

# **The Wounded Warrior And The Colleen**

**A Love Story by  
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## **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. Colleen 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 fire 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.

Colleen 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.

**TO BE CONTINUED:**