

The Wounded Warrior And The Colleen

A Love Story by Gil Gamesh

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."

TO BE CONTINUED: