As Scott began driving up the back road a feeling of dread and excitement filled him. Memories came flooding back, not as images in his mind, but all of the feelings that he experienced during his time there. Scott could never put his finger on the dominant emotion he felt at the ranch, his time there was incredible, but at the end all he knew was he felt bad and he didn’t want to feel that way anymore. Over the past year or so, since he had run into Bill and Molly he had thought about the ranch often, had discussed it with all of his new family, with John and Natalie. After all the discussions, and the time spent reflecting in the calm light of day Scott boiled things down to fear. He was afraid of getting caught, he was afraid of the shame others would feel towards him should they know his hidden desires. He couldn’t get comfortable with it the way Paul and Susan did and so he decided to get away from it, until he didn’t.

As he slowly pulled up the drive that led to the ranch house he looked out around him. There were so many campfires. It was too late for the kids to be up, but he could remember the sounds, the sounds he would hear when he awoke. It always aroused and amazed him, the sounds of children laughing, playing, yelling, crying along with the sounds of raw unadulterated sex. Between adults, between children, between adults and children together. The dichotomy shook him his last time at the ranch, the complete lunacy and raw sexual energy, and the normalcy of the people living there. There was nothing staged about what happened, nothing preplanned, it was normal families getting together and friendships were made, bonds created and sex. Somehow, everyone got along, there were temper flares from time to time, but even then, those were very tame compared to things he’d seen out in public at home. There was a mutual respect for each other here he thought that just seemed almost unreal until you experienced it, then it seemed like the most natural thing in the world.

Scott finally reached the house. Pulling up he grabbed his overnight bag, more for the toiletries than anything else. Only here, he thought could he comfortably leave thousands of dollars’ worth of camera equipment and not give it a second thought. But crime didn’t happen here, ok, well not that kind of crime anyway he thought smiling. He headed up the front porch steps and knocked on the door. A young man opened the door, Scott took a split second and realized the young man was Charlie. Scott knew Diana was down in Texas with Paul. Charlie had grown several inches and was starting the process of becoming a very handsome young man. Charlie was wearing his pajama pants and no shirt and looked very much like John’s son. A brief thought flashed across his mind if Charlie took after his dad in another way. But that thought was fleeting. Charlie hugged him. “Welcome home Uncle Scott!!!” he said excitedly. “I missed you.” He said breaking his embrace. Scott smiled warmly at Charlie. “I’ve missed you too little man, but not so little anymore, you’re growing up fast!” Scott looked around “Where’s mom and dad little man?” he asked. Charlie pointed down the hallway to the kitchen and in the most matter of fact voice Scott could believe said “Dad’s fucking mom in the kitchen, you should go in. I have to go to bed Uncle Scott, will I see you tomorrow?” Scott smiled and nodded, “You sure will, you get a good night’s sleep.” Scott put down is bag and walked slowly down the hallway. He hadn’t heard any sound at all until he was just about at the doorway then he heard them, he heard the deep gasping sound of Natalie begging and moaning for more, and the moans and grunts of John. He stepped into the kitchen and saw Natalie with one leg up on the counter as her husband was buried halfway into her ass. John’s head was pressed to Natalie’s and the two were lost in their own moment, hushed whispers between lovers in a way only the desperate could understand. This was a moment of love and lust shared between people so intimately close they didn’t need to voice their desire or pleasure, this was what romance novels strain to explain, that moment that is understood only by those who’ve been fortunate enough to share it. After several moments of watching John notices Scott, and Scott could feel the invitation. Scott moved to where Natalie was spread open, getting on his knees under her he began to lick and suck on her gaping pussy and her beautiful pussy lips. Natalie moaned slightly louder now, but the intimacy of the moment had not been broken. John was slowly sliding his massive cock in and out of his tiny wife’s ass as Scott hungrily licked her cunt. Eventually straining his neck, he was able to start to run his tongue across Natalie’s clit. At his first touch Natalie lost control, her body began shaking violently, the two men grabbing her to hold her steady as they continued worshiping her holes. Natalie squirted on Scott’s chest as he teased and toyed with her clit. John followed shortly after by exploding deep inside his wife. After John came Scott helped Natalie lower her leg from the counter to underneath her where she could steady herself. Natalie took a few moments in the strong arms of her husband to collect herself. Once collected she wrapped her arms around Scott, “welcome home baby, so good to have you back.” She whispered in his ear, her arms wrapped around him as much for her own support as to welcome Scott. Scott silently held her and looked into her eyes.

After several minutes Natalie recovered her faculties. John making sure she was ok finally sat down at the kitchen table and took a sip from one of the glasses of wine on the table. Natalie instinctively grabbed a glass out of a cabinet for Scott, “can I get you a welcome back drink baby?” Scott smiled gently at her. “Please Nat.” was all he could say. The three sat together in the kitchen for a little while talking about Scott’s latest job, and cock, and the trip. Natalie told him which bedroom was his, and they all agreed as much as they didn’t want to, it was time to get to bed.

Scott went up the stairs, the first room he saw was the room he first shared with Susan at the ranch. He felt no twinge of sadness or regret, just a happy memory from the past. Scott turned to his right and saw the room Natalie had prepared for him. Taking off his pants he lay on the bed and sleep soon overtook him. Scott woke up laying in the same position he fell asleep in, confirmation of how tired he must have been. Scott took off his shirt, his underwear, as he had always stayed nude at the camp, and walked to the bathroom to shower. As Scott approached the bathroom Charlie strode out, nude. Scott’s question was quickly answered, Charlie was really turning into a little John, but not so little, his manhood swinging openly as he walked. “Hi Uncle Scott! Look, its grown!” he said excitedly grabbing his cock. Scott smiled “God yes it has Charlie, you’ve got quite a big dick there little man!” he said stepping into the bathroom. Scott showered, the warm water awakening his senses. After the shower he headed downstairs wearing only his towel. Natalie sat at the kitchen table drinking coffee she smiled at him as he entered the kitchen. “Good Morning.” She said in the most incredible sexy voice he had always enjoyed. Scott smiled back “Good morning, did you sleep well?” Natalie laughed, you’re the guest, I should be asking you that!” she said rising to her feet to give him a hug. Odd, it seemed perfectly normal to have sex before getting a welcoming hug here, Scott thought to himself. Natalie looked happy as she looked at Scott. “There’s some eggs left on the stove if you’re hungry baby.” She said. Scott grabbed a plate and helped himself. “John’s in the den, we wanted to welcome you once you were up and going.” While Scott ate Natalie went to get John.

John walked in smiling, his massive dick swaying with every step. Taking a seat next to Natalie the two sat quietly with their friend as he ate. As Scott was finishing up his eggs Natalie offered to take his plate. As she moved gracefully towards the sink both men watched her. The silence was broken by John. “It’s so good to have you here, I wasn’t sure we’d ever see you again.” He said softly. Scott nodded his head. “It’s strange, if I hadn’t run into Bill and Molly I probably wouldn’t have come back.” Scott started to gently fidget with his bracelet. “And to think, it was this little thing that started all of it.” He laughed softly. “John, it really is good to be back, when I left, I never thought I’d say it, but now that I’m here, I’m really sad it’s been so long.” He said softly. Natalie returned from the sink smiling at her men. “How is she?” Scott asked. “She’s doing well baby. It’s taken her a while, but she’s doing well. She isn’t here at the moment, I think she’s down with Di and Paul.” She said her eyes boring through Scott’s to gauge the pain of the statement. Scott’s eyes showed no pain, just the light she had noticed last night, the light that gave her the push to her orgasm. “That’s good, what do you mean it took her a while? She seemed to be in heaven last I heard.” Natalie smiled softly. “Well, as you know as well as anyone, life has its twists and turns, and she’s had her fair share after you two split. But it’s not for me to talk about it, maybe someday you two can. Today let’s just enjoy you being here, being back with us, shall we?” she asked softly trying to turn the conversation away from a likely emotional outcome. “Did you have any plans today Scott, the place has really changed since you left.” John asked. Scott shrugged, I really came to see you two, thought I might walk around, there were so many fires last night, I don’t remember there being nearly as many before.”

John chuckled “Yes, the power of technology, apparently somehow more and more friends have heard of our little haven here, ours and Paul’s and there may even be one or two others now.” Scott nodded, “Yeah, I think I will wander around today.” Natalie reached across the table and grabbed his hand giving it a squeeze. “How long are you going to stay baby?” Scott shrugged his shoulders “Hadn’t really given it much thought, don’t really have anything on the schedule, guess it depends on Mary and what she’d like.” He said. John and Natalie sat quietly sipping coffee when Scott sat up a little straighter in his chair. Scott placed his hands on the table and leaned toward his friends. “Since we’re all here can we discuss this whole photography video thing?” he said. Natalie nodded “Of course, that’s kind of my fault baby. I happened to be bragging to one of our newer friends about you and how well you’re doing and she brought up how nice it would be to have some professional videos made of her family for her to watch when her kids are out of the house.” Natalie smiled softly at Scott. “Well you know I love you guys, and I don’t have a problem with the filming, other than, well, you know, what if it gets out?” John and Natalie both nodded their heads “We agree Scott” John said. “But this is what so many of our new friends do. They already film themselves. Natalie and I end up seeing quite a few a day of our friends, the younger ones anyway. I don’t understand it at all, but this is what they grew up doing, they film everything, and well, this is just one thing they film.” John said. “Baby, you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do, you know that. But, we thought maybe it would be a way for us to help our friends along, give you some more income and make our new friends happy to have such an incredible video made to document the stages of their lives. I couldn’t imagine anyone doing it better.”

“Nat, I’m a photographer, the whole video thing, I’m so new I don’t want to get anyone’s hopes up that they are going to get some kind of masterpiece.” Natalie smiled, partly just because she was so happy to have Scott with her, partly because by his answer she knew he was thinking about it. “Baby boy, think about it, this is their family, no matter it is their masterpiece, and if nothing else your equipment is going to be better than the cell phones they are using now.” Scott furrowed his brow “And what about security?” John cleared his throat. “What about it, look Scott, you are only filming what our friends are doing anyway, what they are filming anyway, your name in no way has to be associated with the actual movies. And if Paul is correct, the setup he’s created now actually means our friends can access their videos, and friend’s videos and never have possession of them, which I guess makes this safer, not having the movies themselves in their physical possession.” Scott looked at John seriously. “So what is this setup?” “Basically Paul has created a secure storage location for all the movies of our friends who want to use it. They don’t all use it, but it’s an option for them, they have passwords and all kinds of checks to get access to their own property, once in, Paul’s got some kind of file swapping people can do without ever actually possessing the video, so there isn’t any evidence of anything on anyone’s property, they always have access, but they don’t have possession. You know Paul, computer whiz, he’s put a lot of energy into this and will be happy to go over all the specifics with you if you want. Basically he’s just giving a very secure place for everyone to store and trade whatever they want, doesn’t have to be videos or pictures, or at least not of the kinds of things you’re worried about.”

“Baby, you know you don’t have to do this, we just kind of thought it might be nice for the people who would like to.” Scott nodded “I know Nat, and about payment, what about the others who can’t pay, isn’t that kind of punishing them?” Natalie looked dead straight into his eyes. “Scott, we provide nothing but a place to come to, we don’t’ feed those who don’t have enough, we don’t pay to have people come here, this is like life, those who can do, and those who can’t either find a different way, or they don’t, but it’s not your responsibility to provide pro bono services, it’s not your job to provide your talents for nothing. You charge whatever you want to charge, it’s your talent you’re using.” Scott smiled weakly at her as he sat looking out the window over the kitchen sink. “Anyway baby, it’s not a big deal, if you’re interested then you can do it, if not, you don’t.” Natalie said matter of factly. “Ok, ok, I’m interested, how many friends are we talking about?” Natalie smiled at John then looked back at Scott. “Oh maybe 5 or 6.” Scott looked relieved “Oh, that’s not many.” Natalie smiled wide “A day” she said with a giggle. Scott’s eyes opened wide and he smiled.

John stood up, “Scott, I’ve invited a few friends up who’ve asked about this, would you like to talk to them, see if you’re still interested?” Scott shook his head smiling, “Sure, John, I’ll talk to them.” The insanity was starting again; he could feel it. The pull of giving one’s life to the pursuit of sex and pleasure as a basis for living. He was terrified last time; he wasn’t terrified anymore. He heard the knock on the front door as John walked up the hallway to answer it. “Hey Steve, Hi Barb, how are you?” Scott overheard John ask. “We’re good said Barb, so you said he’s here?” Scott heard her say. Scott laughed at the thought of overhearing people talking about him as if he were some kind of rock star. Scott stood up, as he got up from his chair his towel fell off, both Steve and Barbs eyes went straight from his down to his dangling cock. “Hi, I’m Steve, this is Barb, my wife.” Said a very tanned blonde man Scott assumed to be in his early to mid-thirties. “Hi, how do you do.” Said Barb extending her hand to shake Scott’s. “Well, have a seat guys, I’ll get some coffee.” Said Natalie heading to the coffeemaker on the counter. “Steve, its cream and sugar for you, Barb, just cream right?” she asked. “Yes Nat, that’s fine.” Said Barb taking the seat Steve had pulled out for her. Scott picked up his towel and laid it across the chair he’d been sitting in. Scott looked at Steve and Barb, both very beautiful people he thought. “Well Nat and John have been telling me that you guys were interested in being videotaped, is that right?” Scott asked. Both started nodding. Barb spoke first “Yes, but not just being videotaped, we can do that here with our phones. What we have been looking for is someone to be able to kind of, what’s the word? Capture? I guess, us, at home, where we live, doing what we enjoy doing, it’s very special to us and we know it may not last for long, so we would like a kind of tribute to our life now.” She stopped short shaking her head, her face getting red with embarrassment. Steve wrapped his arm around her chuckling. “We love our family Scott, and we’re, as far as we know, the first generation to live like this. We aren’t just not ashamed, we’re proud of how we live. We have a beautiful home, we have beautiful kids, we are successful in our careers and our kids in school, and we have pictures and videos documenting all of them. We also love sex, and are teaching our kids to as well, and we want to document that better than just a hand held camera. We want something we can cherish with the kids later if they want, or just Barb and I can enjoy, but we want it in our home, showing our life... does that make sense?” Scott nodded. He sat back in his chair for a moment, lost in thought.

When he returned his gaze back to Steve and Barb he noticed both staring at his now less than flaccid cock. “Here’s kind of what I’m thinking, and tell me what you think.” He said looking at them, despite everyone being nude he was in full photographer mode, his professionalism overcoming his desire. “I’m thinking we do some kind of interview, with you both, as the parents, and then maybe involve the kids later, as kind of an intro you know?” Both Steve and Barb’s eyes widened at the thought. Scott continued “After the initial interview, then we start to work on what things you want filmed, what would you like filmed?” he asked. Steve sat up and then leaned forward. “Well, the kids are young, so there isn’t intercourse yet, everything is oral, usually Barb and I giving it to both Derek and Samantha. But they are starting to enjoy giving it now, so is that something you would film?” Scott nodded “I’ll be filming you, as I see it, I don’t want to direct, then it wouldn’t be your lives, it would be me telling you how to live your lives, at least as far as the video is concerned.” He said. The group continued to chat, about the ranch, their lives outside it. Scott set up a night he would visit Steve and Barb in a few weeks, they lived about 5 hours away, so he agreed to fly out to meet them. They sat in the kitchen for a few hours, chatting getting to know each other when Scott realized he didn’t have his phone, he had promised Mary he would call, so he headed upstairs to get his phone as Barb and Steve excused themselves and said they needed to get back to the kids.

As Barb and Steve were leaving several other couples were entering the house. Scott spoke with the couples as a group, listening to what their desires were regarding videotaping etc. Scott worked out a travel schedule where he would visit each of the families over the coming months and see if he would be able to provide for them what they were looking for. Scott spoke with the couples for hours listening to each describe their happiness with their family and their life and they wanted to document their pride in the most graphic realistic way possible. After having made all the arrangements necessary for the friends Natalie and John had invited to speak with him Scott decided it was time to take a walk and see the camps. Scott politely thanked everyone for their interest one by one and promised he would keep in contact should anyone’s schedule changed.

After everyone had left Scott kissed Natalie’s cheek, he and John were to get together at the club in a few hours so he had to double-check he remembered how to get to the club and he headed out. Natalie went upstairs as it was time to work with Charlie on schoolwork, she and John had decided to homeschool their kids. Scott walked through the front door wearing hiking boots a strap around his arm for his cellphone and nothing else. Scott ventured through the various camp setups, there were small tent cities mixed with campers, RV’s and dwellings of all different kinds. As Scott wandered around meeting new people, reconnecting with people who remembered him from his previous visits he was struck by how much more there was now. There were far more people, far more vehicles, four wheelers seemed everywhere. Scott was also struck by the sense of community that existed, here people helped each other, families cooked and ate together. Those with facilities such as showers, toilets, openly shared with their neighbors who may not have those. There seemed to be a sense of joy that surrounded him, he recalled that feeling from before and wondered how he had ever forgotten it.

Scott was struck yet again watching the open sex that surrounded him and the seeming normalcy of it all. He watched a father fucking his teen daughter with another man between vehicles while the rest of the family was eating breakfast, and everyone acting as though this was as normal as anything else you could think of. Scott looked at his phone and saw it was time to make his way to the club so he started heading in that general direction. There was a sense of complete arousal, yet complete peace as he wandered past the various individual camps, saying hello to people of all walks of life, all colors, sizes, personalities. He felt comforted by the warmth he felt talking with everyone. Regardless of whether sex was occurring or not, every person he spoke with was happy and welcoming.

As he made his way through the camps he could see the club in the distance, and he was stunned, what used to be a somewhat ragged put together structure was now twice its former size. As Scott approached admiring the improvements he was struck by something, there were women going in and out of the club. A sense of excitement struck him, which took him by surprise as he had been aroused since the moment he first saw Charlie nude that morning. Scott walked in and felt lost. What was originally a dark, dungy place was now well lit, the tables looked in perfect shape, this could be something right out of his neighborhood at home. Behind the bar was Mike, as always, dressed in his leathers. But with Mike was a butch woman behind the bar. Scott went up to the bar and took a seat, the cool leather almost stinging his skin as he sat. “Hey there! I’m Maria, what can I get ya?” the butch said. “I’ll take a beer please, name’s Scott by the way.” He replied. “Nice to meet you Scott” she said handing him a bottle. Scott didn’t see John as he scoured the club. There were still the boys, the wonderful boys that Scott had enjoyed on many occasion in his previous trips. But Scott also saw women, on the dance floor, sitting throughout the club, with men or in just groups by themselves. Scott was a little taken aback at the sight, but they seemed to be acting every bit the way the men did. There was a threesome happening in the corner, three middle aged women, one laying on a table, being eaten out while another lady straddled her face to be eaten. Scott began to stroke his swelling cock watching the trio.

From behind him “Scotty!! Lover boy!!!” he heard. Mike was coming around the bar with arms open to hug his friend. Scott hugged Mike hard, kissing back as Mike gave him an almost obligatory French kiss. “We’ve missed you!! Welcome back lover!” he said as only he could. “Thank you Mike, I see you’ve changed the place.” Mike nodded. Yeah, when you left things were starting to change, and over the years more and more people were coming, and everyone wanted a place they could go, maybe get a bit of a taste of home, with our own little twist, you know.” Scott nodded “So I see, and where did you get Maria from?” Mike smiled “I pulled her out of the stables in back!” he said smiling. Scott wasn’t really sure if he was joking or serious. Scott hadn’t partaken, but had heard of things that went on in the stables. Scott and Mike chatted for a few minutes more when a familiar booming voice could be heard. “Welcome home my friend.”