

The Wounded Warrior And The Colleen

**A Love Story by
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Chapter Five

Sunday

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

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

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

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

When I came out of the bathroom, the bed was made and clothes for me were laid out. There was also something that wasn't mine: a new billfold. I opened it and found that the contents of my old billfold had been transferred to the new one. There was also a credit card in my

name. I was amazed at how well they had prepared for me since I knew that a few days were usually required to get a credit card.

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

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

I held out the billfold with the credit card showing. “What’s this?”

“It’s a billfold,” she said. “Your old one was worn out.”

“Don’t play games with me, Colleen,” I said. “I mean the credit card.”

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

“But I’m not his son,” I persisted. “Why should he give me an allowance?”

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

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

“OK, what’s this?” I asked.

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

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

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

They sat and waited for my questions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m ready when you are,” I said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re staff?”

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

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

“Have you read my entire medical history?”

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

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

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

“Well, you both just need to know I’m trying but I don’t always know what’s right or wrong. Colleen, don’t let me do anything to hurt Michael. I like him and I’d like to be sort of like a big brother to him. I

just need time to adjust and get back to normal if there is such a thing. I'm not lying when I say I need help and what you all are doing, bringing me into your family, that helps me a lot."

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

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

"Ryan, do you like it when I hug you?" Colleen asked. "Do you like it when we're naked and I hug you?"

"Yes, of course. Any man would."

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

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

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

"If it's hard, just tell Colleen," Michael said, smiling wickedly. "She'll take care of it."

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

"When are they coming home?"

"Next weekend. Dad's a licensed pilot on small engine planes and he has his own. Sometimes, he can leave his apartment in Washington and be home about an hour later. They'll be here Friday afternoon. Mom will stay for a while. Dad will go back probably Tuesday. He usually spends a day or two at his office here."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Colleen turned and smiled at me. “Well, I had planned for company today before I knew you were coming. I’ve invited a couple our age for the day, both university students. I’ve known her for years and she and her boyfriend have been here lots of times. A couple of weeks ago, I invited them to spend the day with us, nothing special, just playing and talking and stuff.”

“Swimming?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Next we practiced diving and I enjoyed watching two sets of little breasts and two beautiful female butts bouncing up and down when Colleen and then Carol were on the end of the diving board. Michael and David showed off their diving skills and I think the ladies enjoyed seeing two dicks flopping up and down before they dived. I don't guess I'd ever seen naked guys and girls bouncing up and down before diving, certainly not from below in the pool. I begged off and told them the truth: that I didn't want to put any stress on my leg and cause it to freeze up again.

Colleen almost embarrassed me. “Yeah, we wouldn’t want to do anything to make Ryan’s middle leg get hard again.”

We got dressed for dinner, socks and shorts and shirts, but I don’t know why after we’d spent most of the day naked. Maybe it was to keep somebody from thinking about something else to eat except pizza. Afterwards, David and Carol left about eight o’clock, saying they had something planned and we weren’t invited. I suppose we all knew what it was.

I helped clean the kitchen and then the three of us went single file to the elevator. I knew I wasn’t quite ready to try the stairs to the second floor. I parked my posterior against the back wall of the elevator. I’d learned that little defensive move already.

I walked behind Colleen from the elevator to the bedrooms, watching her thought-provoking ass as she led the way. Do all young women have that same wiggle or sashay, that jiggle, shake, shimmy, that side to side motion which is so enticing. Men don’t. We plow ahead, straight, striding. Michael’s shorts were loose on my scrawny ass so he didn’t have anything as nice to admire.

I wasn’t sure what we were going to do. I knew Michael wanted to play and maybe Colleen did too but I didn’t know what we’d play. I just knew I had to hold it down and not do anything to cause problems. I was surprised. Colleen stopped at the door to my room and pointed inside. I entered, Michael followed, and she went down the hallway toward her bedroom. Maybe she wanted to piddle in privacy for once.

I sat on the side of the bed and Michael stood looking at me, smiling as though he knew he was going to do something he liked to do probably involving sex and his penis. I had something I wanted to do too. When I whispered it to him, he smiled and agreed to help me and we plotted our attack on Colleen.

She was back in a few minutes, naked, carrying a big towel and two other things, one in a plastic screw-top container, and the other in a squeeze bottle. She handed both to Michael and he looked at them and grinned. Colleen went around to the other side of the bed.

“Help me pull the spread and top sheet down,” she said.

I helped her move them down to the foot of the bed, she flapped the towel in the air, and we spread it in the center of the bed. I wasn’t sure what was going to happen with a big beach towel and something in containers, maybe lotions of some kind, but I knew it probably involved me.

“Ryan, strip. Put your ass on the towel,” she ordered.

I stripped and, of course, Michael did too. Damn, he had a hard-on as soon as it was released. Mine was half-hard, needing just one little nudge to stand up and salute, and I was proud of it. I crawled in the bed and put my ass where she wanted it. Michael crawled in from the other side of the bed and stretched out turned toward me, head raised on elbow. Colleen crawled in, turned on her side, and looked at me just below the belly button.

“It’s a little farther down,” I whispered.

She slapped me on my leg and shook her head.

“Don’t be a smart-ass, Ryan,” she said. “I know where it is.”

I knew she was looking at my abdomen, probably at the three scars. The nurses had told me that the newness of the scars would fade with time but it had been months and they still looked almost fresh.

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to rub your scars with something,” she said. “It’s Tummy Butter and it has lanolin and cocoa butter in it. It’s used by pregnant women to ease stretching on their belly. I use it on my feet sometimes to soften them. It should help with your scars.”

“He’s going to get a hard-on,” Michael whispered.

“I know how to take care of one,” Colleen whispered back.

I lay there on my back, hands behind my head, and watched them butter my tummy. Then my buddy stood up and hovered over my stomach and he was in the way. Colleen made Michael hold him straight up and then she gently rubbed my tummy with Tummy Butter. He moved his hand up and down slowly on my dick and that was nice. Then Colleen took over with my buddy and told Michael to gently rub on another coat of Tummy Butter. My buddy liked it better when it was her hand moving up and down but I don’t know how it knew whose hand it was. I just lay there and watched and enjoyed what they were doing.

She moved down on the bed, Michael followed, and both of them rubbed my feet with Tummy Butter and that was almost the most erotic thing I’d ever experienced. They stopped with the tummy butter

and started using the lotion and both of them rubbed my calves at the same time.

Then Colleen made me think of something else. “Michael, remind me, next time we do this, we need to give his toe nails a pedicure. Maybe we’ll all three swap.”

I would love to give her toes a good pedicure and maybe a good licking too. I tried to push that little thought away but it kept coming back. Why should I think that would be so much fun?

I held my breath when they moved up to my thighs, especially when they made me spread my legs and rubbed close to my buddy’s cohorts. Just when I thought she wasn’t, she did. Colleen squirted lotion on my balls and rubbed it in. Michael just giggled when my buddy bounced up and down. It did it all by itself, of course. I wasn’t the one wiggling it. It was just doing push-ups, exercising itself a little.

They moved up and did my chest and down my arms next. I was relaxed, that is, except for one part, and I loved every minute of their hands on me. Then I was ordered to turn over and they rubbed their way back down, lingering probably longer than necessary on my butt. I was laying there, eyes closed when one of them stuck a finger between my slippery butt cheeks. I just said “Ohhh, that’s nice,” and somebody slapped me on my butt cheek. By the time they worked their way down on my thighs and calves, I was really relaxed and complacent. And really hard too and, damn, it was good to be that way after it ignored me so much in the hospital.

“Michael, would you turn out the lights?” Colleen asked. “Turn on the lights in the bathroom and leave the door open just a little.”

I didn’t even open my eyes when he jumped out of bed and did his job and jumped back in the bed again. I wondered what was next on the agenda.

Colleen ordered me to turn over and I managed to flip my ass. Then she moved my arm over her shoulders and lay down with her head on my shoulder, one hand on my chest, and one leg over mine. I looked at Michael and he was propped on his elbow looking at me and Colleen. I moved my other arm up and he understood, He moved close to me, put his head on my other shoulder, his leg over one of mine, and his hand near Colleen’s on my chest.

For a while, the three of us lay there quietly resting with each other, whispering and laughing and talking. A few times, Colleen’s hand or Michael’s hand gently caressed my chest but neither ventured below

my belly button. They wouldn't have far to go before they bumped into something.

"I think you for the gift, Colleen, and you Michael," I whispered. "It was good of you to help me and I really do appreciate it."

"What gift?" Michael asked.

"The gift you gave me with your hands," I answered. "There's a healing power in hands when they gently touch you. A few of the nurses at the hospital knew that and did it to help me heal. Most didn't."

"And that's a gift?" he persisted.

"Yes, Michael, something like that, freely given with no expectation of anything in return, to help someone feel better or to heal: that's a gift."

"What if I give you a blowjob and expect you to give me one back?"

"That's not a gift, Michael. That's an exchange. There's very little healing power in something like that. It may relieve the buildup of sexual tension but that's all. My first night with you and Colleen, she gave me a gift. She gave you one too."

"How? All she did was jack us off."

"And what did we do for her in return?"

"Nothing. She didn't ask us to."

"She freely used her hand and, for a moment, her mouth, to give both of us a little relief. She knew I'd had difficulty getting an erection after I was shot and after the surgery. She helped me by giving me a hard-on so I would know I was still a man. That was a wonderful gift for a woman to give to a man, a wounded warrior, and, it did more to restore me than months of therapy. It's true, she didn't ask either of us to do anything for her but perhaps she knew how her touch affected me."

"The next night, Ryan gave me a gift, Michael," Colleen said. "You helped."

"What do you mean, when we licked your pussy and you had an orgasm?" he asked.

“Yes, somehow he picked up that I had never had an orgasm with a man before and that’s why I was so down on men,” she said. “I was surprised that he knew so much about women. It was a wonderful gift. Who taught you about women, Ryan?”

“When and if you agree to marry me, Colleen, I’ll answer that question. Until that day, all I’ll tell you is that I had a wonderful loving teacher.”

“Damn,” Michael said. “I guess I’ve got a lot to learn. Maybe I need a good teacher too.

“Maybe you’ve got one,” I said.”

We lay there in silence, in the semi-darkness, quietly breathing, both of them cuddled up to my sides. After a while I asked Colleen a question,

“Colleen, may I give you a gift tonight,” I whispered. “It’s the same one I gave you last night. It’s something I very much like to do.”

“What about Michael?”

“He wants to help me. It’s something every young man should learn to do for his beloved but most don’t know how and some are unwilling. It will be a good learning experience for him.”

“And after you give me this gift, what do you want to do? What do you want me to do?”

“Nothing on both counts. It’s just a gift to you and I expect nothing in return. May I give it to you?”

“Yes, Ryan, I would like that.”

“Then let’s trade places.”

I squirmed out from between her and Michael, crawled over on the other side of her, and she moved to the middle of the bed. Michael propped up on his elbow on one side of her and I did the same on the other side. She looked expectantly back and forth at us.

I lay there for a moment looking at her beautiful face. It was devoid of makeup and the scattering of freckles on her forehead and cheeks showed even in the dim light. The wild tangle of bronze hair looked even darker now. She was an absolutely-perfect beautiful young woman. I wanted her, not so much for sex tonight but for a life time of

living and loving. I could not imagine ever finding a more beautiful woman.

“Colleen, I know next to nothing about women’s make up but I’d like to make a suggestion for you.”

“What?”

“Don’t ever cover up your freckles. You’re a uniquely beautiful young woman and they are just part of your beauty. Don’t hide them.”

“You think so?”

“No, I know so.”

“Well, you don’t know me,” she said. “I don’t wear makeup, except sometimes just a little lip gloss. I’m not going to waste time putting stuff all over my face that I can never see just to get some man. If they don’t like the unadorned me, they can just go to hell. Fuck’em.”

“You could never improve on perfection, Colleen,” I said.

I leaned over and hid my face beside her head and lay there breathing in the clean smell of her hair. She and Carol had insisted on rinsing off, her words, just the two of them, after we played in the pool and maybe she had shampooed her hair. Whatever it was I liked the smell. I liked the feel of her cheek next to mine. I slid a hand up her belly, found a soft breast, and I liked that too.

“Colleen, please try to relax and let me give you a gift again,” I whispered. “It’s something I really like to do. I know women become aroused slower than men. I know you are more likely to come if you trust me and are willing to surrender your body to me. I will never hurt you. I won’t do anything that displeases you. The magic word is stop. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ryan.”

“Michael is going to help me. Sometimes I’ll explain to him why I’m doing certain things. Is that OK?”

“Yes.”

“Colleen, it may help you to trust me if you understand what I believe about men and women. I believe we are the other halves of each other, eternally longing to be joined again and complete. I love women. I respect them. They may be imperfect human beings just as I

am but together we can strive to join our lives and our bodies together in a perfect union. It's what I want; it's what you should want too."

"You do have a skill with words; don't you?"

"Perhaps, and perhaps I have some skill in making love, not fucking, not screwing, but making love. Colleen, I hope you will love me even more when we finally make love."

"I've never known a man yet that I could love. Are you sure you're the one?"

"I can be. Tonight I'm going to make love to all of you but especially to something between your legs. I'm going to use my mouth and lips and tongue down there until you have your first orgasm. We're going to rest for a while until you recover and then Michael's going to lick you to your second. Will you let him?"

"Yes."

"Colleen, I want to tell you what I would do next if Michael were not with us. OK?"

"Yes."

"I would move over you when you asked me to, when you are ready to welcome my penis into your body. My first time may be rather short and aggressive. I will be so hungry and wanting that I will probably shove my penis into your vagina with little regard for whether it hurts you or not. I can't help it. I will be desperate to bury my dick to the balls in your cunt and squirt out a big load of semen at the entrance to your womb. I will pound your ass through the mattress until I empty my balls inside you."

"Wow, all that your first time? Will there be a second?"

"Probably. I hope you will want it and I probably will too. Some cold rainy afternoon I will make love to you four or five times and you will have as many orgasms as you want. I've done that and still wanted more."

"With whom?"

"You know I'm not going to tell you. When we make a commitment to each other, I will answer anything you ask."

I moved my head over hers, used one finger to lower her eyelids, and gently kissed her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, and finally her mouth. I opened my mouth slightly, licked her soft lips, and waited for her to open to me, slowly and gently teasing her with my tongue until she was teasing back with hers.

I raised my head, looked at Michael, and nodded. That was the signal for him to follow me, perhaps doing the same thing I did, or whatever he wanted to do with her. Michael followed my example. He gently turned Colleen's head toward him, leaned over, and kissed her.

I kissed my way down her throat, around on her chest at random, and then sought out her breast with my mouth. I opened my eyes long enough to look at the little pink nipples. They were almost red and stiff and I knew she was at least a little aroused. I closed my eyes and gently nursed at her breasts and she moaned almost inaudibly.

After a minute or so, I reluctantly left her soft breasts and moved down to her little umbilicus, her navel, her belly-button, that little jewel of a pit stop on the way down to her mound. I licked it clean even though it was not the least bit dirty.

I lifted my head and saw Michael paying homage to her breasts. I moved down on the bed, kneed her legs apart, and lay down between them. Don't bend them back too quickly, I'd been taught. All women have a sense of modesty, especially about what's between their legs. Tease her, kiss her thighs, lick them, and breathe on her pussy: she'll let you know if she wants to make it more available to your tongue.

I put my hands behind her knees and lifted her legs slightly. She didn't resist. I kissed and licked up the inside of one thigh, skipped over, and went down the other leg. She moaned slightly.

For a moment, I opened my eyes and looked at the feast before me. Her neat little thatch of bronze pubic hair looked almost black in the dim light. Below that I saw her hairless split mound and the little hood of skin which covered her clitoris, just as my foreskin usually covered the head of my penis. To give her an orgasm, I knew I should expose her clitoris to my tongue and I knew how to do it. I had been taught well by my teacher and I had grown to love doing it.

Still, there was no hurry. A woman's arousal takes time which too many men are not willing to spend. I lightly licked up the little slit and smelled the scent of her arousal but I didn't taste anything. I settled down to gently licking around her pussy without doing anything to bring her clitoris out of hiding. She moaned faintly.

After a minute or so, I pushed back on her legs, slowly and gently, glancing at her face to see if there was any sign of protest, there wasn't, and then looking at her pussy as her hips were slowly levered up.

“Colleen, hold your legs up, please,” I whispered.

She didn't answer but she caught her legs behind her knees and pulled. I put my hands on the inside of her thighs and pushed apart. Perfect. Just where I wanted her: her thighs in a perfect V.

I looked through the V and saw Michael. His mouth was on one breast, his hand was on another, and his head was tilted with his eyes looking at me. I nodded at him and he understood that I was ready to show him what I had proposed, for me to do first, and for him to do second.

He crawled down the bed to where I was lying, flopped on his belly, looked at me, grinned, and nodded. I understood that he was ready too, that he was as much into giving Colleen a gift as I was. He watched intently as I started.

I put my hands on her smooth buttocks with my thumbs on each side of her slit, pulled apart and pushed up, and the little red devil, her clitoris, was exposed. I loved seeing it, all blood red and hard, just like the head of my dick, but not even a half inch long, little lips tied to it at the bottom. I glanced down further at the little dimple or her urethra and further still at the coral-colored closed entrance to her vagina. It was beautiful and captivating and I wanted my dick in her.

I looked at Michael. Perhaps he had never seen his big sister in such a position before. From the look on his face, he seemed to find the sight as captivating as I did. We had agreed to be as silent as possible in order not to break the mood I hoped to create within her. I had asked him to be as slow and gentle as possible when he had his turn with her. There may be times when a woman wants a quickie as much as a man but I knew that was for the future. Tonight was for slow, sensual, in the almost-dark, teasing, slowly building her arousal, and winding her spring tighter and tighter until it released by itself.

I closed my eyes, lowered my head, and feasted. I licked her from the bottom to the top of her pussy, at first just light touches of my tongue. I wanted to see if she was willing to let me do anything to her so I licked her pink pucker a few times, and, yes, even in the dim light, it looked clean and pink. She moaned but she didn't protest. I resumed the long swipes over her pussy from taint to pubic patch. Gradually I

felt the little knob of her clit become harder and, when I looked, it was longer as well.

So I added another step. I pursed my lips and sucked on it, followed that with long swipes. What was it that my sister had told me: that her clitoris and my penis were really the same as far as sensitivity and that maybe that hers was more sensitive?

Michael's head was right beside mine and he was watching and mimicking what I was doing. I hoped, when he had his turn, that he enjoyed the taste and smell and feel of her pussy as much as I did.

Perhaps Colleen was getting tired from holding her legs back. Her fanny was gradually lowering on the bed. I slid my hands up her smooth thighs, behind her knees, pushed back, and levered her hips up so her pussy was perfect for licking. I didn't need to hold it open anymore. It was spread, little lips like wings on each side, wet, glistening, and fuckable. I stiffened my tongue and pushed it down into her vagina a few times, moved up and licked her clit for a while, and then tried to suck it into my mouth.

She started keening, that marvelous Irish word which describes the sound a woman makes in the throes of passion, not the sorrow of someone's death but the ecstasy of her body. I slid two fingers into her hot depths, licked harder, and she exploded. I knew she could cuss but she let me have a plethora of choice ones. I didn't care. Her pussy tried to squeeze something out of my fingers and I wished that my dick had been in her instead. I knew she was out of her mind with a good orgasm.

I cuddled up to her on one side and Michael moved next to her on the other. I had told him what we should do after she came, not to simply let her satisfaction almost put her to sleep but to do things to her to keep her aroused. We both nuzzled in her hair and kissed her cheeks and throat while our hands roamed from her breasts over her heaving belly down to her wet pussy. She gently moaned and let us play with her.

After a minute or so, I nodded to Michael and he knew what to do. I stayed up top, kissing her and loving her breasts. He kissed his way down below to her belly, gently spread her legs again, and started kissing and licking everything around her pussy. She must have liked what we were doing; she moaned just a little.

When Michael pushed her legs back, I helped him by hooking my arm around them and pulling back. He moved again, this time, flat on his belly, and started licking closer and closer to her pussy. I didn't need

to be told when he bared her clit again and licked up her pussy again and again. She moaned almost continuously.

Patience. I had been taught. Just be patient. She will come again and go wild again and cuss us both again. When she did, I learned a few good ones, women's cuss words maybe because I'd never heard them in the Army.

That was where Michael and I had agreed to give her a shower. He crawled up and straddled her left leg. I straddled her right. We both used a flying hand on our dicks and spurted out a couple of hot loads right on her pussy, belly, and breasts. She watched and smiled and then smeared our semen over her from breasts to belly to pussy.

TO BE CONTINUED: