After I had my appetizer Natalie and I sat together at the table to eat. John cleaned the table from where the kids and he had eaten. “How was your walk?” she asked. “It was eye opening, that’s for sure!” I replied. “How so? Please forgive me, John and I have lived like this for so long we don’t know any other way to live, so this is just our life to us.”

“Well, I have obviously read about family love, and being bisexual I know all about sex with men and women. But to see it happening all around you is a completely different experience. You know what I mean?” I asked. “I was out walking and heard some kids giggling, now in my other life, I wouldn’t think anything about it, its just kids playing, but here, its entirely different, because the games these kids could be playing!” I continued, talking more excitedly now. “So, anyway, I heard these kids, and as I’m walking towards them, I’m feeling like I could be caught doing something wrong, mind you, this is with your daughters pussy juices still on my face and cock! I’m going to get caught doing something wrong!” Laughing as I say this last line. “One of the kids calls me over and asks if I want to watch his sister pee, well, of course I do, so I go over and there are these 2 boys, naked as can be, playing with each others cocks watching this beautiful little girl pee.”

Natalie laughed, “Sounds like Jilly is at it again!”

I joined in her laughter “I’m not even asking how you knew! Anyway, one thing led to another and Jilly is pissing in my mouth and her father is watching us!” My voice raising as I relive the event in my head. “I’m thinking this guy is going to shoot me or beat me up, but no, instead he fucks me!” With that I sit back laughing at the strangeness of the entire situation. John and Natalie’s words from earlier ring in my head about love and how the outside world tries to put feelings in nice, neat little boxes.

“Knowing Jerry, I wouldn’t be surprised if he suggested Jilly pee for you just to break the ice!” Natalie giggled “They are a great family, they’ve been coming here for years.”

“Hopefully I’ll see them again while I’m here.” I said

“I’m sure you will. Sounds like you had a nice pleasant introduction to the place, Jerry and his family are sometimes our surrogate welcome wagon!”

“What you have here, how you live, its so completely opposite how the rest of the world lives. I still can’t believe I’m here, I can’t believe I left my life to do this, and I can’t believe how good it feels to be here doing it. I feel like I should feel guilty for not feeling bad about it!” I stuttered “I feel so wonderful, so free, but there’s this feeling I have just pulling at me, as if I really ought to feel horrible, and the fact that I feel just the opposite is driving me crazy.”

John came back into the kitchen and waived Natalie and I to a room I hadn’t seen, his study. The room was covered with books, from floor to ceiling, in some parts wall to wall. This room had an authority and yet a comfort to it. John took a seat on a very expensive looking leather couch and patted the spot next to him for me to sit on. Once I sat down Natalie, who had been across the room making drinks for the three of us came back to the couch and took a seat on my lap. The feeling of her soft skin, the smell of her body got me aroused immediately. From my lap Natalie handed John his drink and leaned over to kiss him deeply. Once they broke apart John thanked her for the drink then focused his attention on me.

“Paul, we have shared so many stories about hopes, dreams, fantasies, desires over the months we’ve chatted and emailed haven’t we?”

“You know more about me than my own wife does by now John.”

“Sadly, I think you’re right. I probably do.” John said solemnly “That’s what I learned from an early age, that society, every society, has gotten it wrong. As we have “progressed,”” with the word progressed John held his hands up making quotation marks in the air “We have lost sight of what is truly important. I may have created this place, but it’s the people who live here, who visit here that make it what it is. It’s the people in our lives that make us who we are. Somehow loving expressions have become bad things. Sexual expression is no longer even tolerated unless you’re selling beer. We’ve gotten all mixed up.”

“You see Paul,” spoke Natalie looking at me from my lap as she gently caressed my cock with her leg. “Man was meant to be a social being, to enjoy the company of his fellow men and women. The limits you find out in your real world, don’t really exist anywhere but in your and everyone else’s heads. My parents had always been sexual with me and my brothers and sisters. As we kids grew up, we were sexual not just with Mom and Dad, but with each other as well. We had a bond, a loving bond that tied us to each other.”

“Exactly right baby, the same thing happened in my family Paul. There was never a time I can remember when we all weren’t sexual with each other. That doesn’t mean I didn’t get into my share of trouble!” John laughed as he recalled his childhood “but what was important was the bond we shared. We, as a family, always seemed different from my friends families, in a good way, it seemed to me.”

While we spoke Natalie had started to rub my hard cock again, and John’s hand had now joined her in working my prick, softly, gently, slowly, in some ways rubbing my cock the way some lovers rub their partners backs or legs or arms. This was the perfect example of what they seemed to be telling me, this was a tender loving touch, that seemed to have no expectation associated with it, they were just touching me, in a place others would have you believe is a bad place to be touched. John leaned toward Natalie and I, kissing her deeply, his hand moving from my cock to her leg and back. He then leaned over and kissed me, which made my cock spring even more to life.

“Do my stories make more sense to you now Paul?” John asked knowingly

“I can’t even begin to explain how much being here brings it to life. Its not just what you talk about regarding the sex, though that is so amazing. Once I started walking around I could feel what you must have been feeling when you wrote the stories. The feeling of love, of and I never use this word, but I think it fits, joy.” I said, lost in my thoughts for a moment, once collected I continue “Yeah, I think joy is the perfect word for it. I saw things that would offend almost anyone, but here, everything seems to be perfectly natural. I saw a girl stroking a dog’s cock while I was out there!” I almost screamed at the memory. “But she was doing it so gently, so naturally, as if there were nothing better for her to be doing at the moment. Her mother, I guess, was being double fucked not more than 10 feet away! And while I’m looking at this happening and thinking how perfect it seemed given what else was going on. I was speechless, not at some of the stuff I saw happening, but more at how I was feeling about it. I was so incredibly turned on, but at the same time, and I can’t even remember the last time this ever happened to me, while I was turned on, it all seemed to comforting, so normal, thought I don’t think that’s a good word.”

Kissing my forehead Natalie lifted one of her legs up, sliding herself over to slide my cock inside her pussy. Once inside her she began to slowly grind her hips on me, never moving up and down, just feeling the feeling of my hard cock inside her. As she rode me John continued to speak. “You see Paul, I don’t know how she does it, but Natalie is an amazing judge of people. Once we had traded a few emails back and forth, I started to let Natalie read them. She said she knew you were one of our kind. You were a person who understood what true love means, what open love meant. She also told me how much pain you were in. She said your pain practically screamed through your emails.”

Natalie was really riding my cock good now, while John was speaking she began to gently bounce on it, sliding it up and down, side to side inside of her. Her moans soft while her husband spoke. Instinctively I began to gently thrust up into her as she rode me. Her back on my chest, our skin rubbing together. “oooooohhhh baby, you feel so good….” She moaned. John was clearly not oblivious to his wife fucking me with him right next to us, he started to squeeze her breasts as she rode. He began to speak to her, softly “you look so good baby, ride that big dick baby” “Uhhhhhh” she would moan at the sound of his voice. “Are you ready baby?” he asked her. “Oh my god yes daddy, please I’m so hurting for it.” With those words John stood up and moved in front of us, his huge cock standing straight ahead of him. Grabbing some pillows from the couch he put them on the floor and got on his knees on the pillows. I immediately understood what he was going to do, “fuck me daddy” Natalie moaned.

“Here I come baby, daddy’s coming.” John said as I felt the pressure of his hard cock against mine inside Natalie’s hot, wet pussy. “AAaahhhhh gaaaad daddy, I need you!” The three of us grinding together was so amazingly erotic, but at the same time, it was so much more, I felt almost gratitude to them for all of the the emotions I felt. I think I felt truly happy for the first time ever, in this crazy lust filled scene, my cock rubbing against the most amazing dick I’ve ever seen inside the pussy of one of the sexiest women I’ve ever met. John and I rubbing together was driving each of us crazy. Natalie’s moans were so load now, she was almost hoarse from screaming, but couldn’t stop. John and I continued our fucking until each of us came in Natalie. Once we had filled her with our hot cum, she stayed on my cock, rubbing her clit until she climaxed, her body shaking and trembling. After her orgasm she turned to face me and stood up on the couch, her legs on either side of me. She pulled her pussy open wide and squatted down to my face. It took a moment but finally I realized she wanted to feed me, so I moved my mouth under her pussy. Licking up into her I could feel the muscles of her pussy squeezing. In no time my mouth was full of hot warm cum. The more she fed me the more I wanted. My hands were on her hips squeezing her skin as I drank our love from her. While drinking from her pussy it occurred to me, that’s exactly what I was doing, I was drinking our love, or the result of it, which made every drop seem that much more special and important.

Once she was licked clean, and dry and her body had come down from its orgasmic high, she sat back down on me. Looking deeply into my eyes “I love you Paul, welcome home, you are home now.”