

The Wounded Warrior And The Colleen

**A Love Story by
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Chapter Eleven

Sunday Evening

When we returned from our walk in the woods, I was more than a little tired and ready to rest. I stripped naked, went to the bathroom, had a good piss, and brushed my teeth. When I looked in the mirror, I saw I needed to brush my long hair. It had been wet from the pool when we went for a walk, it had dried in the woods, and it now was a mess.

I stood there looking at myself in the mirror. I had never been conceited about my looks. My mother and my sister had constantly told me that I was a beautiful boy and then a handsome man but I had felt that they were just saying that because they loved me. I wasn't as fair skinned as Colleen but my complexion was still Irish fair. I had never had teen-age acne like some guys and my hair had always been dark brown and easily manageable and for years I had worn it long, never parted, just brushed back and almost down on my neck. I had hated the buzz cut the military gave me and maybe that's why I had let it grow in the hospital.

While I brushed, I thought of Colleen and her luxuriously-long bronze-red hair, her beyond-beautiful crowning feature, and how she must brush it to keep it that way. I wanted to brush her hair for her but maybe even get her to brush mine. That would be something loving, something wonderfully intimate on a late evening just before bed. I wondered what she would say if I asked her.

Back in my room, I put on a pair of exercise shorts, thinking maybe my best buddy would behave if I covered him up. I could easily get naked again when I was ready for sleep. On second thought, maybe I had better keep him covered if Colleen slept with me. It was silly of

me but maybe he really could see and that was why he had resumed so often raising his head and looking around for something to get into.

I had invited Colleen to my room so I could apologize to her again and maybe sleep with her but I felt perhaps I should not have invited her. I sensed that she had not been completely satisfied with my apology earlier. I thought I saw a simmering anger in her since the incident with Jake and I hoped she didn't bring that in my bedroom. Women are always such enchanting and mysterious creatures and I wanted to understand her and love her and be with her. I wanted her never to get angry with me. I wanted her to smile at me and touch my face with her fingertips again.

I folded the bedspread down and plumped the pillows, turned out the lights in the bedroom, and stood looking at the bed for a moment. The room was inviting, cool, almost dark, and I wanted to tell the world to go to hell because I wasn't going to worry about it.

Then I heard Michael out in the hallway. "Ryan, Colleen's about to come in your room and she told me to go do my own thing. I want to talk to you for just a few minutes. Is it OK if I come in too?"

"For a few minutes?" I said. "Sure, it's OK."

They walked in, both looked at me standing beside the bed, and their faces lit up in smiles. I looked at a beautiful Colleen in a filmy nightgown and panties that were barely there. Michael was a good looking young kid, skinny like me, dressed in the same sort of shorts I was wearing.

"I told you to go away, little brother," Colleen said, and I detected a touch of anger in her voice. "Ryan's got the bed ready. He's defended me again and he wants to take me to bed so I can spread my legs and let him enjoy his prize. Unless you want to watch me get fucked, you're not welcome."

I couldn't believe what I'd heard. I frowned but, when I looked at her, she was grinning. Damn, her words really hurt. I didn't want to fuck her, not as a prize for defending her. I couldn't believe that she didn't already know me better than that. I had been trying since I arrived to show her what kind of genuinely caring and patient man I am. Was she teasing or did she really mean what she said?

"Well, are you ready to shove your big best buddy up my poor little pussy?" she asked.

I didn't want to get in an argument with her. I certainly didn't feel that she owed me anything for defending her. Like the old Greeks supposedly said: "Know thyself." Well, I knew myself. I knew that I always cared about all people I knew, even some I didn't know, and I would have defended them from harm if I could. I walked over to her, took both her hands in mine, got down on both knees in front of her, and hung my head.

"I'm sorry," I whispered.

"Get up, you silly, I'm just teasing you. Don't you want to bed me?"

Teasing me? Maybe I didn't know her well enough yet and I wasn't sure whether her words were teasing or really meant. I looked up at her.

"I am sorry, Colleen, for whatever I've done. I didn't know you were teasing. If your anger is directed at me, I am truly sorry. Just tell me why and I'll try to do better."

"Well, just don't be so delicate, Ryan," she said, and the cutting tone of her words was just too much.

That did it. I couldn't cope with her, not now, not tonight. I stood up, moved to the side of the bed, sat down, and hung my head. I tried to get control but I couldn't think of what to do. I wanted to take her in my arms and hold her but I was afraid to try. Above all I didn't want to cause her anger to escalate. I looked up at her, saw her face still taugth with something, perhaps anger, and then looked at Michael, his face showing as much confusion and consternation as mine.

"Michael, is this my room?" I asked.

"Yeah, Ryan, it's yours," he said.

"Well, I have an angry colleen in my room and I'll be damned if I know what to do with her. Would you please show her to the door so she can leave?"

Michael went to the door, made sure it was locked, and stood in front of it. "Colleen, damn it, you will apologize to Ryan and do it now! I don't know why you're so angry but he's not the cause."

She stood there, looking at me, not seeing the real me, the one that cared deeply about people, especially women and especially her. I wanted to hold her and tell her I loved her but I was not sure it would be welcomed tonight.

She walked over in front of me, tilted my head up, took my hands in hers, and looked at me for a moment. I felt tears running down my cheeks and I knew I was about to break.

“I’m sorry, Ryan,” she whispered. “I didn’t mean to hurt you. I’m just mad at men, all the bastards who want to treat a woman like property. That god-damned Jake wanted to have me so he could brag about what he’d got, just like that little BMW his daddy gave him. Third date, he took my hand and put it on his hard-on. Can you imagine that? Wouldn’t let go. I started to rip his dick off. Fuck him. I’m not property. *I’m me and I will never be owned by a shithead like him!*”

I looked up at her and saw tears in her eyes too but she was trying to smile at me. **“Don’t be angry with me, Colleen. I’m beginning to know you and maybe I can understand how you feel. I’ll never treat you that way.”**

Suddenly I heard a knock on the door and Brian’s voice calling out.

“Ryan, is Colleen in there with you? Margaret and I were about to get in bed when I heard her almost yelling. What’s wrong?”

Michael unlocked the door, opened it, and Brian and Margaret came hurrying in. Brian was wearing exercise shorts like Michael and me and Margaret had on a little nightgown and panties. His shorts were twisted like he’d just pulled them on hurriedly.

“What’s going on?” he asked. “What’s wrong with you, Colleen?”

I wanted to defuse the situation but I didn’t know how. I decided to try and maybe it was going to be a kamikaze effort but I wanted to do something. I stood up, wrapped Colleen in my arms, and held her close.

“Don’t, Senator. Don’t fuss at Colleen,” I said. “I love her and I don’t blame her for being mad about Jake and about men in general. Women aren’t property that a man can crow about owning. Jake was a shithead and maybe a stalker but he’ll never have her. I don’t know if she’ll ever join with me but I don’t want her to change. She’s her own person and always will be.”

I looked at Colleen’s face and saw tears rolling down her cheeks.

“God-damned men,” she whispered through clenched teeth. “You’re all alike. If I marry you, Dad will be expected to walk me down the aisle and give me away. Give me away! Shit. I love him but he doesn’t

own me and he never will. A man like Jake will never own me, No man will! I am the sea and nobody will ever own me!”

“I don’t want to own you, Colleen,” I said. “Yeah, I’ve told you I want you to bend to me, to surrender yourself to me, but I’ll bend to you at the same time. Maybe I’m crazy but that’s what I want us to do. I want us both to bend to each other in love.”

“Well, if that’s not a marriage proposal, I don’t know what is,” Margaret said.

“No, Margaret, it’s not,” I said. “I hope that will come later. I’ve been trying to show Colleen what kind of man I am. I want her to get to know me and trust me. Then I want her to come to me maybe some morning when she’s had a good night’s sleep and somehow show me that she wants to surrender to loving me for the rest of her life.”

“Do we have to stand around here debating this?” Brian asked. “Ryan, would it be OK if we all get in your bed again?”

I looked at Colleen and saw a little smile. She nodded at me and I nodded at Brian. “I think I’ve said enough for tonight. In the words of the bard, ‘Lay on, McDuff.’”

“You mean, lead on, McDuff?” Michael asked.

“No, Michael,” I said “Lead on is an invitation for someone to take the lead and you will follow. Shakespeare said ‘Lay on, McDuff,’ which means to make a vigorous attack. Think about it. I was punning Brian.”

Michael shrugged and shook his head. Brian just grinned.

“Well, before we were interrupted, I was about to spread my legs for Brian,” Margaret said. It’s OK with me if promises to finish the job in our own bed later.”

“I promise,” he said, and grinned at me. “It’ll be hard but I’ll do it.”

“It’s got to be hard to do it,” I said, and grinned back at him.

“I get hard just thinking about doing it,” Michael said, and grinned even wider.

“OK, Ryan, you get in the middle of the bed this time,” Brian said. “Colleen and Margaret, on each side, Michael, you’re behind Colleen. I’ll be behind Margaret. I want us all to close our eyes and relax. I’m

going to take Jake to the door, kick his ass, and shut the door. I don't want to hear another word about him tonight."

He reached out his hand to an imaginary Jake, led him to the door, pushed him out, and shut the door. The rest of us watched and then we all crawled in the bed. It was king-size and big enough for five when the pairs on each side of me were spooned up. I was flat on my back in the middle. Colleen and Margaret were both lying on their sides facing me with Michael and Brian behind them. I lay there for a while, eyes closed, hands on my waist, and relaxed.

Brian broke the peace. "Colleen, please show Ryan you do care for him. Remember, we all said we'd help him heal if he came here. You may be hurting but you're not the only one."

Colleen took a deep breath, let it out, and wiggled up close to me. . She put one hand on my chest and bent her leg over my left leg and that was nice. Then Margaret also put her hand on my chest and her leg over my right one and I was more than a little surprised. One beautiful red-headed Irish colleen on my left was almost too much. Another on the other side was too damned much. I was glad I had covered my best buddy up or he would have been standing up and looking around for something to get into again.

Colleen and Margaret very-gently caressed me: my face, forehead, nose, eyes, lips, my chest, pecs, and nipples. I sucked in my stomach when they touched me below my naval but they stopped. I kept my eyes closed so my friend couldn't see and put my hands on my belly, just above my shorts, maybe like a road block to keep somebody from going farther south. When someway tried to nudge my hands out of the way, I resisted, but only a little.

Colleen lifted my left arm, draped it around her shoulders, snuggled up closer to left side, and put her head on my shoulder. She and Margaret whispered back and forth for a minute or two, so softly that I caught only an occasional word. I knew they were plotting something but I had no idea what and I didn't care.

Then Margaret lifted my right arm, wrapped it around her shoulders, moved against my right side, and put her head on my other shoulder in a mirror image of Colleen. Two hands went exploring again, nipping my little nips, feeling my pectorals, and feeling again after I tightened them. One hand wandered south but stopped at the edge of my shorts. I opened my eyes and looked down. It was Margaret's hand. I caught her wrist and stopped her hand's descent

I looked around. Michael and Brian were spooned up behind the two colleens, raised on elbows, watching and grinning. Michael's hand was cupped under Colleen's right breast. The pink areola was exposed and the red berry in the center looked swollen. I looked the other direction. Brian's hand was under Margaret's filmy nightgown cupped under another rounded breast. I had no idea what they would do next and whether Brian would kill me if I let Margaret go exploring lower. I looked at Brian's face again and he winked. Damn! If he didn't care what his wife did, why should I? I moved my hand out of Margaret's way.

"Ryan, lift your hips a little," she said. "Colleen and I want to make sure your surgical scars are healing nicely. OK?"

I heard more snickering from the two guys behind the scenes. OK? Yeah, OK. If they wanted to see my scars, why should I resist. I lifted my hips and watched the two colleens pull my shorts down. I saw the dark hair just above the bulge of my buddy.

"That's far enough," I said.

"Oh, pooh!" Colleen said.

"Yeah! Oh, pooh!" Margaret said

They both giggled again and gently touched my belly and my scars. I closed my eyes, rested my head on the pillow again and let them play, wanting one of them to move her hand down further, wondering if that was going too far.

It wasn't. One hand, I assumed it was Colleen's, slid under the waistband of my shorts, down, down, and curved it over my swollen but soft penis. It didn't stay soft long and, good buddy, I was proud of how quickly it got hard. When it stiffened, the hand rearranged it to point to my navel and then withdraw.

Then two hands slid in my shorts and, oh, damn, it was just too much. One hand kept going, cupped under my buddy's cohorts, and, when I spread my legs, gently lifted them from between my thighs. The other hand covered my buddy and pressed him against my stomach.

I opened my eyes and looked around again. Colleen and Margaret were grinning and maybe saying look what I've got to play with. That was unbelievable enough but Michael and Brian were watching and grinning too.

"Just where the hell is this going?" I asked.

“Who knows?” Margaret said, and wrapped her hand around my penis. “I’m just helping Colleen tease you a little, not too much, and then I’m going to take Brian to bed. I was going to let him pound me through the mattress but now I think I’m going to mount his pony and go for a ride.”

“Ryan, Margaret and I have never hidden our bodies from Colleen and Michael,” Brian said. “We also don’t hide the fact that we’re still sexual human beings and we love each other. We’ve talked to them about everything and I do mean everything but, when we make love, it’s in private in our own bed. That’s what we were going to do before we heard Colleen. I intend to do just that in a few minutes. What you kids do is up to you.”

“Michael, quit poking me with that thing,” Colleen said.

“What’s he poking you with, Colleen?” Margaret asked. “Is it the same thing Brian’s poking me with?”

“Well, it can’t be the *same* thing. It must be a different thing. Is it really stiff, I mean, really, really stiff?”

“Yeah, big and stiff like a baseball bat.”

“Ooohh, damn! So’s the one behind me.”

The hands in my shorts swapped around, one cradled my cohorts and the other wrapped around the shaft of my best buddy. I didn’t know whose hand was doing what and I didn’t care. Then the hand holding my hard-on started moving back and forth, back and forth.

“Would somebody please tell me what’s going on here and how far it’s going to go?” I pleaded.

“Ryan, what were you thinking about earlier tonight?” Margaret asked.

“Huh, I don’t remember. What’s that got to do with anything?”

“Mom and I are just trying to teach you something,” Colleen said. “The next time I tease you, you’re going to remember what we’re doing here and you’re going to get a hard-on. You should remember that Irish colleen’s have teased Irish micks for centuries.”

I heard more whispering and then a head on my chest nodded in agreement. Colleen and Margaret both lay down on their backs,

pulled their scanty panties down their long legs and threw them somewhere. Then they both sat up, stripped off the little nightgowns and threw them after their panties.

Next, they scrambled around and ended up on their knees, Margaret between my legs and Brian's, Colleen between my legs and Michaels. My eyes flew from one set of beautiful rosy breasts to another, shifted down to look at two pubic mounds crowned by the same amaranthine-colored hair and, back farther, the beginning of a cleft with a little clitoral shaft. Damn, they were almost identical except that Colleen was not quite as hairy as Margaret.

I looked at Michael and saw one grinning kid. I looked at Brian and saw one grinning man. I grinned too. I might as well. Three guys in shorts, all with hard-ons poking up was enough to make anybody grin. Colleen and Margaret knelt there, naked as the day they were born, showing us everything. I'd seen it before but not as explicitly displayed and not in bed with me.

"Margaret, I think their shorts have got to go," Colleen said. "What do you think?"

"I think that's a fine idea," Margaret said. "Let's both do Ryan and then you can do Michael and I'll do Brian."

They caught the sides of my shorts and started pulling and I quickly lifted the waistband so my shorts wouldn't catch on the head of my dick. When my shorts were around my thighs, I lifted my legs and Colleen pulled them over my feet and threw them back over her head.

Then Colleen stripped Michael, Margaret stripped Brian, and both guys followed my example in protecting their best buddy's head. I watched the two colleens looking back and forth at three hard-on's and grinning lasciviously at what they were seeing. Brian's hard dick was enough to make a colleen croon. Mine was a little bigger and might make one grunt unless I gave her a good licking first. Michael was certainly his daddy's son and looked just like him, at least below the waist. I still had no idea where this was going but as long as Brian didn't object, I wasn't going to stop whatever happened.

"Now, you guys move closer," Margaret said. "Get as close to each other as you can. We're going to show you something."

Michael and Brian moved over against my sides. Colleen straddled one of my knees and one of Michael's. Margaret straddled one of Brian's and the other one of mine.

Margaret and Colleen relaxed backwards until their butts were resting on their feet and, between spread thighs, two closed-lip pink pussies crowned with a bronze-red pubic patch were displayed in all their beauty. They both looked good enough to eat. I wanted to feast on one and it didn't matter which.

“OK. You guys can look,” Margaret said. “Look all you want to. Colleen and I are going to look too. You guys like to look at naked women? Well, we like to look at naked men. I like to see a stiff dick when it's all hot and heavy and so damned powerful. I like to see your balls when they're so full and swollen, pumping out all that sperm for me. Don't you forget it.”

For a minute or so, that's all we did: guys looking at two beautiful colleens, girls looking at three horny micks. I looked down, right and then left and saw Brian's and Michael's hands doing the same thing mine was: slowly stroking a hard dick.

“Mom, do you think we should lend them a hand,” Colleen giggled. “That looks like hard work and maybe we should help them.”

“I like that idea, Colleen,” Margaret giggled back “In fact, I have two hands and I think we should use both.”

With that, the two colleens wrapped their hands around three hard dicks, Margaret's around Brian's and around mine, Coleen around Michael's, and mine. They shared on mine, Margaret's hand on the bottom of my shaft and Colleen's on the top. I'd never had two women cooperate in jacking me of before and I wondered if that was where we were going.

It wasn't. They both stroked three hard dicks for a short while and then Margaret turned loose and leaned back again showing her hidden treasure in all its glory. Colleen leaned back too and three guys' eyes moved back and forth. I knew their eyes were doing that because mine were certainly moving from one to the other.

“Are you ready to go back to our own bedroom, Brian?” Margaret asked. “Maybe Michael should go to his bedroom too. Let's leave Ryan and Colleen alone.”

“Aaawww, Mom, let me stay for a little longer,” Michael protested. “I want to talk to Ryan for a minute. I'll go when they chase me off.”

“OK, Michael,” Brian said. “You can stay but leave when Ryan tells you to. Whatever you kids do, be quiet about it. “I don't want to hear anymore raised voices tonight, no moaning or screaming either.”

Hand in hand, one stiff dick waving around, Margaret and Brian left the bed and went out the door. It was Brian's dick, not Margaret's but I guessed he would quickly give it to her.

Michael moved from behind Colleen and crawled in on the other side of me. Colleen quickly moved up close to me again with her head on my shoulder and her leg over mine. Michael propped up on his elbow first but, when Colleen patted the other side of my shoulders, he wiggled up closer, put his head on my shoulder and one leg over my other leg.

I pulled them both closer and closed my eyes and relaxed. For a minute or so, that was all we did, just being close and caring and maybe loving.

“Colleen told me you think I shouldn't play with you two, especially you, Ryan, because it might hurt me,” Michael whispered. “What do you mean? It's not going to make me gay. I already know I like women a hell of a lot more than men, for sex, I mean.”

“Michael, I like you and I don't want to hurt you or cause you problems,” I whispered back. “It's hard to explain.”

“Try me,” he said.

“Look, I've told you what happened to a friend of mine in Afghanistan. Maybe that's carried over to how I treat you.”

“Come on, Ryan; you can tell me. I'm a big boy.”

“OK. I'd never had any sort of sex with guys until I met Nick, his name was Nicholas, in Afghanistan. We were a lot alike, both new to combat, scared as hell, and wanting something, anything to cling to for a little affection. We slept together for warmth a few times – it got cold in our quarters and some other guys did too – and we lay there at night and talked. We started playing with each other's dicks and that evolved into masturbating each other and after a while sucking each other's dicks. We never went as far as a complete blow job and we didn't fuck each other.”

“That's not so bad; is it?” Michael asked. “That's about what we did.”

“I suppose. Anyway, it was more about having somebody to hold and share a little affection with than sex. Maybe I loved him but it wasn't a sexual love, just loving a good friend who was like another lost soul.”

“What happened to him? Is he the one you said got killed?”

“Yeah. One day we were patrolling an area where the Taliban had been. He and I were standing a few feet apart, looking at each other and talking. My helmet was too tight and rubbing my head wrong and I tried to straighten it. I pushed it up harder than I should have and it fell off. When I reached down to get it, I heard a shot and I immediately flopped on my belly in the dirt. I looked around and saw Nick. He was on his back, with his arms and legs spread and I knew he’d been shot.”

I had to stop for a moment and breathe deeply to get back in control before I told him the rest. He put his fingers over my mouth.

“It’s OK, Ryan,” he said. “You can stop. That’s enough.”

“No. I’ve got to finish it.”

“OK.”

“I crawled over to Nick, looked at him, and I knew he was dead. He’d been shot in the face. The bullet hit him just to the side of his nose. His eyes were open but I knew he couldn’t see me. Then I heard another shot and the dirt flew up close to me. A split second later, I heard a shot from of our guys and he yelled, ‘I got him! I got the harum zadeh!’”

“What’s that?”

“Son of a bitch.”

Colleen giggled. Her hand wandered down and cupped under my balls again. She gently lifted them, let them fall, and repeated. I hoped she just didn’t start juggling them.

“Well, what’s that got to do with me?”

“Michael, if I had not knocked my helmet off, that first shot might have glanced off my helmet and we’d both still be alive. When I bent over to pick it up, maybe Nick got the shot that was meant for me. Somebody I cared for was dead as a result of what I had done.”

Colleen’s hand moved up, wrapped around my dick, stroked it a few times, released it, one finger traced up the underside of the shaft to the head, rubbed where the head is tied to the shaft, wrapped around again and stroked. I liked for her to play with my play pretties. Perhaps it was her way of distracting me from my story.

“I still don’t understand what that’s got to do with me.”

“Michael, our actions may have unintended consequences we never dreamed of,” I said. “If there’s a god in heaven, why would he nudge me and make me drop my helmet just so Nick could be shot in the face. If that’s the sort of god he is, I hope he enjoyed his little joke and didn’t laugh too hard at it because he’s a sick shit. Why? Why did the bullet meant for me end up killing Nick? Huh? Just tell me that.”

While Colleen’s hand was playing down below, Michael’s was playing with my chest, pulling on the few strands of hair between my nipples, thumbing my nipples, rubbing around on me from throat to naval. Colleen caught his hand in hers, took it down below, and they shared playing with my toys. I thought for a minute and felt what they were doing and decided Michael was weighing my balls and Colleen was sliding her hand up and down on my dick. I thought of when she had slid her pussy up and down on it and decided maybe Michael and I might enjoy that tonight. She certainly liked it.

“But, Ryan, sometimes what you do just means you care for somebody, like me and Colleen laying here close to you with our heads on your shoulders. You can’t let bad things stop you from living and loving people.”

“Well, just think about it and try to understand what I think and feel,” I whispered.

“OK,” he whispered. “Are you and Colleen going to play now? Will you please let me stay? Please?”

“Colleen?” I whispered and she knew what I was asking.

“It’s OK with me,” she said. “The poor little guy gets just as horny as the rest of us. Maybe we should have invited Margaret and Brian to stay and play too.”

“Do you think they really wanted to?” Michael asked.

“I don’t know,” Colleen said. “They first met when they were fifteen and they’ve never played with anybody since. That’s what Mom says and I believe her.”

“What do you think, Ryan?” he asked.

“Beats me. First time for everything. She surprised the hell out of me tonight, putting her hands on my dick and teasing me. Colleen, why don’t you quietly ask her about it?”

“Boy, that would be something,” Michael said. “I’ve fantasized about doing stuff with her for years.”

“And she’s fantasized about you, Michael,” Colleen said. “I know ‘cause she told me.”

“Damn!”

“Well, what are we going to do tonight?” he asked. “Just mouths and hands?”

“I think that’s good,” I said. “With Colleen’s help, I’ve got something to show you, something we did when you weren’t with us. I think you might like to try it.”

“What?” Colleen asked.

I whispered in her ear.

“Yeah, I liked that,” she said. “Let me do it with both of you.”

“OK, but first we’ve got to get your juices flowing,” I said. “OK?”

“Yeah.”

I crawled out from between the two of them, moved to the other side of Colleen, and flopped. She signaled she was ready. She rolled on her back, spread her legs, and lifted her knees.

“Michael, Colleen’s given us permission to play with her first,” I said. “Help me get her hot and wanting, OK?”

He smiled, leaned over, kissed Colleen on the corner of her mouth, pulled back about six inches and looked in her eyes. She caught him behind the head, pulled him down, and opened her mouth to him. I watched then sharing what was definitely not a brother-sister kiss. Then I nudged his head out of the way, leaned over, and she pulled me down to her open mouth and probing tongue.

“What do you want to do now, Michael?” I asked after a moment.

“She’s got two breasts,” he whispered.

“Lay on, McDuff. They’re both yours,” I whispered. “I’m heading further South. We’ll swap when you’re ready.”

I scrambled around on the bed, flopped on my belly between her legs, and lifted and spread them farther. When I looked up at her face, she was grinning. Michael put a hand on one breast and his mouth on another. I lowered my head and started licking my way around.

I was no connoisseur of women’s pussies. I’d seen a few, one intimately for years, a few after that, but Colleen’s was certainly the most beautiful, hard-on inspiring pussy I’d ever seen. She wasn’t as hairy as some pictures I’d seen, just a small neat little patch of dark red hair on her mound, with almost none further back, just the way I liked them. Her split mound was sort of pink, not dark like some, and the little lips were closed up near her clitoris and slightly parted back further, glistening with moisture already, the most edible or fuckable pussy I’d ever seen.

I closed my eyes, licked up one thigh and then the other, up one side of her split mound and then the other, and then pointed my tongue and licked her from almost her asshole all the way up to her pubic hair. Under the pressure of a hard tongue, her little lips splayed out to each side. I kept doing it for a while, listening to her faint moans, tasting the strange taste of her juices, and then I felt a hand on my shoulder.

It was Michael. He jerked his thumb back and grinned. I interpreted that to mean he wanted a turn between Colleen’s legs. I crawled back up on the bed and paid homage to her beautiful breasts. Both were still glistening from Michael’s saliva and her nipples were almost a half-inch long. She put her hand behind my head and held it with my face buried in her left breast. I didn’t object. I just gently sucked and licked and I could have done that all day but I wanted Michael in the hot seat or hot position next.

I stopped and nudged Michael to stop. “OK, Michael, that’s a little cunnilingus for an opener. In case you don’t understand, that’s licking pussy. Now it’s time for a little fellatio. In case you still don’t understand, that’s sucking dick. You’re in the middle, on your back.”

We all shifted positions. Michael was on his back, holding his proud penis in an upright position, Colleen on one side, me on the other. I motioned for Colleen to go first.

“It’s a popsicle,” I said. “Lick it before you suck it.”

She grinned and changed positions again, kneeling between Michael's spread legs. Michael and I watched as she licked from his rosy balls, up the shaft, to the red head, again and again, and then took the head in her mouth, and sucked noisily. Again and again.

"Not bad for an amateur," I bragged. "Now let me show you how a real cocksucker does it. The name of that little fellow is Dick and I'm going to suck his head off."

She moved. I assumed the position; Michael grinned and offered me Dick. I licked his little fellow's two cohorts a few times, up the shaft a few more times, and then did my best to decapitate him with my mouth. Michael groaned.

I stopped and Michael moved to one side. I flopped on my back and held my offering straight up. I shut my eyes, wondering if it was really impossible to know what sex was doing things to my best buddy and his two friends. It was. At least I assumed it was. I opened my eyes once and saw Colleen and Michael both bent over alternating. I watched for a moment and liked it both ways. Both were good enough at fellatio to please a man.

"Can we all three do something at the same time?" Colleen asked.

"Colleen, when you're playing at sex, you're limited only by your imagination. I know one I think you should like. Maybe Michael will too."

Michael was leaned against the headboard of the bed, legs spread with Colleen kneeling between them. I was on my back, head between her spread thighs, calves hanging off the foot of the bed. Michael got his dick sucked again, Colleen did the sucking and got her pussy licked, and I, poor me, all I got was a smothering pussy over my mouth and nose and my own hand stroking my poor little dick.

That is until Michael and I changed positions. Then I was the suckee, Colleen the sucker and at the same time the lickee, and Michael was almost asphyxiated by a juicy pussy over his face. Damn, I was hot in more ways than one.

"OK, it's free play time," I said. "Everybody do what you want too."

I can't describe what happened next but we had three good imaginations and we came up with some more good variations all of which involved either a dick or a pussy or both at the same time.

I was almost ready to end the night's play with some goood ol' self-abuse when I remembered that there was something dangerous that I wanted Michael to experience. And, of course, I wanted to experience it too.

"Michael, on your back," I whispered. "Colleen's going to show you something that's dangerous. If you move your pelvis or she makes a stroke at the wrong angle, you're going to have your dick buried to the balls in your sister's pussy. You must be absolutely still. OK?"

He grinned and nodded. Colleen assumed the position, straddling his midsection, his dick pressed down against his stomach by the wet lips of her pussy. I watched as she did her part perfectly, up until the red head of his dick almost disappeared under her red bush, back as she slid in reverse and covered up his balls, and then repeat and repeat. Now, he really grinned. I knew, if it was done correctly, that a man or a woman either might have an orgasm without a dick in a pussy.

She stopped, I flopped, and she straddled me and sat there sliding back and forth on my full-to-bursting penis. When she groaned, I groaned back in sympathy. She stopped and collapsed between me and Michael.

"There's another way to do that little teaser," I said. "It's even more dangerous because there's not a man in the world who wouldn't want to shove his dick home."

"Show me," Michael said.

I showed him. I knelt between Colleen's legs, caught them behind the knees, and bent her in half. That levered her pussy up until it was at the same angle as my dick. I lowered my hips until the shaft was pressed against her wet pussy and began to slide back and forth. I knew just one inch further when I stroked back and the head would be caught in her vagina and I'd shove the rest in until my balls were on her ass cheeks. I wanted to do it. Damn, I wanted to do it so bad but I somehow resisted. I sawed back and forth for a few seconds and then let go of her legs.

"Michael, you shouldn't try that," I whispered. "I was about ready to pull back, bend my hips, and shove seven inches of hard dick in her little pussy. It's damned dangerous."

"Yeah, but it sure looks like fun," he said.

"What now, McDuff?" Colleen whispered.

Now was three hot horny individuals, all on their backs in a row on the bed, all with knees raised and spread, and a hand or two belaboring our own thing, grunting and straining to see how could come first.

The next morning, the three of us were still in bed, naked, sheet tangled around our legs, spooned up, me behind Colleen, her behind Michael, when I began to rouse. I heard a tiny squeak from the door, somebody whispering, and then a faint click when the door was closed. I wondered if we should have asked them to stay and play. Then I relaxed again and tried to decide whether to get up and go piss or go back to sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED: