

The Wounded Warrior And The Colleen

**A Love Story by
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Chapter Ten

Another Sunday

Sunday morning, we had breakfast together again, the five of us. I helped by slicing and warming more ham to go with Colleen's biscuits, Michael put a jug of orange juice on the table and made coffee, and Margaret put dishes and other things on the table. The Senator, Brian, maybe Dad, - I was going to have trouble calling him that - anyway, he sat at the table and watched us.

He certainly didn't look the part of a Senator now. Except for Margaret, he was dressed the same as the rest of us: loose exercise shorts, a t-shirt, and white socks. He was unshaven and his hair was mussed.

This time it was Margaret who had on a shorty nightgown with white panties underneath. Her nightgown parted a little and I saw a few strands of bronze-red hair creeping out the gusset of her panties. Maybe she didn't shave around her pussy or use a depilatory like Colleen. Perhaps the Senator liked it like that. I also saw a panty liner and I assumed that the Senator had done something the night before to make her pussy drool. She caught me looking down there and stuck her tongue out at me. I chomped my teeth like I was going to bite it and she smiled at me. The Senator saw us, shook his head, and smiled. Since Colleen was nineteen, Margaret had to be around forty but she was still a damned sexy gorgeous older colleen.

Breakfast over, the Senator pushed back from the table and stretched out his legs.

"Ryan, we go to church once in a while. Will you go with us?"

“Yes. Colleen told me why you go. I’ll go if Colleen and Michael will help me get dressed.”

The Senator looked at Colleen and she nodded.

“I might even give him a quick shower,” she said, smiling at me.

“It’ll be hard,” Michael whispered.

“Not when I get through with him,” Colleen whispered.

The Senator just raised his eyebrows. Margaret shook her head and looked exasperated at our usual repartee.

“Dad, people are going to ask about him,” Colleen said. “I think we should all give more or less the same answer; don’t you?”

“You’re right. It should be short and simple. Let’s just say he’s a wounded warrior I met in the VA hospital, he’s staying for us for a while, and he’s going to help me in my local office. Does that about cover it?”

Margaret had a suggestion. “Ryan, I’ve seen you walking without assistance but I think you should use your cane when we go.”

I frowned. I didn’t think I’d need it.

“You might keep your right hand on it and maybe lean into it with both hands,” she said. “Pretend your leg is still troublesome. That will keep you from shaking so many hands.”

“Damn, I’m going to get me a cane too,” the Senator said.

Colleen helped me, in a way I had not really expected. We held hands and went upstairs to my bedroom and undressed. Perhaps I should say, we strip-teased each other. She held on to my hand and took her socks off. I held her hand and did the same. We both pulled our t-shirts over our head at the same time. We both caught our exercise shorts at the sides and slowly lowered them.

I was commando, letting it all hang loose as usual. Colleen was still wearing little lacy white panties with red pubic hair showing through. She fastened her eyes on my best buddy and his dangling cohorts and then stood there smiling. I fastened my eyes on her beautiful perfect breasts. The rosy nipples looked hard and protruding. Perhaps she was waiting to see if my buddy liked what I saw and was going to respond.

He did. He slowly woke up, swelled, lifted his head, swelled more, lifted up slowly, took off his cap, and really looked at her. She stuck out her tongue at him or maybe me or maybe both of us. I just shrugged because I wasn't responsible for how he acted. After months of little or no interest in the hospital, it was just so damned good to see him lift his head and look around for something to get into. I looked at her and waited.

She hooked her thumbs in the sides of her panties and slowly, oh, so slowly, pulled them down. I saw a panty liner, not a sanitary napkin, and that told me her period was about over. She looked at the panty liner, separated it from her panties, and held it out toward me. It was clean and white and that told me she was through for another month.

In the bathroom, I watched as she twisted and turned her long amaranthine hair and then tucked it into a shower cap. I watched every movement and, of course, my best buddy observed too and liked what he saw. He even nodded his head a few times for her appreciation. Colleen kept her eyes fastened on him and smiled at his behavior.

“We don't have time for a good fuck, Ryan,” she said. “Would you let me do something for you, maybe a hand-job, maybe something more?”

“Yes. Will you let me do something for you?”

“No, not now. I was thinking of maybe something later. Tonight would you play with me?”

“I could be talked into that.”

I got more than a hand job. She adjusted the shower water to a good temperature and I looked first at her gorgeous ass and then at her wet breasts when she turned around. While I watched, she neatly folded a towel, placed it on the shower floor, and then knelt on it. She put her hands on my ass cheeks and pulled me where she wanted me, which was with my dick in front of her face. Then she cradled my balls in her left hand, wrapped her right hand around my dick, and held it down horizontally. She looked up at me, smiled devilishly, and then kissed it right on its shiny head and then, damn, took it in her mouth. I put my hands on her shoulders, closed my eyes, and let her do whatever she wanted to.

“Why are you doing this, Colleen?” I whispered.

“Because I want to, dummy,” she whispered back “I’m going to give you something to think about when you’re in church.”

I didn’t say anything after that. With mouth sucking on the head, hand moving up and down on the shaft, I didn’t last long. When I felt the first hint of an orgasm, I groaned to her that I was about to come. She grunted but she didn’t stop. With her mouth still trying to suck my buddy’s head off and her squeezing hand flying up and down, I came seconds later and damned if she didn’t keep her mouth on the head while I squirted my balls dry – in her mouth. I suppose it all came out of my seminal vesicles but it seemed to drain my balls. She looked up at me with clenched lips and raised her eyebrows. I didn’t believe she’d swallow it. I was wrong. I nodded and, with her head tilted up, she swallowed again and again, opened her empty mouth, and stuck her tongue out at me. My legs almost gave out under me.

She stood up, pulled me closer, and kissed me or maybe I should say she tongue raped me. She hadn’t swallowed everything and I tasted my own semen. I let her have her way for a while and then joined the fencing duel. My every tongue riposte was met with one from her. I don’t know who won. Maybe we just called a truce.

“OK, you pass,” she said. “One of my friends says if a guy kisses you after a blowjob he’s a keeper. Just don’t expect it that often.”

“I didn’t expect it at all, Colleen, but I thank you for it. Now maybe church will be bearable.”

When I pulled back the shower door, Michael was there, sitting on the commode. He was naked, shorts around his ankles, hand around his still-stiff dick, white semen drooling down his chest, and a devilish grim on his face. He had seen the whole show through the clear shower door. I pulled him up, Colleen pushed him in the shower, and I closed the shower door.

In my bedroom, Michael had already done his part. He had remade my bed and on it laid out my clothing: the dark gray suit, white shirt, black socks and shoes. I sat down in a chair, weak-kneed and still recovering from something I’d only dreamed about while a naked Colleen considered which of a bunch of ties would look best with the suit.

In a minute, Michael came back in my bedroom, still naked, drying his hair. I was dressed by a naked colleen and her little brother, also naked, and they were as nonchalant about it as possible. Colleen held some little blue briefs stretched for me to step into them and then even adjusted my package for me. Michael held a dress shirt for me,

helped me into it, and buttoned it. Colleen held my pants and slid them up my legs, then pushed me back on the bed, and both of them put black socks and shoes on my feet. I pretended I was used to being dressed by a naked nineteen-year old Irish nymph and her fifteen year-old naked little brother. Colleen arranged a hanky which matched my tie in my coat chest pocket. Michael even did a professional job of tying my tie. I didn't let him know I couldn't have done it as quickly and correctly. Finished, they both stood looking at me.

“What do you think, Colleen?” Michael asked.

“He'll do,” she said. “Ryan, go show your sorry ass to Mom and Dad.”

She pushed me toward the door and I was escorted down the hallway by a naked brother and sister and dumped in front of their parent's bedroom.

“Knock before you go in,” Michael whispered. “Mom might be doing for Dad what Colleen did for you in the shower.”

They left me standing and the two of them ran down the hallway to their own bedrooms, holding hands and giggling.

The parental pair approved my attire. Margaret wasn't doing what Colleen did. She and the Senator were in their underwear, he in boxer, not briefs, hanging loose, and she in white panties, red pubic hair showing through. They seemed unconcerned that I was in their bedroom watching as they donned their church clothes. Margaret even came to me to get her dress zipped in back.

Church wasn't quite the ordeal I expected it to be. Everybody there, it seemed, had to shake the Senator's hand and hug Margaret, at least all the women did. They couldn't shake mine or hug me because I kept my right hand on my cane and leaned into it. Colleen was beside me when we stood and I put my left arm behind her with my hand on her shoulder when we walked. I made sure to fake difficulty in walking.

I sat between the Senator and Colleen and Michael sat on the other side of her. Colleen sneaked her hand down between us and knocked against my thigh. I took her hand in mine and we held hands for a while.

When the parishioners stood to sing, the Senator put his hand on my shoulder and pressed down, signaling that I should just sit. I closed my eyes and thought about what Colleen had done for me in the shower. Before we left the bathroom, she had told me that she'd never

done that before, never swallowed a guy's semen, and she did it for me because she wanted to, not because I wanted it. What does that mean? Does it mean she's beginning to love me? Damn, I hoped that was the reason.

Church wasn't really an ordeal but it was totally meaningless to me and really weird in some of the rituals. What little religion I had grown up with had been stripped away by what happened to my family and to me. Still, the people I talked with before and after the ceremony seemed like wonderful caring people. Colleen stood with me through it all and clung to my arm especially when the cute teenage girls were sniffing around me. I felt like a juicy morsel and they were hungry for something to eat.

Sunday lunch was at a fancy seafood place where the entree could be ordered in small, medium, and large portions but the prices were all in large proportions. Margaret recommended the seafood gumbo so we all had a cup. It was delicious. I had a large tuna fish steak with scalloped potatoes and asparagus. We had dessert: chocolate something with a cup of coffee, and after that I was very comfortably stuffed. Maybe the church ordeal was worth it.

As we were leaving, the Senator and Margaret stopped to talk to people. Colleen and Michael and I walked out into the parking lot where both cars were. Colleen had insisted we go in her little red car so the Senator could stay and take his time and meet and greet voters.

I was holding her hand as we approached her car when she stopped suddenly. I looked where she was staring. There was a young guy leaning against the side of her car. He wasn't smiling and neither was she. That told me all I needed to know. He was probably one of her rejects.

He was a nice looking young man, blond, fair skinned, but he looked soft, like he didn't exercise or play sports much. I knew he hadn't been in church or the restaurant with us. He had on sneakers, shorts, and a knit shirt and he would have been out of place in the well-dressed crowd.

"Well, the cunt has found herself another cock to tease," the guy said. "He's a pretty boy, Colleen, looks like a male model, probably queer. Where did you find him?"

"Fuck off, Jake; I told you to get lost," Colleen said in a very unfriendly voice.

His words made me angry but I decided not to show it. I walked toward Jake, smiled broadly, and extended my right hand for a shake.

‘Hello, Jake,’ I said. ‘I’m Ryan MacEwen and I’m glad to meet you. I assume you know Colleen. Is she a friend?’

The idiot reflexively took my hand and we shook hands for a moment. I knew holding his hand would take care of the only weapon he had, his fist, and I had no intention in getting into a slugfest with him. Then, without letting go, I invaded his space and backed him up between the cars to the bushes in the landscaped area around the parking lot. I looked around and saw Michael and Colleen. They hadn’t moved from the spot where she stopped. I wanted my back to them so they couldn’t see what I did.

‘Jake, you should apologize to Colleen,’ I whispered. ‘What you said was very nasty and totally uncalled for.’

‘Fuck you, queer,’ he growled.

I’d heard enough. With all my strength, I squeezed his hand until his face showed pain.

‘Damn!’ he said. ‘Don’t do that!’

I said, ‘There’s a bug on your nose,’ and then reached up with my left hand and pinched and twisted his nose as hard as I could. He pulled his head back.

‘Shit! Don’t,’ he managed to say and I saw tears in his eyes. ‘Turn loose of my hand.’

I didn’t turn loose of his hand. I said, ‘Now it’s on your throat.’ With my left hand, I thumped the side of his throat at the bulge of his larynx, just my index finger, thumping as hard as I could. He choked, tried to speak, couldn’t, and tried to back up. I used the heel of my left hand to bump his forehead, hard. ‘Now it’s on your forehead.’ His head snapped back and he staggered. I reached around and tried to twist his right ear off. ‘Your ear.’ Finally I squeezed his hand again in a strong grip.

He cried out, almost piteously, ‘Shit, don’t!’ Again, he tried to back up but he was penned in, cars on each side, a prickly bush behind, and he had nowhere to go except through me. I reached down to his crotch with my left hand, grabbed his balls, and gave them a strong squeeze. He squawked and tried again to get away.

“Why, you’ve got balls, Jake,” I whispered. “I’m surprised.”

“Don’t,” he whined. “Leave me alone.”

I kept my right hand around his right hand and squeezed it again, not so hard this time. At the same time, I kept my left hand loosely around his package, just tight enough to threaten his family jewels, ready to squeeze again if necessary.

“Jake, do you hear me?” I whispered as calmly as I could. “You should apologize. I’m going to tell you who you’re messing with.”

I pressed forward a little more so my body was against his. He tried to step back but couldn’t because of the bush behind him. At the same time, I squeezed his hand again. After months of strength exercises at the hospital, I knew my hand was stronger than it had ever been. He grimaced and tried to pull away. I didn’t let him. I squeezed his balls again. He grimaced again and backed up into the bush a little.

“Jake, I was a Green Beret in the Army and they trained me to kill with my bare hands. Do you want me to kill you?”

He shook his head no and I saw fear in his eyes, just what I wanted to provoke.

“Jake, I’m going to tell you what I did in Afghanistan,” I whispered, again, as calmly as possible. “Eight of us guys guided a drone strike which blew up a Taliban compound. We killed the survivors. I shot two of them in the head to put them out of their misery. Do you want to hear what I did to the last survivor?”

He shook his head no but I told him anyway.

“I cut his dick off and stomped it down in the mud while he watched,” I said. “Then I cut his balls off and shoved them down his throat. Eight of us watched him choke to death. Do you want me to do you like that? I will!”

He shook his head no again.

“If you apologize to Colleen, I won’t,” I said. “Do you think you can?”

He shook his head yes.

I finally turned loose of his hand and backed up from between the two cars. Jake followed, watching me apprehensively. I put my arm behind his back, my hand on his shoulder, and pushed him toward

Colleen and Michael. When we were a few feet away, I bumped his back with my arm and he did what he had to do.

“I’m sorry, Colleen,” he said, barely loud enough for them to hear.

“Louder!” I ordered.

He started again. “I’m sorry, Colleen. I was wrong to speak to you like that. I was jealous and I acted like a total shit. I apologize. Will you forgive me?”

She shook her head no.

“Jake’s not going to bother you anymore, Colleen,” I said. “I think he might never speak to you again. Is that right, Jake?”

“Yeah! I won’t bother her anymore.”

He turned toward me and I was surprised at what he said. Maybe he wasn’t a total shit after all.

“I want to apologize to you too, Ryan,” he said. “I was wrong about you and I just want you to know I respect you.”

I extended my hand. He looked at me warily, stared into my eyes, and took my hand. We shook, man to man, and I smiled at him. He tried to smile back and barely managed.

“Well, I’m sure you’ve got to be somewhere, Jake, and so do we,” I said. “Why don’t you run along?”

He turned and walked away, stopped once and looked back for a moment, tried to smile again, turned and slowly left us.

“Damn, Ryan,” Michael said. “What did you do to him?”

“Nothing, Michael. We just had a little talk; that’s all.”

“Come on, Ryan,” he said. “What did you say to him?”

“I made him an offer he couldn’t refuse, Michael. I told him I’d let him live if he apologized for what he said. I had his balls in my left hand and he didn’t like it when I squeezed them.”

“Why were you doing stuff to his face?” he asked.

I held one finger to my lips and pointed in the direction Jake had gone. He walked into the row of cars, ducked down, and I assumed he had got in his car.

“Colleen, Michael, do you know what sort of car Jake drives?” I asked.

“I don’t,” Michael said.

“I do,” Colleen said. “It’s a little black BMW. Why do you want to know?”

“Just wait,” I said.

I watched until I saw red taillights bloom and a black car back up. I knew he had to drive toward us in order to leave the restaurant parking lot. The car came toward us and then turned to one side and disappeared.

“Colleen, was that him?”

“I think so. It looked like his car. I couldn’t see inside because of the glare.”

“Well, you and I and Michael have got to talk,” I said. “When we get home, let’s take a few minutes to have a pit stop and get comfortable and then get together in my room. I want to rest for an hour or so.”

At home, I undressed and put on the minimum casual stuff, just shorts and socks, had a long leisurely pit stop, and then went back in my room. Michael was there, already dressed like me, in socks, shorts, and no t-shirt. He was taking the clothes I’d worn to church off the bed and hanging them up in the closet.

“Ryan, you’ve got to tell me what you did to Jake,” he said. “I saw your hand at his face. You were hurting him; weren’t you?”

“Don’t be silly, Michael,” I said. “There were bugs all over, maybe coming from that bush behind him. I was just brushing them away.”

“Aw, come on, tell me.”

“OK. Shake my hand.”

I extended my hand and he looked at me warily but he took it. I shook and then squeezed, just hard enough to hurt him a little. He grimaced and pulled his hand away.

“What did you do that for?”

“Michael, after months of exercises, my hands are really strong, much stronger than most guys’. Jake’s hands were clenched into fists when he cussed me and Colleen. I didn’t want to get into a slugfest with him so I shook his hand and then held it and squeezed, much harder than I squeezed yours. I wasn’t trying to show off. I was immobilizing the only weapon he had, his fist. Then I invaded his space with my body against his and twisted his nose, thumped his larynx, bumped his forehead, and unscrewed his ear. I really hurt him and he couldn’t think how to retaliate. Then I told him what I did in Hell Man Province and how I killed the last survivor by cutting off his dick and stomping it down in the mud and then cutting off his balls and stuffing them down his throat. I scared the hell out of Jake. That’s all I did.”

“Well, you’ve got to teach me how to do stuff like that,” he pleaded.

“You’ll have to ask your father.”

“I will.”

“Let’s set up Alexander. I want to record our conversation and then, if we have time for a nap, I’d like to listen to music. It usually helps me to relax. Will you help me?”

He was more than willing to help me. He wanted to do it so I told him what I wanted and he arranged everything. I awakened Alexander, told him to record the conversation he was about to hear, and to play Mendelsohn’s Midsummer Night Dream when I asked for music.

“Michael, let’s get in bed and wait for Colleen,” I said. “We need to talk about Jake.”

He crawled in first and waited for me. I crawled in, put my head on one pillow, stuffed another behind my knees, and relaxed completely. He turned on his side, head propped on hand, and looked at me.

“Why didn’t you fight him?” he asked.

“I did, Michael. I just did it on my terms, not on his. It’s stupid to get in a slugfest with a guy where you stand there and try to hit each other with your fists. That’s for idiots. If you have to, you fight with your brain. That’s your best weapon. That’s what I did.”

“Well, I still think you scared the shit out of him.”

“Maybe I did. Now be quiet and let me think for a while. Something is puzzling me and I think there may be a problem involving Colleen.”

I lay there thinking of the two incidents, so close together, in which I had defended Colleen. Something didn't seem right to me and I wondered if the two were connected. I still had the picture of the groper so it might be possible to identify him. Could he have known who we were and where we were? Why did he grope Colleen with me just a few feet away? Could he have groped her to provoke me? Then I wondered how Jake had known where we were. The way he was dressed told me he wasn't at Sunday church or at the expensive restaurant. How did he happen to be waiting for us near Colleen's car in the parking lot? Could he have put a bug on her car somewhere?

“Ryan, Mom and Dad are with me,” Colleen said from the hallway. “Is Michael with you? Are you decent? May we come in?”

“Yes, yes, and yes, Colleen. Come on in. I need to talk to your father.”

They walked in, Colleen already in a little nightgown and panties. Margaret and Brian were still in church clothes.

“Senator, we need to talk,” I said. “There may be a problem involving Colleen, maybe a serious one. Could we go back downstairs and sit and talk for a while?”

Colleen crawled in the bed and nonchalantly put her head on my shoulder with her leg over mine. The Senator and Margaret stood looking at us for a moment. I didn't expect him to say what he said and I certainly didn't expect what Margaret said.

“Why don't we all pile up in your bed, Ryan, you and Colleen on one side, Michael in the middle, Margaret and me on the other side. I'd like to get comfortable and rest for a while too. Is that OK?”

Margaret tugged on his arm. “Come on, Brian,” she said. “Let's go get comfortable like them. Maybe we could even come back in here and have an orgy.”

Michael laughed and almost choked.

I hoped she was teasing. I wasn't ready for an orgy with anybody. I crawled off the end of the bed and moved back in on the side, just at the edge of the bed. Colleen backed up against me. Michael moved to the center of the bed, against Colleen, sprawled on his back and she put her right leg over his legs. I put my right leg over her left, and cuddled up to her soft rear. Then I put my right hand on her hip,

hoping she'd move it somewhere else. I rose up and looked at the other side of the bed. There was room for two more if they spooned up like Colleen and me.

Margaret and the Senator left, were back in minutes in comfortable bed clothes like the rest of us, and crawled in the bed in a mirror image to Colleen and me. He even had his hand resting on her hip, just like me and Colleen.

“Senator, I’m speculating about a couple of events and I may be totally wrong,” I said. “If I’m right, we may have a problem involving Colleen and it may be a serious one, a stalker.”

“Ryan, call me Brian when we’re here at home. Use Senator when we’re in public. Can you do that?”

“I’ll try and thank you for letting me use your first name.”

“Now, what’s this about Colleen and a stalker?”

“I don’t know there is one, Brian. First something happened when we went to the movies on Tuesday and then something happened in the parking lot of the restaurant today, in some ways similar events. The coincidence puzzles me.”

“Let me tell him about the movie, Ryan,” Michael said. “Boy, that was something.”

I nodded and he told the story, even physically showing his parents what I’d done. He embellished the story a little too much.

“Michael, don’t exaggerate so much,” I said. “When I punched him, I didn’t knock him two feet up in the air. It was probably no more than a foot.”

“Well, you laid him out,” he persisted. “Dad, that guy was taller than Ryan and probably weighed a hundred pounds more. Ryan started to knee him in the face and maybe kill him but he stopped in time. He told me where he learned stuff like that. Can he teach me to do it?”

“Michael, use may, not can, to ask permission,” I said. “Senator, my Green Beret training emphasized that, if I was unarmed, I should do what was required to seize control of the fight and remove the threat. That’s what I was doing when I hit the groper in the solar plexus. I started to knee him in the face but I realized that wasn’t necessary.”

“Why do you think there may be a stalker after Colleen?” Margaret asked.

“There was a crowd leaving the movie and I held Colleen’s hand until somebody bumped into me. When I turned back toward her, I saw the guy behind her with his hands down groping her rear. She turned around, asked him if he wanted to feel her breasts too, and, when he reached up, she kneed him in his testicles. Maybe she missed because he reached for her again. That’s when I pushed her out of the way and punched the guy in the solar plexus as hard as I could and I didn’t miss. Looking back on it now, I wonder if maybe he knew who we were and was trying to provoke me into defending her.”

Michael persisted. “Well, can he teach me, damn it, I mean, may he teach me? Dad, I wish you could have seen Ryan hit him. He really let the guy have one.”

The Senator frowned and looked at me. I knew he was waiting for me to give Michael an answer.

“I’ll teach you a few simple defensive things, Michael. Let’s put off the rest until you’re a few years older.”

The Senator nodded his approval. “What happened today?”

“It’s my turn, Ryan,” Colleen said. “Let me tell him.”

I nodded and she told her parents what happened in the parking lot of the restaurant. Most of her story was accurate. I was right that Jake was one of her rejects, primarily because, on their third date, he thought he owned her. There wasn’t a fourth.

“How does what happened at the restaurant fit into this?” Brian asked.

“Jake was leaning on the side of Colleen’s car and I wondered how he knew where we were. He was dressed in shorts and sneakers and would have been out of place at the church or the restaurant. I don’t think he would have seen her car by chance, not in the restaurant parking lot. How did he know where it was? I think he was there on purpose, to confront me. There may be a bug, a tracker, on her car.”

“Convince me,” the Senator said.

“Colleen and I have been together in her little car a lot during the last week and we were in it again today. Jake showed up at the restaurant, fists clenched, ready to fight me. Could he have got the big guy at the

movie to grope Colleen and then beat the hell out of me when I tried to defend her? Maybe I'm just imagining things but it puzzles me."

"Dad, could you get the FBI or maybe the Secret Service to look into it?" Michael asked.

"No, Michael," I answered. "All I've done is advance a hypothesis to your father. So far, we have no real evidence to support it."

"Well, maybe we could go look for a bug on her car?" he persisted.

"Again, no, Michael. If we find the bug and touch it, that breaks the chain of evidence in case we report it to the police. With the right device, I can find it easily and I know where to get the device."

"What should we do, Ryan?" the Senator asked, and I knew he was testing me.

"Brian, we need evidence to support or disprove the hypothesis. I had Alexander's recorder with me at the movie and I took a picture of the groper. I've never done it before but I can probably access some national and local databases of facial images. Tomorrow I'd like to try that. Then I know a shop that's got every spy device known to man. I want to get one and we'll scan her car. Then we'll know if there's a problem or not."

"Colleen, will you let one of us, me or Ryan, be with you every time you leave the house for a while?" Brian asked.

"Do you really think Ryan wants to go with me when I shop for underwear or feminine unmentionables?" she asked.

I answered for the Senator. "Sure, when I was a kid, my older sister used to take me with her and then ask my opinion. Even before I hit puberty, I was an expert on women's underwear. I was the only ten-year old kid who knew the difference between a camisole and a teddy."

Colleen reached back and swatted me on my hip. I almost squawked but she did something else. When she moved her hand back, she caught my hand in hers and moved it to her nightgown-covered breast. With her parents watching, I let it rest there. She wasn't satisfied. I felt her unbuttoning her little nightgown and then she moved my hand to her naked breast.

Margaret and Brian watched us and then emulated us except that Margaret slid Brian's hand under her nightgown. I thought Michael's head was going to unscrew from looking back and forth.

"What's the difference?" Michael whispered.

"I'll never tell," I whispered back. "You'll have to find out for yourself."

"OK, Ryan, it's your game to call," Brian said. "What should we do?"

"Nothing now," I said. "I'll stick to Colleen like glue for a while when she goes out. I'll see if I can learn the identity of the groper first and whether he has any relationship with Jake. I'll get the bug finder ASAP and we'll see if there is a tracker. If there is, we'll think about the best way to handle the situation. She'll be safe here at home or with me when we go out so don't worry. When are you going back to Washington?"

"I had planned on going back on Tuesday or Wednesday. Depending on what you learn and what we find on her car, I may stay here for a while. I can't go off and leave her when this is so uncertain."

"Dad, you don't have to stay here and worry about me," Colleen said. "I'll be OK with Ryan."

"Colleen, Ryan knows how precious you and Michael and Margaret are to me," the Senator said. "My family comes before anything else. I can do what's necessary with e-mails or telephone calls. I'm staying."

"So you agree that we should be concerned for Colleen," I asked.

"Yes. You can start searching for the groper tomorrow but I don't want you to go to the store to get a bug finder. I'm sure they've got an on-line site. Look it up, give me the info, and I'll have someone at my local office get it. I don't want you to show up on the store's cameras. I can easily say I thought I might have a bug on my car and that's why I wanted it."

"I agree," I said. "I'll do that before bed time tonight and maybe we can have the device tomorrow morning."

"Margaret, does all this make sense to you," Brian asked. "Ryan and I are in agreement. How about you?"

"It's worth investigating but Ryan should be extra careful in everything he does for a while. He might be threatened too."

I nodded my agreement. "I will."

"Colleen?" the Senator asked.

"Does one of you big strong men really want an opinion from a stupid little woman like me?" she asked, and there was a real bite in the way she said it. "I don't like it when you guys treat me like...like...I just don't like it."

"Colleen, don't..." the Senator said before I interrupted.

"She's right, Brian," I said. "We both should have asked for her input more before we decided anything. Now, would everybody be quiet and let me say something?"

I knew the best way to defuse an argument was simply to agree with the other person and then to call for a moment of silence to let tempers cool off.

"Colleen, I apologize, for me and for your father," I said when I felt her relax again. "Our only excuse is that he loves you very much and I'm beginning to feel the same way and we want to protect you. Now, what do you want to say?"

"Somebody could have asked me if I think Jake is capable to becoming a stalker," she said. "He's not that bad a guy but he's spoiled and immature and he wants me and I think he just wants to show me off to his friends, like something else he possesses. I also think he's the kind of guy who could become a stalker."

"Michael?" the Senator asked.

"I want to help," he said and looked at me. "*May I?*"

"Just do whatever Ryan says," the Senator said."

I nodded. "You and Colleen and I are a team now, Michael. We must all help each other."

"OK, we're all in agreement," the Senator said. "Now I want to close my eyes and think and maybe nap a little."

"Colleen, would you please come to my room tonight," I whispered. "I want to get down on my knees and ask your forgiveness again. I really do. I also want to have a long talk with you. Will you accept my apology for now and also my invitation?"

“Apology accepted,” she said. “I’ll come to your room and I might even sleep with you.”

She sat up, pulled her nightgown off, lay back down against me, caught my hand, and moved it to her left breast. I cuddled up to her soft rear, not caring if her parents were both watching. My best buddy didn’t find the situation interesting or maybe he understood that the time wasn’t right. He snuggled into a warm spot.

Margaret smiled at us, unbuttoned her little nightgown, bared both beautiful breasts, shifted Brian’s hand from one to the other, and then closed her eyes, still smiling. I couldn’t see Brian’s face.

Michael couldn’t decide which he wanted to look at: his sister or his mother, both with a hand on one of their breasts. He had his hand down in his shorts, maybe just holding on to something hard.

I closed my eyes and asked Alexander to please play the music. I especially liked the beginning when all the beautiful young fairies were dancing.

Later that afternoon, we spent an hour or so in the pool, completely naked, and maybe I was finally getting a little used to it. We all swam laps, not competitively this time, just slow patient exercise. Margaret and Colleen dropped out and then watched Brian, Michael, and me for a while. Every time I turned my head in their direction, I was struck how much Margaret and Colleen were alike. With swim caps over their hair, Margaret was a little heavier, Colleen a little slimmer, but both absolutely beautiful Irish colleens.

After swimming laps, we played a game with me and Brian still in the water, Margaret and Colleen and Michael, two of them anyway, on our shoulders. Margaret, Colleen, and Michael were all on my shoulders for a while and on Brian’s. I’d never imagined anything like it, playing in the pool with the naked Kelly family and enjoying every minute, especially with the naked daughter or wife of the senator on my shoulders.

After a while, we did get dressed for sandwiches, if dressed amounts to shorts and t-shirts. Grilled Reuben’s with cold bottled beer was fare fit for a king, better than the pricy lunch.

About dusk, we went for a quiet walk in the woods. Colleen held my hand - she was the one who took the initiative – and Brian held Margaret’s. Michael led the way most of the time. He held Colleen’s hand for a while and even mine for a minute or so. When I swung his

and Colleen's hands back and forth for a while, they both grinned at me.

TO BE CONTINUED: