoris, she groaned and climaxed within a minute or so.

When I thought her storm had subsided and was over, I pulled her up on her side facing me, put my right leg between hers, pulled her left leg over my hip, and leaned forward and kissed her on the tip of her nose. She had her eyes closed but she smiled at me.

For a while, we did nothing but lie there together, quietly breathing, our faces only inches apart. My eyes were open and I was studying the freckles on her beautiful face, thickest on her forehead, thinner on her cheeks, and non-existent on her face below her nose. I knew she was as beautiful as a woman can possibly be.

She yawned and I saw her perfect teeth, no fillings that I could see, and I wondered how everything about her could be so flawless. She opened her eyes and smiled broadly at me.

"Thank you," she whispered. "I feel much better now."

I smiled back at her. "I thank you for letting me love you a little and care for you."

She reached down between our bodies and wrapped her hand around my rigid penis.

"Are you going to let me do something for you now?"

"No, Colleen, you don't need to do that. Let me help you to your own bed."

“No, damn it, Ryan, I want to give you an orgasm too and then I want to sleep with you.”

“Colleen, what I just did for you was another gift,” I whispered. “You don’t have to do anything for me in return.”

She stroked up and down on my penis a time or two.

“Ryan, I don’t want to do it in return,” she whispered. “I want to do it because I like to feel this thing, all hard and needing. It makes me hot as hell. If I didn’t have my period, I’d have you between my legs and your dick would be buried to your balls in me. Let me, please; I want to.”

Of course I wanted her to do it. I needed it, needed it bad. My penis had been hard since I first started with her and now it was throbbing and almost hurting. I didn’t say anything and maybe that was acquiescence to her.

She pushed me down on my back, moved down so that her head was just inches away from the head of my dick, and stroked it a few times.

“Poor thing,” she whispered. “It’s drooling.”

“You caused it. It’s your fault.”

“It’s crystal clear and sort of like syrup. A big drop just oozed down on your belly.”

“Taste it. Milk my dick down toward the head and taste it.”

“Why?”

“Taste it. Someone told me it tastes sweet.”

“Who?”

I didn’t answer.

I waited, wanting her to take my penis in her mouth, and finally she did it. She stroked upward a few times, took the head in her mouth, and sucked on it. I groaned to let her know I liked what she was doing.

“It is sweet,” she said.

She did it again, milked my dick down, licked the head, sucked on it for a few seconds, and then stopped.

“I’ve never given a man a blow-job, Ryan,” she whispered. “I think I might like to do that for you. Maybe I’ll even swallow. Would you like that?”

“Of course, but not tonight. Save that for the future. Tonight, just jack me off, OK?”

“OK. Can you reach the tummy butter? I’m going to rub your scars and maybe something else.”

True to her word, she rubbed my scars first, for just a few seconds and then she rubbed tummy butter all over my penis and testicles. I lay there and loved every second of what she was doing.

She raised her head, cupped her hand under my balls, and lifted them.

“Your balls look swollen, Ryan,” she whispered. “I don’t remember them being that way when I came in here.”

“It’s because all the blood in my brain has gone down to my dick and overflowed into my balls,” I whispered.

“Well, I like your big balls,” she whispered. “I like your big dick too. Maybe I’ll have to bend to you after all so you can show me what you can do with it.”

She wrapped her hand around my dick and resumed stroking. I lay there with my hands on my chest and let her do whatever she wanted to with me. All too quickly, I felt the first faint urges of an orgasm and I knew to warn her.

“Colleen, you’d better move your head,” I said.

“Why?”

“Because I’m about to come and I’m going to squirt a big load in your face if you don’t.”

“That’s OK. I’ll close my eyes. Just let it squirt.”

With her hand flying up and down, I erupted in a few more seconds. She grunted and I assumed she’d got a face full. She lifted her head and looked at me. Strings of my semen were oozing down her forehead and cheeks. I felt the rest of my load wet and warm on my chest and belly.

“Damn, Ryan, you should have warned me. That’s the first facial I’ve ever had.”

Can a woman be beautiful with a face drooling with semen? She was. She giggled and licked her lips. I saw her pink tongue catch a little white semen. She screwed up her face.

“Well, that’s going to take some getting used to,” she whispered.

I knew my semen would begin to liquefy in few seconds. “If you don’t let me get up, you’re going to have to sleep in the wet spot.”

“No. You just lay there. I’m going to wash my face and then I’ll wipe you up.”

Before I could stop her, not that I wanted to, she rolled out of the bed and went in the bathroom. I lay there flat on my back, eyes closed, content, and listened to the water running in the sink and Colleen humming. She was back quickly with a warm washcloth and she wiped my chest and belly clean of semen.

“I need to go to my bathroom for a few minutes, Ryan,” she whispered. “I want to do something and I don’t need you. Don’t go to sleep. I’ll be back and I want to sleep with you. OK?”

“Colleen, I assume you’re going to change your tampon and pad,” I said. “My sister did before she went to bed. Would you like me to help you?”

“NO! Now I know you’re crazy,” she giggled again. “Did you help your sister?”

“Occasionally. We were very close.”

“Is she the one who taught you everything?”

I didn’t say anything. I wasn’t ready to admit it. I didn’t know how she’d react when she found out what else my sister had taught me.

While she was gone, I lay there and thought about what was happening to me and about Colleen and what I could do to convince her to join with me in life’s journey. That was what I wanted and needed.

She returned in a few minutes, crawled in bed with her back to me, and reached down to the top sheet. I quickly spooned up to her,

reached down, and we both drew the cover over our bodies up to our waist. At the same time, we both breathed deeply a couple of times and relaxed. I put my hand on her hip and waited. She took my hand in hers and led it to her soft naked breast. That was what I wanted. I relaxed and lay there thinking about my life, maybe a continuation of my ponderings while I was mowing.

“Ryan, you’re very quiet,” Colleen whispered. “What are you thinking about?”

“Colleen, you probably don’t know it but you saved my life.”

“Well, that’s going to require some explanation.”

‘I’ll try. First there’s a long prelude.”

“OK.”

“I’ve told you about my family, how I lost my parents, how my sister disappeared, and how depressed I was when I walked into that Army recruiting station. I was lucky enough to be chosen for Green Beret training and then mononucleosis knocked me out of that. Then I dropped back to regular Army and was assigned with a company going to Afghanistan. I had a friend, a guy as lost as I was, that I really liked, maybe even loved. The next thing I know, he’s killed in a firefight. That just put me in the hole deeper and that’s where I was when I finished off two wounded Taliban and then killed the last survivor. I never dreamed I was capable of doing what I did to him and I was ashamed of it, really ashamed. And what happens next? A little boy, maybe thirteen, shot me in the stomach and I went through six months of hell trying to recover.”

“Where do I come into this?”

“On his first visit with me, your father acted like he really wanted to help me, like he really cared whether I lived or died. I told him about the hell I’d endured and how I couldn’t even get a hard-on. He showed me a picture of the four of you dressed for something formal and I probably stared at it for a minute. I just felt like I’d been robbed of my family and of any chance of having one with a wife.

“Is that what you want – a family?”

“That’s one of the things. Then on his next visit, he talked to me about why I’d tried to commit suicide and even held my hand for a while. He showed me a picture of the four of you on vacation somewhere, wearing nothing but little butt covers. I thought you were the most

beautiful woman imaginable. Then he showed me a picture of just you, one taken from the side, the profile of your breast showing, your hair all red and blowing in the wind, your head turned toward the camera with a little smile on your lips. I knew you were absolutely the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.

"All cats are grey in the dark, Ryan."

"If you think it was all about sex, you're wrong, Colleen. It was only a little about that. I wanted a woman to be my wife, to have our children, to go through the years with me, to grow old and content with grandchildren. Maybe that's what all men want. And all women too."

"I'm not ready for children, Ryan," she giggled.

"All in good time, Colleen. I knew you or someone like you was what I wanted in life. Perhaps your father understood because he gave me the picture of you and I looked at it about a million times in the next few months. I'd never met you and didn't expect to ever get to know you but I began to want to live again. That's why I say you saved my life. That picture of you made me want to recover. I knew I didn't have anything to offer you but I began to think about the future again, wanting to go back to college and make something of myself. I had no expectation whatsoever about being here in bed with you and you holding my hand to your breast."

"Well, it's nice, Ryan."

"I agree. This is what I want, Colleen, having a woman to love and to hold during the night. About a month later, he visited me again and we talked for over an hour. I suppose he saw I had changed and found reasons to want to live again. He waited until he was leaving to give me the little computer. I think he wanted to be sure I really wanted to get on with my life, to go back to college, and to make something of myself. He read something I was writing, about the guy, my friend, who was killed in a fire. I think that's when he said I had potential but I didn't know what he meant."

"Maybe he just meant you had potential to live your life, Ryan," she whispered.

"I realized that he was spending a lot more time visiting with me than with any of the other patients. The nurses even commented on it. I had no idea what he was considering. That's why I couldn't believe what he told me on his fourth visit: that he wanted me to come live with his family when I was discharged."

“I’m glad he did, Ryan.”

“Me too, but I didn’t know whether I should accept his offer or not. That’s when he gave me the card and said I could swap it for a watch. I don’t remember exactly when my stuff from Afghanistan was sent to me and I found the Sky Dweller still in my boot. After I was discharged, I wanted to have a watch and I wanted to know if the Sky Dweller was real. That’s when I decided to go to your grandparent’s shop. And then what did I do? I fell flat on my face and knocked myself out and you know the rest of the story.”

“There’s one part of the story you don’t know, Ryan,” she whispered.

“What’s that?”

“It’s the way I feel about you. I think I’m already beginning to love you and I may want to be with you for the rest of your life.”

“I hope so, Colleen. I really do. Maybe you were my idealized woman for months but the real you is more than I ever imagined. I think I’m about the same stage as you, beginning to love you, hoping that you’ll be with me for the rest of our lives.”

“What do we do now?”

“We give it time to grow. I need to find out what role your father has in mind for me. I know he’s got something specific. I’m going to talk to him about that this weekend. Maybe we can then get to know each other better and make plans. I want so much to go back to college and make something of my life. Could we really take classes together?”

“Yes, we might even have the same major. I’m thinking of political science. What do you want?”

“I don’t know yet. I just know I want to find a major where I can use my writing skills.”

“Well, right now, I’m ready to go to sleep. Are you ready too?”

“Yes. Colleen, am I the first guy you’ve ever slept with, I mean, really slept?”

“Yes.”

Chapter Eight

A Second Friday Evening

I felt a hand on my shoulder and looked up. It was the Senator.

“Could we have a talk, Ryan?” he asked.

“I can’t. I can’t move,” I said.

“Did you enjoy your dinner?”

“Yeah, it was great. Could we go in your office? I need to talk to you too, in private.”

He handed me my cane and held out his hand to me. I took it and stood up.

“Ryan and I are going in the office and talk for a while,” he said to the five others in the kitchen. “Anybody need anything from us before we go?”

Grandpa, Grandma, Margaret, and Colleen shooed us out. Michael just sat there smiling and probably as stuffed as I was.

The Senator put his right arm around my waist, I put left hand on his shoulder, and we walked slowly to his office. He held the door for me, watched me carefully, and I walked in. He indicated a chair for me to sit and then pulled another one directly in front of me and sat. He groaned. I groaned back. I was stuffed with damn good food and really didn’t feel like moving.

“That was quite a meal,” I said. “Your mother is one great cook.”

“Yes, she is. You and Michael ate like you were in competition,” he said, smiling. “It’s good to see two young men enjoy a meal like that.”

“Colleen’s trying to fatten me up,” I said. “If I keep eating like this, I’ll be twice as big in a few months.”

“Grandma knows it’s one of my favorite meals,” he said. “She thinks I don’t eat right in Washington and she likes to welcome me home like this. Colleen helped her and she’s a good cook too.”

“What was it Michael called that meat, that roast beef, that stuff that melted in my mouth?” I asked.

“Sauerbraten. It’s a German dish. I like it with garlic mashed potatoes and spicy red cabbage. Did you like the German bock beer with it?”

“Yeah, I don’t drink much but I do like a good cold beer.”

I took the recorder out of my shirt pocket and put it on the desk beside us.

“You want to record what we discuss?” he asked.

“Yes, we’ve got a lot to talk about and you may want someone else to hear it later. Don’t worry. It will be absolutely secure. Unless you tell me to, no one else will ever hear it.”

“OK, then,” he said and looked at me intently. “I trust you.”

I pressed my right thumb on the recorder screen. “Alexander, please record the conversation between me and Senator Kelly?”

Alexander’s male voice replied. “Yes, Ryan, I will record the conversation.”

The Senator looked at me with a puzzled expression on his face.

“You’ve changed it. Why did you do that? And how did you do it?”

“Yeah, I made a few changes. I changed the required password to a four-syllable one instead of three. When you sell the system, every other device will require a three-syllable password. I also changed the voice recognition software so that the system will respond to only my voice. Then there’s the thumbprint system as well. I can require all three security features in any order I wish. You should put facial recognition on it too.”

“We’re working on it. I know it’s recognizing only key words. Is please one of those?”

“Alexander, do not record our conversation,” I said.

“Fuck you, Ryan,” Alexander said.

The Senator looked at me and grinned.

“Alexander has a weird sense of humor sometimes, Senator. Please is a required word.”

“Well, I like it but how did you get into the software? My development team is supposed to make it impenetrable.”

“I found the backdoor. There’s usually one.”

“Yes, but if you tried to go in that way without a damned long passcode, it was supposed to lock up.”

“I just went under the backdoor, Senator. I didn’t go in it.”

“Damn, you can program that well?”

“Senator, programming computers is just another language skill. You either have it or you don’t. It comes easily to me, just like my writing skills.”

“Well, I think I’d better have a long talk with the development team. Would you meet with them and show them what you’ve done?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“I could put you on salary to do it. You think about it, OK?”

“OK, but I’m really a very simple man, Senator. Money doesn’t mean that much to me. You’re giving me an allowance, feeding me and giving me a roof over my head and that’s enough for now.”

“Yeah, but what you’ve done sounds very valuable to me. You deserve to be paid for your contribution.”

“Senator, stop and think for a minute. I’m a poor wounded warrior who may steal your daughter’s heart. I’m going to college to make something out of myself. Do you want the world to know anything more than that about me?”

He thought for a moment. “You’re probably right.”

“Senator, I know you’ve got tentative plans for me to do something else for you, something you don’t want anyone to know about. You want to keep me under cover; don’t you?”

He grinned. “Damn, Ryan, you amaze me sometimes.”

“Don’t tell anybody else that, Senator. I’m just a nice-looking twenty-year old kid, a wounded warrior, who’s struggling to recover from hell and get on with his life. That’s all that you should reveal.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” he said. “Now, first things first, any problems since you came here?”

“Yes but it’s not because of anything Colleen and Michael have done. I couldn’t want a warmer welcome than the one they’ve given me. Your parents have treated me like a grandson. I’m the problem. The transition is harder than I expected.”

“How?”

“Well, I’m just not as strong inside as I used to be,” I said. “The doctors said I would likely have difficulty in adjusting and I have. My emotions overwhelm me occasionally. I’ve cried like a baby a few times and I’ve almost slid back into depression on one occasion. My leg decided to hide again. It did that the day I was discharged from the hospital and went to the shop for my watch.”

“Are Colleen and Michael causing any problems?”

“No, Senator. You should be very proud of your children. They’ve done their best to help me. I just need some care and affection and loving and they both give it to me. Colleen’s hugged me out of my black hole a few times. Michael rubs my shoulders and jokes with me. They both help.”

“OK, now give me a report on Colleen.”

“Are you sure you want me as a son-in-law?”

“I’ve never said I did, Ryan,” he said. “Colleen’s a beautiful woman and I just warned you not to be too quick to fall in love with her.”

“I’m just reading between the lines, Senator. She thought you saw her as a wild little filly and you had picked me to break her. I like her just as she is, sort of wild, and I’d never want her to be broken.”

“Well, you’re more of a man than any of those shitheads that usually hang around her and I’d rather have you as a son-in-law than one of them.”

“Senator, I don’t believe men and women *helplessly fall* in love. I believe we grow in love with care and respect and things we share. Love sneaks in with time and you realize it has arrived at some moment, like seeing her smiling at you over pizza. Maybe that will happen to me some day...and to Colleen. I’d like to be in love with her but I’m not yet, not completely anyway.”

“Ryan, that’s up to you and Colleen. I can’t be seen as encouraging or discouraging. You know that. I’ll just tell you I wouldn’t mind if you became my son-in-law.”

“Thanks.”

“Any problems with Michael?”

“No, Senator. He’s a wonderful young boy and you should be proud of him. He’ll be a man you can love and respect someday.”

“I already do. He talked to me about what you said, that you’d help him get a porn stash. I’ve got no problems with that if it’s just normal stuff like you said. You’ve got my permission to help him.”

“I don’t want just to lead him, Senator. I want to teach him at the same time. Everybody is interested in porn but there’s a lot of really sick shit on the internet. I’ll try to steer him to sites portraying normal heterosexual love and sex but he’ll do what he wants to on his computer.”

“Yes, I know.”

“I never had a brother,” I said. “If I’d had one, I would have liked him to be exactly like Michael. I think he already regards me as a big brother.”

“Ryan, that’s one role I sort of hoped you would play,” he said. “I’m not home as much as I’d like to be and I saw in you a good role model for him.”

“Well, thanks again. I hope he does let me play that role.”

“I want to thank you for that speech,” he said. “It was perfect. Colleen told me how you wrote it, that you took her outline, asked her some questions, sat there and composed it in your head, and then closed your eyes and typed it out flawlessly. You’ve really got unusual skills to be able to do that. Maybe you might help with all my speeches. I wish you would.”

“Senator, I don’t know where my writing ability comes from but I know few people can do what I can do with words. I’d be glad to help with your speeches.”

“She also told me how easily you got the password for our home router and then she gave you my private e-mail address and you sent the speech to me. How did you get in so easily?”

“I have a little program which works specifically with routers. The password, if there is one, is usually very simple. Breaker can usually find it for me in a couple of minutes.”

“Breaker, huh? Where did you get it?”

“I wrote it. Do you want the answer to your question?”

He looked at me appraisingly. I knew the question and I knew the answer.

“OK, just give me the answer.”

“2024.”

“Damn, you did it. My IT guy swore nobody would be able to but you did it. How?”

“Be careful, Senator. What you don’t know, can’t hurt you. What you know, can.”

“Why?”

“Senator, you’ve got me by the cajones. Hacking into a governmental account can put me in prison. I know nothing about you which could do the same to you. Are you sure you want this advantage over me. Why? As Colleen said, since I wasn’t your emissary, I wasn’t her enemy.”

“Yeah, she and Michael like to play that little game.”

“Why are we playing this one?”

“OK, Ryan, I’ll be honest with you. I knew you were hacking into the VA hospital medical records because you knew things which were supposedly confidential even from you. I didn’t say anything because I felt you should have total knowledge of your own medical record given to you and, since it wasn’t, you got it for yourself with that little computer I gave you. Am I right, so far?”

“Yes. It was easy. I also said something about hacking into e-mail accounts in the last election and bragged that they should have had me set up everything. I wouldn’t have done it for them but I could have. You picked up on that; didn’t you?”

“Yes, I wondered if you could hack into my governmental accounts and, if you could, what else might you learn about me.”

“I’ve learned you’re a good man, Senator. When I register, I’ll vote for you. I didn’t really look at all your files. I knew what I was looking for and I found it.”

“Thanks. How did you find it? How did you get to it without me knowing when I had a tripwire on it?”

“I reasoned that you wanted to test me, to see what I could do. Since it was a test, I expected a tripwire. I just went under it.”

“How did you know what to look for?”

“I reasoned that you would have set up something to test me, to see what I could do and you wouldn’t make it impossible to find. The most central thing about me is my name. I went looking for that and found it. Ryan MacEwen, Wounded Warrior, 2024. It took me a while to realize the significance of that. That’s when you’re thinking about running.”

“My IT guys say that hackers usually leave a footprint. Do you?”

“Yes but it’s not my footprint. It’s an NSA footprint. They’re into every damn thing that anyone says on the internet.”

“Damn, Ryan, you’re too much.”

“No, Senator, just enough. What do you want from me? What can I do for you?”

He laughed.

“Ryan, it’s time to cut out the bullshit. You probably already know what I want from you. Do you?”

“I think so but I’m not sure. Tell me.”

“Ryan, I want somebody like you to be my protector, my silent warrior, somebody that believes that I am completely honest when I say I want to help veterans, particularly wounded warriors like you. It’s not politics, Ryan. I’m not lying to you. I want you to watch out for me. You’re young and you can’t know what kind of political crap goes on in our government. I think I can trust your character and your instincts and you can protect me from that shit when they start

throwing it at me like they did at each other in the last election. If I run, of course.”

“Of course.”

“I’m sincere, Ryan, I want you to be like a son to me, maybe to be my son-in-law but that’s up to you and Colleen. I won’t interfere in your relationship with her in any way. You’re both adults. Marriage is what the two of you make of it.”

“Did Michael tell you something else I did with him? And something the two of us did with Colleen?”

“Yes, he told me. It’s no big deal. Don’t worry about it. What was it you were trying to teach him: always be willing to give as good as you get? I like that. When it comes to sex, that’s important.”

“Yes but Michael is still a child and I shouldn’t have let him play with me and Colleen. During the night, after we did it, I realized what I had done. It scared the hell out of me, not so much what it might do to me, but what it might do to you and you helping wounded warriors if it got out. I’m sorry. I was wrong to do it.”

“Michael’s good about talking to me, Ryan. It wasn’t easy this time but he told me. He was worried about you and how you felt you’d done something really wrong and not worrying about yourself and instead worrying about me.”

“I’m not back to being myself yet, Senator. The struggle to decide the right thing to do is harder than it was before. I may make more mistakes and I don’t want to hurt you or your family.”

“Did you really give Colleen her first orgasm with a man, with your tongue?”

“Well, yes, but Michael helped me.”

“But you haven’t had your dick in her yet?”

“No, I’m old fashioned, Senator, especially when it comes to her. She’s everything I could want in a woman. I think she’s like something precious that should be protected and cherished. If I grow to love her and she loves me back, I’ll make her smile a little but not ‘til then.”

“That’s up to you and her, Ryan. I’m going to trust you and Colleen to sort out all this sex stuff. Michael too, I suppose. Just do the best you

can and don't worry about it. All of us men think with our little heads too much."

"It's what we are, Senator, just men, acting like men have acted for thousands of years, pretending to be civilized."

"I'm sure Colleen will tell Margaret what you did and then she'll tease you about it. Just give her back as good as she gives you. She and I have always been open and honest about sex with Colleen and Michael, that is, in talking and teasing about it. When it comes to doing it, she and I are old fashioned and we do it in private in our own bed."

"You know I was worried about being impotent or close to it when I was in the hospital; don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm not. Think of a railroad spike. That's what Colleen raises. She's enough to make a eunuch get a hard-on."

"Yeah, she is. She's just like her mother was when I married her. Damn, she was really something at twenty-one. Still is."

"Have you tried to break Margaret?"

"No. I'm like you. I'd rather have her just like she is. Now, I've got to piss so let's take a break."

"Me too," I said. "Senator, did you know you never can buy beer; you just rent it."

The Senator was just like the Colleen and Michael, not hesitant about doing something like peeing while standing there with his dick in his hand and talking to someone. Then he watched me as I returned my beer to the primeval sea.

"She's going to love you when you give her that thing," he joked. "Maybe I'd better keep Margaret away from you."

I returned that thing to its hanging out place and zipped my shorts.

"Senator, seriously, I believe strongly in being faithful to a woman who has yielded her body to me. I won't play around on Colleen."

"You'd better not," he said. "She'll rip your balls off."

Back in the office, we resumed our seats and got back to the serious stuff.

“Are you going to give me clearance to your Washington accounts?” I asked. “If you want me to have it, I’ll need to be cleared for all types of security classifications, eventually even top secret. I’ve told you everything about my life I can think of which might affect that. You should think long and hard about what we’re doing and make sure it’s what you want. I’ll be looking over your shoulder at everything you think or do.”

“That’s what I want, Ryan,” he said. “I want somebody like you to keep an eye out for me. I don’t want our relationship ever to become public knowledge. That’s why I hope you and Colleen might hit it off and you would be my son-in-law and part of my family. That would be perfect cover for you. Someday I want you to call me Dad, just like Colleen and Michael.”

“I don’t want it to be public either, Senator. I’ve been your shadow for months now. All my info about you is either in my head or on a hard drive, a little remote hard drive that’s encrypted tighter than Maude’s ass.”

“I’m going to give you access to all my personal financial information too, Ryan. I want you to review that and see if you think there’s any way I can be attacked there too. Whether you believe it or not, I’m proud of my integrity and I want to maintain it. I want you to cover my ass, I suppose, and I’m going to trust you to do that and let me know if you see problems or even potential problems. You’ll have your work cut out for you for quite a few years. You should think about that and make sure you want to do it. No one else must ever know about our relationship, not Colleen, not Michael, not even Margaret, no one except me and you.”

“Being your son-in-law would be perfect cover for me, Senator.”

“I know but that’s got to be up to you and Colleen. I can’t be seen as encouraging or discouraging that. You don’t have to break that little filly but you might have to ride her a little.”

“I can do that,” I said, smiling. “Like I said, she’s enough to give a eunuch a hard-on. Now that I know I’m not one, maybe I can keep her happy. It’ll be hard but I’ll try to ride her often enough to keep her smiling.”

“Are we in agreement so far?” he asked.

“No, I think you should reflect on whether Margaret and Colleen and Michael should know about my role. I think they should. They want to protect you and help you too. They will be hurt if they find out you didn’t trust them to know about our relationship.”

“You may be right. What do you suggest?”

“Tomorrow, the five of us should listen to the conversation we’re having tonight. I know you’ve got a good relationship with Margaret and you should keep it that way. Don’t hide anything from her, not even what I’m doing. I want Colleen to know too. I see the possibility of us loving each other and having a good marriage. I want to be totally honest with her. I think a man must if he wants to have a good marriage.”

He sat there and looked at me for a moment and I could tell he was pondering what I had said.

“This is important, Senator,” I said. “If you run, you’re going to need a place to rest, a refuge with people to love you and believe in you, a warm home to relax in. I think I can be part of a support team with your family. I’d like to be.”

“OK, I think you’re right. Except for my family, are you OK with being completely hidden, with being a stealth warrior for me? It won’t be easy.”

“Senator, I like the idea but I want to be hidden so well that no one ever knows about me. You must never acknowledge that I’m anything but your son-in-law. I know you don’t like to lie but you may have to. Don’t ever give me up, Senator.”

“I don’t like to lie either, Ryan, but I’ll never give you up. Trust me.”

“I’ll set up a communication system for us and, of course, it will have to be encrypted e-mail. I’ll hide my identity and I’ll put something in each e-mail that will erase it after a certain time. And I mean really erase it, not just wipe it clean with a cloth. I’ll tell you verbally how the system works. Nothing must ever be in writing about our system.”

“You’re getting over my head, Ryan, but I trust you to know what you’re doing.”

“I do.”

“You’re going to need a car. Get Colleen and Michael to help you shop for one. Colleen will pay for it out of one of my accounts. Just don’t get a little toy like that thing she’s got.”

“I won’t. It will be a four-door sedan, probably used, silver color, like millions of others on the road.”

“It doesn’t have to be cheap, Ryan.”

“But it shouldn’t be expensive either, Senator. Remember, I’m going to be your stealth weapon, a wounded warrior who’s really your secret agent or something like that. I want to fit in, not stand out.”

“Ryan, you know I’m quite wealthy, me and Margaret. We’ve patented almost a hundred devices and I’ve sold the patents to some for millions. Right now I also have, I think, eighteen patents leased for use and there’s a damn good cash flow from them. Most of the others have potential value.”

“What’s your point?”

“My point is I want you to have a monthly allowance just like my children but don’t take that as your limit. Money won’t be a worry for you. As time passes, you’ll share in everything just like Colleen and Michael. Colleen tells me you want to finish college but you’re worried about paying for it and you don’t want to rely on student debt. Margaret and I will take care of your educational expenses. I want you to live with us, go to college, finish your degree, be my stealth warrior, and sleep with Colleen. What more can a man ask for?”

“Well, that’s a good start. Senator, I don’t want only to sleep with Colleen. I want her and I mean in every sense of the word. I want her for sex and love and marriage and children and living together and sleeping together spooned up with her hair tickling my nose. I’m going to have her like that too. She just doesn’t know it yet. You showed me pictures of her and I thought she was a beautiful woman. Then I went to the shop for a watch and she came out on the portico and stretched and I saw that face and that wild red hair blowing in the wind and I knew what I had struggled through hell for – her.”

“Speaking of watches, I want you to keep the Sky Dweller. You won’t need the money and I’ve got an idea I want to look into about the watch. We might be able to get lots more money for it than you think. Do me a favor and write up an account of the mission you were on when you found it. Include the incident in which you were shot and how it was a Taliban ambush. Make it good descriptive writing, like that thing I read about the fire.”

“You can have the watch,” I said. “It’s not me.”

“Well, it’s not me either.”

“You’re not going to tell me about the idea?”

“Not yet. I’m making some contacts. I want you to let me negotiate a deal for you.”

“And that’s all you’ll tell me.”

“Damn, Ryan, you may be able to keep the watch and get paid quite a nice sum for the story of how and where you found it. Let me play with something. I’ll tell you when I learn if a certain party is interested. Trust me.”

“I do. I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t trust you. OK, you take that and run with it. You have my permission to sell the watch to whomever as part of the deal, Senator. Just make sure you get a good price for it.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes, being a college student with Colleen would be great but it would also be good cover for your stealth warrior. Maybe in a couple of years, I’ll be through with my BA and I’ll continue for a MA. Maybe I’ll even pursue a PhD. Who knows? Maybe I’ll be a perpetual student for a few years, sponging off my in-laws. Would you want me to do that?”

“Damn, that would be great cover for you; wouldn’t it? I have to keep this house because I must have a legal residence in this state to represent it. Margaret can come live with me in Washington. You and Colleen and Michael can live here. She likes the college here. Michael wants to stay here too, I mean, in this city. He’s got lots of friends here. So has Colleen. Anything else?”

“Yes, one more. When he turns sixteen, you might loosen Michael’s restriction on how much and what kind of alcoholic drinks he can have. He’s young but, in many ways, he’s already a man. Give him guidance but set him free. Tell him you’re doing it because you trust him. The alcohol is not important; your trust in him is.”

“You think he’s ready?”

“I think so. I think he’s mature enough. I’ll watch out for him.”

Someone knocked on the door and Michael said, “Dad, Grandma and Grandpa are about to go home. Do you want to say goodbye?”

I stood up and held out my hand to the Senator. He looked at me quizzically.

“If you shake my hand, Senator, we’re agreeing on something. I’m giving you my word to live with what we’ve discussed and you’re saying the same thing.”

He grinned, shook my hand, looked at me for a moment, and then pulled me close in a big hug. I hugged him back.

“Alexander, stop!” I said.

“You didn’t say please, Ryan,” the Senator said.

“I don’t have to. Stop is the one command which puts Alexander in a sleep mode. He must be reawakened to do anything else.”

Back in the kitchen, I gave Grandma another hug and a kiss on the cheek and almost shook Grandpa’s hand off.

“Grandma, that was the best meal I’ve ever had. Would you do me a favor and teach Colleen to cook like you do? I’ll forever be her obedient slave if you do.”

“Do all Irish micks kiss the blarney stone?” she asked.

“I can cook, Ryan,” Colleen said. “Grandma and Mom have both taught me. I like to do it, just not all the time.”

The Senator walked them to the front door and then came back to the kitchen. I was standing behind the one kitchen chair with arms with my hands on it, the one that I assumed belonged to the man of the house and the one, at the Senator’s insistence, where I’d sat for dinner. He walked up beside me, put his arm over my shoulders, and waited until everyone was looking at us.

“I want Ryan to become part of this family,” he said. “In the hospital, more than anyone else, I felt like a father for him. I was wounded too but I didn’t have to cope with the hell he’s endured. We’ve just had a long talk and I found out just how much potential he has. He’s going to be a fine man, no, he already is, and, who knows, someday he might even be in Washington with me. Tomorrow, he’s going to play back a recording he made of our conversation. When you hear it, I think you’ll all be proud to have him in our family.”

I knew I had to reassure Colleen that nothing was yet settled about the two of us.

“Colleen, I already know I’m beginning to love you,” I said. “I hope you’ll learn to love me too. I’ll admit I’m going to pursue you but I won’t rush you into anything. You’re the one who must decide if you want to spend your life with me. I know it’s too early to make that decision now and I’ll give you all the time you want.”

“OK, I’ll let you know in about ten years,” she said, smiling.

“Can I have him while you’re making up your mind?” Margaret asked.

“Sure you can, Margaret,” the Senator said. “He can have seconds tonight.”

Michael finally gave in, burst out laughing and that infected the rest of us.

“Well, now that’s settled, I’m going to swim laps for a few minutes,” the Senator said. “Anybody want to join me.”

I knew they all liked to swim together occasionally, naked, and I knew that I’d be invited to join them. I was more than a little apprehensive about getting naked with the Senator’s wife. I had no idea how I’d react to seeing her naked, and also how she’d react to seeing me. I decided to grin and bare it.

There in the kitchen, in front of each other, we stripped. I was conscious that my penis was heavy and distended a little but I wasn’t sure whether it was going to look around for something to get into. It did. Colleen was any man’s dream and Margaret was almost as much of a fantasy to look at, just a little older. My eyes played ping pong with the two of them. I felt my buddy start to lift his head and told it not to but it wouldn’t listen. Before it stood straight up, I ran out the door to the pool and took a flying leap in.

The five of us swam laps together and that and the cool water took care of the problem. When Margaret and the Senator stopped swimming and got out of the pool, the rest of us followed. Colleen took my hand and we started back in the house. Margaret had the last word.

“Ryan, don’t you ever do that again,” she said. “Never dive in the pool with a hard-on. You might break it off.”

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I was sitting on the side of my bed, naked, and ready to turn in for the night, my forearms on my thighs, and my head hanging down. My mind was in a swirl, not the maelstrom swirl that pulled me inexorably down, more a confused spinning. I was trying to sort out my feelings for the last eight days. Eight days with so much thrown at me and, now, after my talk with the Senator, so many possibilities. Was I capable of doing what he wanted and getting what I wanted and needed?

My room was almost totally dark with only the dim light from my partially-opened door. Was she going to come to my room again tonight? The opened door was like an invitation. She hadn't slept with me since Wednesday night but for the last two nights she had come tip-toeing into my room for a few minutes, dressed or maybe undressed in only a shorty nightgown and white panties. For the last two nights, we had held each other for a few minutes and whispered back and forth. I was comforted and content and perhaps she was too.

When she came in this time, I didn't stand up but I did hold out my arms in welcome. Perhaps she knew what I wanted. She moved between my spread knees, put her hands behind my head, and pulled my face into her softness. I put my hands on her back, pulled her against me, and breathed in her essence a few times. I was content.

“What did you and Dad talk about?” she whispered.

I turned my head so my cheek was against her breasts. “I'd rather you wait until tomorrow to hear our conversation. He says I can play it back for you and Margaret and Michael then. I was right that he had something in mind for me, something that's important to his plans, and I'd like to do it. Can you wait until tomorrow?”

“Yes, he usually works on something in the morning but you two talked for about an hour so maybe you can squeeze in the recording. When he comes home, he likes to take it easy and maybe just swim and lie in the sun and relax for a while. That's what we'll probably do tomorrow afternoon. Sunday morning he will probably want us all to go to church with him and he'll want you to be dressed like he is, in a suit, looking nice and senatorial. Monday he'll go to his local office and he'll want you to go with him.”

“Colleen, I'm not religious. After the last few years of my life, I can't believe in some old grandfather in the sky who cares about me. If he does, he's a sadistic shit and he really sucks at being a god.”

“Dad’s not religious either, Ryan. None of us are. Don’t you understand why he goes and wants us to go with him?”

“No.”

“Ryan, you can be a flaming queer and still get elected to congress. You can’t be an agnostic or atheist, not unless you stay in the closet about your lack of belief. That’s just the way it is. The four of us usually go at least once in a while and he takes us out for lunch at some nice place afterward. I’ll help you get dressed if you’ll go with us.”

“OK, I’ll go just as long as I don’t have to sing.”

“You can fake it. Michael usually does.”

“OK.”

“Ryan, would you do something for me?”

“Yes. What?”

“Unbutton my nightgown and put your mouth and hands on my breasts. Just for a minute or so?”

“I’ll do more than that, if you’ll let me. I’ll rub your...tummy.”

“That would be nice. Would you let me rub yours?”

“Yes.”

“Maybe I’ll rub something else. Would that be OK?”

“Yeah. You and Margaret are good at giving guys a hard time.”

Chapter Nine

A Second Saturday

Saturday morning, we had breakfast together again. This time, Margaret made me sit with the Senator while Colleen and Michael helped her. I smelled something that made my stomach grumble and I wondered what was baking.

Margaret told me. She had taken a breakfast casserole out of the freezer last night. She and Colleen and Michael occasionally worked together and made breakfast casseroles of different kinds, all based on eggs but with different meats and cheeses. They baked the casseroles and froze them and later thawed and warmed them. The one we were going to have this morning was eggs with sausage and cheddar cheese.

I had a big piece, absolutely delicious, a smaller piece, still good, and then another last little piece, shared with Michael, and we finished the casserole. With that and toast and jelly and milk and coffee, I was completely satisfied for a while. It was a real pleasure to have a good appetite and to be hungry for food. Breakfasts like that were a hell of a lot better than the hospital fare I had lived on for months.

“Ryan, are you ready to replay our conversation from last night?” the Senator asked.

“I can’t. I can’t get up,” I said. “I need my whole computer to do it and it’s just too heavy for me.”

“Michael, would you go get Ryan’s computer?” the Senator asked. He shook his head and smiled. He was probably as stuffed and complacent as I was.

“I can’t. I can’t move. Besides, I can’t carry it. I’m a little kid and it’s just too heavy for me.”

“Ryan, I’ll give you a kiss if you’ll go get it,” Colleen said. “I promise it will curl your toes.”

“OK,” I said. “Michael, I’ll give you a kiss if you go get it. I promise it will make you weak in the knees. I might even let you set it up.”

“I’ll go but you can give the kiss to Colleen,” he said, grinning all over his face. He ran out of the kitchen and clomped up the stairs.

I led Michael carefully through the steps of setting my computer up, awakened Alexander, and paused just before I issued the appropriate command. I looked around and the others were watching what Michael and I were doing.

“The Senator and I had a pit stop half-way through our talk, maybe about five minutes long. I can pause or fast forward Alexander but perhaps that will be a good time for pit stops if anybody needs one. There will probably be lots of questions. Can you hold them until the recording is over?”

I saw four heads nodding in the affirmative.

“Alexander, please play last recording.”

“Yes, Ryan.”

The Senator’s voice began the recording. “You’ve changed it. Why did you do that? And how did you do it?”

We sat and listened to the recording all the way through, even our conversation while we were having a piss. I had programmed Alexander to adjust the volume of faint words so they were louder and he did it perfectly. Our conversation in the bathroom around the corner from the office came through loud and clear. I was a little uncomfortable to hear both of us talking while pissing. It sounded like fire hoses hitting the water.

When the recording was finished, I looked at Margaret and Colleen and Michael. Margaret was looking at me and smiling and that said she knew of the Senator’s plans. Colleen had a look of disbelief on her face and she was looking at her father. That told me she had not known about his plans and my part in them. Michael was looking back and forth between me and the Senator and just looked puzzled.

“Any questions?” I asked.

There were questions, lots of them, most for the Senator and some for me, mostly from Colleen and Michael and a few from Margaret. I had anticipated one of Michael’s questions for me and prepared an answer.

“Ryan, are you going to teach me what you do, you know, like hacking into different places on the web?”

“Michael, maybe, in the distant future, I will,” I said. “When your father and I agree that you have the knowledge and maturity, I might begin to teach you, but I can’t start doing that anytime soon.”

He still looked puzzled and I didn’t think he understood what his father and I were risking in trusting each other.

“Michael, you must realize the import of what I am going to do for the Senator. I will be looking for knowledge of what his political opponents are trying to do but I will never change or destroy what I find. All I will do is seek knowledge of what the other side is planning about him. If knowledge of what I’m doing ever becomes public, his

career will be ruined and both of us could end up in prison. Your family will be destroyed.”

“Sorry,” he said. “Guess I didn’t think of that.”

“Michael, your father and I shook hands on our agreement,” I said. “I believe that when two men shake hands on something, it becomes like a sacred bond between them, one that neither will ever break. If the FBI questioned you about me, would you lie to them?”

“Am I supposed to?”

“That’s what your father has agreed to do. He said he’d never give me up and I trust him to keep his word. I will not tell you and Colleen what I’m doing for him and that’s to protect you. My mission as his secret warrior is to protect him and, at the same time, to protect his family. I hope you and Colleen and I can be a team but you must shake my hand too. You must never give me up.”

I held out my hand to him. He looked at his father, perhaps for guidance.

“Michael, this is your decision,” the Senator said. “Ryan wants you and Colleen to help him. I trust him. You can too.”

Michael shook my hand and grinned at me. Perhaps it all seemed like a big adventure to him. I knew it was much more than that.

I held out my hand to Colleen. She stood up, grinned, and shook it.

“Damned man,” she growled. “When two men shake hands on something, boy, that’s sacred! How about a handshake between a man and a woman, you idiot?”

She smiled when she said that so maybe she had not really been offended. She also gave me a bear hug and a kiss just at the corner of my mouth. It didn’t curl my toes but she also whispered that she had something in mind for later.

Then I held out my hand to Margaret. She stood and shook it. Perhaps she understood my questioning look. She also gave me a big hug and a kiss on top of Colleen’s. She didn’t whisper anything to me but she grinned like she had something in mind.

“Well, if you’re through with questions for a while, I’m going for a swim,” the Senator said. “After the last week of stupidity, I need to relax for a while and maybe swim laps. Anybody want to join me?”

I did. I wanted to do something to build the strength in my legs and swimming laps was a great exercise. I managed to get naked with the Kelly family by not looking too long at Margaret or Colleen, except for looking at Colleen's exquisitely-beautiful rear when I followed her outside.

Swim caps were stored on hooks close to the back door and I learned that I was expected to wear one. Colleen stretched it around my head and tucked my long hair under it. Then she held out another cap to me and sat down in a chair. I gathered her long bronze hair, twisted it into a roll, and held it in place while I capped her off.

That's when my buddy betrayed me. After seeing her and Margaret in beautiful nakedness, I didn't understand why he decided to raise his head while I helped with a swim cap for her. I decided that I might as well show off. She and I walked hand-in-hand to the pool steps and down into the water, me with a stiff prow or rudder or divining rod swinging around in front of me. The others three were already in the water and they all looked at my display and grinned.

We played for a while and my buddy kept his head up through it all. Why do women's nipples get hard in cool water? Why do men want to look at them and suck on the little erect devils? Who knows? Why did Colleen cling to me once, front to front, and then tuck my stiff friend down between her thighs? I knew the answer to that; she wanted to drive me crazy.

Maybe my best buddy thought I was trying to drown him when we started swimming laps. Anyway, he finally hung his head, probably ashamed of the way he had acted. We swam slow laps, sometimes side by side for a while, and then Michael challenged me to a race and gloated about winning.

After that, we got dressed to go for lunch, all in sneakers or sandals, shorts and shirt, even the Senator. At the Greek place, no one noticed him or, if they did, they left him alone. I had a big platter of stuff that probably wasn't good for me but it tasted great. The Senator ordered a pitcher of beer and I suppose nobody cared that a fifteen-year old kid helped drink it.

I drove back home in the Senator's big Mercedes and was pleased that he trusted me to do it. Colleen sat smiling beside me with the other three in the back, Michael scrunched in the middle.

“Ryan,” the Senator said from behind me, “I have no plans for this afternoon and evening, well, maybe for this evening if Margaret will do something with me. What do you want to do?”

“I’m in the habit for resting in bed for about an hour or so, maybe listening to music. I’d like to swim laps again to strengthen my legs. After that, whatever the rest of you want to do is OK with me.”

“Your middle leg is already strong enough” Michael whispered, and then said “Ouch” like somebody had pinched him.

“I’ve got dinner planned,” Colleen said. “If you’ll all help me, we’ll eat again about six.”

“Michael’s going to swim laps with you again this afternoon and maybe again before you go to bed,” Margaret said. “I think he’s going to swim laps with you every day for a while; aren’t you, Michael?”

“Yeah, and I’m going to beat him too,” he bragged.

At home, and it was already home, I went to my room for a pit stop and then changed into something comfortable in bed, nothing but exercise shorts. I set up my computer, started some quiet music, and crawled in bed. I was hoping somebody would join me and she did, a dream in a pink shorty nightgown and white panties. She curled up beside me, put her head on my shoulder, her hand on my chest, her leg over both of mine, and I was wonderfully content.

Then I heard three taps on my open door and I knew it was Michael so I invited him in. He walked to the foot of the bed and stood looking at Colleen and me for a moment.

“I don’t want to bother you,” he said. “You two look great together like that. Maybe I should just do something else.”

“Michael, you’re no bother,” I said. “If you can listen to some quiet opera music for a while, you’re welcome to join us.”

“Just don’t expect me to sing,” he said, and crawled in on the other side of me.

“It’s not singing from operas, Michael. It’s just a selection of beautiful quiet music. You won’t die from listening.”

He propped on his elbow, looked at me and Colleen for a moment, and nodded his head. Then he put his hand on my chest, rubbed it a little, and smiled at me and his sister together.

“Colleen, you two belong together, you and Ryan,” he whispered. “I really mean that. I’d like to be part of a team with you, helping Dad. I’ll try not to be too much of a pest.”

“You’re not a pest, Michael. You’re like a little brother.”

I didn’t think of him as a pest. Maybe I was already thinking of him as my little brother. After a while, he wiggled up closer to me and put his hand back on the side of my chest. Then Colleen put her hand over his and I wondered about the symbolism of what they were doing, both with their hands over my heart. I closed my eyes and drifted away for a while.

Later in the afternoon, Michael and I swam laps competitively and he was right; he did win all of them. My legs performed well but I knew they were still weak. I decided that I was going to keep doing laps every day until my legs were strong enough so I could beat him. Colleen swam laps with us a couple of times. My best buddy decided not to act like a drag on what I was doing.

Saturday night for dinner, we all dressed casually again, white socks, shorts, and shirts without brassieres underneath for Margaret and Colleen. Damn nipples kept drawing my attention and I wanted my mouth on them and it didn’t matter which pair.

Dinner was something new to me: muffuletta sandwiches, huge sandwiches with lots of meats and cheeses and olive salad, originating about a hundred years ago from a grocery store in New Orleans. Each was so big they were quartered. The five of us ate three of them and left one untouched. Warmed in the oven, they were absolutely delicious. Another bottle of cold beer for me and the Senator and Michael hit the spot.

After I recovered, I swam laps again and this time the Senator joined me and Michael, the three of us naked again. We weren’t in competition this time, just slow steady swimming. I made sure my legs did most of the work. I was beginning to believe again that the problems with my left leg finally were over.

Saturday night, I was sitting on the side of my bed, naked, and with the lights down low, thinking about everything, and waiting on Colleen to come to me, when the black hole in my mind started growing again. I tossed my head to shake off the bad thoughts but it was no use. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply a few times. I didn’t want it to happen just when I might have a few minutes with her. I frowned and tried to force the Maelstrom to stop pulling me down but

to no avail. I felt tears flood my eyes and the darkness crowding in and I wanted to scream, “No! Not again! Not now!”

I felt a hand on my shoulder and looked up. It was Colleen, dressed for bed in shorty nightgown and white Bikini panties.

“What’s wrong, Ryan?” she asked, frowning at me.

I couldn’t speak. I wrapped my arms around her, pulled her to me, buried my face in her soft breasts, and sobbed and sniffed a little. She put one hand on my back and stroked my long hair with the other. After a moment, she spoke.

“Please try to talk to me, Ryan. Tell me what’s wrong.”

I tried to talk to her. “Colleen, I can’t....”

“Please. I’m here. I’ll help you. I know you’re hurting. Let me help you.”

I breathed deeply a few times and tried again.

“The doctors said it might be PTSD with a little anxiety attack thrown in. Do you know what that is?”

“Yes. Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. I’ve read your medical file, remember. I know what you’ve been through. I know you’re still struggling to recover.”

“When it happens, I mean, when I feel myself being sucked down in that black hole, it sometimes seems to cause anxiety or panic attacks. Do you know anything about that?”

“No, not really, just that they can be very uncomfortable.”

“Well, when I have panic attacks there’s an intense fear or discomfort and my heart pounds and I break out in a cold sweat. Sometimes I start shaking and I can’t stop.”

“Maybe I can help you, Ryan,” she said. “Just keep talking to me. You don’t have to be pulled down. You can fight it. I’ll help. I want to help you.”

I took a few really deep breaths with my nose right between her breasts and then looked up at her again.

“Colleen, I was in really bad pain for about a month after I was shot and they gave me painkillers. Then the depression came charging back and they gave me pills for that. I couldn’t get a hard-on and I didn’t even have wet dreams and that made me even more depressed. Then I had what they thought were panic attacks and they gave me more pills for that. For months I was on some pills and off and on some others. I hated the pills and the way they made me feel. I wanted out of the hospital so I gradually worked myself off all meds. They finally concluded that I had PTSD and counseling was the remedy for that. I’m supposed to go for my first session sometime soon. Will you go with me and hold my hand?”

“Yes, Ryan,” she whispered. “I want to help you. You and I are going to beat this. We’re going to give you a life again.”

“Me and you?”

‘I’m leaning in that direction, Ryan. Let me give you an example why.’

“OK.”

“We’ve slept together a couple of times, Ryan, and you’ve spooned up to me. You don’t just reach for my breast and grope me. You put your hand on my hip and I assume you’re asking permission to put it where it naturally falls. Are you?”

“Yes.”

“I’ve been groped by more than one date and I’ve slapped more than one face. I’ve never slapped yours.”

“I don’t want to grope you, Colleen. I want to feel you against me and hold your breasts but I want to know you welcome me. I wish you could know how I felt the first time you put my hand on your breast.”

“I like it too, Ryan,” she whispered.

She pushed me back, tilted my head up, leaned over, and I got a fleeting glimpse of her beautiful breasts down her loose nightgown. Then she kissed me, really kissed me, and, of course, I closed my eyes. Why is kissing so much better with eyes closed? When I felt her tongue touch my lips, I opened to her and we played. I had my hands on her hips, she had hers on each side of my head, and I began to lose myself in kissing her.

Why was she doing it? Did she do it to distract me again, first time, from pain in my leg, and now, from the pain of being pulled down in

depression again? Maybe it was because she cared for me and was even beginning to love me. Maybe it was simply a wish to help me and she knew kissing me would wipe my slate clean. Tabula rasa. A kiss from a colleen like Colleen would wipe any man's mind clean. Or dirty. I wanted never to stop kissing her but she straightened up and looked down at my face.

“Could you hold me a little longer?” I asked. “The Maelstrom started to suck me down into a dark hole again tonight and I wanted you to come back and keep me from going down. Maybe you have.”

She pushed me back, slipped off her nightgown, pulled her panties down those long legs, and stood there in all her naked glory.

“I'm going to sleep with you again, Ryan. I said sleep and that's all. I'm close but I'm not ready to spread my legs for your buddy. Maybe we'll play a little if you want to.”

“I understand. Whether you believe it or not, Colleen, sex is not a priority tonight. I need you to hold me and touch me and maybe kiss me on the cheek. I want to close my eyes and nuzzle against your neck and smell your hair. Maybe I just need love, not sex.”

“Will you talk to me and help me understand what you're feeling?” she asked. “Dad says getting a veteran to talk helps him and it helps others understand what he's feeling.”

“OK, I'll try but sometimes I don't understand what's happening and why. It just crowds into my thoughts and drags me down.”

“Well, stand up and hug me for a moment. Then let's get in bed together and talk about it.”

I stood and she moved in front of me. We both put our arms around each other, hands on our backs, not on our butts, and brought our heads close together. I felt her wild hair down her front, even where her breasts pressed against me. Below there, my soft penis was pressed against her smooth belly. I turned my head slightly, put my face in her hair, and smelled that almost-familiar scent: flowers but with something else.

Just quietly holding her, no sexual arousal, just something comforting, something good and right and wonderful: it was enough to calm the last of the vortex. After a minute or two, she released me and crawled in the bed. I moved in behind her, put my hand on her hip and waited. She moved my hand to her breast. I put my face back in her hair.

For a while, we just lay there, spooned up together, my complacent penis in the warm spot between her legs, my right leg over her left, my right hand on her breast, and my head in her sweet-smelling hair. Then she turned over facing me and we sorted out an arrangement of our legs and arms with our faces only inches apart.

“Now, what’s it like when it starts?” she whispered.

“It’s like a vortex, Colleen,” I whispered. “That’s a whirling mass that draws everything near it toward its center. In water, it’s a giant whirlpool. I call it a maelstrom sometimes because it makes me think of a horror story by Edgar Allen Poe called A Descent into the Maelstrom. When it’s at its worst, it’s like the event horizon around a black hole.”

“You’ll have to explain that, Ryan,” she whispered.

“A black hole is a collapsing star and the event horizon is the point at which the gravitational pull around it becomes so great as to make escape impossible, even for light. I know if I reach the event horizon, I can never escape. That’s madness and I suppose I’d never come back from that. I don’t know how close I am to the event horizon but I think I approach it.”

“What caused it to happen tonight?” she whispered. “What were you thinking about when it happened?”

“Colleen, I was thinking about everything in my future, like wanting to go to college and make something of myself, then meeting you after the picture of you had saved my life, being invited to come live with your family when I felt like I wasn’t good enough to do it, then your family treating me like I belonged with all of you, finding out that your father had something else in mind for me, asking me to be a stealth warrior for him, and me wanting to do all those things. Last but by no means least, I was thinking of you and how I feel to be with you, just walking in the woods or maybe you holding my head to your breasts.”

“You can do them, Ryan,” she whispered. “I’ll help. My family will help.”

“Yeah, I believe you’ll try. Then I remembered that something bad had happened to so many people I loved and I didn’t want that to happen to you or your family. I felt like fate or god or something was just laughing at me and waiting to thump me behind the head and knock me down in the mud and stomp on me again and it didn’t

matter how many other people got hurt in the process. I don't want you or your family to get hurt, Colleen."

"Ryan, would it help if I told you honestly that I've met a man I think I could love? I really believe that. I know I already care for you. I think it would be wonderful if we could team up together and do all those things and more. Just give me a little more time. Have faith in us. Together maybe we can make everything you want come true."

I looked at her face again. Her eyes were wet with tears.

"Don't cry, Colleen," I pleaded. "I don't want to hurt you."

"Shut up, Ryan," she said emphatically. "I'll cry when I want to. You've got to realize that you're not alone in this anymore and there's somebody who wants to help you and it's me. I told you I was a strong mean bitch sometimes and this time I'm determined to help you get your life back. This fall we're going to college and take classes together. You're going to work at the shop with me and we'll both work at Dad's local office. We're together now. We're a team."

"Are you OK with me being a stealth warrior for the Senator?"

"Ryan, all the stuff Dad wants you to do is not urgent. You've got a lot to learn and years to do it. It can wait a while and then you can teach me and Michael to help you be his stealth warriors."

"I don't want you to feel sorry for me, Colleen. I want to get back to being my old self, a real man, and then maybe I can convince you that I'm worth considering for your husband. I can wait on you if you think there's a real chance for that."

"Then just be patient. I already know you're in the running and, so far, you're ahead of the pack."

"OK."

Then she made me an offer I couldn't refuse. "Hey, sailor, want to fool around. I'll suck your dick if you'll lick my pussy."

"At the same time?"

"Yeah, I've never done that. I want to try it. Do you?"

"Yeah. Will you get on top?"

“Yeah but I want to just play a little first. I kind of liked feeling your hard-on against my pussy when we were swimming. I’d like to play with it a little. It’s nice. Is that OK with you?”

“Yeah, my buddy really likes to feel your hand holding him.”

She pushed on my shoulder and I rolled on my back. She flung her head from side to side, maybe to get her hair out of her face, and then put her head down on my shoulder and cupped her hand under my testicles. I watched as she gave them a good exam, feeling each one separately, lifting them together like she was weighing them, stroking and petting them. My best buddy politely stood up, took off his cap, and looked at her. We both liked what she was doing. Then she wrapped her hand around him and slid his cap back over his head and off a few times. He didn’t complain. It was all just a slow sensuous exploration and I loved every second of it.

When she was ready, she scrambled around so that she was nine to my six with her legs spread over my head. I put my hands on her hips and guided her down so her pussy was over my mouth. She cradled my balls with one hand, lifted them, and kissed them, one right after the other. Then she held my dick down against my belly, licked it from the crown to my balls a few times, and, at last, took the head in her mouth and started sucking and stroking.

I pulled her hips down an inch or two more, used my nose and tongue to part her little lips, and started licking, from her little patch of pubic hair down almost to her asshole. I kept my eyes open, looking at her pink pucker, wondering how she would react if I licked her there. I didn’t. I had enough to do for now, just slow licking, delighting in the taste and smell of her pussy. Damn, it was enough to give a dead man a real hard-on and I was alive.

Yet, I had never really liked this position, not as much as I liked to do her first and then let her do me or vice versa. She was in a good position to suck my dick but I wasn’t in a good position to lick her pussy. I was upside down, licking from her clit down to her vagina, and that left her clit covered. I knew she would like it much more with me licking upward from her vagina to her clit. That way I could use my thumbs and tongue to push up and back on her clitoral hood, that little homologue to my foreskin. That way her clitoris was exposed to my tongue and I knew that was the position which could almost always give a woman a good orgasm. Always be a gentleman and let her come first. I liked to do that for a woman first and it just made it much better when she used her mouth and hand to get me off.

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She smelled and tasted clean and fresh when I licked her. I assumed she'd refreshed herself and that she'd washed down there and used something that smelled good. Perhaps a minute or so elapsed before I tasted and smelled her cassoulet, that aroused woman's smell and taste which I loved so much. Maybe she wasn't ready to spread her legs for my best buddy but she didn't object when I stiffened my tongue and then stuck it in her vagina as deeply as I could. She moaned so I kept doing what I wanted to do, tongue-fucking her, licking everything from her taint to her clit, at least where it was still hidden.

She alternated between hand and mouth on my dick, sometimes languidly sucking, sometimes just as easily stroking, sometimes both, just the way I liked it, down with her hand to expose the underside of my foreskin, almost as sensitive as the head of my dick, and at the same time, almost deep throating my dick and trying to suck the head off as she lifted her head. It was all wonderful, her loving my buddy and his cohorts while I used my nose and lips and tongue and mouth to make love to her pussy. It was all so damned good but just not quite what I wanted.

She didn't object when I pushed her off me and over on her back. I wanted to warn her before we tried it with me on top.

"Colleen, will you let me get on top of you for a little while?" I whispered. "I want you to think about different things we try and then talk to me. If you don't like something we do, we won't do it again. I promise I won't come in your mouth."

"OK, you'd better not try to shove that damn thing down my throat either," she said. "I don't see how any woman can take something like that down past her tonsils."

"I agree," I said. "I'm going to hold my hips still and you can do what you want with my buddy."

I carefully straddled her, watching to make sure my knees didn't pull on her long hair where it was tangled across the bed. My buddy was hugging my stomach, probably wondering where she had gone. She bent it down, lifted her head a little, pushed my foreskin out of the way, and took the head of my penis in her mouth and sucked and licked and stroked her lips up and down. Damn, that was so good I almost forgot to do my part.

I pushed her legs apart a little more, lowered my head, and started licking her pussy again. I liked licking her but just not in this position.

Still, this was for her to try different things or positions and not as much for me.

All too soon, she pushed up on my belly and I knew she'd had enough of that position. I rolled over my back for a moment.

"Well, talk to me," I said. "Which way do you like best?"

"Ryan, I like your mouth on my pussy either way. Maybe I like to be on top of you more. You on top's OK but just don't expect me to take your big dick down my throat. Maybe porn stars can do that but I don't want to try."

"I won't. I just want to learn what you like and don't like, Colleen. I'll never ask you to do things you don't like. Now will you let me put a pillow under your hips and you just relax and let me show you something else. My tongue's at least six inches long when it's hard. You'll like it in your pussy."

"Yeah, brag about it. You men are all just alike."

She lifted her hips and I quickly stuffed a pillow underneath. She stuck her little pink tongue out and grinned at me. I stuck mine out at her and wiggled it. She grinned wider.

I moved around so I was on my knees between her spread legs. For a moment I just knelt and looked: at her smiling Irish eyes, her pink tongue snaking out at me, at her breasts, alabaster mounds with dark red cherry protrusions, at her concave belly, that delightful shallow bowl with her vertical jewel of a naval, pleased that she did not have jewelry in it and I could tease it with my tongue, the tangle of dark red pubic hair on her mons, and, finally, at the little cleft between her thighs, little lips spread and ready for an intruder. Damn, it was all just too much.

I held my buddy in my hand, foreskin pulled back, shiny red head, clear dollop of syrup oozing out of the slit, and I wanted so damn much to shove it in her until my balls acted as a door stop. I stroked a few times, fighting my desire, wanting so much to feel my penis in her vagina but remembering that she said she wasn't ready for it yet. Yet? Who cares? My buddy wanted to go home.

I eased down on the bed on my belly, caught her legs behind the knees, and spread and lifted. Perfect! That levered her hips up so her pussy was in just the position for my lips and tongue and mouth. I gave her a long lick from just shy of her pink pucker, up between the spread lips, all the way to the bump of her clitoris. I did it again and

again and then stopped and looked. Not yet. I resumed my long licks and finally felt the little devil with my tongue. I lifted my head and looked. It was like a little red penis and I knew that was what it was, shaft buried underneath with nothing but the head showing.

I closed my eyes and kept licking her. Her hands had been holding the sheet on each side. Now she put them on my head, ran her fingers through my hair, and moaned to tell me how much she liked what I was doing. When she caught my hair with her hands and pulled my face forcefully against her, I knew she was about to come. A few seconds later, she almost bruised my face against her pussy, cussed me good, and. I slowed but I didn't stop. I eased back so only the tip of my tongue was touching her and kept licking. She moaned contentedly.

“Who taught you to do that, Ryan?” she whispered when I stopped for breath.

I didn't answer. I wasn't ready to tell her that my sister had been my teacher and she had given me lessons for years, starting when I was still a child and continuing for almost ten years. Colleen had to come to me, to bend to me and me to her, before I answered that question.

I flopped down beside her, wrapped my hand around my penis, and gave it a few slow strokes. I saw a clear drop ooze out the slit and I smeared it around on the head with my finger. I reached down to the base of the shaft, milked my dick toward the head, and watched as more syrup came out and slowly dripped down on my stomach.

I had no intention of masturbating myself but I wanted to be patient and wait for her to come back from where ever she had been when she orgasmed. After a little while, she reached down, pushed my hand away, put her hand on my best buddy, and slowly stroked him.

“I've never let a guy come in my mouth before, Ryan,” she whispered. “Would you like that?”

“Colleen, just do what you want to,” I whispered back. “I like whatever you do.”

“I probably can't swallow it though.”

“That's OK. If you do it, you can spit it out on my stomach but after I come I don't want to move for a while. Would you get a washcloth and wipe it up?”

“Just like a damn man, always wanting a woman to do the cleaning. I suppose I could do that.”

She moved around so that she was kneeling between my spread legs. I watched as she lifted my best buddy’s cohorts and looked at them, as she wrapped her other hand around the shaft and slowly skinned my foreskin back and forth, and as she looked at me, grinned, and stuck her pink tongue out at me again. I returned the salute. Then she began with a long lick, from my balls, up the shaft, up and over the head of my dick.

“Milk it down,” I whispered. I knew it was ready to drool again.

She did and we both watched as a big clear drop oozed out. It didn’t have time to fall. She wrapped her mouth around the head and sucked gently for a moment. I put my head back down, closed my eyes, and let her do whatever she wanted to.

Hand moving up and down, mouth sucking, lips caressing, tongue licking: I didn’t last long.

“I’mgonnacome,” I managed to groan.

She kept her hand stroking and her mouth over the head as I spurted again and again. She held her head still until I was finished and then spit my load out on my stomach. She wasn’t finished, even though I was. She put her mouth back over the head and slowly and gently sucked. My dick was so sensitive that it was sweet misery but I didn’t want her to stop.

“Well, the taste is not too bad,” she whispered, and crawled out of bed and went in the bathroom.

I lay there, peaceful and content after coming, eyes closed, hands on my chest, fingers interlaced, while she first used a warm washcloth and then a dry towel to wipe up my mess. When she lay down beside me with her back toward me, I rolled on my side, spooned up the her butt, put my hand on her hip, she moved it to her breast, and I stuck my nose in her tangled hair and breathed in her colleen smell.

“Colleen, we’ve got to stop doing this,” I whispered in her hair after a while.

“Why? Don’t you like it?”

“Yes, I love it but it’s damned dangerous. You almost got fucked tonight. I was just a split second away from shoving my dick in you.”

“You just think I almost got fucked. You can’t stuff a wet noodle up a wildcat’s ass.”

“Colleen, it was a railroad spike and it’s not going up your ass. It’s going in your pussy so deep you won’t be able to tell which one of us has balls. It’s going to stick its head against your cervix and give you a big load of baby-makers.”

“Ryan, I told you before we started that I wasn’t ready for that yet.”

“I know but, damn it, I’m just a man and sometimes a man can take only so much before his brain shuts down and his dick takes over. You might have resisted but I would still have fucked you even if it was like rape. That’s the way men are, Colleen. That’s the way I am.”

“Then what are we going to do? I like playing with you.”

“I don’t know. Maybe we ought to just cool it a little. We could still go on walks in the woods and go on dates, not to movies, because I really want to talk to you. I like talking to you.”

“Michael has asked me to let him play with us again. Should we?”

“I don’t know. I did something with him that I probably shouldn’t have. I don’t usually suck dick on the first date.”

“Well, I know your sister taught you and I like the way you are about pleasing me. Maybe I should teach him how to please a woman.”

“Colleen, that would be fine with me. All young boys should have an older woman to teach them and maybe one night next week we could invite him to play with us. I just don’t want to do stuff with him that detracts from what he should be learning, that sex between him and a woman should be his life’s journey, not sex between two guys. I told you, I don’t want to hurt him.”

“He wants to have a pool party and invite some of his friends over,” she said. “He’s talked to me about one cute young girl he’s got the hots for. That’s not right; he’s got the hots for lots of young girls. Anyway, if Mom’s here and you and I chaperone the crowd, could he have a party one afternoon, just playing in the pool, maybe dancing, if you can call it that, and hamburgers that evening. What do you think?”

“How about next Friday afternoon, my two-week anniversary?”

“Yeah, that gives us plenty of time to arrange everything.”

“I’ll help but do you mean a naked pool party? I can’t cook hamburgers with a hard-on.”

“No, everybody will wear something over their butts and their boobs if they’ve got any. Michael will wear a Speedo and I want you to wear one too. Do you have one?”

“No, I had some ugly baggies but I threw them away when I left the hospital.”

“Well, let’s go shopping. You need some sandals and something to swim in, a couple of speedos and some baggies. There will be lots of times when we’ll swim with guests of Mom and Dad and maybe you’d better cover that thing up then.”

“Colleen, one night, maybe we could invite Michael to join us and you could show him that you masturbate. Ninety-nine percent of young boys will admit they do it constantly and one percent will lie about it. They usually don’t have any idea that girls masturbate too, just probably not as much.”

My best buddy had been relaxed, still swollen but not hard, pressed against the warm place where the crack of her ass meets her legs. Now she lifted one leg, reached down, straightened him, closed her legs, and made him a prisoner against her pussy.

“Colleen!”

“Hush, Ryan, I just want to feel it. It’s nice and warm and soft and it feels good against me.”

“Yeah but if you don’t stop, it’s going to be hot and hard and looking for something to get into.”

“Oh, pooh.”

“OK, I’m warning you.”

We lay there almost as close together as man and woman can get for a while, whispering about the next week’s events. Tomorrow, Sunday, would be a quiet relaxing day and we would probably go to church and then to a nice restaurant for lunch.

Monday the Senator would take me to his local office and she’d help me dress so he approved. Tuesday he’d fly back to Washington alone

and Margaret would stay home with us for a while. He might stay home longer unless there was a vote where he was needed.

One day, he'd probably want me to go back to his local office and just learn how everything worked. When I was ready and wounded warriors came in, he'd want me to interview them and start the process of helping them. She would work at It's About Time when she was needed and she hoped I'd go with her.

I told her that I needed one day to research the computer setup I'd need to do the job the Senator wanted and it had to be state of the art and really powerful. I wanted a desktop to use at home for the Senator and I'd keep Alexander just for personal use. I wanted to make sure that nothing of the Senatorial business ever appeared on my little computer. She said I should go for it because she knew her father would approve whatever I wanted.

I lay there, holding her, my right hand on her left breast, her warm butt against my groin, my right leg over her left, my complacent penis tucked in the area where her butt cheeks meet her thighs, thinking about everything that was planned and I found myself actually looking forward to all of it. Then Colleen caused trouble again.

After my trouble with hard-ons in the hospital, I wasn't sure that I was going to get a second one tonight. Maybe I wouldn't have except that Colleen reached down and tickled my buddy under his chin. That was it. Just one little touch with her finger and he woke up, stretched, stiffened, lengthened, and looked around for something to get into. Two more strokes of one little finger and he was really interested.

"Colleen, you should stop."

"Oh, hush, Ryan, it feels good."

She stopped and we lay there for a while longer. I wasn't about to go to sleep. I wanted her to do something again and it didn't matter what as long as I squirted another load somewhere, maybe even in her pussy. I felt something ooze out the head of my dick and wondered what it was, maybe one last little dollop of white semen or maybe a fresh dollop of clear syrup.

It fell somewhere down there, maybe on her leg, because she put her hand back down, did something, stuck it back between her legs, pressed on the underside of my shaft, and pulled her juicy finger tips up toward the head.

I couldn't come again, not with her fingers doing nothing more than sliding up my shaft; could I? Making the syrup pour out of the head of my penis? It was sweet misery. Maybe I could.

“Colleen, you've got to stop.”

She didn't. She flipped over, pushed me down on my back, scrambled about, straddled me, held my friend pressed against my belly, and lowered herself so the lips of her hot juicy slit was separated around the shaft of my penis. She wiggled her hips around and back and forth and moaned, a low a guttural groan.

I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to flex my hips down so my hard penis was pointed up a little in hopes that she would catch her pussy on the head. Should I? I wanted it so damn much but somehow I held back and just let her ride my little pony. Perhaps she was rubbing her clit against the underneath of my shaft. She had her open hands on my pecs and her fingernails were digging in on the skin. Then, a few seconds later, she went into a real frenzy of groaning and wiggling and came again. Damn, she made me wonder if this was the woman who said she'd never come with a man before.

She fell forward so her breasts were against my chest and I put my arms on her back with my hands on her butt cheeks. We lay there like that for a while, her recovering from her little death, me just enjoying her being so close to me.

Then she rose up again, looked at my face, smiled, and looked down at the head of my dick underneath her little patch of bronze pubic hair. She slid back so she was sitting on my thighs, wrapped one hand around my buddy, stroked a few times, wrapped the other hand around the rest, and gave me a two-handed hand job. I didn't last long. Probably within less than thirty seconds, I squirted out about a dozen strings of white semen on my face and down over my chest, and belly. I knew I was through for the night and I hoped she was too.

Chapter Ten

Another Sunday

Sunday morning, we had breakfast together again, the five of us. I helped by slicing and warming more ham to go with Colleen's biscuits, Michael put a jug of orange juice on the table and made coffee, and

Margaret put dishes and other things on the table. The Senator, Brian, maybe Dad, - I was going to have trouble calling him that - anyway, he sat at the table and watched us.

He certainly didn't look the part of a Senator now. Except for Margaret, he was dressed the same as the rest of us: loose exercise shorts, a t-shirt, and white socks. He was unshaven and his hair was mussed.

This time it was Margaret who had on a shorty nightgown with white panties underneath. Her nightgown parted a little and I saw a few strands of bronze-red hair creeping out the gusset of her panties. Maybe she didn't shave around her pussy or use a depilatory like Colleen. Perhaps the Senator liked it like that. I also saw a panty liner and I assumed that the Senator had done something the night before to make her pussy drool. She caught me looking down there and stuck her tongue out at me. I chomped my teeth like I was going to bite it and she smiled at me. The Senator saw us, shook his head, and smiled. Since Colleen was nineteen, Margaret had to be around forty but she was still a damned sexy gorgeous older colleen.

Breakfast over, the Senator pushed back from the table and stretched out his legs.

"Ryan, we go to church once in a while. Will you go with us?"

"Yes. Colleen told me why you go. I'll go if Colleen and Michael will help me get dressed."

The Senator looked at Colleen and she nodded.

"I might even give him a quick shower," she said, smiling at me.

"It'll be hard," Michael whispered.

"Not when I get through with him," Colleen whispered.

The Senator just raised his eyebrows. Margaret shook her head and looked exasperated at our usual repartee.

"Dad, people are going to ask about him," Colleen said. "I think we should all give more or less the same answer; don't you?"

"You're right. It should be short and simple. Let's just say he's a wounded warrior I met in the VA hospital, he's staying for us for a while, and he's going to help me in my local office. Does that about cover it?"

Margaret had a suggestion. “Ryan, I’ve seen you walking without assistance but I think you should use your cane when we go.”

I frowned. I didn’t think I’d need it.

“You might keep your right hand on it and maybe lean into it with both hands,” she said. “Pretend your leg is still troublesome. That will keep you from shaking so many hands.”

“Damn, I’m going to get me a cane too,” the Senator said.

Colleen helped me, in a way I had not really expected. We held hands and went upstairs to my bedroom and undressed. Perhaps I should say, we strip-teased each other. She held on to my hand and took her socks off. I held her hand and did the same. We both pulled our t-shirts over our head at the same time. We both caught our exercise shorts at the sides and slowly lowered them.

I was commando, letting it all hang loose as usual. Colleen was still wearing little lacy white panties with red pubic hair showing through. She fastened her eyes on my best buddy and his dangling cohorts and then stood there smiling. I fastened my eyes on her beautiful perfect breasts. The rosy nipples looked hard and protruding. Perhaps she was waiting to see if my buddy liked what I saw and was going to respond.

He did. He slowly woke up, swelled, lifted his head, swelled more, lifted up slowly, took off his cap, and really looked at her. She stuck out her tongue at him or maybe me or maybe both of us. I just shrugged because I wasn’t responsible for how he acted. After months of little or no interest in the hospital, it was just so damned good to see him lift his head and look around for something to get into. I looked at her and waited.

She hooked her thumbs in the sides of her panties and slowly, oh, so slowly, pulled them down. I saw a panty liner, not a sanitary napkin, and that told me her period was about over. She looked at the panty liner, separated it from her panties, and held it out toward me. It was clean and white and that told me she was through for another month.

In the bathroom, I watched as she twisted and turned her long amaranthine hair and then tucked it into a shower cap. I watched every movement and, of course, my best buddy observed too and liked what he saw. He even nodded his head a few times for her appreciation. Colleen kept her eyes fastened on him and smiled at his behavior.

“We don’t have time for a good fuck, Ryan,” she said. “Would you let me do something for you, maybe a hand-job, maybe something more?”

“Yes. Will you let me do something for you?”

“No, not now. I was thinking of maybe something later. Tonight would you play with me?”

“I could be talked into that.”

I got more than a hand job. She adjusted the shower water to a good temperature and I looked first at her gorgeous ass and then at her wet breasts when she turned around. While I watched, she neatly folded a towel, placed it on the shower floor, and then knelt on it. She put her hands on my ass cheeks and pulled me where she wanted me, which was with my dick in front of her face. Then she cradled my balls in her left hand, wrapped her right hand around my dick, and held it down horizontally. She looked up at me, smiled devilishly, and kissed it right on its shiny head and then, damn, took it in her mouth. I put my hands on her shoulders, closed my eyes, and let her do whatever she wanted to.

“Why are you doing this, Colleen?” I whispered.

“Because I want to, dummy,” she whispered back “I’m going to give you something to think about when you’re in church.”

I didn’t say anything after that. With mouth sucking on the head and hand moving up and down on the shaft, I didn’t last long. When I felt the first hint of an orgasm, I groaned to her that I was about to come. She grunted but she didn’t stop. With her mouth still trying to suck my buddy’s head off and her squeezing hand flying up and down, I came seconds later and damned if she didn’t keep her mouth on the head while I squirted my balls dry – in her mouth. I suppose it all came out of my seminal vesicles but it seemed to drain my balls. She looked up at me with clenched lips and raised her eyebrows. I didn’t believe she’d swallow it. I was wrong. I nodded and, with her head tilted up, she swallowed again and again, opened her empty mouth, and stuck her tongue out at me. My legs almost gave out under me.

She stood up, pulled me closer, and kissed me or maybe I should say she tongue raped me. She hadn’t swallowed everything and I tasted my own semen. I let her have her way for a while and then joined the fencing duel. My every tongue riposte was met with one from her. I don’t know who won. Maybe we just called a truce.

“OK, you pass,” she said. “One of my friends says if a guy kisses you after a blowjob he’s a keeper. Just don’t expect it that often.”

“I didn’t expect it at all, Colleen, but I thank you for it. Now maybe church will be bearable.”

When I pulled back the shower door, Michael was there, leaned back and sitting on the commode. He was naked, legs outstretched and shorts around his ankles, hand around his still-stiff dick, white semen drooling down his chest, and a devilish grim on his face. Maybe he’d seen the whole show through the clear shower door. I pulled him up, Colleen pushed him in the shower, and I closed the shower door.

In my bedroom, Michael had already done his part. He had remade my bed and on it laid out my clothing: the dark gray suit, white shirt, black socks and shoes. I sat down in a chair, weak-kneed and still recovering from something I’d only dreamed about while a naked Colleen considered which of a bunch of ties would look best with the suit.

In a minute, Michael came back in my bedroom, still naked, drying his hair. I was dressed by a naked Colleen and her little brother, also naked, and they were as nonchalant about it as possible. Colleen held some little blue briefs stretched for me to step into them and then even adjusted my package for me. Michael held a dress shirt for me, helped me into it, and buttoned it. Colleen held my pants and slid them up my legs, then pushed me back on the bed, and both of them put black socks and shoes on my feet. I pretended I was used to being dressed by a naked nineteen-year old Irish sprite and her fifteen year-old naked little brother. Colleen arranged a hanky which matched my tie in my coat chest pocket. Michael even did a professional job of tying my tie. I didn’t let him know I couldn’t have done it as quickly and correctly. Finished, they both stood looking at me.

“What do you think, Colleen?” Michael asked.

“He’ll do,” she said. “Ryan, go show your sorry ass to Mom and Dad.”

She pushed me toward the door and I was escorted down the hallway by a naked brother and sister and dumped in front of their parent’s bedroom.

“Knock before you go in,” Michael whispered. “Mom might be doing for Dad what Colleen did for you in the shower.”

They left me standing and the two of them ran down the hallway to their own bedrooms, holding hands and giggling.

The parental pair approved my attire. Margaret walked around me and inspected me carefully. She lifted my coat and looked at my ass or maybe she was just checking that my pants fit properly. She and the Senator were in their underwear, he in boxer, not briefs, hanging loose, and she in white panties, red pubic hair showing through. They seemed unconcerned that I was in their bedroom watching as they donned their church clothes. Margaret even came to me to get her dress zipped in back.

Church wasn't quite the ordeal I expected it to be. Everybody there, it seemed, had to shake the Senator's hand and hug Margaret, at least all the women did. They couldn't shake mine or hug me because I kept my right hand on my cane and leaned into it. Colleen was beside me when we stood and I put my left arm behind her with my hand on her shoulder when we walked. I made sure to fake difficulty in walking.

I sat between the Senator and Colleen and Michael sat on the other side of her. Colleen sneaked her hand down between us and knocked against my thigh. I took her hand in mine and we held hands for a while.

When the parishioners stood to sing, the Senator put his hand on my shoulder and pressed down, signaling that I should just sit. I closed my eyes and thought about what Colleen had done for me in the shower. Before we left the bathroom, she had told me that she'd never done that before, never swallowed a guy's semen, and she did it for me because she wanted to, not because I wanted it. What does that mean? Does it mean she's beginning to love me? Damn, I hoped that was the reason.

Church wasn't really an ordeal but it was totally meaningless to me and really weird in some of the rituals. What little religion I had grown up with had been stripped away by what happened to my family and to me. Still, the people I talked with before and after the ceremony seemed like wonderful caring people. Colleen stood with me through it all and clung to my arm especially when the cute teenage girls were sniffing around me. I felt like a juicy morsel and they were hungry for something to eat.

Sunday lunch was at a fancy seafood place where the entree could be ordered in small, medium, and large portions but the prices were all in large proportions. Margaret recommended the seafood gumbo so we all had a cup. It was delicious. I had a large tuna fish steak with scalloped potatoes and asparagus. We had dessert: chocolate

something with a cup of coffee, and after that I was very comfortably stuffed. Maybe the church ordeal was worth it.

As we were leaving, the Senator and Margaret stopped to talk to people. Colleen and Michael and I walked out into the parking lot where both cars were. Colleen had insisted we go in her little red car so the Senator could stay and take his time and meet and greet voters.

I was holding her hand as we approached her car when she stopped suddenly. I looked where she was staring. There was a young guy leaning against the side of her car. He wasn't smiling and neither was she. That told me all I needed to know. He was probably one of her rejects.

He was a nice looking young man, blond, fair skinned, but he looked soft, like he didn't exercise or play sports much. I knew he hadn't been in church or the restaurant with us. He had on sneakers, shorts, and a knit shirt and he would have been out of place in the well-dressed crowd.

"Well, the cunt has found herself another cock to tease," the guy said. "He's a pretty boy, Colleen, looks like a male model, probably queer. Where did you find him?"

"Fuck off, Jake; I told you to get lost," Colleen said in a very unfriendly voice.

His words made me angry but I decided not to show it. I walked toward Jake, smiled broadly, and extended my right hand for a shake.

"Hello, Jake," I said. "I'm Ryan MacEwen and I'm glad to meet you. I assume you know Colleen. Is she a friend?"

The idiot reflexively took my hand and we shook hands for a moment. I knew holding his hand would take care of the only weapon he had, his fist, and I had no intention in getting into a slugfest with him. Then, without letting go, I invaded his space and backed him up between the cars to the bushes in the landscaped area around the parking lot. I looked around and saw Michael and Colleen. They hadn't moved from the spot where she stopped. I wanted my back to them so they couldn't see what I did.

"Jake, you should apologize to Colleen," I whispered. "What you said was very nasty and totally uncalled for."

"Fuck you, queer," he growled.

I'd heard enough. With all my strength, I squeezed his hand until his face showed pain.

"Damn!" he said. "Don't do that!"

I said, "There's a bug on your nose," and then reached up with my left hand and pinched and twisted his nose as hard as I could. He pulled his head back.

"Shit! Don't," he managed to say and I saw tears in his eyes. "Turn loose of my hand."

I didn't turn loose of his hand. I said, "Now it's on your throat." With my left hand, I thumped the side of his throat at the bulge of his larynx, just my index finger, thumping as hard as I could. He choked, tried to speak, couldn't, and tried to back up. I used the heel of my left hand to bump his forehead, hard. "Now it's on your forehead." His head snapped back and he staggered. I reached around and tried to twist his right ear off. "Your ear." Finally I squeezed his hand again in a strong grip.

He cried out, almost piteously, "Shit, don't!" Again, he tried to back up but he was penned in, cars on each side, a prickly bush behind, and he had nowhere to go except through me. I reached down to his crotch with my left hand, grabbed his balls, and gave them a strong squeeze. He squawked and tried again to get away.

"Why, you've got balls, Jake," I whispered. "I'm surprised."

"Don't," he whined. "Leave me alone."

I kept my right hand around his right hand and squeezed it again, not so hard this time. At the same time, I kept my left hand loosely around his package, just tight enough to threaten his family jewels, ready to squeeze again if necessary.

"Jake, do you hear me?" I whispered as calmly as I could. "You should apologize. I'm going to tell you who you're messing with."

I pressed forward a little more so my body was against his. He tried to step back but couldn't because of the bush behind him. At the same time, I squeezed his hand again. After months of strength exercises at the hospital, I knew my hand was stronger than it had ever been. He grimaced and tried to pull away. I didn't let him. I squeezed his balls again. He grimaced again and backed up into the bush a little.

“Jake, I was a Green Beret in the Army and they trained me to kill with my bare hands. Do you want me to kill you?”

He shook his head no and I saw fear in his eyes, just what I wanted to provoke.

“Jake, I’m going to tell you what I did in Afghanistan,” I whispered, again, as calmly as possible. “Eight of us guys guided a drone strike which blew up a Taliban compound. We killed the survivors. I shot two of them in the head to put them out of their misery. Do you want to hear what I did to the last survivor?”

He shook his head no but I told him anyway.

“I cut his dick off and stomped it down in the mud while he watched,” I said. “Then I cut his balls off and shoved them down his throat. Eight of us watched him choke to death. Do you want me to do you like that? I will!”

He shook his head no again.

“If you apologize to Colleen, I won’t,” I said. “Do you think you can?”

He shook his head yes.

I finally turned loose of his hand and backed up from between the two cars. Jake followed, watching me apprehensively. I put my arm behind his back, my hand on his shoulder, and pushed him toward Colleen and Michael. When we were a few feet away, I bumped his back with my arm and he did what he had to do.

“I’m sorry, Colleen,” he said, barely loud enough for them to hear.

“Louder!” I ordered.

He started again. “I’m sorry, Colleen. I was wrong to speak to you like that. I was jealous and I acted like a total shit. I apologize. Will you forgive me?”

She shook her head no.

“Jake’s not going to bother you anymore, Colleen,” I said. “I think he might never speak to you again. Is that right, Jake?”

“Yeah! I won’t bother her anymore.”

He turned toward me and I was surprised at what he said. Maybe he wasn't a total shit after all.

"I want to apologize to you too, Ryan," he said. "I was wrong about you and I just want you to know I respect you."

I extended my hand. He looked at me warily, stared into my eyes, and took my hand. We shook, man to man, and I smiled at him. He tried to smile back and barely managed.

"Well, I'm sure you've got to be somewhere, Jake, and so do we," I said. "Why don't you run along?"

He turned and walked away, stopped once and looked back for a moment, tried to smile again, turned and slowly left us.

"Damn, Ryan," Michael said. "What did you do to him?"

"Nothing, Michael. We just had a little talk; that's all."

"Come on, Ryan," he said. "What did you say to him?"

"I made him an offer he couldn't refuse, Michael. I told him I'd let him live if he apologized for what he said. I had his right hand in mine and his balls in my left hand and he didn't like it when I squeezed his hand and then his balls."

"Why were you doing stuff to his face?" he asked.

I held one finger to my lips and pointed in the direction Jake had gone. He walked into the row of cars, ducked down, and I assumed he had got in his car.

"Colleen, Michael, do you know what sort of car Jake drives?" I asked.

"I don't," Michael said.

"I do," Colleen said. "It's a little black BMW. His daddy gave it to him for his eighteenth birthday. Why do you want to know?"

"Just wait," I said.

I watched until I saw red taillights bloom and a black car back up. I knew he had to drive toward us in order to leave the restaurant parking lot. The car came toward us and then turned to one side and disappeared.

“Colleen, was that him?”

“I think so. It looked like his car. I couldn’t see inside because of the glare.”

“Well, you and I and Michael have got to talk,” I said. “When we get home, let’s take a few minutes to have a pit stop and get comfortable and then get together in my room. I want to rest for an hour or so.”

At home, I undressed and put on the minimum casual stuff, just shorts and socks, had a long leisurely pit stop, and then went back in my room. Michael was there, already dressed like me, in socks, shorts, and no t-shirt. He was taking the clothes I’d worn to church off the bed and hanging them up in the closet.

“Ryan, you’ve got to tell me what you did to Jake,” he said. “I saw your hand at his face. You were hurting him; weren’t you?”

“Don’t be silly, Michael,” I said. “There were bugs all over, maybe coming from that bush behind him. I was just brushing them away.”

“Aw, come on, tell me.”

“OK. Shake my hand.”

I extended my hand and he looked at me warily but he took it. I shook and then squeezed, just hard enough to hurt him a little. He grimaced and pulled his hand away.

“What did you do that for?”

“Michael, after months of exercises, my hands are really strong, much stronger than most guys’. Jake’s hands were clenched into fists when he cussed me and Colleen. I didn’t want to get into a slugfest with him so I shook his hand and then held it and squeezed, much harder than I squeezed yours. I wasn’t trying to show off. I was immobilizing the only weapon he had, his fist. Then I invaded his space with my body against his and twisted his nose, thumped his larynx, bumped his forehead, and unscrewed his ear. I really hurt him and he couldn’t think how to retaliate. Then I told him what I did in Hell Man Province and how I killed the last survivor by cutting off his dick and stomping it down in the mud and then cutting off his balls and stuffing them down his throat. I scared the hell out of Jake. That’s all I did.”

“Well, you’ve got to teach me how to do stuff like that,” he pleaded.

“You’ll have to ask your father.”

“I will.”

“Let’s set up Alexander. I want to record our conversation and then, if we have time for a nap, I’d like to listen to music. It usually helps me to relax. Will you help me?”

He was more than willing to help me. He wanted to do it so I told him what I wanted and he arranged everything. I awakened Alexander, told him to record the conversation he was about to hear, and to play Mendelsohn’s Midsummer Night Dream when I asked for music.

“Michael, let’s get in bed and wait for Colleen,” I said. “We need to talk about Jake.”

He crawled in first and waited for me. I crawled in, put my head on one pillow, stuffed another behind my knees, and relaxed completely. He turned on his side, head propped on hand, and looked at me.

“Why didn’t you fight him?” he asked.

“I did, Michael. I just did it on my terms, not on his. It’s stupid to get in a slugfest with a guy where you stand there and try to hit each other with your fists. That’s for idiots. If you have to, you fight with your brain. That’s your best weapon. That’s what I did.”

“Well, I still think you scared the shit out of him.”

“Maybe I did. Now be quiet and let me think for a while. Something is puzzling me and I think there may be a problem involving Colleen.”

I lay there thinking of the two incidents, so close together, in which I had defended Colleen. Something didn’t seem right to me and I wondered if the two were connected. I still had the picture of the groper so it might be possible to identify him. Could he have known who we were and where we were? Why did he grope Colleen with me just a few feet away? Could he have groped her to provoke me? Then I wondered how Jake had known where we were. The way he was dressed told me he wasn’t at Sunday church or at the expensive restaurant. How did he happen to be waiting for us near Colleen’s car in the parking lot? Could he have put a bug somewhere on her car?

“Ryan, Mom and Dad are with me,” Colleen said from the hallway. “Is Michael with you? Are you decent? May we come in?”

“Yes, yes, and yes, Colleen. Come on in. I need to talk to your father.”

They walked in, Colleen already in a long t-shirt and white panties. Margaret and Brian were still in church clothes.

“Senator, we need to talk,” I said. “There may be a problem involving Colleen, maybe a serious one. Could we go back downstairs and sit and talk for a while?”

Colleen crawled in the bed and nonchalantly put her head on my shoulder with her leg over mine. The Senator and Margaret stood looking at us for a moment. I didn’t expect him to say what he said and I certainly didn’t expect what Margaret said.

“Why don’t we all pile up in your bed, Ryan, you and Colleen on one side, Michael in the middle, Margaret and me on the other side. I’d like to get comfortable and rest for a while too. Is that OK?”

Margaret tugged on his arm. “Come on, Brian,” she said. “Let’s go get comfortable like them. Maybe we could even come back in here and have an orgy.”

Michael laughed and almost choked.

I hoped she was teasing. I wasn’t ready for an orgy with anybody. I crawled off the end of the bed and moved back in on the side, just at the edge of the bed. Colleen backed up against me. Michael moved to the center of the bed, against Colleen, sprawled on his back and she put her right leg over his legs. I put my right leg over her left, and cuddled up to her soft rear. Then I put my right hand on her hip, hoping she’d move it somewhere else. I rose up and looked at the other side of the bed. There was room for two more if they spooned up like Colleen and me.

Margaret and the Senator left, were back in minutes in comfortable bed clothes like the rest of us, and crawled in the bed in a mirror image to Colleen and me. He even had his hand resting on her hip, just like me and Colleen.

“Senator, I’m speculating about a couple of events and I may be totally wrong,” I said. “If I’m right, we may have a problem involving Colleen and it may be a serious one, a stalker.”

“Ryan, call me Brian when we’re here at home. Use Senator when we’re in public. Can you do that?”

“I’ll try and thank you for letting me use your first name.”

“Now, what’s this about Colleen and a stalker?”

“I don’t know there is one, Brian. First something happened when we went to the movies on Tuesday and then something happened in the parking lot of the restaurant today, in some ways similar events. The coincidence puzzles me.”

“Let me tell him about the movie, Ryan,” Michael said. “Boy, that was something.”

I nodded and he told the story, even physically showing his parents what I’d done. He embellished the story a little too much.

“Michael, don’t exaggerate so much,” I said. “When I punched him, I didn’t knock him two feet up in the air. It was probably no more than a foot.”

“Well, you laid him out,” he persisted. “Dad, that guy was taller than Ryan and probably weighed a hundred pounds more. Ryan started to knee him in the face and maybe kill him but he stopped in time. He told me where he learned stuff like that. Can he teach me to do it?”

“Michael, use may, not can, to ask permission,” I said. “Senator, my Green Beret training emphasized that, if I was unarmed, I should do what was required to seize control of the fight and remove the threat. That’s what I was doing when I hit the groper in the solar plexus. I started to knee him in the face but I realized that wasn’t necessary.”

“Why do you think there may be a stalker after Colleen?” Margaret asked.

“There was a crowd leaving the movie and I held Colleen’s hand until somebody bumped into me. When I turned back toward her, I saw the guy behind her with his hands down groping her rear. I think he was looking at me, like maybe he knew I was with her. She turned around, asked him if he wanted to feel her breasts too, and, when he reached up, she kneed him in his testicles. Maybe she missed because he reached for her again. That’s when I pushed her out of the way and punched the guy in the solar plexus as hard as I could and I didn’t miss. Looking back on it now, I wonder if maybe he knew who we were and was trying to provoke me into defending her.”

Michael persisted. “Well, can he teach me, damn it, I mean, may he teach me? Dad, I wish you could have seen Ryan hit him. He really let the guy have one.”

The Senator frowned and looked at me. I knew he was waiting for me to give Michael an answer.

“I’ll teach you a few simple defensive things, Michael. Let’s put off the rest until you’re a few years older.”

The Senator nodded his approval. “What happened today?”

“It’s my turn, Ryan,” Colleen said. “Let me tell him.”

I nodded and she told her parents what happened in the parking lot of the restaurant. Most of her story was accurate. I was right that Jake was one of her rejects, primarily because, on their third date, he thought he owned her. There wasn’t a fourth.

“How does what happened at the restaurant fit into this?” Brian asked.

“Jake was leaning on the side of Colleen’s car and I wondered how he knew where we were. He was dressed in shorts and sneakers and would have been out of place at the church or the restaurant. I don’t think he would have seen her car by chance, not in the restaurant parking lot. How did he know where it was? I think he was there on purpose, to confront me. There may be a bug, a tracker, on her car.”

“Convince me,” the Senator said.

“Colleen and I have been together in her little car a lot during the last week and we were in it again today. Jake showed up at the restaurant, fists clenched, ready to fight me. Could he have got the big guy at the movie to grope Colleen and then beat the hell out of me when I tried to defend her? Maybe I’m just imagining things but it puzzles me.”

“Dad, could you get the FBI or maybe the Secret Service to look into it?” Michael asked.

“No, Michael,” I answered. “All I’ve done is advance a hypothesis to your father. So far, we have no real evidence to support it.”

“Well, maybe we could go look for a bug on her car?” he persisted.

“Again, no, Michael. If we find the bug and touch it, that breaks the chain of evidence in case we report it to the police. With the right device, I can find it easily and I know where to get the device.”

“What should we do, Ryan?” the Senator asked, and I knew he was testing me.

“Brian, we need evidence to support or disprove the hypothesis. I had Alexander’s recorder with me at the movie and I took a picture of the groper. I’ve never done it before but I can probably access some national and local databases of facial images. Tomorrow I’d like to try that. Then I know a shop that’s got every spy device known to man. I want to get one and we’ll scan her car. Then we’ll know if there’s a problem or not.”

“Colleen, will you let one of us, me or Ryan, be with you every time you leave the house for a while?” Brian asked.

“Do you really think Ryan wants to go with me when I shop for underwear or feminine unmentionables?” she asked.

I answered for the Senator. “Sure, when I was a kid, my older sister used to take me with her and then ask my opinion. Even before I hit puberty, I was an expert on women’s underwear. I was the only ten-year old kid who knew the difference between a camisole and a teddy.”

Colleen reached back and swatted me on my hip. I almost squawked but she did something else. When she moved her hand back, she caught my hand in hers and moved it to her nightgown-covered breast. With her parents watching, I let it rest there. She wasn’t satisfied. I felt her unbuttoning her little nightgown and then she moved my hand to her naked breast.

Margaret and Brian watched us and then emulated us except that Margaret slid Brian’s hand under her nightgown. I thought Michael’s head was going to unscrew from looking back and forth.

“What’s the difference?” Michael whispered.

“I’ll never tell,” I whispered back. “You’ll have to find out for yourself.”

“OK, Ryan, it’s your game to call,” Brian said. “What should we do?”

“Nothing now,” I said. “I’ll stick to Colleen like glue for a while when she goes out. I’ll see if I can learn the identity of the groper first and whether he has any relationship with Jake. I’ll get the bug finder ASAP and we’ll see if there is a tracker. If there is, we’ll think about the best way to handle the situation. She’ll be safe here at home or with me when we go out so don’t worry. When are you going back to Washington?”

“I had planned on going back on Tuesday or Wednesday but, depending on what you learn and what we find on her car, I may stay here for a while. I can’t go off and leave her when this is so uncertain.”

“Dad, you don’t have to stay here and worry about me,” Colleen said. “I’ll be OK with Ryan.”

“Colleen, Ryan knows how precious you and Michael and Margaret are to me,” the Senator said. “My family comes before anything else. I can do what’s necessary with e-mails or telephone calls. I’m staying.”

“So you agree that we should be concerned for Colleen,” I asked.

“Yes. You can start searching for the groper tomorrow but I don’t want you to go to the store to get a bug finder. I’m sure they’ve got an on-line site. Look it up, give me the info, and I’ll have someone at my local office get it. I don’t want you to show up on the store’s cameras. I can easily say I thought I might have a bug on my car and that’s why I wanted it.”

“I agree,” I said. “I’ll do that first and maybe we can have the device tomorrow morning.”

“Margaret, does all this make sense to you,” Brian asked. “Ryan and I are in agreement. How about you?”

“It’s worth investigating but Ryan should be extra careful in what he does for a while. He might be threatened too.”

I nodded my agreement. “I will.”

“Colleen?” the Senator asked.

“Does one of you big strong men really want an opinion from a stupid little woman like me?” she asked, and there was a real bite in the way she said it. “I don’t like it when you guys treat me like...like...I just don’t like it.”

“Colleen, don’t...” the Senator said before I interrupted.

“She’s right, Brian,” I said. “We both should have asked for her input more before we decided anything. Now, would everybody be quiet and let me say something?”

I knew the best way to defuse an argument was simply to agree with the other person and then to call for a moment of silence to let tempers cool off.

“Colleen, I apologize, for me and for your father,” I said when I felt her relax again. “Our only excuse is that he loves you very much and I’m beginning to feel the same way and we want to protect you. Now, what do you want to say?”

“Somebody could have asked me if I think Jake is capable to becoming a stalker,” she said. “He’s not that bad a guy but he’s spoiled and immature and he wants me and I think he just wants to show me off to his friends, like something else he possesses, like his BMW. I also think he’s the kind of guy who could become a stalker.”

“Michael?” the Senator asked.

“I want to help,” he said and looked at me. “*May I?*”

“Just do whatever Ryan says,” the Senator said.”

I nodded. “You and Colleen and I are a team now, Michael. We must all help each other.”

“OK, we’re all in agreement,” the Senator said. “Now I want to close my eyes and think and maybe nap a little.”

“Colleen, would you please come to my room tonight,” I whispered. “I want to get down on my knees and ask your forgiveness again. I really do. I also want to have a long talk with you. Will you accept my apology for now and also my invitation?”

“Apology accepted,” she said. “I’ll come to your room and I might even sleep with you.”

She sat up, pulled her nightgown off, lay back down against me, caught my hand, and moved it to her left breast. I cuddled up to her soft rear, not caring if her parents were both watching. My best buddy didn’t find the situation interesting or maybe he understood that the time wasn’t right. He snuggled into a warm spot.

Margaret smiled at us, unbuttoned her little nightgown, bared both beautiful breasts, shifted Brian’s hand from one to the other, and then closed her eyes, still smiling. I couldn’t see Brian’s face.

Michael couldn't decide which he wanted to look at: his sister or his mother, both with a hand on one of their breasts. He had his hand down in his shorts, maybe just holding on to something hard.

I closed my eyes and asked Alexander to please play the music. I especially liked the beginning when all the beautiful young fairies were dancing.

Later that afternoon, we spent an hour or so in the pool, completely naked, and maybe I was finally getting a little used to it. We all swam laps, not competitively this time, just slow patient exercise. Margaret and Colleen dropped out and then watched Brian, Michael, and me for a while. Every time I turned my head in their direction, I was struck how much Margaret and Colleen were alike. With swim caps over their hair, Margaret was a little heavier, Colleen a little slimmer, but both absolutely beautiful Irish colleens.

After swimming laps, we played a game with me and Brian still in the water, Margaret and Colleen and Michael, two of them anyway, on our shoulders. Margaret, Colleen, and Michael were all on my shoulders for a while and on Brian's. I'd never imagined anything like it, playing in the pool with the naked Kelly family and enjoying every minute, especially with the naked daughter or wife of the senator on my shoulders.

After a while, we did get dressed for sandwiches, if dressed amounts to shorts and t-shirts. Grilled Reuben's with cold bottled beer was fare fit for a king, better than the pricy lunch.

About dusk, we went for a quiet walk in the woods. Colleen held my hand - she was the one who took the initiative - and Brian held Margaret's. Michael led the way most of the time. He held Colleen's hand for a while and even mine for a minute or so. When I swung his and Colleen's hands back and forth for a while, they both grinned at me.

Chapter Eleven

Sunday Evening

When we returned from our walk in the woods, I was more than a little tired and ready to rest. I stripped naked, went to the bathroom, had a good piss, and brushed my teeth. When I looked in the mirror, I

saw I needed to brush my long hair. It had been wet from the pool when we went for a walk, it had dried in the woods, and it now was a mess.

I stood there looking at myself in the mirror. I had never been conceited about my looks. My mother and my sister had constantly told me that I was a beautiful boy and then a handsome man but I had felt that they were just saying that because they loved me. I wasn't as fair skinned as Colleen but my complexion was still Irish fair. I had never had teen-age acne like some guys and my hair had always been dark brown and easily manageable and for years I had worn it long, never parted, just brushed back and almost down on my neck. I had hated the buzz cut the military gave me and maybe that's why I had let it grow in the hospital.

While I brushed, I thought of Colleen and her luxuriously-long bronze-red hair, her beyond-beautiful crowning feature, and how she must brush it to keep it that way. I wanted to brush her hair for her but maybe even get her to brush mine. That would be something loving, something wonderfully intimate on a late evening just before bed. I wondered what she would say if I asked her.

Back in my room, I put on a pair of exercise shorts, thinking maybe my best buddy would behave if I covered him up. I could easily get naked again when I was ready for sleep. On second thought, maybe I had better keep him covered if Colleen slept with me. It was silly of me but maybe he really could see and that was why he had resumed so often raising his head and looking around for something to get into.

I had invited Colleen to my room so I could apologize to her again and maybe sleep with her but I felt perhaps I should not have invited her. I sensed that she had not been completely satisfied with my apology earlier. I thought I saw a simmering anger in her since the incident with Jake and I hoped she didn't bring that in my bedroom. Women are always such enchanting and mysterious creatures and I wanted to understand her and love her and be with her. I wanted her never to get angry with me. I wanted her to smile at me and touch my face with her fingertips again.

I folded the bedspread down and plumped the pillows, turned out the lights in the bedroom, and stood looking at the bed for a moment. The room was inviting, cool, almost dark, and I wanted to tell the world to go to hell because I wasn't going to worry about it.

Then I heard Michael out in the hallway. "Ryan, Colleen's about to come in your room and she told me to go do my own thing. I want to talk to you for just a few minutes. Is it OK if I come in too?"

“For a few minutes?” I said. “Sure, it’s OK.”

They walked in, both looked at me standing beside the bed, and their faces lit up in smiles. I looked at a beautiful colleen in a filmy nightgown and panties that were barely there. Michael was a good looking young kid, skinny like me, dressed in the same sort of shorts I was wearing.

“I told you to go away, little brother,” Colleen said, and I detected a touch of anger in her voice. “Ryan’s got the bed ready. He’s defended me again and he wants to take me to bed so I can spread my legs and let him enjoy his prize. Unless you want to watch me get fucked, you’re not welcome.”

I couldn’t believe what I’d heard. I frowned but, when I looked at her, she was grinning. Damn, her words really hurt. I didn’t want to fuck her, not as a prize for defending her. I couldn’t believe that she didn’t already know me better than that. I had been trying since I arrived to show her what kind of genuinely caring and patient man I am. Was she teasing or did she really mean what she said?

“Well, are you ready to shove your big best buddy up my poor little pussy?” she asked.

I didn’t want to get in an argument with her. I certainly didn’t feel that she owed me anything for defending her. Like the old Greeks supposedly said: “Know thyself.” Well, I knew myself. I knew that I always cared about all people I knew, even some I didn’t know, and I would have defended them from harm if I could. I walked over to her, took both her hands in mine, got down on both knees in front of her, and hung my head.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered.

“Get up, you silly, I’m just teasing you. Don’t you want to bed me?”

Teasing me? Maybe I didn’t know her well enough yet and I wasn’t sure whether her words were teasing or really meant. I looked up at her.

“I am sorry, Colleen, for whatever I’ve done. I didn’t know you were teasing. If your anger is directed at me, I am truly sorry. Just tell me why and I’ll try to do better.”

“Well, just don’t be so delicate, Ryan,” she said, and the cutting tone of her words was just too much.

That did it. I couldn't cope with her, not now, not tonight. I stood up, moved to the side of the bed, sat down, and hung my head. I tried to get control but I couldn't think of what to do. I wanted to take her in my arms and hold her but I was afraid to try. Above all I didn't want to cause her anger to escalate. I looked up at her, saw her face still taugth with something, perhaps anger, and then looked at Michael, his face showing as much confusion and consternation as mine.

"Michael, is this my room?" I asked.

"Yeah, Ryan, it's yours," he said.

"Well, I have an angry colleen in my room and I'll be damned if I know what to do with her. Would you please show her to the door so she can leave?"

Michael went to the door, made sure it was locked, and stood in front of it. "Colleen, damn it, you will apologize to Ryan and do it now! I don't know why you're so angry but he's not the cause."

She stood there, looking at me, not seeing the real me, the one that cared deeply about people, especially women and especially her. I wanted to hold her and tell her I loved her but I was not sure it would be welcomed tonight.

She walked over in front of me, tilted my head up, took my hands in hers, and looked at me for a moment. I felt tears running down my cheeks and I knew I was about to break.

"I'm sorry, Ryan," she whispered. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm just mad at men, all the bastards who want to treat a woman like property. That god-damned Jake wanted to have me so he could brag about what he'd got, just like that little BMW his daddy gave him. Third date, he took my hand and put it on his hard-on. Can you imagine that? Wouldn't let go. I started to rip his dick off. Fuck him. I'm not property. *I'm me and I will never be owned by a shithead like him!*"

I looked up at her and saw tears in her eyes too but she was trying to smile at me. "Don't be angry with me, Colleen. I'm beginning to know you and maybe I can understand how you feel. I'll never treat you that way."

Suddenly I heard a knock on the door and Brian's voice calling out.

"Ryan, is Colleen in there with you? Margaret and I were about to get in bed when I heard her almost yelling. What's wrong?"

Michael unlocked the door, opened it, and Brian and Margaret came hurrying in. Brian was wearing exercise shorts like Michael and me and Margaret had on a little nightgown and panties. His shorts were twisted like he'd just pulled them on hurriedly.

“What’s going on?” he asked. “What’s wrong with you, Colleen?”

I wanted to defuse the situation but I didn’t know how. I decided to try and maybe it was going to be a kamikaze effort but I wanted to do something. I stood up, wrapped Colleen in my arms, and held her close.

“Don’t, Senator. Don’t fuss at Colleen,” I said. “I love her and I don’t blame her for being mad about Jake and about men in general. Women aren’t property that a man can crow about owning. Jake was a shithead and maybe a stalker but he’ll never have her. I don’t know if she’ll ever join with me but I don’t want her to change. She’s her own person and always will be.”

I looked at Colleen’s face and saw tears rolling down her cheeks.

“God-damned men,” she whispered through clenched teeth. “You’re all alike. If I marry you, Dad will be expected to walk me down the aisle and give me away. Give me away! Shit. I love him but he doesn’t own me and he never will. A man like Jake will never own me, No man will! I am the sea and nobody will ever own me!”

“I don’t want to own you, Colleen,” I said. “Yeah, I’ve told you I want you to bend to me, to surrender yourself to me, but I’ll bend to you at the same time. Maybe I’m crazy but that’s what I want us to do. I want us both to bend to each other in love.”

“Well, if that’s not a marriage proposal, I don’t know what is,” Margaret said.

“No, Margaret, it’s not,” I said. “I hope that will come later. I’ve been trying to show Colleen what kind of man I am. I want her to get to know me and trust me. Then I want her to come to me maybe some morning when she’s had a good night’s sleep and somehow show me that she wants to surrender to loving me for the rest of her life.”

“Do we have to stand around here debating this?” Brian asked. “Ryan, would it be OK if we all get in your bed again?”

I looked at Colleen and saw a little smile. She nodded at me and I nodded at Brian. "I think I've said enough for tonight. In the words of the bard, 'Lay on, McDuff.'"

"You mean, lead on, McDuff?" Michael asked.

"No, Michael," I said "Lead on is an invitation for someone to take the lead and you will follow. Shakespeare said 'Lay on, McDuff,' which means to make a vigorous attack. Think about it. I was punning Brian."

Michael shrugged and shook his head. Brian just grinned.

"Well, before we were interrupted, I was about to spread my legs for Brian," Margaret said. It's OK with me if promises to finish the job in our own bed later."

"I promise," he said, and grinned at me. "It'll be hard but I'll do it."

"It's got to be hard to do it," I said, and grinned back at him.

"I get hard just thinking about doing it," Michael said, and grinned even wider.

"OK, Ryan, you get in the middle of the bed this time," Brian said. "Colleen and Margaret, on each side, Michael, you're behind Colleen. I'll be behind Margaret. I want us all to close our eyes and relax. I'm going to take Jake to the door, kick his ass, and shut the door. I don't want to hear another word about him tonight."

He reached out his hand to an imaginary Jake, led him to the door, pushed him out, and shut the door. The rest of us watched and then we all crawled in the bed. It was king-size and big enough for five when the pairs on each side of me were spooned up. I was flat on my back in the middle. Colleen and Margaret were both lying on their sides facing me with Michael and Brian behind them. I lay there for a while, eyes closed, hands on my waist, and relaxed.

Brian broke the peace. "Colleen, please show Ryan you do care for him. Remember, we all said we'd help him heal if he came here. You may be hurting but you're not the only one."

Colleen took a deep breath, let it out, and wiggled up close to me. . She put one hand on my chest and bent her leg over my left leg and that was nice. Then Margaret also put her hand on my chest and her leg over my right one and I was more than a little surprised. One beautiful red-headed Irish colleen on my left was almost too much.

Another on the other side was too damned much. I was glad I had covered my best buddy up or he would have been standing up and looking around for something to get into again.

Colleen and Margaret very-gently caressed me: my face, forehead, nose, eyes, lips, my chest, pecs, and nipples. I sucked in my stomach when they touched me below my naval but they stopped. I kept my eyes closed so my friend couldn't see and put my hands on my belly, just above my shorts, maybe like a road block to keep somebody from going farther south. When somebody tried to nudge my hands out of the way, I resisted, but only a little.

Colleen lifted my left arm, draped it around her shoulders, snuggled up closer to left side, and put her head on my shoulder. She and Margaret whispered back and forth for a minute or two, so softly that I caught only an occasional word. I knew they were plotting something but I had no idea what and I didn't care.

Then Margaret lifted my right arm, wrapped it around her shoulders, moved against my right side, and put her head on my other shoulder in a mirror image of Colleen. Two hands went exploring again, nipping my little nips, feeling my pectorals, and feeling again after I tightened them. One hand wandered south but stopped at the edge of my shorts. I opened my eyes and looked down. It was Margaret's hand. I caught her wrist and stopped her hand's descent

I looked around. Michael and Brian were spooned up behind the two colleens, raised on elbows, watching and grinning. Michael's hand was cupped under Colleen's right breast. The pink areola was exposed and the red berry in the center looked swollen. I looked the other direction. Brian's hand was under Margaret's filmy nightgown cupped under another rounded breast. I had no idea what they would do next and whether Brian would kill me if I let Margaret go exploring lower. I looked at Brian's face again and he winked. Damn! If he didn't care what his wife did, why should I? I moved my hand out of Margaret's way.

"Ryan, lift your hips a little," she said. "Colleen and I want to make sure your surgical scars are healing nicely. OK?"

I heard more snickering from the two guys behind the scenes. OK? Yeah, OK. If they wanted to see my scars, why should I resist. I lifted my hips and watched the two colleens pull my shorts down. I saw the dark hair just above the bulge of my buddy.

"That's far enough," I said.

“Oh, pooh!” Colleen said.

“Yeah! Oh, pooh!” Margaret said

They both giggled again and gently touched my belly and my scars. I closed my eyes, rested my head on the pillow again and let them play, wanting one of them to move her hand down further, wondering if that was going too far.

It wasn't. One hand, I assumed it was Colleen's, slid under the waistband of my shorts, down, down, and curved it over my swollen but soft penis. It didn't stay soft long and, good buddy, I was proud of how quickly it got hard. When it stiffened, the hand rearranged it to point to my navel and then withdraw.

Then two hands slid in my shorts and, oh, damn, it was just too much. One hand kept going, cupped under my buddy's cohorts, and, when I spread my legs, gently lifted them from between my thighs. The other hand covered my buddy and pressed him against my stomach.

I opened my eyes and looked around again. Colleen and Margaret were grinning and maybe saying look what I've got to play with. That was unbelievable enough but Michael and Brian were watching and grinning too.

“Just where the hell is this going?” I asked.

“Who knows?” Margaret said, and wrapped her hand around my penis. “I'm just helping Colleen tease you a little, not too much, and then I'm going to take Brian to bed. I was going to let him pound me through the mattress but now I think I'm going to mount his pony and go for a ride.”

“Ryan, Margaret and I have never hidden our bodies from Colleen and Michael,” Brian said. “We also don't hide the fact that we're still sexual human beings and we love each other. We've talked to them about everything and I do mean everything but, when we make love, it's in private in our own bed. That's what we were going to do before we heard Colleen. I intend to do just that in a few minutes. What you kids do is up to you.”

“Michael, quit poking me with that thing,” Colleen said.

“What's he poking you with, Colleen?” Margaret asked. “Is it the same thing Brian's poking me with?”

“Well, it can’t be the *same* thing. It must be a different thing. Is it really stiff, I mean, really, really stiff?”

“Yeah, big and stiff like a baseball bat.”

“Ooohh, damn! So’s the one behind me.”

The hands in my shorts swapped around, one cradled my cohorts and the other wrapped around the shaft of my best buddy. I didn’t know whose hand was doing what and I didn’t care. Then the hand holding my hard-on started moving back and forth, back and forth.

“Would somebody please tell me what’s going on here and how far it’s going to go?” I pleaded.

“Ryan, what were you thinking about earlier tonight?” Margaret asked.

“Huh, I don’t remember. What’s that got to do with anything?”

“Mom and I are just trying to teach you something,” Colleen said. “The next time I tease you, you’re going to remember what we’re doing here and you’re going to get a hard-on. You should remember that Irish colleen’s have teased Irish micks for centuries.”

I heard more whispering and then a head on my chest nodded in agreement. Colleen and Margaret both lay down on their backs, pulled their scanty panties down their long legs and threw them somewhere. Then they both sat up, stripped off the little nightgowns and threw them after their panties.

Next, they scrambled around and ended up on their knees, Margaret between my legs and Brian’s, Colleen between my legs and Michaels. My eyes flew from one set of beautiful rosy breasts to another, shifted down to look at two pubic mounds crowned by the same amaranthine-colored hair and, back farther, the beginning of a cleft with a little clitoral shaft. Damn, they were almost identical except that Colleen was not quite as hairy as Margaret.

I looked at Michael and saw one grinning kid. I looked at Brian and saw one grinning man. I grinned too. I might as well. Three guys in shorts, all with hard-ons poking up was enough to make anybody grin. Colleen and Margaret knelt there, naked as the day they were born, showing us everything. I’d seen it before but not as explicitly displayed and not in bed with me.

“Margaret, I think their shorts have got to go,” Colleen said. “What do you think?”

“I think that’s a fine idea,” Margaret said. “Let’s both do Ryan and then you can do Michael and I’ll do Brian.”

They caught the sides of my shorts and started pulling and I quickly lifted the waistband so my shorts wouldn’t catch on the head of my dick. When my shorts were around my thighs, I lifted my legs and Colleen pulled them over my feet and threw them back over her head.

Then Colleen stripped Michael, Margaret stripped Brian, and both guys followed my example in protecting their best buddy’s head. I watched the two colleens looking back and forth at three hard-on’s and grinning lasciviously at what they were seeing. Brian’s hard dick was enough to make a colleen croon. Mine was a little bigger and might make one grunt unless I gave her a good licking first. Michael was certainly his daddy’s son and looked just like him, at least below the waist. I still had no idea where this was going but as long as Brian didn’t object, I wasn’t going to stop whatever happened.

“Now, you guys move closer,” Margaret said. “Get as close to each other as you can. We’re going to show you something.”

Michael and Brian moved over against my sides. Colleen straddled one of my knees and one of Michael’s. Margaret straddled one of Brian’s and the other one of mine.

Margaret and Colleen relaxed backwards until their butts were resting on their feet and, between spread thighs, two closed-lip pink pussies crowned with a bronze-red pubic patch were displayed in all their beauty. They both looked good enough to eat. I wanted to feast on one and it didn’t matter which.

“OK. You guys can look,” Margaret said. “Look all you want to. Colleen and I are going to look too. You guys like to look at naked women? Well, we like to look at naked men. I like to see a stiff dick when it’s all hot and heavy and so damned powerful. I like to see your balls when they’re so full and swollen, pumping out all that sperm for me. Don’t you forget it.”

For a minute or so, that’s all we did: guys looking at two beautiful colleens, girls looking at three horny micks. I looked down, right and then left and saw Brian’s and Michael’s hands doing the same thing mine was: slowly stroking a hard dick.

“Mom, do you think we should lend them a hand,” Colleen giggled. “That looks like hard work and maybe we should help them.”

“I like that idea, Colleen,” Margaret giggled back “In fact, I have two hands and I think we should use both.”

With that, the two colleens wrapped their hands around three hard dicks, Margaret’s around Brian’s and around mine, Coleen around Michael’s, and mine. They shared on mine, Margaret’s hand on the bottom of my shaft and Colleen’s on the top. I’d never had two women cooperate in jacking me of before and I wondered if that was where we were going.

It wasn’t. They both stroked three hard dicks for a short while and then Margaret turned loose and leaned back again showing her hidden treasure in all its glory. Colleen leaned back too and three guys’ eyes moved back and forth. I knew their eyes were doing that because mine were certainly moving from one to the other.

“Are you ready to go back to our own bedroom, Brian?” Margaret asked. “Maybe Michael should go to his bedroom too. Let’s leave Ryan and Colleen alone.”

“Aaawww, Mom, let me stay for a little longer,” Michael protested. “I want to talk to Ryan for a minute. I’ll go when they chase me off.”

“OK, Michael,” Brian said. “You can stay but leave when Ryan tells you to. Whatever you kids do, be quiet about it. “I don’t want to hear anymore raised voices tonight, no moaning or screaming either.”

Hand in hand, one stiff dick waving around, Margaret and Brian left the bed and went out the door. It was Brian’s dick, not Margaret’s but I guessed he would quickly give it to her.

Michael moved from behind Colleen and crawled in on the other side of me. Colleen quickly moved up close to me again with her head on my shoulder and her leg over mine. Michael propped up on his elbow first but, when Colleen patted the other side of my shoulders, he wiggled up closer, put his head on my shoulder and one leg over my other leg.

I pulled them both closer and closed my eyes and relaxed. For a minute or so, that was all we did, just being close and caring and maybe loving.

“Colleen told me you think I shouldn’t play with you two, especially you, Ryan, because it might hurt me,” Michael whispered. “What do

you mean? It's not going to make me gay. I already know I like women a hell of a lot more than men, for sex, I mean."

"Michael, I like you and I don't want to hurt you or cause you problems," I whispered back. "It's hard to explain."

"Try me," he said.

"Look, I've told you what happened to a friend of mine in Afghanistan. Maybe that's carried over to how I treat you."

"Come on, Ryan; you can tell me. I'm a big boy."

"OK. I'd never had any sort of sex with guys until I met Nick, his name was Nicholas, in Afghanistan. We were a lot alike, both new to combat, scared as hell, and wanting something, anything to cling to for a little affection. We slept together for warmth a few times – it got cold in our quarters and some other guys did too – and we lay there at night and talked. We started playing with each other's dicks and that evolved into masturbating each other and after a while sucking each other's dicks. We never went as far as a complete blow job and we didn't fuck each other."

"That's not so bad; is it?" Michael asked. "That's about what we did."

"I suppose. Anyway, it was more about having somebody to hold and share a little affection with than sex. Maybe I loved him but it wasn't a sexual love, just loving a good friend who was like another lost soul."

"What happened to him? Is he the one you said got killed?"

"Yeah. One day we were patrolling an area where the Taliban had been. He and I were standing a few feet apart, looking at each other and talking. My helmet was too tight and rubbing my head wrong and I tried to straighten it. I pushed it up harder than I should have and it fell off. When I reached down to get it, I heard a shot and I immediately flopped on my belly in the dirt. I looked around and saw Nick. He was on his back, with his arms and legs spread and I knew he'd been shot."

I had to stop for a moment and breathe deeply to get back in control before I told him the rest. He put his fingers over my mouth.

"It's OK, Ryan," he said. "You can stop. That's enough."

"No. I've got to finish it."

“OK.”

“I crawled over to Nick, looked at him, and I knew he was dead. He’d been shot in the face. The bullet hit him just to the side of his nose. His eyes were open but I knew he couldn’t see me. Then I heard another shot and the dirt flew up close to me. A split second later, I heard a shot from of our guys and he yelled, ‘I got him! I got the harum zadeh!’”

“What’s that?”

“Son of a bitch.”

Colleen giggled. Her hand wandered down and cupped under my balls again. She gently lifted them, let them fall, and repeated. I hoped she just didn’t start juggling them.

“Well, what’s that got to do with me?”

“Michael, if I had not knocked my helmet off, that first shot might have glanced off my helmet and we’d both still be alive. When I bent over to pick it up, maybe Nick got the shot that was meant for me. Somebody I cared for was dead as a result of what I had done.”

Colleen’s hand moved up, wrapped around my dick, stroked it a few times, released it, one finger traced up the underside of the shaft to the head, rubbed where the head is tied to the shaft, wrapped around again and stroked. I liked for her to play with my play pretties. Perhaps it was her way of distracting me from my story.

“I still don’t understand what that’s got to do with me.”

“Michael, our actions may have unintended consequences we never dreamed of,” I said. “If there’s a god in heaven, why would he nudge me and make me drop my helmet just so Nick could be shot in the face. If that’s the sort of god he is, I hope he enjoyed his little joke and didn’t laugh too hard at it because he’s a sick shit. Why? Why did the bullet meant for me end up killing Nick? Huh? Just tell me that.”

While Colleen’s hand was playing down below, Michael’s was playing with my chest, pulling on the few strands of hair between my nipples, thumbing my nipples, rubbing around on me from throat to naval. Colleen caught his hand in hers, took it down below, and they shared playing with my toys. I thought for a minute and felt what they were doing and decided Michael was weighing my balls and Colleen was sliding her hand up and down on my dick. I thought of when she had

slid her pussy up and down on it and decided maybe Michael and I might enjoy that tonight. She certainly liked it.

“But, Ryan, sometimes what you do just means you care for somebody, like me and Colleen laying here close to you with our heads on your shoulders. You can’t let bad things stop you from living and loving people.”

“Well, just think about it and try to understand what I think and feel,” I whispered.

“OK,” he whispered. “Are you and Colleen going to play now? Will you please let me stay? Please?”

“Colleen?” I whispered and she knew what I was asking.

“It’s OK with me,” she said. “The poor little guy gets just as horny as the rest of us. Maybe we should have invited Margaret and Brian to stay and play too.”

“Do you think they really wanted to?” Michael asked.

“I don’t know,” Colleen said. “They first met when they were fifteen and they’ve never played with anybody since. That’s what Mom says and I believe her.”

“What do you think, Ryan?” he asked.

“Beats me. First time for everything. She surprised the hell out of me tonight, putting her hands on my dick and teasing me. Colleen, why don’t you quietly ask her about it?”

“Boy, that would be something,” Michael said. “I’ve fantasized about doing stuff with her for years.”

“And she’s fantasized about you, Michael,” Colleen said. “I know ‘cause she told me.”

“Damn!”

“Well, what are we going to do tonight?” he asked. “Just mouths and hands?”

“I think that’s good,” I said. “With Colleen’s help, I’ve got something to show you, something we did when you weren’t with us. I think you might like to try it.”

“What?” Colleen asked.

I whispered in her ear.

“Yeah, I liked that,” she said. “Let me do it with both of you.”

“OK, but first we’ve got to get your juices flowing,” I said. “OK?”

“Yeah.”

I crawled out from between the two of them, moved to the other side of Colleen, and flopped. She signaled she was ready. She rolled on her back, spread her legs, and lifted her knees.

“Michael, Colleen’s given us permission to play with her first,” I said. “Help me get her hot and wanting, OK?”

He smiled, leaned over, kissed Colleen on the corner of her mouth, pulled back about six inches and looked in her eyes. She caught him behind the head, pulled him down, and opened her mouth to him. I watched then sharing what was definitely not a brother-sister kiss. Then I nudged his head out of the way, leaned over, and she pulled me down to her open mouth and probing tongue.

“What do you want to do now, Michael?” I asked after a moment.

“She’s got two breasts,” he whispered.

“Lay on, McDuff. They’re both yours,” I whispered. “I’m heading further South. We’ll swap when you’re ready.”

I scrambled around on the bed, flopped on my belly between her legs, and lifted and spread them farther. When I looked up at her face, she was grinning. Michael put a hand on one breast and his mouth on another. I lowered my head and started licking my way around.

I was no connoisseur of women’s pussies. I’d seen a few, one intimately for years, a few after that, but Colleen’s was certainly the most beautiful, hard-on inspiring pussy I’d ever seen. She wasn’t as hairy as some pictures I’d seen, just a small neat little patch of dark red hair on her mound, with almost none further back, just the way I liked them. Her split mound was sort of pink, not dark like some, and the little lips were closed up near her clitoris and slightly parted back further, glistening with moisture already, the most edible or fuckable pussy I’d ever seen.

I closed my eyes, licked up one thigh and then the other, up one side of her split mound and then the other, and then pointed my tongue and licked her from almost her asshole all the way up to her pubic hair. Under the pressure of a hard tongue, her little lips splayed out to each side. I kept doing it for a while, listening to her faint moans, tasting the strange taste of her juices, and then I felt a hand on my shoulder.

It was Michael. He jerked his thumb back and grinned. I interpreted that to mean he wanted a turn between Colleen's legs. I crawled back up on the bed and paid homage to her beautiful breasts. Both were still glistening from Michael's saliva and her nipples were almost a half-inch long. She put her hand behind my head and held it with my face buried in her left breast. I didn't object. I just gently sucked and licked and I could have done that all day but I wanted Michael in the hot seat or hot position next.

I stopped and nudged Michael to stop. "OK, Michael, that's a little cunnilingus for an opener. In case you don't understand, that's licking pussy. Now it's time for a little fellatio. In case you still don't understand, that's sucking dick. You're in the middle, on your back."

We all shifted positions. Michael was on his back, holding his proud penis in an upright position, Colleen on one side, me on the other. I motioned for Colleen to go first.

"It's a popsicle," I said. "Lick it before you suck it."

She grinned and changed positions again, kneeling between Michael's spread legs. Michael and I watched as she licked from his rosy balls, up the shaft, to the red head, again and again, and then took the head in her mouth, and sucked noisily. Again and again.

"Not bad for an amateur," I bragged. "Now let me show you how a real cocksucker does it. The name of that little fellow is Dick and I'm going to suck his head off."

She moved. I assumed the position; Michael grinned and offered me Dick. I licked his little fellow's two cohorts a few times, up the shaft a few more times, and then did my best to decapitate him with my mouth. Michael groaned.

I stopped and Michael moved to one side. I flopped on my back and held my offering straight up. I shut my eyes, wondering if it was really impossible to know what sex was doing things to my best buddy and his two friends. It was. At least I assumed it was. I opened my eyes once and saw Colleen and Michael both bent over alternating. I

watched for a moment and liked it both ways. Both were good enough at fellatio to please a man.

“Can we all three do something at the same time?” Colleen asked.

“Colleen, when you’re playing at sex, you’re limited only by your imagination. I know one I think you should like. Maybe Michael will too.”

Michael was leaned against the headboard of the bed, legs spread with Colleen kneeling between them. I was on my back, head between her spread thighs, calves hanging off the foot of the bed. Michael got his dick sucked again, Colleen did the sucking and got her pussy licked, and I, poor me, all I got was a smothering pussy over my mouth and nose and my own hand stroking my poor little dick.

That is until Michael and I changed positions. Then I was the suckee, Colleen the sucker and at the same time the lickee, and Michael was almost asphyxiated by a juicy pussy over his face. Damn, I was hot in more ways than one.

“OK, it’s free play time,” I said. “Everybody do what you want too.”

I can’t describe what happened next but we had three good imaginations and we came up with some more good variations all of which involved either a dick or a pussy or both at the same time.

I was almost ready to end the night’s play with some goood ol’ self-abuse when I remembered that there was something dangerous that I wanted Michael to experience. And, of course, I wanted to experience it too.

“Michael, on your back,” I whispered. “Colleen’s going to show you something that’s dangerous. If you move your pelvis or she makes a stroke at the wrong angle, you’re going to have your dick buried to the balls in your sister’s pussy. You must be absolutely still. OK?”

He grinned and nodded. Colleen assumed the position, straddling his midsection, his dick pressed down against his stomach by the wet lips of her pussy. I watched as she did her part perfectly, up until the red head of his dick almost disappeared under her red bush, back as she slid in reverse and covered up his balls, and then repeat and repeat. Now, he really grinned. I knew, if it was done correctly, that a man or a woman either might have an orgasm without a dick in a pussy.

She stopped, I flopped, and she straddled me and sat there sliding back and forth on my full-to-bursting penis. When she groaned, I

groaned back in sympathy. She stopped and collapsed between me and Michael.

“There’s another way to do that little teaser,” I said. “It’s even more dangerous because there’s not a man in the world who wouldn’t want to shove his dick home.”

“Show me,” Michael said.

I showed him. I knelt between Colleen’s legs, caught them behind the knees, and bent her in half. That levered her pussy up until it was at the same angle as my dick. I lowered my hips until the shaft was pressed against her wet pussy and began to slide back and forth. I knew just one inch further when I stroked back and the head would be caught in her vagina and I’d shove the rest in until my balls were on her ass cheeks. I wanted to do it. Damn, I wanted to do it so bad but I somehow resisted. I sawed back and forth for a few seconds and then let go of her legs.

“Michael, you shouldn’t try that,” I whispered. “I was about ready to pull back, bend my hips, and shove seven inches of hard dick in her little pussy. It’s damned dangerous.”

“Yeah, but it sure looks like fun,” he said.

“What now, McDuff?” Colleen whispered.

Now was three hot horny individuals, all on their backs in a row on the bed, all with knees raised and spread, and a hand or two belaboring our own thing, grunting and straining to see how could come first.

The next morning, the three of us were still in bed, naked, sheet tangled around our legs, spooned up, me behind Colleen, her behind Michael, when I began to rouse. I heard a tiny squeak from the door, somebody whispering, and then a faint click when the door was closed. I wondered if we should have asked them to stay and play. Then I relaxed again and tried to decide whether to get up and go piss or go back to sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED: