After my fun with Jerry I noticed I still had some more time until I was expected back at John’s house for dinner. I wandered through the collection of tents, saying hello to many of the residents. The weather was incredibly warm, or at least I felt hot! As I wandered through the tents I noticed men, women and children in all states of undress. Those who were dressed definitely dressed for show, thongs everywhere, covering nice cameltoe pussies, big bulging cocks, even some pre pubescent bodies were covered in the least amount of material possible. I saw couples fucking, I saw groupings of people having sex in almost every way imagineable. I was particularly taken watching the children. I have never considered myself a pedophile, but there is something intoxicating about the beauty, energy and blissful eroticism of youth. I watched children of every age group, color you could think of playing with each other sexually and non sexually as if what was going on around them was the most normal experience in the world. I envied them, wishing I could have been so free and open for my whole life.

 Walking around and seeing the wonderful panorama of sex in front of me is a high I can never explain. Imagine having to hide your innermost feelings, wants, needs. I have spent my life feeling as though who I was and what excited me were bad and I was a horrible person for even wanting such things. But here, it all lay before me, with people of all ages and races. Sexual preference seemed to take on a whole new meaning here, in the real world it means choosing a same or opposite gender partner, here it seemed it was momentary choices, I would prefer this now, but I might want something else later, and it seemed perfectly ok, not only ok, but encouraged! As I wandered around, enjoying the sexual acts surrounding me I could feel Jerry’s cum seeping out of me and drying on my skin. I felt as if I had finally found myself surrounded by people the world would ridicule, despise, demean for their pleasures. After taking in the sights, sounds and smells of the campground I decided to head back to John’s house for dinner.

 Entering the house I could see activity down the hallway into the kitchen. I walked into the kitchen to see if I could help. I noticed the table was set for 5. Glasses, silverware, plates were all placed perfectly in order except there were 2 plates missing. John and the kids each held a spot that had been set. “Hey Paul, have a good walk?” John asked as I made my way toward the table.

 “I don’t think good even begins to cover it John, you really weren’t kidding or exaggerating in your stories. I still can’t believe a place like this even exists.” I said

 “It has taken a lifetime of work, hard work.” Said Natalie from across the room. I noticed as she spoke she had a different look about her, clearly after making dinner she took some time to clean up, it even seemed as if she had oiled her skin. She had a glow about her that was driving me crazy.

 “Paul, places like this just don’t happen, people make them happen.” John added

 “I was raised by my parents to be loving to everyone. In learning to love everyone, I learned to recognize the different ways our society has created roadblocks to love. You can love this person this way, that person that way, this other person a whole other way, it all depends on who they are. How can we be equal if we can’t treat each other, or be treated by others equally?”

 “I can make love to a woman, but not the woman who loves me the most, my mother?” John continued, “Why should I not fully share myself with the woman who gave birth to me if she wants me?”

 “And why shouldn’t my father be able to show me love fully and openly with no boundaries?” said Natalie “My father and mother were the most loving people I ever met, until I met John. They loved me in every way, supported me, raised me to be a good parent, a good person. And yet somehow the world would see them as criminals.”

 “So years ago, I decided I would create a place for people like Natalie and I to live openly, fully, the way I believe man was created to live.” John said, almost in a reverent tone. “I wanted to live around those who thought and felt as I did that love should be shared openly, without restrictions, without borders.”

 “My parents loved me dearly, and they taught me all the usual lessons that parents teach their children. What I most thank them for is they taught me how to be myself. In a world that often talks about being yourself, the power of the individual, all you see outside this valley are rules, restrictions, laws that contradict doing exactly what our country was founded upon. Freedom. Freedom to love, to live. When John told me about his dream to build this community of ours, I couldn’t have loved him more.” Natalie said as she brought serving dishes to the table. “Now there will be plenty of time to discuss things, its dinner time now.”

 “Where are the plates Natalie, I think we’re missing a couple.” I offered

 I had seated myself at the table by this time, still naked, cum still stuck on my skin, and loving every bit of it. I began to stand as I offered to get the plates. I felt a warm hand on my shoulder as Natalie walked behind me. Her skin felt so soft and comforting on mine I sat back down. “They’re having stew for dinner, you’re having me!” she said looking into my eyes. As I sat before her she sat on the table spreading her wonderfully shaped, tanned, toned legs. One of her hands reached down to her hairless pussy spreading herself open in front of me. I could smell her wetness from my seat and leaned forward to inhale her scent. I slowly took her scent in, rubbing my face along her inner thigh towards the wetness she was holding open for me. As my head got closer to her pussy I could feel her hand on my head, guiding me gently towards her. Reaching my goal my lips pursed to softly kiss her pussy. I opened my mouth and gently ran my tongue along her outer lips as she moaned softly. I sucked on her lips, teasing them with my tongue. I could feel her body writhe on my mouth as I teased her over and over. Finally I plunged my tongue deep inside her pussy, tasting her juices which were amazingly sweet. The hand on my head began to push my face deeper inside her, driving my tongue deeper. While I was licking at Natalie’s needy hole the sound of silverware on plates could be heard in the background. It occurred to me I was eating this hot pussy with her husband and children watching. This thought, which seemed odd as I had already had sex with both kids, seemed incredibly exciting which only served to make my mouth work harder on Natalie.

 As my tongue was working its way up her love chute, Natalie was grinding her body into my face. Her moans soft, but growing stronger. I licked and sucked at her hole for I can’t even tell you how long, but eventually I worked my way to her swollen clit. The moment my tongue ran over her hood I could feel her entire body clench, a loud “Yes” could be heard over the sound of the others eating. Teasing her clit with my tongue, sucking her clit against my teeth was driving her crazy. Natalie was thrashing on the table now, her body shaking from the pleasure of my tongue. Working her to the point of orgasm finally I heard her say in a deep voice driven by pure lust, “Fuck me Paul, fuck my pussy!” With that I stood up, reaching out to pull her mouth to mine. Kissing this amazingly sexy woman as deeply as I could, I slid my cock inside her. The wetness from her pussy was pooling on the table between her legs. Kissing her with everything I had in me I began to thrust my cock into her. Hard and fast I fucked her, needing to be in this woman as deeply as I could get as often as I could slide in. Her legs were wrapped around me keeping me close. As I thrusted myself deep inside her I could feel the trembling of her body increase, she began to cum. Moaning loudly as she came I continued my fucking. “Don’t stooooop baby, harder, fuck me harder” she screamed. Breaking our kiss I grabbed her legs and began to pound her pussy with my cock. Our bodies slapping together as she sat on the table. I looked at Natalie and saw a look in her eyes that almost made me cum right then and there. She had a fire in her eyes that only those lost in lust can understand. She was lost in the sensation of her cock filled pussy and nothing else mattered. I was lost in her eyes and the feeling of her wetness all over my throbbing cock. After some time of frantic slamming I could feel the explosion building, lost in the moment my asscheeks clenched for the moment. My body began shaking as my thrusts slowed until I was buried all the way inside her. I screamed as my climax arrived, my hot cum shooting multiple times inside her. My body pressed against hers with her legs keeping me close to her. Sweat beads ran down my skin as my shaking slowed, my face now pressed to hers, my cock still buried inside her. We kissed over and over, lost in the moment.

 We stayed like that for some time until we heard a noise coming from outside our embrace. Together we looked down the table to see John, seat pulled away from the table, a hand on his balls squeezing them while Diana was running her tongue over the huge mushroom that was his cockhead. Natalie wrapped her arms around my neck as we watched Diana work her tongue around and around John’s cockhead, slowly licking his piss slit. Finally she began to lick up and down the shaft, his cock was too big for her to fit it all in her mouth, but as she licked her way from the base to the head, she would suck as much into her mouth as she could. Charlie was standing next to John, his cock being expertly stroked by his dad. I could feel Natalie’s hands begin to caress my skin as we watched her family and the effect our sex had on them. Within a few minutes John began to moan, I could tell he was close to exploding, and apparently so could Diana, her mouth began to work twice as fast on his huge cock. As John’s moans came faster and faster, Charlie moved over to help his sister with their father’s huge cock. Each running tongues around and up and down his huge shaft until finally gobs of milky white cum spurted from his dick. Diana grabbed the monster cock and pointed it at her open mouth, she caught spurt after spurt of hot cum until it started running down her chin, then Charlie would lean in and lick it up for her. The three of them huddled close together as John wrapped his arms around his babies, looking at Natalie and I. The kids loving the embrace snuggled against the naked skin of their father, nuzzling their faces into his chest.

 “I can’t believe this is happening.” I said looking in amazement between the embrace of John and the kids and looking back to Natalie and her glowing eyes. Natalie leaned in towards me, I enveloped her in my arms as we sat on the table, the 2 of us looking at the 3 of them. “I have never felt more alive in my life, I can’t even explain it.”

 “You don’t have to Paul,” said Natalie “we know how you feel, we have felt it too.” She whispered “When John showed me the emails you were trading back and forth I knew you were one of us, I could feel your pain from hiding yourself from the world, your wife, yourself…I knew you needed to be here.”

 “Natalie is actually the one who invited you here Paul.” John said “Not that I didn’t want you here as well, but it was her idea that we invite you here, so you can see how life can be.”

 “Thank you,” I stammered, leaning in to her to kiss her again. “Thank you so much.”

 “You’re welcome Paul” Natalie cooed, “We love you here, we want you to know true love.”

 By now the kids had broken their embrace with their father. “Can we go watch tv dad?” Charlie asked. “Of course little man! You 2 kids go have some fun.”