

# **The Wounded Warrior And The Colleen**

**A Love Story by  
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## **Chapter Seven**

### **Wednesday**

**Wednesday morning, I awakened a few minutes after six, a habit from the days when morning activities began in the hospital. I lay there for a few minutes, not knowing what, if anything was planned for the day. Then I heard the faint sound of a toilet flushing and I assumed somebody else was up. When I went downstairs to the kitchen, Michael was there, bent over looking in the refrigerator. We were both wearing the usual in-house uniform of t-shirt, exercise shorts, and socks. He shut the fridge door and looked at me.**

**“What’s up?” I asked. “Any idea what we’re doing today?”**

**“Yeah, I need to do yard work,” he said. “Colleen and I maintain the yard.”**

**I was surprised. “Why? I know your parents can afford a yard service.”**

**“We can and I’m it,” he said. “We’ve got a system. Colleen and I get points for the work we do and we save them up for big things. That’s how Colleen got her car. Dad says we must have some sweat equity in things like cars. I get my allowance and I can save it up but I can’t use it for big stuff.”**

**“What all do you do?”**

**“I do the yard work and maintain the little mower and the riding mower. Colleen helps me sometimes but I’m in charge. We both work at our grandparent’s shop. Then Mom and Dad find other jobs for us**

to do, anything that's beyond the usual. Cleaning the house and cooking are just usual but there's not much to do. We have a maid and cook service that comes in once a week on Thursday. They clean and cook stuff for the freezer."

"How does the system work? For example, how do you know when you've earned a car?"

"We get points for each hour we work. Dad matches them four for one. I've got a little over four hundred points now, worth about four thousand dollars. With Dad's matching part, I could buy a car for about twenty thousand. I'm going to wait to get one until I've got at least twice that. I can probably have one before I'm seventeen. I'd love to have a BMW."

"That's an expensive car."

"I know. Maybe you and Colleen can take me car shopping and we could get some prices on new and used ones."

"Can you use some help with the yard?" I asked. "I want to go easy on my left leg but I should be able to do something. Maybe I could use the riding mower."

"That's usually what I do after I use the little mower to edge around the bushes and driveway. You use the big mower, I'll use the little one, and Colleen can prune. We'll still have a couple of hours of work."

"OK. Right now, I think we'd better make some breakfast. What do you want?"

"I don't care, as long as there's lots of it."

"I saw eggs in the fridge. Do you have any cheddar cheese? I like eggs scrambled with sharp cheddar cheese. That and toast and jelly sound OK?"

"Yeah. I want some coffee too. You want some?"

"Yeah."

I had no idea what time Colleen would get up but I decided to cook for her too. I started to scramble six eggs but Michael added two more. He made coffee and started toasting bread. Then he poured two large glasses of orange juice, offered me one, and we toasted the day with OJ.

We were sitting at the table eating when Colleen wandered in, dressed in t-shirt, exercise shorts, and socks. She walked over to me and motioned for me to stand. When I did, she put her arms around me and pressed her face against the side of my throat, all without a word. I wrapped my arms around her, put one hand behind her head, and held her close with her warm breath on my throat. She smelled fantastic and felt even better. When I looked at Michael, he was grinning.

I didn't care. Let him grin. I closed my eyes, held her close, and gently stroked her long hair. I wanted to say it. I wanted to say, "I love you, Colleen," but I knew it was much too early. Whether or not I said it, I felt it. How to describe it? My heart swelled with love for her? Maybe. It wasn't below the belt love. It was heart and head and arms around her love.

"Thank you, Ryan," she whispered.

"You're welcome, Colleen," I whispered back. "I'm not sure why you're thanking me since I haven't done anything special."

"I'm thanking you for caring, Ryan," she said.

"Well, I do care. Now I want you to sit down and eat some breakfast. I can cook too, just not like you or Grandma. I want you to eat and tell me you liked my scrambled eggs. Michael and I are going to mow and you can prune if you feel like it."

When she turned me loose, I pulled out a chair for her and she sat and looked at what we were eating. Michael poured her some orange juice and I fixed her a cup of coffee the way she liked. She watched me when I put in the milk and sugar, the same way she had done it the previous day. She put jelly on buttered toast and started eating. I pushed a small serving of cheese and eggs on her plate. She frowned but she ate it.

Before eight o'clock, the three of us were out in the yard, mowing and pruning. Colleen was dressed about like me and Michael but she had on an unbuttoned long-sleeved shirt over her white t-shirt to protect her arms while she pruned. We were all wearing big-brimmed sun hats. Michael was guiding the small mower around the edges of the yard and I was on the riding mower trying to maintain a neat pattern. Not long after I started, I felt sweat trickling down my back and I knew we'd all be sweaty before we finished.

By the time I was about half through, I was wet with sweat. I stopped the mower in the shade, took off my sun hat, stripped off my shirt,

and wiped my face with it. When I looked up, I saw Colleen watching me and I motioned for her to take off her shirt too.

She grinned and slowly pulled her t-shirt up over her breasts. I saw her creamy white breasts with pink areola and cherry red nipples. Then she pulled her shirt back down, shook her head no and, laughed. At that moment, a ray of sunshine struck her and I was struck too, by her mesmerizing beauty. Joy was a cute young girl. Colleen was a magically unbelievably heart-breakingly beautiful young woman.

I started mowing again but my mind was lost in the clouds. I wanted Colleen, not for sex just once or twice but for the rest of my life, a life when I could hear that laugh every day and see that smiling face. Then reality set in and I realized I had nothing to offer her except myself. I wanted to finish college and go on to do something with my life, maybe using my writing and computer skills. I had no family and she, from what I knew, had a wonderful one. Her father was not only a wealthy man but also a senator who wanted to help veterans. I had seen her mother, a womanly version of Colleen, only in pictures. Her father had told me that they were older and younger but the same.

I remembered the first time I saw a picture of Colleen, on her father's first visit to me in the hospital. I was watching an opera on my old laptop computer and he questioned me about my computer knowledge. I showed him the big clunky external hard drive and my collection of music and videos and books. He asked me how I had amassed such a collection and I just smiled. He smiled too and I assumed he knew where I got everything for free. Then he showed me a picture of the four of them, mother and father as bookends, and Colleen and Michael in the middle, all dressed for something formal. I probably held the picture too long, staring at Colleen.

On his second visit, right after I'd tried to commit suicide, he questioned me about my family and I told him what had happened to my parents and my sister. He again showed me pictures of his family, one of the four of them dressed in swimwear somewhere in the Caribbean, both females topless, Colleen and Michael in the skimpiest bottoms I'd ever seen. He also showed me a picture of Colleen in another bikini bottom taken from the side with her head turned so she was looking directly at the camera. I almost asked if I could have that picture. If that one picture didn't raise a hard-on, nothing would. When I handed the picture back, he told me that I could keep it, that he could get another.

Maybe he knew what I wanted was a woman like Colleen. Was he saying look at her because you might have her if you can find the courage to live? Maybe he was. Perhaps even then he had thought of

me as a possible suitor for his daughter. Anyway, after I saw her wild Irish rose beauty, I began to want to recover and get on with my life. That's when I quit being so lackadaisical about therapy and began to work enthusiastically at recovering.

As usual on his third visit he came alone and we talked for at least an hour. I was glad to see him again and he, as usual, pumped me for details of my recovery. This time, he talked to me about what I wanted to do after I was discharged. I told him I didn't really know but I wanted to return to college and make something of myself. He again showed me pictures of his family, some group, some individual, and one in particular of Colleen and Michael playing in their pool, both wearing nothing but skimpy bottoms again.

He had brought a small suitcase with him and I thought nothing of it. Then, as he was leaving, he handed it to me and told me to open it. Inside were the small computer and its peripherals. He told me it was mine, a gift, a prototype that one of his companies was evaluating, and asked me to let him know what I thought of it.

My attitude had changed completely before his fourth visit. I showed him some of the things I had done to the little computer and he was surprised that I could make changes to it. We talked for over an hour and that's when he said I had potential but I didn't know what he meant. That's also when he gave me the card for a watch and told me he wanted me to come stay with his family for a while after I was discharged. I wavered about accepting his invitation and almost disregarded it, thinking that I could have no place with a family such as his.

Michael yelled at me and I remembered where I was. Colleen was nowhere in sight and Michael was evidently finished edging. I had two more strips to mow before I finished.

We put the mowers away in the backyard shed and walked in the house together. My torso was wet with sweat, my shorts were drenched, and Michael looked as sweaty. He said Colleen had gone to take a shower, that we should shower too, and he'd take us out to lunch. We showered together and even swapped back scrubs. We were drying off when he asked me something.

“Ryan, this morning, when you were hugging Colleen, I watched your face and I wondered what you were thinking. Are you already in love with Colleen?”

“No, Michael, I'm not in love with her,” I said. “I'd like to be. I'd like to learn to love her and to be with her for the rest of my life. It's just too

soon to use words like love. And, anyway, why would she want to love me? I've got nothing to offer her."

"Yes, you do!" he said, emphatically. "She's not all that impressed with money and stuff like that. She wants a real man who will think of her and make her happy. I've already seen how you treat her. I think the two of you would be good together."

"I don't know, Michael," I said. "I need to talk to your father about why I'm here and why he said I had potential. I've reading between the lines but I think he has something specific in mind for me. When's he coming home?"

"Friday afternoon. He and Mom are usually here before six. We'll have something light for dinner, maybe soup and sandwiches. He'll go back on the following Tuesday or Wednesday. Mom will probably stay here for a while. On Monday, he may take you to his local office and introduce you to everybody. You'll have to dress up for that. We'll probably all go to church on Sunday. Are you OK with that?"

"I suppose so, I just need to reconnoiter the territory for a while before I know how to attack," I said. "Give me time."

Lunch was at a local place that Michael swore had the best barbeque in town. We all had big barbeque sandwiches with fries and huge glasses of sweet tea. One big sandwich with a pile of fries was enough for me and Michael and too much for Colleen. Michael finished her sandwich. I helped put away her fries.

I wanted to rest as usual after lunch. I'd learned that an hour or so in bed, even if I didn't sleep, helped me get through the rest of the day. When I told Colleen, she wanted to rest too so I invited her to share the king-size bed with me. I wanted to see how a movie or an opera would look on the big-screen TV in my room and I tried to think of one that she might enjoy. I decided that *The Mikado*, by Gilbert and Sullivan, might be light enough for her. She'd never seen it but, when I told her it was comic opera, she approved. When I invited Michael to join us, he had an original excuse.

"I can't," he said. "I'm the lead act in a reptile show from South Florida. I've got to wrestle a big alligator this afternoon."

"You might enjoy it, Michael," Colleen said.

"No, I won't. I've got gangrene between my ears and I'm looking forward to having my head removed."

**“I thought you might be interested in learning a little bit about my computer,” I said.**

**“Let’s go,” he said. “What are you waiting for?”**

**In my room, I told Michael what to do and he set up my computer and the peripherals. Before I awakened Alexander, I decided to tell him about one of the peripherals and what could be done with it.**

**“Michael, my external hard drives are two terabytes each and that’s a hell of a lot of storage space. I could put more books on one than you could read in a lifetime, more pictures than you could look at in months, and more audio and video files the same. They cost less than \$100 each. You could get yourself one or two and your files can be encrypted so nobody else can see them. You could have an enormous porn stash.”**

**“Are you going to help me?” he asked, grinning from ear to ear.**

**“Yes, on one condition.”**

**“What?”**

**“You must tell your father everything I help you with and give him the password so he can access it.”**

**“Why?”**

**“Because you’re a minor child, whether you like it or not,” I said. “I know you’re horny as hell all the time and you jack off probably once or twice every day. I’ve been there and done that too. In fact, now that I’ve about recovered, I’ll probably be jacking off just as much. There’s a lot of harmful crap on the internet. Your father should know what you’re doing on it. He must approve.”**

**“He wouldn’t approve,” he said, frowning.**

**“He might,” I said. “If you’re honest with him, if you give him the passcode, if you just download video’s portraying normal sex, and if I help you. With his approval, I’ll act as your big brother and keep you away from the weird and sick stuff. Wanting to see a man and a woman having sex is perfectly normal and I think it’s probably good for young guys like you.”**

**“What do you think, Colleen?” he asked.**

**“Michael, I like to look at naked men, alive or in videos,” she said. “I like to see beautiful young men and women doing normal stuff too. Ryan’s right about so much internet porn showing stupid harmful stuff. I’ve seen one where the guy pulls out just before he comes and the girl opens her mouth and catches his semen on her tongue. Just don’t ever expect me to do shit like that.”**

**“I won’t,” I said.**

**“The laptop downstairs is mine and the desktop is Colleen’s,” Michael said. “I could buy me an external hard drive and put stuff on it; couldn’t I? How do you keep it hidden?”**

**“There’s free encryption software that’s easy to use. You can encrypt all or part of the drive and then use a passcode to get into it. That’s what I do with all of mine.”**

**“Everything?”**

**“Yes, I get the music and videos for free but I’m not supposed to do it. I don’t want just anybody to know I’ve got my collection. I’ve got a section of my external drives that’s double encrypted and that’s where I keep my diary and the stuff I write about. Someday, I want to write a book using it.”**

**“You mean I could get everything for free?”**

**“Yes, there are places on the internet where people post everything you can imagine,” I said. “I’ll help you if you’ll do just what I say.”**

**“Dad must know what you’re doing and approve, Michael,” Colleen said.**

**“What do you mean, double encrypted?” he asked.**

**“First, I encrypt the external hard drive. It takes quite a while but I do it at night. Then I open that encrypted drive and create another encrypted drive inside the first one. I don’t think the NSA could get into my files. Are you ready to watch The Mikado?”**

**“If I have to,” he said, grinning again.**

**“OK, take this dongle and plug it into the USB port on the side of the TV. I’ll start the opera and it will show on my computer and on the TV. I just hope the resolution is good enough to watch.”**



I asked Alexander to please start *The Mikado*. Colleen and I settled down in bed together, both propped on pillows. Michael stood for a while, watching, and then crawled in bed on the other side of me. A few minutes into the opera, he was laughing and questioning me about it. I stopped the opera after the first act so we could all stretch and have a tea-pee. When we resumed, Colleen did something I liked. She turned on her side, put her head on my shoulder, her hand on my chest, and her leg over one of mine. I looked at Michael and he just grinned and shook his head.

I turned so my mouth was near her ear and whispered. "Are you feeling OK, I mean, with your period, the cramps? Is the first day or two the worst for you?"

"I'm OK right now," she whispered. "They're usually worse later in the day. Maybe we could swap Tummy Butter massages tonight."

"I'd like that," I whispered "My scars hurt the worst then too."

She probably knew I was lying. She snuggled up closer to me and giggled.

When *The Mikado* was over, I asked Michael if he liked it well enough to watch *The Pirates of Penzance* next time. He sneered but then he said "Aaahhh, maybe." He paused, said, "Yeah," and quickly disappeared.

Colleen helped me pack my computer away again. I didn't know what was next on the agenda but I thought of something I wanted to do.

"Colleen, would you get back in bed with me?" I asked. "Would you hold me for just a minute or so?"

She smiled, crawled back in bed, turned on her back, and held out her arms to me. I stood looking at her for just a moment and then scuttled in from the foot of the bed. I wanted to be on top of her so I pushed her legs apart. She cooperated. Maybe both wearing shorts, she felt safe from my buddy.

I settled down on her, my head just at her breasts, turned my face to one side, nestled it on softness, took a couple of deep breaths, and relaxed. She put her hands on my head and ran her fingers through my long hair. I was content and somehow she was giving me what I needed.

When she pushed me back, I lifted up, and she pulled her shirt up so her naked breasts were exposed. I put my head back down on her

warm softness and I was even more content, just to be held by her. After a minute or so, she pushed me away and we both left the bed. She was smiling at me as though she knew something and maybe I knew it too.

Dinner was Italian again and I was hungry. Maybe it's the one cuisine that's universally liked. I fried Italian sausage. Michael boiled the pasta and opened a jar of sauce. Colleen made a salad and finished baking some bread. It was simple enough and good enough and we all three pigged out. There was no dessert but who cares?

Afterwards, I showed Michael the site where the encryption software was available, downloaded it, and told him to read the manual. He protested that nobody ever reads the manual but I insisted, perhaps just to give him something to do. I promised to help him get an external hard drive and to set it up as soon as he told his father what we were doing. I wanted him to have something to do while I did something with Colleen.

She and I went for a walk in the woods again. The sun was close to setting, the temperature was beginning to cool, the woods were quiet and shady, and I was happy just to be walking with her, even with a cane. We held hands and bumped hips occasionally and talked and laughed and giggled. When she said it was time to start back, I looked at her and raised my eyebrows. She knew what I meant.

I hugged her close with her face against the side of my throat and just held her, quietly holding her in my arms and wanting nothing more for the moment. After a couple of minutes, she pushed back and lifted her face to me. I leaned over, kissed her on the lips, a simple kiss between friends or maybe more. She put one hand behind my head pulled me down for a second kiss, and gave me a little touch of a teasing tongue. I shook my head and said, "That's naughty, Colleen." She smiled and we started back, hand in hand again.

"Ryan, this afternoon, when you wanted me to hold you, I liked it but you must like it too. Why?"

"Colleen, my first night here, after I'd had a wonderful family meal with you and Michael and your grandparents, I told you about the horrible thing I'd done, killing the last Taliban survivor, I mean. I'd felt ashamed of it since I did it. I told you all about the worst thing I'd ever done, maybe to see if you still wanted me to stay with your family."

"I'm not a ditzy little girl, Ryan. I understood why you did it."

**“I was hurting inside and I almost broke down crying and then you hugged me to your breasts. Somehow that helped me and your acceptance and caring made me feel calm and peaceful, like life might be worth living after all.”**

**“It didn’t make you horny?”**

**“No, whether you believe it or not, it wasn’t sexual.”**

**“When are you going to try to lure me to your bed?”**

**“I’m not.”**

**“I don’t believe you.”**

**“Colleen, I think love should come before sex,” I said. “With time, I think I could learn to love you and maybe you could learn to love me. When you’re sure you do, you will come to my bed.”**

**“Don’t hold your breath.”**

**“Colleen, there’s a song in Brigadoon, an old Broadway musical, where a young guy is pleading for a girl to love him. He sings, ‘Come to me, bend to me, kiss me good day.’ When you are sure you love me, you’ll come to me. I’ll wait for you.”**

**“You’re weird. I’ll never bend to you.”**

**“Yes, you will. And I’ll bend to you. And for the rest of our lives, I want to see your long hair on the pillow beside me at night and to see you smiling at me the next morning.”**

**“I like you, Ryan. I like you very much and you’re sexy as hell,” she said. “I don’t know whether I can love you the way you want.”**

**“Yes, you can. Just be patient. Who knows? Maybe love will creep in on little cat’s feet.”**

**As we started in the back door, Colleen stopped for a moment.**

**“I need a few minutes to myself, Ryan. If I come to your room, will you rub me with Tummy Butter?”**

**“Yes, but I need to learn about your period so I can help you. There’s no reason to be so secretive about something that’s so normal for women. I understand you need to change your tampon. When do the**

**cramps bother you most? First day or second or both? From my limited knowledge, I think that's when most women have cramps."**

**"Mine are first day and maybe second. Who taught you, Ryan?"**

**"Colleen, when you surrender to loving me, I'll tell you anything you ask, not matter what. I believe a man and woman who are going to join their lives together should be honest about everything in their past. I mean that, absolutely no secrets. When you come to me, I'll bend to you but not before then."**

**"Well, tonight, I'll come to you but just for a tummy rub. That's all."**

**"That's fine with me, Colleen. I like caring for you. I like caring for Michael. That's just the way I am, like it's part of me, caring for others."**

**"Would you let me do something with another part of you?"**

**"Colleen, what I do for you is a gift, remember. I want to show you something else that can do a lot to relieve your cramps. It's something you'll enjoy. You don't have to do anything for me."**

**"Well, maybe I feel the same way. I like caring for you too."**

**In the house, she went upstairs. The light was on in the office so I went looking for Michael. He was there, playing on his computer. I stood behind him and watched him playing some sort of game.**

**"I'm going to bed, Michael," I said. "Colleen's going to come to my room for a while so I can rub her tummy again. Would you let me have a little quiet time with her tonight?"**

**"OK. I'm about to whip Jason's ass. He's the guy I'm playing against. I'll go to bed by myself, that is, unless you want to rub my tummy too."**

**"You can rub it yourself," I said. "I may do that myself after I help Colleen a little."**

**"Maybe you could talk her into rubbing it for you."**

**"No, Michael. I won't do that. Remember, what I do for Colleen is a gift for her, to relieve her discomfort, to help her relax and sleep better. I don't expect anything in return from her."**

**"It'll be hard."**

**“Maybe, but I know how to take care of it.”**

**In my room – I was already thinking of it as my room – I stood for moment thinking about how to set the scene.**

**The bed. I started with the bed, unmade since I last slept in it, I, straightened the covers, folded them down to the foot of the bed, and plumped the pillows neatly against the headboard.**

**Attire. I usually slept naked and she knew it. Should I put on some shorts to hide my buddies from her? I decided to do the usual, just plain old naked me, and I quickly stripped.**

**Lights. I tried some combinations of the lights and decided on no lights in the bedroom but soft lights from the partially-opened bathroom door. I wanted to see her but I wanted her to feel secure in the almost-dark room.**

**Music. I set up my computer, positioned the little speakers against the wall on each side of the bed, and chose the music for the evening: a collection of adagios, quiet peaceful music. Then I asked Alexander to please start the music.**

**With the scene set or maybe the battle plan complete, I waited for her just inside the door. When she entered, I was pleased at what she was wearing. I saw a filmy short nightgown and, as it opened a little at the bottom, a pair of white panties. She grinned at me. She knew what I’d done. I held out my crooked left arm, she put her right hand on it, and I escorted her to my bed.**

**In the bed, flat on her back, she was every man’s dream. I waited until she was settled and then crawled in on my left side close to her. I leaned over her, kissed her lightly, just lips to lips, and put my cheek next to hers.**

**“Close your eyes, Colleen,” I whispered. “I want you to keep them closed and just relax. I’m going to start by rubbing your tummy again, that’s all. Just let yourself drift away and enjoy the music. You know the magic word to make me stop but I hope you won’t use it.”**

**I reached beside the bed, picked up the tummy butter, and stuck it under my testicles to warm it. I unbuttoned the lowest button on her nightgown, pushed it to each side, put my hand on her, just under her ribs, and let it rest for a moment.**

**Then I started to caress her, just my fingertips, bare skin of tummy first, filmy covering of panties next, gradually moving lower and**

lower. I found what I expected. She had a napkin in her panties with, probably, a tampon inside her. That was a minor problem but I'd long ago learned how to handle it.

I sat up, caught her panties on each side, and whispered, "Lift your fanny. I'm going to pull your panties down a little."

When she lifted, I pulled her panties down and folded them back so the dark patch of pubic hair was exposed. I lay back down, pulled the tummy butter out of its warming place, and opened it. I dipped my fingertips in the tummy butter and rubbed it on her tummy. When I felt my friend begin to wake up, I moved my hips back a little so he didn't touch her. She wanted me closer so she pulled on my hip. I straightened my best buddy and pressed him against her side.

"That's nice," she whispered.

For a while, all I did was to rub her tummy, gently at first, then pressing down a little, then rubbing harder. I heard her moan and that told me she liked what I was doing. So I kept doing the same thing for a while, rubbing her tummy gently, occasionally harder, sometimes really hard, and she moaned almost inaudibly.

I hoped I had lulled her into a quiet state of acceptance so I decided to go to the next step. I slid my fingertips under her panties, under the pad, down until I felt the soft lips of her pussy, and then, pressing down, drew them back up over the place where the lips came together. I felt something small and rounded and hard and I knew she was aroused. I slid them down again, pulled them up, and felt her little pearl.

"Ryan!"

"You didn't say stop, Colleen. If you want me to stop you must tell me."

"Oh, shit, I don't know. I don't know what I want."

"Yes, you do. I want to do something for you, something that really helps with bad menstrual cramps. I want to give you an orgasm. May I?"

"You're crazy."

"No, I'm not, Colleen. When you come, your uterine muscles contract and the blood flow increases. An orgasm releases a flood of chemicals in the brain and that leads to the release of endorphins, our natural

**pain-killing hormones. Trust me, Colleen. I know what I'm talking about."**

**"Maybe you know what you're talking about but I still think you're crazy. You don't know what you're getting into."**

**"Yes, I do. I want to pull your panties down a little more, dip my fingers in tummy butter, and rub your clitoris until you have a good orgasm. May I?"**

**"OK," she whispered.**

**Years ago, I'd watched as a certain woman rubbed her clitoris by rubbing circles around over it, even with her clitoral hood hiding it. She'd explained that it was just like what I did when I jacked off, just sliding my foreskin up and down without directly touching the head of my dick. She'd also taught me how to make the hood slide off the little head of her clit so my tongue could give her a good orgasm. I'd done that more than once, even when she had her period, and I'd never ended up with a pink mouth. Maybe next time, I'll show her how that feels.**

**I unbuttoned the top button on her little nightgown, pushed it to the sides, took a moment to look at her beautiful breasts, and then I lowered my head and sucked gently on one little nipple. She put her hand behind my head and moaned slightly, a woman's way of telling me she liked what I was doing. With my mouth gently nursing at her breast and my fingers gently rolling circles over her clitoris, she groaned and climaxed within a minute or so.**

**When I thought her storm had subsided and was over, I pulled her up on her side facing me, put my right leg between hers, pulled her left leg over my hip, and leaned forward and kissed her on the tip of her nose. She had her eyes closed but she smiled at me.**

**For a while, we did nothing but lie there together, quietly breathing, our faces only inches apart. My eyes were open and I was studying the freckles on her beautiful face, thickest on her forehead, thinner on her cheeks, and non-existent on her face below her nose. I knew she was as beautiful as a woman can possibly be.**

**She yawned and I saw her perfect teeth, no fillings that I could see, and I wondered how everything about her could be so flawless. She opened her eyes and smiled broadly at me.**

**"Thank you," she whispered. "I feel much better now."**

**I smiled back at her. “I thank you for letting me love you a little and care for you.”**

**She reached down between our bodies and wrapped her hand around my rigid penis.**

**“Are you going to let me do something for you now?”**

**“No, Colleen, you don’t need to do that. Let me help you to your own bed.”**

**“No, damn it, Ryan, I want to give you an orgasm too and then I want to sleep with you.”**

**“Colleen, what I just did for you was another gift,” I whispered. “You don’t have to do anything for me in return.”**

**She stroked up and down on my penis a time or two.**

**“Ryan, I don’t want to do it in return,” she whispered. “I want to do it because I like to feel this thing, all hard and needing. It makes me hot as hell. If I didn’t have my period, I’d have you between my legs and your dick would be buried to your balls in me. Let me, please; I want to.”**

**Of course I wanted her to do it. I needed it, needed it bad. My penis had been hard since I first started with her and now it was throbbing and almost hurting. I didn’t say anything and maybe that was acquiescence to her.**

**She pushed me down on my back, moved down so that her head was just inches away from the head of my dick, and stroked it a few times.**

**“Poor thing,” she whispered. “It’s drooling.”**

**“You caused it. It’s your fault.”**

**“It’s crystal clear and sort of like syrup. A big drop just oozed down on your belly.”**

**“Taste it. Milk my dick down toward the head and taste it.”**

**“Why?”**

**“Taste it. Someone told me it tastes sweet.”**

**“Who?”**



**I didn't answer.**

**I waited, wanting her to take my penis in her mouth, and finally she did it. She stroked upward a few times, took the head in her mouth, and sucked on it. I groaned to let her know I liked what she was doing.**

**"It is sweet," she said.**

**She did it again, milked my dick down, licked the head, sucked on it for a few seconds, and then stopped.**

**"I've never given a man a blow-job, Ryan," she whispered. "I think I might like to do that for you. Maybe I'll even swallow. Would you like that?"**

**"Of course, but not tonight. Save that for the future. Tonight, just jack me off, OK?"**

**"OK. Can you reach the tummy butter? I'm going to rub your scars and maybe something else."**

**True to her word, she rubbed my scars first, for just a few seconds and then she rubbed tummy butter all over my penis and testicles. I lay there and loved every second of what she was doing.**

**She raised her head, cupped her hand under my balls, and lifted them.**

**"Your balls look swollen, Ryan," she whispered. "I don't remember them being that way when I came in here."**

**"It's because all the blood in my brain has gone down to my dick and overflowed into my balls," I whispered.**

**"Well, I like your big balls," she whispered. "I like your big dick too. Maybe I'll have to bend to you after all so you can show me what you can do with it."**

**She wrapped her hand around my dick and resumed stroking. I lay there with my hands on my chest and let her do whatever she wanted to with me. All too quickly, I felt the first faint urges of an orgasm and I knew to warn her.**

**"Colleen, you'd better move your head," I said.**

**"Why?"**

**“Because I’m about to come and I’m going to squirt a big load in your face if you don’t.”**

**“That’s OK. I’ll close my eyes. Just let it squirt.”**

**With her hand flying up and down, I erupted in a few more seconds. She grunted and I assumed she’d got a face full. She lifted her head and looked at me. Strings of my semen were oozing down her forehead and cheeks. I felt the rest of my load wet and warm on my chest and belly.**

**“Damn, Ryan, you should have warned me. That’s the first facial I’ve ever had.”**

**Can a woman be beautiful with a face drooling with semen? She was. She giggled and licked her lips. I saw her pink tongue catch a little white semen. She screwed up her face.**

**“Well, that’s going to take some getting used to,” she whispered.**

**I knew my semen would begin to liquefy in few seconds. “If you don’t let me get up, you’re going to have to sleep in the wet spot.”**

**“No. You just lay there. I’m going to wash my face and then I’ll wipe you up.”**

**Before I could stop her, not that I wanted to, she rolled out of the bed and went in the bathroom. I lay there flat on my back, eyes closed, content, and listened to the water running in the sink and Colleen humming. She was back quickly with a warm washcloth and she wiped my chest and belly clean of semen.**

**“I need to go to my bathroom for a few minutes, Ryan,” she whispered. “I want to do something and I don’t need you. Don’t go to sleep. I’ll be back and I want to sleep with you. OK?”**

**“Colleen, I assume you’re going to change your tampon and pad,” I said. “My sister did before she went to bed. Would you like me to help you?”**

**“NO! Now I know you’re crazy,” she giggled again. “Did you help your sister?”**

**“Occasionally. We were very close.”**

**“Is she the one who taught you everything?”**

**I didn't say anything. I wasn't ready to admit it. I didn't know how she'd react when she found out what else my sister had taught me.**

**While she was gone, I lay there and thought about what was happening to me and about Colleen and what I could do to convince her to join with me in life's journey. That was what I wanted and needed.**

**She returned in a few minutes, crawled in bed with her back to me, and reached down to the top sheet. I quickly spooned up to her, reached down, and we both drew the cover over our bodies up to our waist. At the same time, we both breathed deeply a couple of times and relaxed. I put my hand on her hip and waited. She took my hand in hers and led it to her soft naked breast. That was what I wanted. I relaxed and lay there thinking about my life, maybe a continuation of my ponderings while I was mowing.**

**"Ryan, you're very quiet," Colleen whispered. "What are you thinking about?"**

**"Colleen, you probably don't know it but you saved my life."**

**"Well, that's going to require some explanation."**

**"I'll try. First there's a long prelude."**

**"OK."**

**"I've told you about my family, how I lost my parents, how my sister disappeared, and how depressed I was when I walked into that Army recruiting station. I was lucky enough to be chosen for Green Beret training and then mononucleosis knocked me out of that. Then I dropped back to regular Army and was assigned with a company going to Afghanistan. I had a friend, a guy as lost as I was, that I really liked, maybe even loved. The next thing I know, he's killed in a firefight. That just put me in the hole deeper and that's where I was when I finished off two wounded Taliban and then killed the last survivor. I never dreamed I was capable of doing what I did to him and I was ashamed of it, really ashamed. And what happens next? A little boy, maybe thirteen, shot me in the stomach and I went through six months of hell trying to recover."**

**"Where do I come into this?"**

**"On his first visit with me, your father acted like he really wanted to help me, like he really cared whether I lived or died. I told him about**

the hell I'd endured and how I couldn't even get a hard-on. He showed me a picture of the four of you dressed for something formal and I probably stared at it for a minute. I just felt like I'd been robbed of my family and of any chance of having one with a wife.

"Is that what you want – a family?"

"That's one of the things. Then on his next visit, he talked to me about why I'd tried to commit suicide and even held my hand for a while. He showed me a picture of the four of you on vacation somewhere, wearing nothing but little butt covers. I thought you were the most beautiful woman imaginable. Then he showed me a picture of just you, one taken from the side, the profile of your breast showing, your hair all red and blowing in the wind, your head turned toward the camera with a little smile on your lips. I knew you were absolutely the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.

"All cats are grey in the dark, Ryan."

"If you think it was all about sex, you're wrong, Colleen. It was only a little about that. I wanted a woman to be my wife, to have our children, to go through the years with me, to grow old and content with grandchildren. Maybe that's what all men want. And all women too."

"I'm not ready for children, Ryan," she giggled.

"All in good time, Colleen. I knew you or someone like you was what I wanted in life. Perhaps your father understood because he gave me the picture of you and I looked at it about a million times in the next few months. I'd never met you and didn't expect to ever get to know you but I began to want to live again. That's why I say you saved my life. That picture of you made me want to recover. I knew I didn't have anything to offer you but I began to think about the future again, wanting to go back to college and make something of myself. I had no expectation whatsoever about being here in bed with you and you holding my hand to your breast."

"Well, it's nice, Ryan."

"I agree. This is what I want, Colleen, having a woman to love and to hold during the night. About a month later, he visited me again and we talked for over an hour. I suppose he saw I had changed and found reasons to want to live again. He waited until he was leaving to give me the little computer. I think he wanted to be sure I really wanted to get on with my life, to go back to college, and to make something of myself. He read something I was writing, about the guy, my friend,

who was killed in a firefight. I think that's when he said I had potential but I didn't know what he meant."

"Maybe he just meant you had potential to live your life, Ryan," she whispered.

"I realized that he was spending a lot more time visiting with me than with any of the other patients. The nurses even commented on it. I had no idea what he was considering. That's why I couldn't believe what he told me on his fourth visit: that he wanted me to come live with his family when I was discharged."

"I'm glad he did, Ryan."

"Me too, but I didn't know whether I should accept his offer or not. That's when he gave me the card and said I could swap it for a watch. I don't remember exactly when my stuff from Afghanistan was sent to me and I found the Sky Dweller stull in my boot. After I was discharged, I wanted to have a watch and I wanted to know if the Sky Dweller was real. That's when I decided to go to your grandparent's shop. And then what did I do? I fell flat on my face and knocked myself out and you know the rest of the story."

"There's one part of the story you don't know, Ryan," she whispered.

"What's that?"

"It's the way I feel about you. I think I'm already beginning to love you and I may want to be with you for the rest of your life."

"I hope so, Colleen. I really do. Maybe you were my idealized woman for months but the real you is more than I ever imagined. I think I'm about the same stage as you, beginning to love you, hoping that you'll be with me for the rest of our lives."

"What do we do now?"

"We give it time to grow. I need to find out what role your father has in mind for me. I know he's got something specific. I'm going to talk to him about that this weekend. Maybe we can then get to know each other better and make plans. I want so much to go back to college and make something of my life. Could we really take classes together?"

"Yes, we might even have the same major. I'm thinking of political science. What do you want?"

**“I don’t know yet. I just know I want to find a major where I can use my writing skills.”**

**“Well, right now, I’m ready to go to sleep. Are you ready too?”**

**“Yes. Colleen, am I the first guy you’ve ever slept with, I mean, really slept?”**

**“Yes.”**

**TO BE CONTINUED:**