

# **A World of My Choosing**

## **An Out-of-this-World Story by Gil Gamesh**

### **Chapter Eleven**

The second morning after Iain's arrival, my internal clock awakened me just a few minutes before six. Aimee had set the alarm on my clock to wake me up by six-thirty but I never needed it. Since I usually went to bed early, I was ready to get up early.

I called for Lights On and then rolled out of bed. My penis was showing off with its usual morning piss-hard and I needed to relieve it but I wanted to awaken Iain first. I walked over to his bed and stood there looking at him. He was turned with his back toward me and the blanket that was supposed to be covering him had slipped away. His butt was completely exposed and I couldn't help but grin when I saw it. His back was tanned as were his legs but the narrow band around his hips was strikingly white. Between his legs I could see the back of his scrotum with one testicle showing. I still couldn't see any hair in the crack of his ass or on his scrotum. He certainly wasn't like me.

I cleared my throat and when that didn't work I said his name. "Iain, wake up."

He rolled over and looked at me. "What?" he said sleepily. He looked up at my morning hard-on and seemed surprised to see it. I didn't see any reason to hide it from him.

"I'm going down the mountain today. I've got a project I'm working on. Would you like to help me?"

He stretched in all directions, groaned loudly, and finally managed to say, "Yeah." The blanket slipped away and I saw another morning hard-on.

"Well, get up. I can offer you some rabbit or deer if you want it. I don't have any fish but that's why I'm going down the mountain. I can cook

you a couple of eggs. If you don't want any of that, you'll have to eat Nutty Buddies again."

"What?"

I grinned. He couldn't know what I had started calling the nutrition bars.

"Nutty Buddies, you know, like the cookies. That's what I call the nutrition bars."

He smiled at that. Evidently he knew what Nutty Buddies were.

"Can I take a hot shower first? I'm still achy from the trip."

"Yeah, now get up. I'll take one too. I've got to piss and I think you do too."

In the toilet, Iain watched me while I went through my usual pissing routine: pull my foreskin back until the head of my penis was completely exposed, lean forward with my left hand on the wall and my right holding my penis pointed slightly down, piss and give a big sigh of relief, milk it down, shake, and cover up. I noticed that he followed my example and then looked up at me and grinned when he was finished.

"I've never watched another guy piss before," he said. "I've always been a little shy and I never liked guys looking at me."

"Well, you can just get rid of your shyness, Iain," I said. "This is a new world and we're going to be different about nudity. Besides you've got nothing to be shy about. You're a good looking guy and your penis is certainly not smaller than normal."

"Yeah, but yours is a lot bigger than normal. I'll bet women really like it."

"Anna does, Iain. She's the only woman whose opinion matters to me."

In the shower, we bathed under adjacent shower heads. Iain again followed my example and grinned at me the whole time. When I handed him my soapy washcloth and asked him to scrub my back, he

did it too gently. I told him to give it a really good scrubbing. I returned the favor and made him groan a few times.

In the kitchen, Iain sat at the counter while I prepared our breakfast. I got a couple of bottles of juice, gave him one, and took a few swallows out of the other. I chopped a pile of wild onions, greens and all, and sautéed them in a little olive oil. Wild onions grew everywhere and I'd already learned to like them, especially the ones with the bulb about the size of a quarter. I chopped some left-over potatoes and threw them in the pan. Then I broke six large eggs in a bowl, whipped them, and poured them in the pan with the onions and potatoes.

"Where did you get eggs?" he asked. "I thought all we had to eat was meat and Nutty Buddies."

"They're not from chickens, Iain," I said and watched his reaction. "They're from sea-birds. Aimee taught me how to pick one egg out of each nest and how to get the freshest ones. They taste a little fishy but I'm used to them. I hardly ever get one with an embryo in it."

"Aimee taught you? How does she know about stuff like that?"

"I told you Aimee has an immense knowledge of everything. Don't you, Aimee?"

"Yes, David, I do," she answered from somewhere. Iain jumped.

"Damn, she scared me. Is she always listening?"

"Yep. She is unless I tell her not to. I like having Aimee around, Iain. She's good company and she helps me a lot. I think you'll like her too."

"Thank you, David. I like having you around too," she said from where ever.

"Well, why does she get to wear clothes and we have to go naked? Do we have to stay naked all the time?"

"She wears clothes because she's a beautiful sexy woman and I don't want to get an erection every time I see her. Isn't that right, Aimee?"

**“Yes, David, Men have a rather prominent display when they are sexually aroused. I do not think you should cook with an erect penis.”**

**Iain looked at me with an unbelieving expression.**

**“Yes, Iain,” I said. “She has a sense of humor too. To answer your other question: You don’t have to stay naked. You can wear clothes any time you want but the supply is limited. The temperature and humidity inside is set so we’re comfortable naked.”**

**I raked some of the onions and potatoes and eggs out in Iain’s plate, some in mine, and left some in the pan. Iain started cautiously and then I suppose his hunger took over. He cleaned his plate and, when I pushed the frying pan toward him, he ate the rest. I had learned that some eggs or meat and juice held me until mid-morning and then I had a Nutty Buddy if I was really hungry. From Iain’s appetite, I knew I’d better take a few extra Nutty Buddies with me when we went down the mountain.**

**I helped Iain get outfitted in his size of Robin Hood clothes and put on a fresh set of my own. We found that the medium moccasins which just covered his ankles fit him perfectly. I put on the extra-large size which came half-way up my calf. He pranced around worse than I did, looking at himself in the mirror and grinning a mile wide all the time.**

**Inside the weapons storeroom, I gave Iain a quick tour and answered some more of his never-ending questions. Then I retrieved my knives, strapped the scabbard around my waist, went over to the spears, and picked out a longer one for me and a shorter for him. He looked at me with a surprised expression on his face when I held out one to him.**

**“What do I need that for?” he asked. “I’ve never thrown a spear.”**

**I held the spear with the sharp end up and tapped the blunt end of the floor.**

**“The path gets a little rough in some places going down the mountain, Iain. You’ll be glad you have something to help you keep your balance. Aimee says there are no large animals on the mountain but you probably should get used to carrying a spear to defend yourself. Now let’s go in the kitchen. We may be gone all day and we’re going to need some Nutty Buddies and some juice. I hope you like fish because that’s what I hope we have for lunch. We won’t need water because**

there are streams all over the mountain and there's a lake down near where we're going."

"Well, may I have a knife too? You've got two. Can I maybe have one?"

I took Big Boy out of the scabbard, laid it in my left palm so he could see it, and held it out. As Grandfather had taught me, I deliberately turned the blade so it was pointing at me.

"This is Big Boy, Iain. The other one is Little Boy. You won't need a knife today. If you do, I'll lend you one of mine. Like I said, there are no dangerous animals here."

"Where did you get those knives? They're beautiful. They don't look anything like the rest of the stuff in here."

"My grandfather gave them to me, Iain. They're precious to me."

"Did you ever kill anybody with them?" he asked, looking up at my face.

I did not want to get into my past life with Iain today. Maybe I would never want to share that with him. I needed to think long and hard before I did. I decided to answer truthfully.

"Yes, I did, Iain. I was a soldier before I came here and I cut a jihadist's throat with Big Boy. Now, don't ask me anything else about my past. Maybe I'll share it with you someday."

"Damn, I hope so," he said, sounding like a kid. "I think that would be neat. I'd like to be a soldier."

Going down the mountain, I made sure to visit Lightning. I saw him every few days and he was accustomed to my presence now. I made a kissy sound with my lips and he came running. Iain was as fascinated by Lightning as I had been and he soon had the chipmunk running around in circles and eating out of his hand.

Toward the bottom of the mountain, I went off the main trail toward the bamboo grove. Using bamboo, I had made what I hoped would be a good fish trap and then left it to dry out. I hefted it and knew I could carry it, maybe awkwardly but I could. I looked at Iain and decided to see if I could start training him a little.

**“Iain, this is a fish trap. Aimee found the plans for me and I’ve made it as best I can. We need to carry it down to where I’m going to use it. I’m going to lift the big end. Do you think you could lift the little end?”**

**“I can try,” he said and walked around to the side of the little end. He had his spear in his right hand so I assumed he was right handed, as I was. He took his spear in his left hand and bent down to pick up the trap with his right.**

**“Uh, uh, lift the trap with your left hand,” I said. “Keep your spear in your right. Always be ready to defend yourself.”**

**He changed sides. I got on the same side, facing away from him, reached down, and wrapped my left hand around a bamboo. I looked back at him, nodded, and we both lifted at the same time.**

**“Are you OK?” I asked.**

**“Yeah,” he said. “I’m not a total weakling, you know.”**

**“Good. It’s not far now. I’ll walk slowly. Just let me know if you need to put it down and rest.”**

**I called for couple of rest stops on the remainder of the way down the mountain. Iain didn’t object; neither did he complain.**

**I had found a place on the rocky coast where I thought a fish trap might work. The coast had all sizes and shapes of pools on it. I had found a big pool about waist deep with two openings out to the sea. I had already tried wading in the pool and spearing fish and had actually managed to get one. Most of them just fled out the openings.**

**One opening was only a foot or so deep and I knew I could stop it up with rocks which were everywhere. The deeper opening was where I was going to put the fish trap. I had already partially blocked that opening, leaving just enough space for the fish trap. Today, I intended to set the trap in place and finish blocking the rest of the space with rocks. But first I wanted to start a fire.**

**I told Iain to round up some firewood and I started looking for a piece to use for the tinder. I found a piece of well-bleached driftwood that looked soft and was stripped of bark. Next I found a place where rocks**

sheltered me from the slight wind. Then I used Big Boy to make a pile of shavings and used Little Boy to scrape off some fine particles of wood. I remembered Father calling it tinder so I did too. Iain came back with his arms full of dry driftwood, dropped it, and stood watching what I was doing.

I got my fire starter out of my pack, crouched down, stuck it against the tinder, and, a few sparks later, I had another fire. I smiled because I was getting good at it.

I stripped out of my Robin Hood outfit and watched as Iain did too. His dick wasn't that little but it looked brand new like it had never been used. I suppose everything about his body looked brand new.

We both squatted there and slowly fed the fire until we had a nice blaze going. I saw Iain glance between my legs so I looked between his. His penis and testicles were hanging down almost as low as mine. I knew what would happen to mine when I got in the water. Maybe I would get him in the water too. I couldn't help but smile at the idea.

"Let's go get some more firewood," I said. "Get some bigger stuff this time. I want you to keep the fire going while we're here and the bigger driftwood will take longer to burn."

"Why do we need a fire?" Iain asked. "It's not cold."

"Because we're going to get in cold water and you're going to want to get warm when you get out. And I hope we get some fish so we can cook one for lunch. If you'll work with me, we should be through by mid-day and then I have a surprise for you."

"What?"

"It won't be a surprise if I tell you now; will it?"

"What are you going to do with the fish trap?" he asked.

"We're going to put it with the big open end out toward the sea," I said. "The opening on the big end is about sixty centimeters wide. I'm hoping the fish will swim down the trap. The opening on the little end is made so it's flexible and will expand if a really big fish tries to get through. It's only about ten centimeters wide, about as wide as your dick is long."

I didn't look at him when I said that. I just waited and he wasn't long in replying.

"Fuck you, David," he said indignantly, "My dick's sixteen point five centimeters long when it's hard. That's a little over six inches. How long is your fucking dick, anyway?"

"Mine's eighteen centimeters," I answered, looking at him and grinning and cutting off a couple of centimeters. "Don't be so touchy, Iain."

I remembered very well how long it was because Anna had insisted on measuring it when we were in Flagstaff. It was twenty centimeters, a little shy of eight inches. I remembered what she had done to get it erect and what she had then done to take the starch out of it, as she worded it.

"Well, you don't need to tease me about the size of my dick," he said. "I've used it a few times and...and she never complained."

I wondered who never complained but I didn't ask. He just looked at me and shook his head.

I pulled a long piece of strong string out of the bag with our Nutty Buddies and juice, motioned for Iain to raise his left hand, and then tied one end of the string around his wrist.

"We've both got to get in the water and you might as well tie this string around your dick before you do."

"Why?" he said, looking at me askance as if he knew I was about to tease him again.

"Because that water's damn cold and you'll need the string to pull your dick back out after it crawls up in your belly."

"Shit," he said.

"Father got me on that one when I was about ten, Iain. You mean you've never heard it?"

He just shook his head and grinned at me. His grin was probably cute enough to get him what he wanted from whoever it was who never complained.

Without another word, I tied the other end of the string around Iain's spear. I'd learned long ago never to throw my spear in the water without some easy way to retrieve it.

“Seriously, Iain, I wanted both of us naked so we can get in the water. I want you to stand near the spot where I'm going to put the trap. I'm going to wade from the far end to see if there are any fish in the pool. If there are, I want you to try to spear one when they make a run for it.”

“I don't know how to spear fish, David.”

“I don't either, Iain. Just try and, if you miss, don't worry about it. I only missed about a hundred before I got one.

I led him over the rocks to where I wanted him to stand, almost knee deep in the water with the sun shining down behind him so he wouldn't have to contend with the glare.

With him in place, I jumped over rocks to the other end of the pool. When I looked back, I saw him intently looking down at the water with his spear raised. He looked like an innocent naked little kid trying his hardest to do something grownup.

Cautiously, I waded into the water, holding on to my spear and trying to keep from falling on the rocky bottom. I sucked in my breath as I slowly got deeper in the pool and then really sucked it in when my penis and testicles got wet.

I waded through the pool, stopping periodically to move my spear point from side to side underwater. With the sun's reflection off the water in my eyes, I couldn't see whether there were any fish in the pool. I was about to give up when I heard Iain shout.

“I got one, David! I got one! I got a big one.”

“Keep your spear in him, Iain!” I yelled. “Don't pull it back! Hold him down!”

I waded through the pool until I got to the shallower part where Iain was leaning on his spear. I could clearly see a big fish thrashing pinned against the bottom. I leaned over, stuck my fingers in the fish's mouth, and got a good grip on it. I didn't even think about getting my fingers bitten off. I just wanted to get Iain's fish out of the water.

When I pulled the fish out, I saw he had speared a fish almost a meter long, much bigger than anything I had speared. I managed to struggle the rest of the way out of the water with the fish still flapping on my hand. I wasn't about to let it go until I had it safely ashore. I carried it over to the fire, laid it down, stuck my spear through its head, and got my hand out of his mouth. I looked at my hand and saw that it was bleeding from a few small cuts. I knew it was nothing to worry about. I'd already had worse.

I went back to the water, scrubbed my hands in the salt water, and then went over to where we had left our clothes. I took Little Boy out of the scabbard and held it out to Iain.

"Now, clean it," I said, looking at him. "Don't cut the head off."

"I don't know how to clean fish," he protested.

"I'll tell you how. Now clean it and be careful with Little Boy. He's sharper than a razor."

He gutted the fish and didn't cut himself and didn't complain. I complimented him when he was finished and told him to put the fish in the shade until we were ready to eat.

I put the fish trap in the larger opening to the pool and asked Iain to stop up the smaller opening with rocks while I finished blocking the larger opening. He worked with me and kept the fire going, I carried the largest rocks I could handle and dumped them around the fish trap. He carried smaller rocks but he didn't complain and even seemed to be enjoying himself. I complimented him on a job well done again.

I sliced a huge fillet out of one side of the fish, stuck it on my spear point with the skin side away from the fire, and propped the spear with the fish piece almost in the fire. I knew it wouldn't take long for it to be ready to eat.

**“Do you want to stay naked or do you want to put your clothes back on?” I asked.**

**“Are we ready to go back up the mountain?” he asked. “What’s the surprise?”**

**“I’m going to take you to a little beach where we can swim. We can lie out in the sun for a while but you need to be careful not to blister your butt like I did.”**

**“I don’t want to get in that cold water again,” he protested.**

**“Iain, just wait ‘til you see the beach. It’s a beautiful spot, a good place for swimming. Once you get over the shock, the water’s not so bad. I swam in it a few weeks ago. Can you swim?”**

**“Yeah, I’m a good swimmer. I like to swim.”**

**The fish tasted great, even completely unseasoned. We left nothing but the skin. Cold water and a good appetite can make anything taste good.**

**We both put our moccasins back on before we left and carried our clothing. My feet were much tougher from going barefooted but I knew Iain’s weren’t. I led him back up the mountain a short distance, then off a side trail, and then through the tree tunnel. The trail wound through a thick growth of some kind of little trees that almost cut off the light. At the end of the tunnel I watched Iain’s face when we emerged into the sunlight again.**

**Walking out of the tree tunnel was almost like walking out of a cave into the sunlight. On each side of the path and everywhere around the beach there were rock formations so the only access was the way we had come. The beach was small, maybe fifty meters wide and ten meters deep. The sand was almost white and it continued for some distance into the crystal-clear light-green water. The waves were barely lapping at the beach. It was a little paradise and Iain was as struck by its beauty as I had been. I told him to thank Aimee for showing me how to find it.**

**I got in the water first, running as fast as I could, holding my hands in the air, and letting out a big whoop when the water hit me from head**

to toe. Then I turned around and waited for Iain. He hesitated for a few seconds and then followed my example, even the big whoop.

After the initial shock, we both stood in water that came to mid-thigh on Iain, shivering and trying to get up the courage to totally immerse ourselves. Iain looked at my penis and testicles so I looked at his and then at mine. His penis looked like something off a Greek statue and his testicles were drawn up in a half-ball in his scrotum. Mine were about the same.

“Hey, David,” he said, shivering but trying to grin. “I think we both need some string tied to our dicks.”

We played in the water and even swam side by side a little. I told him I wanted to show him something my father had taught me. I got him to stand still and on his toes while I ducked down behind him, grabbed under his heels, and threw him out of the waist-deep water. I told him that, to do it right, he had to cannonball back in the water. He tried a couple of times but never quite succeeded. Then I coaxed him into letting me duck down behind him, stick my head between his legs, and come up with him on my shoulders. I had to coax him even more when I held both his hands for balance and got him to stand on my shoulders so he could dive off. He belly-flopped but it was a good try. I couldn't convince him to do that again.

We lay on the sand on our stomachs and on our backs for a while. Iain didn't want to go back in the water so I brushed the sand off his back while he did the front. Then he returned the favor for me. We didn't get nearly all the sand but I didn't care and he evidently didn't either. With the sun on my body and the light breeze blowing up the mountain, I didn't have a care in the world.

In mid-afternoon, I told Iain that it was time to start home. He protested until I told him it would take twice as long to go up the mountain as it did to come down. The day had gone much better than I expected. Iain had been more of a man than a boy. I had enjoyed the day with him. Except for our moccasins, we didn't get dressed. Iain wanted to carry the rest of his fish.

We were almost home when he asked me a question.

“David, today, when I had Little Boy in my hand cleaning the fish, what would you have done if I had attacked you?”

I thought about it for a few seconds. “Oh, I probably would have disarmed you and kicked your butt. If I thought you were a real threat, I might have killed you.”

He stopped and looked at me. “You could have done that?”

“Yes, Iain, I could have. I told you I was a soldier and I’ve had a lot of training on how to kill, even without a weapon. But that war is behind me now. I’ve offered you my hand in friendship today. I hope you’ll take it.”

He walked up closer to me and stood looking in my eyes. “I never thought of attacking you, David. I knew what you were doing by making me clean the fish. I liked it. I don’t mean cleaning the fish. I mean you making me do it because I need to learn to do it.”

He held out his hand. I was more than glad to shake it. Then, as we climbed the rest of the way to home, I put my arm on his shoulders and kept it there for a few minutes. I had just one more thing to say to him.

“Iain, I’m certain you know where we are and why you’re here. I need to know too. Whenever you’re ready to talk, I’m ready to listen.”

He hung his head and said, “I can’t.”

“By the end of this year, there will be nine or ten people here. In another year, there will probably be twenty of us. Our survival will depend on how much we trust each other and how well we all cooperate. Think about it.”

He mumbled something and walked away. I didn’t bring up the subject again as we were climbing up the mountain.

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The next morning Iain was a different person. I woke him up when I got up at six o’clock to ask him if wanted to go with me again. I told him I wanted to make the rounds of my rabbit traps to reset them, to check on my garden, and to forage for edible plants as usual. I was usually back home by eight o’clock for breakfast and my workout session out on the terrace. He wanted to stay in bed and sleep. He

offered an excuse: that he was sore from what he did the day before. I didn't know whether to believe him or not.

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The following day, he went with me to check my rabbit traps but he was still quiet and withdrawn. We had one kill, a mature male, and I asked if he would gut it. He declined. He was a little more helpful in foraging for edible plants. He found a colony of large mushrooms and, after his tablet confirmed that they were edible, we harvested the best ones. I led him to a swampy area where I had seen old cattails and we found that the new shoots were about a foot or so high. I knew they could be eaten. The tablet recommended that they be steamed or boiled to kill any bacteria from the swamp and said they tasted like asparagus or cucumbers.

For supper, we had rabbit again. I sautéed it in a little olive oil and then steamed it to tenderize it. I sautéed some of the mushrooms with wild onions and asked Iain to steam the cattails. With a few potatoes from the patch near the terrace, we ate a fine meal. The meal was good but Iain's attitude wasn't. He still seemed moody and withdrawn.

Later that evening, we wandered outdoors to watch the sunset again. I remembered something from Iain's arrival.

"Iain, what language were you and Aimee speaking when you first arrived?" I asked.

He hesitated for a moment before he answered. "It's Gaelic, David. I told you my family is Irish. My parents make me speak it when I'm talking to them. They're what you might call traditionalists. They like to preserve the old ways and the old language."

I didn't believe him. I didn't tell him I had already asked Aimee the same question. She had said she didn't know the name of the language but, when Iain spoke it, she had known it and so she replied in the same language. When I asked her how many languages she knew, she had told me she knew twenty-one languages, each of which was spoken by more than fifty million people. I asked her if the language she and Iain spoke was one of them and she had answered that it was not. I had assumed it was some obscure language like Gaelic but I felt Iain wasn't being truthful. I decided to leave the subject alone.

**“Do you speak any other languages, David?” Iain asked.**

**“Yeah, I’m fluent in French and Farsi and I can make do in Arabic. My parents and grandparents taught me when I was little.”**

**“Yeah,” Iain said, “parents will do that. Parents like to make you do things whether you want to or not.”**

**“Yes, but I’m glad mine did.”**

**“David, have I told you I’m a singer? I love music. I like classical music and Broadway musicals and jazz. I even like some operas, like Carmen.”**

**I got the distinct impression that he was trying to change the subject.**

**“Well, I can’t help you there. I can’t sing and I can’t play a musical instrument. Even if we had some, I couldn’t play them for you to sing.”**

**“Oh, I don’t sing with instruments, David,” he said. “I sing without accompaniment, a capella, you know, just my voice. My mother and grandfather taught me that too. I’m quite good at it. I’ve performed in lots of places.”**

**“Well, how about singing something for me?”**

**“Could we go in the lounge? The acoustics there are much better than outdoors.”**

**I followed him inside to the lounge. He pointed to a chair for me so I sat down. He walked to a corner of the room, closed his eyes, took some deep breaths, and then began to sing.**

**I had no idea what the words were or maybe there were no words. I had read that the human voice was the most beautiful musical instrument and now I believed it. I had heard tenors sing so I suppose that was his voice range but I found it hard to believe that he could hit the highest and lowest notes.**

**After a minute or so listening to him, I knew he was singing about something that was sad. Something in his voice and his facial**

expressions and his gestures told me that his song was mournful, maybe about a lost love, and I knew it with certainty even if I couldn't understand the words. I couldn't help but enter into the song with him and I felt sad about something too. When he finished, I sat there, speechless, hardly believing what I had heard.

He stood there looking at me, a serious expression on his face. "Well, did you like it?"

"Yes, Iain, I liked it. I liked it very much. You've got a beautiful voice. It's sad, isn't it? I've never heard anything like it."

"I like to sing outdoors too, David. Would you think I'm silly if sometimes I go outdoors at dawn and sing to greet the sun? Or maybe I'll go out at dusk and sing to greet the night. I like to do that."

"No, Iain, I won't think you're silly but let me go with you. I've never heard anything as beautiful as your voice."

"I can sing happy songs too, David. Let's go outside tomorrow morning just as day is breaking and I'll sing you a happy song. I've been talking to Aimee and she says she can play music outdoors. There a short piece of music I think would be perfect at daybreak."

"I'd like that, Iain. Just don't sing me another sad song. I almost felt like crying and men don't cry."

I wasn't about to tell him that I had felt sad because of what had happened to my father and mother. I'm sure his song wasn't about them but it had evoked my memories of them and I had felt like crying again.

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I looked at the clock when I heard Iain get up. The time was just before six o'clock and I knew that was probably before sunrise. I thought he might be going outdoors to greet the sun with singing again so I rolled out of bed too.

He went in the toilet, for his morning piss I assumed, so I followed him and walked up to the adjacent urinal to do it too. He looked at my face, then down at my hand holding my penis, looked back at my face, and smiled. I smiled back and we both started pissing at the same

time. When I finished, I farted, then shook my dick, slid my foreskin down to cover up, and turned toward him. He was still pissing so I watched until he shook his dick, covered the head again, and turned toward me. I could tell he was straining to fart. He finally managed to squeeze out a little poot. I was just glad he wasn't bashful around me anymore.

I followed him outdoors, to the highest level of the terrace, and sat down behind him. I looked at his butt and between his legs at his balls and I couldn't help but smile. There was such a contrast between his tanned back and legs and his white butt. He stood there with his legs slightly apart, his hands raised, and waited for the first rays of the sun.

When the first rays touched him, Aimee started playing some music. I wasn't aware that she could play music outdoors but I was pleased to learn. I watched Iain's arms and he seemed to be conducting the music. He was right. I thought the music was perfect at daybreak.

Then he started singing a new song and again his voice raised goose bumps on my skin. I listened in awe. I knew he was singing a song of praise. I had no idea what he was praising but I knew that was what the song was about.

When the song was finished, I rose as he turned and we both went down the stairs. When we were down to the main level leading into the front door, I put my arm on his shoulders. He looked at me and smiled, a beautiful warm smile.

"Thank you, Iain," I said. "The music was perfect and your voice was wonderful. I wish I could praise the day like that."

"No, David, I want to thank you, for the way you've treated me. I know I'm moody and not very good company sometimes. I'll try to do better. And the music was called Morning. It's by Edvard Grieg. I've worked with classical music a lot and Aimee says she has lots of it for us."

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The next day Iain and I explored a huge rocky outcropping a short distance away and found two additions to our diet. One was a thicket of blackberries which were just beginning to ripen. We managed to pick and eat some without getting into the briars and we stopped only

when we couldn't find any more black ones. I knew we'd have to check it every day early in the morning to beat the birds to the fruit. We also found an herb, rosemary, growing among the rocks. When I broke off a twig and smelled the strong aromatic scent my mother loved, I knew I would be using it in cooking.

Later that day, I looked at myself in the mirror and decided it was time to use the crème for hair removal. The first time I had used it, shortly after my arrival, I had snipped my moustache with scissors, rubbed the crème on my face, laid out on the terrace for fifteen minutes with my face exposed to the sun, and then showered, just as the instructions said. I had been amazed as my week-old beard disappeared down the drain. I had been pleased with the result. My chin and cheeks and throat felt as smooth as any good shave I'd ever had.

Aimee had told me that the crème needed to be used about once a month and she was right. After thirty days, I had about as much soft facial hair as a young boy.

Iain walked in the bathroom while I was looking in the mirror about to apply the crème again. He picked up the crème, stuck his finger in it, and smelled it.

"That's Nor; isn't it? Do you think I need to use it again?"

He lifted his face so I could look at it. His cheeks looked as smooth and hairless as always but I could see a faint dark growth on his upper lip. I had assumed that he didn't need to shave yet and the faint mustache was just the normal growth for a young male. But he wanted to know if he should use it again.

"What did you call it?" I asked.

"Nor. It's called Nor. Everybody uses it. It's safe to use all over and all the kids I know want to be hairless except on their heads and maybe a little pubic patch. Some don't even want a pubic patch. I like it."

"Well, why have I never heard of it?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's something European. I don't know much about your country."

**“Do you use it?”**

**“Sure. I use it all over. Cait...She said she liked...I mean. Oh, forget it.”**

**That was interesting. Someone named Kate had said she liked Iain or something about him after he had used something called Nor. I didn't push it but I didn't forget it either.**

**“You say you use it all over? On your testicles too?”**

**“Yeah,” he said.**

**He reached down to his testicles, pulled them upward and looked closely at them. I couldn't see any hair on them until I zoomed in and saw an occasional little short one.**

**I pulled my testicles up and looked at them. There were long hairs all over them. I tugged them to one side and saw the same dark hair back between my legs and on my thighs. I looked up and saw Iain looking at my genitals.**

**“If you'll share, I think I'll use some Nor on my face and on my testicles,” he said. “You should too. You'll like it. You've got lots of hair in the crack of your ass. It looks strange.**

**I had been criticized enough in my life but never for having a hairy ass crack. I decided I'd try the stuff. According to Aimee it could be used anywhere and the hair would eventually grow back.**

**I watched carefully as he smeared a little Nor on his upper lip. Then he rubbed it on his testicles and behind them and part way up the shaft of his dick. I couldn't help but grin when his dick stood up, poked its head out, and looked around. He looked at me sheepishly and said, “I can't help it. It's got a mind of its own.”**

**He watched me just as carefully when I rubbed Nor on my face and throat. He cautioned me that I needed to rub it in until it seemed to disappear and I couldn't feel it. Then I rubbed it on my testicles and behind them all the way to my asshole and a little up the shaft of my dick until the Nor disappeared. My dick stood up about like Iain's.**

**When I turned around and asked him to do my ass crack, he told me to do my own fucking ass. I stood there, feeling like a damn fool,**

rubbing my fingers up and down my ass crack until I couldn't feel the Nor.

I told Aimee we were going outside and asked her to let me know when fifteen minutes had passed and again when a half hour had passed. We took a couple of blankets outside, stretched out on our backs, and let the sun do its work. Iain told me to spread my legs wide so the sun could get between them. I felt ridiculous but I did it. My dick stayed hard and so did Iain's. I thought about jacking off but I wasn't sure yet whether I should do it around him.

When Aimee told us that fifteen minutes had passed, we both rolled over on our stomachs. Iain made me feel stupid again by telling me that I needed to pull my ass cheeks apart to let the sunshine in. I lay there, eyes squinted, looking at Iain's white ass, with my fingers pulling my ass cheeks apart so the sun could work its magic. For a boy, his butt was sort of sexy, maybe not as much as a girl's butt, but definitely sexy. I could understand why some guys liked to stick their dick in the hole between butt cheeks as rounded and smooth as his. Maybe I'd even try it if I got much hornier and Anna didn't come to me. I decided I'd better banish such thoughts from my mind.

"Hey, Iain, did you hear about the three brothers who went out West to raise cattle?" I asked.

"Uh uh" he groaned.

"Do you know what they named their cattle ranch?"

"Uh uh" he groaned again.

"Sunset," I said. "Because that's where the sun's rays meet. Sons raise meat, get it?"

This time he just groaned and then I heard a sound like he was trying to stifle something.

"Hey, Iain, I'm thinking of renaming my asshole," I paused. "To Sunset."

He groaned and then chuckled and said, "David, you've got to work on your delivery if you want to be a comedian. You should have paused just a little longer."

I reached over and stuck my fingers in his ribs. He laughed and squirmed away.

When Aimee told me that thirty minutes had passed, we went back inside and showered. I was amazed at how easily all the treated hair washed away in water. I felt my hairless testicles and couldn't make up my mind whether I liked them that way or not. I hoped Anna would.

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A couple of days later, Iain and I had another good evening meal. I told him about my grandmère L'Héritier's marvelous French cooking and said I wanted to see if I could come close to the frittata she made. I sautéed mushrooms and wild onions together, poured eight beaten eggs in the pan, sprinkled the top with rosemary, waited until the eggs were barely cooked, and then browned the top under a broiler. I thought it was great and all that was lacking was a baguette of bread. The bowl of blackberries we had for dessert was perfect. Afterwards, I sat at a kitchen table while Iain cleaned up.

"Iain, have you thought any more about the questions I asked you," I said. "How did you get here? Why are we here?"

He stopped and looked at me. I waited. He finally said something.

"David, I'd like to talk to you but for years my parents have told me that I should never talk about....about what you're asking. I had to promise them I never would before they let me go with them. Please don't ask me to violate their trust. Have you ever had something you just couldn't talk about?"

I had pulled a little more information out of him but I still didn't have the answers to the important questions. I thought for a minute or so and then decided to tell him about my life.

I invited him to sit down at table opposite me and then I told him the uncensored truth about what happened when I was twelve years old and had seen Mullah Muqtada al-Badr with my father's head. I told him I had been unable to speak for months afterward and how I had never been able to tell anyone else the story until I met Anna. He sat engrossed while I described my mother's descent into despair and

how she disappeared when I was fourteen. I told him how my grandfather and grandmother had raised me after that and how I had gone to the Army Academy when I was seventeen. I told him about my combat experience and how I had become a sniper and how I had met Anna and fallen in love with her. Last I told him how I had been selected to kill Muqtada al-Badr, the Grand Ayatollah of Islamistan. When I told him that, he leaned back with an expression on his face as though he couldn't believe me.

“You're the one who did that?” he asked. “The news said it was the other branch of Islam, Sunni or Shi'a or whatever. I can never keep them straight.”

“Yes, Iain, I did. I killed him at the Imam al-Hussein Shrine in Mamoon after mid-day prayers. Afterwards I was trapped in a hotel next to the plaza at the shrine. Someone threw an explosive in my room and I thought I had been killed. Then I woke up here. Now do you understand why I want to know how and why I'm here?”

“You don't know what happened after he was killed; do you?”

“No, Iain, I don't. What happened?”

“The Sunni and Shi'a factions started fighting between themselves again, David. When I left, I mean, when I came here, they were back to killing each other and the rest of the world was cheering them on. Their expansion seems to have stopped and may be starting to collapse.”

I was pleased to hear that our disinformation services had done their job and the result had been what we had hoped for. At the same time, I was glad that my small part in the war was over. I could not keep on fighting and killing, no matter how evil the enemy was. I was tired of death and I wanted to live my life in peace. I wanted to live my life with Anna and our children. I wanted to grow old with her, watching our children and maybe grandchildren live their lives in peace.

“How many men have you killed, David?” he asked.

“Well, I told you about the seven jihadists I killed, the ones who tried to ambush us. Then, the day I shot al-Badr, I killed seven in all, shot six and let one feel the edge of Big Boy's blade. That's fourteen. I killed

two jihadists another day and then just one three times. Is that nineteen?”

He sat and looked at me for a minute. “Does it bother you, to kill so many men?”

“Yes, Iain, it bothers me a lot but they were all jihadists who wanted to kill me and all the infidels like you. I’m sick of killing and I hope I never have to do it again. That’s one reason I like it here, where the only killing I do is for food. If I could be with Anna again, this would be paradise.”

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Six days passed in which I didn’t ask Iain the questions again. The news about the war had cheered me for a day or so but I slowly began to sink back into restlessness and anger and depression. I wanted to control my own life. I liked the peace and quiet of living in this strange new world but without the woman I loved the place was hell. I thought constantly about her, wondering what had happened to her and whether she would ever come to me and whether I would ever again be complete with her.

During that time, I took Iain to the top of the mountain and let him discover the strange domes covering what looked like solar panels. We agreed that it was probably the power supply for everything in our home. He stood, as I had done, and looked and looked all around the horizon and I knew what he was looking for. I let him see for himself that there were no signs of anyone else.

Another day, we went down the mountain to check on my fish trap. Iain wanted to visit the beach first so we did and it was just as much fun the second time. When we went to the pool, my trap had done its job. There were lots of fish trapped in the pool, most of them small ones but some almost as large as the one Iain speared. We speared all we wanted to carry back up the mountain. I decided to ask Aimee for instructions on how to make a dip net and how to smoke fish as soon as possible.

The next day, we checked the rabbit traps and found we had two kills. I disabled the snares until we needed more. We worked in the garden that afternoon and picked our first vegetables, radishes, lettuce, and snow peas. When we checked the potato patch near the terrace, I saw

that the vines were beginning to wilt and I knew we would be digging potatoes one day soon.

That night, I lay in my bed in the dark with my hand wrapped around my hard-to-bursting penis and listened to the sounds of Iain masturbating. The hard breathing, the grunts, and moans left no doubt that he was doing the same thing I intended to do. I decided to join him in his bed.

“Lights on dim,” I said, as I rolled out of my bed and went to Iain’s.

He blinked rapidly at the lights, quickly covered up his genitals with his hands, and looked up at me with surprise in his eyes. I stood there beside his bed with my penis pointing up at the usual angle. He looked at it, and then looked back at my face, and I could see on his face that he was puzzled.

“Move over,” I said, and he scooted farther back in his sleeping alcove and again covered his genitals with his hands.

“What are you doing, David?” he asked.

I couldn’t tell what sort of emotion I heard in his voice, perhaps, surprise, shame, fear, certainly not welcome. I crawled in his bed and stretched out beside him. I didn’t try to cover my hard-on. I wanted him to see it.

“Iain, there’s no reason to be ashamed of what you’re doing. We both know we do it almost every night. I think it’s time we admitted it and we can both do it with the lights on. Move your hands.”

He kept his hands covering his penis and testicles. I wrapped my right hand around my penis, reached over with my left and pulled his right hand away. I had seen his penis erect when he first arrived. Now, it looked to me like it was average size when erect, maybe a little larger, straight with a white shaft and blood-red head, a nice looking penis but nothing extraordinary. His testicles were hairless and pink, maybe like a young man’s.

“Now, let’s do it together,” I said and started stroking my penis.

He watched me doing it for a minute and then smiled shyly at me and started doing it too. I watched him doing it, glanced at his face, and saw that he was watching me doing it,

I suppose we were both horny as usual. Maybe Iain's age gave him the edge. He came before I did and squirted out about six streams of semen from his face down to his stomach. He turned to look at me and grinned with one big blob drooling down over one eye onto his cheek.

I came a few second later. I didn't decorate myself the same way he did. I just laid down a heavy trail over my chest and stomach. I looked at Iain. He was still grinning and breathing heavily. I reached over toward his face and, when he closed his eyes, I wiped his semen off his face with my finger and smeared it on his chest.

I thought how ridiculous it was for either of us to want to masturbate in the dark. We were the only two here. We were both subject to the same undeniable urgency of our testicles making millions of sperm each day and pouring out a river of testosterone. If this was to be my world, I knew masturbating was not going to be a sin and something to be ashamed of and hidden. It was going to be something we could do in celebration of life and being male and could share it if we wanted to. Damn, it certainly didn't need to be hidden. I didn't want it to be. None of this god forbids shit and sin and shame for something that's simply normal for young males.

I waited until my breathing slowed down close to normal, grinning at Iain and seeing him grinning back at me.

"Iain, I'm damned proud to be a man and you should be too," I said. "We both know we masturbate constantly. From now on, I'm going to do it any time I want to. I've done it in bed in the dark. I've done it outdoors in the sunshine. I've done it from the peak of the mountain down to the seashore. We can do it together. We can to it separately. But damn it, we're going to do it and we both know we are. I'm going to celebrate having a dick and balls and being so horny I could fuck a knot hole in a tree. It's what makes me what I am and I like it. Damn, I like it! I like being a man! You should too!"

"Yeah but..." he started and then cut himself off.

"Yeah, but what, Iain," I insisted. "Come on, spit it out."

**“It’s just that I’m not like you. You’re big...and you’re strong....and your dick’s lots bigger than mine. And you’ve killed lots of guys and I’ve never done anything like that. I just feel...I don’t know...I just feel like I’m not much of a man in comparison to you.”**

**“Iain, you’ve been a real man since you came here. I mean it. You don’t complain. You’ve worked hard. You do everything I ask you to do. Anyway, how old are you?” I asked.**

**“I’ve just turned eighteen,” he said, proudly. “I’m supposed to be a man.”**

**“Iain, I was taller than you at eighteen but, at about sixteen, I looked a lot like you. My father gave me genes for a big dick so I can’t take credit for that. Why does our penis size make any difference? Yours looks like it’s average, maybe a little bit bigger.”**

**“Yeah, but you’re strong and....I wish I could be like you, not like me with no muscles.”**

**“If you really mean that, Iain, I can help you. All it takes is regular exercise and diet and a good workout regimen. I usually work out every morning. Why don’t you join me? You can make your body into whatever you want it to be.”**

**“You really think I could?” he asked.**

**“Yeah, now let’s go take a shower together. I’ll scrub your back if you’ll scrub mine.”**

## **Chapter Twelve**

**As the thirty-day anniversary of Iain’s arrival neared, I became even more apprehensive and nervous and depressed, especially depressed, and internally I bordered on despair, a loss of hope that Anna would join me. If Aimee was right, I knew someone else would soon arrive. If it wasn’t Anna, I didn’t know if I could maintain the facade of being content, especially since Iain still wouldn’t tell me the answers to the questions I had asked him. I had a series of bad nights when my mind wouldn’t shut down and let me sleep and I struggled through the**

following days. I tried to stay busy during the days but often I found myself doing tasks without thinking about what I was doing, while my mind was whirling in circles puzzling with the same old questions.

After our evening meal on the thirty-first day, I asked Iain the same questions again. He said “I can’t, David,” then walked away from me, went in Aimee’s room, and began to talk to her. I could hardly control my anger. I went outside, climbed up to the highest level of the terraces, and sat there thinking. I had begged Iain to share his knowledge with me and he had consistently refused. I decided to give him one last chance.

I waited outside, thinking about what I intended to do, until the time Iain and I usually went to bed. Then I stood up, pissed to the night and fuck-it-all, and went back inside. I walked slowly down the hallway almost to our shared bedroom, stroking my penis and thinking how Iain might react. Would he fight me? That wouldn’t do him much good. He didn’t have a chance against my strength. Would he simply let me? I didn’t want that. Would he cooperate with me? I thought of that for a minute and then decided that wasn’t what I wanted. I wanted him to resist.

I quietly walked into our bedroom, over to his bed, and called for the lights to come on bright. Iain wasn’t asleep. He was lying there on his back stroking his erect penis. He looked at my face and then down at my penis, standing up tall. He smiled at me, and moved over without my asking.

I sat down on the side of his bed and then quickly rolled over until I was on top of him. I was chest to chest with him and dick and balls to dick and balls with him. I could feel his erect penis against my stomach and I knew he could feel mine. I pressed it against his stomach until he squirmed. My face was just inches above his. My eyes were locked with his.

As a start, I wanted to kiss him like I would kiss a woman. I lowered my head and gently kissed him, just lips to lips, with no pressure or force. He looked up at me with confusion on his face.

“I’m going to kiss you, Iain,” I said. “I want you to kiss me back. Do it like a man or do it like a woman but just do it.”

I saw his lips tighten and his forehead furrow. I knew he was going to resist me and that was exactly what I wanted. I lowered my face toward his and he turned his face to one side. I wrapped my hand around his wrist and squeezed just a little.

“Stop, David. You’re hurting me,” he said, his face still turned away from mine.

“No, I’m not but I will if you don’t kiss me.”

I increased the pressure a little more and saw his face register pain. I eased my grip. He turned his head to face me, licked his lips a couple of times, and smiled weakly at me.

I slowly lowered my face down to his, my lips to his, and probed between his lips with my tongue. He opened to me and yielded his mouth to me for a moment. His breath was sweet and fresh and I knew he had brushed his teeth before he went to bed. I pulled back and smiled down at him. He had done what I wanted.

“What are you doing, David?” he said. “Get off me.”

“No, Iain,” I answered. “I’m going to do something I’ve wanted to do since you came here. I’m going to fuck you in your sweet little ass.”

His eyes opened wide and his face registered shock and surprise and then fear.

“What do you mean, David? Get off me, please!”

“No, Iain, you’ve been fucking with me for the last month. Now I’m going to fuck with you.”

“Please, David, don’t...don’t do this.”

“I’m going to give you a choice, Iain. You can suck me off or you can take it up the ass. If you suck me off, I’m going to shove my dick down your throat so far you won’t even have to swallow my semen. If you want me to fuck you, I’m going to shove my dick up your ass so far you won’t be able to shit my semen out. Which do you want?”

I kept my eyes on his face and I saw terror in his eyes as he came to believe I would do what I was saying. That was what I wanted.

**“I’d rather fuck you,” I continued relentlessly. “I’ve wanted to shove my dick between your little white buns since you came here. If you cooperate, I’ll try not to hurt you. If you fight me, my dick is still going up your ass and it will probably hurt you. It’s up to you.”**

**He lay there, staring at me, and I thought he was trying to make up his mind. Suddenly he slapped me on the side of my head with an open palm, right on my ear. Where had he learned that little defensive trick? To do it properly, he should have used both hands. It hurt like hell but I didn’t move off him. Instead, I caught both his wrists with my hands, bent his arms upward beside his head, and pinned them down with my hands.**

**“Good move, Iain,” I hissed, “but I’ve had better men than you try to hurt me. You should have used two hands.”**

**He stared at me for a moment and then erupted in a sustained attempt to throw me off him. His legs flailed against the bed but they couldn’t make me move off him. He tried bucking upward but I kept my stomach against his and that didn’t work. All it did was rub my hard-on against his belly and his against mine. After another moment, he realized he couldn’t throw me off him and he subsided and lay there glaring at me.**

**I was angry and depressed. I was fed up with him. I was tired of asking him questions and getting no answers. I had tried not to let it show but all of it had been simmering inside me and I had tried not to let it out. Now it had come to a rolling boil and I knew it was about to explode. I decided to try again.**

**"Iain, I'm warning you. I've reached the end of...of whatever, my patience. I'm tired of asking you questions and getting no answers. I'm going to ask you one question. If you don't give me a straight answer, I'll make you wish you had. If you don't answer me, you're going to get fucked and I'm going to rip your little asshole to shreds. Now, why am I here?"**

**"David, I can't tell you what I don't know. Please don't..."**

**I cut him off. “Don't give me that shit, Iain. I know you know more than you've been telling me, a hell of a lot more. I'm tired of asking, I mean begging you to tell me why I'm here. What's the purpose of all**

**this? Somebody's gone to a lot of trouble and expense to provide this place for us. Why? What's happened to Anna? You pretend you've never heard of her but I watch you when I talk about her and I know you know who she is. You know one hell of a lot of shit and you won't tell me a fucking thing. I've reached the stage where I don't give a flying fuck why I'm here. I don't want to stay here with you, even if this place is a fucking paradise. I can hardly stand to look at you. I just want to go home and look for Anna. If I can't have her, I don't want to live, here or anywhere. I might as well give you Little Boy and tell you to cut my throat. Would you like to do that?"**

**"David, please don't be so angry with me," he begged. "Please don't fuck me. I've never been with a man. Just with Caitlyn."**

**Caitlyn, huh? She who never complained was named Caitlyn, not Kate. I lay there on top of him looking at him for a moment, still trying to control the anger and depression and other emotions that threatened to overpower me. He lay there with his lips tightly closed, glaring at me. I decided to give him one last chance.**

**"You don't want to suck my dick? Shit, I'll suck yours. It's not a big deal. I've sucked a few dicks before and it didn't make me queer."**

**I turned loose of his arms and crawfished backwards until I was sitting on his legs just below his knees. Maybe he was frightened of me and what I was threatening to do but his dick was still hard and standing up over his stomach. He raised himself up on his elbows and watched me.**

**I put my hand around his dick, stretched his foreskin downward, leaned over, and took the head in my mouth. I knew I was in a vulnerable position and, if he hit me on my ears with both hands, he might be able to inflict enough pain to get away. He didn't hit me. Instead, he let me use my tongue and lips and mouth and hand on his penis. I sucked and stroked him for a minute and then decided it was his turn.**

**I moved up on the bed, straddling his chest, until my dick was in front of his face. "It's your turn."**

**He reached up and gingerly put his thumb and a couple of fingers on the shaft of my dick. My foreskin was already retracted and the head of my dick was blood-red. I wanted him to suck it. He craned his neck**

upward, opened his mouth wide, and leaned forward until the head of my dick was in his mouth. He closed his eyes and stopped and I waited to see what he would do. I saw a little furtive tear well up in one eye. I waited but he did nothing. He didn't suck it. He didn't use his hand. He didn't use his tongue and lips. I'd had enough.

I moved back down on his body, caught his legs behind his knees with my arms, and bent him almost in half. I pressed down on him with my stomach and chest and caught his flailing arms at the wrists and pinned them down too. He was helpless, just the way I wanted him. I moved back a little until I felt my dick slip down below his testicles and then I pushed forward again, trying blindly to ram my dick up his ass. I missed and my dick slid upward, bumped into his balls, and came to rest against my stomach. He screamed and I didn't know why because the only thing I had hurt was my dick. I was about to try again when I heard Aimee call my name.

**“DAVID!”**

I had forgotten about her and how she could monitor what went on in our bedroom. I had thought about asking her not to watch what happened after Iain and I had masturbated together but I had decided that she might as well see everything. Now I wished I had asked her to stay out of our bedroom.

**“David, please do not hurt Iain!”** she said, pleading. **“Think about what you are doing!”**

I released his arms and legs but I didn't move off him. I rose up on my elbows and looked at his face. His eyes were full of tears and his face on each side was wet with them. I knew I had to stop.

**“I'm sorry, Iain,”** I said. **“I'm all fucked up! I'm just really fucked up! Why can't you help me? I'm depressed and crazy and hurting and I need help and you're the only one who can help me and you won't do it. I don't....I don't know...Oh, shit! What am I going to do?”**

I rolled off him and out of the bed, ran out the door, down the hallway, and out the front doors. I stopped in the center of the terrace, my eyes closed, breathing deeply, trying to calm down.

What I had tried to do to Iain was plainly and simply evil and I knew it. I had killed men who were trying their best to kill me and I slept

well afterwards. But Iain was innocent of any malice toward me. Maybe he had not been deliberately hiding anything from me after all. Maybe he really didn't know anything. Or maybe there had been some sort of trauma in his life like there had been in mine and maybe he couldn't talk about it. I knew that what I had tried to do to him was wrong. Maybe it was the most evil act I had ever attempted. He was just a boy becoming a man and trying hard to cope with me and being here. I liked him and respected him. Still, what I almost did was evil and I felt sick inside from wanting to do it.

I looked up at the sky for help. The moon was nowhere to be seen and the terrace area outside was faintly lit by millions of diamonds in the sky. I knew my way around even in the dark and I went to one of my favorite places to sit, a rock on the highest terrace from which there was an unobstructed view. I sat down and looked at the sea, silver and cold with starlight, impersonal and uncaring, and tried to let go of what I had done. I sat there thinking all kinds of crazy thoughts, wanting to do things to hurt somebody, tired of being hurt because some idiots thought they could just grab me somehow and transport me somewhere and I didn't have a fucking idea how I had got here, where ever here was and I might never be with Anna again. I had tried to do something evil to someone, a boy, who needed a good man to help him grow up. Not me. He didn't need me, certainly not me.

After a while I gave up thinking and went back inside. I went to our sleeping chamber but Iain wasn't there. I had not seen him in any other room as I came down the hallway so I knew he was probably in another bedroom. I left the bedroom where we had been sleeping and walked down the hallway, checking on each bedroom. I finally found him in one across the hallway and as far away from me as he could get. He was lying there on his left side with his back toward me. I couldn't tell whether he was asleep or not. I gave up, went back to my bedroom, mine alone now, crawled in bed, and lay there unable to sleep.

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**"Wake up, David! Your help is needed again!"**

I struggled to awaken from a deep sleep, not sure if I had heard some one calling for me or if I was dreaming. I opened my eyes and saw that my sleeping chamber was brightly lit. I quickly looked at the clock over the door and saw that it was almost three o'clock in the morning.

**"David, I need you!" Aimee said, urgently, and this time, I knew she was calling me. "Some one has arrived and he is very ill!"**

**"Call Iain! Tell him to come to your room!" I instructed her.**

**I rolled out of bed and started for Aimee's room. The urgency of her voice had made me cool and I ran as quickly as I could to see who had arrived. I knew it wasn't the one I wanted so much to see. Aimee had clearly referred to the new arrival as a he.**

**Iain had arrived thirty-six days ago. Aimee had said that someone would arrive every thirty to forty days and I assumed that meant they could arrive anytime during the day or night. I knew I couldn't stay awake every night so I had asked her to call me if the new arrival came at night. I had slept fitfully for six nights waiting and wishing that Anna would be next. Iain had hardly spoken to me for five days since I attempted to rape him. He avoided me and didn't help me with any of the usual chores. Each day I threw myself into the hardest manual labor I could find so I would be exhausted and might sleep.**

**The new arrival was a young boy, on the floor on his hands and knees. He had thrown up the contents of his stomach, emptied his bladder, and evacuated his bowels. He had shit and pissed on the recliner and the floor and then puked on the floor. From the amount and mixed consistency of his feces, I wondered if he had diarrhea. He was on his hands and knees, trying to crawl out of the mess. It reeked enough to make me recoil but I knew I had to get him out of it.**

**I grabbed him by his arms, stood him up, and then scooped him up in my arms and took a few steps backwards. I stood looking at him for just a moment. His face and most of his body were clean but his hands and arms and legs and feet were soiled.**

**He was a young boy with a beautiful face, long light-brown fine hair, a slim body with no trace of baby fat, tanned except for, like Iain, a faint white stripe around his middle, and long thin arms and legs. His face was flushed, cheeks rosy pink, lips almost too red, and his eyes were squinted closed against the bright light.**

**I glanced at his genitals to see if that might reveal his age. His uncircumcised penis was that of a child in the early stages of puberty. It was engorged but not stiff and it was a little smaller than an average**

adult's. I assumed he'd had a piss-hard moments before, upon arrival, just as Iain and I had. His testicles were large enough to confirm that he was well on his way to becoming a man. He had a sparse tangle of pubic hair on his lower abdomen and none anywhere else, not even on his legs. From my own history in maturing, I guessed his age at about fourteen or fifteen.

I realized that his body felt much hotter than normal. Iain and I had both had a slight fever when we arrived but the boy's temperature seemed high enough to be dangerous. I looked up at the monitor at Aimee's image and saw concern on her face.

"Did you call Iain?" I asked.

"Yes, she did, David," he answered behind me. "What can I do to help?"

I looked down at the boy again and saw that his eyes were rolled back in his head and his breathing was labored and irregular. I didn't know with certainty what to do but I knew I had to take charge and do something.

"Aimee's going to dispense some medication for his fever and nausea," I said. "I want you to help me get the medicine down him. Stay out of his mess. If he's sick from something other than the trip, I don't want you to catch it."

I looked up at Aimee. "Is that what I need to do first?"

"Yes, David, we need to medicate him first and then you must take him to the shower to lower his temperature. The medications will be in a liquid so try to get him to drink all of it. I will give him an analgesic that will lower his temperature and help relieve his pain as well as something to help with the nausea. I will also give you a bottle of juice for him to replenish his bodily fluids so get him to drink as much as possible. When you take him to the shower, set the water to cool, not cold, and hold him under it until I tell you to stop. I will monitor his vital signs while you bring his temperature under control. I do not think he is in danger but he is a very sick boy."

"Can you tell me whether he has an illness or he's just sick from the journey?" I asked Aimee.

**"No, David, I do not have that capability," she answered. "All I can do is monitor his vital signs."**

**She might be a computer-generated avatar but the real concern on her face and in her voice again made me believe she was human.**

**Iain got the cup of liquid and a bottle of juice while I stood there, looking down at the young boy. His mouth was hanging open. Iain looked at me helplessly.**

**"I'll hold his head up and you hold the cup to his lips," I said. "Let's see if he'll drink it."**

**The boy eagerly drank the liquid in the cup and then opened his eyes briefly, maybe looking around for more. Then he closed his eyes and slowly went limp again.**

**I shook him gently and asked, "What's your name?"**

**He struggled to open his eyes and finally was able to squint at me.**

**"James," he said. "Who're you?"**

**"My name is David," I answered him. "Iain is also here. The image you see on the screen is Aimee. We're all friendly and we're going to help you. We've given you some medication to help you feel better. Do you want something else to drink?"**

**He nodded weakly. Iain held the bottle of juice to his lips momentarily and he swallowed noisily. When Iain lowered the bottle, he protested.**

**"More," he whispered, and I nodded at Iain.**

**"James, you have a high fever and we need to get your temperature down. I'm going to carry you to the shower and hold you there for a while, to cool you down. Do you understand?"**

**He nodded and then moaned. "I'm sick."**

**Iain offered him more juice and the boy gulped it down.**

**"The medication will help you feel better, James. So will the shower," I said. "After that you'll probably want to sleep for a while. You'll feel**

**much better when you wake up. Iain and I will take care of you. Trust us, James. We'll take care of you."**

**As I turned and started for the shower, Iain called out to me. "David, do you want me to clean up this mess?"**

**I stopped and looked back at the recliner and floor, at the nauseating mess, and then at Iain. I was glad he had asked. I knew he wanted to be helpful to me.**

**"No, I want you to come with me. Bring a chair with you. Leave the mess alone. I'll clean it up later. I don't want you in it. If he's got something bad, I don't want you to catch it. I'm going to need your help with him in the shower."**

**I told Iain to start the shower as soon as we entered the bathing chamber. I was naked, the way I usually slept, but Iain had on a long over-sized chemise.**

**"Set the water to just barely warm," I said. "When we get him clean, we'll turn it down to cool. You get naked and adjust the temperature so it's comfortable to you."**

**Iain pulled the chemise over his head, turned the temperature lever while holding one hand under the water, and then stood under the shower for a moment. I waited until he nodded.**

**"Put the chair under the shower so I can sit down in it," I said. "I'm going to try to hold him in my lap while I wash him. Get some washcloths. I want one without soap so I can wash his face first. I don't want to upset him by getting soap in his eyes. Put soap on the others."**

**I stood under the shower with James in my arms and gently turned him, trying to let the shower wash most of the mess off him and off me. Iain stood holding the washcloths, waiting for me to tell him what to do. I put one hand over the boy's eyes and held his head under the shower. He didn't resist. He even opened his mouth and caught some of the water.**

**I sat down in the chair, turned so the shower was on just our legs, and held out my hand to Iain for a washcloth. I wet it and gently rubbed the boy's face with it. Even with his hair wet and stringy, he was a**

beautiful child: flawless skin, a boy's little pug nose, red lips that looked chapped, perfect white teeth, pink cheeks, maybe too pink, and long eyelashes.

"That feels good," he whispered.

"I'm going to wash you all over, James," I said. "Is that OK?"

"Yeah," he whispered. "I'm sorry. I'm sick. I pissed and...then I shit...all over everything and then...I puked too. I'm sorry."

I nodded at Iain and he squirted soap on the other washcloth.

"Don't worry about it, James," I said. "You'll be feeling fine in a few hours. Iain and I will take care of you. Trust us."

I washed his arms first, then his hands, making sure I scrubbed them thoroughly with the soapy washcloth. I leaned him forward, held him across his chest, and scrubbed his back as far down as I could. Then I leaned him back and washed his chest and stomach. I hesitated before washing his genitals but, when I put the washcloth on them, he spread his legs and let me wash his testicles and penis. I laid the washcloth on his stomach, took his soft penis in my hand, retracted his foreskin, and then picked up the washcloth again. He seemed to recoil for a moment and muttered something, maybe "Don't," and then relaxed when I gently washed the head of his penis.

I tossed the washcloth to one side and looked up at Iain. He was watching intently and didn't need to be told what I wanted. He squirted soap on another washcloth and handed it to me.

I pulled one of James' legs up, propped his foot on my thigh, and gave his leg and foot a thorough scrubbing. When I let his leg back down, he slowly pulled his other leg up. I was pleased that he was conscious enough to try to help me. I gave his other leg a good scrubbing.

I knew I had one more place to wash and I wasn't sure how to get to it. I cradled his head against my left shoulder and pulled his hip so that he was on his side. I reached behind him, stuck my washcloth-covered fingers in the crack of his ass, and started rubbing. Perhaps James thought I was doing something else.

**"Don't," he protested, squirming. "Don't fuck me, reverend. Please don't fuck me."**

**His words were mumbled but they were clear enough. I wondered who the reverend was and what he had done to James.**

**"Nobody is going to do anything to you, James," I said. "I promise you. Nobody is going to hurt you. I've got to wash your butt too. That's all I'm trying to do. Will you let me? I'm almost through."**

**He hesitated and finally muttered a few words. "OK. Just wash me. Don't fuck me. I don't want to be fucked anymore."**

**I looked up at Iain and saw the same sort of horror and concern on his face as I was experiencing. I reached around behind the boy and very gently rubbed the washcloth up and down between his ass cheeks.**

**I wondered what Iain was thinking and feeling, especially after the way I had almost fucked him. Raping him would have been the most evil act one man could do to another, short of killing him. I was ashamed of what I had done with him but I knew I couldn't call it back. I was again glad that Aimee had stopped me.**

**"Would you turn the water to cool now?" I asked Iain. "I'll let you know when it's cool enough. I'll hold him under it until Aimee tells me to stop and then we'll let her tell us if he's cooled down enough."**

**I held James under the cool shower until I began to shiver and finally guessed that his temperature might be lower. I asked Aimee not to warm the air dryer and then I stood under it with him in my arms for a few minutes. When I asked Aimee if she could check his vital signs again, she could. She confirmed that the shower had lowered his temperature into a safer area.**

**I carried James to my bedchamber, put him in my bed, and made up the third bed in my room, not the one that Iain had used. Then I moved him over to the fresh bed and covered him to his waist with the light blanket. He turned over on his left side, just like Iain, said "Thanks," and didn't move again. I said, "Lights dim," walked away and almost bumped into Iain standing just outside the door.**

**“Would you watch him, please?” I asked. “If he throws up or anything else, call me.”**

**“Where are you going?” he asked.**

**“To clean up the mess.”**

**“Let me help you.”**

**“No, you watch him. I don’t know if Aimee can see his face the way he’s laying. Besides, my immune system’s very good. I don’t know about yours.”**

**In Aimee’s room, I talked to her while I cleaned up the mess James had made.**

**“I thank you for caring for James, David, especially for being so gentle with him,” she said. “You were a good choice for the first one to arrive.”**

**“Did you hear what he said, Aimee?” I asked. “Someone he called reverend has been fucking him.”**

**“Yes, David, I heard,” she answered.**

**“He’s just a little kid, Aimee,” I said. “We’re supposed to take care of kids, not take advantage of them. I suppose you don’t have any idea why he came here; do you?”**

**“No, David, I have no knowledge of who will arrive.”**

**“Well, he’s going to be safe here with me. I’ll make sure of that.”**

**“I am sorry I cannot help you, David,” she said. “I wish I could clean up James’ mess. I also wish I could advise you on how to take care of him. I do not have capabilities for either.”**

**“That’s OK, Aimee,” I said. “You’re always a great deal of help to me. I don’t know whether I can get along without you now.”**

**“You must protect the room behind the door at the end of the hall, David. As long as you do, I will be with you.”**

**“I will and I’m glad you’ll be with me, Aimee.”**

**After cleaning up the mess, I returned to the bathing chamber and showered thoroughly with a soapy washcloth. When I returned to my sleeping chamber a little later, I saw Iain sitting on the side of James’ bed near the foot. I also saw that he had made up the bed where he had slept before my stupidity made him move. I was glad he wanted to move back in with me.**

**I stopped just inside the door and motioned for him to come to me.**

**“You go back to bed, Iain,” I whispered. “I’ll watch him.”**

**“No, David. You bathed him and you cleaned up his mess. Let me help you. I’m not sleepy and I can watch him.”**

**I wasn’t sleepy either but I was glad Iain wanted to help. If only he would tell me what I wanted to know, I knew he and I could be good friends. I felt we had been friends until my stupid act and I wanted to be a good friend to him from now on. I went to my bed and lay there thinking, wondering why I had been chosen by someone to be first and why and how I might have been transported to where ever. And why Iain? Why James? I could not see any logic or pattern that led to any conclusion. I was still baffled.**

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**James awakened just before noon, hungry, thirsty, and full of questions. I told him Iain would answer all his questions later. Iain didn’t say anything; he just smiled and shook his head from side to side. When I asked James how he felt, he grinned and asked if anybody got the tag number of the truck that hit him.**

**James asked for milk. He got juice, took a sip, and decided it would do. He asked for cereal, got a Nutty Buddy, took a tentative bite, decided it tasted good, and ate it in about a minute. I asked him to slow down to see how his stomach handled food.**

**He sat at the kitchen counter while Iain and I prepared our lunch. I sautéed some fish in olive oil and sprinkled it with juice. Iain finely chopped some potatoes and onions and sautéed them together in olive oil. Before James woke up, we had agreed to start him off easy with food but to see if the smell of the fish and potatoes would tempt**

him. It did. He ate a big piece of fish and some potatoes and looked to see if Iain or I were leaving any. I pushed another piece of fish on his plate. His face really lit up when I put a big bowl of huge blackberries before the three of us. He finally gave a couple of deep sighs and seemed content. The next words he spoke were the first of about ten thousand questions.

“Why are we all naked?” he asked. “Can I have my clothes?”

I smiled and pointed at Iain. He explained that we stayed naked when we were indoors and only wore clothes outdoors when we needed them. He explained that our supply of clothing was limited and we had no way of getting any more.

“Why can’t we just go to the mall like everybody else?” James asked.

I looked at Iain and waited, trying to control my laughter. I suppose his answer to that question and the ones that followed was good enough. I wanted Iain to be subjected to James’ barrage of questions. I wanted him to understand how I had felt when he arrived and I believed that he knew more than he was willing to tell me.

I asked Iain to give James a tour of the facilities inside while I talked to Aimee but to let me join them when they went outside. I wanted to see the expression on James’ face when he saw where we were. When they came back, James wanted to thank me.

“David, Iain says I should thank you for taking care of me last night and for cleaning up my mess. I guess I would have thanked you myself if I could just remember what happened. My mind’s all messed up and it’s like I’m dreaming. Am I?”

“No, James,” I said. “You’re not dreaming. You’ll be back to normal in a day or so. You’ve just had a long journey and the way you feel is the same way Iain and I felt when we came here. Are you ready to see your new world?”

James’ mouth dropped open when he saw the world outside. I let Iain lead him around the different levels of the terrace. I enjoyed watching the expression on his face when Iain showed him our view of the sea that surrounded us. I only had to answer one question. James wanted to know why I had all the rabbit skins drying in racks. I had learned to make bamboo squares and to lace rabbit skins in the racks to cure.

When I asked him if he would like to have winter moccasins with rabbit fur inside, he looked at me like I was kidding.

We wandered around outside most of the afternoon. I wanted James to see our garden – ours now since Iain usually helped me – and to pick any vegetables which were ready. We got lettuce, radishes, and snow peas from the garden and then went to the potato patch to dig a few more potatoes. From the wilted state of the potato vines, I knew that we needed to dig up the rest.

I left James under Aimee's and Iain's care while I prepared our evening meal, rabbit with vegetables. I hoped James didn't ask for dessert since we ate all the blackberries on hand for lunch. I made a mental note to go pick blackberries the first thing in the morning.

After we ate the three of us went in Aimee's room and sat and talked together and with her for a while. I watched James while she was getting his measurements. He was plainly captivated by her and I couldn't blame him. She was dressed in a simple white something that left her shoulders bare and revealed just the tops of her young breasts. Her hair was pulled back in a pony-tail this time. She looked about sixteen years old, a virginal captivating girl. I decided to ask Aimee to give James something to look at.

"Aimee, would you mind showing James your breasts?" I asked.

"No, David, I do not mind," she answered. "Iain says my breasts are the second most beautiful he has ever seen. He says that Caitlyn's are the most beautiful. Would you like to see mine, James?"

That gave me two interesting facts. Iain has been talking to Aimee about Caitlyn and he is intimately acquainted with Aimee's and Caitlyn's breasts. I wondered if Caitlyn's were like Aimee's. I decided not to tease him about it. I wouldn't want anyone teasing me about Anna's.

James turned and looked at me, as if asking my permission.

"Aimee doesn't mind being nude around us, James," I said. "If you would like to see her breasts, just ask her."

"Aimee, please, may I see your breasts?" he whispered, almost inaudibly.

He knew to say please. He also knew to ask permission with the word may, not can, both attributes of an intelligent well-mannered young boy.

With one finger, Aimee nudged one strap over her shoulder, then the other, shrugged, and her shift or whatever fell out of sight. I saw that Aimee's breasts were just as youthful and beautiful as I remembered them. They were small, a perfectly-shaped pair, with no discernable droop. The areolas were light brown and her darker nipples barely protruded. I turned to look at James.

His mouth and his eyes were both wide open. He didn't say a word, just looked. I watched him and saw that his penis was slowly becoming erect. He couldn't take his eyes off Aimee's breasts and seemed unaware of what was happening to him.

"Thank you, James," Aimee said, smiling.

"Huh," was all James could say.

"David says all males get erections from looking at a young woman in the nude," Aimee said. "He says it is a man's way of paying a compliment to a beautiful woman."

James immediately covered his genitals with his hand. He looked at me, then down at my genitals. My penis wasn't yet hard but it was well on its way. He turned and looked at Iain. His penis was about like mine.

"James, there's no reason for you to hide your penis," I said. "What's happening to you is perfectly normal. I might worry about you if you didn't get a hard-on."

"David and I jack-off most nights before we go to sleep," Iain said. "Would you like to join us? You'll probably sleep better with a good wank and a hot shower."

"What's a wank?" James asked.

"It's what guys where I come from call masturbating, you know, jacking off."

I was glad that Iain seemed willing to sleep in the chamber with me. I was even gladder that he felt, as I did, that masturbation was something all young males did and there was no reason to be ashamed of it. I hoped we could teach James to be the same way.

“Well, let’s go do the deed,” I said. “As usual I’m horny. Let’s say good night to Aimee unless she wants to watch us jack off.”

Aimee wanted to watch us. “I would like to watch, David, but I must have the permission of Iain and James first. I like to learn about what men and boys do.”

“Well, it’s OK with me,” Iain said.

“Shit, me too,” James said. “I never thought a woman would want to watch me do it but I don’t care.”

Iain walked slowly toward the door and then broke into a run. I was right on his heels. James didn’t need to be told to follow. He ran too and then bumped into me when I stopped in our bed chamber. We all three crawled in my bed alcove and propped up at the same end, with me in the middle of the bed and Iain and James on each side of me.

We sat there for a minute grinning at each other. I started slowly stroking my penis and it swelled to a full erection in almost no time. I pushed my testicles downward to make it stand up so I could show off. Iain started wanking and then, when his dick was fully hard, stretched the skin down to make it stand up proud and to show off too. James bashfully followed our example and pulled his testicles down to make his dick show to best advantage. It was already a good-size one, not fully-grown looking but enough to satisfy a woman. He looked at mine, then at Iain’s, and then grinned. I started slowly stroking my penis while James watched. Iain followed my example.

“James, I want you to think about what I say. Iain and I are setting an example for you and it’s OK for you to follow it. Masturbating isn’t a sin. It’s not anything to be ashamed of. It’s perfectly normal in young males. Our testicles make about a hundred zillion sperm every day and pump out about a gallon of testosterone. Maybe I’m exaggerating a little but it feels like that’s what they produce. And it’s all just the way we are! We’re males, normal young men, horny all the time and we’ve got to do something or go crazy. So we masturbate..., jack off..., wank..., abuse my best buddy...

**Iain and I both looked at James and waited.**

**He giggled, said, “Beat my meat,” and showed us how he did it.**

**“Choke my cobra,” I added and wrapped my hand around the shaft of my penis and squeezed until the head turned redder. Iain screwed up his face as though he’d never heard that one. James laughed out loud.**

**“Belabor the one-eyed bishop,” Iain said and I screwed up my face too. I’d never heard that one. James laughed again.**

**“Pull my pud,” James said, and, of course, he giggled again. Iain and I did too. I had never heard that one either.**

**We probably could have gone on naming the deed for days but I thought James was relaxed and ready to do it. I knew I was and Iain looked ready too.**

**We lay there, three to a bed, and masturbated. James came first and squirted out a few drops on his stomach. His semen reminded me of mine when I was about fourteen and masturbating four or five times a day, mostly clear with a few streaks of white sperm. Iain and I both came a minute or so later and laid down a series of white puddles from our chest down to our pubic hair.**

**James leaned over and looked at my stomach, then leaned over further and looked at Iain’s, and finally looked at his own.**

**“Don’t worry, James,” Iain said. “Your testicles have just started producing sperm. David and I are grown males and you’ll be one too in just a few years. Your penis is going to get bigger and your testicles will be producing so much testosterone you’ll be wanking three or four times every day.”**

**“Yeah, but you guys are so big, especially you, David. Do you think my dick’s ever going to be that big?”**

**“James, don’t worry about it,” I said. “I don’t know how big your dick is going to be but I think it’s got a lot of growing to do. Mine grew a couple of inches after I was fourteen. Your dick’s already big enough to please a woman and you could get her pregnant. That’s all any man could wish for.”**

**‘Yeah, that’s easy for you to say, David. I just hope I grow up to be as tall as you and maybe have a dick just as big.’**

**“Well, just stretch it every day and maybe it will be,” Iain said.**

**“Was Aimee watching us?” James asked. “I don’t see her.”**

**“Yes, James, I was watching,” Aimee said. “I can see in every room here and in the close vicinity outdoors. You can see me only in the rooms with a monitor.”**

**I rolled out of bed, held out my hand to James, and helped him get up. I did the same for Iain and, when we were all three standing up, I put my arms over their shoulders.**

**“I’m glad to have you two for company,” I said. “Now let’s go take a shower. I want somebody to scrub my back.”**

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**The second morning after James arrival, I asked him to go with me to check my rabbit traps. He was eager to go. When Iain and I took him into the clothing storeroom and finally managed to get him outfitted in his own Robin Hood outfit, he looked at himself in the mirror and couldn’t stop grinning. When I took him to the weapons storeroom and gave him a bow and arrows, he was ready to shoot something. When I strapped my knives around my waist, he wanted one too. Just as I had done with Iain, I laid Big Boy in my hand, let him look at it, and told him he could use Little Boy if he needed one. I told him I’d carry both knives and he didn’t object. He wanted a belt because the chemise I had helped him to find was so loose. I found one and strapped it around his waist. He kept looking at my knives and I suppose he was picturing himself with them on his belt.**

**After outfitting James, we went back to our bedroom and I put on the same clothes I had been wearing for days. Iain stayed naked and, when James asked if he was coming, he said that he wanted to stay and get Aimee to teach him how to recognize edible plants. I was glad to hear that he still wanted to help me provide for us.**

**I made my usual rounds to check my twenty rabbit traps. I showed James how to keep an arrow notched and to hold the bow and arrow**

with one hand. He wanted to shoot at everything from birds to squirrels until I told him he was responsible for finding every arrow he shot.

I had two different kinds of traps, some deadfalls, some snares and it seemed the snares were much better. There was a big female rabbit in my third snare and, when I felt her belly, she didn't feel pregnant. I offered to let James gut it but he begged off until next time.

When I gutted the rabbit, James held the hind legs splayed apart. I explained that I wanted to cut the rabbit from asshole to throat and to do it carefully so I could remove the stomach and entrails intact and keep the skin intact. He didn't flinch and he almost had his nose in the way. He wanted to carry the rabbit so I tied a string around the rabbit's head and to his belt.

We were on our way to my fourth trap when I brought up the subject I had been avoiding. I had told Iain that I intended to talk to James about the subject and I thought he might respond better if James and I checked the traps by ourselves. Iain agreed.

“James, who was the reverend and what was he doing to you?” I asked. His reaction said he was surprised that I knew. He didn't answer.

“When you arrived, you were delirious with fever and you were very sick. You puked and pooped all over yourself. I had to bathe you to clean off the mess. You asked the reverend not to fuck you. You said you didn't want to be fucked anymore. Do you want to talk about it?”

He shook his head no.

“James let me make something very clear to you. I'm not going to think badly of you because the reverend was doing something evil to you. I've learned in my life that if you can talk to someone about bad things that happen to you, it makes it easier for you to bear the memories of them. Bad things have happened to me too.”

“Yeah, but, I...I can't talk about it,” he whispered.

“James, this is a new world. You shouldn't be ashamed of something that happened to you in your past. In a few years you're going to be a man and we're going to have to trust each other and be friends in

order to survive. You can ask me anything about my life and I swear I'll answer all your questions, just not today. Today, I want you to tell me about your life.

In fits and starts, as we were walking from one rabbit trap to another, he told me. He had never known his father and he vaguely remembered his mother who had died from drugs. He had never been adopted but he had lived in a number of foster homes. The last one he had lived in was with reverend Moneyhand. The reverend's name was really Mooneyhand but all the kids called him Moneyhand.

The reverend Moneyhand was a self-proclaimed reverend, a fundamentalist preacher with a small church and a weekly television show. He took in James as a foster child when he was thirteen even though he had a reputation for being a troublesome boy.

On the eleventh trap, we had another rabbit in the snare and I asked James again if he wanted to gut it. He surprised me. He wanted to try. I held out Little Boy to him, cautioned him that the knife was sharper than a razor, and then held the rabbit while he did it. He followed my example and cautiously cut around the asshole, then up the belly to the chin. He had his face really screwed up as he did it. When he was finally able to rake out the bag of stomach and intestines intact, he looked at me and I gave him a big smile and a compliment on a job well done. Again he wanted to carry the rabbit so I hung it on his belt with the other one.

Maybe that made it easier for him to get to the really bad parts of his life. The so-called reverend had started by letting James sleep with him, then fondling him, then getting James to return the favor, and then sucking James' dick. When he tried to get James to return the favor – and James emphatically said he didn't – the reverend had started fucking James. In the last three months, he had fucked James about twice each month.

“You know that what he was doing to you was evil, don't you, James?” I said. “You're a fourteen-year-old boy, a child, not an adult, and you had no one else to care for you. An adult man who treats a boy like that is called a pedophile and he's uniformly condemned for it. He would have gone to prison for years if you had told on him.”

“Yeah, but I had nowhere else to go,” he said. “Nobody wanted me. I guess I knew it was wrong but in some ways he was nice to me. The

second couple I lived with, they beat me lots of times. The reverend never did. He gave me nice clothes and fed me good and let me play on his computer all I wanted to. I even liked some of the sex stuff he did to me.”

“What did he do that you liked?”

“He sucked my dick sometimes. I can already come and make stuff shoot out and he would suck me ‘til I would shoot off and then he would swallow it. He wanted me to suck his dick but I just couldn’t. He was kind of fat and really hairy and he had a little dick but I just couldn’t suck him. I didn’t want his stuff in my mouth.”

“And he fucked you. How did you feel about that?”

“I hated it. Every time it would hurt me at first and then it didn’t hurt after a while and then it almost felt good some times. He would shoot off in my asshole and I would wait until he was asleep and I would go to the bathroom and shit his stuff out. I hated it. I just felt so nasty and I didn’t like feeling that way. He said god would reward me in heaven for helping him get over his lustful feelings. I didn’t believe him.”

“What happened to the reverend Moneyhand? Do you know? Did you maybe go to sleep one night and then wake up here?”

He looked down and then up at me and a big grin broke out on his face. I knew he had done something to the reverend.

“What did you do to the reverend, James?”

“You swear you won’t ever tell anybody else. I don’t want to go to prison. Swear!”

“James, I swear on the memory of my father and mother I will never tell anybody else. Now tell me.”

“I blew him up!” he said and looked straight at me with an even wider grin on his face. “I gave him a really good blow-job.”

As he told it, he had set the thermostat on the heating furnace just a couple of degrees cooler than the room temperature and then sawed through the gas line going to the reverend’s stove. He knew the house

would fill with escaping gas and when the temperature dropped the furnace would come on and ignite the gas. He was about to crawl out the window in his room when the house exploded and he woke up here.

“Good,” I said, and meant it. “He deserved it.”

“You’re not going to tell on me; are you?”

“No, James. I’ve already said I wouldn’t. Now I want you to swear that you will never tell anybody else either. I want this to be a secret between the two of us.”

“I swear, David. I don’t have a mother and a father but I swear.”

“You can tell Iain. He heard what you said too. If you want to, tell him but nobody else, OK?”

He nodded. He was smiling but I could see tears in his eyes. I didn’t know what to do but I wanted to do something to ease his pain so I hugged him. He put his arms around me, tried to bury his face in my chest, and hung on to me. When he finally turned loose, I slugged him gently on the shoulder.

“OK, let’s run the rest of the rabbit traps. Are you Robin Hood or one of his merry men?”

“Naah,” he said. “I’m Little John, I mean Little James.”

“No you’re not,” I said. “You’re Big James.”

“And you’re Robin Hood.”

## Chapter Thirteen

Over breakfast the next day James asked me if we could go to the beach. I wasn’t sure he was strong enough after his journey but, when he said he had never been to a beach, I decided to enjoy the day with him and Iain. I remembered how much Iain had enjoyed spearing his big fish and so I planned on checking the fish trap first and asking

Iain and James to try to spear whatever I managed to chase to their end of the pool. With luck, we'd have fish for lunch and some to bring home and then we could spend the afternoon at the beach having fun. Iain and James were eager to go. Then I told them we could go only when we had first done our work.

**"Work comes first. Then we can play."**

**"What work?" Iain asked.**

**"I want to dig the potatoes," I said. "When the vines die back, it's time to dig the potatoes. I think we can do it in a couple of hours. We'll need to bring them indoors because I don't know whether birds or animals might bother them if we leave them outdoors. I'll dig and you two can sort them and carry them indoors."**

**"Why do we sort them?" James asked. "Aren't they all good to eat?"**

**"Yes, but I want you and Iain to sort them into three piles. I want one pile for any potato that's blemished or cut with the shovel. We'll eat them first. Then I want a pile of the small potatoes and another of the big ones. Can you two do that?"**

**"Sure, we can do it," James said, enthusiastically. "You dig'em. I'll sort'em. Iain can carry'em in."**

**There were lots more potatoes than I counted on but we finished by mid-morning. We were covered with dirt and debris so we showered quickly and then I led them into the clothing storeroom so I could show them something new to wear.**

**"What is it?" Iain asked.**

**It was two rectangular panels of cloth attached to a long strap of cloth. I had seen them on my first exploration and had wondered why they might be needed. After contending with bugs, I knew. I liked the idea of wearing one since my penis and testicles were left unencumbered and could just hang naturally.**

**"It's a loincloth," I said. It covers your butt in back and your crotch in front. I'm tired of swatting bugs away from my dick and my ass. Just tie it around your waist and you're good to go."**

Like three Wild West savages, we went down the mountain, moccasins on our feet, loincloths covering our butts and crotches, and spears in our right hands. I thought back to my years of wearing uniforms and wondered what the Army would think of my current attire. It certainly wasn't regulation but I liked it.

As before, we built a fire before we got in the water. I stood silently by while Iain got James to tie the string to his wrist and then told him to tie the other end to his dick. James didn't like being teased any more than Iain had.

I asked Iain and James to try to spear the fish first while I got in the water and drove them toward one end of the pool. Then I asked Iain to drive the fish while James and I tried to spear them. Well before the sun was at its highest, we had speared as many as I wanted us to carry back home. I stopped and let James get one last one. He didn't want to quit until I told him he had to carry them back up the mountain.

I asked Iain and James to select three fish they thought we could eat, then gutted them, stuck spears in the heads, propped them before the fire, and asked Iain to watch them. While the fish were cooking, I gutted the rest, strung them up on three stringers, and hefted the stringer with the biggest fish. I was satisfied that I could easily carry my part. I hoped Iain and James could too. James acted like it was a grand meal when he ate his fish. Iain ate most of his and James ate the rest. My fish was about the same size as Iain's and I ate everything and then picked at the head, much to his disgust.

At the beach, Iain led the charge into the water. I stood back looking at James until he ran and then I was right behind him. We swam, played, and tried to drown each other. James was smiling every time his head came back up. I showed him how to stand on his toes while I grabbed his heels and threw him up out of the water. Then I alternated between him and Iain until I was waterlogged and tired. Both of them finally managed to cannon ball back into the water.

When we finally slogged out of the water, Iain and James started their usual grab-ass or grab-dick or whatever they called it. They ended up in a truce with their backs together and their arms interlocked on each side. Iain bent over until his torso was almost horizontal to the ground and that pulled James feet out of the sand so he was still on Iain's back but with his legs in the air. When Iain straightened up,

James bent over and Iain's legs went straight up in the air. I suppose they knew they had invented a new game. They kept doing it, looking at me and yelling and laughing, until they both finally collapsed in a pile in the sand. I sat there on the sand wondering when they would want me to do it. I felt sure Iain could lift me; I wasn't sure James could.

We lay in the sun on the beach for a while, warming up, and then had another turn in the water. This time, Iain wanted to show James how he could stand on my shoulders and dive off. James finally learned to do it and again I alternated between them. Then they wanted me to lift both of them at once by diving down, sticking my head between Iain's legs, and lifting, with James already on Iain's shoulders. I managed to do it for a few seconds until James fell off backwards, dragging Iain down, and finally dragging me under too. They were ungrateful for my accomplishment. They ganged up on me and tried to drown me. I swam away from them underwater, hoping they would think they had succeeded.

We donned our Wild West Indian outfits to go back up the mountain. They didn't complain about having to carry their share of the fish and they kept up a continuous stream of talking and whooping and yelling as we went home. We were almost back when James asked me to stop so he could rest. I looked at him and saw that the poor kid looked exhausted. I asked Iain if he could carry three stringers of fish the rest of the way while I carried James on my back. He could, I did, and we trudged on home, exhausted but happy.

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That night, I was awakened when James got up and left our bed chamber. I had told Aimee to keep the lights in any occupied room on very dim at night and I could clearly see him, especially his white butt. I assumed he was going to the toilet to piss but I wasn't sure. I wanted to make sure he was OK so I followed him.

In the toilet, James was standing in front of one of the urinals, with both hands down in front of him. He turned, looked at me, and smiled when I walked up to the adjacent urinal. When I started pissing, he leaned over and looked at what I was doing. Then he backed up a step or two, still pissing, and arched his stream over into the urinal. I turned and looked at what he was doing. He grinned at me, took another step backwards, and arched his stream a little higher but

right into the urinal. I couldn't help but grin but I didn't try to emulate him. When we both finished and turned to walk away, I swatted him on his naked butt.

"Gotcha," I said.

"Just wait," he said. "I'll getcha back."

In the hallway back to our bed chamber, he had a question for me.

"David, may I sleep with you?"

I held my finger in front of my mouth and told him to whisper. I didn't want to awaken Iain.

"No, James, you have your own bed," I whispered. "You should sleep in it. If Iain or I disturb you, you can have a bed chamber of your own."

"I want to sleep with you, David. You can fuck me if you want to," he said, pleading.

For a moment, I couldn't believe what I had heard. I didn't want to fuck him. I wanted to protect him from being fucked. I wanted to help him to grow up and become a man for the girl or woman I knew would eventually show up for him. After just a few days, I liked him and I respected him. After what he had gone through in his childhood, I wanted to make the rest of his life a happy one. I didn't want to fuck him and I didn't want anybody else to do it either. I knew I had to talk to him and I wondered what to say.

"Get your blanket and get in the bed with me," I said. "I want to talk to you."

I crawled in to the far side of my bed alcove, spread my light blanket over me up to my waist, and waited for him. When he came back he was dragging his blanket, looking like a little child. I told him to wrap his blanket around himself and to lay down with me. When he did, he turned his butt toward me and scooted back against me.

"James, turn over," I whispered. "I want us to look at each other."

He turned over but he didn't look at my face.

**“Look at me, James,” I whispered.**

**He finally looked in my eyes. I suppose he knew I was surprised and angry because of what he had said.**

**“James, what do you want from me?” I asked.**

**“I don’t know, David. I just want you to like me. I want to be your friend.”**

**“I like you, James. I respect and admire you too. You’ve had a miserable childhood but since you’ve been here you’ve done everything I asked without complaining and you’ve made every day a better day for me. You’re the biggest source of joy in my life. I like having you around. As far as I’m concerned, we’re already friends.”**

**He just looked at me and smiled.**

**“James, you can’t buy love and friendship by letting some guy fuck you. He won’t respect you; he won’t really like you; he’ll hold you in contempt. I want you to promise me you’ll never offer yourself to anyone else like that.”**

**“But the reverend said he liked me.”**

**“He liked your ass, James. That’s all. The rest of you is a wonderful young man who deserves a hell of a lot better life than he’s had so far. If you’ll let me, I’ll try to make your life a good one. I’m being honest with you. I want to be your friend. I want us to be like brothers in the same family. Now can you promise?”**

**“Yeah, I promise.”**

**“You promise what? Look me the eyes when you answer.”**

**He looked me in the eyes and promised. “I promise I’ll never ask anybody to fuck me just so I can get their friendship, David.”**

**“Good. I’m already your friend and I like you. I like you a lot. I want to help you grow up. Did Iain or Aimee tell you who’s coming here eventually?”**

He shook his head negatively.

**“Eventually, there will be twenty people here, James. There will be ten males and ten females. One of those females will be your wife and the mother of your children.”**

**“Who...I mean, how do you know that?”**

**“I know because Aimee told me and she’s incapable of lying. You’re going to have a girl to love you and the two of you will grow up to be a loving man and a loving woman and someday you’ll have children to love you. You’ll have your own wonderful loving family but you’ve got to grow up to be worthy of their love. There’s nothing more satisfying to a man than having a wife and children to love. You’ve got to be a good man and take care of them and they’ll love you for it.”**

He looked at my face, probably trying to assimilate what I had told him. Finally he smiled at me again.

**“I hope so, David,” he whispered. “I really do.”**

**“I know so, James,” I whispered back.**

**“Well, I’d still like to sleep with you. You make me feel safe and I’m not afraid as long as you’re around.”**

**“You can sleep with me but we can’t sleep naked against each other, James. I get hard-ons during the night and I don’t want you thinking I want to fuck you.”**

**“Your dick gets hard too?” he asked.**

**“Yes, James. It’s just a normal part of being a man. We all get erections at night. I don’t know how many because I’m asleep but I wake up lots of times with a boner. It doesn’t mean I’m sexually aroused. Do you know what a nocturnal emission is? A wet dream?”**

He shook his head no.

**“Sometimes I have an orgasm at night and I haven’t done anything to cause it. It’s like my testicles overflow and squirt out a load of semen on me or the bed clothes. It’s called a wet dream. It’s just my body letting off the pressure my testicles cause. That’s one reason Iain and**

**I jack off before we go to sleep. It saves having to clean up a mess in bed. You'll have wet dreams too and it will probably happen to you soon. It's just normal. It's nothing to worry about."**

**"I guess I've got a lot to learn," he said.**

**"James, if you could have anything you wanted, I mean absolutely anything, what would it be?"**

**He was slow in answering. "I would like to have a mother and father to love me and take care of me. I've always wanted parents who would love me. I would like to be part of a big family of people who love each other."**

**"That's a good answer, James. Maybe we can't create a mother and father for you but we can create a big family for you. That's what I want the first twenty people to come here to be like – a family. Now turn over and move back against me. I want to spoon up to your butt...with a blanket between us."**

**He turned over, scooted back against me, sighed deeply, and seemed to relax. I put my arm over him, hoping that would make him feel protected. I wanted to show affection for him but I wasn't sure how. Finally, I moved my hand to his head and gently stroked his long soft hair from his temple back over his ear. I think he went to sleep almost immediately. I lay there for a while, thinking of ways I could help him to grow up and how I could create a big family.**

**The next morning, I was awakened when Iain put his hand on my arm and gently shook it. When I opened my eyes he was leaning over into my bed alcove with his hand still on my bicep. He was sporting his usual morning piss-hard. I was spooned up to James with my arm over his chest and he was holding my fist against his throat. The blanket covered both of us from the waist down. My penis was pressed against James' rear, warm and engorged but without a morning piss-hard.**

**"Don't wanna get up," James whispered.**

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**A few days later, we went back to the beach. Again, I found some work for us for the morning and about mid-morning we put on our savage-**

warrior outfits - moccasins, loincloths, and spears - to go to the beach. When we came back, I prepared our evening meal. Iain and I had agreed that when I cooked, he would clean. When he cooked, I cleaned. James helped a little with both cooking and cleaning. This time, I let him go talk to Aimee as soon as he had eaten. Iain and I stayed in the kitchen and talked about him until he came out of her room and said he was going to bed.

Aimee greeted me and Iain, as usual, when we went in her room. I held my finger in front of my lips, told her James had gone to bed, and asked her to speak softly.

“Did you have a good day, David? You brought back a lot of fish again so I assume you had luck spearing fish.”

“Yeah, we had a very good day. I’m going to smoke some more fish tomorrow. I think Iain and James can watch them while I work on something else.”

“Did you go to the beach again?” she asked.

“Yeah, we spent part of the afternoon at the beach. Iain and James wore me out playing in the water. They both dove off my shoulders so much I’m sore.”

“Well, you shouldn’t have shown us how to do it, David,” Iain said. “Aimee, James was like a little porpoise. He loves everything about the beach and the water.”

“Well, I do too,” I said. “Aimee, I wish you could have seen him imitating a monkey. I laughed so hard my stomach ached. He wouldn’t give up until he got me and Iain imitating monkeys too.”

“Did you take a tablet with you, David?”

“Iain did. He always takes one to identify plants. Why?”

“It is capable of recording scenes such as you describe. When you place a tablet in the dock to recharge it, I can see the scenes.”

“I didn’t know that,” Iain said. “Now I’m going to record some embarrassing scenes of David and James. David can be as funny as

James when he wants to be. He can do a marvelous imitation of a gorilla.”

“Well, I would have recorded you standing up on that rock and pissing. Aimee would have loved to see you showing off.”

“Don’t you dare! Anyway, you and James did it too.”

“Yeah, but we didn’t climb on a rock and try to piss on you.”

“That’s only because I climbed on the rock first,” he said. “I had to clean the rest of the come out of my dick. I didn’t want it drooling down my legs all the way home.”

I turned to look at Aimee. “Aimee, you told me that you could teach young males and females about sex and you said you had videos or movies of young couples having sex. Could you show James a movie if I tell you what I want him to see?”

“Yes, David, do you want me to give him lessons about sex too?”

“No, not at first. I want you to give him privacy to watch a young couple having tender loving sex and I want you to let him know that it’s OK for him to masturbate when he sees the movie. He’ll probably say jack off or wank instead of masturbate. Make sure he knows I gave you permission to show the movies to him. Can you do that?”

“Yes, David. I can close the door and tell him I will not be watching. Is that sufficient privacy?”

“Yeah, that’s private enough. Now here’s what I want him to see. I want a young couple, maybe teens, so James will identify with them. The movie should be explicit, showing everything. I want him to see the young man with his penis in the young woman’s vagina. I want the movie to be tender, gentle love-making. I don’t want it to be hard sex when the guy just fucks the girl with no care whether she’s enjoying it or not. I don’t want any anal sex. No bondage or toys or rough stuff. Oral sex is fine but don’t show him anything where the guy pulls out of her pussy and the girl opens her mouth so he can come in it. Oral sex in both directions as foreplay would be good. It would be better if James can clearly see that the boy comes in the girl’s vagina. It would be even better if he can see that the girl has an orgasm too. Above all, I

want it to be a couple who seem to love each other and are gentle and caring. Can you find a movie like that?”

“I will have to review all the movies I have to see if I can find one like that. Would you like to review them to see if one is what you want?”

“How long will it take you to review them?”

“There are hundreds to choose from and it will take me about ten minutes to review them all. If I find one which meets your specifications early in my review, the time may be less. Is that too slow?”

“No, you can do it much faster than I could. Now, the next rainy afternoon, I’m going to send James to you. I want him to learn how normal and good and beautiful sex can be between a young loving girl and boy. Do you understand what I’m trying to do?”

“Yes, David. I will do my best to show James how wonderful sexual love can be. I will help you erase the scars from his first sexual experiences. James is a beautiful young boy and I enjoy interacting with him. One of my primary capabilities is to function as a teacher. I have knowledge of many subjects as well as sex.”

“OK, you handle it the way you think best. Let him see all the movies like that he wants. After a couple of movies, offer to give him lessons about sex. I’ll talk to him and encourage him to let you teach him. Do you think that’s a good way to help him?”

“Yes, David. I agree.”

“You can let Iain see the movies too if he wants to. It’s up to Iain whether he participates in the lessons. I don’t think he needs them as much as James.”

“I’d like to watch the movies and take the lessons too, Aimee,” Iain said. “I’d like to learn how to help Caitlyn to be more adventurous about sex. She thinks there’s only one way to do it. I’d like her to see what it’s like to do oral sex. Got any hints on that?”

“Yes, Iain. If you can convince her to let you perform cunnilingus on her first, she will likely reciprocate by doing fellatio on you.”

Iain sniggered. "You mean if I lick her pussy first she's more likely to suck my dick?"

"Yes, Iain, that is what I mean. David, should I use the scientific terms when talking about sex or should I just use the common terms? You usually call your male sexual organ your penis, not your dick."

"If you're comfortable with the common terms, just use them, please," I answered. "I'll talk with you later about the way you should refer to sex. I don't want it to ever sound crude or dirty or sinful."

"I understand, David," she responded. "I will not make it sound that way."

"Aimee, there are some other subjects I'd like to learn about," Iain said. "Can you help me learn some mathematics or physics? My father always wanted me to study that stuff."

"Yes, Iain, I have the capability to teach both math and physics."

"Aimee, can you evaluate James' intelligence too," I asked. "I have a feeling he's exceptionally bright. He puzzles me. Sometimes I think he's deliberately pretending to be an ordinary kid. I've caught him looking at me like he's trying to judge me to see how to answer my questions."

"Yes, David, I can test his intelligence. If I am to function as a teacher, I must know the intelligence level of my students."

"After that I would like you to evaluate his education and see what subjects we might encourage him to study. I don't want you lecturing to him. I want you to give him guidance and then answer his questions. Let him do his reading on a tablet. Can you do that? I was home schooled and I never sat in a classroom until I went to the Academy. That's what I want for James."

"I can do that, David. Teaching is one of my primary functions. Do you want me to give you progress reports?"

"Yeah, once a month would be fine. Now, Iain, are you OK with what I want to start about education? I think I need to guide James but I think you're old enough to decide what you want to study. I hope you don't think your education is over. I recommend you work with Aimee

and set up a schedule to study whatever interests you. I'm going to do the same thing."

"I know it's not over, David. I'll work with her. I think she will be a great teacher."

"Thank you, Iain," Aimee said. "I think you will be a great student."

"OK, now here's something else I want to do," I said. "If there's any reason why I shouldn't do it, I want you two to tell me. I want to create a family from the first twenty people who come here. I want some sort of ceremony where they promise to be part of the family and to love and respect the other members. I would like everybody to go by just one name until they choose a mate. Then the couple can choose a last name for the family they are creating."

I waited. Both Aimee and Iain were looking at me. From their smiles, I gathered they didn't think I had lost my mind.

"OK, I assume you can't think of any reason why we shouldn't do it. Iain, I want you to work with Aimee to come up with some sort of brief ceremony. She's going to be keeping records of everything that goes on here, so she should be the one to conduct the ceremony. Can you do that?"

"Yes, David, I think that's a great idea," Iain said. "James told me that he never had a mother and father and a real family and he was in four different foster homes. I have a father and mother but I guess I'll never see them again. You don't have any immediate family relatives back where we came from. The twenty of us will be the founding members of the new human race so we'll all be like one big family. I like the idea."

"Will you conduct the ceremony, Aimee?"

"Yes, David, I will conduct it. One of my functions is to maintain records of everything that happens here, such as births, marriages, and deaths. I believe a record of each person joining the family should be kept as well as the family name of each couple who marry and, of course, their children. "

Iain had something else to say. "David, if you and I are part of the same family, you're going to be like a big brother to me. I like that but

**you can't tell me what to do. I'm a grown man and I can think for myself. If you try to boss me around...well, I may not listen to you."**

**"Good. I want you to be independent. I want your advice, not your obeisance. When there are twenty people here, we're going to have to get along with each other. We're all going to be dependent on each other to survive. I'm going to try to make the group into a family which knows they've got to cooperate to survive. I want you to help me. I want you to be my brother."**

**"OK, I'll work with Aimee to make up a ceremony. I think we should do it as soon as possible. Then I'll take you all out for a hamburger and fries to celebrate."**

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**A few days later, I was sitting in the shade on the terrace trying to master the process of weaving dip nets. Aimee had placed a book on my tablet explaining the process for me to follow. I had made one, a serviceable but flawed dip net, and I was determined to do better with my second attempt.**

**James came looking for me. I kept on weaving while he watched me. When I looked up at him, I suppose he interpreted that as a sign that I was ready for whatever he wanted.**

**"David, I've been talking to Aimee about our calendar. Why don't we have weeks and why don't the months have any names? She said you had already made the decision that the year would have twelve months and each would be thirty days and the extra seven would be called Festival."**

**"They don't because I haven't gotten around to it," I answered. "Do we really need weeks? Why should the months have any names except one, two, and so on up to twelve? I made the decision about the number of months so Aimee could keep records of what happens here. What do we need weeks for?"**

**"I guess we really don't except I'm used to going to church on Sunday. Are we going to have Sundays here?"**

**"You mean, like god rested and all that shit?"**

He nodded. I resumed weaving, thought for a moment, and then decided to tell him my honest opinion.

**“James, there is no god. Long ago, ignorant men created a god as an answer to all the things they didn’t understand. Then evil men used that god as an excuse to control the lives of other people. Whether they dress up in a suit or a robe with a funny thing on their head or turn their collars backwards, they perpetuate a lie because there is no truth in their words. All preachers and priests and rabbis and mullahs and ayatollahs and imams are evil men who teach us to hate one another in the name of their different make-believe gods. As a result, almost all of mankind’s wars are fought for religious reasons.”**

**“Was the reverend like that?” he asked.**

**“Yes, James. They’re all alike, just fucking their faithful followers, just like the reverend was fucking you.”**

He looked at me like he had been struck by lightning.

**“James, I’m going to tell you what my grandfather told me. When I was about fifteen, I kept asking him about religion. He gave me a box of books about religions, the Bible, the Koran, and some other so-called holy books. There was a long rope with the books. He told me to search the books for god and, when I found him, to drag him home with the rope around his neck. I read all the books and I never used the rope.”**

**“But we don’t have books, do we?” he asked. “I’ve never seen any books anywhere around here.”**

**“Oh, yes, we have books, James. More than you can imagine. You can read them on a tablet. Let Aimee help you. We have more books than you could read in ten million lifetimes. I’ll help you pick out some and then you can choose anything you want to read. On a rainy afternoon, a book can be a grand adventure.”**

**“I don’t have to go to school; do I?”**

**“No, James, you don’t. But Aimee and I are going to work with you and help you learn lots of things on your own. I did it that way. I think you’ll like it.”**

**“Yeah, I like to read.”**

**He stood and watched me weaving the dip net.**

**“I’m glad I don’t have to go to church on Sundays, David,” he said. “I never believed the reverend about god and all that shit anyway.”**

**“Good. But I don’t want you to take my word for anything, James,” I said. “I want you to think for yourself. I want you to let Aimee help you do some research. I want you to decide for yourself whether we need weeks in our calendar. Maybe you can come up with some new names for the months. The ones we use now don’t really fit. December just means tenth month; did you know that? When you’re finished with your research, bring the results to me. We’ll sit down with Iain and decide what to do.”**

**“OK, that sounds like fun.”**

**“Any time you’re ready, I’ll work with Aimee to give you a list of books on religion. Read as much as you want to. Think about what the books say. If you still think there’s a god, I’ll give you the rope. I don’t think you’ll need it.”**

**“OK,” he answered and then said, “Can you teach me to do what you’re doing. I don’t want to have to get in the water in the winter to get fish. You’re making something so we can just dip them up, aren’t you?”**

**“Yep, that’s what it’s for. Now let me ask you a question. How intelligent are you?”**

**“I don’t know. I guess I’m sort of average.”**

**“I don’t think so, James. I think you’re faking being average. Are you?”**

**He looked me in the eyes and I suppose he was trying to decide how to answer. Finally he admitted it.**

**“Yeah, I guess so.”**

**“Why?”**

**“David, the guys at school don’t like smart boys. They call them smart asses and brains and worse and they pick on them. I didn’t want anybody to know.”**

**“Well, didn’t your grades show how smart you are?”**

**He lowered his head, looked up at me, and grinned.**

**“Nah, I just faked it.”**

**“What do you mean?”**

**“When we have tests, I just figure out how many questions I need to answer right to get the grade I want. It’s easy. I just make mainly Bs and Cs.”**

**“Could you answer all the questions right, James? Could you make all As if you wanted to?”**

**“Yeah, I guess so. Most of the time.”**

**“Well, stop it. Don’t fake anything with me. I’ve got to depend on you to help us survive. We’re going to need all the brains we can get.”**

**“I’m glad I don’t have to go to Sunday school any more, David. I couldn’t really believe what they said about god and all that shit. I sort of liked regular school though.”**

**“That’s good because Aimee’s going to be your teacher. She’s going to give you some tests to see how smart you really are and then to help you decide what you want to study. You’re going to be responsible for your own education, James, just like I was.”**

**“OK, I like Aimee.”**

**“I do too, James.”**

**“I like all three of you,” Aimee said from the direction of the front door to our home. “My primary purpose is to be a teacher but I like learning from all of you.”**

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A few days later, after our evening meal, we held the founding family ceremony for Iain and James and me in front of Aimee. James had been happy when I asked him if he would like to have me as a brother, especially when I told him that when all the others arrived, he was going to have a big family.

We dressed in our finest regalia for the ceremony, a complete outfit of our Robin Hood clothes. I thought the three of us looked rather nice. Aimee appeared in a judicial robe. Iain and Aimee had written a short but good ceremony. As the first arrival, I was the first to take the oath to become part of a family with the others, Iain was second, and James was third. James choked up when he swore to love all of us as brothers and sisters and to become a family with us.

We didn't go out for hamburgers and fries. We stayed in Aimee's room and talked to her until James began to yawn. As we were going down the hallway to our bedchamber, James held my hand. Then, when he held out his other hand, Iain took it. In our bed chamber, we all went to our separate sleeping alcove and undressed.

I wasn't thinking about whether or not Iain and James would want to do our usual before-sleeping ceremonial jack off. My mind was busy thinking about what I had done, hoping that I had done the right thing. I wanted so much for Anna to come to help me decide how to create a family from the twenty original...what, conscripts? Adams and Eves? What would they be like and would they approve of my ideas?

I was about to crawl in my bed when Iain and James walked up to me, both sporting the beginnings of a couple of good erections. I looked at their penises, both swollen and standing out from their testicles but not yet standing up. I looked down at my own, swollen as usual from the warmth but still dormant. What the hell? I decided to do the deed with them as usual.

James crawled into my bed first, I followed, and Iain took the outside position, all of us propped up at the same end. My dick knew what to expect. It was hard almost as quickly as James' and Iain's were. We lay there grinning, looking at three dicks in a row, three right arms wanking the three dicks the same way, and soon had three strings and puddles of semen to contend with. Without a word, we rolled out of bed and ran for the showers.

Clean and dry, we returned to my bed alcove and crawled in again, all three of us. We lay there talking about the ceremony we had held and they both seemed to think it was a grand idea. Our conversation wandered all over the place and gradually slowed down. Finally James and Iain both yawned at about the same time and infected me. I yawned too.

I moved down on the bed, turned on my left side, facing Iain, and put my head on the pillow. James didn't ask if he could sleep with me. Without a word, he scooted up to my butt, put one arm over my chest and one leg over mine, and let out a big sigh. Iain watched and then turned on his left side and moved back against me. He didn't seem to care that his naked butt was against my tumescent penis. Maybe he wasn't worried any longer about whether I might try to fuck him. I knew I wasn't going to try. James' soft dick was against my butt and I wasn't worried about being fucked by him. We slept three to a bed for the first time and nobody got fucked.

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As the thirty-day anniversary of James' arrival drew near, I resisted the onset of apprehension and depression which had plagued me before his arrival. I tried hard every day to find something to laugh at and something to enjoy. Iain and James often provided both.

One night after dinner, the three of us were sitting at a table in the kitchen, talking about a little of everything. James said he wanted Aimee to give him another lesson about sex and to show him another movie. I asked Iain if he wanted to go with James for the lesson and for the movie.

"I'd rather skip the lesson but I'd like to see the movie," he said. "That movie Aimee showed us last time was unbelievably sexy. It made me so damn hot, I jacked off twice while we were watching it and the movie's not that long. So did James. Can you show us another one like that, Aimee?"

"Yes, Iain," she answered from somewhere, "David has instructed me to let you watch all the movies you wish to see as long as they meet his parameters. I have five more movies in reserve for you."

**“Yeah, I guess I got just as hot as Iain did,” James said. “My dick stayed hard after I came the first time and I waited a minute or two and started doing it again. I want to do stuff like that with a girl.”**

**“Just wait, James,” I said. “There will be a girl for you within a year or two. It will be up to you to convince her to have sex with you.”**

**“You go let Aimee give you another lesson,” Iain suggested. “When it’s over, she can call me and I’ll join you for the movie.”**

**“Well, what about me?” I asked. “May I join you two sex fiends for the movie?”**

**“Sure,” James said. “Can you jack off twice?”**

**“Who knows?” I said. “Now go let Aimee give you another lesson. And make sure you pay attention to her.”**

**“I will, David,” he said, already going out the kitchen door. “Aimee’s a great teacher. I’m learning lots of good stuff.”**

**“Thank you, James,” Aimee said, and I would swear there was laughter in her voice. “You and Iain and David are great teachers yourselves. I am learning a great deal about male sexuality.”**

**I turned to Iain and saw him grinning as much as I was. James and his enthusiasm for life seemed to affect both of us the same way.**

**“Are you sure you don’t need any more lessons?” I asked. “They might help you with Caitlyn.”**

**“I hope so. I’ll do the lesson later. I want to talk to you.”**

**“OK, what about?”**

**“About us.”**

**“What do you mean?”**

**“That night when you tried to rape me - it didn't have to be like that, David. There’s no religion in my background, nothing which condemns sex between males. I told you I've never done it and I haven't but that doesn't mean I wouldn't. If you had come to me in friendship and asked me to have sex with you, I probably would have done it.”**

**“Would you have let me fuck you?” I asked.**

**“Would you have let me fuck you?” he responded.**

**“I asked you first.”**

**“I don't know, David. You're a big man. You're powerful and your masculinity is almost overpowering and your penis is so damn big...and, damn, I don't know. That night, you scared me when you talked about fucking me. I mean, I was really scared of how you would hurt me. I remembered you talking about killing all those jihadists. I thought you might kill me. I was terrified.”**

**“I wanted to hurt you, Iain. Fucking you was just a way of doing that. Do you understand why?”**

**“I think I do now and I don't blame you so much. It's just that I didn't know as much about you as I do now. I made a mistake in not answering all your questions when you asked them. Now, it's your turn to answer the question. Would you let me fuck you?”**

**“I don't know either, Iain. I can't imagine why anybody would want to fuck me, unless it's maybe to take me down a notch or two, to make me feel less secure in my masculinity.”**

**“Well, you are about the most cock-sure man I've ever known,” he grinned when he said that.**

**“You said there is no religion in your background, nothing which condemns sex between males. Do you mean where you come from?”**

**“Yes.”**

**“Well, why haven't you had sex with other guys? Lots of boys where I come from fool around with each other. I know I did. Why haven't you?”**

**“David, I was just fourteen when my parents moved to Ireland from Canada. Do you know what their culture says about sex between males?”**

**“Yeah, I know. Religion really corrupts everything about sex, especially between males.”**

**“My parents warned me about that before we moved. I had already learned about sex in school and at home and everybody said it was a natural part of what we were and didn't make it sinful.”**

**“OK. Now I want to ask you a question. Are you attracted to me? Would you fool around with me if I treated you differently? I don't mean, treat you like a woman. I mean just be patient and kind and gentle, sort of like I...shit, I don't know what I mean.”**

**“Yes, David. I've thought lots of times about having sex with you, fooling around, as you call it, but not about you fucking me. I'd rather have sex with a woman but we don't seem to have any of them yet.”**

**He stood up and I did too. I was surprised when he walked over to me and put his arms around me, his naked body against mine.**

**“Hug me, David,” he said, and so I put my arms around him and pulled him closer against me. His head nestled under my chin. He didn't say anything else and neither did I. We stood there just holding each other.**

**“Kiss me, David,” he said, and tilted his head up.**

**I looked down at his face. I had no idea where this was going but I did what he said. I closed my eyes and kissed him, gently, just lips to lips, until I felt his lips part and his tongue touch my lips. I opened to him and felt the first hint of desire to do more than just kiss him. I felt my penis begin to engorge and I pressed it against him. He pressed back against me and I felt his penis against me. We stood there for a while, my hands on his buttocks, his on mine, rubbing against each other, still kissing and becoming lost in it. I knew what I wanted but I still didn't know what he wanted or where all this might go. I put my hands on his shoulders and pushed him away from me. We both looked down at our erect penises.**

**“Well, that's a surprise,” I said. “I suppose that answers a few questions.”**

**“Yes, it does, David,” he said. “I think we should go watch the movie with James and let Aimee watch the three of us wanking. I'm not going to bed with this hard-on.”**

**“Shit, I'm not either. I'm going to watch the movie and beat my one-eyed bishop a couple of times. I always sleep better after a good orgasm or two.”**

**“Can you wait just a second?” he asked. “I want to do something first.”**

**I nodded and he reached down, wrapped his right hand around my penis, and his left hand around his. He bent them both down until they were horizontal, mine higher and to one side of his. He slid his**

hand back and forth a couple of times on mine and stopped with the head fully exposed, then did the same to his. He leaned his head to both sides, looking at what he was holding.

“You lied to me, David,” he finally said. “I know my penis is sixteen and a half centimeters long. Yours must be at least twenty centimeters. I’m glad mine’s not that big. Caitlyn would have been scared to let me get it in her. Does Anna like it?”

“Yes, Iain, she says she does,” I answered. “She’s a big woman, about as tall as you are. Do you know what I mean when I say I let my beast loose with her?”

He shook his head.

“It’s unrestrained fucking, Iain, slamming it into a woman as deep and as hard as you can. It’s animalistic unthinking uncaring fucking that thousands of years of evolution have built into us. When I did it with Anna, she just let her beast loose on me. We both loved doing it. She didn’t complain. Most of the time, I’d rather make love to her but once in a while, it’s good to let the beast loose.”

“Yeah, but Caitlyn’s not a woman. She’s a girl. I didn’t let my beast loose with her. I was afraid I’d hurt her. I love her but I wish I could just get her to break out of her shell.”

“Talk to Aimee, Iain,” I said. “She might be able to help you. When Caitlyn comes here, maybe Anna will be here and she can help you too. Just don’t ask me how to handle the problem.”

“Well, let’s go watch the movie,” he said.

“I will if you’ll turn loose of my twenty-centimeter fucking dick,” I said.

## Chapter Fourteen

I was deeply troubled by the sexual arousal and hunger that I felt after kissing Iain. I had always believed that I was completely heterosexual but one simple kiss had caused me to question that. I lay awake late more than one night pondering the question.

My mind was constantly busy trying to sort out my feelings. As a kid, I had occasionally played with other boys, sexual play in which we did

everything except fuck each other. A lot of it involved wrestling or pretending to fight and it sometimes ended up in masturbation, either of ourselves or a buddy. On rare occasions we even performed oral sex on someone but I never felt that what we did was homosexual. It was just an outlet which our bodies demanded for the gushing overflow of testosterone and semen.

I remembered the revulsion I felt when an older kid told us what homosexuals did to each other. I couldn't believe they licked each other's assholes. He called it rimming and said that it was sort of a preliminary to fucking the other guy in the ass. I tried to picture that and then to think how it would feel to fuck one of my buddies. I thought that when I pulled my dick out, it would be covered with shit and I knew that would make me sick. Perhaps that one story had been the cause of my distaste for anal sex.

During my almost four years at the Academy, I never had any sort of sexual relationship with another guy. I had already committed myself to my mission of killing Ayatollah Al-Badr and I refused to let anything deter me from what I regarded as my duty to my parents. The military had changed its policy on homosexuality but I knew people were slow to change their views and I did not want to jeopardize my mission. I had one source of relief. Sometimes I wondered if I was going to have a bigger bicep on my right arm from jacking off so much.

After leaving the Academy for duty, I fumbled my way through a few relationships with girls and an occasional fuck that was never really satisfied my deepest longings. When I finally asked Anna if I could sit with her for dinner, I knew I wanted her, needed her really, as a man needs a woman. I was surprised by the depths of my own feelings as I grew to love her and, when we finally joined together, I knew I had found someone to complete me and it was good and perfect and wonderful.

Now I caught myself looking at Iain and James in a new light. James was a beautiful boy and there was no other word to describe him. His long brown fine hair had been bleached by the sun until it was a much lighter brown with golden streaks. It wasn't long enough for a ponytail but he often tied a strap of cloth around his forehead to keep it out of his face. When he came to our new world, he looked soft and had a white stripe around his hips. Already, the white skin had tanned until the stripe barely showed. In a short period of time, a good diet

and daily exercises and almost constant activity had changed a soft boy into a slim muscular one. He was bedeviled by puberty and - his claim - masturbated about three times every day.

I knew he needed to feel loved and to be touched and I had tried to satisfy that need without causing sexual feelings for him or for me. When we stood next to each other, I usually had my arm over his shoulders and he usually had his arm around my waist. I genuinely liked him and perhaps that feeling went so far as love but it was the sort of love that I believed was fatherly or brotherly. Perhaps he was the one who needed to be touched but I really liked the physical contact with him.

I knew I had no desire to fuck him, in spite of his beautiful ass. The three of us constantly masturbated together and I didn't believe it would hurt our relationship if we went a little further and played with oral sex as I had done as a boy. I was afraid of what I might do to his future if I used him in the way the so-called reverend had and I didn't want to do anything to hurt him. He had been hurt too much in his young life.

My feelings for Iain were mixed. I still resented the fact that he refused to share his knowledge with me. Except for that he was a pleasure to have around and was constantly surprising me with some strange bit of knowledge and some very intelligent conversation. He was a handsome young man who had also changed since coming to our new world. His dark-brown hair was long and wild, his skin was tanned all over, and his body was slim and muscular, more so than James. I had teased him about the size of his dick but it was more than average in size and, like James' dick, frequently hard. I wondered how Caitlyn would react when she saw him again. He was certainly a much sexier young man.

I had tried to fuck him in a fit of blind rage and despair and depression and I was sincerely ashamed of what I had done. Because he wouldn't tell me what I needed to know, I had wanted to cause as much harm to his male self-image as possible and I knew that was an evil thing to do. I couldn't blame him for being wary of me. I was much bigger and stronger than him and I knew that intimidated him. More than once, I wished I had not told him about the men I had killed. That probably had made him even more afraid of me.

I had sucked his dick once in anger and tried to get him to return the favor. I knew I had hurt him when I tried to rape him and I did everything I could think of to avoid making any new mistakes with him. Then he had come to me in friendship and admitted that he probably would have had sex with me if my approach to him had been different. When he kissed me or I kissed him or maybe it was both, we each had a bone-hard erection as a result. There was no denying that we were both aroused by kissing each other. Again, I couldn't see what it would hurt if the three of us played with oral sex, the same sort of play I had enjoyed as a boy. That's the best way to describe it: as play, sexual but play, intended to give sexual pleasure and relief to a friend.

There was one belief which preserved my sanity. I really believed that Anna would come to me. Whoever knew me also knew Anna. They must have known how close we had become. If they chose me to lead this new colony, they were also choosing her. Together, as a team, we could be successful in nurturing and protecting the ones who came here to preserve a small sample of the human race. It was so logical for them to choose us as a team that I could not believe that I was chosen by myself.

Iain had told me that there was no religion in his background and I assumed that meant his family was like mine. Could his words also mean that there was in his world no all-pervasive religion, the only contagious form of stupidity? How far would his background extend?

The ones who chose me had to know about my complete lack of religious beliefs. I had described myself to the mission board as an antitheist or one who believes that all religions are inherently evil and are simply mass insanity. Perhaps that was one reason I was chosen. Perhaps the ones sending us to this new world wanted to keep it free of religious evil and hatred and wars. If so, what could I do to influence the others to that belief – a complete disbelief in any version of god or supernatural beings? Would all of the ones coming here be as free of religion as Iain and I were?

In almost all religions I had studied, homosexuality was considered to be a sin and in some cultures even punishable by death. I refused to believe that what I had done as a young boy was either evil or a sin. I had only a rudimentary knowledge of human sexuality but I felt that there was actually no such thing as homosexuality.

I believed that male to male sexual contact was normal and harmless in young boys, probably because it was a safe way to cope with adolescent urges and a good way for them to enjoy their emerging sexuality. I also believed that by far the great majority then switched to male to female sexuality as they grew older and their desire for love and family grew. I could not understand why the religious hatred for homosexuals was so virulent around the world, just as I could not understand the hatred of Christians and Muslims for Jews.

I tried to think of what I could do to make sure that hatred never took root in our new world. I was only one man but if I could convince the others of the chosen twenty to embrace love, not hatred, perhaps I could influence all future generations. I wanted to try. The only question was how. I tried to think of what I could do with Iain and James to start the process. I knew I had to walk the walk, as well as talk the talk. I decided to try at the first opportunity.

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One evening after dinner, when the three of us were sitting in the kitchen talking, James suggested we visit Lightning again. I looked at Iain and he nodded yes so I agreed too. I told James to get a Nutty Buddy and to cut it into very small portions so we could have treats for the little fellow. I even let him use Little Boy to cut it and then let him wear both knives when we went down the mountain to the jumble of boulders where Lightning lived. Since Lightning's territory was only a short distance away, I went completely nude and without moccasins. Iain and James went naked too, except that they put on moccasins.

At the rocky outcropping, I made the kissy sounds which served to call Lightning. He came out of the rocks a minute later, followed by a smaller chipmunk. They both stood up, held their fore paws in front of their chests, cocked their heads the same way, and looked at us quizzically. When Lightning stood up, it was easy to see that he was a male by two little things between his hind legs. The new chipmunk didn't have those two growths so I knew she was a female, perhaps Lightning's mate.

We showed them the treats and soon had Lightning running in circles around a small rock. His mate stood and watched him get his treat and then scampered closer for hers. Iain had just given it to her when we heard some more chipmunks chattering from a rock crevice a few

feet away. Two more chipmunks, little immature ones, stood there. We couldn't get them to come closer but we tossed them some treats.

"What are we going to name her?" I asked.

"I know, David," Iain answered. "Let's call her Thunder."

I looked at James and he nodded.

I approved. "Thunder and Lightning – I like it, but what about the little ones."

"Rain and Snow," James suggested, and Iain and I approved.

We played with the family for a while longer but the only one that would perform for us was Lightning. That meant that he was the only one which had been trained by somebody before we came here. That left the mother and the offspring for us to train, if somebody wanted to attempt it.

We were almost home when James got me back for my Gotcha. He lagged behind, then suddenly slapped me on one buttock, yelled Gotcha, and ran for the door. I was just standing there, undecided whether to chase him, when Iain slapped me on the other buttock, yelled Gotcha, and ran after James. Both of them were taunting me by repeatedly yelling "Gotcha." I ran after them.

They ran down the central hallway into our bed chamber and dived into Iain's bed alcove. I crawled in after them, intending to do something to get them back, but they both attacked me. From their big grins, I knew they wanted to play. Within seconds we had a wild wrestling match going with me against the two of them. If I got one down on his back, the other jumped on my back. They slapped me anywhere they could, tickled me while I squirmed trying to get away, and kept up a stream of taunts. I retaliated by slapping them the same way, always pulling my punches, and trying to tickle two squirming boys.

For a brief moment, I held James down and blew obscene wet farts on his stomach. When I tried to hold Iain down long enough to give him the same treatment, I couldn't help but notice that he had an already erect penis and was trying to stick it in my ear. I didn't resist too much

when they held my arms down and competed with each other in blowing the nastiest farts on my belly.

At some point in the melee, James pulled my penis and then Iain yanked it too. I pulled theirs in retaliation and within a few minutes we were all dripping sweat, with red handprints all over, especially on our butts, and with fully-erect penises flopping around. What began as a wrestling match turned into a twisting and turning mêlée of sweaty males pretending to fuck anybody we came in contact with. What began with three guys giggling turned into three guys laughing and yelling obscenities and screaming as loud as possible. Then, when somebody grabbed my testicles for a split second, I decided I'd better yield before somebody got hurt and I didn't want that to happen. I certainly didn't want it to be me.

“Uncle!” I yelled and retreated to the end of the bed away from them. “I give up. You win. I surrender.”

They looked at my dick, fully erect with red head uncovered, grinned, looked at theirs, grinned even wider, and then flopped down on their backs side-by-side on the opposite end of the bed. We all three lay there, breathing heavily, grinning like crazy, stroking our penises, and slowly quieting down.

James leaned over to Iain, cupped his mouth, and whispered something to Iain. They both looked at me and then Iain whispered to James. They repeated their tête-à-tête twice more, giggling each time, and then they crawled across the bed and flopped down on opposite sides of me. They squirmed up close and I put an arm over both their shoulders and pulled them closer. I had no idea what they wanted but I knew James had come up with some mischief and Iain had agreed.

I leaned over, kissed James on the cheek, and then kissed Iain the same way. We lay there close together still breathing heavily, hearts pounding, sweating, and gradually calmed down. I wondered what James had dared Iain to do.

“I'm glad you guys were the first ones to come to be with me,” I said. “I really enjoy your company. Maybe we're off to a good start for a colony in this new world. Now, what is it you two are going to do to me?”

**“And you’re going to be a good leader for us, David,” James said. “But we don’t want to do anything to you. We just thought you might like to play with us. I’d like to do something but I don’t want you to get mad at me.”**

**“OK. I won’t get mad at you. Go ahead and do it.”**

**“See, Iain, I told you he wouldn’t kill us,” James said.**

**He moved down the bed, straddled both my legs, put his butt down on my thighs, and reached down and wrapped one hand around my penis, while holding his in the other hand. He stroked mine a couple of times, bent it to both sides and looked at it, held it straight up with the skin pulled back, bent over and looked at it intently. I had no idea whether I was about to get a blow-job or a hand-job.**

**He settled it. I wasn’t about to get either. He hunched his butt along my legs until his testicles and penis were directly over mine and then settled down with his testicles on top of mine. I watched as he put his fingers under my dick, his thumb on top of his, and pressed them together. He leaned to one side, then the other, leaned forward, pulled back, and finally grunted once and shook his head from side to side.**

**“Damn!” he said. “I wish mine was that big.”**

**“James, I told you to quit worrying about having a small dick,” Iain said. “You’re just fourteen and your dick is going to grow a lot more. It may end up being as big as his.”**

**“Yeah, Iain’s right, James,” I said. “My father had a big one and I just got the gene for a big dick from him, just like I got a gene for being tall. Give your genes time to do their work.”**

**“Yeah, but I don’t even know who my father and mother were,” James said.**

**While we were talking, he held his dick pressed against mine but his hand wasn’t moving. I thought I’d lend him a hand so I pushed his hand aside, put my fingers over the shaft of his dick, my thumb on the shaft of mine, pressed our dicks together, and moved my hand back and forth. He looked down at what I was doing, looked up at me, grinned, pushed my hand aside, replaced it with his own, and started**

jacking us both at the same time. I closed my eyes and enjoyed what he was doing for a minute or so. I didn't want to come yet and I wasn't sure about him. He was in no hurry. He stopped, crawled off and flopped down beside me. I put my arm around his shoulders and pulled him up close to me again.

"Well, I know they must have been good looking people, James," I said. "You're about as good looking a young man as I've ever seen and you've got a great body. You'll still be good looking when you grow up. Girls are going to want to spread their legs for you. What more can a man want?"

"Nothing, I guess," he said. "Iain, you do it now; you said you would."

Iain crawled over my legs, put his butt down on my thighs, and hunched along until his genitals were almost on mine. He looked at me with a questioning look and I nodded. I was still sweating from our wrestling match, my scrotum was completely relaxed, and one of my testicles had slipped down between my thighs. He tugged gently until it came back out and then moved closer until his balls were on top of mine. James leaned over, put his thumb on top of Iain's dick, put his fingers under mine, pinched them together, and then stroked our combined dicks a couple of times. Iain and I watched his hand as he did it.

"Yeah, James, you've just got to keep jacking off a lot," Iain said, looking down at our dicks. "If you don't jack off enough, your dick will get shorter and then draw up and turn inside out into a pussy and you'll be a girl. You'll even have tits."

"Damn! Will you fuck me if I do?" James asked. "I hope somebody will."

"Sure. I'll be glad to do you a favor," Iain said.

"Gee, thanks, it's nice to have friends like you, Iain."

I pushed James' hand aside, caught Iain's, and put it on our dicks. He understood. He immediately started slowly sliding his hand back and forth. I reached over to James, wrapped my hand around his dick, and started stroking it just as slowly. For a moment, nobody had anything to say.

**“David, does a woman really like it when you’ve got your dick inside her?” James asked. “I don’t see how a woman’s pussy can hold one like Iain’s and yours is a lot bigger. It looks like it would hurt them.”**

**“Caitlyn likes mine, James,” Iain said. “The first time we did it, she was afraid I’d hurt her so I talked her into getting on top of me so she could control how deep it went in her and told her she could stop if it hurt her. I suppose it helped that I’d been kissing her and sucking on her nipples and finger-fucking her for about a half hour and her pussy was really wet. After a while, she was sitting there on top of me with my dick all the way in her pussy and our pubic hair mashed together and her face looked like she was in heaven.”**

**“Anna likes it too, James.” I said. “She likes to get on top of me and go for a ride. She can take all of my dick in her pussy and her clitoris rubs on me somewhere and she bucks like a bronco when she comes.”**

**“Well, you’d better stop, David,” James said. “You’re about to make me come and I don’t want to start bucking yet.”**

**I stopped. Iain stopped too and then crawled off me and flopped down beside me again. We lay there side by side with three stiff dicks hovering above three stomachs.**

**I remembered the time I had a wrestling match in a camping tent with two buddies when I was fifteen and how much fun it had been. We had done more than just wrestle. We didn’t fuck each other but we did everything else we could imagine. I wondered what Iain and James would say if I told them what I had done with my two friends.**

**“I haven’t had a good wrestling match like we just had since I was fifteen,” I said. “We should do it more often.”**

**“Tell us about it,” James begged.**

**“Oh, it was just fun, nothing much, just two buddies and me, about the same age as me. We were spending a couple of days and one night camping in a tent at the creek near where we lived. That night we were in the tent, butt naked just like we are now, and we had a wild wrestling match.”**

**“Is that all you did?” Iain asked. “Come on, David, tell us the dirty stuff. What else did you do?”**

**“Do you want me to show you?” I asked. I still remembered vividly how much fun we had that night. It was the first time I had ever sexually played with other guys and I was so wildly aroused I was ready to do almost anything. We played until well after midnight and slept until almost noon the next day.**

**“Yeah, show us,” James begged.**

**“You sure? If I do, you two will have to play your parts too.”**

**“I’m sure, David,” Iain said. “Show us.”**

**“If I do, we’re going to end up doing some stuff we haven’t done before,” I said, looking at him. “You might not want to.”**

**He understood. “Well, as long as nobody gets fucked, it’ll be OK with me.”**

**“Yeah, me too,” James said. “My ass is off-limits to everybody but my dick wants to play.”**

**I wanted to be sure they knew what might happen. “OK, no anal sex but there’s still a lot of things we can do to each other. Don’t be in a hurry. If we do what I did with my buddies, you’re going to have about three or four orgasms tonight.”**

**They both nodded enthusiastically so I moved from my end of the bed and told Iain and James to move closer to each other. When they did, I straddled their adjacent legs, slid my hands up their thighs to their penises, and started with a coordinated jack off for the two of them. They looked at what I was doing and then at me and slowly grinned widely. I jacked them simultaneously for a while and then decided to do what I had done years ago. I wasn’t sure how Iain would react so I decided to start with him.**

**I slid my hand down his dick and stretched the skin so tight that the blood-red head was all shiny. When I leaned over and took it in my mouth, I heard a quick hissing intake of breath but he didn’t say anything. I sucked on the head of his dick, licked it like a lollipop, slid my lips up and down it, kissed it, and then looked up at him. More than a little disbelief showed in his face but he was grinning at the same time.**

I sat there for a minute or so, stroking both their dicks at the same time, while I thought about what I was going to do next.

I decided to give Iain a little more attention before I turned to James. I cupped my hand under his testicles and lifted them, licked from his scrotum to the head of his penis, took the head in my mouth, and sucked on it as hard as I could. When my mouth wasn't busy my hand was. This time, when I looked up, his head was thrown back and his eyes were closed but he was still grinning.

I took a few deep breaths and leaned over and resumed sucking his dick. I felt his hands settle on the back of my head and then he started thrusting upward into my mouth while pressing down on my head. I knew I could resist by tightening the muscles in my neck but I decided to let him play the way he wanted to. He coordinated his hands pressing down and his hips thrusting upward and I felt the head of his dick press against my throat. Of course I'd heard of deep-throating but I'd never tried to do it as a kid. One of his thrusts caused his dick to penetrate too far and I felt my gag reflex kick in. I pulled back from him and waited for him to open his eyes.

"Don't do that," I said, when he looked at me.

"I couldn't help it, David. I didn't know what I was doing," he said. "It was so good. I never knew it could be so good."

"It'll be even better when you teach Caitlyn how to do it," I said.

"When's my turn?" James asked.

I kept one hand on Iain's dick, leaned over to James, and gave him the same treatment, alternating between sucking his dick and jacking him off. His dick wasn't as big as Iain's but it was a good handful and a good mouth full. I licked his dick from his scrotum up to the head, took the head in my mouth, and tried to suck it off. When I finally looked up at him, he was grinning, eyes closed, head thrown back, just like Iain. I resumed sucking his dick and this time I deliberately let it slide deeper into my mouth until it started down my throat. Gag reflex again. I had to stop and breathe deeply to get it under control. Fuck deep-throating, I thought.

I sat back on my heels and started jacking the two of them again. They both reacted the same way, looking at what I was doing, looking at my face, and grinning like idiots. I wondered if they anticipated what I was going to ask them to do next. I stopped.

“OK, who’s going to be next?” I asked. “Who wants to trade places?”

Iain and James looked at each other. I didn’t want James to be next. I wanted Iain to do it, maybe as a way to show that he no longer resented what I had tried to do to him and really understood what had caused me to do it. He put his hand on James’ wrist and then said, “I’ll do it next.”

“Well, can I show you guys something first?” James asked.

“What?” Iain and I both answered at the same time.

“I bet I can do something you guys can’t do,” he said, grinning.

I looked at Iain and he just shrugged. I couldn’t think of anything and I guess he couldn’t either. I nodded to James.

He scrambled around, pushed me to the far side of the bed alcove, and then lay down on his back in the center of the bed. He looked at me, on one side of him, and then at Iain, leaning against the wall behind his head. Suddenly he lifted his feet into the air, put his hands on his hips, pushed up until his legs were almost horizontal above his face, and then wrapped his arms around his thighs, hands holding onto the opposite wrist.

He looked at me from his ass-in-the-air position, grinned, and then said, “I can suck my own dick. I’ll bet you guys can’t. Watch!”

Iain moved down on the bed and lay down with his head close to James’ side and I moved to the opposite side of him. I suppose he was satisfied with his audience. He tightened the muscles in his arms and pulled down slowly until his penis was just an inch or so above his mouth.

“Pull my foreskin back, somebody,” he grunted.

**I reached under and pushed his foreskin up his dick until the blood-red head was exposed. When I turned loose, the skin slid down a little but stopped at the ridge around the head.**

**James pulled his legs down a little more and I watched as the head touched his lips. He stopped, grinned, and then his pink tongue flicked out and licked his glans a few times.**

**He rested for a moment, breathing deeply, and then pulled his legs back down again. I watched at the head of his dick disappeared into his open mouth and his lips closed around it. His cheeks sucked in a few times and then he opened his mouth and relaxed again.**

**“Now, watch this,” he grunted. “I can fuck my own mouth.”**

**He pulled his legs down again and Iain and I watched from opposite sides as he slowly took at least half his dick in his mouth. He let it back out until the head appeared and then closed his lips around that and slid about half into his mouth again. He did it again and again while Iain and I watched in disbelief.**

**Beyond James’ display of how to suck your own dick and fuck your own mouth, I saw Iain shaking his head and grinning. After a minute or so I began to wonder if James was going to come in his own mouth. He wasn’t. He finally let his legs drop back down on the bed and lay there grinning and breathing heavily.**

**“Auto-fellatio,” I said. “That’s sucking your own dick. I don’t know what you call it when you fuck your own mouth.”**

**“You call it unbelievable,” Iain said.**

**“If I could hold it a little longer, I could give myself a blow-job,” James said with a big grin.**

**“I didn’t try to suck my own dick when I was a kid,” I said, “but I did something in the same position you were in. I jacked off and came in my own mouth. I almost puked but I swallowed it.”**

**James giggled. “I’ve done that too. I couldn’t swallow it though. I had to spit it back out.”**

We both looked at Iain. “Well, OK. I’ll admit I’ve tasted mine. It was after I started seeing Caitlyn and we hadn’t done anything much. I took her home one night and then went home and jacked off. I imagined her sucking me off and then after I came I was ashamed for wanting her to suck me off and swallow it. I was curious what it was like so I tasted it.”

“Well, come on,” James said. “I want to see you two do it.”

At the same time, Iain and I stretched out side by side, lifted our legs back over our head, and wrapped our arms around our thighs. I pulled my thighs down, exhaled and held my breath, opened my mouth, and closed my lips around the head of my penis and a little of the shaft. I sucked on it for a few seconds until I had to breathe and then I let my legs flop down on the mattress. I looked over at Iain and saw him still ass-in-the-air and his cheeks caving in as he sucked on the head of his penis. He stopped and let his legs flop down.

“Well, we didn’t think of doing that on our camping trip,” I admitted.

“OK, Iain, you can do us now,” James said, and assumed the position at the head of the bed, leaning back against the wall. I crawled up next to him and waited for Iain.

Iain straddled our adjacent legs, wrapped his hands around James’ dick and mine, and gave us a few slow strokes while looking intently at what he was doing. He looked up at first James and then me, smiled, leaned forward, kissed me on my lips, and started to move back. Screw that, I thought. I grabbed him behind the head, brought his mouth back down to mine, and opened my mouth to him. He opened, eagerly I thought, and we fenced with our tongues for a moment. When I let him go, he looked at me, stuck his tongue out at me, and then looked at James. James had his lips puckered up and was waiting. I watched as they both closed their eyes, opened their mouths to each other, and kissed so long I was wondering when they would stop.

Then I watched as Iain gave James the same treatment I had given him. He didn’t seem at all reluctant to suck James’ penis so I assumed he was as much into what we were doing as I was. I didn’t want either of them to be reluctant to play with me.

After a minute or so, he looked at me, smiled, and then proceeded to make me close my eyes and throw my head back. He used all the tricks I had used and then some. I didn't care as long as he used his hand and his mouth on my penis.

**"You better stop before he blows your tonsils down your throat, Iain," James said. Iain stopped.**

He and James traded places and James showed me that he was eager to play too. After a minute or so, when I felt the first faint hint of an impending orgasm, I put my hand on James' shoulder and stopped him.

**"What's next?" he asked, grinning as widely as possible.**

I showed them what my buddies and I had done years ago and they got the idea quickly. We were all lying on our left side, arranged like a triangle, with me sucking Iain's dick and James sucking mine while Iain sucked James' dick. After a minute or so, I told them it was time to reverse and they switched without a word. After another minute or so, I felt a faint urge to blast Iain's tonsils so I stopped them.

**"OK, you two get side by side again. You're about to come for the first time tonight. Keep your hands by your sides and hang on to the bed."**

**"How many times did you come that night, David, you know, when you and your buddies were doing it?" James asked, as they rearranged themselves side-by-side.**

I honestly didn't remember.

**"Oh, about a dozen times," I lied, as I straddled their adjacent legs.**

**"Oh, shit, we'll be up all night if we do that," he said.**

**"I want you guys to tell me when you're about to come," I said. "When I played with my buddies, we didn't come in each other's mouth. If you come in mine, I'm going to make you let me come in yours."**

**"We'd better warn him, James," Iain said. "If he comes in our mouths, he'll paint our tonsils white."**

**"It tastes like a vanilla milk shake, Iain," I said. "You'll like it."**

**“Shit.”**

**“Yeah.”**

**Those were the last words I said for a while. Between my hands and my mouth, James had an orgasm in about another minute. For a short while, I jacked him as fast as I could and tried to suck the head off his dick. When he started groaning and thrusting into my mouth, I slid three fingers back behind his balls, teased his asshole with my index finger, and then pressed hard on the area just behind his balls. At the same time, I lifted my head up a foot or so, hoping I'd be safe. The treatment triggered a rapid-fire series of squirts but my face was beyond his firing range. His semen was probably normal for a fourteen-year-old boy – watery and not much of it.**

**When I looked at Iain, I saw a big grin and I knew that he was saying he was OK with what we were doing. I lowered my head and took the head of his dick in my mouth, wrapped my hand around the shaft, and gave his dick the full treatment. After a minute or so, I gave him the same treatment with my fingers that I had given James. When he started squirting, I was still within firing range and I got shot on the side of my face. I wiped it off with my finger and smeared it on his belly. I leaned back on my heels, wrapped my hands around two dicks, and milked out the last little blobs of semen.**

**I moved across the bed from them and lay there slowly stroking my penis. I was as hot and wanting relief as I had ever been.**

**“OK, you two can do me,” I said. “You don't have to do what I did. Just do something to make me come. You can use your hands or your mouth or both. I'll tell you when I'm about to come but you can suck me off if you want to. If you suck me off, you can spit it out or swallow it. I don't give a shit which you do as long as you two do it.”**

**They each straddled one of my legs and alternated stroking my dick and sucking it. I didn't know whose mouth was on the head or whose hand was on the shaft but I was content to keep my eyes shut and just enjoy it. I had been too close to coming for too long and I didn't think I would last long.**

**“Hey, look, corn on the cob,” James said.**

I felt his teeth on the shaft of my dick, moving in bites toward the head. When he got to the end of the cob, he started back at the bottom and bit toward the head again. I lifted my hand, determined to swat somebody's head if he hurt me. He saw my lifted hand and knew what it meant. He didn't bite me.

**"No, dummy, it's a Popsicle," Iain said.**

I felt his mouth on the head of my dick, sucking and licking. He sucked on the head, pulled his lips upward and off, and made an audible pop. Then he licked around the head like it was an ice cream cone.

**"Yeah, but you'd better be careful. If he comes in your mouth, you know what's going to happen," James said.**

**"How do you know?" Iain lifted up long enough to say something. "Have you done it?"**

James' warning didn't bother him. He kept doing the same thing: sliding his hand up and down my dick, trying to suck the head off, and licking then entire length until he got to the head and then licking it like his ice cream cone was melting and he wasn't going to let it run down on his hand. I felt the first strong urge to come and I opened my eyes just enough to watch what they were doing.

**"Naah, but you've seen how much he comes when he jacks off with us," James said. "It looks like a gallon every time."**

I had to smile at James descriptive abilities. I knew he was lying. It may look like a gallon to him but, as Anna told me once, it's more like a tablespoon.

**"Really?"**

**"Yeah, if he's really horny, he'll shoot so much it'll come out your nose and squirt out your ears and you'll have white tears in your eyes. You'll need to swallow real quick like."**

**"What did you say? I can't hear you."**

I couldn't help it. I laughed.

**“Let’s make him come,” Iain said.**

**“OK,” James said.**

**And make me come they did. With somebody’s hand flying up and down my dick and somebody’s mouth sucking and licking the head, I couldn’t stop the inevitable. I really didn’t care if they let me squirt on my chest and stomach or in somebody’s mouth but I had enough sense left to warn them. James’ hand was on my dick when I came and he had it pointed at Iain. I squirted a couple of times on his belly before he pushed it toward James.**

**They scrambled around and lay down side-by-side opposite me. We all three lay there calming down, smiling like jackasses, and slowly stroking our still swollen penises.**

**“David, why are we doing this?” Iain asked.**

**I looked at him for a moment, organizing my thoughts.**

**“I’ll give you three reasons. You can pick the one you like. One – I like sucking dick. Two – I was trying to relive something that happened when I was fifteen. Three – I decided I couldn’t just talk the talk; I had to walk the walk.”**

**Both of them looked at me with their faces showing confusion.**

**“Look, when I was thirteen, a young boy, a skinny little kid, supposedly committed suicide by hanging himself from a basketball goal at school. He left a journal in which he said three guys at his school had bullied him and accused of being a queer for months. From his journal it was clear that he wasn’t a homosexual and had never had sex with anybody. All three of the bullies went to a fundamentalist church where the preacher had preached about how wicked homosexuality was just a week or so before the hanging. There were rumors the three bullies killed him and that it wasn’t suicide.”**

**“Well, did they?” James asked.**

**“Who knows?” I answered truthfully. “The official report said the poor kid hanged himself. If he was bullied into hanging himself, yeah, they killed him.”**

**“What’s that got to do with us?” Iain asked.**

**“Iain, religion always has to have some group or practice to hate,” I said. “If I can have my way, we’re not going to let religion and its hatreds get started here. We’re not going to hate people who do what we just did. I think lots of boys have sex with other boys; girls probably do too. As they get older, most of them settle down and get married and have kids. I hope we can create a world without religion and certainly without hatred. I’m going to do my best to make it that way.”**

**“I still don’t understand,” James said.**

**“Look, have you and Iain fooled around some? Have you done the same things we just did?” I asked.**

**James and Iain looked at each other and smiled. I knew what the answer was.**

**“Well, why didn’t you invite me?” I asked. “You know I’m just as horny as you are and I like sex just as much as you do.”**

**“I guess we thought you wouldn’t approve,” James answered.**

**“James, everything you do doesn’t have to have my approval,” I said, earnestly. “I’m not going to try to prescribe what you can and cannot do, especially when it’s about sex. I asked Iain not to fuck you in the ass just so you would forget what happened to you in your old world. But it’s your ass and you can let somebody fuck you if you want them to do it. When the others get here, I’m not going to tell them how to conduct their sex lives. There’s only one thing I’m going to try to influence.”**

**“I know,” James interrupted me, grinning. “No kissing until they’re married.”**

**“And no holding hands and other public displays of affection,” Iain, said, grinning just as widely.**

**“Do you really think I want to make people behave like that? When the others arrive here, you two can put the word out. I don’t want to hear the words queer and faggot and fag and lesbian and dyke and gay and homosexual and... Well, you get the idea. If anyone uses words**

like that or shows hatred for someone whose idea of good sex isn't quite like their own, they're going to have to contend with the biggest, baddest, meanest, cock-sucker and dick-licker in this world."

"Yeah, we'll exile them to the mainland," James said.

"Yeah, let the bears eat them," Iain said.

"I mean it! I will do my best to keep religion and all of its hatreds out of our world! If someone wants to believe in some sort of religious shit, I won't bother them but if they start displaying any religious hatred, I'll make them wish they had never come here. We're going to embrace love, not hate!"

"What do you think, James?" Iain asked.

"Well, I don't feel like I'm a queer, I mean, one of those things we're not supposed to say. I just feel horny. Can we do it again?"

"I'm not either," Iain said. "Caitlyn's ass turns me on, not David's. I mean, what do you think about him?"

James thought for a minute. "Well, I guess I can agree that he's the biggest and baddest but the rest of it...all that shit...he's not like that. He's a good guy. He's my friend."

"Yeah, but I've seen his face when he talks about Anna." Iain said. "He's a good man who just needs a woman to love, exactly like me."

"Yeah, just like me too," James said. "Except I wish I could have had a father's and mother's love too."

Iain looked at me with a serious expression on his face. "David, are you going to tell Anna about tonight?"

"Yeah, I've got to," I said. "I've already got one secret I keep from her. I can't have another."

"Why do you have one already?" James asked.

"Anna and I had four days with each other in Flagstaff just before I came here," I said. "On Monday, I made love to her seven times, yeah, I said seven, and I wasn't the one who started it every time. I was lying

there, holding a sore dick, when she asked me something. I don't remember what it was now but I told her I'd tell her anything about my life except for one thing. She asked why and I told her I had to maintain something in my life secret or I'd lose all mystery to her. I said there must always be something mysterious about a man or a woman."

"I know what his secret is," Iain said. "If they were in Flagstaff, that's in Arizona where they have burros. He likes to fuck a burro while he eats a burrito."

"No, dummy, they've got saguaros there, you know, cactuses, those big fuckers that look like somebody holding their arms up," James said. "He's a secret saguaro fucker and he eats bean burritos."

"And then he farts," Iain said.

I couldn't help but smile and shake my head at their ideas. They both lay there looking at me for a minute or so, grinning at their own descriptive abilities.

"Seven times?" James questioned.

"Yeah," I said.

"You came seven times in one day?" Iain asked.

"No, it was more like ten times if you count the times she jacked me off," I lied.

"Shit," James said.

"Yeah and double shit," Iain said.

"Well, come on. Let's go take a shower and get something cold to drink," I said. "I've still got to whip your asses before I go to sleep."

"But I'm still horny," Iain said. "After we shower, I want to wrestle some more and maybe see how many times you can come."

"Yeah, me too," James said. "It's one down and only eleven to go."

"Before we go, I want to tell you guys something, OK?"

**“What?” they both said.**

**“I just want you to know how much I enjoyed playing with you,” I said. “I suppose I didn’t do a lot of the things boys do when they’re growing up because of my parents and what happened to them. I really liked fooling around with you guys. The sex was good but I really felt like I was a kid again and having fun doing something a little bit naughty. That’s what I really enjoyed, just having fun with the two of you. I hope we can do it again.”**

**“Shit, the night’s not over yet, David,” James said. “I’m still horny.”**

**“Yeah, I had fun too,” Iain said. “And I’m not through for the night.”**

**<><><>**

**As the thirtieth day since James’ arrival approached, I felt the familiar emotions of suspense, anticipation and hope grow. My relations with Iain were good. I could sense that he was going to be a valuable helper to me in deciding what we needed to do. My relations with James were also good. He was mischievous and always into something but he was always a wonder and a delight to have around. There were only two events which could occur which could have increased my feelings of contentment. One was for Iain to freely volunteer to answer my questions. The other was for the arrival of Anna.**

**One day, the three of us worked hard from early morning until mid-afternoon to create something I knew would be needed when there were twenty of us around – a real garden space for the next growing season. My small garden was in an open area where it received sunlight but my plants were stuck in cracks and crevices and holes in the rocks. I wanted to have a much larger garden space and I knew I had to clear an area somewhere close to home. I finally found a spot where the soil appeared fertile and there were no huge trees.**

**We felled twenty-one small to medium trees in a couple of hours. On the larger ones, Iain and I used a cross-cut saw to bring them down. On the smaller ones, I used an ax, while Iain and James used a cross-cut saw or axes to remove the limbs. I wanted to use the trunks to hold the soil that we would level when cold weather came. We used poles as levers to move the trunks to where I wanted them and then**

we piled the limbs over the stumps of the trees. When the limbs dried, I planned some big bonfires to kill the stumps and to leave the ashes as fertilizer.

Iain and James worked with me without complaining but with lots of chatter as usual. When we quit, I estimated that we had cleared about one fifth of the land I wanted for the garden and I was pleased with what we had accomplished. We were all slow in trudging back home and I ached in every muscle in my back and shoulders. I wasn't used to swinging an ax so much. Iain and James were silent on our way back so I assumed they were just as tired as I was.

We stripped off the clothing that I had insisted we had to wear to do the work and threw everything in an unused bed chamber. We had a communal shower again, without any horseplay for once, and helped scrub each other. I set the shower to a temperature as hot as I could stand and stood leaning against the wall with the shower beating down on my back. My shoulders were sore from hours of swinging an axe or pulling a cross-cut saw. Iain's and James' muscles were probably hurting worse than mine but they hadn't complained. When I mentioned it, Iain suggested a remedy.

"Lie down on the floor and let James walk on your back, David," he said. "I'll help him balance and he can work the kinks out of your muscles. I saw a movie once where a Japanese girl did that to a guy. You can pretend he's a little Japanese girl."

James liked the idea. "Yeah, afterwards you can walk on my back. My muscles are aching too."

"He can't do that, James," Iain said. "He'll squish you flatter that a fluke."

"Well, you can do it to me then," James said. "You don't have to put all your weight on me. Just keep one foot on the floor and put the other on my shoulders. What's a fluke?"

"It's a fish," he said. "The Irish love fried flat flukes with frits. Say it three times real fast."

I had no idea whether what Iain said was true or not. James tried three times and messed up each time.

**“OK, I’ll try it,” I said. “I’ll lie down under the shower. Iain, you hold him so he can’t fall. We don’t need anybody getting hurt.”**

**I have to admit that Iain’s remedy helped. I lay flat on my stomach with my head to one side and the hot shower on my back. Iain straddled my chest with his feet on the floor and his arms around James’ chest from behind. James stood on my back with his weight on me and his feet moving around. I lay there groaning and enjoying every minute of it. The only thing that caused a problem was my penis. After a few minutes, it decided to get hard but it was bent down and backwards. When I lifted my hips to point it upwards, James’s feet slipped and he would have fallen on me if Iain had not been holding him.**

**“Damn, Iain, quit poking me with your dick!” James said.**

**I turned on my side and looked up. James and Iain both had hard-ons. Evidently they found something erotic about what we were doing too. Iain took his turn next. I stood over his head, holding James’ outstretched arms for balance, while he tentatively put both feet on Iain’s back. I wasn’t sure Iain could support James but he groaned pleurably the same way I had.**

**When James took a turn, Iain and I stood on opposite sides of his back, with arms interlocked, and alternated using a single foot to make him groan. When he started humping the floor, we stopped.**

**“David, Iain was trying to fuck me in the ass,” he accused, getting to his feet. “Is that OK?”**

**“I was not,” Iain protested. “I promised David I wouldn’t try. I keep my word. I can’t help it if my dick likes your cute ass.”**

**We went to the circle and stood letting the warm downdraft of air dry us.**

**“Well, I want you and David both to fuck me,” James said. “Then I want to fuck both of you. I’m going to ream your asses out with my big dick. Then Iain can take a turn fucking David. Is that OK?”**

**“Yeah, it’s OK,” I finally answered. “But I want to ream out Iain’s ass first and then I’ll do you.”**

**“Shit, you’re lying,” James said.**

**“No, I’m not,” I said. “I want to fuck both of you. If Anna doesn’t hurry up and get here, you’d both better cover your ass with your hands and run for the woods.”**

**“Damn, I hope she’s the next one to arrive,” James said, covering his ass with his hands and running for the door.**

**“Yeah, me too,” Iain said, covering and running too.**

**Afterwards we went to talk with Aimee for a while. She didn’t act surprised to see all three of walk in with erections. Iain and James fought over the recliner and I slipped into it while they were wrestling. They sat in the two straight chairs on each side and gave each other the finger and giggled. Aimee watched the three of us masturbate and, I swear, she was giggling too.**

**Iain surprised me while we were preparing our evening meal: fish, rosemary potatoes, green beans, and mixed greens with onions all sautéed, of course, in olive oil, and cold sliced tomatoes. The meal would have been even better with a baguette and some wine vinegar.**

**“David, do you think we could plant James with Aimee tonight,” he asked. “We could let her give him another sex lesson and show him another movie. I think that will keep him occupied for a while. I want to talk to you again.”**

**“Sure, what do you want to talk about?”**

**“I want to try to answer your questions.”**

## **Chapter Fifteen**

**“Why now?” I asked, genuinely surprised.**

**“David, when you told me about killing all those guys, those seven jihadists and then al-Badr and those other guys, I was afraid of you. I mean I was really afraid. I thought if I told you what you wanted to know, you might get mad enough to kill me too. Then when James**

arrived, I saw a different you - a kind and gentle and caring man. And when we played together the other night and I had more fun than I've ever had, I saw another side of you – a fun-loving kid. You may be a warrior and a big man but you're really just a kid like me and James. I think you'll be a good leader for us and do your best to protect us. I made a big mistake by not answering your questions when you first asked me. You just need to know my story so you can understand why I didn't want to tell you."

I managed to stay calm while we ate our evening meal. When I suggested that James should see Aimee for another lesson, he grinned and ran out of the kitchen.

"Aimee, would you keep James occupied for a while?" Iain asked. "You can give him another lesson in sex and show him another sexy movie. I'm going to tell David something he wants to know."

"Yes, Iain," Aimee answered from somewhere. "May I listen to what you tell David or do you want privacy?"

"You may listen, Aimee," he said. "Perhaps you would like to know what I tell David."

I hung up the pots and pans we had used for supper and turned towards Iain. He and I walked over to one of the tables and sat down facing each other.

"I think I can answer most of your questions, David," he started. "Just don't sidetrack me with too many questions. I've been trying to organize everything in my mind and maybe I can tell you what you want to know."

I nodded in the affirmative.

Suddenly I heard something out in the hallway and I knew that it had to be James. I held up my hand to stop Iain from telling his story and then held one finger to my lips. I closed my eyes and let the cool response enhance my hearing. I heard something again and I knew James was listening.

"You can come back, James," I said. "Iain's about to tell me something I've wanted to know since I came here. Perhaps he won't mind if you hear his story if you don't start asking questions."

He quietly came back in the dining area and sat down beside me. As usual, I put one arm over his shoulders and hugged him against me. I looked at Iain to see what he wanted to do.

“You can stay, James,” he said. “Just don’t ask me any questions until I get through. I’ve got my story organized in my mind and I don’t want any interruptions.”

“OK,” he said, “but may I say something before you start?”

Iain nodded ascent. James looked at me so I nodded too.

“Please don’t cut me out when you guys talk about important stuff,” he said. “I want to know why I’m here just as much as David does. I may be just a kid but I’m not a dummy. I know when to keep my mouth shut and when to open it. I joke a lot but I can be serious too.”

“You’re right, James,” Iain said. “I apologize. It’s just that I’ve got a lot of stuff organized in my mind and I don’t need any distractions.”

“OK,” James said, and mimicked zipping up his lips.

Iain started. “First I need you two to understand some stuff about this universe. I’m not a physicist or a cosmologist like my dad and granddad. I didn’t get that gene from them. I got a love of music gene from my mother. Anyway, this is roughly the way my granddad explained it to me.”

“First, there’s Earth and the other planets revolving around the sun. The sun is just one of a multitude of stars in the galaxy called the Milky Way. Then that galaxy is part of a local group of galaxies and the local group is part of a super cluster of galaxies. There are lots of super galaxies. Beyond that is the edge of the known universe. Are you with me so far?”

“Yeah, I’ve done a little reading about cosmology,” I answered. “It blows your mind, doesn’t it?”

“Yes, but just wait for the next step. This universe is just one of multiple universes and *they all seem to exist in the same time-space*. The planet we’re on now is just another Earth, existing in a parallel universe to the one of your Earth. It’s almost identical, except that

human beings haven't evolved on this planet. That's what is really mind-blowing."

"I don't understand that but go ahead."

"There are lots of different forces at work in each universe, David. Some are attractor forces which pull things together, like gravity, and some are detractor forces which keep things apart. There's a detractor force which normally keeps the multiple universes apart."

I nodded. "Go on."

"Imagine two soap bubbles floating in the air and assume there's some force which keeps them apart. Imagine lots of soap bubbles. Now assume each soap bubble is a universe. This is not really the way it is because in reality all the universes exist in the same time-space. There's just some force which keeps them apart."

"Now imagine that the detractor force can be manipulated on a tiny scale in one universe. If it can be eliminated in one universe, say universe A, just the tiniest bit for just a split second, the attractor force of another universe, say universe B, will draw part of universe A toward it."

He looked at me with a questioning expression on his face. At first I wasn't sure where his story was going and then it dawned on me and I knew.

"You're saying that's what happened to me, aren't you?" I asked. "You're saying something here drew me from my universe."

His facial expression changed to a big smile. "Yes, David, and it drew me too. And James."

James was nodding his head occasionally but he remained quiet.

"OK, how do they do it?" I asked. "How did they draw us here?"

"What's behind the door at the end of the hallway, David, the one you won't let James and me enter?"

"There are three pieces of machinery or equipment. There's a big monster on the left with no opening, no visible controls, no dials or

stuff like that. I don't see any way to get into it and I don't know what it does. It's the biggest piece of equipment in there."

"What else is there?"

"At the back of the room there's more equipment. I think it's the source of our power and our air flow and our water and maybe some other things. It has pipes and wiring going through it. I can't get into it either but I can hear it humming and I can hear water moving."

"OK, what else?"

"On the right, there's another huge piece of equipment. It has a monitor like the one in Aimee's room but I can't get it to respond. Maybe it's like a computer but, if it is, it's like none I've ever seen."

"OK, here's what's in there. On the left side is the device which brought you here and put you in Aimee's chair. In Ireland, there's a town called Graystones, on the East coast below Dublin. Near Graystones, there's a huge old house that has been there for hundreds of years. It has 43 rooms. I've lived there for four years. In what was the ballroom, there is another device like the one here. I'm not a scientist but I know there's some way the device can lock onto you no matter where you are. Once it's activated, it eliminates the detractor force surrounding you and that picks you up in one universe and puts you down in another."

"What's the piece of equipment at the back of the room? I still think it's the power supply for us and anything that helps to provide us with a comfortable place to live. Is that right?"

"I haven't seen it but I think you're right."

"What's on the right?"

"That's the library. That's where all of Aimee's knowledge is stored. It has trillions of books and music and all sorts of knowledge from your Earth in it."

"And that's where Aimee is."

"Yes, David, it is. I wish she was real but she's not."

**“You’re wrong, Iain. She’s real to me and I want her to stay that way.”**

**“She’s real to me too, Iain,” James interjected for the first time. “Please don’t try to tell me she’s not.”**

**“OK. She certainly seems real to me too,” Iain said. “Maybe she is.”**

**“Of course, I’m real, Iain,” Aimee said, from a side of the dining area to my right. As usual, my reflexes made me look in that direction. “I exist in my own universe and it’s as real as the one in which you exist. I’m having a lot of fun learning about you three guys. Now, go on with your story. It’s fascinating.”**

**“I apologize to you, Aimee,” Iain said, shaking his head.**

**“Apology accepted,” Aimee said.**

**“But why is that library here?” I asked.**

**“David, this is where it gets hard to believe. I’m not from your planet Earth. I’m from another planet Earth in another parallel universe that is inhabited by humans just like you. That’s where the machine that holds Aimee’s library came from. It’s like a giant computer except that it doesn’t have any moving parts and should last forever. Its primary purpose is to preserve as much of your Earth’s knowledge as possible. I think Aimee’s primary purpose is to act as an avatar, a human face to the computer to make all the knowledge more accessible to us.”**

**“Well, why are you here with us?”**

**“David, my grandfather was the first to be transported from our planet Earth in our universe to your planet Earth in your universe. Then a group of people went to help him study your world. He stayed three years and then came back. Then my parents, my mother and father both, volunteered to go to your Earth.”**

**“How many people from your Earth have come to my old Earth?”**

**“I don’t really know, David. I just know there were twenty-four of us at the place in Ireland. I know there were lots of others in other places. All of the ones at Graystones were older than me and most were wives and husbands. My father was the leader of the group but**

they made most decisions by meeting around a big table. They let me sit on the side of the room as long as I didn't say anything."

He looked at James. James stuck his tongue out at him and gave him the finger. They both laughed.

"OK, you say you lived in that house for four years. How do you fit into this? You still haven't told me why you're here."

"David, have patience. I'll get to that," he said. "I was fourteen when my parents went to your Earth and I thought it would be a grand adventure if I went too. They wanted me to stay with my maternal grandparents but I hardly knew them. I begged to go and they almost relented when I proved that I had learned to speak your language. My father really didn't want me to go but I talked my mother into letting me. She took me to my father and I swore in front of both of them that I would never tell anybody from your Earth what I'm telling you. I didn't want to break my oath to them, David."

"But why did they pick me? I've got a few extraordinary abilities and I'm reasonably intelligent but I'm just a soldier who's good at killing people. Why did they choose me?"

"David, at one of the meetings I heard them discuss you. One of the names they called you was The Warrior. They thought you had the ability to be a leader and defender for the group they will send here. They've done everything they can think of to insure our survival and they think you can protect everybody against each other and the wild animals on the mainland. They think you can be a leader who guides everybody to do the hard things they will have to do to survive and prosper. They want this colony to succeed and they expect you to lead it."

"But why did you come here? If you were having a grand adventure on our old Earth, why did you want to come to this one?"

"David, I came here because I couldn't have Caitlyn. About a year ago, I met an Irish girl, slim, beautiful, long blond hair; *oh, she was so beautiful*. We fell in love and I wanted to marry her. My parents didn't approve. They wanted me to find somebody who was my own kind. They meant from my home planet. I told them I was going to marry Caitlyn and they couldn't stop me. They said they'd send me back home first. My father's quite a domineering man and he's used to

being obeyed. We argued and I finally thought of a way I could get away from them. I arranged to be sent here and I left them a note telling them where I'd gone."

"I don't know whether to believe you or not, Iain. You told me you were a singer, not a scientist. How did you arrange it?"

"I'm coming to the part you're going to like, David. It's about Anna. After they arranged to have you sent here, they were going to send Anna next but they lost her. The device can track you anywhere but somehow it lost her. I was afraid my parents would use the device to send me back home so I got a friend to keep the setting for the destination here instead of changing it to home in the universe I came from. Then if they started tracking me, instead of Anna, I would be sent here instead of back home. My parents thought they were sending me home but they sent me here instead. I left them a note telling them where I had gone."

"If you loved Caitlyn, you wouldn't leave her behind, Iain," I said.

"I didn't. I think she's going to come to me soon. I told her everything I've told you and she said she wanted to go with me. I told her that as far as I knew only one person at a time could make the journey but then I fixed it so my parents would want to send her. I told them Caitlyn knew all about them and she was going to tell everybody in your world if she couldn't come to me. And then I told them to arrange for Caitlyn to be sent to me if they ever wanted to have grandchildren."

"You say they lost Anna. Do you know if she's still alive?"

"I think so. They talked about her like she was still alive. I know they were still trying to locate her when the time came that the device could be used again."

"How did they know so much about me and Anna? They must have had somebody feeding information about us to them."

"They did. I sat in on the meeting where they talked about him. They were trying to decide who would be the first one to come here. They kept referring to him as the major and he sent them reports about you. I don't know anything else about him."

**“I do and I wonder why the hell he didn’t tell me he was reporting to somebody about me and Anna.”**

**“I don’t know why, David.”**

**“Well, why did they send James?”**

**“I don’t know why they picked him, David. Maybe it was because he had no parents and nobody would care if he disappeared.”**

**“But you think they still want to send Anna to me?”**

**“Yes, David.”**

**“Why were they so dead set against you marrying Caitlyn?”**

**“David, somehow humans evolved on a planet Earth in your universe and they also evolved on our planet Earth in our universe. We are exactly alike but my parents said nobody knew whether we could crossbreed. Humans from both planets have twenty-three paired chromosomes for a total of forty-six. My mother’s one of the scientists mapping the genetic makeup of the chromosomes in people on your Earth. They haven’t finished their work and it may take years before they know whether the genetic makeup of my people is compatible with yours. If they’re not and we crossbreed the children might have all sorts of physical and mental disorders. Now do you see why they didn’t want me to marry her?”**

**“Why can’t you wait, Iain? You’re young. I didn’t find my Anna until I was twenty-five. Maybe in a few years they will know if our people and yours are genetically compatible.”**

**“David, I already know we are. Once when Caitlyn and I were making love in my bedroom, something strange happened. It was really the second time that night. The first time I was on top of her making love to her and she wanted to look in my eyes when I came. The second time that night, she was on top of me and her long blond hair fell around my face like some golden curtain all around and I was looking in her eyes and we both came at the same time. It was so good, David. It was like we were one. We both experienced it and somehow we both know that we can unite to create a perfect child. That’s why I’ve got to have Caitlyn or I won’t have anybody. She’s my other half, David. She makes me whole.”**

**“Iain, why do you think I’m so adamant about having Anna? We’ve experienced the same thing. Anna and I have fused into one on two occasions and now I can’t live my life separate from her. I can’t be whole again until she’s with me.”**

**“I’ve never heard of anybody experiencing anything like it, David. Have you?”**

**“No. But there’s one big question you haven’t answered, Iain. Why do your people want to transport twenty of my people to this uninhabited world? There’s got to be a reason.”**

**“There is, David,” he said. “My people have been studying yours for years. They’ve concluded that your Earth may be near a tipping point. That’s what they call it. They think that unrestrained population growth and the pressure on resources and global warming and reliance on computers which can be rendered useless causing economic chaos...”**

**“And nuclear weapons and germ weapons in the hands of crazy people,” I added.**

**“And stupid religious shit that just hurts people and makes them hate each other and fight wars,” James added. I was surprised but I nodded in agreement.**

**“Yeah, those too. Anyway, my people are afraid that your Earth has reached a tipping point and that may cause it to slide back into the dark ages or maybe cause an extinction of the human race. My people want to preserve a sample of yours. That’s about as much as they can do.”**

**“Why don’t they reveal themselves if they’re so knowledgeable?”**

**“David, they don’t want your people knowing about them because there’s a chance your people will want to escape to the Earth I came from.”**

**“Is your Earth that damn good?”**

**“It’s different, David, very different. Don’t ask me about it, please. I’ve already broken part of my oath to my parents. I’m not going to tell you about it.”**

**“As fucked up as my people are, I can’t blame them for not wanting us to go to their Earth.”**

**“Maybe I’ve covered most of what you might like to know, David,” Iain said. “Do you want to ask me questions now?”**

**“No, I’ve got too much to assimilate now. Let me think about everything and let’s get together tomorrow night and talk some more.”**

**“I’ll try to answer your questions but remember I’m eighteen years old and I’m not a scientist and I didn’t understand a lot of what they talked about. For example, I can’t tell you how the transporter works but we both know it does.”**

**“Yeah, I know, Iain. But there’s something else I know already. I’m going to try to be the best damn leader and protector anybody could want for the people who come here but only if Anna comes to me. If she’s not one of the twenty, I’m out of here. I’ll explore this world and the rest of you can just go to hell.”**

**“David, don’t talk like that,” he said. “From what I understand, the other people who come here will all be very young, maybe like children, not more than about twenty years old at the most. They’re going to need someone like you to lead them and to protect them. Somebody at Graystones once used the term ‘society’s castaways’ to describe them.”**

**“Then you think they know how I feel about Anna and they’ll send her to be with me?”**

**“Yes, David. And that’s why I think they’ll send Caitlyn to be with me.”**

**“I’ve got a question,” James said and Iain and I both turned to look at him. He waited until we both nodded our ascent.**

**“If there had to be two machines, one here and one back where we came from, for David to be sent here, how did your grandfather, the first person from your Earth, how did he come to our Earth? Did somebody send the other machine first?”**

I finally grasped what James was asking. How could the first person from their Earth come to our Earth? And how did James catch that point? He certainly wasn't a dummy. Maybe he was smarter than I was.

"I don't know, James," Iain said. "My grandfather was a young man when he made the journey. I wasn't even thought of. I don't understand how it's all done but I know it happened."

My mind was swimming with all that Iain had told me. As fantastic as it was, it all seemed to fit together and to explain why we were all here. I knew I had to ask him to help me to understand some of his story but I didn't want to do it tonight.

"Can we talk again sometime soon?" I asked. "I think my brain is almost overloaded. I'm going to have a hard time going to sleep tonight."

"Well, I think I can help you with that," Iain said. "Let's go see if Aimee will show us another movie. Watching a good sex movie and having a good wank always helps me sleep."

"Damn, I think it's going to take two or three good wanks for me to get any sleep tonight," I said.

Iain grinned at me. "Well, we can do it once or twice while we're watching the movie and then we can have another wrestling match before bed. That ought to wear you out."

"Shit, we don't need a movie," James said. "Let's go jump in David's bed again. We don't even need a wrestling match. Let's just play like we did the other night. We can try again to make David have eight orgasms."

"Oh, no, you won't," I said. "You and Iain almost wore the skin off my dick last time. Aimee, can you pick out a good movie for us?"

"Do you want to follow your usual criteria, David," Aimee asked, from another corner of the dining area. "I have one that is just a little different that you and Iain and James might like."

"How's it different?" Iain asked.

"There are three people in the movie, two young boys and a young girl. The movie portrays very tender loving sex, primarily between the two boys and the girl. There is not a word spoken. The photography is astoundingly beautiful and the movie is very erotic. It is very romantic

and slow and gentle and has a soundtrack of beautiful classical music.”

“That doesn’t sound like it’s very different, Aimee,” Iain said.

“It also portrays sex between the two young boys in the same way,” Aimee said.

“You mean anal sex?” I asked.

“No, David. Your usual criteria rule that out,” she said. “They just do the same things Iain and James do sometimes.”

I looked at Iain and then at James. They were both grinning widely.

“Well, do you wankers want to watch the movie or not?” I asked.

Iain smiled. “Yes, let’s watch it!”

James smiled too. “Yeah, I want to watch it too! I’m going to lambast my llama ‘til it spits on you guys.”

Iain pulled back and looked at James with a disbelieving look on his face. I suppose my face reflected the same wonder at his description for wanking.

“What?” he said. “I liked the nature channel.”

The movie was mesmerizing and everything that Aimee had said. On my way to Aimee’s room, I thought Iain’s story would keep me from paying much attention to the movie. I was wrong. I was soon engrossed in watching the three young lovers but every few minutes the same thing made me momentarily unconscious of what was on the screen: the realization that Anna was going to join me in our new world, the world I would choose if only I could be with her again.

The movie was set in a dream-like room where the only piece of furniture was a king-size bed. The room and everything in it was white. There were big windows on three sides covered by flimsy curtains which kept moving in a slight breeze. The lighting was soft and hidden.

The movie began with a sweeping view of the room and with some music, something classical, softly playing. A few seconds later, a naked girl walked into the room and crawled into the bed. She was quickly followed by one naked boy and then another. The girl was an exquisitely beautiful young creature, probably about sixteen years

old. The boys were just as young and beautiful, two perfect compliments to the girl. One of the boys was about her age and the other was noticeably older, about Iain's age, almost a man.

The girl and both boys looked almost like each other, as though they might be an older brother and a younger brother with a twin sister. The hair on their heads was a dark brown and was the same length and shape. The girl's face was devoid of any visible makeup. As a result, I had trouble identifying the sex of the younger boy and girl when I saw only their faces. But their bodies were clearly those of a young male and a young female. I wondered if they were actually siblings or just chosen to give that appearance. Either way, it seemed like they might be engaged in an incestuous relationship.

Over the course of the next hour or so, I saw a constantly varying sequence of sexual play in which the three were engaged. Most of the time, the two boys concentrated on the girl but occasionally the girl and one of the boys together tried to drive the other boy insane.

In one scene, photographed close up from above, the younger boy was lying flat on his back and the girl and older boy had their heads on his stomach and were alternating in sucking his penis and playing with his testicles.

In another scene the two boys tenderly and lovingly kissed each other while one was on top of the other. The most intense scene was perhaps one with a lot of close-ups in which the older boy lay on his back while the girl rode him with her back to his face and the younger boy used his tongue just where the two were joined. Each time she came down on the older boy's penis, the younger boy's tongue was coming up the shaft of his penis all the way around the stretched-tight lips of the girl's pussy and on to her clitoris. I made a mental note to try that with Anna someday.

Throughout the movie, my penis was as hard as it has ever been but I didn't want to come until it was over. Most of the time, I simply held it and stroked it a little and watched the clear drool run down the shaft. I was in Aimee's recliner and Iain and James were in straight chairs on each side of me, long legs stretched out. I quickly glanced at them occasionally and saw that they were doing the same thing I was.

When the movie ended, I rolled out of Aimee's recliner and started for the door, not thinking of James or Iain. They both ran past me, slapped me on the butt, and yelled "Gotcha" but I didn't chase after them. I walked slower, thinking of Anna joining me, joyously believing that my loneliness was about to be over.

In our sleeping chamber, Iain and James were already in my bed alcove, wrestling with each other. I stood watching them for a minute or so. Iain clearly was bigger and stronger but James was quicker and slipperier. He constantly wiggled out of Iain's grips and then pounced.

My day had been a full one, from the hours of hard work the three of us spent in clearing the new garden space, to Iain's almost-unbelievable story that I had yet to fully understand, and then to one of the most beautiful and erotic movies I could imagine. I could see Iain as the older boy and James as the younger boy and the two of them lost in sexual play with Caitlyn. I didn't want to wrestle with them. I needed the release that masturbating would bring but I wanted it to be quiet and peaceful.

"Come on, guys," I said. "Let's not have another wrestling match tonight. I've got too much on my mind for that. Let's just quietly jack off and get some sleep."

They both stopped their play and looked at me. Their penises were just as rampantly erect as mine and I knew they needed the release of orgasm as much as I did. James was the first to respond.

"OK, David," he said. "Me and Iain, I mean, Iain and I, we'll just go to our own beds for a good wank."

They both started to get out of my bed.

"No, wait," I said. "I don't want to be by myself. I want you both to sleep with me. Maybe I'm like you, James; I want somebody touching me tonight. I want to be close to you but can't we just do it quietly? Both of you stay with me, please."

I held my arms out to each side and they understood: James crawled up and flopped down with one of my arms behind him and then Iain did the same thing. I pulled them up against my sides and held them as close as possible. I leaned to one side, kissed Iain on the cheek, and then leaned to the other and kissed James.

"Thanks, guys," I said. "I don't know why I feel this way. I'm horny as hell but I've got so many different emotions I don't know whether to yell or cry or laugh. I finally believe Anna is going to come to me and that's all I need to make me choose this world to live my life."

**“And I believe Caitlyn is going to come to me,” Iain said. “I know my father. He’ll do just about anything just so his mission isn’t compromised. I’ll be content with her here with me for the rest of my life too.”**

**“Well, you guys are lucky,” James said. “I don’t know who the hell is coming here for me. Maybe I’ll just try on each new arrival for size until I find the right one.”**

**“Yeah, dream on,” Iain said.**

**“Would you guys do something for me, something I saw the two kids do in the movie?” I asked.**

**“What?” James asked.**

**“Soixante-neuf,” I answered.**

**“Shit, more damn French shit,” James said. “What does that mean?”**

**“James, say merde,” I said.**

**“Merde,” he said. “What does that mean?”**

**“Shit,” I said. “One mark of an educated sophisticated man is that he can cuss in several different languages.”**

**“Well, more damn French merde then,” James said. “Aimee, what does what David said mean?”**

**Aimee answered from somewhere over our heads and I could swear she was giggling. “Soixante-neuf is sixty-nine in French, James. It refers to a sexual activity in which two people simultaneously stimulate each other's genitalia with their mouths.”**

**“You mean two guys suck each other’s dicks at the same time?” James said. “Like those two guys did in the movie?”**

**“It doesn’t have to be two guys,” Aimee said. “It can be a guy and a girl or it can be two females.” Again, I thought she was laughing at us.**

**“Yeah, I thought that was damned hot,” I said. “What about you, Iain?”**

**“Yeah, I thought it was hot and yeah, James and I have done it with each other.”**

**“Yeah, and we’re going to do it again,” James said. He rolled over me, on top of Iain, and, in the process, kneed me close to my balls. He reversed his position so that his head was over Iain’s genitals but, when he tried to put his legs on side of Iain’s head, he bonked him in the head with his knee.**

**“Merde and double merde!” Iain yelled. “Damn it, James, be careful!”**

**“I’m sorry,” James said. “You can knock my head off next time.”**

**I moved away a little so I could see what they were doing and watched as James wrapped his hand around Iain’s penis and then took the head in his mouth. Iain reached up with his hand, corralled James’ wild penis, and took the head in his mouth. Then they went at each other with a vengeance. Iain started thrusting upward and James started pushing his dick downward. I couldn’t believe they could giggle and wiggle and suck dick so enthusiastically at the same time but they did for a short while. Then James must have shoved his dick too far in Iain’s mouth.**

**“Damn it, James,” Iain yelled as he twisted his head to one side. “Don’t try to shove your dick down my throat.”**

**“I’m sorry,” James said. “I didn’t mean to do it. I didn’t know what I was doing.”**

**“OK, I know you were thinking with your little head,” Iain said. “Let’s try another position.”**

**Iain pushed James off him and they changed their position so they were side by side in opposite directions. With what looked like practiced ease, they each bent one leg upward to serve as a pillow for the other. Then they wanked and sucked and wiggled and giggled some more until Iain pulled away. He turned on his back, breathing heavily, stomach pulled in, eyes closed, one hand on his penis, and lay there.**

**“What’s wrong?” James asked.**

**“Nothing,” Iain said. “You’re just too good a cocksucker. I was about to come.”**

**“Can we slow down a little?” I asked. “I just thought of something I learned with Anna and I think you guys should learn it too.”**

**“What?” James asked.**

**“Anna and I tried a sixty-nine one afternoon and I didn’t like it. When I was licking her pussy, I was upside down. A woman’s clitoris is more sensitive than the head of your dick. If you’re licking down on her pussy, it will be protected by a hood sort of like your foreskin. If you’re licking up, your tongue will drag the hood off her clit and really stimulate her. Do you think you’d enjoy somebody sucking your dick with your foreskin covering the head?”**

**Both shook their head. “I like it best when James pulls my foreskin back really tight and sucks on the head,” Iain said. “That can really make me come.”**

**“Yeah, me too,” James echoed. “That’s a good way to do it.”**

**“Well, just remember: women don’t come as easily as men do,” I said. “If you can learn how to help her have orgasms, she’s going to love you more.”**

**“David, do you want to do it with me,” James asked. “Let’s let Iain watch and cool off.”**

**“Sure, if you can just be slow and easy. I don’t want to have a cock-sucking wrestling match like you and Iain were doing.**

**We rolled over toward each other, extended one leg to serve as a pillow for the other, and began. I wanted to come, just not yet, not until we had played for a while. Maybe James understood. He wrapped his hand around the shaft of my penis, pulled the skin down tight, took the head in his mouth, and gently sucked on it. I took the head of his dick in my mouth, cupped my fingers around his balls, closed my eyes, and licked and sucked and stroked.**

I felt Iain touch my back and I looked up. He was behind me, leaning over, watching what James and I were doing, and slowly stroking his dick. I shut my eyes again and resumed what I was doing with James.

“James, let me do it with David,” Iain said, after a minute or so. “You can watch.”

They changed positions and Iain and I sucked each other’s dicks for a while. With Iain’s hand moving up and down on the shaft of mine and his mouth sucking on the head, I knew I was getting close to coming. I didn’t want to surprise him and I didn’t want one from him. I decided I’d had enough. I rolled over on my back and wrapped my hand around my dick. Iain and James flopped down on each side of me and the three of us lay there, stroking our dicks as slowly as possible.

“I’m ready for my first orgasm for the night,” I said. “How about you guys?”

“Yeah, me too,” Iain said. “What do you want to do? Do you want to just jack off?”

“I don’t care,” I said. “What do you want to do, James?”

“I want you and Iain to finish me off,” he said. “Then me and you will do Iain and then me and Iain will finish you off last.”

I groaned at his improper English but I didn’t say anything.

It didn’t take long for Iain and me to finish him off. Iain took the first turn and alternated between stroking James’ dick and then sucking it. When he moved aside for me, I took my turn jacking and sucking. On my second turn, I began to wonder if one of us was going to get his tonsils squirted.

I thought for a moment of whether I ought to suck him off. Was I doing enough to walk the walk by sucking their dicks to begin with? I wanted to do what I could to keep the hatred of homosexuality out of a world of my choosing. If I did what gays do, like sucking another guy’s dick, would that be enough. If I let James come in my mouth, could I swallow it? Would James and Iain suck me off and then swallow my semen? I doubted it. I had no real desire to fuck another guy in the ass. Anal sex just turned me off, whether with a man or woman. I

finally decided not to do it, just to jack him off, and let that be the answer.

Between jacking and sucking, I watched his balls creep up from between his thighs to around the base of his dick and I knew he was close. I just used my hand then, as fast as I could, and within seconds, James squirted out a half-dozen times on his stomach and groaned like he was in misery.

I started with Iain without James help but he recovered quickly and took a turn. I watched Iain's testicles draw up, whispered to James, and this time it was his flying hand which finished Iain off.

This time, we rested for a longer period waiting for Iain to recover. His dick was still swollen but no longer standing up. My dick was stiff and aching from the need for relief but I just held it, waiting for James and Iain to do whatever they wanted to do to get me off. I watched as James played with his until it was hard again. He nudged me and nodded for me to look. I admired his recuperative powers but then I remembered how quick mine had been at fourteen.

James rolled over half on top of Iain and very gently kissed him on the lips. Iain welcomed him and I realized they were replaying a scene in the movie when the two young boys had gently and lovingly kissed each other while the girl watched. I wasn't the girl but I watched as they repeatedly kissed each other, sometimes somewhere other than lips but mostly on the mouth. James wrapped his hand around Iain's dick and just as slowly and lovingly stroked it until it recovered and was standing up again.

When they both turned toward me with a grin on their faces, I knew I was about to get my turn. James, always the mischief maker, started. He moved half on top of me, just as he had done to Iain and the same way the two boys in the movie had done, started kissing me, wrapped his hand around my penis, and slowly stroked back and forth. I closed my eyes and relaxed but then James surprised me. He straddled me so his dick was pressed against mine and then started thrusting against me.

"I'm going to fuck you, David," he whispered. "I'm going to ream you out with my monstrous dick and then I'm going to shoot a big load up your little cherry ass."

**“You and what...” army, I intended to say but James fastened his open mouth on mine and started tongue fucking me. I let him play, unsure whether his dick and balls rubbing against mine would make me come. It didn’t but it got me closer. After a minute or so, he rolled off me.**

**“OK, Iain, he’s all yours,” he said. “Finish him off.”**

**Iain pounced, that’s the only way to describe it, and then started stroking and sucking my dick as vigorously as possible. I warned him with my last coherent thought and he used just his hand for a few seconds. When I erupted, I laid down a heavy white trail from my throat to my pubic hair.**

**“You should have fucked him, Iain,” James said. “You could have shoved your big dick up his ass and given him a big load and jacked him off until he shot his gallon on his stomach.”**

**“Yeah, and I’ll make you squeal when I shoot a gallon up your ass,” I warned, not really meaning it.**

**“Really!” James exclaimed. “I’d like that!”**

**“Yeah!” I said. “I told you that if Anna’s not the next one to arrive, you and Iain had both better cover your asses with your hands and run for the woods.”**

**“I’m not running,” Iain said. “You can fuck me anytime if you’ll just let me do the same thing to you.”**

**“Me too,” James said. “You can both fuck me if you’ll just let me fuck you too. I didn’t like it with the Reverend because I hated him but I like both of you guys and maybe it’ll be different.”**

**“Damn, I hope Anna and Caitlyn are the next ones to arrive,” I said. “If they’re not, I may take you two up on your offers. Who knows?”**

**“When Anna comes, are you sure you want to tell her about what we’ve done?” Iain asked.**

**“Yeah, I told you I’m only going to keep one secret from her,” I said. “You should remember what I say, Iain. Don’t keep secrets from Caitlyn, anyway not more than one. You’ll have a better marriage if**

**you're open and honest with each other. That's the way I'm going to be with Anna."**

**"David, I like what we do when we play with each other," James said. "I know it's sex and it's a lot of fun but I feel like it's love too. I know I wouldn't do the stuff I've done with both of you unless I liked you a lot and maybe that's like loving you. Do you think it's really OK for two guys to love each other?"**

**"Sure. I'm not ashamed to say I love you and Iain. It's not the same way I love Anna but, as far as I'm concerned, it's just as real. You guys have taught me a lot about love and I'm going to try to love everybody else who comes here. That doesn't mean I'll want to have sex with them. When you grow up and get your own wife, you'll probably give her most of your love and have most of your sex with her, maybe all of it, but that shouldn't affect how you feel about me and Iain. We've got to love each other and care for each other in order for our colony to succeed. I'm determined to see that it does succeed."**

**"I think David's right, James," Iain said. "We can't afford to have hatred and distrust in our colony. We've got to be like a loving family. I don't know how we'll make it work but I know it's up to us whether we succeed."**

**"Damn, I've got a lot to learn," James said. "Is it OK if I ask Aimee something?"**

**"Sure," I said.**

**"Aimee, have you been watching everything we did?" James asked.**

**"Yes, James," Aimee answered. "I always watch what you and Iain and David do. Your activities are fascinating to me. If you would like me to stop watching, all you need to do is to tell me. I will always obey your instructions."**

**"When some other people come here, are you going to tell them about what we've done?" James asked.**

**"No, James," Aimee said. "David has given me instructions which I must always obey. He said that I may always observe him but I must never reveal what I see or hear to anyone without his permission. Would you like your relationship with me to be like that?"**

**“Yeah, I would,” James said.**

**“Me too,” Iain said.**

**“Do you approve, David?” Aimee asked me.**

**“Yes, Aimee,” I said. “You may always follow their requests unless it contradicts my instructions to you.”**

**“Thank you,” Aimee said. “I hope all of you will always let me observe you because I find what you do fascinating.”**

**“What if I ask her to let me in the room at the end of the hallway, David?” Iain asked.**

**“I’ve already given her instructions on that, Iain,” I replied. “No one may enter the room at the end of the hallway unless I accompany them. What’s in that room is critical to our survival.”**

**James yawned wide enough to swallow a watermelon. “Well, I’m about to jack off again and then go to sleep,” James said. “Who wants to join me?”**

**“I do,” Iain said.**

**“I do too,” I added.**

**“May we sleep with you, David?” James asked.**

**“Yeah,” I answered. “I’d like that.”**

**A few minutes later, we had three chests and stomachs sprinkled with more semen and nobody seemed to have inclination to clean it off or the strength to move. James crawled up closer to me and put his head on my right shoulder and his leg over my right one. He held out his hand to Iain and Iain snuggled into the same position on my left side. I felt them weave their fingers together on my chest and then relax. I put my hands on their backs pressed them against me, and then curved my arms around their shoulders and stroked their soft hair. I took a couple of deep breaths, closed my eyes, and let myself slide into sleep, slowly stroking their hair.**

## Chapter Sixteen

After Iain told me his story, our lives were quiet and enjoyable. We set the rabbit snares most days and usually caught one or two. We had more fish than we could eat and we smoked some and froze a lot more. We also had more vegetables than we could eat or freeze and we experimented with drying as a way to preserve some. We were busy for part of most days with our exercise routines and our garden and house work and our studies. Every few days, we either explored the mountain or went to the beach. We brought lots of bamboo up the mountain for projects I wanted to do. Iain and James were both great companions for me, as good as I could have wanted.

I noticed that Iain seemed to be spending a lot of time talking to Aimee. A couple of times, I heard music being played but it was nothing I recognized. I assumed he would tell me if there was any need.

Imagine my surprise when Radio Station I-A-I-N came on the air, starting at eight o'clock, about an hour before we began to settle down for bed. Aimee was the announcer and Iain was the resident music expert. She led him into a brief description of the music we were going to hear and then we heard their musical selections for the night.

The three of us were sitting in the kitchen talking when I-A-I-N made its unexpected debut. Iain sat there grinning, looking at me and James, while we listened. There was no "tune in tomorrow night" so I didn't know what he had planned.

I congratulated him on a job well done and asked if we could expect more broadcasts.

"You really liked it?" he asked.

"Yeah, I did. I think we need something like that. I hope you have long-range plans for your radio station."

We both knew there was no radio station but I wanted to pretend with him that there was. James had never heard music like the classical piece, something about the Grand Canyon, but he liked it too.

**“I wanted to see if it was OK with you and James before I went too far with it, David,” he said. “I don’t know what kind of music you like but I wanted to start with something you might enjoy.”**

**“I’ve never had much time for music, Iain,” I said. “I’m willing to listen and learn. You just play whatever you want. James can just suffer along with me.”**

**“I’m going to do an old Broadway musical by a guy named Cole Porter soon, about an ocean cruise. After that I want to do a classical night again and then a golden oldies night, you know, songs like ‘You’ll Never Know.’ My mother likes stuff like that. I think we can be on the air about four times and then let you rest up a few nights while Aimee and I do some more stuff.”**

**“You’ll never know what?” James asked. Iain told him.**

**I thought about what he was proposing for a minute or two.**

**“Iain, you’ve been good about helping around here. From now on I want you to be our official radio station manager. You can count the time you spend on it as part of your work load. If you don’t want to help clean the kitchen some nights, James and I will do it so you can work with Aimee.”**

**“You really mean it?” he exclaimed happily.**

**I smiled at him and nodded.**

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**As the time for a new arrival drew near, I knew that I had to face the one task I feared most. It was something I had never done before but it simply had to be done. Perhaps I was anticipating the arrival of Anna and I did not want her to see what we had been avoiding. Perhaps it was a male’s natural reluctance to undertake a task which is alien to his nature.**

**I asked Iain and James to help me and then, sensing their reluctance, I conscripted them. They didn’t complain when we went down the mountain to the bamboo groves but I could tell they weren’t happy. I cut one bamboo, held it upright, and cut it off so it was as long as I was tall. Then I cut down the bamboo poles I wanted, twelve as large**

around as my forearm, ninety-six about as big around as my penis. Iain and James dragged them to a clearing, cut them to the length of the measuring pole, and stripped them of foliage. We had to make two trips to carry all of them back home.

We spent an afternoon on the terrace assembling them into three structures, squares with large bamboos as corner pieces and small bamboos as cross pieces. We left them outdoors where I planned to use them if the next day was sunny. If we needed them when it was raining, they could all be carried indoors and placed anywhere in the center hallway.

That night, I did something I had never done before. I started the pool in the bathing chamber to filling with warm water. I sent James to find the liquid soap in the storeroom while Iain and I retrieved the clothing we were going to wash. We both carried the sweaty stained clothing from the freezer to the pool and then canvased all the bedrooms for the barely dirty clothing we had thrown there. We threw them all in the warm soapy water in the pool to soak and then I took pity on Iain and James and let them talk to Aimee for a while before they went to bed.

The next morning after breakfast, I led them outdoors to the terrace for our morning workout. Iain was developing a more-muscular physique and his white butt was almost tanned. James had lost some of his slightly-pudgy look, was getting tanned all over, and, from the way he ate, might be beginning a growth spurt. I enjoyed our morning workout, naked, on the terrace. When they didn't talk so much, I enjoyed it more.

Afterwards, when we went back to the bathing chamber, James threatened to leap into the pool with the dirty soapy clothes. I nodded and he did a perfect cannonball right in the middle. Of course, Iain had to do it to. I reluctantly did it right between them.

We spent the rest of the morning washing clothes. James was the one who came up with the idea of stomping the dirt out. The three of us formed a circle with our arms on the shoulders of the other two and stomped dirty clothes until our legs were exhausted. Our feet and other body parts were wrinkled when we washed the last pieces, drained the pool, and broke for lunch. After lunch we filled the pool with clear water, rinsed all the clothes by stomping again, wrung

them as dry as we could, and took them outdoors to hang them on our three drying racks in the afternoon sun.

We all three pitched in to prepare our evening meal. I suppose we were all hungry but James couldn't seem to get enough. Before the sun set, we carried the dried clothes in, folded them, sorted them into piles, and took them to our room.

The day had been long and hard and I thought I might I sleep well that night, especially after the three of us followed our nightly routine. I wanted to talk to Iain and James about that.

"Are you guys OK with us masturbating together every night? And our wrestling matches, especially those, are you OK with all the stuff we do?" I asked. "I don't really want to fuck you guys but I do like it when we do oral sex. I know I've got to give to get so I don't mind sucking your dicks. Are you both OK with that?"

"Sure," James answered. "I like it. I used to jack off at night in the dark under the cover and then feel like I was bad for doing it. Now I can do it with the lights on with you guys and not have to be ashamed of it. I like being like that, I mean, not ashamed of it. When we fooled around with each other I had a lot of fun. I don't guess I've ever had more fun in my life. And I don't mind sucking another guy's dick if I know he'll do the same for me. I stay horny. Shit, I'm so damn horny I could jack off a dozen times every day and still not be satisfied."

"I feel the same way, David," Iain said. "We're just being honest with each other. My dick is as incorrigible as James' is. We're not hurting anybody. It's a lot more fun doing things with you guys than it is by myself. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I just feel like I'm the grown up, the adult, here and you're just boys and I'm supposed to set a good example for you. I'm trying but sometimes I don't know what's the right thing to do. I don't want to hurt you by doing something wrong."

"You are doing the right thing, David," James said. "We're just being honest with our dicks. We'll tell you if we think you're doing something wrong. Won't we, Iain?"

"Yes, we will, David. I think you're going to be a great leader for all of us. I'm going to do my best to help you."

**“Yeah, but what are Iain and I going to do when Anna comes here?” James said, teasingly. “You’ll be getting so much pussy you’ll be too worn out to jack off with us.”**

**Anna! I felt my throat tighten up and my eyes become moist and I wanted to cry for her. She had to come to me. She had to.**

**“James, please don’t tease me about, Anna,” I said. “If you do, I may show you one of the worst things you’ll ever see.”**

**“What?” they both asked.**

**I looked at James and then at Iain. I wanted them to see my face.**

**“Did you ever see a grown man cry?”**

**They stared at me, at my eyes wet with tears, and, from the expressions on their faces, I knew they understood. James walked up to me and put his arms around me. I put one hand behind his head and the other on his back and pulled him against my bare chest.**

**“We won’t tease you, David,” he said. “I hope she comes to you this time.”**

**Over James’ head, I looked at Iain. I thought I saw tears in his eyes too.**

**“And, Iain, after Anna comes to me, I hope Caitlyn comes to you,” I said.**

**Iain joined us, put his arms around James and me, and said, “Let’s go jack off before somebody gets the weepy-wailers. I don’t want to do it in the shower tonight. I want to do it in the bed. After washing clothes today, I’m not going to wash myself again for another week.”**

**<><><>**

**Before breakfast the next day, James and I ran our rabbit traps, both literally and figuratively. The traps were laid out on the mountain more or less horizontally and in a loop, one part higher and one lower and we ran from one trap to another as much as the terrain**

permitted. I ran slowly and James had no trouble keeping up with me. We had one kill, a young female.

As we were going back home on the lower part of the loop, James asked if we could walk. He wasn't tired; he just wanted to talk. I was pleased that he wanted to talk, no matter what it was about.

"OK," I said, "what do you want to talk about?"

"About you and I and Iain sleeping together and about us hugging each other yesterday."

"You mean, about you and me and Iain sleeping together; don't you?" I asked.

"Yeah, about you and me and Iain sleeping together. I know better, David. Sometimes I just forget."

"I hope you don't mind my correcting your grammar, James. I'm just trying to be a good teacher. My mother always made me use proper English."

'Nah, I don't mind. I like it. What I want to talk about is you hugging and touching me and the way it made me feel. I don't mean touching my dick and my balls 'cause you didn't do that except when we fooled around with each other. When the reverend touched me it made me feel sort of creepy and sick. When you touched me, I felt peaceful and good. The first time we slept together and you brushed my hair out of my face and then you kept on doing it, brushing it back over my ear, that made me feel so good. Then when we went to sleep with my head on one of your shoulders and Iain's on the other, that made me feel so content to be here with you and Iain. That was good too, David; it really was."

"I was just trying to show some affection for you, James. This family business is new to me but I know I've got to let you know I like you. Touching you like that was the only thing I could think of to do. I want us to learn to love each other like brothers."

"I knew what you were doing, David, and I liked it. I really liked it. Maybe I liked it too much. Sometimes it's like I need to be touched. I mean some sort of loving touch like you were doing. Sometimes it gets to be so bad, I mean me wanting to be touched, sometimes I cry. I

don't like me when I cry 'cause I feel like I ought to be more of a man or something....I don't know...Is it normal to want to be touched so bad?"

"I think it's normal, James. When I was about your age, maybe a little bit younger, my father would hug me against him. He would put one hand behind my head and the other on my back, and then he would do me like I did you, just sort of stroking my hair. I liked it when he did that because I knew he loved me. Maybe you've got a stronger need to be touched because you never had a father. I told you I'm going to try to be a good friend to you and touching you and stroking your hair is one way I can show you how I feel about you."

"Yeah, that's the way you did me yesterday when I started teasing you about Anna. I liked it when you held me against you. We were both naked and I could feel your dick against my stomach but you holding me wasn't sexy or bad or anything like that. It was just nice. That's why I put my arms around you. I wanted to see if I could make you stop hurting about Anna but then when you put your hand behind my head and held me, I didn't want you to turn me loose."

"Well, just don't tease Iain about Caitlyn. I think he loves her like I love Anna and he's hurting because he doesn't know whether she will ever come to him."

"I won't, David. Aimee showed me one movie where a guy about Iain's age and a girl are making love and it was so beautiful and good. They were so gentle and kind with each other. It seemed like it was just the way love should be between a man and a woman. I hope a girl like that will come to me but I probably wouldn't know what to do with her."

"We're going to teach you, James. Aimee's going to let you see lots more movies like that and she's going to give you lessons about sex. I'm going to talk to you sometimes about sex. If you have any questions, I'll answer them for you the best I can."

"I think sometimes I ask too many questions."

"No, you don't. You just jack off too much."

"Huh?"

**“James, you know I’m just kidding. I don’t think we can jack off too much. Since I came here, I’m so horny I could fuck a knothole in a hickory tree.”**

**“Well, I know I jack off more than I did before I came here. If you find an extra knot hole, write my name on it. Maybe we’d better put Iain’s name on one too.”**

**“Maybe it’s because we’re all in better condition than when we came here. Our diet is about as healthy as can be, we get regular exercise, and we’re active most of every day. I thought I was in good condition in our old world but now I know I’m in much better health here. I’ve changed a lot and so has Iain. You have too, maybe not as much but you’re not the same soft kid who came here.”**

**“Yeah, but I’d like to have a hamburger and fries and milkshake once in a while.”**

**“I know. I would too.”**

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**The next day was the twenty-ninth since the arrival of James. I roused him and Iain for another day of work around home. They grumbled but they followed me to the toilet to piss and then to the kitchen for breakfast.**

**I wanted their help working in the garden so we all put on our moccasins and our loincloths and went to the garden with our hoes over our shoulders. The tomatoes needed to be tied up again, the whole garden needed to be weeded, and we needed to pick whatever was ready. We picked pole beans, cucumbers, peppers, squash, carrots, the last of the lettuce, and, best of all, lots of vine-ripe tomatoes.**

**I knew I should ask Aimee’s help in planning a fall garden. I had wished more than once for corn but I couldn’t find room for it. I wanted the new garden to be ready for next year so we could plant more vegetables, including corn. The time was close to lunch when we finished. After they helped me carry everything in the kitchen, I let them go talk to Aimee while I prepared something for us to eat.**

After we ate, I talked them into going out to the terrace for our exercise routines again. I usually liked to do them outside naked in the cool of the morning. Today, the afternoon summer heat was beginning to bear down but I knew the shaded areas would still be comfortable. I had used the same exercises for years and I had started them doing some of the easier ones. I did the most reps of any exercise, Iain did what he could and added one rep every ten days, and James simply did what he could. Every few days we went for a long run that left us sweating and gasping for breath, sometimes following the rabbit-snare trail, sometimes climbing rapidly up the mountain and then running back down. I especially liked our runs together, naked except for moccasins, running through the forest, climbing up an occasional rocky area, alive and loving it.

While we rested before sit-ups, I talked to them about my plans for the days when the next person arrived.

“Iain, it’s about time for somebody else to arrive. Maybe it will be Anna. Do you think you and James could run the errands and do the shopping for the next few days? The rabbit snares are disabled and you can reset them whenever you want to. The garden needs to be picked twice a day, morning and night. We could use some more fish. You can try the dip nets to see if they work OK. If they don’t, one of you will have to wade the pool while the other spears them.”

“And we can pick some blackberries, if they’re not all gone,” Iain said, grinning at the prospect of being in charge. “While we’re doing that, we can get some fresh rosemary. I like potatoes with rosemary and olive oil. And we can use some eggs if the birds aren’t through nesting. It seems like our work is never done.”

“After we get the fish, may we go to the beach, David?” James asked, grinning too.

“Yeah, if you’ll promise not to get out over your heads,” I answered, grinning as much as they were. They were both excellent swimmers and I wasn’t really worried about how deep the water was. I was just being big brother.

“What are you going to do, David?” James asked.

“I’m going to work on the benches,” I said. “I’m planning on ten benches so people will have something to sit on outdoors. We’ve

already split the logs and I need to smooth the tops, bore the holes for the legs, and pound the legs in place. I've already showed you how the adz works so which should I do first?"

He frowned, evidently thinking of how the adz was used, and then gave me the answer.

"You need to smooth the tops first, David. Lay a split log on the ground and brace it, then straddle it, and swing the adz toward you," he said, and then paused for a second. "And don't chop your legs while you're doing it. Then put the legs on last."

"That's right. Now will you hold my feet so I can do my sit-ups? I'll return the favor for you and Iain next."

I lay down on my back with my knees bent and James sat down on my feet holding onto my calves. Iain walked around behind James and held him down by putting his hands on James' shoulders. It wasn't really necessary. I had already promised not to flip James through the air.

I wanted to do my usual fifty sit-ups first before they did as many as they could. I didn't sit on their feet. With them side by side and ankles close together, I could use my hands to hold them both down at the same time.

I crossed my arms on my chest and started. After a few reps, Iain leaned over and whispered something to James. James leaned over, looked at my penis, leaned back, shook his head no and said, "You tell him."

"Tell me what?" I grunted.

"Oh, nothing, David," Iain said. "James and I are just thinking of doing something."

He leaned over, cupped his hand around James' ear, and whispered again. James turned, cupped his hand over his mouth, and whispered to Iain. I knew something was up and it involved me. I just kept doing my sit-ups.

"You might as well tell me," I said. "If you don't, I'm going to make you run laps around the terrace."

**“Well, it’s just...you need to use Nor around your dick,” Iain said. “You’ve got hair growing on your balls again and your pubic hair’s not symmetrical. It looks like your dick is on crooked.”**

**I had already noticed that I’d messed up a little when I had used the Nor before and that my pubic patch was a little off center. I didn’t think it mattered.**

**“I’ll let you two fix it,” I said. “If Anna comes tomorrow, I want it to be just right.”**

**“Not me, boy,” James said. “I’ve never used it before. Anyway what is it, I mean Nor?”**

**“It’s what my father uses on his face instead of shaving,” Iain said. “My mother uses it on her legs. It’s for removing hair. Both of them probably use it on their privates. I don’t know about that and I don’t want to know.”**

**“You mean you can put it on your balls?” James questioned.**

**“Yeah, any place where you don’t want hair. If David trimmed his pubic hair and then used Nor all over down there, he could be as hairless as you were a couple of years ago.”**

**“Damn,” was all James said.**

**Iain turned loose of James’ shoulders and walked around to where he could see my face.**

**“He needs to use it on his face too. He’s got a little mustache growing and there’s a little bit of hair on his chin. I’ll do his face and you do his balls.”**

**“Not me, boy!”**

**“Yeah, let’s take him inside and put him in Aimee’s chair and then work on him. We’ve got to get him ready for Anna,” Iain said.**

**“I think you two are just trying to get out of your sit-ups,” I said. “How about both of you do twenty?”**

**They did them in unison with me holding their feet down. As soon as they finished, they grabbed my hands, pulled me upright, and led me inside to Aimee. She greeted us, Iain asked her not to watch what was about to happen, and I told her she should watch us because she needed to learn what little boys were like. She smiled at me and watched us. I reclined in the chair, spread my legs, and put my arms on the chair arms. Through squinted eyes I watched Aimee's face as she watched Iain and James making me ready for Anna.**

**"What are we going to do?" James asked.**

**"We're going to trim the hair above his dick so it's all fairly short and then try to make it symmetrical, you know, the same on both sides. Then we're going to rub some Nor on the hair on the shaft of his dick. That needs to come off."**

**"You mean his dick needs to come off? Mine doesn't come off."**

**"Yeah, it does. It comes off and spits on you. Anyway, I didn't mean his dick had to come off. I meant the hair on the shaft. See here."**

**I felt a finger touch me just where the shaft and my scrotum come together.**

**"Oh."**

**"I wonder where he hides it when he has pants on. He must bend it back between his legs."**

**"Yeah, he bends it back between his legs and puts the head between his butt cheeks."**

**"No, dummy, he stuffs the head up his asshole. He only takes it out when he has to shit."**

**"Really!"**

**"Yeah, I've seen him do it."**

**"Let's try it!"**

**Somebody giggled or snickered or chuckled, whatever boys do.**

**“Nah, it would just be in the way. We’ve got to rub Nor on his balls.”**

**“You do it.”**

**“No, you hold his balls up out of the way first and I’ll rub the Nor between his legs.”**

**“Shit. I can’t lift them. I’m just fourteen and I can’t lift that much weight.”**

**“Well, you lift one and I’ll lift the other.”**

**I heard two boys trying not to giggle, probably keeping their mouths closed but making a sound anyway. I felt two hands on me, each tugging one testicle upward, and then some fingers rubbing Nor behind my scrotum all the way to the crack of my ass.**

**“Now you rub some on his balls.”**

**“Not me, boy!”**

**“I will if you will.”**

**“Shit!”**

**I felt two hands gently rubbing Nor on my testicles and I also felt my dick beginning to stand up and look around to see what was going on.**

**“Damn, he’s getting a hard-on.”**

**“Look at that sucker grow, damn, I mean fucker! Damn!”**

**“Yeah. Wow! Sheeiit!”**

**“You hold it still and I’ll rub some Nor on the shaft.”**

**“Not me, boy! I’m not going to touch that thing!”**

**“It won’t bite you.”**

**“I know but it might spit on me.”**

**“Oh, fuck!”**

**“What makes it get so much bigger?”**

**“He’s got two thingys inside him. One’s a pump. When his brain sends out an order, the pump sends about a gallon of blood into his dick.”**

**“Where’s the blood come from?”**

**“His brain, stupid. Everybody knows that.”**

**“Well, what’s the other thingy?”**

**“It’s a winch. See that cable running down the shaft of his dick. When the winch pulls on that cable, that makes it stand up.”**

**“Sheeiitt!”**

**I heard two boys giggling. I chuckled.**

**“Well you hold it straight up and I’ll rub some Nor on his belly where the hair is starting to grow back.”**

**I felt somebody’s thumb and a finger holding my dick upright and then a finger rubbing the stuff on the shaft and around on my stomach.**

**“Are we through now?”**

**“No, I want to trim his sideburns so they look like mine and then we’ve got to do his face.”**

**“Can you do mine so they look like yours? I like that look.”**

**Iain’s sideburns weren’t cut straight across like mine. They were trimmed so they came down diagonally to a sharp point. James’ sideburns were so long and tangled I couldn’t tell if they had ever been cut.**

**“I can try. I’m not going to cut your hair though. When it gets a little longer, you can wear it in a pig tail like his.”**

**“You mean pony tail.”**

**“Sheeit! Whatever.”**

**My hair was already long when I came here and it had not been cut in three months. Sometimes, I pulled it back and tied something around it.**

**And that’s the way the conversation went for the next hour or so.**

**They trimmed my sideburns to a point and rubbed Nor on all the appropriate places. Next James and I did Iain. His dick was already standing up before we rubbed Nor on his testicles and behind them. I rubbed some on his upper lip to get rid of his faint mustache and then decided I might as well do his face. James wanted his sideburns trimmed so Iain and I did the best we could. He had a very faint mustache so we rubbed Nor on it. We rubbed Nor on his balls and behind them even though there was almost no hair growing on them. We left his little pubic patch alone. His dick was already standing up too.**

**After fifteen minutes of exposure to the sun we went back inside and showered. A little bit of hair and three loads of semen went down the drain. We stood in a row, jacking off in a contest to see who could ejaculate the farthest. I felt like a kid having fun in a circle jerk again. James won the contest.**

**<><><>**

**“David, someone else has arrived! I think it’s Anna!”**

**I was outside working on the benches when I heard Aimee call out. I was smoothing the top of a log, the last one, when she called and I didn’t hear her clearly.**

**I stopped, leaned on the adz, and wiped the sweat off my brow. I had pulled my hair back and tied it with a piece of cloth and I was wearing nothing but moccasins and a loin cloth. The time was a little after noon and the day was getting hot. I had sweated a great deal and I would have taken off the loin cloth if it had not been for the wood chips flying upward against me and sticking in my sweat.**

**“What did you say, Aimee?” I asked. “I couldn’t hear you clearly.”**

**“I said someone else has arrived, David. I think it is Anna. Do not hurry. She is sleeping.”**

**Don't hurry! That's ridiculous. I ran as fast as I could across the terrace, through the already-open doors, down the hallway, and into Aimee's room. I had thought that since Iain and James and I had all arrived during the night that the next arrival would too. I was wrong.**

**It was Anna!**

**She was lying on her side, as she might be when sleeping in her own bed, naked, legs bent, one hand under her head, the other between her knees. I could see the slow rise and fall of her chest. Her face was peaceful. I stood there looking at her in wonder.**

**She had lost weight, not much, but enough so that I could see that she was thinner. Her hair had been long, down to her breasts when I first met her, then just down to her shoulders when we went to Flagstaff. Now it was cut so short that it was like a boy's hair and almost all the curl was gone. Her finger and toenails were not painted and she had not shaved her legs in some time. The way she was resting, I couldn't see where else she might not have shaved. I didn't care whether she ever shaved her legs or painted her nails. She was beautiful and she was my Anna and she was here.**

**I turned to Aimee for a moment and held my finger to my lips. She nodded and I knew she understood.**

**I had put a light blanket in one of the chairs, in anticipation of the possibility that the next arrival would be a woman and she might not want to be naked in front of me and Iain and James. I picked it up and gently spread it over her. She squirmed a little, pulled the blanket closer around her throat, and settled into sleep again. I wanted so much to wake her so she could know that she was with me. I walked over in front of Aimee.**

**“Aimee, can you check her vital signs without disturbing her?” I whispered. “There doesn't seem to be any sign of trauma from being brought here.”**

**“David, I do not think there is any cause for concern about her. Her temperature is slightly elevated at sixty-seven point three on the**

**David scale. Her heart rate is forty-eight beats per minute which is normal for someone who is sleeping.”**

**“Good. I don’t expect Iain and James yet but when they come home I don’t want you to tell them that Anna’s here. Let me know as soon as they come up on the terrace, please. I want to surprise them.”**

**“Yes, David.”**

**“Now, could you give us privacy, please?” I whispered. “You may watch but blank your monitor. I’m going to wake her and I don’t want to have to explain you to her for a while.”**

**“Yes, David,” she said. “I will give you privacy with Anna. When you want me, just say ‘apples’ and I will come back. I want so much to meet Anna.”**

**“Apples?”**

**“Yes, David,” she said, and her monitor went blank.**

**I went back to where Anna was sleeping soundly and bent over her, holding on to the arms of the recliner. I watched her sleeping for a minute or so. There was no make-up on her face. Her eyebrows were bushier than I remembered them but her long eye-lashes were the same. Her cheeks were faintly pink and her lips were a light shade of red, even without lipstick. She was perfect, she was beautiful, and I loved her.**

**“Anna, it’s David. Wake up, please,” I said softly.**

**She stirred slightly but she remained asleep.**

**“Anna, it’s David. I’m here. Wake up, please,” I said, a little louder.**

**“Ummm, David, who let you in my room?”**

**That told me that she thought she was still in her room somewhere. That meant that there had not been a sudden emergency such as James and I had experienced.**

**“Anna, I’m not in your room. You’re with me, in my room. Please wake up.”**

**She turned over on her back, struggled to open her eyes, and finally managed to look up at me. Then she opened her eyes wide, grabbed me around the neck, and yanked me down against her.”**

**“David, it is you! Where have you been?”**

**“No questions, Anna,” I said, somewhere in the vicinity of her ear. “We have plenty of time for questions later. How do you feel?”**

**She stretched her arms above her head and every muscle in her body tensed for just a moment. Then her arms came around my back again.**

**“I’m...sleepy, David. I’m OK...but I’m sleepy...and I ache all over...and I’ve got to pee. Where have you been?”**

**I lifted my head so I could see her face.**

**“Will you let me carry you to the toilet? It’s just around the corner from this room.”**

**She blinked her eyes rapidly and had trouble focusing on me.**

**“I can walk, David. Just show me where it is.”**

**“I know you can walk but please let me carry you. I want to.”**

**“OK,” she sighed.**

**I picked her up under her back and knees. She wrapped her arms around my neck and nestled her head against my throat.**

**“Where have you been, David?” she said. “I thought you were dead,”**

**“No, Anna, I’m very much alive, more alive than I’ve been in many years. And you’re alive too and we’re together. That’s all that matters.”**

**“Good,” she said, as I went in the women’s side of the toilet with her.**

**“I’m going to stand you up now, Anna. Hang on to me, please.”**

**“OK,” she said.**

**I pulled open the door to one of the commodes and held it open for her. She walked in and sat down. I started to shut the door.**

**“Don’t shut the door, David. I want to look at you.”**

**I held the door open while she peed and looked at me.**

**“What’s that you’ve got on, David? And what are all those wood chips doing on your legs and stomach and chest?”**

**“It’s a loincloth, Anna. It’s summer now and this is about all I wear. It’s to keep the bugs off my butt. The wood chips are from some benches I was making.”**

**She looked me up and down a few times.**

**“Well, take it off. I want to see if it’s really you.”**

**I untied the loincloth and let it drop to the floor. She looked at what had been covered. My penis and testicles were hanging their lowest from the heat and exertion and, like the rest of my body, were wet with sweat.**

**“Yeah, it’s you. I’m glad it’s you. My David with his big dick. I love you, David. I love you but I ache and I’m sleepy.”**

**“I love you too, Anna.”**

**She had stopped peeing but she just sat there, looking me up and down.**

**“Where’s the toilet paper, David?” Her eyes kept closing for a second and I could tell she was struggling to stay awake and to keep them open.**

**“I’m sorry, Anna. We seem to have run out. I’ll go to the store tomorrow. Have you ever used a bidet?”**

**“No,” she said, as her eyes closed again.**

**“Well, you’re about to use a very nice one. Press the button on the wall to your right.”**

She managed to hold her eyes open long enough to press the button. I grinned at her reaction as the warm water spurted up against her bottom. I waited until the warm water was replaced with warm air. I'd liked someone's solution to personal hygiene the first time I'd used it. I hoped she liked it too because there wasn't going to be any toilet paper.

"Ummm, that's nice, David," she said. "You can forget about going to the store for toilet paper."

"That's good, Anna. The store is quite a distance away."

Still sitting there, she looked me up and down critically.

"You've changed, David. You're tanned all over and you've lost weight and your mustache is gone and your hair is so long. Is it really you?"

"Yes, Anna. It's really me. If you're through, I want to carry you to bed and let you sleep a little longer. To sleep, Anna. That's all."

"Okey, doke," she whispered, barely audibly.

I took her to my bed, put her down gently, and covered her with my blanket. She didn't want me to leave her so I sat down on the edge of the bed. She wanted me to hold her so I crawled over her and lay down behind her. I kept the blanket between us because I didn't trust my treacherous penis to behave.

She wanted to feel me against her and she struggled to pull the blanket from between us. I spooned up behind her with my arm over her shoulders and my hips far enough away from hers so my penis wasn't touching her. That wasn't what she wanted. She took my hand and placed it on her soft breast and then reached back and put her hand on my hip and pulled me toward her until my penis was nestled between her legs.

My penis betrayed me. I told it not to respond but it refused to listen. I lay there feeling it swell until it was stiff as a bamboo pole. She started gently snoring so I lay there with a raging hard-on against her pussy. Sometime later, she stirred and said something.

"Ummm, that's nice, David."

**I didn't say anything. I didn't move. My penis wanted to fuck her immediately. My heart wanted to love her now and have sex with her later. My reason told me not to do it with her almost incoherent with sleep. I didn't know what to do.**

**She decided what she wanted me to do. She rolled over on her back, tugged me on top of her, wrapped her legs around my legs and her arms around my chest, and squeezed me against her. My penis was still between her legs, pressed against her vulva. She reached between us, caught it with her hand, and pointed it to where she wanted it to go. I gave in and, in a series of pushes and pull-backs, my penis sank into her vagina until I felt my testicles against her ass cheeks. I tried to be still. I really did. My dick would have none of it. It pushed my hips back and pulled them forward a few times. I tried to resist but in just a few strokes I reached the point of no return and I poured out my offering into her sacred depths.**

**"Ummm, that's what I wanted," she said, and wrapped her arms and legs around me tighter. "That's what I needed."**

**She slowly faded into sleep again. I lay there on top of her, trying to keep my weight off her but she had me in a vice-like grip. My penis couldn't make up its mind whether it was satisfied or not so it stayed hard and ready for another turn. I told it to behave. Finally it decided it didn't have to be hard to enjoy her warm wet environment and it subsided into a swollen softness. I lifted my head from hers and looked down at her. She was sleeping with a little smile on her face.**

## **Chapter Seventeen**

**"Hello, Iain. Hello, James," Anna said. "Did you bring us some fish for dinner?"**

**Iain and James were both frozen in surprise, eyes and mouths wide open. Before they saw Anna, they had walked into the kitchen, wearing nothing but their usual loincloths and moccasins and chattering away as always. When they saw her standing there, calmly preparing vegetables for our dinner, dressed in only a loincloth, bare breasts exposed, they probably could not believe what they saw.**

**“Hi, guys. Anna asked if you brought us some fish. Did you?” I asked. I could see that they had. They were each holding a stringer with four or five large fish.**

**James came out of his trance first. “You’re...You’re...You’re Anna!” he stuttered. He didn’t usually stutter.**

**“Of course, I’m Anna,” she said. “Who else did you expect? You’re James, aren’t you? Hand your fish to David and come here.”**

**She held out her arms to him. He hesitated, probably looking at her beautiful breasts, but he handed his stringer of fish to me and shuffled over closer to her. She was taller than he was. She leaned over and kissed him on both cheeks in the European manner. He started to put his arms around her but he couldn’t bring himself to touch her nakedness.**

**“It’s OK, James,” Anna said. “You can hug me. And it’s OK for you to look at my breasts. I thought I’d dress the same way you guys usually do.”**

**She closed the space between them, wrapped her arms around him, her bare breasts against his bare chest, and gave him a hug. His arms slowly came up and around her. He pressed his hands against her back, turned his face to one side, shut his eyes, breathed deeply a couple of times, and stood there holding her. His beaming smile was a clear display of his feelings.**

**“There, this isn’t too bad; is it?” Anna said, after a moment.**

**“N...n...n...no.” he stammered again. He let his arms fall and stepped back, quickly looking at her breasts again.**

**“You’re a beautiful young man, James,” she said. “Some girl is going to be very lucky to get you.”**

**“I hope so,” he said without stammering.**

**“You must be Iain,” she said, looking at him. “Would you like to hug me too or would you rather shake my hand?”**

**He was speechless. He handed me his stringer of fish without looking at me and hesitantly walked closer to her with his hand out. He was**

about as tall as Anna. She pushed his hand to one side, wrapped her arms around him, and hugged him too. He didn't know what to do with his hands either but finally he put his arms around her and let his hands rest on her back. His bare chest was a few inches away from her bare breasts. He didn't wait for her to kiss him. He kissed her on both cheeks, just like she had kissed James. She pulled him closer until her breasts were flattened against his chest. He glanced at me, smiled, and pulled her against him. Anna let him hold her for a moment and then pulled away.

“You're a beautiful young man too, Iain,” she said. “David tells me you and Caitlyn are lovers. She's a fortunate young girl.”

Anna had awakened a little after four o'clock. I had laid there on top of her for almost an hour, trying to keep from putting all my weight on her. At first, I kept my head above hers and looked at her peaceful beautiful face as she slept. Finally I put my cheek next to hers and shut my eyes. I was content to be close to her, breathing deeply, drawing in the scent of her. She smelled like she had just stepped out of the shower.

My tumescent penis was still in her and my testicles were nestled against her softness. I knew my penis had a mind of its own but, when it softened after I came, I had tried to will it to remain soft and it did. I didn't want to take it out of her vagina. Words can't describe the feeling of that part of her body surrounding that part of mine.

She still had her legs hooked over mine and her arms wrapped lightly around my chest. Even asleep, her grip on me tightened when I tried to move. I suppose she didn't want me to get away but I didn't want to escape. I was more content than I had been since I came to this new world.

When she awakened, the first thing I asked her was where she had been. She told me she had been reassigned to the hospital at USAB. When I didn't return from my mission and everyone assumed I was captured or dead, she had asked to be returned to duty as an operating room nurse. She had her choice of three stateside hospitals but the one she wanted was at USAB. I knew she was talking about an Army hospital in the Middle East. With the Sunni and Shi'a sects now doing their best to kill each other and not our troops, the hospital was at less than capacity and had started treating children who were

victims of the war. Her ability to speak Farsi and her experience in the operating room were enough to get her assigned there.

She started asking me questions too. I knew Iain and James could be back at any time and I wanted to surprise them with Anna. I asked her to hold all her questions, to let me fill her in on the basics now, and to be patient until I had a day or two to tell her everything. I remembered how good a hot shower had felt when I arrived so I asked if she would like to shower with me.

I suppose she was capable of washing herself but I wanted to do it. She returned the favor by scrubbing me. My penis lifted in salute to her and I tried to ignore it. She pretended she didn't notice it either.

As we were standing in the downdraft of warm air after showering, I told her where we were and how we had been transported here. At first she didn't believe me. When I led her down the hallway to the front door and on to the terrace outdoors, the view convinced her that I was telling her the truth. We stood there, both naked, with my arm around her shoulders, hers around my waist, while the beauty of the mountain and the sea and the sky of our new world persuaded her that my story was true.

I told her the basics about Iain and James. When she asked where they were, I told her that they had gone for some fish for us and would be back shortly. I told her about Iain's origins and how he had chosen to come here because his parents didn't want him to have Caitlyn and he was hoping that she could come to him, just as I had been hoping for her to come to me. I told her a little about James, that he was almost killed in a gas explosion in his foster father's home and he had awakened here. I didn't say anything about what the reverend had done to him. I did tell her that he had been abused as a child and had never had the love of parents and how much I wanted to help him.

I described the ceremony in which we the three of us had sworn to be brothers in a family. She smiled when I told her I wanted her to join that family with me.

I explained that we had a huge but limited supply of clothing, that the temperature of our living quarters was comfortable without clothing, and that we were usually naked when we were indoors. Iain and James and I were accustomed to being nude around each other but she could wear what she wanted. I asked if she wanted to stay naked

when they returned and she wanted to wear a loincloth, the same thing they would be wearing when they returned. I led her to the clothing storeroom and showed her the Robin Hood outfits we would be wearing outdoors when the weather got cooler.

"Perhaps I should let them get used to me gradually," she said. "I don't want to scare the poor boys to death."

"You won't but you might cause something to happen in certain parts of their bodies," I said. "They're both so full of testosterone they can get a hard-on in seconds."

"What have you three boys been doing about that?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing much," I said. "Just the usual. And a wrestling match or two."

I made a circle with my index finger touching my thumb and moved my hand up and down. She grinned so widely that her dimples appeared. I had almost forgotten how beautiful she was when she smiled like that.

"You did say wrestling; didn't you?" she asked. "Does that make you have an orgasm?"

"It does if you combine it with a little oral sex," I said.

She looked at me seriously and then slowly smiled. "Now that's an interesting way to wrestle. Will you tell me all about it? Will it be OK with Iain and James if you do?"

I nodded. "They know I'm going to tell you. Are you surprised?"

"No, not really. I'm just glad there's still a little boy left in you."

"There is. James and Iain have been teaching me to let him loose."

"Maybe I'll just join you and we'll all have a wrestling match," she said, grinning at me. "Would that be OK with you?"

"Yeah, I don't own you, Anna," I said, earnestly. "They can be a lot of fun to play with, especially if we all end up having an orgasm or two...or three...or four."

"Well, let's put on loincloths," she said. "If something comes up under theirs, you can send them to the bathroom to do the usual."

I quickly showed her through all the different rooms except the one at the far end of the hallway. In Aimee's room, the monitor was blank and I remembered that I had to say 'apples' to bring her back. I told Anna I wanted to introduce her to Aimee and gave her an abbreviated version of what I had taken months to learn about her. Then I said, "Apples."

"Hello, Anna," Aimee said when she appeared. "Now I know why David told me I am the second most beautiful woman he has ever seen."

She was standing there, dressed the same as we were in a loincloth with her beautiful breasts bare. I remembered that she could monitor any of the rooms and she had probably been watching and listening to everything we said. I didn't care.

"Hello, Aimee. Have you been taking good care of David for me?" Anna asked

"Yes, Anna, but he is easy to care for. He and I are old friends now. I am glad you have come to be with him. He has been very unhappy because he thought he had lost you. Now that you are here, perhaps he will be content to stay."

"As long as I have Anna, I'll be content anywhere," I said.

"Anna, has David told you that I need to take measurements of you so that I can give you access to everything here?" Aimee asked.

She turned to look at me. "David, do you have something you need to do. I want to get Anna's measurements and then I want to talk to her, girl talk, and you do not need to stay with us."

Anna smiled at me and nodded. I knew when I wasn't needed or wanted. I was certain I didn't need to hear them talking girl talk.

"Give Anna the same clearance as Iain and James," I said. "I guess I could start dinner. I'm getting to be quite a good cook, especially if you like rabbit or fish and lots of vegetables."

**“I’d like some grilled fish,” Anna said. “Can you prepare it like that?”**

**I nodded. In the months since I arrived, I had tried cooking them in every way possible. Grilling was my favorite.**

**<><><>**

**After dinner, I remembered that no one had been to the garden today to do the picking. I thought of sending Iain and James to do it but I thought that the four of us would all enjoy it.**

**My feet were tough enough so I didn’t need moccasins for a short walk but I knew Anna probably wouldn’t want to walk barefooted over rough ground. I led her to the clothing storeroom again and helped her find her fit in moccasins. The four of us went down the mountain a short distance to where I’d found an area without trees and had hacked out the garden among the rocks.**

**I let Anna pick the tomatoes while I held the bag. I had managed to raise about twenty tomato plants and we got two or three ripe ones from each plant. A vine-ripened tomato was the one vegetable I could never get tired of. The pole beans had started maturing and I assigned Iain and James to pick them from the bamboo teepees. With all the other vegetables, we each had a load to carry back.**

**We were about to head back home when I decided to do something. I felt there was no more perfect place to do it than in the center of our garden so I asked Iain and James to wait while I did it. I put down the bag of tomatoes and then stood in front of Anna.**

**I held both her hands in mine, looked to see that my witnesses were watching, and then got down on my knees.**

**“Anna, I love you. Will you marry me?” I asked, looking up at her.**

**She grinned and her dimples appeared on both cheeks. I knew I had my answer.**

**“Of course I will, David,” she answered. “I love you too but who will do the ceremony? Who will be our witnesses?”**

**“Aimee will do the ceremony. That's one of her functions. Iain and James will be our witnesses. I'll let you set the date. Now say it again and make me the happiest man in the world.”**

**“Yes, I'll marry you, David. I love you too.”**

**I looked at Iain and James. They were both smiling as widely as humanly possible.**

**“Good, now I'm the happiest man in this world. Let's go home.”**

**Anna held my hand but she didn't have anything to say while we were walking back home. I saw her eyelids almost close and then jerk open and I knew she was having a hard time staying awake. I was amazed that the journey had not been harder on her and I knew how sleep could restore her.**

**“Would you guys please put the vegetables in the cooler?” I asked. “I think it's time Anna and I went to bed.”**

**They both grinned at that. I suppose they both thought I was going to have sex with her. I thought there might be a good lesson for them if I told them of my plans. I wasn't about to tell them that I had already had a quickie with her.**

**“I'm going to take her to bed and hold her while she sleeps,” I said. That's all. I'm not going to make love to her, not while she's so sleepy she can hardly keep her eyes open. I can wait until she's wide awake and can enjoy what we do. If you love someone, you'll always be considerate of her when you make love. Sometimes you can show your love by waiting for sex.”**

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**"David, are you sure you don't want to make love to me before we go to sleep?" Anna asked.**

**"Yes, Anna, I'm sure. I want to make love with you, not to you." I said. "I'd rather wait until you're rested and wide awake and can join in the fun."**

**"That's good," she yawned. "I don't know why I'm so sleepy. I would hate to fall asleep while you're doing it."**

**"It's just the effects of your journey, Anna. You'll feel much better in a few days. It took me two or three days to feel normal."**

**We were in bed together, door closed, lights on very dim. This time I made sure that there was a blanket between my front and her rear. She had protested, saying she wanted to feel me against her, but she had yielded to me. I was spooned up to her as closely as possible, my nose in her hair, my right hand holding her breast, her hand holding my hand pressed against her, and my dick separated from her butt by one thin blanket. It was engorged but somehow I managed to make it obey and not become erect.**

**"David, you looked so different this afternoon. You're tanned all over and you look like you've lost a little weight. The first time I saw you naked, at your magic valley, I thought you were the sexiest man alive. But this afternoon, you were so beautiful, so handsome, so much a sexy male, and I was so glad I had found you again. I wanted you so much. It was so good to feel you come in me."**

**"Even if I was all sweaty and dirty and had wood chips all over me?"**

**"That just made me want you more."**

**"I'm glad. I wanted you too."**

**"David, on your stomach and around your dick and balls, you look like you've been shaving. Have you?"**

**"No, Anna, I haven't shaved since I've been here, not on my face or anywhere else. We don't have any shaving equipment. We do have some stuff that we can use anywhere on our bodies to remove hair. Iain and James rubbed it around my genitals yesterday. They said they wanted to get me ready for you. We had a lot of fun. They love to play around."**

**I told her as much as I could remember of their conversation while they were using the depilatory on me. She didn't say anything but she laughed softly a couple of times.**

**"Well, do you think I could use it on my legs tomorrow?" she asked when I finished with the tale. "I can't remember when I did shave them last."**

"Sure. You can use it anywhere, like I said. Iain and James even put it on my balls. It has to be rubbed in thoroughly and then you have to lie out in the sun for a while to activate it. Then the hair just washes off. It's better than shaving any day. Shaving leaves stubble. This stuff leaves you as smooth as a baby's butt. Would you let them do you tomorrow?"

"You mean let them rub it around my pussy? Do you think I should? I was sort of hoping you'd be the first one to get at me."

"Yeah, well, I've already got at you this afternoon. I wanted to have kids with you but just not quite so soon."

"Don't worry about that, David. I've got another birth-control implant in my arm. It's supposed to be effective for three months and I've only had it about a month."

She yawned and then squirmed back against me.

"Are you going to remove it again?"

"Yes, I'll remove it after I get settled here. Aimee and I talked about contraception. She says she can give me a pill with almost no side effects, not like this damned implant. I'll worry about that later."

She yawned again, longer and harder this time.

"You know I want to have children with you," I said. "It will be your decision when that happens."

"I don't want to worry about that tonight, either. Can you get Iain and James to help me use the hair-removal stuff tomorrow? They're both beautiful boys and I'd like to play with them. Would it bother you if they did me sort of like they did you? I don't want them to fuck me, just play with me."

"It won't bother me, Anna. They can be a lot of fun to play with. I'd like to play with you too."

She yawned again.

"Are you ready to go to sleep?" I asked.

**She didn't answer right away and I thought she was already asleep.**

**"Are you going to let them make love to me too?" she asked, almost mumbling.**

**"No, Anna. That will be your decision, not mine."**

**"They're both so cute but they're just boys, David," she said, mumbling again."**

**"Yeah, horny boys who would love to fuck you."**

**"David, shut up. Don't tempt me."**

**I shut up. I held her while she went to sleep. I was thinking about what we should do about sex when twenty young males and females were here. I didn't have the slightest idea how to handle the problems that would arise. I had some things in mind that I had considered but I wasn't sure they would work.**

**<><><>**

**The next morning, I awakened as usual about six o'clock. I was spooned up against Anna with my arm over her and my penis nestled against the crack of her ass. The blanket that I had insisted on having between us had somehow disappeared. I had a rampant piss-hard and I needed to piss but I didn't want to move and maybe wake her up. After another minute or so, I eased out of bed and tiptoed toward the closed door. Closed? My sleepy mind finally realized that I had, for the first time, closed the door to the sleeping chamber that Iain and James had graciously yielded to Anna and me.**

**While I was pissing, I did my usual morning mental check to see what we had to do during the day. I decided to let Anna sleep as long as she needed. We had plenty of fish for the next few days since the boys had brought us back so many. We needed to reset the rabbit traps again. The garden had been picked last night. Eggs were getting harder to find but we had quite a few in the kitchen cooler and in the freezer. I had lots of projects that I wanted to do to make our home more comfortable and livable but they could wait. That left only one thing to do: morning workouts.**

I left the toilet and crossed the hallway to the bedchamber where Iain and James had said they would be sleeping. The door was open so I walked in. They were still sleeping – together. They were both facing me and Iain was spooned up to James with his arm over James' chest. James was holding Iain's hand and had it pressed against his chest.

They each had on a big chemise, the kind that Iain liked to sleep in. James' chemise had ridden up in front revealing a morning woody with an uncovered red head. Iain's chemise was pulled up around his waist and his morning erection was pressed between James' thighs, just below his butt. And I smelled the unmistakable and raunchy scent of sex, probably dried semen.

They were beautiful young boys, innocent at least while sleeping. I wondered what they had done the night before but I wasn't worried. Iain had given me his word that he wouldn't do anything with James that would harm him. I leaned over and shook James and then Iain.

“Wake up, sleepy heads,” I said. “Let's do our workout before breakfast this morning.”

Iain propped his head up with his hand and looked at me.

“Where's Anna?” he asked.

“She's still sleeping,” I said. “After you have a good morning piss, let's go do our workouts and then I'll fix us all a big breakfast.”

James grinned up at me. “You wore her out last night; didn't you?”

“No, James, I didn't. She could hardly keep her eyes open. I told you I wasn't going to and I didn't. I love her and I don't want to make love with her when she's exhausted. I can wait.”

“Boy, I don't know whether I could,” he said. “She's really something, David. She's big and beautiful, I mean, really beautiful. She's just right for you.”

“Thank you. I think so, too,” I said.

“Do you want us to put on a loincloth?” Iain asked. “Will it be OK with her if we're naked?”

**“No to loincloths and yes to she’ll be OK. Let’s just work out naked, like we usually do,” I answered. “We’re all going to have to get used to being naked around each other. When we have ten guys and ten girls here, we’re not going to have much privacy. We’re going to have to be careful with our supply of clothing. We may never get any more and I’m not ready to wear animal skins yet.”**

**When we walked out the door to the terrace, I went to the highest level, where the view was best. Iain and James followed me and climbed the stairs, chattering away as usual. When we reached the top, I stopped, just looking at the beauty of our world. Iain and James stood silently, for once, beside me. I put my arm over their shoulders and we stood there enjoying our new world.**

**The sun had just climbed above the horizon to the east and was peeking through a few low clouds. The sea was barely stirred up in small waves and the rising sun sparkled on the tops of the waves like a million shining jewels. A slight breeze was blowing from the west and the tree leaves shimmered and seemed to dance. All the birds were trying to outdo each other with raucous calls as usual. The temperature was perfect, the humidity low, and I reveled in standing there naked with the sun and breeze on my body. Our world was absolute perfection. I was content to be here for the first time since I came.**

**“I want to ask you two a question,” I said. “You can just say it’s none of my business and I’ll drop it.”**

**“OK,” Iain said.**

**“What did you two do in bed together last night, before you went to sleep?”**

**James started to say something but Iain cut him off. “Wait, James, I want to answer him.”**

**“OK,” James said. “I don’t mind.”**

**“We had a good wank before we went to sleep, David, just like we do most nights. We swapped hands or maybe it was dicks and James did me for a while and I did him. James sucked my dick a little and I returned the favor. Most of the time, we did ourselves. We talked**

about Anna and how beautiful she is and how much we'd both like to be with her in bed. That's all we did."

"Thank you."

"Don't worry about James, David," Iain said. "I'm not going to fuck him and he's not going to fuck me. I like him. I don't want to hurt him."

"I hope you understand why I don't want that to happen. I know how teen-age boys fool around. I've been there and done that myself. It's just that I want him to forget what happened to him in his past life. I want him to understand what sex with a woman is like. There's going to be a girl for him here someday and I want him to know what it's like to love her and to have her love him and to have children with her. I want him to have something he's never had: a family which he creates."

"I agree, David," Iain said. "James is my friend and I want this world to be better to him than our old one was."

"If you want me to know what sex with a woman is like, how about letting me do it with Anna?" James asked with a grin.

"OK, just as soon as I get tired of her."

"Oh, shit, that will never happen."

"James, don't ask me to let you do it. I don't own Anna. It's her body and it's her decision about sharing it with someone else. If she chooses to share it with you and Iain, I'm not going to object."

"Yeah, you'll just kill us," James said.

"Don't even talk like that, James," I said. "This is a new world. We've got to build it by loving each other, not killing each other. I don't know how but I'm going to try to keep sexual jealousy from being part of it. I want you and Iain to help me build a loving family."

"We will, David," James said.

"David, do you think Anna would like to greet the sun with us some morning?" Iain asked. "Maybe we could greet the moon instead. It's

going to be full in two nights. I could get Aimee to play some music for us and then I'd like to sing something."

"I don't intend to start speaking for her," I said. "But this is one time I will. Anna and I would both love to greet the full moon with you."

We did our morning exercise routines on the lower terrace as usual. Iain and James were learning how to do their exercise routines and I didn't remind them unless they asked. I was almost finished, doing my bent-leg sit-ups when Anna came out the door – naked. Iain and James were both on their knees, bare asses toward the door, each holding one of my feet down. I didn't stop my sit-ups and I didn't tell them who was behind them. They were yakking away as usual while I grunted and slowly did my usual fifty.

She held a finger up to her lips and walked up just behind the boys. From where she was looking, I knew she was seeing two teen boy butts with two sets of testicles hanging down between their legs.

"Good morning, Anna," I said, when she was just a few feet behind them. "Did you sleep well?"

Iain and James both reacted the same way. They scrambled around, stood up, and covered their genitals with their hands. And they were both looking wide-eyed at Anna in all her naked beauty.

"I slept like a log," she said.

I was flat on my back, knees bent, and hands on my chest. Iain and James still had their hands over their genitals.

"Anna, would you hold my feet down while I finish my sit-ups? Iain and James seem to have abandoned me and I'm only on thirty-six. I usually do fifty."

"Is there some reason they have their hands where they do?" she asked. "Are they that bashful?"

She knelt and put her hands around my ankles, just as she had learned to do when we were in Flagstaff. I watched as Iain slowly let his hands fall to the side. James followed his example. Then I watched Anna's face as she checked them out, as I knew she would do.

**“Iain, you have a beautiful body,” she said. “The parts you covered up are just as beautiful as the rest of you. Don’t ever be ashamed of them. What does Caitlyn think about your penis?”**

**That got a smile out of him. “She likes it but I don’t think she’s ever seen anybody else’s.”**

**I saw her eyes shift over to James. “And you’re beautiful too, James. How old are you?”**

**“I’m fourteen,” he said.**

**“Well, I’m surprised,” Anna said. “You’ve just started developing. I think you’re going to be a big man, James, maybe as big as David.”**

**She didn’t specify what was going to be as big but I could tell she was looking at his penis when she said that. I could also tell from James’ grin how he interpreted her remarks.**

**“Hot damn, I hope so,” he said.**

**“James, did David tell you that in the Army I was an operating-room nurse?” she asked.**

**He shook his head.**

**“Well, I was and I’ve seen lots of guys’ penises. If they were circumcised, I’ve always felt like their penises were mutilated. I’m glad you and Iain and David aren’t. I think all three of you are beautiful just left natural.”**

**“All the guys who come here are going to be like us,” Iain said. “I sat in on a lot of the meetings and they talked about circumcision once. It’s not done where I come from and they couldn’t understand why anybody would do it. They didn’t want the custom to be brought here so they decided that all the guys who come here would be natural.”**

**That was news to me. I liked my dick natural and I had always wondered why parents would circumcise a little baby boy and deprive him of so much sexual pleasure. I was glad the group responsible for bringing ten guys here felt the same.**

As usual, I did the last one of my fifty sit-ups extremely slowly, then dropped my hands down to the side, and remained sitting. Anna looked at me and didn't need to be told that I was finished. I stood up and asked a question for which I already knew the answer.

**“Are you guys ready for breakfast?”**

We made Anna sit at a table while the three of us prepared something. I thought the occasion was special enough to have nutrition bars for part of breakfast. When we took the food to the table, I sat opposite Anna. James swiftly claimed the seat next to her and Iain sat beside me. When we were through eating, I brought up Anna's wish to have the hair on her legs removed and asked if they wanted to help. Both eagerly volunteered.

**“After lunch, I thought you guys might give her the same treatment you gave me. The hair on her pubic mound hasn't been trimmed in months. Maybe you guys could trim it so it's about an inch long like mine. Where it grows out toward her thighs, you could use Nor on that part. Just leave her a small patch like you left me.”**

**“Do you want us to do the hair back between her legs like we did you?” Iain asked. “Maybe you'd better do that.”**

**“Nope, I thought we'd take her to Aimee's chair and then Aimee and I would watch what you two guys do. I like what you did for me and I want you to give Anna the whole treatment.”**

James looked at me and grinned. **“One of the movies Aimee showed me had a girl and a guy who had removed all their pubic hair. I liked the way they looked. Could we do that for her?”**

**“Don't look at me,” I replied. “Ask Anna. It's her body.”**

He looked at Anna with a wide begging smile but Anna looked at me.

**“Tu voulais un minou rasé?” she asked and grinned enough to make her dimples appear.**

**“Huh?” James said.**

Iain grinned and looked at me for a translation. I translated her French into English.

**“She just asked me if I wanted a shaved pussy,” I said. “Would you and Iain like to use the depilatory on all her pubic hair?”**

**Anna took pity on him. “Sure, James, you can do it...if you guys will let me do you the same way. I think you’d all be cute if you were as hairless as ten-year old boys.”**

**I did my best to keep my face straight and waited for Iain and James to respond. I didn’t know if her ‘you guys’ included me.**

**“Hot damn, you can do me,” James said, eagerly. “Come on, Iain. Let’s let her do us.”**

**He looked at Iain, waiting for his decision.**

**“Uh, uh, David has got to agree too,” Anna said. “In fact, I think I’d like all three of you to take the hair off your legs and under your arms and off your pubic area too.”**

**I thought she’d pushed it a little too far. I watched Iain and James and waited for them to say something. I decided I’d do it if they agreed too but then reality set in and I knew we didn’t need to waste our resources. Nor wasn’t one of our most needed items but I did like to use it to avoid shaving.**

**“We could all do James first, and then Iain, and then me, and last David. Come on, guys, it’ll grow back,” she begged, smiling at them.**

**Her smile was one of her most powerful persuaders. I certainly couldn’t resist it.**

**“What if Caitlyn comes and she sees me without any hair down there?” Iain said. “I don’t know...”**

**“You can just do her too, Iain. We’ll let you.” James said, still grinning enthusiastically. “You can get your tongue in her pussy without getting hair in your mouth.”**

**“It’s up to you, Iain,” I said. “I’ll let the three of you do me but you’ve got to agree too.”**

**“Merde! OK! Do me too!” He finally gave in.**

**“Good. That’s settled,” I said. “We’ll do it right after lunch. We need to reset the rabbit snares. Let’s all go. Do you feel like it, Anna?”**

**“I’d love to go,” she said. “I want to see some more of this place.”**

**“After we set the rabbit snares, if we have time before lunch, could we take her to see Lightning?” James asked.**

**“Sure, just don’t tell her who Lightning is. Let it be a surprise.”**

**We all went to our sleeping chamber just long enough to put on loincloths and moccasins. Anna wanted to brush her hair and, when she was through with hers, she brushed mine back and tied it. When we went out in the hallway, we saw Iain and James at the door waiting for us. They hadn’t bothered to brush their hair. I couldn’t remember if they ever had. Anna noticed their hair too. She ran her fingers through James’ hair and then through Iain’s.**

**“Would you two let me help you with your hair? I like guys with neat hair like David’s,” she asked. They both nodded. They couldn’t resist her either.**

**On one part of the trail, there was room for two people to walk side by side. Iain and James had gone a little ahead of me and Anna. I took her hand in mine and walked a little slower.**

**“Anna, I think I’ve found a world of my choosing,” I said. “Without you, this world would be hell. With you, it can be anything we make of it. I want to create a loving family out of the young men and women who come here and I want you to help me to make the right decisions.”**

**“Do we have any choice, David?”**

**“Of course, we always have choices. I could have chosen not to start a vegetable garden and to keep on eating nutrition bars. But the garden has been like therapy for me, to be working in the earth, sweating and dirty, but doing something to provide food for myself. I love it.”**

**James turned around and saw the two of us holding hands. He grinned, ran back to us, and inserted himself between us. He took Anna’s hand in his first and then mine. I messed up his hair and**

kissed him on the forehead. He looked at Anna and she kissed him on the cheek. He started to turn away but she pulled him back and kissed him on the lips. He started to say something but no words came out. The three of us walked on, holding hands, to where Iain was waiting.

“You three make a very nice looking family,” he said.

“Yeah, that’s exactly what we are, Iain, a family,” I said. “And you’re part of it. Now come here.”

I held out my other arm and, when he came to me, I put it on his shoulders.

“I want you all to help me,” I said. “I want to make everyone who comes here part of our family. We’re all going to need each other if we want to survive. Someday we’ll be on our own and we’ve got to be ready for that day.”

“He’s right,” Anna said. “We’ve got to love each other and help each other. We’re the family that’s going to create a new human race. Think about that.”

“Well, I’m like you, David,” Iain said. “If Caitlyn comes to me, I’ll be the happiest man in the world. I don’t even want to think about what I’ll do if she doesn’t. She’s got to come.”

“She’ll come, Iain,” James said. “Just believe it; she’ll come!”

I looked at Iain and saw that his eyes were wet with tears. I wanted to believe it too.

“Damn, we’re not going to get the rabbit snares reset by standing here talking,” Iain said. “Come on, James. Let’s get busy.”

They ran off ahead again, James leading the way as usual. Anna and I stood there, watching the almost-naked long-legged boys running to the next rabbit snare.

“David, could you explain again why we’re here? It’s all a muddle in my mind,” Anna asked.

“Sure. Some of it is what I’ve learned from Aimee and Iain and some of it is just conjecture but I believe I understand it.”

We walked along the path, holding hands again, while I explained how and why we were sent to this new world. I could hear Iain and James yelling somewhere ahead of us. Perhaps they understood that I wanted to have her to myself for a while.

They were nowhere in sight but they had the first rabbit trap reset when we came upon it. I bent over and looked at it carefully. The snare was set as well as I could have done it. I straightened up, took Anna's hand in mine again, and continued with the story.

The second snare was also reset perfectly. I stuck my hand through it, nudged the string a little, and the snare closed around my wrist. I took my hand out and reset the trap. Anna was watching. I wanted her to see that Iain and James were learning how to provide for us.

"Rabbits are everywhere, Anna. I think someone removed their natural predators so they've been breeding without restraint. I think that was the intention: to provide a source of food for us."

"Are there any other animals that we might eat, David?"

"Yeah, there's a small population of deer. I managed to kill one a few months ago. Now it seems like they know the danger and I haven't even seen one since. Aimee said there are also wild goats here but I've never seen one."

"People milk goats and drink the milk and make cheese out of it. Do you think that's why they are here? Do you think we could domesticate them?"

"Maybe. We've got to find them first. This mountain is a big place, Anna. I've explored only a very small part of it."

"Can you be happy here, David? This seems like the sort of world you wanted to live in."

"I think so, Anna. I was chosen by somebody to lead this group and, if they chose me, they knew about you and they were choosing you at the same time. I have asked myself why anybody would choose me and..."

"That's easy to answer, David. You were chosen because you're a warrior and a leader and a protector. They wanted somebody with the

ability to lead a small group of people and to protect them in this world. You can do that. You can do it better than anybody I've ever known."

"Maybe so. And I think they chose you because of your nursing skills and your loving nature. I can protect them and you can nurture them."

"So you think they chose us as a team?"

"Yeah, I think so. That's about all that's kept me sane for the last few months: believing that you were going to come to me so we could face this world together."

We were almost to the last of the rabbit snares when I finally finished telling Anna what I had learned about why we were here. When I was finished she had only one question for me.

"David, are you going to make love with me tonight?"

I thought my smile was answer enough.

She was as enthralled by Lightning as the rest of us had been. He ran around his rock, stopped, stood up, and cocked his head to one side. Each time he did it, Anna rewarded him with a little bit of a nutrition bar. Then he surprised all of us again. He stood up in front of Anna, bowed to her, and then cocked his head waiting for his treat. After she rewarded him again, he repeated the performance. I called a halt because I didn't want him to get too dependent on us.

On the way back up the mountain, the path meandered close to one of the many mountain streams. The water was icy when I first arrived in the spring and it was still cold in the summer. At a spot where the stream tumbled over rocks, I frequently cooled off after coming back up the mountain. Iain and James liked to do the same thing I did.

I let go of Anna's hand, carefully climbed down the rocks to the stream, and stuck my head under a little waterfall to cool off. After a few seconds under the water, I straightened up and used my hands to squeeze the water out of my long hair. James and Iain did the same thing and we waited for Anna to decide whether she wanted to do it too. James stood beside me, hanging on to me with both his hands on my shoulder. Iain was a little above us almost out of the stream bed. He looked down at me and James and smiled.

**Anna wanted to be a wet-head too. Iain held out his hand to her and helped her climb down to the stream. She didn't keep her head under the water very long. I watched in appreciation when she lifted her arms to press the water out of her hair. Her breasts lifted up slightly and the movement made them even more beautiful. I looked at Iain and James and they were watching her too, as enthralled as I was.**

**When she turned back to where Iain was waiting to help her, he put his hands on her waist, and kissed her, first on each cheek and last on her lips. She didn't resist. James held out his hand to help her climb out and then kissed her too, emulating Iain. I was about to kiss her too when Iain walked up to me and lifted his face up. I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. He shook his head. That wasn't what he wanted. He reached up, put his hand behind my neck, pulled my face down to his, and kissed me the same way he had kissed Anna, first on each cheek and then on the lips.**

**When James came to me, I kissed him the same way and then looked at Iain. He smiled, nodded and pointed to Anna. I kissed Anna on each cheek and then on her lips, slowly and gently, though not as thoroughly as I wanted to. Iain didn't forget James. He kissed him too even though James tried to get away.**

**I suppose Iain could see the puzzled expression on my face. He told us why he had kissed Anna and James and me.**

**"Where I come from, it's a custom to kiss someone like that, left cheek, right cheek, lips, when there is a moment of great happiness or overwhelming joy. It's done with good friends or close relatives. It's never done lightly. It's a very meaningful gesture."**

**I smiled and looked at Anna and saw she was smiling too. I understood and I was glad that Iain felt that way.**

**We went the rest of the way back up the mountain with Iain and James ahead of us, holding hands, and me and Anna behind, holding hands. I wasn't sure what I felt after the guys wanted to kiss me that way and I wondered what Anna thought. I knew one thing for certain: that I was happy and content, as much as I had ever been in my life.**

## **Chapter Eighteen**

**After lunch James was so eager for all of us to go to Aimee's room, he almost ripped his loincloth off. Iain was just as quick to get naked.**

**They both stood there watching Anna. She teased them a little and slowly removed her loincloth. They didn't even look at me when I removed mine. Then they were out the door and running to Aimee's room. I yelled for them to go to the supply room to get the Nor and then I took Anna's hand and we followed them. Her grin was just as wide as mine.**

**James didn't even wait when the four of us went in Aimee's room. He jumped in the lounge chair, spread his legs, reclined, and opened the jar of Nor.**

**"Good afternoon, Aimee," I said. "James and Iain want to use your chair again. Is that OK with you?"**

**"Of course, David. I am always pleased to have your company. May I be of assistance?"**

**"No, Aimee. Please just listen and speak up when you wish."**

**I waited while first Anna, then Iain, and then James briefly greeted Aimee. The three of them seemed to regard her as just another person, a friend. Whatever or whoever she was, I knew I certainly regarded her as a friend.**

**Since the four of us were naked, I wasn't surprised when I saw that she was too. First, the image on the screen was of her full body. That image then changed to one of her from the waist up. I took a second to appreciate her beautiful breasts and then turned to James. He was stretched out in the recliner with a grin on his face, an already erect penis hovering above his abdomen, and his testicles hanging down between his spread legs.**

**I knew I had to ruin somebody's plans but I thought it might be a good lesson for him and Iain and Anna. We all had to be careful not to waste any of the resources which had been provided for us.**

**"James, before we start, I want to ask you a question," I said.**

**He looked at me and waited.**

**"How big a supply of the defoliator...What did Iain call it? Nor?...do we have? If we run out, when will our supply be replenished? How do we know it will ever be replenished? Will somebody eventually send us another shipment?"**

**"It is not a defoliator, David," Aimee said. "It is a depilator."**

**“Well, it leaves you bare; doesn’t it? It must be a defoliator.”**

**She just groaned and shook her head. Her sense of humor was one of the traits that always made me believe she was human.**

**Anna just looked from Aimee to me and back in amazement.**

**James and Iain both looked at me without saying anything. Since it was Anna’s idea that the guys should use it on their legs too, I waited to see if she understood.**

**She looked at me critically and then responded the way I wanted her to. “I think David is telling us that all the resources we have may be limited and we shouldn’t waste them. You guys really don’t need to use the stuff on your legs but I would like to use it on mine at least one more time. I suppose we don’t really need to use it on our pubic hair either.”**

**“Damn, I was hoping to see what a bare pussy looked like,” James said.**

**“Aimee, what do you think?” I asked. “Do we need to worry about wasting the defoliator?”**

**“Yes, David,” she answered. “You should be concerned about all your resources. All of the present supplies were here before me. I have no knowledge as to when any new ones might arrive. Use of any of the supplies is under your control.”**

**“I think we should let Anna use it on her legs and we should all use it to defoliate our pubic patches, just this once,” I said. “Then I think we should let James and Iain find out how big our supply is and how long it might last. Maybe they’ll volunteer to do the same thing with some of our other resources.”**

**“That’s OK with me,” Anna said. “James wants to go first. Who wants to help me with him?”**

**“I’ll help if you’ll do me next,” Iain said.**

**They looked to me for approval and I shrugged.**

**I pulled a chair up closer and sat down to watch. Anna stood on one side of James, Iain on the other, and James held the Nor on his abdomen, almost touching the head of his erect penis.**

**“How do we do this?” Anna asked.**

**“Well, one of us needs to hold his dick out of the way and the other needs to rub the stuff all over his pubic hair,” Iain said. “You have to rub it in thoroughly to do a good job of making the hair come off. Keep rubbing it in until the Nor seems to disappear. If you’ll hold his dick straight up, I’ll rub in the No.”**

**“Not me, boy!” Anna said.**

**Iain looked at her like he couldn’t believe what he had heard. “Why not? It won’t bite you.”**

**“Yeah, but it might spit on me.”**

**Iain and James looked at each other and grinned. They knew I had told Anna about what they had done with me.**

**Anna held James’ penis between her thumb and one finger and pulled it upright, then bent over and looked closely at it. His foreskin was almost covering the head and the glans was barely peeking out.**

**“Why isn’t his foreskin retracted?” she asked. “Does it need to come off?”**

**“Yeah,” James said. “It needs it bad.”**

**“I meant your foreskin, dummy,” Anna said. “Does it retract?”**

**“Damn, nobody’s going to whack my foreskin off. I meant my dick. And, yeah, my foreskin pulls back. Just slide your hand down my dick.”**

**“Poor thing,” Anna said. She wrapped her hand around his dick and slid the foreskin down tight enough to make him squirm. She stroked it a couple of times and then stopped.**

**“Well, aren’t you going to rub the Nor on him?” she asked, looking at Iain.**

**Iain rubbed the depilator on James pubic hair, on his testicles, and back between his legs including his asshole. Anna bent his dick out of the way and at the same time moved her hand slowly up and down. James lay there grinning from ear to ear. I sat in the chair, grinning just as widely, enjoying the fun.**

**“Oh, Iain, I love you so much,” James cooed when Iain was rubbing the Nor on his asshole.”**

**“Yeah, you’ll love me more when I use my dick instead of my finger,” Iain retorted.**

**“Don’t make it come off, Anna, at least not yet,” I said. “Let him suffer for a while.”**

**“Yeah, make him suffer, Anna,” Iain said. “Tell him to get his butt out of the chair so you and somebody else can do me.”**

**“He’s suffered enough, Iain,” Anna said. “I’m going to kiss it and make it all better.”**

**She leaned over, kissed James’ dick right of the tip of the head, and then straightened back up. She held it for a moment longer, looking at it appraisingly, and then leaned over again, took the head in her mouth for a second, and then stood up again.**

**“There. Does it feel better, James?” she asked, grinning.**

**His eyes were wide open and so was his mouth. “Yeah, yeah, it sure does,” he finally managed to say.**

**James was a little too slow in getting his butt out of the chair so Iain grabbed his leg and pulled. They ended up dancing around Anna with their fists in the air. It was the first time I’d seen naked boxers with hard-ons. They were grinning so I wasn’t worried. No blows were exchanged.**

**“Iain, get your butt in the chair if you want Anna to do you next instead of me,” I threatened.**

**He got his butt in the chair in a split second and stuck his tongue out at James when he got settled. James gave him the finger. They were still grinning. Iain’s dick was rigid too, standing up a little above his lower abdomen. His balls hung down between his legs almost to the recliner. He had changed since he came to this new world. He was now a slim muscular tanned young man, sexy to even my masculine eyes. I wondered what Caitlyn would think if she could see him.**

**I thought Iain would prefer to have Anna hold his dick out of the way instead of me. She gave him the same treatment she had given James. She stretched his foreskin back so tight it looked painful and then wrapped her hand around his dick and slowly stroked it and bent it out of the way. I stuck my fingers in the Nor and thoroughly rubbed it into his pubic hair. While Anna played with his dick, I rubbed it on his testicles slowly and gently. They had retracted with Anna’s handiwork**

so it was easy for me to rub it back between his legs. I made him squirm when I slid one finger back and rubbed Nor on his asshole. When I signaled finished, James tried to pull his leg and almost got kicked in the face.

“Wait, damn it,” Iain said. “Anna’s not finished with me.”

He looked at her expectantly. She wrapped her hand around his dick again, slid the foreskin down tight, leaned over, kissed it on the tip, and then took it in her mouth for a second.

“There, little dick,” she said. “I hope you feel all better now.”

Iain rolled out of the chair and then he and James looked first at Anna and then at me.

“I’ll let you guys do me next,” I said. “Let’s let Anna take a break. She’s been doing some hard work.”

I crawled in the recliner, held the Nor above my navel, and spread my legs so my balls could hang down like Iain’s. Anna moved around so she was standing between my legs with her hands on my knees. I thought Iain and James could give me the treatment rather quickly. I was wrong.

“Oh, shit, he’s got another hard-on,” James said, staring at my penis, suspended over my abdomen.

“Yeah, damn, it’s another big sucker, I mean fucker,” Iain said, looking at my penis too. “You hold it out of the way and I’ll rub the Nor on his hairy patch.”

“Not me, boy! I’m not going to touch that thing!”

“It won’t bite you.”

“I know but it might spit on me.”

“I don’t know why you guys are so afraid of it,” Anna said.

She pulled my penis upright, then leaned over, took about half of it in her mouth, moved her head up and down a few seconds, then sucked on it. I looked at Iain’s face and then at James. They both registered the same unbelieving astonishment. I lay there enjoying what her lips and tongue were doing to my penis and waiting to see what she would do next.

She straightened up. "See! It didn't bite me! It didn't spit on me! Iain, you hold it. James, you rub the Nor in."

I glanced at Aimee's monitor and saw that she was watching intently, with one hand raised to her mouth as though she might be trying to hide laughter. I waved at her and she waved back. She was grinning at the antics in front of her.

Iain held my dick the same way Anna had held his. He wrapped his hand around it in the middle of the shaft, held it upright, and slid his hand slowly up and down. James rubbed my pubic hair and then my testicles thoroughly with Nor. Anna stood there at the end of the recliner grinning at me.

"Iain, if you make it spit on my hand, I'm going to make you lick it off," James said.

"Don't blame me," Iain said. "Blame Anna. I think she almost sucked the stuff out of his balls."

"She can suck it out of mine anytime she wants to," James said, leering at her.

"Yeah, mine too," Iain said. "You forgot to rub it on his hairy asshole."

"I'm not going to touch that thing," James said. "It might bite me."

"Shit, I'll do it. I always wanted to give him the finger."

And give me the finger, he did, rubbing my asshole hard enough to make me start squirming. I grimaced and squirmed theatrically to give him some satisfaction.

I was having fun but I thought it was time to let the two of them do Anna. I wanted to do her myself but I also wanted to see how they were going to handle her. I rolled out of the chair and moved to the foot of the recliner.

Anna didn't need to be told to get her butt in the chair. She took the Nor from Iain and held it on her stomach. Iain and James looked at me again.

"OK, you two can do her," I said. "You get on each side of her. I'll just direct the operation. Start with her underarms. Then each of you do one of her legs. Start at her ankles."

I thought Anna was going to squirm out of the chair when James and Iain started rubbing the Nor in her armpits. She closed her eyes and relaxed when they were doing her legs. There was a little growth of hair on her calves and less on the outside of her thighs. I knew from experience that there was almost none on the inside of her thighs.

When they rubbed the stuff on her thighs, Anna spread her legs wide enough so that her pussy was fully exposed. From the way Iain's and James' heads were turned, I knew what they were looking at. The last time I had seen Anna her pubic hair had been trimmed into a neat patch on her mound. Now it was bushier and extended further to the sides. Where her mound curved back between her legs, the two halves had been smooth and hairless; now there was a little curly hair.

Anna raised her knees, tilted her pelvis to expose everything to them, and then put her hand over her pussy for a moment. "Aimee said that stuff won't burn or hurt if you get it on sensitive parts but I don't want to find out. Just make sure you don't get any on the inside of me."

Both Iain and James kept looking between her legs. I wondered which one would touch her first. I bet on James and I was proved right. He started rubbing Nor on his half of her split mound and a few seconds later Iain started rubbing too. I looked at Anna's face. She had her eyes closed and was smiling wide enough to make her dimples appear.

I knew Anna had a little hair around her asshole and again I wondered what the boys would do. They didn't do anything. Both of them looked at me and I could tell they didn't know whether to touch her back there or not. James pointed at her asshole.

"You've got to do that too, James," I said. "Iain rubbed that stuff on my asshole and it didn't burn. You or Iain have got to do it before the job is finished."

James held his Nor-covered finger an inch or two away from her anus. "What if she farts and blows my hand off?" he said, grinning at his own humor.

"Shit, if you get any closer, she'll blow your head off," Iain said, grinning too.

"Women don't fart," I said. "They pass gas silently."

I looked at Anna's face and then at Aimee's and I could tell they were both trying to hold in laughter.

**“James, you do it!” I said in my Command voice. “That’s an order!”**

**“Aye, Aye, Captain,” he said, getting the service branch and the rank both wrong.**

**He slid one Nor covered finger between her cheeks and rubbed it around and around. I think Anna deliberately faked how erotic it felt to her. She squirmed and groaned more than I had. Finally she sat up and looked around.**

**“I pity any woman who has to put up with you three little boys,” she said.**

**We spent fifteen minutes lying in a row on the hot rock surface of the terrace just outside the door. Anna lay down first with her knees raised and her pelvis tilted to expose everything to the sun. Iain and James lay down on each side of her with their knees raised like hers. I had not thought about them having hairy assholes and, when I looked, I couldn’t see any on either of them. I thought of making one of them move over and then decided to let them enjoy being close to her. I lay down beside James and raised my legs like the others.**

**With the heat from the rock under me and the heat from the sun beaming down on me, I was quickly drenched in sweat and ready for a shower. When Aimee called time, I sat up and looked at Anna and the boys. They were sweating as much as I was. I stood up, helped Anna up, and we all made a mad dash for the showers.**

**We crowded under two adjacent shower heads and washed each other and watched as our pubic hair went down the drain. The three of us guys had all lost our erection in the sun but, even drooping, I saw that we hadn’t lost much in size.**

**I saw Anna checking us out while James and Iain and I checked her out. James looked like a hairless pre-pubescent kid except for the size of his penis. Iain looked more like a man than a boy since his exercise routine was beginning to show results but he looked odd with no pubic hair. I don’t know how I looked to the others. I thought I looked strange too but I liked the clean feeling, just like I liked to be clean shaven on my face.**

**Anna was even sexier since her pubic hair didn’t hide her cleft. With all her curves she was an absolutely perfect woman. The top of her breasts curved downward to her nipples and the underside of each was a perfect quarter circle. Her abdomen was flat, maybe a little concave on top with a sweet little swelling below her navel. And then there was the beautiful little mound with the beginning of her cleft. I**

loved looking at it. My dick loved looking at it. My mouth loved looking at it. I wanted to get down there and explore her hidden secrets. The more I looked at it, the more I wanted to do it, like immediately.

I picked her up in my arms and walked over to the drying area. She didn't resist. She just kissed me on the cheek and smiled at me. The four of us stood there until most of the water from the shower was blown off.

"What are you up to, David?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said. "I just thought I'd take you to bed and play with you."

"What about Iain and James?"

"I'll send them to check the rabbit snares. Or maybe I'll send them to pick the garden. Or maybe I'll invite them to play with us, if you want me too."

"I don't mind if they play with us. I think it would be fun. But there's one thing they can't do."

Iain and James were both watching and listening to us. Both shook their head up and down and smiled as wide as possible.

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's what we're going to be doing tonight. I'm going to fuck you until you can't get it up anymore."

"Is that before or after I fuck you?"

"Do you think it would be OK if I invited them to play with us, just play, without fucking me? I know I'm not ready for that yet and I may never be. What do you want to do?"

"What was it you said? 'Tu voulais un minou rasé?' Yeah, I want a shaved pussy. I want to eat a shaved pussy. Comme c'est beau!"

"I meant what do you want to do about James and Iain?" she asked. "Should we invite them or not?"

"Yeah, let's invite them. You can probably think of something they can do while I've got my head between your legs."

James gave Iain a high five and both stood waiting.

We invited them and got two enthusiastic responses. I carried Anna out of the bathroom to our bed chamber with them right at my heels. Then I positioned her where I wanted her while they stood on each side of me, grinning like jackasses and stroking their dicks. Perhaps they wondered why I arranged Anna so that she was lying on the side of the bed with her legs half off and feet on the floor. When I stuffed a pillow between her feet and got down on my knees, maybe they got the idea. I looked up at them and pointed to one side of Anna for James and the other for Iain. Then I quit worrying about what they were going to do. I thought Anna might find some use for them.

I bent over, lifted Anna's legs under the knees, and splayed them to the sides. That left her shaved pussy, or rather bare pussy, before me in all its glory. I didn't want to have to hold her legs while I had my face at her pussy. I shifted them to my shoulders so her feet were resting sideways on my back and her thighs were still wide apart. That was what I wanted, to be able to use my hands and mouth down there.

For a moment I just looked at it, my face almost between her legs. It was so damn neat: hairless, not even any stubble, just a smooth mound that curved back between her legs. Without any hair, the little shaft leading to her clit looked longer. Her little lips were parted just a bit and I could see the inner pink flesh. I looked at the scene for a moment and then lowered my head and gave her a long lick from her hairless puckered asshole, up through the little lips, all the way over her hidden clit. And then I did it again. And again. Anna began wiggling and moaning softly with each lick.

After a while I looked up to see what James and Iain were doing. They were both on their knees on the bed bent over Anna with their hands and mouths on her breasts and nipples. Anna had her arms extended under their bodies with her hands cupped under their testicles. Both their dicks looked like they were as rigid as they could possibly be.

I started licking Anna's pussy again. This time I extended my tongue as far as possible and probed her vagina again and again. Immediately, I smelled and tasted her arousal and the scent and taste went straight to my penis and testicles. I wanted her. Damn, I wanted her so much. I didn't want to wait 'til tonight. I wanted to fuck her now. I stopped tongue-fucking her, took a few deep breaths, and tried to get myself under control.

When I looked up again, I saw Iain and James still bent over Anna, with their hands and mouths on her breasts but she now had her hands wrapped around their penises. While I watched, Iain moved up

and kissed her. It looked like both had their mouths open. James slapped Iain on the shoulder and then took a turn kissing her. All the while, she pulled on their dicks again and again. She wasn't jacking them off; she was milking them off.

I shut my eyes again and went back to licking her pussy, concentrating this time on the area where her little lips came together, trying to pull the hood off her clitoris so I could lick her little nubbin. I could tell when I succeeded. I felt a hard bump under my tongue and Anna started squirming more. I licked it again and again.

I felt two hands on my shoulders and looked up. James was kneeling beside me on one side and Iain was standing on the other. I knew they had been watching what I was doing.

"Let me do it," James said. "I want to."

"Let me do it too, David," Iain said. "Aimee's showed us a movie on how to do it but I want to learn so I can do it to Caitlyn."

"Anna, is it OK if I let James and Iain do it," I asked. "They both want to learn."

With Anna's permission, I showed them how to do it. I used my thumbs to stretch her inner lips to each side and then pushed up slightly. Anna had taught me that little trick to bring her clitoris out of hiding. I gave it a few licks and then looked up at James. He shook his head to show that he understood and then we changed positions.

I stood there, slowly stroking my penis, while James gave her a good licking. From the way Anna groaned and squirmed, he must have been doing it right.

"That's good, James," Anna whispered. "So good."

Iain stood beside me watching for a minute or so and then put his hand on James' shoulder. I let Iain do it for a minute or so while Anna moaned and wiggled some more.

"You're good too, Iain," Anna whispered. "You three fuckers are just too goddamn good. Caitlyn's going to love you when you do it to her."

"I hope so," Iain said.

"OK, you guys go back to what you were doing," I said. "Let me finish her off."

They both crawled back in the bed, kissed Anna, even kissed each other with an audible smack, and simultaneously put their mouths back on her breasts. I knelt between her legs, lowered my head, closed my eyes, and started licking her clitoris and everything around it again.

When I looked up again, Iain and James were upright, still on their knees but not bent over Anna any more. While I watched, she changed her grip, pulled them closer to her by their dicks and both of them knee-walked up to her. She turned to James, took his penis in her mouth, sucked on it for a few seconds, and then gave Iain the same treatment. Then she changed her grip again and started jacking both of them at the same time.

I went back down on her again and concentrated on her clit, licking it as hard as I could. She started squirming and moaning again and from the way she reacted I knew she was getting close to coming. I stuck my index finger in her pussy, pulled it out, stuck two fingers in, curled them around and rubbed them against her vaginal walls. Then I resumed licking her little nubbin. In seconds, I felt her internal muscles clenching and relaxing on my fingers, a really strong squeezing.

“Be easy, Anna, I’m going to come if you don’t stop,” I heard Iain say.

“Me too,” I heard James say. “You’re about to break my dick off.”

I looked up and saw that she had stopped stroking their dicks and was hanging on to them while she came. After a moment, her hands started moving again and I marveled that she could jack them both at the same time and do it with such coordination. Iain and James were leaned over her a little bit, their hands on each other’s shoulders, their heads butted up against each other. Their eyes were wide open looking down at what Anna’s hands was doing to them and their faces looked like they were in sweet misery.

James came first and squirted out a little bit on Anna’s breasts. Iain came seconds later and laid down a white trail across her breasts from the opposite direction. I decided to join them. I moved up on the bed on my knees between Anna’s spread legs. Her pussy was open and red and juicy-looking almost under my penis. I wrapped my hand around my penis, gave it hell for a few seconds, and squirted out again and again, the first flying up to her breasts, the next to her stomach, and the last dripping down on her pussy.

When I was through, I looked at Iain and James. They were still on their knees but they had their own hands on their dicks now. I

watched them both as they milked their dicks down and a little bit more came out of Iain's and dripped down on Anna. James milked his too but I didn't see anything come out. I milked mine down and then flicked my dick down and back up rapidly to make the last blob fall on her.

Anna was grinning so wide her dimples were showing again. While we watched, she rubbed her breasts with both hands, then her chest and stomach, and last her pussy. She smeared our semen all over her while the three of us guys watched and grinned.

"Iain, James, would you two go get some warm washcloths and clean up the mess you made?" she asked.

I lay there in the bed on my side with my head propped up on my hand and elbow and watched Iain and James gently clean up all our semen from Anna's chest and stomach. They brought me a washcloth and Iain pointed to Anna's pussy to let me know that was my job. When we finished, they looked at me and I assumed they wanted me to tell them what to do next.

"Would you guys like to relax with Anna and me for a while before we go prepare something to eat?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'd like that."

"Me too,"

"Then ask Anna if she would like for you to cuddle with her for a few minutes," I said. "After you make love with her, don't be in a hurry to do anything else."

Of course they both asked and, as I knew she would, Anna smiled and welcomed their attention.

"OK, Anna, would you lie down between Iain and James and let them spoon up to you?" I asked. "I'll wait for tonight to get my turn."

"What do you mean...spoon up to her?" James asked.

"Dummy, he means for you to hug up to her from behind," Iain said. "You'll like it when you sleep with your woman."

"OK. What are you going to do, Iain?" James asked.

"I'm going to spoon up to her first," he said. "You lie down in front of her and wait for her to turn over. Just try to be good, dummy."

**“Well, if I’m hugging Anna’s butt, I can’t promise to be good,” James said. “If I get another hard-on, what do I do about it?”**

**I thought I’d better help the poor little dummy.**

**“Nothing,” I said. “Anna’s felt me behind her with a boner. We want you to cuddle up behind her and hold her. That’s all. Every time a hard-on calls, you don’t have to answer it, at least not right away.”**

**“If he gets a hard-on, I’ll take care of it,” Anna said. “James, do you know how a nurse takes care of a patient with an erect penis?”**

**“No.”**

**“She thumps it right on the head!”**

**“Ooooh, hot damn!” James said. “Don’t do dat to me! Do dat to Iain!”**

**“Noooo,” Iain said. “Do dat to David! He likes it!”**

**I let them get into position first and then I lay down too and propped up on my elbow so I could see the three of them. As I expected, Anna took Iain’s hand in hers and placed it on her breast.**

**“Anna, would you do something for James, you know, something you did for me one night to help me go to sleep,” I asked after a minute of so.**

**“I’d love to, David,” she answered. “James, would you scoot down just a little?”**

**I watched as he moved down on the bed until his face was near Anna’s breasts. Iain had his hand on one and I could see the nipple peeking out between his thumb and index finger. Anna cupped her hand under the other one and offered it to James. He didn’t need to be asked; he took the nipple in his mouth.**

**When Anna turned over, neither of them needed to be told what to do. James scooted up to Anna’s butt and put one arm over her with his hand on her breast. Iain moved down on the bed and took the nipple of the other breast in his mouth.**

**We lay there until we all decided that we needed to go pee. When I told Iain and James that Anna wanted us to dress for dinner from now on, they both frowned. When Anna told them she meant dressed in just a loin-cloth, they both grinned.**

We all helped to prepare our evening meal. I grilled the fish while Anna sautéed potatoes and onions in olive oil. Iain sautéed slices of some huge mushrooms he and James had found. James made a big pile of tomato slices and arranged a nice platter of raw vegetables. Anna was as impressed as I had been at how much Iain and James ate.

After dinner, we all went to pick the garden again and visited Lightning before we came back home. My mind was on what I wanted to do with Anna and I assumed that the two of us would be occupied until late. I didn't want to have to get up the next morning to check the rabbit snares and I thought I could trust Iain and James to do it.

As we were crossing the terrace on our way back, each of us carrying a sack of fresh vegetables, James had a question for me.

“David, why don't the rabbits get in our garden?”

“And why don't the birds peck our tomatoes? Let's go ask Aimee,” I said. I had asked her before I started the garden but I wanted the others to hear her answer.

We left the vegetables in the kitchen and then went to Aimee's room. She was dressed, or rather undressed, differently again. She had on a loincloth like the rest of us. Two young boys got to see how beautiful her breasts were again. I looked at Anna's and then at Aimee's. Both had beautiful perfect breasts but it was no choice. I liked Aimee. I loved Anna. I could touch Anna's breasts. I wondered if Anna and Aimee were alike in another way.

“Aimee, would you mind removing your loin-cloth for just a second,” I asked.

She grinned and slowly removed it. Her mound was now as hairless as the rest of us. She looked so young and virginal with her little cleft showing. She slowly tied her loincloth around her waist again, grinning all the while. I glanced at Iain and James for a second and saw where their eyes were fixated.

“Aimee, James has a question for you,” I said, and she looked at him.

**“Aimee, why don’t the rabbits eat our vegetables and why don’t the birds peck our tomatoes?” he asked.**

**“James, I thought David might have already told you. It is because I protect your garden. I cannot protect it from insects because some of them are needed for pollination but I protect it from anything larger.”**

**“Tell them what else you protect, Aimee,” I said**

**“I protect the entire mountain from dangerous wild birds and animals,” she said. “On the mainland, there are many animals which could harm you. I maintain a barrier where the isthmus meets the mountain to prevent any of them from coming across. In the air, there are large raptor birds which might attack you. I maintain a shield over the entire mountain against larger birds.”**

**“What are the most dangerous animals, Aimee?” I asked. “Tell us a little bit about the three most dangerous, please.”**

**“Perhaps the most dangerous are the pigs, David. The boars can weigh twice as much as you and have tusks that can cut you down and kill you. The sows are much smaller but they are just as dangerous, especially when they are defending their young. They are omnivores and they will eat you after they kill you. They frequently try to cross the isthmus to the mountain. They like to scavenge on the isthmus.”**

**“Damn, I was hoping for some barbequed ribs,” I said, jokingly, trying to wipe the horrified looks off three faces. “I guess that will have to wait.”**

**Aimee continued, “The next most dangerous are the bears. Males can weigh three or four times as much as David. Females are about half as big and just as dangerous when they have cubs. They occasionally try to cross the isthmus.”**

**“The next most dangerous are the cats. There are three different species in this location. The biggest weigh about as much as David whether they are male or female. They rarely try to cross the isthmus. They prefer to remain in heavily forested areas.”**

**“Thank you, Aimee,” I said. “I’ve been thinking about an excursion out on the isthmus. I wanted Anna and Iain and James to know what**

we might encounter. They need to practice using weapons so they can help defend ourselves.”

“Are you seriously thinking about it?” Iain asked.

“Yeah, I think the four of us can cope with any danger we encounter. The first time, we’re not going to venture far out on the isthmus and Aimee’s shield will be behind us so we can run back to it if we need to.”

He looked at James and Anna. “Do you want to try it?” Both nodded.

“When we go, we’ll stay in a triangular pattern, with me always at the point, toward the danger, James on my right, a little distance back, and Iain on my left, the same distance back. You must be ready for danger from the ground or from the air. You’ll need to carry a spear in one hand and another weapon in the other. If Anna goes, we’ll put her in the middle of the triangle. She must carry weapons too.”

“David, don’t treat me like that just because I’m a woman,” Anna said, with more than a little anger. “I want to do the same thing they do. I want to try different weapons until I find the ones I can handle best.”

“I’m sorry, Anna,” I said. “I’m used to being with just Iain and James. I promise not to make you do the washing and ironing.”

She smiled at that. I don’t suppose we would ever worry about ironing anything again.

“I’m trying to make up my mind about a little expedition outside Aimee’s protection,” I said. “I’ve been thinking of how I could take one of the little piglets. I don’t want the sow because she’s too big to carry home and we need to leave her alone to create more little porkers but I’d love to get one of her little ones so we can have roasted suckling pig.”

“Yeah,” James said. “I love pulled pork sandwiches. We just need some bread and some barbeque sauce.”

“David, please let us help you,” Iain said. “We can learn how to protect ourselves and how to kill animals for food. We’ve got to learn stuff like that. We’ve got to start doing it sooner or later.”

**“Seriously, I would like to explore the isthmus at least a little,” I said. “There’s no cover so we should be able to see any dangerous animal easily. I think we could already defend ourselves against a single threat. Maybe we just might be able to get a little porker and get back behind Aimee’s barrier. If we go, all of you will have to do exactly as I say.”**

**“We will,” James said. “Let’s go.”**

**“OK, if you’ll all do what I say and let me teach you how to handle weapons, we’ll go in about...twenty days.”**

## **Chapter Nineteen**

**We were in our bed chamber, standing near the bed, hugging each other. I had my hands cupped under the smooth cheeks of her derriere with my fingers almost touching between her legs. She had her hands on my ass, pulling me against her. I could feel the hard knobs of her nipples against my chest. My penis, engorged but not quite ready to stand up, was pressed against her smooth mound. I wanted her so much and I didn’t want to wait any longer.**

**“Do you want to make love with me?” I asked.**

**“No, I want to fuck you first,” she said.**

**“Huh?” I said, surprised.**

**“You heard me, David. I said I want to fuck you first. Then I want you to fuck me. And I do mean fuck! After that, we can be sweet and gentle with each other and make love for the rest of the night.”**

**“You want to turn your hairless pussy loose on me first? And then I can turn my hairless beast loose on you? And then we can make love if I can still get it up? Is that right?”**

**“Yeah, that’s right, damn it! Now get your ass on that bed and spread your legs.”**

**I was surprised by what she said. She knew I wanted a partner, not a subordinate, in everything especially in sex. I wanted her to assert herself but I hadn’t expected her to be a...what?...dominatrix.**

I crawled on the bed and stretched out on my back with my head on my pillow. I was thinking about the situation but not about defying her. Without thinking about her order to spread my legs, I reached down and tugged my testicles out from between my legs, crossed my ankles, and let my penis fall across my thigh.

“Damn it, David; I said spread your legs!” she commanded in an authoritative voice.

I looked up at her, still standing, and saw her eyes. If it’s possible, they were smiling at me. Her mouth was tightly controlled but I thought I could see a smile there too. I smiled up at her and she lost it. She grinned at me and dimples appeared in her cheeks.

“Come on, David; play with me,” she pleaded.

I slowly spread my legs and then she attacked me. She attacked me; that’s the only way to describe what happened in the next few minutes. She quickly crawled on the bed between my legs and flopped on top of me with all her weight. I was glad I had spread my legs. My testicles were hanging down between them and were protected from her onslaught. Her knees pushed my legs farther apart but she didn’t hurt my family jewels.

She put her hands on the sides of my face and kissed me from forehead to chin and ear to ear. She wasn’t the least bit gentle and slow about it. She was rough and demanding. Then she fastened her mouth on mine and I found out what it feels like to be tongue-raped. She kissed me, bit my lips, and tried to stick her tongue down my throat, all with a demanding urgency.

I wrapped my arms around her and tried to keep her from squirming and wiggling on top of me. I bent my legs and locked them over hers, trying to hold her still and barely succeeding. I realized suddenly that our roles were reversed and that everything was the opposite of the way we were with me on top of her. I knew I was about to be fucked and I wanted her to fuck me.

My penis had been warm and swollen and just shy of becoming erect. Now it engorged into its usual rigidity, ready to penetrate her, but she had her full weight on top of me and my penis was trapped between our two abdomens. I wanted to do something to get it in her but I also wanted to let her play the role she had chosen. I wanted her to do something with it, to fuck me the way she wanted to do it.

**She was in no hurry. She lifted her head and squinted down at me. Her breath was rasping in and out of her nostrils. So was mine. She wasn't smiling. She was devouring me with her eyes.**

**Suddenly she moved downward on me and fastened her mouth on the juncture of my throat and shoulder. She bit me there and then started sucking. I didn't resist. I let her mark me. I was hers.**

**She shoved my arms off her back and my legs off her legs. I gave up and lay there spread-eagled with my arms and legs out to each side, eyes closed, tense in every part of my body but trying to relax and let her fuck me.**

**A minute later, she moved down again and sucked on one of my nipples and then the other. That was a totally new experience. My penis was already stiff but her teeth nipping at my little nubs made it even harder.**

**Once again she moved downward. This time she rose up, leaned back on bent legs, and looked at my penis and testicles. Without her weight on it, my penis lifted up so that it hovered above my abdomen. My testicles were still relaxed and dangling between my legs. Before, she had devoured my face with her eyes. Now she devoured my penis and testicles with her eyes the same way. I let her look. This was her game. I wanted her to play it. I was enjoying it too.**

**Then she leaned forward, held my penis straight up, and began to ferociously devour it. She licked it from my testicles up to the tip of the head, bent over further, took the head in her mouth, slid her lips up and down a few times, tried to suck the head off my penis, licked the area where my foreskin is tied to the head, took more of my penis in her mouth, bit down on the shaft and slid her teeth upward to the groove behind the head, sucked on the head again, all the while playing with my testicles with one hand and slowly sliding her other hand up and down the shaft so far that the skin on my penis was stretched painfully tight. She finally rose up, looked at me, smiled, and then did it all over again.**

**I lay there and let her do whatever she wished. It wasn't my penis anymore. It was hers and she was fucking me with it or fucking with it or fucking herself with it or something. I didn't care. I just didn't want her to stop. I'd never had an experience like it before, being fucked by a woman, being totally under her control.**

**She stopped. I opened my eyes again and saw her looking at what she had in her hand. She nodded her head once, twice, and then made up her mind about what she wanted to do next. She moved up and over**

me, put one hand in the center of my chest, spread her legs wide over me, held my penis with the other hand, and rubbed the head up and down in her pussy. It was wet, almost drooling, or maybe it was my penis that was drooling. When she had the head wet, she notched it in the right spot, took a deep breath, and with it inhaled my penis, sucking it into her pussy until my testicles acted as a stop. Where we were joined looked strangely unfamiliar without any pubic hair on either of us.

Then she just sat there on top of me, with my penis buried to my testicles in her pussy, motionless, eyes closed, a faint smile on her face. I wanted to ram my penis into her as far as it would go and to keep on doing it until I squirted a load against the entrance to her womb or maybe squeeze the head of my penis through her cervix and into her womb so all of my sperm would be there waiting for any egg that dared to descend. I forced myself to wait and to remain motionless so she could do whatever she wanted.

I was wondering what she was going to do next when she looked back underneath herself and slowly raised up until just the head of my penis was in her. Then just as slowly she lowered herself back down until our two hairless mounds met. She looked up at me, smiled again, and then looked back down. I watched what she was watching, my penis being slowly exposed and then engulfed again. It was hypnotically fascinating to watch. Occasionally she would look at my face when my penis was fully inside her, squirm around for a few seconds, smile just a little bit, and then lift up again and watch. I liked the way her mound looked without any pubic hair. I wasn't so sure I liked the way mine looked but there was one thing any man would like. I know my penis wasn't any longer but it looked like it had grown another inch.

She began to move a little faster and at the same time she altered the way she was moving. She still rose up and slid back down on my penis but now she leaned forward and added some sort of pelvic movement that almost bent my penis. I watched intently and it finally dawned on me that she was doing something that pressed her clitoris against the shaft of my penis. Again I learned something new.

I held my hands up, palms toward her, fingers spread, and she knew what I was offering her: two hands to hang on to while she fucked me. She put her hands in mine, fingers intertwined, and resumed her wild ride.

Suddenly she stopped, took one of my hands in hers, stuck my thumb in her mouth, sucked it for a moment, then withdrew it, spit on it, and pushed it down to the juncture of our bodies. I knew what she wanted.

I felt for her clitoris with my thumb, found it, and then held still, waiting for her to tell me what to do. She nodded once, said “Rub my button,” and then slowly started to ride me again. I pressed my fingers against her stomach and rubbed the juncture of her little lips with my thumb. She slowly resumed her ride, sliding up until part of the head of my penis showed, down until her mound was against mine and nothing showed, and all the while, my thumb was making lazy circles on her little button.

I wanted her to come before I did. I knew my penis could become too sensitive after I came and it might lose its erection. I didn’t want that. I wanted her to get the orgasm she was so intent on having. For a short interval I managed to let her ride me without feeling like I was going to come. I tried to think of something else other than the way she was fucking me but it was no use. I felt the first twinges of an impending orgasm and unless she stopped I knew it was soon inevitable.

She didn’t stop. In a few seconds more, my body reached that point of inevitability where there was nothing I could do but pour my semen into her. I gritted my teeth, every part of my body went stiff, and I gave her a long pulsating series of squirts.

I suppose she felt me coming inside her because she went wild, slapping her pelvis rhythmically against mine with a ferocity that was almost painful. Just as the last of my orgasm began to fade away, she finally got hers and I felt her vagina squeezing around the shaft of my penis. She sat there on top of me until the storm subsided, a grimace of a smile on her face, with my penis buried to the testicles in her, and with her pussy trying to amputate my penis. When she finally rolled off me, she flopped flat on her back, grabbed a pillow, and stuffed it under her hips.

“Would you get me a towel, please?” she whispered.

After Flagstaff, I was no longer so ignorant of a woman’s body that I wondered why. I knew she expected to overflow from what I had ejaculated into her. I looked down at my penis. It was lying like it was exhausted on my stomach, still swollen but without stiffness. It was glistening with her juices from crown to root and streaked with white from my semen. I needed to piss and wipe off before I came back with a towel for her. I rolled out of bed.

“Don’t go ‘way,” I said. “I’ve got to pee. I’ll be back in a minute with your towel.”

When I came back, she tucked the towel between her legs and went to the bathroom. She came back after a few minutes, crawled in bed with me, and curled up with her head on my shoulder.

We talked about everything, about our dreams for our lives in this new world, about Iain and James and who else might be coming, what we were going to have to do to survive, what we might try to do in guiding the group about sex and love, and what we did and didn't want to be part of our lives.

Toward the last of it, Anna put her hand on my stomach and slowly moved it down until she found my penis. She played with it until I began to feel a renewed hunger for her and it was standing suspended above my abdomen again. She wrapped her soft hand around it, moved it up and down for a while, and then began to play with my testicles. Finally I had enough playing. I wanted her again and, from the way she played with me, I knew she wanted me too. I pushed her over on her back, fastened my mouth on hers, moved my hand down to the juncture of her legs, and slid one long finger into her pussy. I didn't need to stir up anything. She was already hot and juicy and receptive.

Without a word, I moved on top of her. She spread her legs, brought them up, wrapped them around mine, reached between us, showed my penis where to go, and then put her hands on my ass and pulled. I slid my penis into her cauldron in one continuous slow push, parked it there for a moment, and then began to fuck her.

As usual, I quickly lost all sense of time and place. All of reality was centered in my loins and in my need to find release in her. My beast gradually took over and made me keep slamming into her until I finally came. I froze with the head of my penis jammed against her cervix while I squirted out my heart into her.

When I returned to awareness, I realized that almost my full weight was on top of her. I hadn't felt her orgasm but when I pushed up and looked at her face, she was smiling like she had come too. When I asked her, she nodded and smiled even wider. I was a little ashamed of myself for the way I had fucked her. I had given no thought to what she might be feeling. I hadn't thought of anything. My brain had shut down and my instincts had led me to planting my seed as deep in her as possible.

I lay there with my slowly softening penis in her. I didn't want to move and perhaps she didn't want me to move either. She had her legs around me and I could feel her heels against my ass. She had her arms around my chest and was holding me tight. I kissed her

forehead, her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, her mouth, and that was as far as I could go in her tight grasp. Finally I put my cheek against hers, my mouth near her ear, her mouth near my ear, and we whispered to each other. We talked about how much we loved each other and how good it had been to be joined together. Then I remembered the two previous times when we had completely merged together while we were joined and I wanted that again and wondered why it had not happened.

I finally rolled off her and immediately pulled her up against me so that we were face to face lying on our sides, our legs entwined, one of my arms under her neck, one of hers straight down between us touching my penis, with the fingers of our free hands laced together. I didn't have anything else to say and I don't suppose she did either. Gradually I faded into sleep.

Sometime in the middle of the night, I awakened. We were still face to face just as we had been when I went to sleep but now my penis was hard again and I felt her hand around it, slowly sliding up and down. I wanted her again. I moved on top of her without a word, she guided my penis home, and we started making love together. She squirmed under me, bit my ear lobe, sucked on my shoulder, and marked my ass with her fingernails. Through it all, I was slow and steady in pumping in and out of her. I didn't care whether I came again or not. It was just so good to be moving inside her, feeling her hot wet pussy wrapped around my hard penis. When an orgasm sneaked up on me, I continued slowly thrusting and withdrawing as my penis throbbed inside her once and then I felt her vagina began to convulse around it.

And that's when the melding happened again. Suddenly I was no longer me. I was me and her combined and I knew that we were joined together in love. There was no I. There was no me or she. There was just us, one entity, both male and female, nothing separate from us. I felt my penis/cervix convulse again and again and our semen was sucked into our womb and then we slowly drew apart and separated into two again. I had been one with her again. I was finally satisfied, completely satisfied, and wanted nothing more than what I had.

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The next morning, Anna and I slept late, until a few minutes after eight o'clock. I looked for Iain and James, didn't see them, and assumed they were checking the rabbit snares. Anna and I had finished breakfast and were just getting dressed, in loincloths and moccasins, to go outside when we heard someone running. When James burst into our bed chamber, I saw blood on him and I became

cool almost instantly, thinking that Iain must be hurt and bleeding somewhere. Then I saw that James was smiling.

“We killed a deer!” he yelled. “We really did! We killed a deer!”

“OK,” I said. “Calm down and tell us what happened.”

He took a couple of deep breaths.

“Iain shot it with an arrow and it stuck in its side and I threw my spear and it stuck in the deer’s hind leg! It fell down and tried to get up and Iain jumped on it and pinned it down and it tried to throw him off and he told me to cut its throat! I did. I kneeled down on its head and cut its throat with Little Boy and it died!”

“Is that where the blood came from?” I asked.

He looked down at his body. There was bright-red blood all the way from his chest to down one leg.

“Uh huh, the deer squirted blood all over us! Iain said he’d stand guard over it and for me to run get you!”

“Where did it happen?” I asked. “Were you running the rabbit snares?”

“Yeah, we were almost through and we had two rabbits and we saw a bunch of deers just off the trail eating stuff and we killed one!”

“Can you take us to where Iain is?” Anna asked.

“Yeah, it’s on the lower leg of the trail where the rabbit snares are. It’s not far from here. We killed it, Anna! Me and Iain, we killed a deer!”

I didn’t see the scabbard with my knives around his waist. “Where are my knives?”

He looked down at his waist. “Oh. Iain made me take’em off so I could run. He’s got’em.”

Aimee was monitoring our conversation as usual. “David, would you please get a tablet and take some pictures. I would like to see what they did and I need to make the pictures part of our permanent history.”

James didn't wait to see how I responded. "Yeah, that's a great idea. I'll go get mine."

Anna and I let him lead us back to where Iain was waiting with their kill. I was still a little cool so I saw him sitting on a rock before he saw us. He had his loincloth in his hands and seemed to be trying to do something with the waist strap. When he saw us, he picked up James' spear, stood up with effort, and turned toward us. I saw that he was sprayed with the deer's blood too but, from the way he leaned on the spear when he stood up, I knew that he was injured somewhere.

"Where are you hurt?" I asked.

He looked down and pointed at his left side, near his groin. "Right here," he said. "The deer kicked me. It's not bad. My loincloth saved me."

I saw a long scrape, from near his navel, down barely missing his genitals, and on down his left thigh. The area on his stomach was covered with dirt and a little blood. The blood was oozing out of Iain's abraded skin.

Anna quickly took charge. She went to him, dropped down on her knees in front of him, held him by both hips, and inspected the wound. Then she put one hand over his genitals, held them to one side, and felt the area around the wound with one finger.

"There's not much swelling yet but there will be later," she said, looking at me. "We need to get him clean and put him to bed with a cold compress and something for pain. Is there any water nearby?"

There were streams everywhere but I knew there were none close by.

"The shower at home is the closest," I said. "I can carry him home. You come with me and let James stay with the deer. You can take care of Iain and I'll come back for the deer."

"No, David," Iain said. "I can walk. Let Anna and James help me home. You bring the deer."

He and James had killed the deer and were obviously proud of their accomplishment. He didn't want to relinquish control over their kill yet.

**“Are you sure you can walk? Show me.” I said.**

**He hobbled around in a small circle, stooped and shuffling almost like an old man. With Anna and James on each side supporting him, I believed he would be able to walk and I knew he was determined to be a man and get home walking.**

**“OK, we’ll do it your way,” I said.**

**“We’ve got to take some pictures first,” James said, holding out his tablet to me. “David, can you take them?”**

**“Yeah, but let me arrange the pose first,” I said.**

**I pulled James close by Iain’s side, laid the deer in front of both of them, then put the two rabbits in front of the deer. I was about to walk away when I realized I should say something to show I was proud of them. I faced them, put a hand on each of their shoulders, and said it:**

**“It’s good to have two men like you by my side.”**

**I walked back to Anna, took the tablet, and stood for a moment looking at them. Iain and James were both standing up straight, James, in loincloth and moccasins, with his spear in his right hand pointing up and my knives in his left hand, Iain, naked except for moccasins, with his bow and arrows in his hands, and both smiling as widely as possible. The deer, a young doe, and two rabbits were arranged at their feet. I had just raised the tablet to take a picture when Anna spoke to Iain.**

**“Iain, do you want to put your loincloth back on?” she asked.**

**“I can’t,” he responded. “The deer broke the waist strap.”**

**“Would you like mine?” I asked.**

**“No, I’m OK like I am,” he answered, lifting his head and standing up straighter and taller.**

**“Well, wait a minute and I’ll take mine off too,” James said, standing up tall and proud too.**

He put his weapons down, untied the waist strap on his loincloth, tossed it to one side, picked up his weapons, and then turned back to face me. He and Iain were both standing up straight, holding their heads high with big grins on their faces. They were both tanned all over and the white stripes around their middles were gone. They were both slim and muscular, hair long and wild, penises and testicles full and heavy, and body and arms and legs long and slim. They looked like naked savages, proud of their first kill. I was proud of them too.

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In the days after her arrival, Anna and I grew more in love every day and made love almost every night. I was learning what real love for someone else was like and what it was like to be loved by her. I couldn't imagine ever being happier than I was with her.

I soon learned a few important facts about women's, especially Anna's, sexual nature. First, I learned that her sexual arousal took much longer than mine so I made sure there was a long period of foreplay in our love-making. Second, I learned that she could reach orgasm much easier when she was in control so we often made love with her on top of me. I easily provided an erect penis; she rode it until she came. Third, I learned that my tongue was as good as my penis in bringing her to orgasm. Perhaps it was even better because I could invariably bring her to a good orgasm by using my tongue on her clitoris for a long period of time. I liked to do it and afterwards she typically demanded that I mount her and let my beast loose.

We kept a chair in our sleeping chamber now because of something that happened one night soon after her arrival. I awakened to find her gone, waited a few minutes, holding a stiff penis that wanted attention, and then went looking for her. She was in Aimee's room and the two of them were talking. They were both naked, two beautiful naked women at ease with each other, talking girl talk. I stood and looked at them and listened for a moment without saying anything.

"I think David has brought you something, Anna," Aimee said, giggling like a young girl. "Perhaps you should lead him back to bed. A man can be led anywhere by his penis."

**“You’re so right, Aimee,” Anna said. “But I think I’ll just take care of it in front of you if you don’t mind. I’m going for a ride.”**

**“Oh, I do not mind,” Aimee said. “I always like to watch. I am learning so much from what all of you do.”**

**Anna made me sit down in a chair and then straddled my legs. I put my hands on her hips and let her assume control. She held her pussy open with her fingers and then slowly worked her way down on my penis until her thighs were resting on mine. She groaned pleasurably with each downward push as my penis went deeper and deeper into her. I groaned just as loudly.**

**With as much of my penis in her as possible in our positions, she sat for a moment with her eyes closed and a smile on her face. Then she started her ride at a leisurely walk that changed into a trot and then into an all-out gallop toward the finish line. Suddenly she stopped, put her hands under her breasts, and lifted them to my mouth.**

**“Suck,” she whispered through clenched teeth.**

**I obeyed for a moment while she sat still on me. Then she returned to her ride and I couldn’t bend my neck fast enough to continue. I sat there looking up at her face, lips clenched, forehead furrowed, and listening to her breath rasping in and out of her nostrils.**

**She stopped again. “Suck more!” she said, holding both breasts up toward my mouth.**

**I sucked first one and then the other of her erect nipples while she moaned and squirmed. I wasn’t close to coming. I wanted to resist the urge to squirt my semen into her until she had crossed the finish line. When she did, I was afraid she was going to hurt one or both of us with her final dash. I felt her pussy clenching strongly again and again around my penis until she slowly subsided into stillness.**

**“Fuck!” she commanded, still sitting astride me, arms around my neck. I tried but I couldn’t move or get up with her weight on my thighs.**

**“Fuck, I said!” she groaned. “Take me to bed and fuck me!”**

I wrapped my arms tightly around her, braced my feet under our combined center of gravity, and managed to stand. She wrapped her legs tightly around me and I carried her to our bed chamber. She kept me wrapped up in her arms and legs while I lowered her down, still with my penis in her pussy.

“Good,” she said with her mouth next to my ear. “Now fuck me! Let your fucking beast loose and fuck me! I want to be fucked without mercy.”

I did as she commanded. I put my arms under her with my hands curved around her shoulders so she couldn't get away from the fucking I intended to give her. She wrapped her arms around my chest, locked her ankles over my ass, and fastened her leech-mouth on my neck. I quickly let my beast loose, my mind shut down, my penis assumed control, and I pounded into her for a couple of minutes until my body erupted in a long series of pulses and I held still with my penis buried to my testicles in her pussy.

“Ummm, good,” she groaned. “That's what I wanted.”

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During those wonderful days after Anna's arrival, the four of us often went exploring. We usually wore clothing to protect ourselves from the briars and brush and carried spears, more as walking aids than for protection. Sometimes we carried bows and arrows but we saw nothing big enough to warrant their use. I often carried a machete to clear brush and vines and briars because I was the one who had the strength to swing it. When I offered to let Iain carry Big Boy and Little Boy for an excursion, he was as pleased as James had been. After that, a different one of the four of us carried them each time. Anna refused to defer to our male desire to carry weapons and insisted on her turn carrying my knives. She always carried a spear and was learning to throw it. She was as good as any of us three guys in using a bow and arrows.

At Iain's suggestion, Aimee began helping us map the mountain. On every excursion, we took a tablet with us and, when it was placed in its recharging dock, she downloaded all sorts of information such as altitude and orientation and paths followed. Eventually she will have a complete data base of our mountain, including pictures, of

significant rock formations, caves, trees, coast line, and edible fruit and nut trees.

On almost every expedition we found something new. We found the olive grove and later spent a day clearing away most of the brush under the trees. I knew nothing about olives and their gathering but the trees looked loaded with olives to me. When we returned home at the end of the day, I used Aimee's resources to research how to harvest olives and how to process them into oil or to store them in brine. Then I dragged the olive oil press out of its corner and made sure it was in good working order.

On another of our expeditions down the South side of the mountain, we found a small orchard of fruit trees. Some of the trees were loaded with a fruit that was just beginning to ripen. It was similar to a nectarine except that it was solid red and very sweet. We named it Reds. We all gorged ourselves on Reds and then carried a big load home.

On another exploration up the mountain, we found an orchard of apple trees with immature green fruit and brought some home. We ate sparingly of those and started checking the ripening process every ten days or so.

On still another expedition, we found a cave containing a treasure trove: bat guano. The entrance to the cave was a big one and provided enough light for us to explore a short distance inside. I led the way until a huge boulder almost blocked the passage, then climbed up on the rock, invoked the cool response, and tried to see what lay ahead. Suddenly my feet shot out from under me and I slid down the rock a short distance until I was stopped by a soft loamy substance. I soon realized that I was sitting in a huge pile of bat shit. Anna called my name and I told her I was OK. I looked overhead but didn't see the bats which should have been there during the day. I looked down at the black guano and didn't see any insects feeding on it. I quickly realized that I had fallen in a huge pile of fertilizer for our garden, one that might have been inactive for years. All we had to do was to haul it back to our garden.

We made a big raft from bamboo as large as my thigh and put it in the large lake at the bottom of the mountain. Then the next day, we poled the raft around the lake and used the fishing equipment that had been provided for us. The lake was teeming with fish and we caught all we

wanted to carry home. James had never used a casting reel and rod but he learned quickly and caught a couple of large fish. Iain caught three. Anna caught the biggest one and fought it for a few minutes before landing it. I had never heard her squeal with excitement that way before and I couldn't help but laugh. I was content to pole the raft and let them catch the fish.

With three willing helpers, I finally finished my first big project, outdoors near the fire-pit. Anna called it a gazebo and I suppose that was as good a name as any. I used four huge bamboo poles, as big as my thigh for the corners, and then used eight smaller poles as the top and bottom connecting cross pieces. Two of the bottom crosspieces were raised about half a meter off the ground and then connected with a lot of smaller bamboo poles for support for the mattress. On top of it all, on the East and West sides, I slanted two more poles together and connected the two side triangles with a single pole at the top. Finally, on top of it all, we tied smaller bamboo poles, laid tightly close together and extending beyond the perimeter of the rectangle. I had no intention of making anything impervious to rain; I wanted to build something where we could rest outdoors in the shade. When it was finished, I sent Iain and James for a single big mattress. They placed it between the corner posts and immediately flopped down on it. I made them move over so Anna and I could lie down with them. It was crowded but it was shady and comfortable.

We returned to the site for our larger garden on the South side of the mountain and began the construction of another long curved terrace. Our first chore was clearing the land of trees and vegetation. I chopped down the larger trees and, with a little instruction, Iain whacked the smaller ones. James and Anna piled the limbs over big tree stumps to burn later. I knew that would kill the tree stumps and provide fertilizer for the land. We laid the tree trunks in curved lines where I wanted to build a rock wall someday. Within a few days, we had the second of the terraces cleared. As soon as the third terrace was completed, I wanted to begin to level enough soil for three or four rows of planting so we could plant corn. That would best be done in the colder months since cutting tree roots and shoveling soil would generate enough warmth no matter how cold the temperature.

After our day of work on the garden, we all staggered into the shower, exhausted and hungry but pleased with our work. Anna and I had been talking about doing something new when we showered. The three of us gave James a thorough scrubbing first, Iain second, Anna

next, and me last. Iain and James seemed to accept it, not as something erotic, but as a way of showing affection and friendship. Anna threatened us with a thump if we got a hard-on when helping her. It's good she didn't mean it; she would have worn out her finger. I liked the closeness and friendship of bathing together and was determined to make familial bathing a part of our normal life when the other sixteen were with us.

Our life was about one-third playing and two-thirds working. We had the usual chores of setting the rabbit snares and then checking them, picking vegetables from the garden, and getting fish from the fish trap or the lake. We were all accustomed to our diet of venison and fish and rabbits with lots of fresh fruit and vegetables. As free of fats, except olive oil, as our diet was, we all were slim and healthy. I felt better than I ever had before coming to our new world and Anna said she felt the same way.

Iain sang for us every few days and mesmerized Anna with his songs. One evening we learned how he had met Caitlyn. He was singing at the school he attended and he had included "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in his program. When he sang it, he usually asked one young girl to come on stage so he could sing it to her. He saw Caitlyn in the audience and cajoled her into joining him on stage. Before the song was over, he knew he wanted to get to know her and then their relationship had taken its usual course. He said she stole his heart away.

Iain also entertained us occasionally with more programs from radio station I-A-I-N. His programs were mainly classical, Broadway musicals, and golden oldies. Anna and I enjoyed almost all of his productions. James tolerated them. We all suffered through the occasional opera.

We also greeted the dawn or the sunset on occasion. Iain chose some short musical piece for us, usually classical, and then sang in his beautiful tenor voice. On one occasion, he and James sang together: Many a New Day from a musical called Oklahoma. Anna loved their performance.

We went to the swimming beach occasionally, usually in the afternoon after working in the morning, and we quickly became accustomed to swimming in the nude. We played games in the clear water and, since there were four of us, fought battles with two of us

on the shoulders of the other two. Anna and James were the smallest so they were usually on my shoulders or on Iain's. At first Iain was reluctant to try to get Anna on his shoulders but his strength had progressed so much that he succeeded.

We visited another area, wilder and more rugged, with huge boulders interspersed in a rocky beach, with a strong breeze blowing, and with rough breakers rolling in. We spent an hour or so diving in a protected area for shellfish to carry home. I wanted to try something like the bouillabaisse I had eaten in France. My cooking didn't yield anything like my L'Héritier grandmother's but, with tomatoes and onions and mushrooms as the base, we all approved of the result.

On another trip, Iain and James collected some little white seashells and, when we returned home, they spent hours boring holes in them. They made four short necklaces, one for each of us, and then they made Anna another larger one with a collection of wildly-colorful seashells. Anna was pleased with it and wore it with the small white one. The necklaces gave her even more of an earth mother look.

One evening James came to me with the answer to something I had tasked him to do: decide how we would keep our calendar. After a little thought, I agreed with him. Since every day was the same for us, with no days set aside to rest from work and no day to waste on worship, there was no need to name the days and no need for weeks. Simple numbers would suffice to keep up with days and months. Anna and Iain agreed that our convention would be day, month, and year in numbers. It was as simple as could be. Aimee agreed and then rearranged her calendar to use it.

I had arrived on 15-03-01 so I had been here about four months, Iain and James and Anna about three, two, and one month respectively. So far, I had heard no one complain about being here or wanting to return. Iain wanted to stay if only Caitlyn could come to him.

No matter what we did each day, one thing was the same: weapons training. I started with one weapon I was most familiar with and, when they reached a fair degree of competence, I moved on to another one. By the time twenty-four days had elapsed, I was confident that they could use the basic weapons and help to defend themselves. They were by no means expert but they seemed comfortable with the challenges I gave them.

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Finally, twenty-six days after Anna's arrival, I decided to venture an excursion on the isthmus connecting our mountain to the mainland, beyond the shield of protection that Anna maintained over us. I wanted to explore the isthmus and some of the mainland and I was reasonably sure that the others could do their part in protecting us. The isthmus was largely bare of vegetation and I thought we could easily see any dangerous animals. The mainland was one large green forested area and I knew that we might not see them as easily.

After supper one night, I explained to the others again how Aimee maintained a shield over the entire mountain which prevented the entry of large animals or birds, so we were relatively safe under her protection. I told them about the large raptor bird which thought it could make a meal from my carcass and how it had failed in its first attempt but almost succeeded in its second. That left their mouths hanging open. As fantastic as the shield over the entire mountain was, none of them questioned Aimee's ability to create a safe environment for us.

The four of us, in full Robin Hood regalia and carrying an arsenal of weapons, set off early the next morning. The trail we followed led from the South side of the mountain where we lived to the Northwest and it was after mid-morning before we left the forest and arrived at the isthmus.

"I've given Aimee instructions to let all of you leave the shield but please don't do it without me," I said. "I don't know what dangers are out there so I want you to listen carefully to my instructions."

"Yes, sir. Aye, Aye, sir," James said loudly. Iain saw me frown at James and slapped him gently on the back of the head. James gave him the finger as usual. They were both smiling as usual.

"First of all, you can always tell when you are crossing Aimee's boundary. It will feel like a big charge of static electricity. It won't hurt you but every hair on your head may stand up. When we cross the boundary, pay attention to the way it feels so you'll know when you've crossed back under it. When we're on the isthmus, I want Iain to stay about ten feet to my right and behind me. I want James to stay about ten feet to my left and behind me. Anna, I want you to stay somewhere behind me, between the two of them. Understood?"

**Three heads nodded in response. I continued.**

**“If I see danger, I’m going to yell ‘GO’. I want you to quickly and quietly walk back toward the boundary. Don’t panic. Don’t trip and break a leg. Just hurry back under the shield.”**

**I got three more nodding heads.**

**“If I yell ‘GO, RUN’ I want you to drop everything and run like hell. I’ll be behind you. Don’t look back. Just run as fast as you can.”**

**Three more nodding heads.**

**“You all know what happens to me when there’s danger. With my heightened senses, I’m going to be your best source of protection. You are not to worry about me. Do you understand?”**

**Three more nodding heads.**

**“OK. I want you to hold down on the talking. Be as quiet as you can. I’ve been out here before any of you arrived and I saw signs of pigs. Maybe we’ll see a turtle. Both are good eating but just watch out for anything that would provide food for us.”**

**When we started out on the isthmus, the boundary was easy to recognize: every hair on the four of us stood up. After that, we found our way through boulders, large at first, gradually diminishing in size. The south side of the isthmus was largely sand and was easier walking except for all the driftwood.**

**The chance of danger had provoked the cool response in all my senses and I heard the grunting noise before the others. I held my hand up and we all stood listening.**

**“Pigs,” Iain whispered.**

**I nodded and motioned for the others to gather around me.**

**“I think it’s a sow with a litter of little ones,” I whispered. “The sow’s probably too big for us to carry back but the little ones are probably OK. Do you want to see if we can get one?”**

**Three more nodding heads.**

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**We didn't have roasted suckling pig for dinner that night. The one we brought back was too large to be a suckling pig anyway. At the first stream we crossed on our way back up the mountain, I field dressed the porker. Iain and James held her by her front legs and pulled in opposite directions while I slit her from under her chin down to her you know what. All I wanted to pull out of her was her digestive tract from her throat all the way down to her asshole. I wanted to keep the liver and heart and some organ parts so I could eat them and maybe somebody else would too. With Iain holding the pig up, Anna cutting with Little Boy, and James pulling the two sides apart, I managed to pull the guts out and let the stream take them away. Nobody puked at the sight or smell of the porker's innards but I think James was close.**

**I held the pig's hind legs and carried the porker all the way back up the mountain. I had been through training exercises with a fifty-pound backpack but the pig weighed more and I was exhausted when we finally arrived home just before dark. I wasn't the only one. The others seemed hardly able to put one foot in front of the other. Then when we staggered inside our home, we got a surprise which made us forget how tired we were. I quickly took the pig to the kitchen cooler and returned to where the others were looking in wonder at the latest arrival.**

**It was a large shipment of boxes in a neat stack in the center hallway. The stack was about two meters high, about three wide, about five long and was wrapped in a tough plastic covering. I used Little Boy to carefully cut away the plastic. James started to wad it up but I made him start folding it up so we could save it to wrap food for the freezer.**

**We were all delighted when we learned what was in the boxes: flour, cornmeal, oats, barley, peas, beans, buttermilk, whole milk, cheeses, yeast, baking powder, vinegar, pepper, and salt, and some other stuff I didn't recognize. Everything had been dehydrated and compressed, even the vinegar. On each box there were instructions in English and French on how to reconstitute the contents.**

**Between two of the boxes, Anna found an envelope with Iain's name on it. She showed it to me and then handed it to him. He opened the envelope, retrieved a single sheet of paper, read it quickly, and then**

closed his eyes and smiled. He lowered the paper and I glanced at it. Even upside down, I saw a neat script in horizontal rows but written in an alphabet that looked nothing like any I was familiar with. When he opened his eyes, they were almost overflowing with tears. We were dying to know what the message said. James asked him first.

“It’s from my mother,” Iain said. “She arranged to have the food shipped to us. She told my father she was going to do it and he said it was OK with him. She says he loves me and he’s sorry. She says she loves me and always will and wishes me well.”

He stopped, closed his eyes, shook his head slowly from side to side, and breathed deeply a few times.

“Is that all?” James asked. “What about Caitlyn?”

“She’s coming to be with me,” Iain said, grinning with tears in his eyes.

## Chapter Twenty

I waited until after breakfast the next morning to butcher our little porker. I commandeered three helpers because I wanted them to get their hands on what we were going to eat. I didn’t want them to merely watch and ask questions. Here’s a sample of the questions they asked.

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“Crack the skull?” asked James. “Why do you want me to help you do that?”

“Tomorrow morning, we’re going to have a big breakfast of eggs scrambled with brains with a big pile of hash-brown potatoes. It’s delicious and nutritious. I’m going to be doing some hard manual labor tomorrow and that will give me energy. You’re going to help me work. You might as well get used to eating stuff like that.”

“Yuk.” From James, looking at Anna to see what she said.

“He’s right, James. I’ve eaten things like that too.” Anna said. “You and Iain should get used to eating all sorts of strange things in this

**new world. We're all going to be working hard tomorrow. We want to expand our garden area."**

**"Well, if Iain eats that stuff, I guess I can too."**

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**"David, why did you save all the stuff from the head, like the tongue and ears and neck?" Iain asked.**

**"Because we're going to make what the old country folks call head cheese. We're going to cook everything down until it's very tender, chop it up, season it with lots of vinegar and salt and pepper, put it in the cooler until it's cold and has jelled, and then we're going to slice it and eat it. It's delicious."**

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**"Don't tell me we're going to eat all those internal organs, like heart and liver and lungs?" Anna this time.**

**"Yep, I'm going to brown a big pile of bones and some lean scraps of meat and lots of onion in olive oil, simmer that for a while, then throw in some of the chopped-up organs, add some potatoes, and make a rich brown stew. That's what we're going to have for dinner tonight. It's delicious."**

**"You can eat it if you want to," James again, grinning at me. "I'm not going to eat that stuff."**

**I knew he was being playful. With his appetite, I knew he would eat the pig's oink if he could.**

**"That's all we'll have for dinner, James. That and some bread if somebody wants to make it. Do you want to go hungry? I told you we've got to get used to eating like our ancestors did if we're going to survive."**

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**"Why did you save all that fat?" Iain again. "Don't tell me we're going to eat that too. I thought it was supposed to be bad for us."**

**"I'm going to render the fat down into pure animal fat. It's called lard. We can eat it occasionally in cooking. Have you ever had corn bread made with lard and cracklings? It's great with a big glass of cold butter milk."**

**“What’s cracklings?” from James.**

**“It’s the little browned bits that are left when we render the lard out of the cubes you’re going to cut the fat into.”**

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**“Well, when are we going to eat the meat, I mean the really good parts, like pork chops and ham?” Anna again.**

**“Maybe a couple of nights from now. I thought we might cook one of the hind legs, the hams. We can build a fire in the fire pit outdoors and cook it and eat it out there. You and the guys can decide what to have for the rest of the meal. Somebody’s got to volunteer to turn the spit. We can all lounge around in the gazebo like ancient Romans and maybe eat lying down.”**

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**“Where did you learn to do stuff like that, when you butcher a pig, I mean?” James again.”**

**“My parents first brought me back to the U. S. when I was five and after that I lived in a small rural community, James. Some of the old folks still raised their own pigs and killed them when the weather got cold. I’ve seen it done. If my father was home, he and my mother helped them. Grandfather and Grandmother did too. Sometimes they invited my grandparents to dinner because they knew they loved eating country stuff and they invited Mother and me too. Sometimes they gave some of the different parts of the pig to Mother, to repay her for helping them. She was a nurse and she never asked for pay when she had to sew up a cut or something like that.”**

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**They all ate the stew I made from the organs and decided it was delicious. The bread, like French baguettes, made by Anna and Iain and James was great with a big bowl of stew. I was sitting there, content, with a big bellyful of stew and bread and dreading my next task. I knew it was time I talked to Iain.**

**“Anna, would you and James clean the kitchen tonight? Iain, could I talk to you?” I asked. “Let’s take a walk outside.”**

James looked at me and I shook my head. "I need to talk to Iain alone, James. Would you entertain Anna while we're gone? We won't be long."

I knew from my military service that I should never reprimand a subordinate in the presence of others. On the rare occasion when I had chastised a soldier, I usually asked him to take a walk with me and I quietly told him what he had done wrong. I didn't want to embarrass Iain when he thought he was helping me.

I looked at Anna and saw that she had got the message too. "May I tell James about the time you killed the rattlesnake?" she asked.

I smiled and nodded.

Outside, on the terrace, I climbed up to the highest level, where there was room for only a few people, and Iain followed me. All the day's light had gone from the sky but there was enough moonlight and starlight to see where we were going. The summer temperature was still warm enough to be comfortable with just a loin-cloth. The rock surface of the terrace was warm under my feet. The breeze was blowing up the mountain again as the land cooled in the night air. It was good to be alive.

I sat down on one of the sitting rocks someone had shaped for us and pointed to another one close by for Iain to sit.

"Iain, I'm very angry with you," I said. "Yesterday you did not obey my orders when we were on the isthmus."

He knew what I was talking about. "David, I wanted to help you. That sow was dangerous and you know it. It was probably twice as big as you. If it had got to you, perhaps I could have used my spear and made it leave you alone."

"Iain, I was a lieutenant in the Army. When I gave men under my command an order, I expected them to obey me without question. I told you to go and run and to get James and Anna back behind the barrier. I didn't ask for your help."

"Well, I told you once that you can't just order me around. I can think for myself. I wanted to help."

**“Iain, suppose the sow had gored me and killed me. Who would take care of James and Anna? Who would be the leader for all the others who are going to come here?”**

**He didn’t answer me.**

**“Iain, I was chosen to lead this group of people because of certain abilities I have. I told you how I killed seven men in about a minute with one shot each. I was able to do that only because of those abilities. When my life or the life of those under my command is in danger, something happens to me. Anna thinks it’s an extreme case of the flight or fight response. I call it being cool. My sight and hearing are greatly enhanced and I can see and hear things you never could. My strength and reflexes are also greatly enhanced. I haven’t tried it but when I’m cool I feel like I’ve got the strength of maybe three men. To me, the world is moving in slow motion and I’m responding at normal speed. In actuality, I respond so fast I can kill a rattlesnake with my bare hands. Get Anna to tell you about the time I did just that when we go back inside.”**

**He still just sat there looking at me.**

**“Right now, you’re my second in command, Iain. When we’re outside the barrier, I expect you to follow my orders as if you were a soldier under my command. I’m depending on you to care for the others if anything happens to me.”**

**“But you were in danger when the sow charged you; weren’t you? I didn’t see you do anything to protect yourself.”**

**“Iain, I was cool, as cool as I’ve ever been. To me, that sow was charging in slow motion. She was no threat to me. I waited until she was almost on me and then I stepped to one side and stabbed her in the butt with my spear. I wanted to make her mad at me. I knew she couldn’t run with her hooves on the rocks like I can with bare feet. When I ran up on the top of that big rock, I looked around to see where her little porkers were and which one we were going to take home with us. Then I saw you coming back and I had to worry about you. I didn’t need that.”**

**“I’m sorry, David. I didn’t understand. I didn’t know you could do stuff like that.”**

**“Iain, I mean it. Right now, you’ve got to be second in command. You’ve got to be ready to assume leadership of this group. When all the guys are here, we might choose someone else to act as another protector. I’m trying to train you because I think you can do it but you’ve got to follow my orders without thinking when we’re outside the barrier. If we’re safe here inside Aimee’s shield, you don’t have to obey me. You can think for yourself then.”**

**“What if you don’t have time to give me an order?” he asked. Or maybe you’re hurt and can’t give me an order? Do you want me to think for myself then?”**

**“Of course, and I trust you enough to know you’ll do the best you can.”**

**He was silent for a while. I was too because I thought I’d done my best to convince him to obey me when we were outside the barrier.**

**“I apologize, David. You’re right. I won’t do it again. If we’re in a dangerous situation, I’ll do what you tell me from now on.” He smiled at me. “But I didn’t know I was second in command.”**

**“Well, you are, even when we’re behind the barrier. You’re my friend, Iain, and I need your help. I need someone I can trust, someone who knows stuff I don’t and can help me do what’s right for the group. Are you ready to go back inside?”**

**“Yeah, I want Anna to tell me about the time you killed the rattlesnake with your bare hands.”**

**I stood up, offered him a hand, and then pulled him up. We started down the steps to the lower level of the terrace. I wanted to begin to explore this new world of ours and I wanted to be sure that the ones who went with me would do what I said.**

**“I’m thinking of making another trip out on the isthmus sometime soon. Maybe we’ll do a one-day excursion. The moon’s full in a few days and I think we can come back up the mountain after dark. After that, I want to go all the way across to the forested area on the other side, possibly an overnight trip,” I said. “Whatever we do, I’d like to do it soon before Caitlyn comes to be with us. If we go again in a few days, do you think you can follow orders?”**

**“Yes, David,” he said, and punched me gently on the shoulder. “I can and I will. But why can’t we just wait and let Caitlyn go with us?”**

**“Think about it,” I said. “If Caitlyn is like a delicate young girl, do you want to put her in a dangerous situation? She should stay here on the mountain, behind the shield, and you should probably stay with her. Now, do you want to go before she comes?”**

**“Yeah,” he said, grinning.**

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**The next day we worked from early in the morning until almost dark, with a break for food, clearing more land for a larger garden. The others helped me without complaining and almost without me telling them what to do. I was pleased that they were becoming self-starters when it came to work. We staggered in late and ate more stew with bread and tomato salad - tomatoes cut into chunks and dressed with olive oil and vinegar. Everybody dipped bread in the salad juices and moaned about how good it was.**

**We stayed home the next day. We did our morning exercises outdoors in the nude as usual and we started with something that Iain and James and I had been practicing, three-tier accordion pushups. I suppose we wanted to impress Anna.**

**I was on the bottom, resting on my stomach, my legs slightly spread, my arms ready to pushup. Iain was the next tier in a reversed position, lying on my back with his hands holding on to my ankles and his feet on my shoulders, his arms ready to pushup. James was on Iain’s back, again in a reversed position, with his hands on Iain’s ankles, ready to push up, and his feet on Iain’s shoulders.**

**Anna waited patiently while we all got in position. The three of us counted down and said ready, I gave the OK to go, and we all three did a pushup at the same time. We did five accordion pushups this time, a new record, before Anna goosed me in the ribs and we collapsed in a heap.**

**Anna showed us a stretching exercise that she learned as a girl in a dancing class. She coaxed Iain and James to sit facing each other chest to chest, James with his legs over Iain’s. She sat down behind Iain with her feet against his hips. I sat down behind James with my feet on his butt. She and James locked their hands together and Iain and I did the same. She leaned back and pulled on James’ arms. When**

she relaxed, I pulled on Iain's arms. We see-sawed back and forth for a minute or so.

"When we did it in our dancing class, we didn't have one set of legs over the other," she said. "Our legs were against each other and extended straight to each side. That's the way girls do it."

I had to think for a few seconds to visualize what she was telling us. James understood.

"I'll try it that way, Anna," he said, leering at her. "Would you let me do it with you?"

Afterward breakfast, Anna and I prepared something new – tomato sauce for pasta. I didn't want to try to make spaghetti but with hundreds, maybe thousands, of different shapes of pasta, I thought we could make something on which to ladle the sauce.

Tomatoes were getting ripe faster than we could eat them. We blanched a big pile so we could remove the skins, chopped them up, sautéed lots of onions and garlic in olive oil, chopped some deer meat into small chunks, browned them, and threw the combination in a big pot to simmer most of the day.

Iain and James ran the rabbit trail while we were cooking. They almost always brought in one or two and sometimes even skinned them and put the hide in a frame to dry. They usually took their foraging bags with them and, with the aid of a tablet, usually found something for us to try to eat.

After cleaning the kitchen, I washed my hands and stood watching Anna as she put everything away. Then she stood on tiptoe to hang the big frying pan on its hook - long legs, beautiful *derrière* barely covered by her loin cloth, uplifted breasts, slender arms reaching up - and I felt my heart swell with love for her, with a little lust thrown in. I walked up behind her, cupped her breasts in my hands, and kissed her on her cheek.

"I love you, Anna," I said. "I love you so much it hurts sometimes."

She put her hands over mine and pressed them against her breasts.

"I'm glad, David," she said. "I love you too, you know."

"Yes, I know. When we make love and we both come at the same time and we seem to merge into one, I can feel your love for me then as

**much as I can feel my own love for you. It feels like it's our love which unites us and makes us one. Do you feel the same way?"**

**"Yes, David. It's wonderful; isn't it?"**

**"Yeah. I want to say it again. I don't know why I'm feeling it so much but I just want to say it. I love you, Anna. I love you and I'm glad you love me."**

**"I'm just glad we're together, David. I thought I'd lost you."**

**"Do you ever wish you were back there, still working as a nurse, not here, living without most of the things we took for granted?"**

**"No, David. As long as I have you, I'm content to be here. It's going to be a grand adventure. We're going to have a wonderful life together. With love, we can create our own world with everything that's important."**

**She turned so that we were facing each other, slid her hands under my loin cloth, quickly pulled on my buttocks, pressed her soft warm breasts against my chest, and nestled her head under my chin. I wrapped my arms around her, slid my hands under her loin cloth, and pulled her closer to me. We both breathed deeply a couple of times and then stood there just holding each other. I shut my eyes and maybe she did too. What we were doing could have been erotic but it wasn't. All I felt was a love for her that was all encompassing.**

**After a moment, I heard something and I knew Iain and James were back. I waited, expecting one of them to say something, but, when I opened my eyes, whoever it was had gone back out in the hallway.**

**"You can come back in," I said. "Did we get any rabbits?"**

**James quietly walked back into the kitchen, holding his foraging sack with something in it. Anna and I were still holding each other. He stopped and stood there looking at us and grinning.**

**"We got two rabbits," he said. "Iain's putting them in the cooler. I've got some tubers. Iain's tablet said they're good to eat. What are you two doing?"**

**<><>>**

**After dinner that night, I told Iain and James that Anna and I wanted to talk to them. James asked if we could go to the lounge area. I knew why. He wanted to sit next to Anna again.**

**Anna sat down on one of the couches and James plopped down beside her. His thigh was against hers and his hand was on her knee. Her arm was over his shoulders. He leaned against her and smiled contentedly. I checked but I didn't see anything sticking up under his loin cloth. I had told her of his need to be touched and asked if she could show affection for him that way. She understood and agreed.**

**Iain was on the floor, arms crossed on his chest, knees raised, feet tucked under a couch, doing some very-slow sit-ups. He was determined to develop a six-pack stomach like mine.**

**I was also on the floor in a position identical to Iain's, matching his sit-ups. I usually did the exercises with him and sometimes James joined us. Tonight James was teasingly critical of the way Iain and I had done our pushups. He said we should lower our bodies until our dicks touched the floor.**

**We were all dressed, or perhaps undressed, the same, wearing loin-cloths and barefooted. Anna wasn't reluctant to let them see her naked body but I knew she felt more comfortable with a loin-cloth most of the time. I understood and she and I usually wore one even indoors. Iain and James followed our lead without being asked. When we moved or if there was a strong wind blowing, the loin-cloths didn't hide anything anyway.**

**When Iain finished his exercises, he stood up and showed off. He took a couple of deep breaths to expand his chest and then showed us his biceps and chest and shoulders. He now had clearly defined muscles.**

**"You've made good progress since you came here, Iain," I said. "You and James don't look soft anymore. You're both leaner and more muscular."**

**"Show us yours, David," James pleaded.**

**I was reluctant to do it since I didn't want to show up Iain but, when Anna and both guys asked me to do it, I did. I stood up, breathed deeply a few times, and then assumed the same pose as Iain.**

**"Hot damn, he's got muscles on his muscles," James said. "I've never seen anything like'em."**

**“Yeah, damn, I’ll never get mine developed like that,” Iain said. He flopped down in a chair and his loin cloth flipped up and gave us all another quick peek at his genitals. I understood Anna’s desire to cover herself up a little but loin cloths didn’t hide much.**

**“Iain, it’s taken me years of exercise to develop mine,” I said. “Do you remember what yours were like when you came here three months ago? You’ve changed a lot since then.”**

**James stood up and motioned for me to take a seat next to Anna. I sat. His loin cloth came off and fell on the floor. He just shrugged and didn’t make an effort to pick it up. He turned sideways to us and I knew he was about to do something.**

**He held his arm up to show us his bicep but then he cheated. He put his fist on the side of his arm away from us and pushed. The effect was to make his muscle appear to be much larger than it really was. He looked at us, showed us his biggest smile, and then stuck his tongue out at us. His mouth was wide open with his white upper teeth showing and his tongue was extended down covering his chin. The look on his face was one of joyous mischief.**

**“He’s so beautiful, David,” Anna whispered. “If he’s like that when he grows up, he’s going to have ten girls fighting over him.”**

**“Ten?” I questioned. “You too?”**

**“Yes, David,” she answered. “I’ve already got my man so I know I’ve got to let somebody else have him. If I was his age, I’d love to spread my legs for him.”**

**I looked at him appraisingly. Long lean legs, tight little butt, testicles drawn up in a neat pouch, a man’s penis not erect but standing out firmly, flat stomach, already wide shoulders, and most of all his face with its almost ever-present grin. His face showed the delight and mischief and joy that were almost always bubbling over. He was a pleasure to have around. He wasn’t my son but I was proud of him anyway.**

**“Would you like to let him make love to you, Anna,” I whispered. “I won’t object. Maybe you can show him what real love is like between a man and a woman.”**

**“Hush, David,” she said. “He’s listening.”**

**I looked at his face and saw that he was serious now, maybe trying to hear what we were talking about.**

**“David, can I ask you and Anna something?” James said.**

**“You just did and yes you may,” I answered.**

**“OK. May I ask you and Anna something?”**

**“Yes, James, you may,” Anna said. “Shut up, David.”**

**“Well, this morning when Iain and I came back from running the rabbit snares, you two were holding each other in the kitchen, just standing there with your eyes closed, as close to each other, I guess, as you could get. What were you doing? What were you thinking about?”**

**I looked at Anna to see if she wanted to answer his question.**

**“James, David and I love each other,” Anna said. “Holding each other like that is just one way of expressing that love. A man and a woman can love each other totally, with absolute honesty and trust, with complete surrender to each other. That’s all we were doing.”**

**“Yeah, but I don’t understand love. I guess I love Iain but I’ve never thought of us just standing there holding each other,” he said.**

**“James, I suppose love is a mystery to me too,” I said. “I love you but it’s nothing like the way I love Anna. When the four of us played together, we were just having fun, having sex too but just playing and having fun. With Anna, it’s very different. I think we totally meld into one entity sometimes when we make love. I’ve completely surrendered to loving her for the rest of my life. I know we’re going to have children together. I want to protect her and our children and provide for them and love them. I want to create a family with her. I hope someday you’ll find a woman that you feel that way about and you can marry her and create your own family. You’ll understand then.”**

**“James, there are all sorts and degrees of love,” Anna said. “There’s a mother’s love for her children. There’s a boy’s love for his pet beagle. There’s the love I feel for you and Iain. You’re both easy to love, you**

know. But nothing approaches the love I feel for David. Someday I hope you'll feel that same sort of love when you find the woman for you."

"I hope so."

"James, if we've answered your question, I want to talk to Iain about Caitlyn," Anna said. "David tells me she's very shy about sex and he wants us to help her break out of her shell."

Iain was slouched down in his chair, hands together on his chest, long legs extended straight. "Yeah, I do," he said. "We've only made love a few times and she usually wants me on top. She's not very adventurous."

"Does one of you use birth control?" Anna asked.

"No, she says it's a sin to do that," Iain answered. "The only time we've had sex is just before or just after her period. I don't understand her ideas about what we do being sinful. Making love with her always makes me feel consecrated. Making love should always be holy. I'm glad I wasn't raised in her religion. It's crap."

"Well, she probably wants to make love with you but she's afraid of getting pregnant," Anna said. "Maybe that's why she can't turn herself loose with you."

"I'd like to have a baby with her but not for a few years," he said. "I don't know what I'm going to do if she comes here, I mean, to keep from having a baby before we're ready."

"Aimee and I will help you convince her to use contraception but, if she refuses, we can't stop her from getting pregnant," Anna said. "What you've already done was very dangerous, you know."

"Yeah, I know but it's hard to hold back."

"Does she have orgasms with you?"

"Yeah, I know she did once or twice. At least, she said she did. I know I felt her once."

**“Well, maybe I can show you some things that David does to help me have orgasms. I almost always come with him. I’m horny as hell all the time and I know I can trust him and he’s a good lover. If you can learn to be a good lover and get her to trust you, maybe she can enjoy sex as much as I do. You’re the one who must make her happy to be with you.”**

**“Don’t leave me out,” James said. “I don’t have a girl yet but I will someday. I want her to be happy with me.”**

**“Don’t worry, James. I won’t leave you out. Iain, have you had oral sex with Caitlyn?” Anna asked. “I mean, have you done it to her?”**

**“No and she hasn’t done it with me either,” he said. “She doesn’t want to do anything like that. I tried once and she just kept her legs together. I think she thinks it’s nasty. I’d love to have her do me.”**

**“Iain, I love it when David does it to me and I know he loves it when I do it to him,” Anna said. “Oral sex is great foreplay and it gets us both ready for some good fucking. You should teach Caitlyn to enjoy it and it’s not nasty, no more so than kissing.”**

**“I think I had almost convinced her before I came here,” he said. “Maybe you and David can do it with me and Caitlyn watching and then she’ll know it’s OK.”**

**“Well, let’s start with a little warm up exercise. You and David take off your loin cloth and then all three of you sit down here on the couch,” she said, and then stood up and took off her loin cloth.**

**Iain quickly took off his loin cloth and then he and James sat down on the same side of me. I raised up just long enough to take off mine. I looked at Iain and James. Both their dicks were swollen but neither was standing up. Mine was the same but I could already feel it starting to get hard. I didn’t know what Anna had in mind but maybe my dick knew something was about to happen.**

**Anna stood there in front of us and put on a show for us. She caressed her breasts, her belly, between her legs, her derrière, all the while looking at the three of us with a little smile and a look in her eyes that was enough to raise the dead. Her eyes flitted from our faces down to our dicks and back. Our dicks weren’t dead to begin with and they quickly stood up and watched her show.**

**I don't know what to call the little erotic exercise we did next. Maybe rotation would be a good name. On her knees, Anna started with Iain and used her mouth and hands on his penis and testicles for a minute or so. Then she moved over to James and did him the same way. Finally after she had played with me for a while and ended up giving my dick a little kiss on the top of its head, she made Iain stand up. Then she made me and James move over and she sat down beside me.**

**Iain understood. He started with James and tried to suck the head off his dick. When he moved over to me, he did his best to make me come. When he moved over to Anna, he put his hands on her hips, pulled her to the edge of the couch, pushed her legs apart, and started licking. Anna shut her eyes and smiled contentedly.**

**When Iain stopped, James stood up, and Anna and I moved over so Iain could sit down beside her. James gave me, Anna, and Iain a minute or so each. I wasn't really measuring the time but I think he gave Anna twice as long as me and Iain.**

**When James stopped, I stood up, and Anna and Iain moved over so James could sit down. I did my best to make Anna come but maybe that wasn't what she wanted. She pushed on my shoulders until I straightened up and then moved over to Iain. I gave him my best effort until Anna pushed me over to James. I assume she didn't want us to come yet and maybe wanted all three of us to have a good erection.**

**"You guys stand up and keep those hard-ons for a few minutes," she said. "I'm going to teach Iain and James something about pleasing women and then I'm going to use one of those hard dicks to show Iain something Caitlyn should love."**

**When Iain and James stood up with me, she moved so her butt was on the edge of the couch and her legs were spread wide. All three of us focused our eyes on what she was displaying. She looked up at us, put her fingers on each side of her pussy, and spread herself open to our eyes.**

**The three of us stood there in a row, Iain and James on each side of me, and looked at what she was showing us. I looked to each side and saw we were all doing the same thing – slowly stroking our dicks.**

James as usual had to start something. He took his hand off his dick and let it point upwards again. With his head at twelve, his dick probably pointed at one o'clock. He took a step forward, pushed his pelvis out, and put his hands on his hips. His display was quite impressive for a fourteen year-old boy.

“Anna, may I give you a dose of my powerfully-potent semen?” he asked. “All my women lovers rave over it.”

She smiled up at him. “Powerfully potent?”

“Yeah, my sperm have been scientifically proven to be genetically superior to that of any other male. I got five women pregnant with one dose once.”

“Five? How did you do that?”

“Well, I always do it with an audience, you know. I shot about a gallon of semen into one woman and her little pussy couldn't hold it all and it splattered on four other women. Got'em all pregnant.”

“Splattered? Outside? I thought it had to be inside a woman to get her pregnant.”

“Yeah, it does. My sperm crawled up their legs and into their cunts and then knocked'em all up.”

Anna grinned. “I would like to have you give me some of your powerfully potent semen, James, but would you mind if David got me pregnant first? He's my one true love and I'd really like him to give me about a gallon and knock me up first. Maybe after that I'll let you give me some of your genetically superior sperm.”

“James, will you shut up?” Iain interjected. “Anna wants to teach us something about pleasing women.”

“I'm going to give Caitlyn an extra-special dose, Iain,” James said. “Just for telling me to shut up. One dose is good for five continuous pregnancies.”

“Iain, I'm going to tell you how to get Caitlyn to yield to you,” Anna said. “Now listen carefully. For starters, don't ask her if she will let you go down on her. Be very slow and gentle with her. Start by kissing

her on the mouth and face, then trail kisses down to her breasts, stop and suck on her nipples until they are like hard little dicks. Imagine you're her little baby and you want to suck that warm sweet milk out and get a belly full."

"OK, I can do that."

"Good. Next kiss your way down to her naval, use your tongue there for a moment, then kiss your way downward again but bypass her pussy, kiss her legs from the knees up, gradually working your way up on the inside of her thighs, and then blow your breath on her pubic hair. I'll bet she'll respond by spreading her legs a little. Now be very slow and tease her with lots of kisses all around her pussy. She'll probably spread her legs a little more. Put your hands under her legs and gently lift them and spread them. Now run your tongue right up her little slit, right between her little lips. Now she's yours, Iain. Lick her little clit 'til she comes. She'll be ready for your dick then."

"Hot damn, can I...may I do it to you, Anna?" James asked.

"You just wait, James. I'm not through with the lesson," she said.

"Yeah, just wait, James," Iain said. "Why do you say hot damn?"

"I don't know," James said. "Looking at Anna and listening to her made me hot and it just made me say it."

"Iain, kneel down between my legs," Anna said, and he did.

"Now put your hands on my thighs with your thumbs on each side of my pussy," and he did.

"Now, I want you to pull my labia apart and at the same time I want you to press upward."

Iain tried to do what she wanted but I could see he wasn't doing it right.

"Iain, let David show you what I want," she said. "He's done it before with me. It's what I want you to do with Caitlyn."

I swapped places with Iain. I knew to put my hands on her legs with my thumbs about even with her clitoris. I pulled apart and that

exposed where her clitoris was still hidden under its hood. I pushed upward and that slid the hood off her clitoris and the little blood-red devil popped out.

“It works just like pulling your foreskin back off the head of your dick,” I said, and then leaned over and ran my tongue all the way from where her vagina was closed up and waiting for a hard dick, over all the pinkish-red flesh between her little lips, on up to the little rounded red pearl with its connections to her inner lips. She groaned once and then I did it again. Her clitoris was sticking up as much as I’d ever seen it, as red as the head of my dick and about the size of the tip of my index finger. I pursed my lips, encircled the little red devil, and sucked on it, just like sucking on her nipple. She really groaned louder when I did that.

“Hot damn,” James said, and dropped down on his knees. “Let me do it. I want to make her groan like that.”

“Wait your hot damn turn, James,” Iain said. “If Caitlyn comes to me, I need to learn how to make her groan like that.”

“Here’s another way to bring her clit out of hiding,” Anna said.

She put her index finger right up at the top of her cleft, sort of at the base of the shaft which leads to her clitoris, and pressed down and pulled. The little red devil popped out of hiding again.

“Hot damn,” James said. “It does work just like my dick when I pull the skin down and the head pops out. She’s even got something that ties her little dick head to the lips of her pussy. It’s sort of like mine where my foreskin is tied to the head of my dick. Anna, can I suck your dick?”

“Shut up, James,” Iain said.

“Up yours, Iain,” James responded.

“Now listen carefully, you two,” Anna said. “Don’t do it first thing when you go down on her. It should be the last thing you do. Kiss her thighs. Lick the crease between her thighs and her pussy. Tongue-fuck her a little. Tease her until she begins to squirm. Put one finger in her pussy, then put two. Get your fingers wet with her juice and then very gently stroke her clit. Play with her. Just make sure you save the best

for last. Bare her little clit and then lick it. Suck on it like you're sucking her little dick. If she doesn't come, she's not a woman."

Iain put his hand on my shoulder and pushed. I reluctantly moved over, stood up, and watched as Iain put his hands on each side of her pussy and slowly tried to bring her clitoris back out of its hiding place. He succeeded on the first try and then leaned over and started licking her.

"That's good, Iain," Anna whispered. "Now alternate between licking it and sucking on it. Use your tongue from my vagina up to my clit. Try to imagine your tongue is licking Caitlyn's pussy."

James and I stood there just behind Iain, not really stroking our dicks, just slowly sliding the skin back and forth over the head. Anna pointed at me with one hand and at James with the other and then brought her hands together. I didn't know what she wanted but I assumed she wanted me and James to do something together.

James understood her message too. He turned to me as I turned to him. I put my hands on his waist and pulled him against me. I was a head or more taller than him so his hard penis poked me in the testicles. Mine was pressed against his stomach. He looked up at me and I leaned over and kissed him gently on his closed lips. We both looked at Anna and she grinned and nodded.

I didn't know what she wanted but I thought of something to try with James. I cupped my hands under his ass, lifted him up until his face was in front of mine, and kissed him again, just a little kiss with my closed mouth. He wrapped his arms around my neck, his legs around my waist, and then pushed back away from me so I could see his face. He looked surprised but at the same time I thought I saw a question in his expression.

I lowered him just a little and as I did his spread ass cheeks settled on my dick and pushed it down to a horizontal position. Still holding his butt in my hands, I slid him back and forth on my dick a couple of times and then looked at Anna again. She shook her head from side to side and frowned at me.

I was about to let James down when he pulled his face against mine and kissed me and then opened his mouth to me. I opened to him and he started tongue fucking me. I didn't know what he wanted either but

then he started thrusting against me. His dick was pressed flat against my sweaty stomach and I could feel it sliding up and down. Mine was pressed between his cheeks and he was riding it.

I was tempted to lift him up so my dick resumed its upright position, to let him down gently, and see if the head of my dick could find his asshole. I needed to fuck somebody really bad. I looked at Anna again and she was shaking her head no and really frowning now. James looked at her too, stuck his tongue out at her, and dropped his legs from around my waist. I let him down gently.

“Damn, I wanted him to fuck me, Anna,” he said, teasingly. “Don’t you ever get hot and want a big dick in you?”

“Yes, James, but I thought you wanted have a turn with me,” she said.

“Well, I do. But you’re the one who wanted me and David to do something together. He’s said he’ll never fuck me and I trust him.”

“James, I’ll let you and Iain in on a secret. It gets me horny as hell when I see some sexy guys doing something with each other. I like to see your dicks all hot and red and ready to fuck me and your balls hanging down and pumping out millions of sperm. It makes me want to have one of those big dicks inside of me.”

If she wants to see some sexy guys doing something with each other, I decided to give her what she wants. I dropped to my knees, pulled James up in front of me, pulled his dick down to horizontal, and took the head in my mouth. I held my head still and pushed and pulled James’ hips back and forth. He understood. He put his hands on my head and fucked me in the mouth. He wasn’t quick on the trigger so I wasn’t worried that he might come in my mouth. I wasn’t about to give him the opportunity. I stood back up and looked at Anna. She was grinning and nodding.

I didn’t have to say anything to James. He knelt, wrapped one hand around my dick, cupped the other hand under my testicles, and sucked and jacked my dick for a too-brief moment.

“Is that what you want to see, Anna?” he asked.

She grinned at him, nodded her head, and closed her eyes. Whatever Iain was doing, it was evident she liked it.

**“Iain, I love what you’re doing but let’s let James show me what he can do,” she said after a moment more.**

**Iain reluctantly stood up and Anna spread her legs wide for James. She watched him get in position, waited for him to start, and then put her hands on each side of his head. She looked up at me and Iain with hooded eyes and a smile on her face. It was evident that James was successful in bringing her clit out of its hiding place for his tongue.**

**Iain and I were standing there just behind James, just as before, not really stroking our dicks, just slowly sliding the skin back and forth over the head. Again, Anna pointed at me with one hand and at Iain with the other and then brought her hands together. I still didn’t know what she wanted but I assumed she wanted me and Iain to do something together this time.**

**Iain and I turned toward each other at the same time. I put my hands on his shoulders and pulled him toward me. He put his hands on my waist and yielded. We were just inches apart, my penis touching him and his touching me. He reached down, put his thumb on top of mine, his fingers under his, pressed our dicks together, and started slowly sliding his hand back and forth, jacking us both at the same time. I leaned forward and turned my head to one side slightly. He turned his head up and to the opposite side. I had no idea whether he wanted to kiss me with Anna watching. When I felt his tongue touch my lips, I opened my mouth, closed my eyes, and began to lose myself in kissing him.**

**“Oh, you’re good too, James,” I heard Anna whisper. “You and Iain are both going to have to fight off all the girls here. Just be slow and gentle with them and they’ll let you do this all night. Now, let me show you and Iain one more thing and then I want all of us to sit down and masturbate.”**

**This time, she wanted me to be her toy while she demonstrated how to fuck without really fucking, the way we had done it in the magic valley in the desert. I stretched out on the hard floor, a pillow beneath my head, and she straddled my waist. She pointed where she wanted Iain and James and they both knelt down on each side of my shoulders. She held my dick down against my stomach, lowered her hips so her pussy was pressed against the shaft, put her palms on my chest,**

wiggled from side to side, sort of like a hen settling on her eggs, and slowly slid back and forth once.

**“David and I discovered this together,” she said, looking at Iain and James. “I was really aroused and my pussy was drooling like crazy. I wasn’t ready for him to fuck me but I wanted to feel his dick against me. When I slid up and down on it just the right way, I could feel my clit rubbing against the shaft of his dick. I suppose my pussy rubbed against the sensitive part of his dick right under the head. Maybe he was just horny as hell. Anyway, after a minute or two, he squirted out a big load right on his chest and stomach. When I saw it, I was so hot to be fucked that I just rode him harder and I came too. I think of it as how to fuck without really fucking.”**

**She began to slide back and forth on my dick and Iain and James knee-walked up closer to see what was happening. I didn’t know whether she wanted me to come so they could see a complete demonstration but I knew I wasn’t far from it. I knew I didn’t want to come on my stomach; I wanted to squirt out my life on her cervix with my dick buried in her cunt.**

**“If I slide up far enough, David’s dick will probably lift up a little and the head will lodge right in the entrance to my vagina,” she said, sliding back and forth. “I don’t think there’s a woman alive who wouldn’t want it in her pussy then. Caitlyn will probably have your dick buried to the balls in her cunt if you’re not careful.”**

**She stopped sliding, closed her eyes, and just sat there on me, my dick wet with her juices.**

**“Damn,” she said, “I want to be fucked and fucked good but I want you guys to see one more thing first.”**

**She stood up and held out her hand to me. I let her pull me part way up and then stood up beside her.**

**“David, would you move a chair over in front of the couch?” she asked.**

**I quickly moved an armchair over a few feet in front of the couch.**

**“I want you three guys to sit on the couch and watch me. We’re all going to masturbate together. I guess if you guys jack off, I jill off. I**

want them to understand that men and women are not that different when it comes to sex.”

“Hot damn,” James said, and flopped down on the couch. “I want to see how you do it.”

“Me too,” Iain said, and sat down beside him.

Anna looked at me.

“Well, I’ve never seen you do it, so on with the show,” I said, and sat down between them.

“After we do it, I’m going to take David to our bed chamber and he’s going to give me a good fuck. I don’t want him to make love to me. I just want him to fuck me. You guys can go to your room and practice your lessons.”

“Which one of us has to be the girl,” James asked, grinning as usual.

“You can, James,” Iain said.

James stuck his tongue at him.

Iain showed him the finger.

Boys!

**TO BE CONTINUED:**