

**The Wounded Warrior
And The Colleen**

**A Love Story by
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Chapter Nine

A Second Saturday

Saturday morning, we had breakfast together again. This time, Margaret made me sit with the Senator while Colleen and Michael helped her. I smelled something that made my stomach grumble and I wondered what was baking.

Margaret told me. She had taken a breakfast casserole out of the freezer last night. She and Colleen and Michael occasionally worked together and made breakfast casseroles of different kinds, all based on eggs but with different meats and cheeses. They baked the casseroles and froze them and later thawed and warmed them. The one we were going to have this morning was eggs with sausage and cheddar cheese.

I had a big piece, absolutely delicious, a smaller piece, still good, and then another last little piece, shared with Michael, and we finished the casserole. With that and toast and jelly and milk and coffee, I was completely satisfied for a while. It was a real pleasure to have a good appetite and to be hungry for food. Breakfasts like that were a hell of a lot better than the hospital fare I had lived on for months.

“Ryan, are you ready to replay our conversation from last night?” the Senator asked.

“I can’t. I can’t get up,” I said. “I need my whole computer to do it and it’s just too heavy for me.”

“Michael, would you go get Ryan’s computer?” the Senator asked. He shook his head and smiled. He was probably as stuffed and complacent as I was.

“I can’t. I can’t move. Besides, I can’t carry it. I’m a little kid and it’s just too heavy for me.”

“Ryan, I’ll give you a kiss if you’ll go get it,” Colleen said. “I promise it will curl your toes.”

“OK,” I said. “Michael, I’ll give you a kiss if you go get it. I promise it will make you weak in the knees. I might even let you set it up.”

“I’ll go but you can give the kiss to Colleen,” he said, grinning all over his face. He ran out of the kitchen and clomped up the stairs.

I led Michael carefully through the steps of setting my computer up, awakened Alexander, and paused just before I issued the appropriate command. I looked around and the others were watching what Michael and I were doing.

“The Senator and I had a pit stop half-way through our talk, maybe about five minutes long. I can pause or fast forward Alexander but perhaps that will be a good time for pit stops if anybody needs one. There will probably be lots of questions. Can you hold them until the recording is over?”

I saw four heads nodding in the affirmative.

“Alexander, please play last recording.”

“Yes, Ryan.”

The Senator’s voice began the recording. “You’ve changed it. Why did you do that? And how did you do it?”

We sat and listened to the recording all the way through, even our conversation while we were having a piss. I had programmed Alexander to adjust the volume of faint words so they were louder and he did it perfectly. Our conversation in the bathroom around the corner from the office came through loud and clear. I was a little uncomfortable to hear both of us talking while pissing. It sounded like fire hoses hitting the water.

When the recording was finished, I looked at Margaret and Colleen and Michael. Margaret was looking at me and smiling and that said she knew of the Senator’s plans. Colleen had a look of disbelief on her face and she was looking at her father. That told me she had not known about his plans and my part in them. Michael was looking back and forth between me and the Senator and just looked puzzled.

“Any questions?” I asked.

There were questions, lots of them, most for the Senator and some for me, mostly from Colleen and Michael and a few from Margaret. I had anticipated one of Michael’s questions for me and prepared an answer.

“Ryan, are you going to teach me what you do, you know, like hacking into different places on the web?”

“Michael, maybe, in the distant future, I will,” I said. “When your father and I agree that you have the knowledge and maturity, I might begin to teach you, but I can’t start doing that anytime soon.”

He still looked puzzled and I didn’t think he understood what his father and I were risking in trusting each other.

“Michael, you must realize the import of what I am going to do for the Senator. I will be looking for knowledge of what his political opponents are trying to do but I will never change or destroy what I find. All I will do is seek knowledge of what the other side is planning about him. If knowledge of what I’m doing ever becomes public, his career will be ruined and both of us could end up in prison. Your family will be destroyed.”

“Sorry,” he said. “Guess I didn’t think of that.”

“Michael, your father and I shook hands on our agreement,” I said. “I believe that when two men shake hands on something, it becomes like a sacred bond between them, one that neither will ever break. If the FBI questioned you about me, would you lie to them?”

“Am I supposed to?”

“That’s what your father has agreed to do. He said he’d never give me up and I trust him to keep his word. I will not tell you and Colleen what I’m doing for him and that’s to protect you. My mission as his secret warrior is to protect him and, at the same time, to protect his family. I hope you and Colleen and I can be a team but you must shake my hand too. You must never give me up.”

I held out my hand to him. He looked at his father, perhaps for guidance.

“Michael, this is your decision,” the Senator said. “Ryan wants you and Colleen to help him. I trust him. You can too.”

Michael shook my hand and grinned at me. Perhaps it all seemed like a big adventure to him. I knew it was much more than that.

I held out my hand to Colleen. She stood up, grinned, and shook it.

“Damned man,” she growled. “When two men shake hands on something, boy, that’s sacred! How about a handshake between a man and a woman, you idiot?”

She smiled when she said that so maybe she had not really been offended. She also gave me a bear hug and a kiss just at the corner of my mouth. It didn’t curl my toes but she also whispered that she had something in mind for later.

Then I held out my hand to Margaret. She stood and shook it. Perhaps she understood my questioning look. She also gave me a big hug and a kiss on top of Colleen’s. She didn’t whisper anything to me but she grinned like she had something in mind.

“Well, if you’re through with questions for a while, I’m going for a swim,” the Senator said. “After the last week of stupidity, I need to relax for a while and maybe swim laps. Anybody want to join me?”

I did. I wanted to do something to build the strength in my legs and swimming laps was a great exercise. I managed to get naked with the Kelly family by not looking too long at Margaret or Colleen, except for looking at Colleen’s exquisitely-beautiful rear when I followed her outside.

Swim caps were stored on hooks close to the back door and I learned that I was expected to wear one. Colleen stretched it around my head and tucked my long hair under it. Then she held out another cap to me and sat down in a chair. I gathered her long bronze hair, twisted it into a roll, and held it in place while I capped her off.

That’s when my buddy betrayed me. After seeing her and Margaret in beautiful nakedness, I didn’t understand why he decided to raise his head while I helped with a swim cap for her. I decided that I might as well show off. She and I walked hand-in-hand to the pool steps and down into the water, me with a stiff prow or rudder or divining rod swinging around in front of me. The others three were already in the water and they all looked at my display and grinned.

We played for a while and my buddy kept his head up through it all. Why do women’s nipples get hard in cool water? Why do men want to look at them and suck on the little erect devils? Who knows? Why did Colleen cling to me once, front to front, and then tuck my stiff friend down between her thighs? I knew the answer to that; she wanted to drive me crazy.

Maybe my best buddy thought I was trying to drown him when we started swimming laps. Anyway, he finally hung his head, probably

ashamed of the way he had acted. We swam slow laps, sometimes side by side for a while, and then Michael challenged me to a race and gloated about winning.

After that, we got dressed to go for lunch, all in sneakers or sandals, shorts and shirt, even the Senator. At the Greek place, no one noticed him or, if they did, they left him alone. I had a big platter of stuff that probably wasn't good for me but it tasted great. The Senator ordered a pitcher of beer and I suppose nobody cared that a fifteen-year old kid helped drink it.

I drove back home in the Senator's big Mercedes and was pleased that he trusted me to do it. Colleen sat smiling beside me with the other three in the back, Michael scrunched in the middle.

"Ryan," the Senator said from behind me, "I have no plans for this afternoon and evening, well, maybe for this evening if Margaret will do something with me. What do you want to do?"

"I'm in the habit for resting in bed for about an hour or so, maybe listening to music. I'd like to swim laps again to strengthen my legs. After that, whatever the rest of you want to do is OK with me."

"Your middle leg is already strong enough" Michael whispered, and then said "Ouch" like somebody had pinched him.

"I've got dinner planned," Colleen said. "If you'll all help me, we'll eat again about six."

"Michael's going to swim laps with you again this afternoon and maybe again before you go to bed," Margaret said. "I think he's going to swim laps with you every day for a while; aren't you, Michael?"

"Yeah, and I'm going to beat him too," he bragged.

At home, and it was already home, I went to my room for a pit stop and then changed into something comfortable in bed, nothing but exercise shorts. I set up my computer, started some quiet music, and crawled in bed. I was hoping somebody would join me and she did, a dream in a pink shorty nightgown and white panties. She curled up beside me, put her head on my shoulder, her hand on my chest, her leg over both of mine, and I was wonderfully content.

Then I heard three taps on my open door and I knew it was Michael so I invited him in. He walked to the foot of the bed and stood looking at Colleen and me for a moment.

“I don’t want to bother you,” he said. “You two look great together like that. Maybe I should just do something else.”

“Michael, you’re no bother,” I said. “If you can listen to some quiet opera music for a while, you’re welcome to join us.”

“Just don’t expect me to sing,” he said, and crawled in on the other side of me.

“It’s not singing from operas, Michael. It’s just a selection of beautiful quiet music. You won’t die from listening.”

He propped on his elbow, looked at me and Colleen for a moment, and nodded his head. Then he put his hand on my chest, rubbed it a little, and smiled at me and his sister together.

“Colleen, you two belong together, you and Ryan,” he whispered. “I really mean that. I’d like to be part of a team with you, helping Dad. I’ll try not to be too much of a pest.”

“You’re not a pest, Michael. You’re like a little brother.”

I didn’t think of him as a pest. Maybe I was already thinking of him as my little brother. After a while, he wiggled up closer to me and put his hand back on the side of my chest. Then Colleen put her hand over his and I wondered about the symbolism of what they were doing, both with their hands over my heart. I closed my eyes and drifted away for a while.

Later in the afternoon, Michael and I swam laps competitively and he was right; he did win all of them. My legs performed well but I knew they were still weak. I decided that I was going to keep doing laps every day until my legs were strong enough so I could beat him. Colleen swam laps with us a couple of times. My best buddy decided not to act like a drag on what I was doing.

Saturday night for dinner, we all dressed casually again, white socks, shorts, and shirts without brassieres underneath for Margaret and Colleen. Damn nipples kept drawing my attention and I wanted my mouth on them and it didn’t matter which pair.

Dinner was something new to me: muffuletta sandwiches, huge sandwiches with lots of meats and cheeses and olive salad, originating about a hundred years ago from a grocery store in New Orleans. Each was so big they were quartered. The five of us ate three of them and left one untouched. Warmed in the oven, they were absolutely

delicious. Another bottle of cold beer for me and the Senator and Michael hit the spot.

After I recovered, I swam laps again and this time the Senator joined me and Michael, the three of us naked again. We weren't in competition this time, just slow steady swimming. I made sure my legs did most of the work. I was beginning to believe again that the problems with my left leg finally were over.

Saturday night, I was sitting on the side of my bed, naked, and with the lights down low, thinking about everything, and waiting on Colleen to come to me, when the black hole in my mind started growing again. I tossed my head to shake off the bad thoughts but it was no use. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply a few times. I didn't want it to happen just when I might have a few minutes with her. I frowned and tried to force the Maelstrom to stop pulling me down but to no avail. I felt tears flood my eyes and the darkness crowding in and I wanted to scream, "No! Not again! Not now!"

I felt a hand on my shoulder and looked up. It was Colleen, dressed for bed in shorty nightgown and white Bikini panties.

"What's wrong, Ryan?" she asked, frowning at me.

I couldn't speak. I wrapped my arms around her, pulled her to me, buried my face in her soft breasts, and sobbed and sniffed a little. She put one hand on my back and stroked my long hair with the other. After a moment, she spoke.

"Please try to talk to me, Ryan. Tell me what's wrong."

I tried to talk to her. "Colleen, I can't...."

"Please. I'm here. I'll help you. I know you're hurting. Let me help you."

I breathed deeply a few times and tried again.

"The doctors said it might be PTSD with a little anxiety attack thrown in. Do you know what that is?"

"Yes. Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. I've read your medical file, remember. I know what you've been through. I know you're still struggling to recover."

“When it happens, I mean, when I feel myself being sucked down in that black hole, it sometimes seems to cause anxiety or panic attacks. Do you know anything about that?”

“No, not really, just that they can be very uncomfortable.”

“Well, when I have panic attacks there’s an intense fear or discomfort and my heart pounds and I break out in a cold sweat. Sometimes I start shaking and I can’t stop.”

“Maybe I can help you, Ryan,” she said. “Just keep talking to me. You don’t have to be pulled down. You can fight it. I’ll help. I want to help you.”

I took a few really deep breaths with my nose right between her breasts and then looked up at her again.

“Colleen, I was in really bad pain for about a month after I was shot and they gave me painkillers. Then the depression came charging back and they gave me pills for that. I couldn’t get a hard-on and I didn’t even have wet dreams and that made me even more depressed. Then I had what they thought were panic attacks and they gave me more pills for that. For months I was on some pills and off and on some others. I hated the pills and the way they made me feel. I wanted out of the hospital so I gradually worked myself off all meds. They finally concluded that I had PTSD and counseling was the remedy for that. I’m supposed to go for my first session sometime soon. Will you go with me and hold my hand?”

“Yes, Ryan,” she whispered. “I want to help you. You and I are going to beat this. We’re going to give you a life again.”

“Me and you?”

“I’m leaning in that direction, Ryan. Let me give you an example why.”

“OK.”

“We’ve slept together a couple of times, Ryan, and you’ve spooned up to me. You don’t just reach for my breast and grope me. You put your hand on my hip and I assume you’re asking permission to put it where it naturally falls. Are you?”

“Yes.”

“I’ve been groped by more than one date and I’ve slapped more than one face. I’ve never slapped yours.”

“I don’t want to grope you, Colleen. I want to feel you against me and hold your breasts but I want to know you welcome me. I wish you could know how I felt the first time you put my hand on your breast.”

“I like it too, Ryan,” she whispered.

She pushed me back, tilted my head up, leaned over, and I got a fleeting glimpse of her beautiful breasts down her loose nightgown. Then she kissed me, really kissed me, and, of course, I closed my eyes. Why is kissing so much better with eyes closed? When I felt her tongue touch my lips, I opened to her and we played. I had my hands on her hips, she had hers on each side of my head, and I began to lose myself in kissing her.

Why was she doing it? Did she do it to distract me again, first time, from pain in my leg, and now, from the pain of being pulled down in depression again? Maybe it was because she cared for me and was even beginning to of love me. Maybe it was simply a wish to help me and she knew kissing me would wipe my slate clean. Tabula rasa. A kiss from a colleen like Colleen would wipe any man’s mind clean. Or dirty. I wanted never to stop kissing her but she straightened up and looked down at my face.

“Could you hold me a little longer?” I asked. “The Maelstrom started to suck me down into a dark hole again tonight and I wanted you to come back and keep me from going down. Maybe you have.”

She pushed me back, slipped off her nightgown, pulled her panties down those long legs, and stood there in all her naked glory.

“I’m going to sleep with you again, Ryan. I said sleep and that’s all. I’m close but I’m not ready to spread my legs for your buddy. Maybe we’ll play a little if you want to.”

“I understand. Whether you believe it or not, Colleen, sex is not a priority tonight. I need you to hold me and touch me and maybe kiss me on the cheek. I want to close my eyes and nuzzle against your neck and smell your hair. Maybe I just need love, not sex.”

“Will you talk to me and help me understand what you’re feeling?” she asked. “Dad says getting a veteran to talk helps him and it helps others understand what he’s feeling.”

“OK, I’ll try but sometimes I don’t understand what’s happening and why. It just crowds into my thoughts and drags me down.”

“Well, stand up and hug me for a moment. Then let’s get in bed together and talk about it.”

I stood and she moved in front of me. We both put our arms around each other, hands on our backs, not on our butts, and brought our heads close together. I felt her wild hair down her front, even where her breasts pressed against me. Below there, my soft penis was pressed against her smooth belly. I turned my head slightly, put my face in her hair, and smelled that almost-familiar scent: flowers but with something else.

Just quietly holding her, no sexual arousal, just something comforting, something good and right and wonderful: it was enough to calm the last of the vortex. After a minute or two, she released me and crawled in the bed. I moved in behind her, put my hand on her hip and waited. She moved my hand to her breast. I put my face back in her hair.

For a while, we just lay there, spooned up together, my complacent penis in the warm spot between her legs, my right leg over her left, my right hand on her breast, and my head in her sweet-smelling hair. Then she turned over facing me and we sorted out an arrangement of our legs and arms with our faces only inches apart.

“Now, what’s it like when it starts?” she whispered.

“It’s like a vortex, Colleen,” I whispered. “That’s a whirling mass that draws everything near it toward its center. In water, it’s a giant whirlpool. I call it a maelstrom sometimes because it makes me think of a horror story by Edgar Allen Poe called A Descent into the Maelstrom. When it’s at its worst, it’s like the event horizon around a black hole.”

“You’ll have to explain that, Ryan,” she whispered.

“A black hole is a collapsing star and the event horizon is the point at which the gravitational pull around it becomes so great as to make escape impossible, even for light. I know if I reach the event horizon, I can never escape. That’s madness and I suppose I’d never come back from that. I don’t know how close I am to the event horizon but I think I approach it.”

“What caused it to happen tonight?” she whispered. “What were you thinking about when it happened?”

“Colleen, I was thinking about everything in my future, like wanting to go to college and make something of myself, then meeting you after

the picture of you had saved my life, being invited to come live with your family when I felt like I wasn't good enough to do it, then your family treating me like I belonged with all of you, finding out that your father had something else in mind for me, asking me to be a stealth warrior for him, and me wanting to do all those things. Last but by no means least, I was thinking of you and how I feel to be with you, just walking in the woods or maybe you holding my head to your breasts."

"You can do them, Ryan," she whispered. "I'll help. My family will help."

"Yeah, I believe you'll try. Then I remembered that something bad had happened to so many people I loved and I didn't want that to happen to you or your family. I felt like fate or god or something was just laughing at me and waiting to thump me behind the head and knock me down in the mud and stomp on me again and it didn't matter how many other people got hurt in the process. I don't want you or your family to get hurt, Colleen."

"Ryan, would it help if I told you honestly that I've met a man I think I could love? I really believe that. I know I already care for you. I think it would be wonderful if we could team up together and do all those things and more. Just give me a little more time. Have faith in us. Together maybe we can make everything you want come true."

I looked at her face again. Her eyes were wet with tears.

"Don't cry, Colleen," I pleaded. "I don't want to hurt you."

"Shut up, Ryan," she said emphatically. "I'll cry when I want to. You've got to realize that you're not alone in this anymore and there's somebody who wants to help you and it's me. I told you I was a strong mean bitch sometimes and this time I'm determined to help you get your life back. This fall we're going to college and take classes together. You're going to work at the shop with me and we'll both work at Dad's local office. We're together now. We're a team."

"Are you OK with me being a stealth warrior for the Senator?"

"Ryan, all the stuff Dad wants you to do is not urgent. You've got a lot to learn and years to do it. It can wait a while and then you can teach me and Michael to help you be his stealth warriors."

"I don't want you to feel sorry for me, Colleen. I want to get back to being my old self, a real man, and then maybe I can convince you that

I'm worth considering for your husband. I can wait on you if you think there's a real chance for that."

"Then just be patient. I already know you're in the running and, so far, you're ahead of the pack."

"OK."

Then she made me an offer I couldn't refuse. "Hey, sailor, want to fool around. I'll suck your dick if you'll lick my pussy."

"At the same time?"

"Yeah, I've never done that. I want to try it. Do you?"

"Yeah. Will you get on top?"

"Yeah but I want to just play a little first. I kind of liked feeling your hard-on against my pussy when we were swimming. I'd like to play with it a little. It's nice. Is that OK with you?"

"Yeah, my buddy really likes to feel your hand holding him."

She pushed on my shoulder and I rolled on my back. She flung her head from side to side, maybe to get her hair out of her face, and then put her head down on my shoulder and cupped her hand under my testicles. I watched as she gave them a good exam, feeling each one separately, lifting them together like she was weighing them, stroking and petting them. My best buddy politely stood up, took off his cap, and looked at her. We both liked what she was doing. Then she wrapped her hand around him and slid his cap back over his head and off a few times. He didn't complain. It was all just a slow sensuous exploration and I loved every second of it.

When she was ready, she scrambled around so that she was nine to my six with her legs spread over my head. I put my hands on her hips and guided her down so her pussy was over my mouth. She cradled my balls with one hand, lifted them, and kissed them, one right after the other. Then she held my dick down against my belly, licked it from the crown to my balls a few times, and, at last, took the head in her mouth and started sucking and stroking.

I pulled her hips down an inch or two more, used my nose and tongue to part her little lips, and started licking, from her little patch of pubic hair down almost to her asshole. I kept my eyes open, looking at her pink pucker, wondering how she would react if I licked her there. I didn't. I had enough to do for now, just slow licking, delighting in the

taste and smell of her pussy. Damn, it was enough to give a dead man a real hard-on and I was alive.

Yet, I had never really liked this position, not as much as I liked to do her first and then let her do me or vice versa. She was in a good position to suck my dick but I wasn't in a good position to lick her pussy. I was upside down, licking from her clit down to her vagina, and that left her clit covered. I knew she would like it much more with me licking upward from her vagina to her clit. That way I could use my thumbs and tongue to push up and back on her clitoral hood, that little homologue to my foreskin. That way her clitoris was exposed to my tongue and I knew that was the position which could almost always give a woman a good orgasm. Always be a gentleman and let her come first. I liked to do that for a woman first and it just made it much better when she used her mouth and hand to get me off.

She smelled and tasted clean and fresh when I licked her. I assumed she'd refreshed herself and that she'd washed down there and used something that smelled good. Perhaps a minute or so elapsed before I tasted and smelled her cassoulet, that aroused woman's smell and taste which I loved so much. Maybe she wasn't ready to spread her legs for my best buddy but she didn't object when I stiffened my tongue and then stuck it in her vagina as deeply as I could. She moaned so I kept doing what I wanted to do, tongue-fucking her, licking everything from her taint to her clit, at least where it was still hidden.

She alternated between hand and mouth on my dick, sometimes languidly sucking, sometimes just as easily stroking, sometimes both, just the way I liked it, down with her hand to expose the underside of my foreskin, almost as sensitive as the head of my dick, and at the same time, almost deep throating my dick and trying to suck the head off as she lifted her head. It was all wonderful, her loving my buddy and his cohorts while I used my nose and lips and tongue and mouth to make love to her pussy. It was all so damned good but just not quite what I wanted.

She didn't object when I pushed her off me and over on her back. I wanted to warn her before we tried it with me on top.

"Colleen, will you let me get on top of you for a little while?" I whispered. "I want you to think about different things we try and then talk to me. If you don't like something we do, we won't do it again. I promise I won't come in your mouth."

“OK, you’d better not try to shove that damn thing down my throat either,” she said. “I don’t see how any woman can take something like that down past her tonsils.”

“I agree,” I said. “I’m going to hold my hips still and you can do what you want with my buddy.”

I carefully straddled her, watching to make sure my knees didn’t pull on her long hair where it was tangled across the bed. My buddy was hugging my stomach, probably wondering where she had gone. She bent it down, lifted her head a little, pushed my foreskin out of the way, and took the head of my penis in her mouth and sucked and licked and stroked her lips up and down. Damn, that was so good I almost forgot to do my part.

I pushed her legs apart a little more, lowered my head, and started licking her pussy again. I liked licking her but just not in this position. Still, this was for her to try different things or positions and not as much for me.

All too soon, she pushed up on my belly and I knew she’d had enough of that position. I rolled over my back for a moment.

“Well, talk to me,” I said. “Which way do you like best?”

“Ryan, I like your mouth on my pussy either way. Maybe I like to be on top of you more. You on top’s OK but just don’t expect me to take your big dick down my throat. Maybe porn stars can do that but I don’t want to try.”

“I won’t. I just want to learn what you like and don’t like, Colleen. I’ll never ask you to do things you don’t like. Now will you let me put a pillow under your hips and you just relax and let me show you something else. My tongue’s at least six inches long when it’s hard. You’ll like it in your pussy.”

“Yeah, brag about it. You men are all just alike.”

She lifted her hips and I quickly stuffed a pillow underneath. She stuck her little pink tongue out and grinned at me. I stuck mine out at her and wiggled it. She grinned wider.

I moved around so I was on my knees between her spread legs. For a moment I just knelt and looked: at her smiling Irish eyes, her pink tongue snaking out at me, at her breasts, alabaster mounds with dark red cherry protrusions, at her concave belly, that delightful shallow bowl with her vertical jewel of a naval, pleased that she did not have

jewelry in it and I could tease it with my tongue, the tangle of dark red pubic hair on her mons, and, finally, at the little cleft between her thighs, little lips spread and ready for an intruder. Damn, it was all just too much.

I held my buddy in my hand, foreskin pulled back, shiny red head, clear dollop of syrup oozing out of the slit, and I wanted so damn much to shove it in her until my balls acted as a door stop. I stroked a few times, fighting my desire, wanting so much to feel my penis in her vagina but remembering that she said she wasn't ready for it yet. Yet? Who cares? My buddy wanted to go home.

I eased down on the bed on my belly, caught her legs behind the knees, and spread and lifted. Perfect! That levered her hips up so her pussy was in just the position for my lips and tongue and mouth. I gave her a long lick from just shy of her pink pucker, up between the spread lips, all the way to the bump of her clitoris. I did it again and again and then stopped and looked. Not yet. I resumed my long licks and finally felt the little devil with my tongue. I lifted my head and looked. It was like a little red penis and I knew that was what it was, shaft buried underneath with nothing but the head showing.

I closed my eyes and kept licking her. Her hands had been holding the sheet on each side. Now she put them on my head, ran her fingers through my hair, and moaned to tell me how much she liked what I was doing. When she caught my hair with her hands and pulled my face forcefully against her, I knew she was about to come. A few seconds later, she almost bruised my face against her pussy, cussed me good, and I slowed but I didn't stop. I eased back so only the tip of my tongue was touching her and kept licking. She moaned contentedly.

“Who taught you to do that, Ryan?” she whispered when I stopped for breath.

I didn't answer. I wasn't ready to tell her that my sister had been my teacher and she had given me lessons for years, starting when I was still a child and continuing for almost ten years. Colleen had to come to me, to bend to me and me to her, before I answered that question.

I flopped down beside her, wrapped my hand around my penis, and gave it a few slow strokes. I saw a clear drop ooze out the slit and I smeared it around on the head with my finger. I reached down to the base of the shaft, milked my dick toward the head, and watched as more syrup came out and slowly dripped down on my stomach.

I had no intention of masturbating myself but I wanted to be patient and wait for her to come back from where ever she had been when she orgasmed. After a little while, she reached down, pushed my hand away, put her hand on my best buddy, and slowly stroked him.

“I’ve never let a guy come in my mouth before, Ryan,” she whispered. “Would you like that?”

“Colleen, just do what you want to,” I whispered back. “I like whatever you do.”

“I probably can’t swallow it though.”

“That’s OK. If you do it, you can spit it out on my stomach but after I come I don’t want to move for a while. Would you get a washcloth and wipe it up?”

“Just like a damn man, always wanting a woman to do the cleaning. I suppose I could do that.”

She moved around so that she was kneeling between my spread legs. I watched as she lifted my best buddy’s cohorts and looked at them, as she wrapped her other hand around the shaft and slowly skinned my foreskin back and forth, and as she looked at me, grinned, and stuck her pink tongue out at me again. I returned the salute. Then she began with a long lick, from my balls, up the shaft, up and over the head of my dick.

“Milk it down,” I whispered. I knew it was ready to drool again.

She did and we both watched as a big clear drop oozed out. It didn’t have time to fall. She wrapped her mouth around the head and sucked gently for a moment. I put my head back down, closed my eyes, and let her do whatever she wanted to.

Hand moving up and down, mouth sucking, lips caressing, tongue licking: I didn’t last long.

“I’mgonnacome,” I managed to groan.

She kept her hand stroking and her mouth over the head as I spurted again and again. She held her head still until I was finished and then spit my load out on my stomach. She wasn’t finished, even though I was. She put her mouth back over the head and slowly and gently sucked. My dick was so sensitive that it was sweet misery but I didn’t want her to stop.

“Well, the taste is not too bad,” she whispered, and crawled out of bed and went in the bathroom.

I lay there, peaceful and content after coming, eyes closed, hands on my chest, fingers interlaced, while she first used a warm washcloth and then a dry towel to wipe up my mess. When she lay down beside me with her back toward me, I rolled on my side, spooned up the her butt, put my hand on her hip, she moved it to her breast, and I stuck my nose in her tangled hair and breathed in her colleen smell.

“Colleen, we’ve got to stop doing this,” I whispered in her hair after a while.

“Why? Don’t you like it?”

“Yes, I love it but it’s damned dangerous. You almost got fucked tonight. I was just a split second away from shoving my dick in you.”

“You just think I almost got fucked. You can’t stuff a wet noodle up a wildcat’s ass.”

“Colleen, it was a railroad spike and it’s not going up your ass. It’s going in your pussy so deep you won’t be able to tell which one of us has balls. It’s going to stick its head against your cervix and give you a big load of baby-makers.”

“Ryan, I told you before we started that I wasn’t ready for that yet.”

“I know but, damn it, I’m just a man and sometimes a man can take only so much before his brain shuts down and his dick takes over. You might have resisted but I would still have fucked you even if it was like rape. That’s the way men are, Colleen. That’s the way I am.”

“Then what are we going to do? I like playing with you.”

“I don’t know. Maybe we ought to just cool it a little. We could still go on walks in the woods and go on dates, not to movies, because I really want to talk to you. I like talking to you.”

“Michael has asked me to let him play with us again. Should we?”

“I don’t know. I did something with him that I probably shouldn’t have. I don’t usually suck dick on the first date.”

“Well, I know your sister taught you and I like the way you are about pleasing me. Maybe I should teach him how to please a woman.”

“Colleen, that would be fine with me. All young boys should have an older woman to teach them and maybe one night next week we could invite him to play with us. I just don’t want to do stuff with him that detracts from what he should be learning, that sex between him and a woman should be his life’s journey, not sex between two guys. I told you, I don’t want to hurt him.”

“He wants to have a pool party and invite some of his friends over,” she said. “He’s talked to me about one cute young girl he’s got the hots for. That’s not right; he’s got the hots for lots of young girls. Anyway, if Mom’s here and you and I chaperone the crowd, could he have a party one afternoon, just playing in the pool, maybe dancing, if you can call it that, and hamburgers that evening. What do you think?”

“How about next Friday afternoon, my two-week anniversary?”

“Yeah, that gives us plenty of time to arrange everything.”

“I’ll help but do you mean a naked pool party? I can’t cook hamburgers with a hard-on.”

“No, everybody will wear something over their butts and their boobs if they’ve got any. Michael will wear a Speedo and I want you to wear one too. Do you have one?”

“No, I had some ugly baggies but I threw them away when I left the hospital.”

“Well, let’s go shopping. You need some sandals and something to swim in, a couple of speedos and some baggies. There will be lots of times when we’ll swim with guests of Mom and Dad and maybe you’d better cover that thing up then.”

“Colleen, one night, maybe we could invite Michael to join us and you could show him that you masturbate. Ninety-nine percent of young boys will admit they do it constantly and one percent will lie about it. They usually don’t have any idea that girls masturbate too, just probably not as much.”

My best buddy had been relaxed, still swollen but not hard, pressed against the warm place where the crack of her ass meets her legs. Now she lifted one leg, reached down, straightened him, closed her legs, and made him a prisoner against her pussy.

“Colleen!”

“Hush, Ryan, I just want to feel it. It’s nice and warm and soft and it feels good against me.”

“Yeah but if you don’t stop, it’s going to be hot and hard and looking for something to get into.”

“Oh, pooh.”

“OK, I’m warning you.”

We lay there almost as close together as man and woman can get for a while, whispering about the next week’s events. Tomorrow, Sunday, would be a quiet relaxing day and we would probably go to church and then to a nice restaurant for lunch.

Monday the Senator would take me to his local office and she’d help me dress so he approved. Tuesday he’d fly back to Washington alone and Margaret would stay home with us for a while. He might stay home longer unless there was a vote where he was needed.

One day, he’d probably want me to go back to his local office and just learn how everything worked. When I was ready and wounded warriors came in, he’d want me to interview them and start the process of helping them. She would work at It’s About Time when she was needed and she hoped I’d go with her.

I told her that I needed one day to research the computer setup I’d need to do the job the Senator wanted and it had to be state of the art and really powerful. I wanted a desktop to use at home for the Senator and I’d keep Alexander just for personal use. I wanted to make sure that nothing of the Senatorial business ever appeared on my little computer. She said I should go for it because she knew her father would approve whatever I wanted.

I lay there, holding her, my right hand on her left breast, her warm butt against my groin, my right leg over her left, my complacent penis tucked in the area where her butt cheeks meet her thighs, thinking about everything that was planned and I found myself actually looking forward to all of it. Then Colleen caused trouble again.

After my trouble with hard-ons in the hospital, I wasn’t sure that I was going to get a second one tonight. Maybe I wouldn’t have except that Colleen reached down and tickled my buddy under his chin. That was it. Just one little touch with her finger and he woke up, stretched, stiffened, lengthened, and looked around for something to get into. Two more strokes of one little finger and he was really interested.

“Colleen, you should stop.”

“Oh, hush, Ryan, it feels good.”

She stopped and we lay there for a while longer. I wasn't about to go to sleep. I wanted her to do something again and it didn't matter what as long as I squirted another load somewhere, maybe even in her pussy. I felt something ooze out the head of my dick and wondered what it was, maybe one last little dollop of white semen or maybe a fresh dollop of clear syrup.

It fell somewhere down there, maybe on her leg, because she put her hand back down, did something, stuck it back between her legs, pressed on the underside of my shaft, and pulled her juicy finger tips up toward the head.

I couldn't come again, not with her fingers doing nothing more than sliding up my shaft; could I? Making the syrup pour out of the head of my penis? It was sweet misery. Maybe I could.

“Colleen, you've got to stop.”

She didn't. She flipped over, pushed me down on my back, scrambled about, straddled me, held my friend pressed against my belly, and lowered herself so the lips of her hot juicy slit was separated around the shaft of my penis. She wiggled her hips around and back and forth and moaned, a low a guttural groan.

I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to flex my hips down so my hard penis was pointed up a little in hopes that she would catch her pussy on the head. Should I? I wanted it so damn much but somehow I held back and just let her ride my little pony. Perhaps she was rubbing her clit against the underneath of my shaft. She had her open hands on my pecs and her fingernails were digging in on the skin. Then, a few seconds later, she went into a real frenzy of groaning and wiggling and came again. Damn, she made me wonder if this was the woman who said she'd never come with a man before.

She fell forward so her breasts were against my chest and I put my arms on her back with my hands on her butt cheeks. We lay there like that for a while, her recovering from her little death, me just enjoying her being so close to me.

Then she rose up again, looked at my face, smiled, and looked down at the head of my dick underneath her little patch of bronze pubic hair. She slid back so she was sitting on my thighs, wrapped one hand around my buddy, stroked a few times, wrapped the other hand

around the rest, and gave me a two-handed hand job. I didn't last long. Probably within less than thirty seconds, I squirted out about a dozen strings of white semen on my face and down over my chest, and belly. I knew I was through for the night and I hoped she was too.

TO BE CONTINUED: