

The Wounded Warrior And The Colleen

**A Love Story by
Gil Gamesh**

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’ 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 her 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 my 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 of 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."

TO BE CONTINUED: