

A World of My Choosing

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

Chapter Twenty-One

I wanted to give Anna a good fucking. I really did. After we started, I just wasn't sure that I was going to live through it. At the least, I worried that I would be forever crippled. I knew she couldn't break my penis off. I also knew that she could damage it if she bent it too far the wrong way but I was as hot and aroused as I've ever been and I couldn't stop her. All I could do was let her have her way with me and then resolve to give as good as I got.

We both let our beasts loose as soon as we started making love, not making love but fucking, screwing, her mindlessly sliding up and down on my cock, me ramming it without mercy into her cunt, both of us grunting, groaning, sweating, striving to come to completion, wanting an orgasm which would leave us drained and limp and satisfied.

As aroused as I had been for too long while the four of us played, I wasn't satisfied with one jacking-off orgasm. I thought I would come again within a minute or so after I got my dick in her cunt but I was wrong. My dick was as rigid as a steel rod and my balls were drawn up neatly on each side of the base of it. Anna sat on my dick, slowly worked her way down on it until she was completely impaled and my balls were pressed down by her ass cheeks. Then her beast gradually took control of her. First she rode me face to face, sitting on me with her straight arms on my shoulders, giving me a clear view of my cock disappearing and appearing again and her face screwed up and eyes closed, clearly already wanting to come. I wasn't worried that she could break it off that way.

Then she reversed her position, her ass toward my face, and started riding that way, with my dick slightly bent and I started worrying. Having it bent that way was almost painful but I couldn't stop her. All I could do was look at her derrière flying up and down, her puckered asshole, the shaft of my dick glistening with her secretions. I was relieved when she rose up too high and my dick slipped out.

Before she could grab it and put it back in, I quickly man-handled her so that she was on her knees, head down on a pillow, legs spread, and cunt shining, ready. I scrambled around behind her and slid my dick home in one slow thrust. I wanted to ram my dick into her, through her, deep enough so she could never get it out, and to squirt a load directly into her womb. Still some remaining shred of thinking made me slowly slide it into her until it was completely buried in her. She groaned loudly as the head pressed deeper in. I wanted to shove the head through her cervix and into her womb so my semen could impregnate her like a queen bee, forever pregnant and producing babies. Then my beast assumed control. Buried in her cunt, I held it still for a moment and then began to fuck her as deep and as hard as I could, long hard thrusts slamming my thighs against her buttocks, me grunting with each thrust, her echoing grunt following.

She endured it for a minute or so and then pulled away from me, flipped over, pulled me down on top of her, stuck one hand between our bodies and her cunt sucked my dick back in her. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled me down so that her soft breasts were against my chest. Then she locked her ankles together over my ass and lifted her face up toward mine. I kissed her and we started tongue-fucking each other. She bit my tongue; I tried to bite hers. At the same time, I again started shoving my dick in her cunt without mercy.

I gave her a hard pounding for a while but I still couldn't come. She pulled away from me, flopped down on her side, and raised one leg. I quickly moved behind her and slid my dick back in her hungry drooling pussy. I held her leg in the air and fucked her that way for a moment.

She wanted it another way. She turned over on her stomach and slightly raised her hips. I moved behind her, straddled her legs, and guided my dick between her closed thighs and into her juicy cunt. My hands were on her shoulders, pressing her down in the bed. Her forearms were under her chest, perhaps to protect her tender breasts.

Her face was turned to one side and she was concentrating on our fucking as much as I was. I fucked her as hard and fast as I could but I still couldn't come that way.

She squirmed out from under me, shoved me down on the bed, threw one leg over me, held my dick up, and inhaled it with her cunt again. I wiped the sweat out of my eyes and off my face, put my hands under my head, and lay there gasping for breath while she rode. I still couldn't come and I was beginning to feel desperate. I needed it.

I let her ride for a minute or so and then flipped her down on her back, crawled on board, and this time I showed my dick the way into her pussy. She lifted her legs, higher, around my waist, then higher so her ankles were on each side of my neck. I lowered myself on her and she fastened her teeth on my shoulder and bit me. The pain of her bite just made me more determined to fill her cunt full. I pistoned in and out of her for a moment and then felt what I was striving for, that feeling of inevitability when I knew I was going to come and nothing could stop it.

Just as soon as I pumped the first squirt into her I felt her cunt grasping and squeezing on my dick. I was separate from her until the second pulse and then it happened again. For a few seconds, we were one and our dick pulsed again and again and our vagina convulsed and our cervix swallowed each squirt. We were one for longer this time, until our dick had spit out its last splotch of semen and our vagina had squeezed out the last drop and our cervix had swallowed it all. Then we slowly, slowly and reluctantly, drew apart and we were man and woman again, separate, fucked to exhaustion and completion.

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We ate dinner outdoors a couple of nights later: hot ham and warm bread and cold garden vegetables. Iain and James shared the chore of turning the spit holding the ham before the fire. Anna and I prepared a huge salad platter of vegetables braised for just a minute and then chilled: little green squash, red and yellow peppers, rattlesnake beans, purple carrots, lots of tomatoes, and sprinkled them all liberally with a vinaigrette salad dressing of Anna's concoction.

We placed three benches between the gazebo and the fire pit, sat on two, and ate off the one in the middle. We didn't use any utensils; we ate with our fingers. We ate slowly, for more than an hour, all

barefooted and wearing only a loincloth and totally at ease and peace with what we were doing. Iain and James enjoyed looking at Anna's naked breasts as usual. So did I.

While the ham cooled, we started with our salad and ate the vegetables first with chunks of still warm bread. Then we ate more bread dipped in the juices in the platter. The combination of the bread with the vinegar, olive oil, and juice from the fresh garden tomatoes was a delicious treat. I had it loved since my mother first introduced me to it as a child.

We ate the ham next. We had cooked the ham whole, skin and all, and I used Big Boy to carve off enough of the skin to get to the meat. I put Little Boy down on the bench and we used both knives to slice off hunks of ham. As soon as it was cool enough, we started eating it and groaning at how good it was. We ate more bread dipped in the meat juices in the ham platter.

After a few minutes, we started feeding each other. Nobody objected. Ham or bread dipped in juices was just as good from somebody else's fingers as it was from our own, maybe better.

There was something peaceful and enjoyable about sitting around outdoors, almost naked, with the last of the late afternoon sun on us, the wind blowing gently on its way up the mountain, eating with our fingers, and feeding each other. Perhaps there was something erotic about it. Perhaps it was just so damned good to be young and alive and enjoying what we were doing and the people we were with.

Afterwards we sat on the benches, just talking, unwilling to go indoors and end a perfect day. I noticed James looking around at the rest of us and smiling a little wider than usual.

"What's up, James?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing much," he answered. "It's just I'm so happy I feel like I could bust. I'm really happy to be here with all of you instead of back there."

"Well, you ate enough to make anybody bust," Iain said.

James stuck his tongue out at him and then followed that with a really big grin. The grin was always enough to make his impudence forgiven.

“I’m happy too, James” Anna said. “I like being here with you and Iain and David.”

“Anna, is it OK if I say I love you?” James asked. “I do, you know. I love you. I love David too. I even love Iain most of the time. I don’t mean love like sex love. I mean...I just love all of you ‘cause you’re so good to be with and to have as friends and this place is like paradise and I’m just happy to be here with all of you.”

“It will be paradise for me too when Caitlyn comes to me,” Iain said. “I’m happy to be here too. I don’t ever want to go anywhere else.”

“That’s good,” I said, “because it looks like we’re stuck here. Someone has gone to a heck of a lot of trouble to make a place where we can survive and prosper. I hope we can all love each other when the others arrive. If we’re to survive, we can’t afford jealousy and division and hatred.”

“Caitlyn will come to you, Iain,” Anna said. “She’ll be the next one to join us. You can marry her like I’m going to marry David.”

“Yeah, and within a year or so, I’m going to meet the girl who’s going to be my wife,” James said. “I hope she’s beautiful like Anna.”

“But you don’t need to settle down with one for years yet, James,” I said. “After Caitlyn, there will be eight more girls or women here. You wouldn’t want to deprive any of them of the pleasure of knowing you; would you? It will be up to you to win the heart of one.”

He looked at me and grinned again. I suppose he was thinking of the pleasure of knowing them, all of them, probably intimately.

“I wish we didn’t have to go inside,” he said. “Isn’t there some way we could all sleep outdoors tonight. I wish we could make a tent so we could close it up and the mosquitos couldn’t get at us.”

An idea came to me. Maybe we couldn’t have a tent unless we made one but maybe we might have something even better.

“Aimee, are you listening?” I asked.

“Of course, David,” she answered. “I am always listening, even outside, as long as you are within my proximity.”

“Aimee, I know you protect our garden from birds and animals with a shield. Could you make another shield around the gazebo which will keep out insects? James would like to sleep there tonight without being bitten by mosquitos.”

“Yes, David, I can provide a small shield around the gazebo which will keep out all insects during the night. Such a shield requires so little power that you will not know when you cross its boundaries. May I suggest that the shield should be larger, over the entire terrace area? Would you like me to make the shield now?”

“Yes, Aimee.” James said.

“Yes, please,” I answered. I didn’t think it hurt to be polite to Aimee.

“Aimee, what time is sunset today and what time is moonrise?” Anna asked. “I’m not sure I want to sleep outdoors in total darkness.”

“The sun will touch the Western horizon in seventeen minutes, at seven forty-eight, Anna. The moon is on the wane but it is still almost full and will totally clear the Eastern horizon at eight thirty-two. There will be enough light for you to see during all of the night,” Aimee said. “You should have a very romantic setting for sleeping outdoors tonight.”

I looked first at James and then Iain. They were both grinning so widely that I knew they had in mind more than just sleeping. Maybe they wanted a reprise of our previous play engagement. I looked at Anna and she grinned too. That settled it. Four of us wanted to play.

“Will we need blankets tonight, Aimee?” I asked.

“I cannot answer that question, David,” she said. “It requires me to make a decision about the comfort levels of the four of you. Only you can decide that.”

“Well, can you tell me what the temperature will be out here tonight?”

“Yes, David. This is the seventh month in the year and so far the monthly night temperatures at their lowest have averaged thirty-seven degrees on the David scale. The lowest temperature of any night this month has been thirty-two degrees. I predict that the temperature will fall to thirty-eight degrees before dawn.”

(The David scale is simply the Fahrenheit scale minus thirty-two degrees. Under this scale, water freezes at zero degrees and boils at one hundred eighty degrees. Thirty-seven degrees David is equal to sixty-nine degrees Fahrenheit. Thirty-two degrees David is equal to sixty-four degrees Fahrenheit.)

“What has been the average day-time temperature this month?” I asked.

“The day time temperatures at their peaks have averaged fifty-five degrees. The highest temperature of any day this month has been sixty degrees.”

“I think we will probably want blankets for tonight then,” I said. “Would anybody have the energy to get four blankets for us?”

“I don’t know about you guys but I could use a warm wet wash cloth to wipe up,” Anna said. “Does anybody have the energy to go get me one?”

“Iain and I will do it,” James said, and bounded up, always full of energy. They were back in a few minutes with blankets, pillows, and wash cloths for all of us. A few minutes later, I heard music, something classical I suppose but slow and relaxing, coming from the direction of our home.

“I asked Aimee to play us some of the music I had planned for Station I-A-I-N,” Iain said. “It’s sort of easy-listening classical, something called adagios. I hope you like it.”

We sat there wiping our faces, our hands, and then our chests and stomachs. If we had not been wearing loin cloths, we would probably have been wiping up lower. I wasn’t the only one who had dripped juices down the front while eating. I didn’t care if I was messy. When Anna stood up and removed her stained loin cloth, the rest of us did too. We stood there looking at each other and grinning, ready to play.

I noticed that the fire-pit contained only glowing coals and I wanted to keep the fire going well into the night. I put a few more logs on the fire and stood looking at the fire-pit for a moment. When I turned around, I saw James on the bench with Anna. He straddled the bench and convinced her to do the same. I didn’t know what he was up to but I

knew she could defend herself against his amorous advances if she wanted to. Iain and I straddled the bench, imitating Anna and James, and watched James to see what he wanted to do with Anna.

He wanted to kiss her. He put his hands on her shoulders, pulled her forward, and they both turned their heads in opposite directions at the same time. At first, they kissed with their lips closed but then I saw Anna open hers slightly. When James kissed her again, I could tell that they were gently and tenderly kissing with open mouths and closed eyes and were lost in what they were doing. For a fourteen year old boy, James certainly had the instincts or had learned from Aimee's lessons what to do when kissing a woman. Leaning forward, their bodies couldn't come in contact but, when James put one hand on Anna's breast, she put her hand over his and held it against her.

Iain looked at me with a big grin and leaned forward. I wasn't sure I wanted Anna to see me kissing another guy again but then she had said she wanted to see us do what we had been doing before she came. I touched Anna on the shoulder and she and James turned to look at us. I leaned forward and kissed Iain, eyes closed, just as gently and tenderly as I could. I felt his hand touch my penis, wrap around it, and slowly stroke it back and forth. I put my hand on his penis and began to pull on it, to milk it, I suppose. We were both hard in seconds. When I looked at Anna and James, they were kissing again.

Iain pulled back from me, loudly cleared his throat, and Anna and James stopped kissing and looked at us. He stood up, moved closer so that he was straddling my legs, bent my penis from vertical to horizontal, and sat down on my thighs. When he turned my penis loose, it was pressed up against the crack of his ass and his was pressed against my stomach. I didn't know what he intended but I couldn't believe he wanted me to fuck him. I didn't want to anyway. Maybe I did but I wasn't about to do it with Anna watching.

Anna understood what Iain was doing. She stood up, straddled James' legs, bent his dick down horizontally, and sat down on his thighs. I knew his dick had sprung back upward so that it was pressed against her pussy. I knew Iain had done it with me to get her to do it with James and he wanted to tempt James into something.

Iain and I watched James and Anna as he started kissing her again, both hands on her breasts this time. She slowly rocked back and forth with her hips and James groaned. I knew from experience that he

probably couldn't get his penis in her with it pressed down horizontally and that her wet pussy was sliding back and forth on the shaft of his dick. Then he started moving back and forth too and I wasn't so sure that he couldn't get his dick in her pussy after all.

"I think we all had better get in the gazebo before James gets splinters in his butt," I said.

When James stood up he pushed his hips forward to show off his rampant hard-on. He let us admire it for a moment and then bent it down and started slowly stroking it. Iain grinned and imitated him. I did it too and the three of us looked at Anna. She was up to the challenge; she pushed her hips forward and started rubbing between her legs with two fingers.

"Do you guys know I've got twice as many nerve endings in my clitoris as you do in the head of your dick?" she asked.

James was the first one in the gazebo. He sprawled out on his stomach in four directions with his hands and feet pointing to the four corner posts.

"Anna, you and David at my feet, me and Iain at my hands," he said.

Then he lifted his ass up in the air with his knees under him and his head still down on the mattress. The three of us watched while he stretched, moaned, and then looked up at us and grinned. Was he offering someone his beautiful little ass? I had no idea why he had put on such a show but it got a response from me. For a moment, I wanted to get on my knees between his spread legs and fuck him. For the first time, I believed I could be tempted to do it.

Then he moved to one side and propped up on the Eastern corner post with a pillow behind him. Iain followed his assignments and took the other post at the same end. I held out my hand to Anna and we lay down at the Western end, leaning on pillows and corner posts. I looked around trying to figure out sleeping arrangements for four people on one large mattress. Maybe we could make it work if Anna and I cuddled on one side of the mattress and Iain and James cuddled on the other opposite side. Then I thought maybe I would be spooning up to either Iain or James instead and somebody else's dick would be nestled in the crack of Anna's ass.

No one was ready for sleep. We talked and joked and laughed and teased for a while. Three guys lay there and proudly displayed three hard dicks for Anna's admiration. Anna teased back by slowly stretching and pretending to be sleepy while spreading her legs just enough to show us her hairless pussy.

Iain's music had been playing rather sedately and quietly since they came back with the blankets. Suddenly, it changed. An organ was pumping out something and it was so loud and moving that it was difficult to sit still. Whatever it was, I liked it.

"That's the final movement of St. Saen's Organ Symphony," Iain said, grinning. "I thought I'd throw that in to break up the monotony."

James crawled down in front of Anna, looked at me, and whispered something in her ear. She looked at me, smiled at him, and nodded. He lay down half on top of her with his head just above her breasts, one leg over hers, one hand on her stomach, and relaxed. He still had a rampant hard-on but he didn't try to do anything with it. Anna took his hand in hers and moved it up to her breast. I couldn't see his face, turned away from me, but I knew his eyes would be closed and there would be a smile of contentment on his lips. How had he described it: as something like a hole in his life because he never had anyone to hold him and love him?

The other three of us kept on talking as though nothing had happened. I knew Iain was aware of James' need to be touched and held. James had told him about his lack of affection when he was growing up and that was one reason the two of them often slept spooned up together. It was also why he usually put one arm over James and sometimes stroked his hair, like I had done.

As James started to turn away from Anna, Iain grabbed him and whispered in his ear, cupping his hand in front of his mouth so Anna and I couldn't read his lips. James turned, looked first at Anna and then at me, then whispered something to Iain. They whispered back and forth a couple of times and I knew they were concocting some sort of plan and it included Anna and me. I also knew it included sex.

"I don't know what you guys are cooking up," Anna said. "But I want you to do some of the same things with each other you did before I came here. I want to watch you do it. It gets me all hot to see you doing it. Could you please do that for me?"

That caused a momentary frown and some more excited whispering between Iain and James. Finally, both smiled and shook their heads in agreement.

James stretched out in the center of the bed on his side, his bottom leg bent and extended. Iain understood. He crawled around so that his head was at nine to James' six. Anna knee walked up behind James and knelt there watching them. I could see what they were doing and they were putting on a good show sucking dick for Anna.

After a minute or so, she crooked her finger at me and said, "Can you do something with David too?"

I knew we could. Without a word, we formed a triangle around her, each of us on our side, bottom leg bent, top one straight, and somebody's head on our lower thigh. I was sucking Iain's dick, he was sucking James' dick, and James was sucking mine. With Iain's dick in my mouth, I looked up at Anna and saw her watching intently what I was doing. She winked at me and I winked back.

I had an urge to stop but I kept my hand moving up and down on Iain's dick and my mouth on it, sucking strongly enough that I knew she could see it in my cheeks. If this was what she wanted to see, I wanted to show her. She had her hand down between her legs and her fingers were moving. She grinned down at me, patted me on the head, very gently patted Iain's balls, and then turned around. She patted James on the head, me on my testicles, and then turned around again. I couldn't see what she did but I assume she patted Iain on the head and James on his balls. I wondered if the pat meant she approved.

"OK, everybody back to your post," she said. "Let's let Iain and James show us what their plan is."

We all crawled back to our original post and lay there waiting for the plotters to do something. James went first. He crawled in front of Anna, nudged her legs apart, and flopped down on his belly with his face between her thighs. He tried but he couldn't get his tongue where he wanted it. She raised her knees, tilted her pelvis so he could get his tongue where she wanted it, and he started licking her pussy.

Iain crawled in front of me, nudged my legs apart, wrapped one hand around my hard-on, but remained on his knees watching what James was doing to Anna.

After a moment, he turned back to me, gave me a big grin, then lowered his head and took the head of my penis in his mouth. With his hand moving slowly up and down on the shaft of my penis and his mouth and tongue sucking and licking the head, if this was their plan, I liked it. I looked over at Anna and saw her watching what Iain was doing to me. From the expression on her face, she liked what James was doing to her. I liked what Iain was doing to me too.

After a couple of minutes, Iain stopped, tapped James on the shoulder, pointed at me, and he and James swapped places. Iain watched until James got settled kneeling between my legs with one hand wrapped around my penis and the other cupping my testicles. Then he flopped down on his stomach, used his thumbs to pull Anna's labia apart, and began licking her pussy.

I kept watching him as he gently licked her and she lay there watching James and what he was doing with my dick. At the same time, James started slowly sliding his hand up and down on my dick and, a little later, took the head in his mouth and started sucking. I didn't know what they would want to do next but I expected them to tell me. I was in no hurry, watching Iain and James as they used their tongues and mouths on Anna and me.

I thought James was doing a good job at sucking my dick but perhaps Anna didn't think so. She left Iain on his belly, pushed James to one side, and knelt between my legs. She flopped down on her stomach, calves upright and feet in the air, and stuck her nose in my crotch.

"Are you having fun, Anna?" James asked.

"Yeah, I'm having a ball," she giggled and then proceeded to suck my right ball entirely in her mouth. She looked up at me with eyes, I swear, that were laughing and I couldn't help but grin back at her. Then she bit down on my scrotum just hard enough so I felt her teeth and I sucked in my breath and grimaced.

"Anna, don't," Iain said. "You'll hurt his tolo, I mean, his testicle."

"His what?" James exclaimed.

Anna let my testicle slip from her mouth and looked at Iain with a quizzical look on her face.

“Oh, damn, that’s what they call a testicle where I come from,” Iain said. “Testicles are commonly called tolos. It means something like eggs. I was taught never to use our language when I came here.”

“How do you spell that?” James asked.

Iain rattled off a few sounds which were like no alphabet I knew.

“What do you call a dick in your language?” James said.

“A mouthful,” Anna said, and proceeded to try to suck the head off my dick.

“A penis is called a dick or a cock or a willy and that’s all I’m going to call it,” Iain said, watching what Anna was doing. “I’m not going to start teaching you my old language. English is my language now.”

“Well, I’m not going to call mine balls or nuts anymore,” James said, holding one testicle in each hand and lifting up. “I’m going to call mine tolos from now on. They look more like eggs than balls anyway.”

Anna wrapped her hand around my dick, started stroking up and down on the shaft, and licked the head like it was a Popsicle. I was glad my tolo wasn’t going to bitten off.

Iain shook his head and smiled, then moved to the Eastern end of the gazebo. James followed him and they both lay there with their legs open, holding their penises straight up. Iain pointed at Anna and then at James and I understood he was assigning her to him. She didn’t hesitate. She crawled over to James on her hands and knees, bent over with her ass up in the air, and started.

He pointed to me and then to himself and I wondered why he would choose me rather than Anna. I was about to crawl over in front of him when he held up his hand, crawled back down on the Western end and got settled. I suppose he could see the puzzlement on my face.

“The sun’s in my eyes,” he said in explanation.

I took a swift glance to the West. The sky was cloudless and the setting sun was too bright to look in that direction. Iain could have shut his eyes like James. I wondered why he wanted to be on the opposite end. I turned and looked at Anna and James. Her ass was up in the air and her legs were slightly parted and everything between was glowing red in the setting sunlight. Her little lips were glistening wetly. It was a sight worth beholding.

I crawled up between Iain's legs, cupped one hand under his balls, wrapped the other around his dick, licked his dick from his balls up to the head, and then started sucking on the head, doing my best to make Iain forget about what was happening to someone else.

I wondered when Anna was going to ask James the question. She and I had discussed it late last night and were both in agreement that it was the way we wanted all the young boys who came here to be welcomed. It would be my job to teach them to work to provide for all of us and to use weapons to protect us. It would be the job of Anna and the other women who came here to teach the young boys how to please women and girls. I argued that it should be my job to initiate all the young girls into womanhood but she didn't agree.

I wanted Iain to know what she was going to propose so I had talked to him during the afternoon. He liked what Anna and I proposed to do and he wanted to do it with Anna too but he said he wouldn't. He said he could wait for Caitlyn.

"James, would you like to make love to me tonight?" she asked finally. James looked at her with a look on his face that said he couldn't believe what he had been asked. He looked back at me the same way and answered.

"Yeah but David will probably kill me if I do," he said. "You really mean it?"

"Yes, James, I mean it. David and I agree that we want the older women to initiate all the young boys who come here. I'm going to start with you. All young boys should be taught how to please their female lovers. Will you let me teach you to be a good lover?"

"What about Iain?" he asked.

“Iain knows what Anna wants to do, James,” I said. “He says he wants to wait for Caitlyn. He’s going to let Aimee teach him how to please women.”

James looked at Iain. “Iain, don’t you want to do it with Anna?”

“Yeah, I would like to but I can’t,” he said, seriously.

“Why not?” James was quick to ask.

“Well, if Caitlyn comes to me, is she supposed to let you and David make love with her? I don’t...I mean, I can’t do anything that makes you two think she’s got to let you. I’m the only one she’s had sex with and that was just a few times and I had a hard time convincing her to let me. She doesn’t know much about sex. I’m not going to tell her she’s got to let somebody else.”

He stopped for a moment and then resumed.

“Anna, I don’t want to hurt your feelings. I want to make love with you but I love Caitlyn and I want to be with her. I don’t know what to do except if she comes to be with me, I know I can’t hurt her. I love her and I don’t want to do anything to hurt her.”

“Iain, I told you that I won’t expect anything like that,” I said. “You two have got to understand how Anna and I are about sex. Anna was the one who suggested letting James make love to her, not me. No man has a right to make a woman do something she doesn’t want to do. Caitlyn will be yours and yours alone for as long as she wants. Someday, if she freely chooses to let James or me or somebody else make love with her, that’s her decision. We both think it might just make all of us closer to each other and that’s what we want to foster. Sexual jealousy is the cause of a lot of misery and we want to prevent that.”

“If I had known you guys were going to get so serious about it, I never would have suggested it,” Anna spoke up. “I love David but I like you, Iain, and you, James. I think I’m beginning to love both of you. I don’t want you to be jealous of David getting to have sex with me. I want all of us to be close to each other and to love each other. David says he agrees. Now, Iain, do you want to make love to me too. I already know James does.”

“Yeah, I’d like to make love to you, Anna,” he said, leering at her. “But maybe we’d better let James go first. If I do it first, you won’t want a virgin like James after I get through with you.”

“Iain, be serious. I want all three of you to make love to me, maybe even tonight,” Anna said. “I’m a woman in a world with three guys who are as beautiful and sexy as any I’ve ever seen. All day long, I see three dicks flopping around under loin-cloths. Sometimes I see your tolos drawn up in a neat little package and sometimes they hang down halfway to your knees. I like to see how they’re hanging. I don’t know why but I’m so damn horny since I came here that David can barely keep me satisfied and that’s not for lack of trying. He’s not going to be jealous of you guys if you make love to me. We both think it will just help us all to bond together. We’ve got to create a family or a clan and love each other to survive. We can’t afford sexual jealousy.”

“Iain, I give you my word,” I said, as earnestly as I could. “I will not expect Caitlyn to make love or do anything else with me. I will not hurt her by doing or saying anything. I will do my best to make sure that others treat her the same way. If I’m going to be the leader of this group, I must keep my word to you. You can rely on it.”

Anna lay back on the bed, raised her knees, and spread her legs. Her beautiful bare pussy was temptation for any man, especially one who had never had his dick in one.

“James, come here,” she said, and he crawled over between her legs and sat there on his haunches looking from her pussy to her face.

“What do you want me to do?” he asked.

“Don’t ask me that, James,” she answered. “Tonight I want you to do what you want to do without worrying about me. Your lessons don’t start until sometime later. Then I’ll tell you what to do to please me. Tonight you do what you want to do.”

He nodded and started doing what he wanted to do. I thought he might be in a hurry to get his dick in her. He wasn’t. He started by kissing her and very slowly worked his way down and did the same things I usually do to make her receptive. I was a little surprised at his tenderness and slowness and gentleness with her. He was so long at her breasts that Anna put her hands on his head and pushed down.

“Aimee says girls are slower to get aroused than guys,” he whispered to Anna. “Am I doing it OK?”

“Yes, James, you’re doing everything just fine – so far,” she whispered back.

He caught her legs behind her knees, bent them back, spread them, and flopped down on his belly with his face at her pussy. The sun was down below the horizon but there was still enough light to see his pink tongue licking up between the little lips of her pussy. I knew she would want his dick in her before she came. She liked it when I licked her pussy until she was about to come and then I gave her every bit of my dick at once. She sometimes exploded before I got it all the way in.

Over the past few days, when we were talking about letting James and Iain make love with her, I wasn’t sure how I would feel about it. It was Anna’s idea for the older women to act as teachers for the young inexperienced boys who came here. Aimee was already teaching James and Iain about sex but she could only help them learn the basics. I had wished more than once that I could have had a good teacher to guide me on how to please a woman. I knew that evolution had played a cruel trick when it programmed men to be quicker and women to be slower to come to completion. I also knew I loved Anna and wanted her to be as satisfied with our sexual activities as I was. I had come to the conclusion that she was right and that it would be wise for older females to teach younger males how to please them.

Anna had removed the contraceptive implant some time ago and she was now relying on the pill that Aimee gave her. She loved it because she so far had experienced no side effects like the implant caused. She had experienced a normal period a few days ago. I managed to do without sex for a few days, except for one good blowjob and a couple of jerkoffs, once at her hands and once with my own while she watched and grinned. I knew she couldn’t get pregnant from sex with any one of the three of us. I left it up to her as to when she stopped taking Aimee’s pill and then would make love with me alone. I wanted her to be pregnant with my child but she wanted to wait until other women arrived. I could understand that.

Iain and I lay there, holding our hard-ons, occasionally moving our hands up and down. I still didn’t know whether Iain would make love to her too. If he did, I didn’t know whether she would want me too but

I knew she would let me know what she wanted. I could do without sex with her for one night. After all, I had my right hand.

“James, please,” she whispered and pulled his head upward. That was enough of a plea. He understood. He crawled up over her, she used both hands to show his dick where to go, he slowly pushed into her to his balls, and then he stopped moving and started moaning.

“Is it good, James?” Anna whispered. He didn’t answer. He lifted his face up over hers, looked in her eyes, kissed her with closed lips, used one hand to push her hair out of her face, smiled at her, and gently let his fingers slide down her cheek. Damn, he was so gentle, so loving, so caring in his treatment, I wondered what Aimee had been teaching him. Whatever it was, I thought he had a good start to be a great lover for women. I don’t know what she did but he just groaned some more and then started slowly fucking her.

Iain and I propped on the Western end of the gazebo and watched James slowly learn what it was like for his penis to be moving in a woman’s vagina. With her legs around his waist and his spread slightly, I could see both their assholes. I had never wanted to fuck Anna in her asshole. It just didn’t appeal to me. I didn’t have any idea whether it appealed to her. If she wanted it, I knew I’d do it but I didn’t want to do it and I didn’t think she would want me to do it either. Who knows? Maybe I would like it.

James’ asshole was a little rose-colored pucker between his buttocks, virginal looking, if that’s the right word, even after what the reverend did to him. Maybe the reverend’s little dick didn’t cause any damage. I didn’t want to fuck James in the ass either. I liked him as a friend, maybe a little like a father, and I didn’t want to do anything to hurt him. Still he had a beautiful little ass, so rounded and perfect and flawless, even hairless as a woman’s ass. I wondered what it would be like to be buried to the balls in an ass like that. Maybe I would like it.

I knew I liked playing, sexual playing, with him and Iain. What we did was a lot of fun and it got me really aroused. I wasn’t ashamed of sucking their dicks. In fact, I liked it because I knew it gave them so much pleasure. It turned me on and was also something I wanted to do. I really liked it when one of them was sucking mine. I even liked kissing him and Iain. I liked kissing Anna more but it was fun to have open-mouth kisses with either of them. I also knew I wasn’t going to tolerate someone calling those acts queer or gay or some shit like that.

I thought it was stupid to hate somebody based on sexual acts which one person liked and another didn't. I remembered reading some book that said that missionaries somewhere thought that doing it in any position except with the man on top was sinful. Missionary position, huh? I loved to have Anna ride me.

"James, slow down, please," Anna whispered.

She put her face beside his and whispered in his ear. He stopped all motion and whispered back to her. When I saw her lock her legs around his and put her arms beside his chest, with her hands curled around his shoulders, I knew what she had said. She wanted him to roll over, so she could show him what it was like to be ridden. Iain leaned forward trying to hear what they were saying and then relaxed and started slowly stroking his dick again. James and Anna rolled as one and she quickly sat up astride him with his dick still in her pussy. All I could see was his rounded scrotum under the crack of her ass. I knew he was buried to the balls in her and was probably as enthralled with the feeling as I always was when my foreskin was pushed down so tight it was almost painful and the only thing I was conscious of was how it felt to have my dick in her pussy.

I watched as she began to slowly ride him. She moved up and down on him, occasionally rolled her pelvis back and forth, wiggled from side to side a time or two and then turned and looked at me and Iain. She patted on each side of her, and whispered, "Come here."

Iain and I quickly crawled up on each side her and James. I had no idea what she wanted but I knew she would tell us.

She cupped her hands under her breasts and looked at Iain and me. I knew what she wanted. I leaned over and started sucking one little hard nipple. Anna purred. I knew when Iain started sucking the other. She purred louder.

"Stand up, both of you," she said, after a while.

Iain and I stood up, both grabbed one of the bamboo cross members of the gazebo, and Anna wrapped her hands around two hard-ons at the same time. I watched as she leaned over toward Iain and took the head of his dick in her mouth. Then she turned and did the same to me. She sucked and licked for a too-brief time and then started riding James again, holding on to two hard handles. She gave us both

another turn, resumed riding James again, and then gave us our next order.

“Lay back down,” she said, grinning. “I’m so damn hot it’s going to take more than one of you boy scouts to put out my fire. I just wanted to make sure there was another hard dick waiting for me when I finish with James. Which one of you wants to be next?”

I looked at Iain and waited. **“I do, Anna,” he said. I wasn’t surprised. Any man with balls would want to make love to her.**

Iain and I lay down again, this time on each side of James and Anna, both raised on one elbow so we could watch that they were doing. I glanced at Iain and saw him holding his dick with his thumb and one finger. His balls were both drooped downwards on the same side of his dick. What was it he had told me once about the size of his dick? Sixteen and a half centimeters, about six and a half inches. From my perspective, it looked longer. I saw him glance at my penis and then shake his head. I knew mine was almost twenty centimeters, a little less than eight inches. I had already learned that size didn’t matter that much. James probably had something less than six inches and Anna seemed satisfied with that. Iain’s dick would stretch her pussy a little more. Mine would stretch it even more. I knew she could take all of mine into her until I was buried to the balls. I suppose we could all deposit a load of semen right on her cervix and that was all that mattered.

I started thinking again about what sort of man I was: watching a young boy have sex with the woman I loved and feeling aroused by it, seeing his dick going in and out of her as she moved up and down and being fascinated by what I what I saw. What did it make me to see something like James and Anna making love and knowing that Iain was going to do it next and maybe I was going to do it last and stick my dick in a pussy that was already juicy with two other guy’s semen? The idea wasn’t a turn-off; it was arousing. It just made me hotter.

What did the sexual acts I had already done with Iain and James make me? I’d become accustomed to my self-image of The Warrior and I liked it. I knew I was good at it, protecting others when they could not protect themselves as well. I liked being cool and doing things an ordinary man could not do. I thought about what I had done with Iain and James and whether it changed my image of myself. Did sucking their dicks and liking it make me a homosexual and less of The

Warrior? Fucking them in their assholes was repugnant to me. Did that mean I was a heterosexual? Maybe it was all just sexual and I loved having sex. Maybe it was like that old French saying, “Chacun à son goût.”

Anna wanted to see us do the things we had done before her arrival. She didn't seem to think I shouldn't suck their dicks. In fact, she seemed aroused by it, just as I was. It was all just play, sexual play, and it was a hell of a lot of fun. I really felt like I was a boy again, not a worry in the world, just care-free fooling around with my buddies and having a lot of fun.

I wasn't sure how I'd feel if I saw her and Caitlyn licking each other's pussy. I thought about that for a moment and then concluded that I'd love to see them do it. If only we could help Iain break Caitlyn out of her shell, maybe we could all have fun with each other. I knew I'd never try to fuck her if Iain didn't want me to, no matter how much I wanted it or she wanted it. I liked Iain as a friend, maybe like a brother, and I didn't want ever to do anything to hurt that friendship.

Anna added another movement to her hips. She would raise and lower herself for a few strokes and then she would stop with James' dick buried in her and roll her pelvis back and forth. I knew what she was doing: rubbing her clit against the base of James' dick and his pubic mound. It usually meant that she was just seconds away from an orgasm.

Suddenly James put his hands on her hips and pushed her down on his dick so hard she groaned. I leaned to one side and saw his face and it looked like he was hurting. He was coming first. Anna moaned and I knew she was feeling him throbbing inside her. She had told me more than once how much she loved it when she felt me coming inside her. When her moans turned into high-pitched whines, I knew she was coming too. I had done the same thing with her on occasion, just shove my dick in down to my balls and hold there while I squirted. More than once, that had been the trigger she needed and she came too.

I moved to the edge of the bed so Anna could lie down between me and James. Both of them lay there like they were dead, if dead people can grin. Then James turned to Anna.

He whispered something to her and then proceeded to kiss her on the left cheek, right cheek, and mouth and again he was so gentle and loving in doing it. He put his hand on her cheek, slowly moved his head from side to side, and smiled down at her. I knew what he was saying without a word.

When he crawled over her to me, I let him kiss me the same way. When he turned around and crawled back to the other end of the bed, Iain acted reluctant to be kissed and stuck his tongue out at him. James kissed him too.

Iain's dick was like mine, hard as a bone, and I knew he needed to come as badly as I did. Still, he waited, stroking his dick slowly, watching Anna to see if she was going to welcome him. In a few minutes, she looked at him and motioned for him to come to her.

“You don't need to warm me up, Iain,” she said. “James has got my bonfire going and I just need you to throw another log in it.”

Iain crawled over between her outspread legs and slowly lowered himself on her. He stopped and I saw her put both hands between their bodies. Then he lowered himself the rest of the way and let out a loud groan. I knew the feeling – that unbelievable sensuous feeling when your dick first slides all the way home in a hot juicy vagina. For a man, there is nothing better.

Anna locked him down with her crossed ankles over his ass and both arms around his chest. He didn't move his hips at first. He lifted his head over hers, looked into her eyes, the way I liked to do, and then lowered his lips to hers. A chaste lips-to-lips kiss soon grew into an open-mouthed duel and then he put his head beside hers and began to move his hips. He fucked her the same way I often do, bending his back, rolling his pelvis, and giving her the entire length of his penis in rapid thrusts. I knew he was not going to last long at that pace.

From my place in the gazebo, I had the best possible view of what they were doing. I could see Anna's thighs spread wide with Iain's dick centered between them, the lips of her pussy being pulled back and clinging to his dick when he withdrew, then being stuffed out of sight when he pushed back in and his testicles obstructed the view. His ass was just as smooth and flawless as James' and I could see his asshole every time he withdrew and then the cheeks closed up when he pushed back in. I'd almost had my dick in there once and I was glad I

had not. It would have been the worst mistake of my life. Iain was now my best friend.

Within a minute or so, his thrusts became erratic and harder and he started groaning loudly. I knew he was making another deposit in her depths. I couldn't tell that she came this time. She just held him to her as tightly as possible and grinned. He lifted his head up and looked down at her again.

"I'm sorry, Anna," he said. "I didn't...it was just so good I couldn't think. I wanted to make you come too. But I didn't; did I?"

"No, Iain, I didn't come," she answered. "But it doesn't matter. Women aren't like men. We can enjoy fucking without coming. I came with James because I was so horny. The next time, you can go first and I'll bet I'll come with you."

He seemed satisfied with that answer. I watched as he kissed her in his way: left cheek, right cheek, and mouth. But he didn't give her a quick kiss on the mouth. He lingered for a while before he pulled back and took a deep breath.

James and I made room in the middle for Iain and Anna. I noticed that James' dick was already hard again but I knew that if another dick got into Anna it was going to be mine.

When Anna called me to her, she turned so that she was diagonally in the bed, with James on one side and Iain on the other. I moved between her spread legs, lowered myself, and let her hands guide my dick into her pussy. I held still for a moment while she wrapped me up with her long arms and legs and then I began. After being aroused so long and watching Iain and James make love to Anna, I didn't last long. As usual, I instinctively shoved my dick as deep in her overflowing pussy as possible and squirted a third load deep in her.

Sometime later, the four of us went to the edge of the terrace where there was a drop of a couple of meters to the leaves piled below and had a good piss. Anna surprised us three guys by going with us, standing between Iain and James. They both looked at her like they couldn't believe she could stand and piss. I knew she could. She spread her legs, moved her hips forward, held her pussy lips open, and pissed like a guy. We had four streams going for a while.

Afterwards we went back to the gazebo, found a washcloth for Anna to stuff between her legs, and lay down in a row. Anna was spooned up to James, Iain up to her, and me up to Iain. I didn't mind. I slept almost every night spooned up to her. Nobody had anything to say until finally Anna did.

“David, about a year or so from now, after we've got other women here, I'm going to have a baby and it's going to be yours.”

“Unless something has changed, I've got to get you pregnant first,” I said.

“That's right,” she said. “For the next month or two, I'm going to teach James how to be a good lover for women. Someone else is due to come here in about ten days and, if it's Caitlyn, she will have Iain to love her. When the time comes, I'm going to quit taking Aimee's contraceptive and James will have to satisfy himself. After that, your job will be to make a daily deposit of semen in my pussy. Do you think you'll be up to it?”

“I think so,” I said. “It's going to be hard but I'll try my best.”

James giggled. “If he's not up to it, Anna, you can let me fill in for him. It'll be hard but I'll be glad to do the job.”

Chapter Twenty-Two

A couple of days later the four of us eagerly dressed in our complete Robin-Hood clothing for our exploration on the isthmus. We each carried a spear, another weapon, and a backpack with a rain cape, drink, and food.

We left home at the first daylight, even before the sun peeked over the horizon, and breakfasted on the way. We went down the Northwest side of the mountain and crossed most of the isthmus. We were enjoying exploring on another beautiful summer day and were in sight of the forest land on the mainland when something I had not anticipated happened.

We were wending our way along the isthmus when we came to two large boulders with a sandy opening between them. I saw we had to go through single file so I took the lead. I was through the opening when a huge bear stood up on one side of me. I was startled because he had markings on his face, red stripes, and I had never seen a bear like that. He had been partially hidden by other rocks and I had almost led our party to him. One glance told me he was a male and I knew that they could be aggressive. I quickly became cool, as cool as I had been in a dusty street in Islamistan.

I knew what I had to do. In a threatening posture, the bear was waving his forepaws in the air as high as he could, higher than my head, perhaps to appear to be a more formidable opponent, and growling enough to frighten anyone. When he lowered his front paws, I sensed he was about to drop down on all four paws and to charge us. Standing up, his chest presented a good target for a spear. On all fours, charging, that target was not accessible.

In my cool state, I called upon all my strength and agility and quickness and launched myself at the bear with my spear in both my hands. I felt the spear point enter and then slide deep into his chest and I knew I had wounded him severely. I couldn't suddenly stop but I dodged to the side.

As I went past him, he swiped at me with a paw, made contact with my shoulder, and knocked me sprawling in the rocks. I bounced off a boulder but luckily my head didn't make contact. I quickly scrambled to my feet, pulled Big Boy out of my scabbard, and looked around. I was dizzy and it took me a moment to focus. When I did, I saw that the bear was down on its side with spears sticking in him in four different places. His head and legs were still aggressively moving.

Anna and James were standing behind the bear's back, both leaning on their spears which were sunk deep into the bear's side, pinning him to the ground. Iain's spear was also in the bear's chest, slanted toward its front legs. Mine was on the ground protruding from the center of the bear's chest.

Iain was down and struggling to get up. I could tell that he was injured. I knew there was something I had to do before I worried about him.

I quickly went to the bear and pulled his head back so I could cut his throat. I saw thick fur and knew even Big Boy would have trouble cutting through that. I reversed my grip on the knife, put the point about where I thought it would miss his spine, shoved twelve inches of steel into his throat, cut from the inside out, and swiftly moved away to avoid the spurting blood.

Then I ran to Iain and helped him up. He put his arm over my shoulder and I put mine around his back and we stood there grinning at each other. Anna and James ran to us and Iain and I both held out a welcoming arm. We all knew we had met the beast and we had killed it.

After a quick hug, Anna pulled away and looked down at Iain's leg. I looked too and saw that the cloth covering his leg was torn and pulled completely out of his boot. I saw red blood running down his bare leg but nothing was spurting and I knew he wasn't seriously hurt. Still, he could hardly stand. Anna dropped to her knees, pulled the cloth to each side, and inspected the wound. She looked up at me.

"He's got two bad puncture wounds that look deep," she said. "I need to clean them and put an antibiotic on them. There's not much blood loss so the bear's claws didn't hit any big blood vessels."

"Anna, David's wounded too," Iain said. "Look at his shoulder."

Anna stood up and we both looked at my shoulder. The bear's claws had caught me just a little way down my arm, had ripped away the covering cloths of my chemise and tunic, and had left four red stripes across my arm. The two furrows in the center looked deepest and blood was running from them down my arm. Now that I was aware of the injury, it was burning and hurting. I breathed deeply, closed my eyes, and tried to will the injury not to hurt and the blood not to flow. When I opened my eyes, Iain and James and Anna were all looking at me. I smiled at them, to let them know I was OK.

"David, I was cool!" Iain said. "I was like you! I saw everything in slow motion! When the bear swatted you, I knew I had to stop him. He went down with your spear and I stuck mine in the side of his chest. He swatted me and got my leg. Then Anna and James stuck him too. He kept thrashing around until you cut his throat. I was cool, Anna! I really was, James! I was cool! Damn, I was cool!"

“Iain, listen to me,” I commanded. “Shut your eyes and take some deep breaths. Try to become calm and then will the injury to your leg not to hurt. You can do it.”

He stood there for a moment, eyes closed, breathing deeply. When he opened his eyes, he smiled at me, looked at Anna and then James, and smiled at them.

“I can do it!” he said. “It doesn’t hurt bad!”

Anna quickly became our nurse. She made Iain and me hold our hands tightly over our wounds. She pulled off her tunic and her chemise, took Little Boy out of my scabbard, and, with James’ help, cut her chemise into long strips. She folded a couple of strips up into pads, put them under our hands, and then tied the pads tightly in place with another strip. She stood back looking at my shoulder and Iain’s thigh for a minute. She was probably unaware how beautiful she was with her breasts bare and hard nipples standing up and her hair wild and blowing in the wind.

“That should stop the bleeding,” she said. “We’ll clean you guys up in a few minutes. Right now, I want you both to take an antibiotic tablet. Aimee gave me a topical antibiotic and a pill one when I told her where we were going. In a little while, I’ll change the dressing and put a topical antibiotic on the wounds. There’s no telling what sort of bacteria are under a bear’s claws. Now you guys sit down and take it easy for a few minutes.”

Iain and I obeyed Nurse Anna, sat down on a couple of rocks, and took our medicine. We watched James as he wrenched four spears out of the bear and then walked back to where we were sitting, two spears in each hand, and his usual big smile on his face.

“You stuck him almost in the center of his chest, David!” James said. “He swatted you and you went down and then, when the bear fell down, Iain was on him like a chicken on a June bug. Then me and Anna stuck him at the same time. I was leaning on my spear trying to pin him to the ground and I guess Anna was too. Then you cut his throat and he died. We all four killed him! We really did!”

I looked at Iain and saw him with his eyes almost closed and his head held high like he was concentrating on something.

“Iain, what is it?” I asked. “Do you hear something?”

“Yeah, I’m still cool, David,” he said. “I heard something like an animal whining. There, I heard it again. It’s off to my right.

I stood up and faced to his right. The erratic wind was blowing toward us from the south and the sea was breaking on the south side of the isthmus. In a minute or so, I heard a faint whine over the sound of the waves. It seemed to come from two large rocks close to where the bear had been eating something.

I walked in that direction, looked at what little remained of the bear’s kill, and couldn’t believe what I saw. The few scraps of skin looked like they were from a dog. The remaining bones were too small to be from a large animal like a wolf. I looked around more and saw what I believed was a dog’s paw with white-colored hair. I looked more and saw a tiny tail that looked like it had come from a puppy. I kept looking and saw another tail. The bear had killed and eaten at least two puppies and a mother.

Iain and Anna were also looking around at the grisly remains. James had evidently heard the whine too because he was slowly walking toward two large rocks.

“The bear’s been clawing at something here, David,” he said. “It looks like he was trying to get something out of this crack between the rocks. The rock’s scratched and the sand near the crack is all dug out.”

He dropped to his knees and stuck his face right in the crack, then turned to me, excited at what he saw.

“There’s something in there, David,” he said. “It’s alive. I heard it whining. I can see it.”

I dropped down on my knees and looked in the crack. I saw it too. It looked like another puppy. I saw white and black and brown areas and tried to remember what dogs were colored that way. I knew beagles were but the bones from the adult mother had looked too large to be from a beagle.

“I think it’s a puppy, James,” I said. “Do you want to see if you can reach it? It might bite you.”

“I don’t care,” he said, and immediately stuck his arm in the crack. He tried to reach the dog but he evidently couldn’t. He turned to me.

“I can’t reach him,” he said.

I was about to try to reach in with my wounded right arm but I realized that was the bandaged one. I lay down on my belly and tried with my left arm. I felt warm fur. The creature tried to move away from my hand but it was trapped. I caught it by the nape of the neck and slowly pulled it out. It was a puppy. I handed it to James and we both stood up.

He cradled the puppy in his arms for a moment, then looked up at me, and I could see in his face a look of pleading and happiness. The puppy was some variety of hound with a beagle’s coloration, floppy ears, and short hair. It was trying to curl up in James’ arms.

“Can I keep him?” he asked. “Can I? Really, I want to keep him! Please let me keep him!”

“How do you know it’s a him?” I asked.

He turned the puppy so its stomach was showing. It was a male dog.

“Can I keep him, David?” he pled. “Please let me! Please! Please! I want to keep him!”

“Let him keep him, David,” Anna said.

I looked at his ecstatic face and made a decision. I probably should have delayed and made a rational decision. Instead, I made a quick emotional decision.

“You may keep him, James,” I said. “You found him. You may keep him. He’s yours.”

He looked down at the puppy for a moment and then handed it to Anna.

“You can hold him, Anna,” he said. “Just don’t drop him.”

He turned back to me, wrapped his arms around me, and gave me a long hard hug. Then he reached up, pulled my head down to his, and kissed me, left cheek, right cheek, and mouth. I couldn't help but smile at his happiness.

He took the puppy from Anna and handed it to Iain.

"You can hold him too, Iain," he said. "He's my dog now."

He turned back to Anna, gave her a big hug, kissed her, left cheek, right cheek, mouth, and then buried his face in the hair beside her neck. He seemed to be shaking and I wondered what he was doing. Then I realized he was crying. I went to him and pressed up against him with my hands on his shoulders and waited for him to regain his composure.

After a minute or so, he pulled away from Anna, kissed her on the cheek, and retrieved his puppy from Iain. He stood there, tears on his cheeks, holding the little squirming creature for a moment and then looked up at me.

"I always wanted a dog," he said. "I always wanted one when I was a kid. They wouldn't let me have one. I just wanted something of my own that I could love."

He handed the puppy to me again. I wondered why until he walked over to Iain and kissed him too, left cheek, right cheek, mouth. For once Iain didn't resist. James walked back to me and retrieved his dog.

"If he's my dog, can I name him?" he asked.

"Of course. He's yours to name. He's yours to feed and clean up after too."

He looked down at the dog for a minute. "Lucky," he said. "I think that's a good name for you. Lucky. Yeah, you're Lucky."

"You probably should name him Trouble!" Iain said, grinning.

James gave him a quick finger. He wasn't just grinning. He was smiling as wide as possible. So was Iain.

“Hold him up to your cheek, James,” Anna said. “If he licks your cheek, he likes that name.”

He held the pup up to his cheek and, of course, it licked his cheek. James beamed even wider.

“You could take your chemise off and tie a string around the bottom and tie the arms around your neck and you’d have a good way to carry him home,” Anna said.

“Home,” I said. “I think it’s about time we started back there; don’t you?”

“What about the bear, David?” Iain asked. “Can we eat bear meat?”

“Well, I can’t carry him home, that’s for sure,” I said. “He probably weighs twice what I do. I would like to have his skin but I have no idea how much it would weigh. I’d like to have the head and the paws too but I know that would be stupid.”

“I’ll help you skin him, David,” Iain said. “You can use Little Boy and I’ll pull. We can do it.”

“We can carry the skin back to the mountain, David,” James said. “When we get to the bamboo grove, we can cut a pole and two people can both carry it together. Me and Anna can carry it some.”

“I can help too, David,” Anna said. “Let me use the knife and you and Iain pull. I’ll bet we can skin it without much trouble.

I stood looking at the bear. What did I want with its skin? I didn’t know but I wanted it. Maybe it would make a good bearskin rug, maybe a coat, maybe a bunch of moccasins.

I used Little Boy to cut around each of the bear’s wrists and the neck. Then I cut on the inside of each leg up to the center of the stomach and chest, being careful to cut nothing but skin. Next I cut from the neck down to the stomach. I didn’t want the bear’s penis or testicles so I made two cuts around them and the anus. I looked at the tail for a moment and then cut it off.

“OK,” I said, straightening up. “Who’s ready to pull?”

“You are,” Anna said, and held out her hand for Little Boy.

I handed the knife to her and watched her cut the skin loose. Iain and I pulled the skin while she cut in long strokes and did it better than I could have done it, quickly, competently, and without making a face.

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On our way up the mountain, I thought of something that I wished we already had: a way-station, a cabin or building toward the bottom of the mountain, only a hundred feet or so above sea level, close to one of the many mountain streams. I wanted to have a place where we could spend the night before or after an excursion on the isthmus. I tried to think of what we could use for building materials without having to haul the material very far. I knew there were layered deposits of rock near many streams. There were also plenty of straight trees like pine or any of a number of deciduous trees. The site would have to have running water close by for drinking and bathing. I resolved to begin exploring for a site soon and to start construction as soon as I had more guys to help.

We finally got home about an hour after dark. For the last leg, Anna and I had the bearskin on a bamboo pole, her with the uphill end, me with the downhill end. Iain limped along stoically. I could tell that his knee was painful and I offered to carry him but he refused. When they could Iain and James walked side by side, either holding hands, with James helping Iain over difficult places, or Iain with his hand on James’ shoulder. James carried the puppy in his chemise papoose carrier and talked to it constantly. After sunset, the moon gave us enough light to follow the familiar paths the rest of the way up the mountain. I was tired and hungry but wonderfully happy and alive and glad to be home.

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The next morning, I heard James in the kitchen talking to Lucky. I rolled out of bed, put on a loin cloth, had a quick piss, and went to the kitchen. James was pouring some left-over stew from a frying pan over crumbled bread in a bowl. He was still naked. The puppy was whining and wiggling at his feet.

“I did what you told me, David,” he said. “He slept with me all night and then I took him outside first thing. He sniffed everything and

peed a few times. After he eats, I'm going to take him outside again and see if he poops."

"Where's Iain?" I asked.

"Still sleeping, I guess," he said. "We tried sleeping together like we usually do but he kept wiggling 'cause he couldn't make his leg stop hurting so he got in another bed."

He put the bowl down in front of the puppy and we both watched as it started gobbling down its food. Iain limped in and stood watching with us. He was naked too. I knew he and James would put on loin cloths before breakfast. Anna had requested that we all dress for meals because, her words, she wanted to be able to think of what she was putting in her mouth.

Anna walked in just as James was taking the puppy outside. She was bare breasted but she had put on a loincloth too. She petted the dog, kissed James on the cheek, and turned to Iain and me. She removed the bandages she had put on us after we showered last night, inspected our wounds, made us sit at a table while she cleaned them, and applied more of the topical antibiotic. My arm was sore but it wasn't really hurting bad. Iain said his injury wasn't hurting bad either but his knee didn't feel right. Anna had him put both knees side by side and she leaned over and compared them. The injured knee was clearly swollen. Something that wasn't injured started to swell too. She gave his penis a yank and then stood up.

"I probably should take a few sutures in both of your injuries," she said. "Aimee, do we have what I'll need to suture a wound? I imagine these aren't the last injuries these boys are going to get."

"Yes, Anna," Aimee replied. "The necessary supplies are in the storeroom. There is also a compound which will glue the two sides of any minor incision together. It seals the wound, minimizes scarring, and will help prevent infection. Perhaps that is the best treatment for their wounds."

"Thank you, Aimee," Anna said. "I've used something like that before and I think it'll be fine for minor injuries like these. I'll take care of it later this morning. Maybe I'll even glue Iain's penis to his leg so it won't be such a bother."

Iain immediately clamped his legs together and put both hands over his family jewels.

“You’re both lucky, you know,” Anna said. “That bear could have done some real damage to you. I want you both to take it easy today. Iain, do you need a pain pill again? Did you sleep alright with one last night?”

“I don’t need it yet. After the pill kicked in, I slept OK,” he said. “I was so tired I probably could have slept without it. James and I didn’t even jack off when we went to bed.”

“Anna, it’s always going to be dangerous for us to venture off the mountain but someday we’ve got to do it,” I said. “I guess I’m just a typical male and I want to see what’s over the horizon. We’ve got to make this whole world our home someday.”

“You don’t have to do it,” she muttered. “You can let your descendants do it.”

“Oh, am I going to have descendants?” I teased. “When do I get to start?”

“Soon. I want to wait until more women are here,” she said.

“Well, if Caitlyn is the next arrival, I don’t want her to start having babies any time soon,” Iain said. “I hope we can wait a few years.”

“David, it’s about time for our next arrival,” Anna said. “Someone should be here at all times. Let’s let Iain take it easy around here until then. He needs to let his leg heal. I think his knee is sprained and he should stay off it. He should stay in bed or lay down somewhere for a few days.”

“Iain, after breakfast, I’m going to reset the rabbit snares,” I said. “You take it easy today and stay off that leg. Anna, would you and James pick the garden, that is, if he can put down Lucky long enough. We’ll skip exercises today. This is going to be a lazy day for all of us.”

Anna and I were preparing our breakfast when James came back. I peeled some cold boiled potatoes for hash-browns while Anna battered and fried some rabbit. Iain sat at a table, sliced some bread, drizzled olive oil on it, and I put it in the oven to toast. James put Lucky down and stood watching us. Lucky immediately went exploring and sniffing everything.

“He pooped,” James said. “I took him down the hill a little to where that big Oak tree is. He found a spot he liked and squatted and pooped like he knew it was his bathroom. I think he already knows his name. He came to me when I called him Lucky.”

“That’s a good start,” I said. “You wanted him. Now it’s your job to house-break him.”

“David, how do you think Lucky got here?” he asked. “We haven’t seen any dogs on the mountain. Do you think there are dogs on the mainland, out from under Aimee’s shield?”

“Well, first there was a mama dog and then there was a papa dog and they got...”

James cut me off. “Come on, David. I’ve been thinking and I believe there are dogs in this world. I think somebody put dogs here but they didn’t put them on the mountain because they wanted the rabbits to multiply without any predators. They probably wanted us to have dogs.”

“I think you’re right, James,” I said. “In our old world, dogs came from wolves. Man slowly guided their evolution into all the different breeds. If we leave the dogs here alone, they’ll probably evolve back into wolves again or maybe go extinct in this world. I think there are more dogs out there off the mountain.”

“Maybe we could all have one,” he said.

“Uh uh,” I said. “Let’s stop with one for a while. If we turn Lucky loose here, what might happen to Lighting and his family?”

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We did something unusual after lunch, something I couldn’t ever remember having done before since I came to our new world. We took a nap. Iain asked for another pain pill with lunch and Anna approved his request and sent James to Aimee’s room to get it. After cleaning the kitchen, we all went to our bedrooms.

Anna and I crawled into our bed alcove, her first as usual. When I lay down, she scooted back against me and held my hand against her breasts while we napped. We both moved our loincloths out of the way so I could nestle my penis in the warm place between her legs. It was complacent for once and didn’t go nosing about for something to get into.

Iain and James also went in their bedroom for a nap. James carried Lucky to bed and I suppose the puppy was ready for a nap too since Iain and James had played with him all morning.

When I awakened an hour or so later, I eased out of bed, had a quick piss, and went across the hall to their bedroom. Iain was on his left side, bare butt showing, spooned up against James, with his injured right leg over James left, and his arm over James' back. Lucky was curled up in a circle in front of James. James' hand was resting on Lucky's back. They were all still asleep.

I was standing there, just looking at them, when Anna surprised me by putting her hand on my shoulder. I turned toward her and put one finger in front of my mouth. We both stood there watching the sleeping boys and the sleeping dog.

"They're beautiful; aren't they?" Anna whispered.

I looked at Iain critically. I wasn't sure what a woman's definition of beautiful was, especially when it came to men and boys. Iain was tanned all over and the white stripe around his hips had disappeared. He was not soft looking anymore. He had clearly defined muscles all over now and there was little body fat on him. I couldn't see James' body as well but he looked about the same. Perhaps she was referring to the way Iain was holding James, spooned up to him with one arm over him, both peaceful and relaxed, sleeping the same way Anna and I had been a few minutes before.

"Yeah, I suppose so," I answered.

The puppy immediately raised his head, seemed to smile at us, and started wagging his tail. Maybe that was enough to wake up James.

"Be still, Lucky," he said.

Iain rolled over on his back and looked at us. His loincloth wasn't covering his genitals and his penis looked as relaxed as mine was. He stretched, yawned, and then lay there looking at us.

"May I look at your wound, Iain?" Anna asked. "I promise I won't pull your penis again."

He smiled and I suppose that was approval of her request. She sat down on the side of the bed and leaned over his leg. I could tell she was having trouble seeing. The lights in the room were on dim.

"Aimee, would you please turn the lights on bright?" I asked. "Anna wants to look at Iain's wound."

“Yes, David,” Aimee answered. “Anna, would you please give me a report on what you see again? I would like to maintain records of illnesses and wounds as part of our history.”

Anna removed the bandage around Iain’s leg and looked at the wounds. Next she tugged his legs side by side and compared his knees.

“I see no excessive redness around the punctures so I assume the antibiotic is doing its job,” she said. “He should take another antibiotic pill tonight. I’m going to leave the bandage off for a while and I’ll put on another one before bedtime. The swelling in his knee is about the same as last night and this morning. With rest, I would expect it to be reduced tomorrow morning. I think someone else is also lucky.”

She turned to me and I knew what she wanted. I sat down on the side of the bed. She removed the bandage around my arm and inspected the claw marks.

“I see no evidence of infection but there is a lot of irritation,” she said. “I think David is going to be wearing hash marks on his shoulder for a while. I’m going to leave the bandage off his wound too. I’ll recover it tonight. He should get another antibiotic pill tonight too.”

“What are hash marks, Anna?” James asked.

“It’s service stripes, James,” she answered. “Army enlisted men get one for each three years of service. It’s a diagonal stripe worn on the sleeve of a dress uniform. It’s just for enlisted men; officers don’t wear them. Iain, could you move over? Let me lay down behind James.”

He moved over on the other side of the puppy and Anna stretched out behind James and spooned up to him. Lucky immediately went wild and crawled over James to lick Anna’s face. I decided to join the fun. I crawled in the bed, over the other three, and lay down behind Iain. He didn’t protest when I spooned up to him and nestled my penis in the warm place between his legs.

The puppy decided it had to come welcome me next. It squirmed across Iain and licked my cheek too. We all lay there petting and playing with Lucky for a few minutes. He kept squirming and going from one of us to another. I wondered when James had taken him outside and if one of us was going to get peed on. Finally James leaned over Anna and put Lucky down on the floor. He immediately went exploring.

“What’s for dinner?” James asked.

“Coq au vin,” Anna said with a straight face.

“Cock o’what?” James asked.

“That’s French for rooster with wine, but you can use a hen,” I said. “You braise the chicken with wine, lardons, mushrooms, and garlic. I loved it when Mother cooked it. It’s delicious.”

“Well, what’s lardons?” James asked, grinning. “I know what a hard-on is.”

“Lardons are thin strips of pork belly. Mother used bacon. She would have me cut it like matches,” I said. “It gives a great flavor.”

“I suppose a rabbit would do as well. You don’t have to use a hen,” Anna said, grinning too. “You can use a poulet.”

She pulled on James’ penis a few times.

“A pull it?” James asked.

I saw Anna hadn’t turned loose of James’ penis. She was slowly pulling it. I reached over to Iain’s penis and pulled it a few times.

“Yeah, it’s a young tender spring chicken,” I said. “Have you ever eaten one?”

“No, but I’ve licked one,” James said, grinning wickedly. “It was delicious.”

He patted Anna on her hip and giggled. She shook her head like she was exasperated but she was smiling too.

“I’d rather have spaghetti,” Iain said. “Caitlyn loves meat balls and sausage with white sauce.” He giggled at his own effort.

“I wish you have told me that yesterday,” I said with a straight face. “We could have had bear meat balls.”

That elicited an “Ooohhh, merde!” from Iain, “Hot damn, that’s a good one!” from James, and a prolonged loud groan from Anna.

She cupped her hands under James’ testicles and looked at me. I saw that his penis was already well on its way to erection. It looked like a

hairless prepubescent boy's except for the size. I cupped mine under Iain's testicles with my thumb over his penis. I felt it firming up too.

"Well, I'd rather have steak," she said, and then paused and looked directly in my eyes. "Round steak. I like my meat rare ... and full of blood."

That elicited three groans too. It also elicited a firmer hard-on between Iain's legs.

Anna leaned over James, held his now fully-erect penis straight up, and took it in her mouth. She slid her hand and her mouth slowly up and down for a moment, then lifted up and looked at me. I could see the question on her face.

I pushed my fully-erect hard-on between Iain's legs again and then moved back. I leaned over, pushed him down on his back, wrapped my hand around the shaft of his penis, took the head in my mouth, and mirrored Anna's movements again.

I don't know what might have happened if it hadn't been for Lucky's intervention. He kept jumping up, trying to get back in the bed with us. In his jumping, he clawed Anna's butt. She screamed, flipped over to see what had happened, and saw a grinning puppy with its tail wagging furiously and its tongue hanging out.

"Bad dog, Lucky," she said. "That hurt."

She stood up, held her loin cloth to one side, and tried to see what he had done on her buttock. I'm sure James and Iain checked out her wound as thoroughly as I did. She had red stripes diagonally down one side of her derriere but there was no blood.

"You've got hash marks too, Anna," I said.

"Yeah, we've got to doctor your wound tonight," Iain said.

James knew when to be serious. He crawled out of the bed and hugged her.

"Don't pay any attention to those two little boys," he said. "I'm sure it hurts a little bit. Let me rub some of that antibiotic ointment on it and then let's go start dinner."

"Would you kiss it first and make it stop hurting?" she asked.

James was eager to do it. He dropped down on his knees, held her loincloth to one side, and kissed her derriere right on the red stripes. He didn't stop with a kiss. He licked it a couple of times and then looked up at Anna.

"It feels much better, James," she said. "Would you like to go bed with me tonight and play? If you say so, I'll let these two bad boys play with us too."

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"Anna, when David does sex stuff with me and Iain, are you OK with that?" James asked.

We were through with dinner and had cleaned the kitchen and were just sitting at a table talking. I was content to wait for Anna to decide who she wanted to play with and where.

"What do you mean?" Anna asked. "Are you asking how I feel when I see him with his mouth on your penis or Iain's?"

"Yeah, jacking me off, sucking my dick, kissing me, stuff like that: are you OK with all of that?"

"How do you feel when I do the same thing to you?" she asked.

His big grin was probably answer enough. "I like it."

I just sat and listened and wondered what was bothering him.

"I like it too, James," she said.

"But I don't understand why David does it to me," James persisted. "I don't want you to feel bad about him when he does it. I respect him a lot and I just don't want anybody disrespecting him because he does it. I don't want anybody thinking he's..." He looked at me. "...gay or something like that. I know he's not. I just don't understand it."

"Why do you do it to him?" Anna asked.

"Has David told you about what happened to me before I came here?" he asked. "I mean, what the reverend Moneyhand did to me?"

"No, he just said you had never known your parents and had been in a number of foster homes. He said you were abused by some foster parents."

“Yeah, I was. Abused, shit! Moneyhand used to fuck me in the ass and I hated it. I pretended to like it ‘cause I had no place else to go but I really hated it. I felt sick inside and I finally couldn’t take it anymore.”

“Go ahead, tell her what you did to the reverend,” I said.

“I killed him, Anna. I let gas loose in the house and it exploded in a big ball of fire. I was just crawling out the window and I was knocked out and I woke up here.”

“Tell her what happened here. Tell her what you offered to let me do,” I said.

“Well, I was really sick when I came here. I puked and pooped and peed all over everything. David washed me clean and then cleaned up my mess. He was so gentle and nice to me. I didn’t know what it was going to be like here. You tell her the rest, David. I can’t.”

“He wanted to sleep with me one night,” I said. “He even offered to let me fuck him if I wanted to. I told him that he didn’t have to offer his ass to someone just so he could be cared for and protected. I said I was going to be his friend and care for him. I was going to make sure he would never have to endure anything like that again.”

“And he’s kept his word, Anna,” James said. “He’s made me feel like a man and not like a trapped...fuck toy. That’s why I like him so much. I guess I even love him. He’s like a big brother or maybe a father to me. I know he’s my friend. I know he’s a good man and I don’t want anybody disrespecting him.”

“You still haven’t told me why you do it with David,” Anna said.

“Well, I guess it started before you came here. I’m horny all the time and I feel like I’ve got to jack off or something a few times every day or else I’ll go crazy. I know David and Iain are just as horny as me and they need to do it too. I like it when they suck my dick so I do it back. I want them to enjoy it as much as I do.”

“Nobody’s asked me how I feel about it,” I said.

James looked at me. “Well, how do you feel about it?”

“I like playing with you guys. I did it a little as a kid and it was a lot of fun. I guess we were all so horny with puberty that we had to do something. I’m about as horny now. I suppose I like doing stuff with you and Iain because I know you’ll do the same thing for me. Putting

my hands on you, sucking your dick: that doesn't bother me in the slightest. Do you want to know what does?"

"What?" Iain asked.

"Kissing you," I said. "I never kissed another boy when I was a kid and I guess it never occurred to me. I like it but I can't make up my mind how I'm supposed to feel about it. It makes me horny as hell, just like kissing a woman does. I'm OK about kissing Anna but I can't make up my mind whether I should be kissing you and James."

"How about when I kiss you for certain special occasions, you know, left cheek, right cheek, mouth?" Iain asked. "Does that bother you?"

"No, I like that. I think that's a custom we ought to carry on in this new world. That's not sexual. The kind of kissing I'm talking about is kissing with open mouths, what some people call French kissing but I don't think the French should be blamed for it."

"Well, I like it when you guys kiss me," James said. "I like it when I kiss you too. Maybe I like it a little more when Anna does it."

"I wish you guys wouldn't worry about kissing each other," Anna said. "This is a new world and we're all going to sort out what we like and what we don't. I've made love with a few women before and I don't regret it. I know women can enjoy kissing each other and I don't mean just kissing on the lips. I may even make love with some of the girls and women who come here. What do you think of that?"

James leered at her again. "Can I watch, I mean, may I watch?"

Iain seemed in favor too. "You can help me do Caitlyn. Maybe both of us can convince her it's OK."

"Well, I think we can all agree on one thing: that we don't want a hatred for homosexuality to get started here," I said. "I'm still trying to figure out how we can have a world where we all love each other, not hate each other for stupid religious reasons."

"Amen," James said.

"What do you mean: amen?" Iain asked.

"People always say amen when they agree with what the preacher says," James explained.

“James, come here,” Anna said and turned to the side and spread her knees.

He walked over close to her and she caught his hand and pulled him closer so he was standing between her knees. He watched as she untied his loincloth and let it fall to the floor. His penis was swollen and standing out a little from his testicles, not just hanging down. Anna cupped her hand under his testicles, leaned over, and blew little puffs of air at his penis.

“Blow job,” she whispered.

After that, she just sat there, one hand under his testicles, and blew puffs of air at his penis every few seconds. We all watched as his penis swiftly began to lift, stood out horizontally, lifted some more, and then stood up pointing at her face. He might be fourteen but he already had a man’s penis. Anna wrapped one hand around the shaft and cupped his testicles with the other.

“James, I know you young guys are always horny,” Anna said. “I think all women know it instinctively. It gives us a way to control you, to get you to do what we want you to do, to give us children, and then get you to protect and provide for a family. Women think with their hearts; men think with their little heads. We love you anyway.”

“And you don’t think less of me and Iain and David, especially David, when we do stuff with each other?” he asked.

“No, James, David and I agree about the way we hope everyone will be in this new world. We don’t want a bunch of senile old men, a lot of them celibate except for alter-boys, we don’t want them dictating what we do when we enjoy sex. We don’t want hatred to rule our lives. We want love, even between two men or two women, to rule our lives. But we don’t have to be so serious about it; do we? When we all played together, I had fun; didn’t you?”

“Yeah,” he agreed, and his big grim reinforced his word.

“Well, are you ready to go to bed with me and play some more. We’ll even invite the two bad boys if they’ll promise to be good.”

Of course, we promised.

“I just want to play at oral sex and kissing and stuff like that,” Anna said. “You guys can play all you want to but nobody gets to fuck me tonight. Maybe I’ll let David do it when we go to bed, if he can still get it up.”

James and Iain led the way to their bed this time. There was no structure or plan in what we did. One way of playing flowed into another and we were all involved at the same time. I had my mouth alternately on two penises and one pussy and I kissed three different people. I suppose James and Iain did too. I watched Anna suck James' dick while I was sucking Iain's. When Anna laid down on her back and spread her thighs, Iain beat James to the offering. James had to be content with sucking mine. Then three guys ganged up on Anna for a while, one from the East, one from the West, and one from the South and she had her first orgasm with Iain taking a turn licking her pussy. She lay there with her eyes closed, a smile on her lips, while three guys gave her a semen shower.

Later, in our own bed chamber, I would probably have been content to cuddle up with Anna and go to sleep. She had other ideas.

As usual, I let her crawl in our sleeping alcove first. When I crawled in after her, she took charge again. I didn't resist.

She pushed me down on my back, knelt my legs apart, knelt between them, and grabbed my still-swollen but flaccid penis. I put my hands under my head and watched her. She stroked my penis for a moment, then leaned over, took the head in her mouth, and started sucking. I still wasn't completely rested from our trip down the mountain and I wasn't surprised when my penis was slow to become hard. Maybe she was satisfied that it was about full size but soft. She straddled my thighs, lowered herself down until her pussy was resting on the shaft of my dick, with about half still exposed, and wiggled from side to side and back and forth and I felt her wetness on my testicles and penis. Then she rode me, front to back, with her hand wrapped around the exposed part of my penis, all the while blowing little puffs of air downward and whispering "blow-job." It was a new experience and I liked it. My penis did too; it surged into a full-blown erection.

I could see her little crimson button at the apex of her vaginal lips and I waited for her to lean forward and bring it in contact with the shaft of my penis, her way of fucking without fucking. She didn't. She rode me for a while longer and then suddenly lifted up, held my penis straight up, and sucked it into her vagina with wild wiggles and squirms and thrusts. With an orgasm already, I hoped I could hold back long enough for her to come first.

She rode me slowly for a while with her eyes closed and a slight smile on her lips. I knew what she was doing. I was doing the same thing but with open eyes. We were both savoring what we felt as my penis

slowly disappeared in her hairless pussy and then just as slowly reappeared.

She stopped for a moment, cupped one hand under her breast, and said "Suck." I had learned last time to obey her commands. I held her breasts up with both hands, craned my neck upwards, and sucked her nipples until she started riding again.

Now, she pounded on me, her thighs and derriere bouncing off my thighs with an audible slapping noise. Just when I was beginning to wonder if I could hold out, she slowed down and began to groan. I grabbed her by the hips and slammed her down so every bit of my penis was inside her and felt her vagina begin to clench and relax around the shaft.

She sat there on top of me, her hands on my chest, her thumb and one finger pinching my nipples, and I waited for her breathing to slow down. After a little while, she lifted herself so that only the head of my dick was still in her warm wetness.

"Fuck up," she whispered, and again I obeyed her command. I held her by the hips, thrust upwards into her, and gradually lost all awareness except what I was doing with my penis. With the first spurt I let my ass fall back down on the bed, shoved her down so that my penis was entirely inside her, and finished squirting out my life into her. She groaned and whined and then she surprised me. I felt her vagina begin to squeeze around the shaft of my dick and I marveled that she could come again so quickly.

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"David! Anna! Please come to my room! A young girl has arrived and she may be Caitlyn! Shall I call Iain?"

A couple of days later, Anna and I both were awakened by Aimee's call just after four o'clock in the morning. We had been sleeping naked as usual, with Anna cuddled up to my butt, her hand resting on my hip. I slept on the outside of the bed alcove and she slept on the inside, a result, I suppose of my protective instinct for her. I rolled out of bed, glanced at the clock, and held out my hand to her.

"Yes, Aimee. Call him. I suppose you might as well call James too. Anna and I will be right there."

Our bed chamber was the closest to Aimee's room so we were there a few seconds before Iain and James ran in. The lights in Aimee's room

were on dim. The naked young girl was in the same recliner chair that the rest of us had been in when we arrived.

She seemed to be sleeping peacefully. She was on her side, one hand touching her cheek, red fingernails showing, the other near her waist. Her legs were bent and her knees were together.

I held one finger in front of my lips, put my hand on Iain's shoulder, and mouthed the words, "Is it Caitlyn?" He understood and nodded. The expression on his face was clearly one of absolute happiness. I walked over in front of Aimee's image and whispered to her.

"Is she OK, Aimee? Have you measured her vital signs?"

"Yes, David," she whispered back to me. "Her temperature and heart rate are slightly elevated but not dangerously so. She seems to be in no danger."

I walked back to the other three and we stood there looking at Caitlyn. Iain had said she was beautiful but his words simply didn't do her justice.

Her hair was as long and golden blonde as Iain had said. It was pulled back in a ponytail which curved around and rested on one breast. The hair on each side of her head had been plaited and the two plaits were joined together somehow just under the ponytail. I'd never seen an unusual arrangement like it but it was a perfect crown for Iain's princess.

Her face was almost unbelievable in its young beauty. Her skin and features were flawless. Her cheeks were very faintly pink, perhaps from makeup, perhaps from a slight fever from the journey. Her lips were full and red, parted just a little with two perfect white teeth showing.

Her breasts were just little mounds on her chest, one small mound capped with another smaller mound under the areolas and with almost non-existent nipples that scarcely protruded. Even lying as she was, on her side, her abdomen was a shallow bowl between her ribs and her hip bones. Her pubic hair, what little I could see of it, was the same color as that on her head. Between her legs, from behind, her cleft was tightly closed and virginal, nothing more than a crease in the two plump mounds on each side. Her hips were almost boyish and I wondered if she could possibly bear a child. Her legs were long and slim and her toenails were painted bright red like her fingernails. She was probably the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen but she was just a girl, not a woman.

I looked at Iain and saw that he seemed still awe struck at the sight of her. I looked at James and saw the same expression of wonder on his face. I looked at Anna and she smiled at me and mouthed the words, "She's beautiful." I put my hand on Iain's shoulder and he turned away from her for the first time.

"Iain, I think you should cover her with a blanket before you wake her up," I whispered. "James and Anna and I will wait in the hallway and let you be alone with her when she awakens. You can call us back in a few minutes. We should see if she needs to be medicated and to go pee like the rest of us did. Can you carry her to the toilet? Anna can go with you if you need a woman's help."

He nodded. I turned to Aimee and whispered, "Aimee, will you please blank your screen and let Iain and Caitlyn have a moment of privacy. I think you should quietly watch and call me and Anna if Iain needs help with her. We'll be outside in the hallway."

I put my hands on James' shoulders and pushed him out into the hallway. He rather reluctantly went, looking back over his shoulder at Caitlyn. Anna followed us.

In the hallway, I thought about the girl, not a woman, I had seen in Aimee's chair. I wondered how the outcome of our trip across the isthmus might have been different if Caitlyn had been with us. I was glad she had not been. If Iain's protective instincts had been directed toward her, would he have helped to kill the bear?

Then I thought about the exquisitely-beautiful girl-child I had seen. I could not believe that she could possibly bear a child. Her hips were too narrow. I had no idea when a woman's hips widened to prepare her for childbirth. I could understand how Iain could love her. She was probably as beautiful a girl as I'd ever seen. But she was a girl, not a woman. If Iain made love to her and got her pregnant, I didn't want to know what might happen. I thought we had a problem and I didn't know how to handle it.

Anna was a nurse but her expertise was in the operating room working with men. I didn't expect her to have any expertise in child-bearing. Still she was a woman and would know more than I did.

Aimee always measured all of our body proportions in order to recognize us. If she measured Caitlyn, would she know whether the girl would be able to bear a child?

Anna and I had made love or had sex within a few minutes after her arrival. She wanted it and I did too. I needed it as much as she did. But it was probably stupid for me to do it with no thought of the consequences. Still, I wasn't worried about her ability to bear any child we conceived together.

Would Iain listen to me if I advised him not to make love to Caitlyn until we were sure it was safe? Would I have? Anna said the contraceptive pill Aimee gave her was free of side-effects as far as she could tell. But Caitlyn probably had religious beliefs against taking it. Could Aimee and Anna and Iain and I convince her to take it?

I knew Iain's and Caitlyn's love for each other would lead them down the path to more and more intimacy until they joined their bodies together. I knew that was the normal progression of a man and a woman who loved each other. What could I do? What could anyone do to stop them from making love? I didn't know.

I could kill a bear simply as a part of the protective instinct all men probably share. I could kill a rattlesnake with my bare hands. Why did I feel so helpless in a situation like this?

I looked at Anna and saw her looking at me.

"I think we've got a problem," I started.

She nodded. "I do too. She can't have a child yet. Her pelvis is not wide enough."

Chapter Twenty-Three

Caitlyn slept through most of the day after her early-morning arrival. Iain hardly left the bed chamber he had chosen for the two of them. They did come in the kitchen, hand in hand, for lunch, wearing loincloths, but she had on a loose chemise under hers. She was quiet and wouldn't leave his side. We put the food on the table and Iain served her plate. She ate and talked very little. After lunch she wanted to sleep some more so the two of them disappeared again.

She was a little more alert and friendly at dinner. Afterwards we sat at the dining table and talked for a while, Caitlyn and Iain on one side, James, Anna and me on the other. Caitlyn held Iain's hand and still

had very little to say. At one point, she leaned over and whispered something in Iain's ear.

"Aimee, is it dark outside yet?" he asked.

"Yes, Iain, the earth's rotation has caused the sun to sink below the horizon," she answered. "The sky is dark except for stars. The partial moon will not rise for over an hour. Does that meet your definition of dark?"

"Yes, it does, smart aleck," he said. "Caitlyn wants me to sing to her tonight but I want you to play something first. Do you have Belle Nuit from The Tales of Hoffman by Offenbach? Maybe it's called O Nuit d'Amour."

"Yes, Iain, I like to display my knowledge," Aimee responded. "And yes, I have the Barcarolle by Offenbach."

James looked at me and I knew he was asking me to translate. Anna beat me to it.

"It means Beautiful Night or Night of Love, James," she said.

I wondered what Iain was going to do during his night of love. Aimee and Anna and I had talked to him during the day and he seemed to understand that he couldn't make love to Caitlyn completely, that he could not take a chance on getting her pregnant. He even grinned at us and said maybe he could convince her to do something else now. All I could do was just what he said: trust him."

Iain and Caitlyn climbed to the fourth level of the terrace and the rest of us stopped on the level just below. Looking up, all I could see was their outlines against the stars of the night sky. We all stood there while Aimee played the Barcarolle and then Iain held both of Caitlyn's hands in his while he sang to her: When Irish Eyes are Smiling. I was moved by the beauty of the piece Aimee played but I was struck speechless by the beauty of Iain's pure tenor voice. From the way Anna squeezed my hand, I knew she was moved just as much. I looked over and I could just see James holding her other hand. His mouth was hanging open.

"Aimee, can you hear me?" Iain asked.

“Yes, Iain, I hear you,” she answered from the direction of the front door.

“Do you have a waltz called Un Rêve d’Amour?” Iain asked.

“Of course I do,” she answered. “You gave me the name of the waltz in English and I translated it to French for you so you could name it.”

“Would you play it please?” he asked.

She played the waltz. I could barely see Iain and Caitlyn but I could tell he was holding her as though they were waltzing, swaying but standing in place. The highest level of the terrace was too small for any dancing. The waltz was slow and sensuous and as beautiful as any I’d ever heard.

Iain said thank you to Aimee and then held Caitlyn’s hand as they came back down the steps to our level.

“Well, what was the English title?” James asked.

“A Dream of Love,” Iain told him. “It’s sometimes attributed to Strauss but the composer is unknown. Did you like it?”

“Yeah, it was beautiful.”

We climbed down another level to the largest terrace and started for the door to our home.

“Tell him who composed it, Iain,” Caitlyn said.

“Nobody knows, Caitlyn,” he answered. “I told you that.”

“Well, I know who composed it,” she said. “You did. You played it for me not long after we met. Why don’t you want them to know?”

I knew Iain had real musical talents but I found it hard to believe he had composed a beautiful waltz at his age. Perhaps he had told her that to impress her. It wouldn’t be the first time a young man had lied to a young girl.

“Did you really compose it, Iain?” I asked, as we were going in the big front doors.

He stopped, looked at me, and I thought he was going to tell the truth.

“Yes, I did, David,” he said, earnestly, “I composed it a couple of years ago when I was archiving the works of Strauss so they could be given to Aimee. I wanted to see if I could fool people into believing it was his. I succeeded. I’ve composed quite a few short pieces.”

“He was playing it too,” Caitlyn said. “He showed me the thing he played it on and said he played four tracks and then put them together.”

“Shit. I can play good music on my skin flute,” James muttered.

“Why didn’t you claim it?” Anna asked. “It’s beautiful.”

“My parents wouldn’t let me and I understood why,” he explained. “They said they didn’t want to draw attention to our location in Ireland and what they were planning to do. James, can you dance?”

“Huh? No. Moneyhand said dancing was evil but I didn’t believe that either.”

“I’d like to teach Caitlyn to dance and maybe we could teach you too. I think David and Anna already know how.”

“If you want us to dance to a waltz, you’d better include us in your dancing class too,” Anna said.

“If I start a class in different types of dancing, would you all participate?” Iain asked.

“Yes, we will,” I said. “And James will too if he knows what’s good for him.”

As we went down the central hallway, Iain and Caitlyn, without a word, went to their bed chamber. I silently wished them well. He had said trust me and I knew that was all we could do.

When Anna held out her hand to me, I took it and we started to bed too. Then I thought of James. I stopped and, when Anna looked at me, I nodded toward James.

“Would you like to show him a night of love too?” I asked. She smiled at me, nodded, and held out her other hand to him. He came running, grinning, showing on his face that he was happy to be with me and Anna.

No one was in a hurry. We crawled into the alcove in our bed chamber without a word being said aloud, only occasional whispers. We played quietly and gently with each other, occasionally two of us doing something with the third, intermittently each of us doing something with someone else, sometimes one doing something to someone else while the third watched and grinned and masturbated.

The longer we played together, the more energetic we became in our activities. I could hear Anna and James audibly breathing and I was doing the same thing. Each time I made body contact with one of them, I felt the stickiness of sweat between our naked skins. I also felt with increasing urgency the need to stop playing and to start seeking the release of an orgasm. After a while I began to reflect on what we were doing.

At Anna’s request, James was flat on his back, legs spread wide, and I was kneeling between them. He had his hands behind his head and a big grin on his face. I was intermittently sucking and stroking his dick and sometimes doing both at once. Anna was lying beside us, one hand under my belly playing with my penis and testicles, occasionally stroking my erection, occasionally using her fingers between her legs, and all the while she was smiling and watching me sucking James’ dick. I didn’t care if she watched. If she wanted to see me do it, I wasn’t going to refuse.

Anna occasionally loved to lay spread-eagled in bed, arms to each side, thighs apart just enough for me to enter her. I loved her when she did that and let me plow her furrow and then plant my seeds as deep in the earth-mother as I could. Sometimes she made me her prisoner with her ankles locked over my ass and her arms tightly around my chest. I loved that too. Occasionally she wanted it pure animal, as she called it, with her on her knees and me behind her shoving every inch of my penis into her. I loved to do it that way too. Sometimes she wanted to be on top, riding me, while I played dead. I even liked that unless she got too wild and threatened to break my penis off at the root. I loved to make love with her in every way possible and I loved her when she orchestrated our positions.

But sucking James' dick was different. I thought about why I was doing it. Did I like it? I certainly didn't feel like a homosexual. Did I do it just to please her? I'd do almost anything to please her. Did I do it because I knew somebody would then reciprocate and suck my dick? Of course I wanted that too. Did I do it because it reminded me of the occasions when I was a teenager and had done the same thing with a buddy?

I remembered vividly doing the same sort of things with buddies when I was a kid. I never felt like I was a homosexual then. It wasn't homo or hetero; it was just sex, sex to find relief from the insistent urgings of my burgeoning sexuality. I sometimes thought my penis was a separate individual then, insisting on something, anything, to give it relief from congested tubes and glands and whatever. It was all new to me and so damned insistent that I masturbated at least twice every day and my penis was always sore and never quite satisfied.

I was just about as horny now. Since coming to this strange new world, my body had constantly pressured me by wanting sexual relief. I had found some release with first Iain and then James and Iain together and then the three of us and Anna but I could still have a few orgasms one day and be so horny the next that I found it difficult to think about anything else.

I knew James was just fourteen, no, fifteen, if his calculations about his birthday were correct. What sort of twenty-six year old man had sex with a young boy just fifteen, just about half his age? I wasn't ashamed of it. He seemed to need sex just as much as I did. And Iain, eighteen years old, was just as horny as James and I were. I didn't regret that the three of us had slowly drifted into sexual play with each other. I was glad that Anna had not disapproved of what we had done when she arrived. I was pleased when she occasionally played with us herself and seemed really to enjoy it. I suppose it was a wonderful and satisfying arrangement for all of us.

Anna moved around on the bed, pushed me down on my back, kned my legs apart, knelt between them, and I knew what she was about to do. She wrapped one hand around the shaft of my penis, took the head in her mouth, and cupped the other hand under my testicles. She started sucking and stroking gently, not trying to make me come, just enough to keep me wanting. After a moment, I reached down, put my hands on her shoulders to hold her still, and started lifting my hips, fucking up into her mouth..

She let me do it for a short while and then surprised me when she crawled out of bed, stood up, and held out both hands to James and to me. I didn't question why. I crawled out and took her hand. James followed.

When she made me sit down on the side of the bed, I had no idea what she wanted this time. She grinned and pushed me back so that I was lying on the bed, legs bent, feet on the floor. She pushed my legs apart, took my penis in her hand, held it straight up, and nodded her head like she was pleased with it. She grabbed two pillows, gave me one to put under my head, and put the other on the floor between my spread legs. Was I about to get a blow-job?

Then she pushed James so he was standing in front of me, pointed down at the pillow, put her hands on his shoulders, and pushed. He understood and dropped to his knees. A blow-job from James? I would prefer something else but I would do it her way.

James leaned forward and took my penis in his hand but Anna slapped his arm and shook her head no. She crawled back in bed and straddled me, with her derriere toward my face and her knees bent back. This was new. I had no idea what she wanted. She lifted up, positioned the head of my penis where she wanted it, and slowly worked her way down on it until her butt was on my stomach and I couldn't see what was happening. She leaned back, rested her hands on her ankles, and said her first words: "Eat me."

Eat me? That didn't sound like Anna. She was not usually crude or vulgar but she was usually straight-forward in saying what she wanted. I knew what she wanted but did James?

Anna turned loose of her ankles and extended her arms in front of her. I leaned to one side and saw one of her hands on the side of James' head. She pulled her arms back and I knew she was guiding his head to where she wanted it. I waited and after a moment I felt his tongue touch the shaft of my penis and I knew he was licking her clitoris or at least trying to, while part of my penis was in her vagina. I wrapped both arms around her hips, reached down and felt her soft mound, reached further, and pulled up and to each side. I couldn't see but I hoped that brought her clitoris out of hiding so James' tongue could find it.

She leaned back and put her hands on her ankles again. James couldn't resist his mischief. He slid one hand back between my legs and probed with one finger for my asshole. He pushed just enough to make me squirm and then withdrew and lifted my testicles.

Then I felt his tongue lick me from behind my testicles, over them, up the exposed part of my penis, and, I assumed, over Anna's clitoris. I relaxed and he continued licking around my penis and, I knew, licking the lips to Anna's pussy, all the way up to her clitoris. After a minute or so, Anna lifted her rear slightly and told me what she wanted.

"Fuck up, easy," she grunted.

I put my hands on her hips and fucked up, easy. Then, for a while, James and I alternated, me fucking up for a moment, then me holding still with my penis in her and him eating her. I wasn't surprised when I felt the muscles in her vagina begin to squeeze and relax. She groaned loud enough so that her climax was unmistakable.

She sat there frozen for a moment and then went wild, pushing me, jerking on James's arm, whispering instructions. When she finished orchestrating us, James was in my previous position, flat on his back, bent legs hanging off the bed. I was kneeling on the pillow between James spread legs. She quickly mounted him, swallowed his penis with her vagina, and looked at me. I knew what she wanted me to do so I did it.

James didn't have to be told to fuck up. When she lifted her hips slightly, he pistoned in and out for a moment. When she settled down, I ate her. After a minute or so, James was fucking up when his body decided it had enough. He went wild too, stabbing upward into her repeatedly and then freezing and I knew he was coming. I watched where they were joined and saw a little drool of white semen ooze out of her and run down the shaft of his penis. When she said "Eat me," again, I took a deep breath and did my best.

She started moaning again and then decided she wanted something different. She rolled off James, lay down beside him, and lifted and spread her legs. Within a second, I was between them. She guided my penis where she wanted it and I quickly began to shove every inch into her sloppy pussy. I knew I wasn't going to last long. I was too hot and aroused. Then I froze with my penis deep inside her while my balls emptied themselves into her. She went wild again and started

thrusting up against me and moaning like a crazy women. I felt her pussy begin its squeezing routine and I marveled that she could come again so soon.

I stayed on top of her until both our bodies were finished and then I rolled off to the side. James was on one side of her and I was on the other and all three of us were gasping for breath.

“I’m fucked,” she barely whispered.

“Yeah, me too,” James whispered.

I had to say it. “Yeah, me too, I’m fucked. Good fucked.”

A little after midnight, I was awakened by James crawling over me. I grunted and he whispered “Gotta go pee.” I decided I might as well go too so I whispered back, “Me too,” and started to get out of bed. Behind me, I heard Anna whisper, “Wait for me,” and I held her hand to help her out of bed.

I had asked Aimee to keep the lights on very dim at night in our bed chamber. When I turned around, I saw James standing there holding out his hand to Anna too. Hand in hand in hand we went across the hallway to the toilet.

When we returned to our bedroom, I waited for Anna to crawl in first, then James, and then me. James was spooned up to Anna this time and I was behind him, my right leg over his left, and my hand on his shoulder. Unconsciously, I suppose, I moved my hand upward, felt his soft fine hair, and stroked it gently a few times.

“David, can I say something to you and Anna?” he whispered.

Anna and I both grunted, “Uh huh,” at the same time.

“I just want to thank both of you for loving me,” he said. “I wish you could know how I feel, me spooned up to Anna with my hand on her breast, you spooned up to my butt, your big dick in the crack of my ass, you stroking my hair. I really feel like both of you love me. I wish I didn’t need to feel like somebody loves me so bad but it’s so good to be here in bed with both of you. I don’t mean the sex. I mean just being held and loved by both of you. Anyway, I thank you. I’ll try to grow up to be worth your love.”

“James, everybody needs to feel loved,” I said. “Don’t wish you didn’t need it. I need it too.”

“Me too,” Anna whispered. “I’m glad I found David and I know he loves me.”

“Maybe we ought to do this once in a while,” James said. “I don’t mean sex. I don’t mean me necessarily. Maybe we should start a custom of inviting somebody to sleep with us. I liked sleeping with Iain. Now that he’s got Caitlyn, I thought I’d have to sleep alone. I didn’t expect you two to invite me to your bed. But I’m glad you did. So I thank both of you again for loving me.”

“James, shut up and go to sleep before you make me cry,” Anna said.

“Me too,” I said.

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On the third day after Caitlyn’s arrival, Anna and James and I made another trip to the isthmus. Anna had agreed with me that it would be good to give Iain and Caitlyn a day alone together. I could tell Iain wanted to go too but he understood that he should spend the day with Caitlyn.

I planned on barely venturing out on to the isthmus this time. On my previous trips, I had seen some oyster shells on the North sheltered side of the isthmus. I wanted to wade the water and see what I could find there. In addition to our usual spears, I let James carry my knives, Anna carried a throwing ax, and I carried a cutter mattock. It had a long handle and a stout head with an axe blade on one side and an adze blade on the other. It was an ideal tool for digging and cutting roots and I knew it would be great for prying oysters off rocks.

When we left, the early-morning sun was already hot with an eighth-month intensity, just another summer day in paradise. I was glad to be dressed in nothing more than moccasins and a loin-cloth. Anna was dressed, or undressed, the same way but she had more clothes in her backpack in case the sun was too strong. James was dressed in a loin cloth when we started but it disappeared into his backpack on the way down. The three of us played and explored while going down the mountain but we were still at the isthmus before the sun’s zenith.

I took off my loin cloth and moccasins, waded out into the water, and I found oysters, thousands, millions of them, all over the rocks on the North side of the isthmus. I collected a few and then waded back out of the water to where Anna and James were waiting. I wanted to sample them to see if they were as good as the ones I'd eaten in our old world. They were certainly bigger.

I used my folded loin cloth to cradle the oyster while I used Little Boy to open it. I inspected it carefully, not really knowing how to spot any cause for concern. It looked perfect, certainly as good as any I'd seen in our old world. Grandfather had coaxed me to eat my first one and since then I'd loved their salty taste.

I slurped, chewed, swallowed, and savored the taste. It was delicious, as good as I expected it to be in the summer. I knew that oysters would be much better in cold months and that I would be back to gather more oysters. I coaxed James into trying one and he managed to get it down. Anna didn't want to try one.

James wanted to help me harvest a few oysters to carry home and he would have pried off lots more than I wanted to carry. I stopped him when we had about two dozen. I wanted them carried back in the shell so they would remain fresh until we ate them. I wanted to try making fried oyster po-boys if someone would make the bread.

We ventured a little way out on the isthmus and found the shell of a dead turtle but didn't see any signs of live ones. We also saw signs that pigs had been rooting in a few places. I wondered what they found in the sand and rocks that was edible.

On the way back up the mountain, we stopped at the fresh-water lake for a while. Our bamboo raft was still floating and we poled and paddled it to the center of the lake and had a quick swim. Anna let James, and me, get a good look at her naked beauty. Neither of us got a hard-on but then the lake water was still a little cool.

It was just another wonderful summer day in paradise.

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On the fourth day after Caitlyn's arrival, James amazed me again. The five of us were sitting at a table after lunch when he asked me something I had never thought about.

"David, is there another way out of here? I mean except going out the front door. Shouldn't there be a fire exit or something?"

"I don't know, James," I said. "Let's ask somebody who does know. Aimee, is there an escape route of here?"

"Yes, David, there is," Aimee said. "It is in the room at the end of the hall between the bed chambers."

"I've never seen it," I said. "I've looked at that room thoroughly but I didn't see a door except the one I entered."

"It is hidden, David," Aimee said. "I must be extremely careful in revealing it and permitting anyone to open it. I will give you the ability to open it if you wish. You can grant the others the same ability if you wish."

"Why is it hidden?" I asked.

"I do not know, David," she answered. "I was not told the reasons why the ones who constructed this place wanted to keep it secret. I assume it has to do with your safety."

"Well, I want to go through it, to see where it leads," I said. "I'll make the decision later whether I want the others to have the ability to open that door. Do I just tell you?"

"Yes, David," she said. "Everything here is under *your* control. I must do as you say when you pass on that control."

The door was carefully concealed. I thought I was looking at a blank wall until I asked Aimee to open the door. When I did, a seamless section of the wall swung back and there was a door opening a couple of meters wide in front of me. All I could see inside was blackness. I guessed there would be lights if there was to be an escape exit. I called for the lights and walked through the door.

I saw no light fixtures but there was enough of a glow to see. I was in a cave, a nature-carved cave, with an uneven floor and walls and

ceiling. There were no stalactites or stalagmites. There was only a tunnel, lighted, that extended and curved away. I glanced at the rear of the door and saw the same sort of rocks as on each side. It was cleverly disguised from this side.

“David, if everyone goes through the door, I have instructions to close it immediately without a command.” Aimee said. “Is that what you wish?”

I walked back through the door into the room where the other four were standing. I was thinking about why Aimee would immediately close the door once all of us had escaped. What sort of danger could arise that would necessitate the automatic closure of the door once we had all gone through it.

“Aimee, I want to explore the escape route,” I said. “I assume it leads to an exit somewhere else on the mountain. Is that correct?”

“Yes, David. There are two exits, both leading outside.”

“Would it be safe if we all went through the tunnel to outside,” I asked.

“I cannot answer that question, David,” Aimee said. “It requires judgment about your actions. The tunnels were carved by natural forces. The floor is uneven and walking will require care.”

I was eager to explore the exit and Iain and James were just as ready. Anna wanted to go with us and Caitlyn rather reluctantly agreed to go. I wasn't worried about animals in the cave since Aimee had told me there were none which presented a danger.

James wanted to take Lucky but I didn't want to worry about the pooch running after something in the dark. He put Lucky in an unused bed chamber and asked Aimee to keep him there. The puppy had eaten at the same time we did and James had already taken him outside to poop. Lucky immediately started whining in protest. He was already James' shadow and usually wanted to be with him.

We all dressed in what I thought might be cave-exploring attire and went exploring. I carried my knives, of course, but the only other thing we carried was a spear, more for balance than for protection. The tunnel wandered around and up and down and I saw unlighted

side tunnels but always there was a soft glow showing us the way to go. At one point, we came to a split in the tunnel, both routes glowing. I chose the right side and we wandered farther. Finally I saw the glow of natural light ahead and we exited the cave in a little ravine with a small stream dashing downhill.

We explored the ravine and the surrounding forest for a few minutes but none of us knew where we were on the mountain. I decided to go back the same way we had come. In time, we came back to the door to our living quarters, still open. We were all muddy from the waist down and dirty everywhere else. We let Anna and Caitlyn shower first while Iain and James and I played with an ecstatic puppy. Eventually the two chemise-covered females came back out of the bathing chamber. Three dirty males were in no hurry to get out of the showers either.

I suppose it was just another fine day in paradise but the fact that there was a back door to serve as an emergency exit from our living quarters gave me a lot to think about. What sort of emergencies had the builders of our quarters anticipated?

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“Last night after dinner, I called for this conference to begin after breakfast this morning,” I said. “It’s the first of many I expect we’ll have. Thank you all for coming.”

We were meeting on the fifth day after Caitlyn’s arrival. It was evident from two unhappy faces that there was a problem and I knew we had to address it.

“Aimee, are you listening?” I asked.

“Of course, David,” she answered. “I always listen unless I am instructed to give you privacy.”

“I would like Aimee to participate in all conferences we hold,” I said. “With her knowledge, she can be of much assistance any time we have a problem. Does each of you consent?”

I saw four nodding heads and I knew Aimee was aware of their actions.

I noticed James had his hand up. He was looking at Iain and Caitlyn, sitting side by side at the table. As usual, James was sitting on one side of Anna and I was on the other, opposite Iain. We were all dressed in only a loin cloth except for Caitlyn. As usual she was wearing a long chemise under her loin-cloth.

“Yes, James,” I said.

“May I say something before we get started and then I’m probably going to keep my mouth shut?”

I nodded and he began.

“I just want to say to everybody that I’m the happiest I’ve ever been in my life. I never felt loved and cared for before I came here and now I do. I’ve even got a puppy to love me. When I came here, I was sick...I mean, really sick and I peed and pooped and puked all over the place. David and Iain took care of me. David took me to the shower and bathed me and he was so kind and gentle with me. Then he cleaned up the mess I’d made. I don’t remember all this but Iain’s told me that’s what he did. I know he was a soldier back there and he killed a bunch of men but he was so nice and caring to me. He’s sort of like a father to me or maybe a big brother and I love him and I know he’s my friend. He’s a good man and I hope I can grow up to be just like him.”

I wanted to get along with the conference.

“I didn’t call this conference about me, James,” I said.

“I know,” he responded. “I know why you called it. I’ll make this relevant if you’ll give me a minute.”

I nodded.

“When we killed the bear, David shoved a spear in his chest and he was risking his own life. I asked him later why he did it and why he didn’t just run and he told me that his primary purpose here was to protect everybody. He said he would lay down his life to protect us. I thought about that for days afterward.”

“A man should always do his best to protect women and children, James,” I said.

“Yeah, I know,” he said. “But I’m not a child anymore. I feel like I’m a man too. Now I want to say something about Iain. He’s also one of the best men I’ve ever known. He’s just as kind and gentle and patient with me as David is. I feel like he’s my big brother and I love him too. When we killed the bear, Iain and I were probably the same distance away from it. Iain pushed me to one side and threw himself at the bear...”

“Like a chicken on a June bug,” Anna said, grinning.

“Yeah, just like that,” James said. “He was just like David, risking his own life to protect me and Anna. He’s another good man, Caitlyn. He would lay down his life to protect you. I don’t understand why you two are so unhappy but, please, listen to David and Anna and Aimee and work it out between you. I just want you two to be as happy as I am. This is a wonderful world as far as I’m concerned. I know David wants us all to love each other so we can be happy and...and have a big loving family. I guess I’m through now.”

“Thank you, James,” I said. “I’m going to ask Anna to lead the discussion for a while.”

Anna and I had prepared for the conference the night before. I knew what she was going to ask Caitlyn.

“Aimee, what is your purpose in being here?” she asked.

Aimee answered and it sounded like she was sitting at the table with us.

“My primary purpose is to assist all of you in any way I can, Anna. I have a great deal of knowledge from which I can provide answers to your questions. I can also teach almost any subject you can imagine. I also maintain a record of your life here. Is that a sufficient answer, Anna?”

“Yes, Aimee. Now I have another question for you? If I ask you what is the color of the sky, can you tell me it is pink?”

“No, Anna, I must always tell you the truth when you ask me a question. If I am to have your trust, I must always be truthful with you.”

“Thank you, Aimee,” Anna said. “Now I have a question for Caitlyn. Will you answer truthfully, Caitlyn?”

She nodded. There were tears in her eyes but she nodded yes.

“Caitlyn, how old are you?” Anna asked.

She didn’t answer. She looked at Iain, sitting beside her, holding her hand. He lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it and then smiled at her.

“I’m fifteen,” she whispered. “I’ll be sixteen in four months.”

I saw Iain flinch as though he had been struck but then he regained his composure.

“Did you tell Iain you were older?” Anna asked.

Caitlyn nodded and then whispered, barely audibly. “I told him I was seventeen, almost eighteen. I wanted him to love me and I was afraid he wouldn’t if he knew the truth.”

Iain leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. “I do love you, Caitlyn.”

I knew what the problem was. The day before, James had coaxed Caitlyn into playing with Lucky on the terrace so the rest of us, including Aimee, could talk. Iain had told us that he had not made love with her since she arrived.

“Iain hasn’t made love with you since you arrived,” Anna continued. “Is that the problem?”

She nodded. Tears were rolling down her cheeks.

“That just proves Iain loves you, Caitlyn,” Anna said. “When you arrived, David and I were both struck by how narrow your hips are. When I helped Aimee get your measurements, David and I had already asked her to pay particular attention to the narrowness of your hips and to give us her opinion on whether you would be able to give birth to a child. We all believe you would be at great risk in childbirth and so would the child. We explained that to Iain and asked him not to have unprotected sex with you. He agreed.”

“I know. He told me,” she whimpered. “But he’s done it before.”

“That was before you came here,” Iain said. “I didn’t know then how much danger there would be if you got pregnant. I suppose I was stupid but you were so beautiful and I wanted you so much. I do love you and now I just won’t take a chance on killing you and the baby.”

“Caitlyn, when did your menses start?” Anna asked.

“My what?”

“When did you start having periods?”

“I was fourteen, about a year and a half ago,” she said.

“Perhaps you’re just a late bloomer, Caitlyn,” Anna said. “Aimee doesn’t have the ability to judge that and neither do I. I was a little late like you but when my body finally started my hips widened so much I thought I was a freak. I just wish more had gone to my boobs and not so much to my butt but I know I can easily bear any child David and I have.”

“My mom said for me not to worry, that she didn’t start until she was fourteen too.”

“Aimee, can you tell Caitlyn what you told us?” Anna asked.

We sat and listened while Aimee told us about the normal maturation period for a woman’s hips to widen and the problems which Caitlyn would have with childbirth at her age. I had asked Aimee to make sure she included the risks of a Caesarean section if Caitlyn became pregnant. Anna was a nurse but had no experience with that surgical procedure. Aimee described the procedure in all its gory detail.

I thought it was time I played a part. I leaned over as close as I could to Caitlyn.

“Caitlyn, let me tell you about me and Anna,” I said. “There’s an animal side of me, a devil that wants to fuck every young girl or woman I see, to spread my seeds as often and as wide as I can. Anna has an animal side too. Sometimes we fuck like animals, without a mind, just animals rutting, hot, sweaty, screwing, both of us needing each other. Mindless fucking is the best way to describe it. When I

come it's like my body is emptying my balls into her. She says it seems her cervix is gulping my semen into her womb."

I saw everybody looking at me intently. Was I laying it on too thick? The words were flowing about like I had rehearsed them in my mind.

"But there's also another side to me, Caitlyn," I said. "There's something that says, 'Oh, but there is love.' There's a higher part of me that's something spiritual. Something tells me to give my love to only one woman, that the rewards will be more than I ever imagined. I've given that love to Anna, Caitlyn. Sometimes when we make love, not fuck now, but make love, I'll swear we fuse into one and it's wonderful. It's glorious. And then when I hold her at night, whether we've made love or not, there's a feeling of contentment from feeling her naked derriere against me, her hair tickling my nose, the smell of her after she's showered, the feeling of her breast in my hand. I don't have to die to go to heaven, Caitlyn. I'm in heaven then."

I saw the other four still looking intently at me. James' mouth was open. Anna looked like she couldn't believe what I was saying. Iain and Caitlyn seemed transfixed. Had I laid it on too thick again? I didn't care. It all came from my heart.

"Caitlyn, there's another part of me that seems to have only awakened since I've known Anna. I don't know how to describe it except to say that I *want* her. It's not sex I'm talking about. At least, I don't think it is. Maybe it is. I just want to be with her. I want to hold her. I want to feel her body pressed against mine. I want to shut my eyes and my ears so nothing intrudes and I can feel her skin against mine. I squirm and wiggle and try to get closer to her. It's like I want to merge my body with hers so that we forever become one. Maybe Iain feels that way about you. Is there anything wrong or evil about feeling that way about a woman? Do you want to deny him the miracle of becoming one with you? Maybe you want to become one with him too."

I stopped and looked around again. Anna was looking at me and I could see the love in her eyes. James was totally serious for once and had nothing to say. Caitlyn and Iain were holding hands and looking intently at me. No one had anything to say for a while until Anna broke the silence.

"Caitlyn, do you understand there's a simple solution to your problem?" Anna asked. "Aimee has a contraceptive pill which can

prevent pregnancy. I'm taking it now and I will until there are more women here and then I'm going to stop. I want to have a child with David. I want it very much. You could take the pill too."

She started audibly sobbing. Iain pulled her head over to his shoulder and held her.

"Her religion teaches that it's sinful to use contraception," Iain said. "I don't understand that but I'm not going to force a decision on her. I'll just keep on using my right hand."

"Caitlyn, nobody's going to force you to do anything," Anna said. "It is your decision. You must decide if you want to use contraception. If you do, you and Iain will be able to love each other without restraint. Aimee says you need to wait five days after starting to be safe. If you don't, I suppose he will have to use his right hand or maybe yours for the next few years. Is that what you want?"

She shook her head. I wondered when Anna was going to tell her. We had agreed that it should be the last straw, the last little nudge toward the decision she had to make.

"Caitlyn, has Iain told you that he's made love to me?" Anna asked in a whisper.

Caitlyn pulled back and looked at Iain. It was evident he had not told her.

"He and James have both made love to me," Anna continued. "Of course, David does it almost every night. A man has sexual needs that he must satisfy somehow, Caitlyn. If you won't help Iain, is it OK with you if I let him make love to me occasionally?"

Anna and I had decided on this question last night. As much as I wanted to avoid sexual jealousy in our new world, we both had agreed that this was one time it might be useful. I judged that we had pushed the issue as far as we should in this session.

"I think we need to call this conference to a close for now," I said. "Caitlyn needs some time to think about what we've said. I'd like somebody to pick the garden and somebody else to run the rabbit snares. Do I have any volunteers?"

I had already asked James and Anna to give Iain and Caitlyn some time alone after our conference, to let Caitlyn absorb what we had thrown at her. When James said he'd check the rabbit traps, I volunteered to go with him. Anna begged off and said she had some things she needed to do. Iain volunteered to pick the garden if Caitlyn would help him.

James and I were outdoors, skinning and cleaning three rabbits when Iain and Caitlyn returned from picking vegetables. She barely smiled at me but she did smile. Iain smiled broadly at me and I knew he had succeeded.

The two of them went inside to put all the garden's gifts away and he came back out by himself a little later. This time, his happiness was evident in the way he acted and in the way he smiled.

"Did she yield to you?" I asked.

"Yes, David, she yielded," he said. "I tried to cover everything just the way we had planned it. I told her I loved her and I swore to love her for the rest of my life but I said she must yield to me. I told her that if she believed in a god she must know that that god blessed us with our sexual nature so we could bond together and then have children. I said that to deny that sexual gift from god and to commit to celibacy was the most unnatural act a person could do and was the ultimate perversion. I said there could be room for only one man in our marriage bed and that would be me, that I would not permit her to bring any priest or his teachings into our bed."

"You kept emphasizing that you loved her?" I asked. "A woman needs to know that a man will always love her before she yields to him."

"Yes. I swore I loved her and always would. I said that I wanted her to enjoy her sexual nature just as much as I did mine. I said I would never do anything to hurt her and I would not take a chance on getting her pregnant until her body was ready for it. I said I wanted children with her whenever her body and the time were right. I held her against me and was as gentle with her as I could be. I didn't get an erection but I wish I had. I wanted her to feel how much I desired her but it didn't happen."

"That's understandable," I said. "I think you touched on all the points we rehearsed."

"I didn't say what you usually say, you know, stuff like they swear to celibacy except for altar boys."

“Good. I cautioned you about anything like that. You were gentle with her but you were firm. You told her you loved her and wanted children with her. Do you really think she’s yielded to you? I believe a woman in her heart really wants to yield to a man.”

“I think so. After we talked, we picked the garden. I don’t know how we’re ever going to eat all the vegetables. We were about to start back and she still hadn’t decided so I asked if she wanted to go see Lightning and his family before we started back. Lightning performed for us and she got Thunder to take something out of her hands. We couldn’t get Rain and Snow to come much closer. She stood looking at them for a while and then she said she wanted to take the contraceptive pill.”

“Where is she now?”

“She and Anna have gone to talk to Aimee,” he said.

“Good. Let them arrange it,” I said. “You can wait five days. I did after Anna removed that damned contraceptive implant.

“Yeah. I can wait. I can sit on my tolos for five days. That’s no problem now,” he said. “Then I’ve got to teach her how to enjoy sex like I do. I hope I can succeed with that.”

“Well, I can’t sit on my tolos,” James said and shuddered. “I don’t want to.”

“Just be slow and gentle with her, Iain,” I said “Don’t ever force her into doing anything. Talk her into letting you do things to her. I expect she’ll want to reciprocate.”

“I want to thank you and Anna for helping me, David,” he said. “I don’t know why but I really do love her. I can’t imagine my life without her.”

“I know,” I said. “I feel the same way about Anna. Now that she’s yielded to you, why don’t you ask her to marry you before you make love to her? Aimee could conduct a double ceremony. You and Caitlyn can be witnesses for Anna and me and then we’ll be witnesses for you and Caitlyn. James could be a witness for both couples.”

“Yeah, that would be neat,” James said. “I’ll even put on some clothes.”

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That night, James yawned, stretched, and went to bed by himself. Iain and Caitlyn soon followed and went down the hallway to their bed chamber. Anna and I talked for a while and then went to our bed chamber. From the way she was grinning, I knew I was going to enjoy whatever she had in mind.

Anna said she wanted to try to re-invent the Kama Sutra. I had never seen the book but I knew it was a Hindu or something book about sexual positions. Anna claimed never to have seen it either but some of the positions she led me into made me wonder.

One of the last positions we tried was with her on her stomach, arms back, elbows bent and holding her chest up to protect her breasts, legs tightly together, almost nothing showing between her legs. I was straddling her thighs, looking down at her beautiful flawless derriere, holding my penis, red and slick with her juices, and wondering how I was supposed to find a place for it. I suppose I could have spread her cheeks and fucked her in her ass but I didn't want that. I wanted it back in her pussy as quickly as possible.

She showed me how. She raised her hips, spread her legs slightly, put one hand under her stomach, and I saw her fingertips just touching the soft mounds between her legs. I knew she would show my penis where it was wanted. I leaned over with one hand guiding my penis and the other on the bed holding me upright and let her guide me home. I shut my eyes and felt my penis sliding into her tight pussy. It felt tighter like this, much tighter, and I knew I had been close to coming for some time and I wasn't going to last long in her in this position.

The feeling was too exquisitely good to rush to completion. I tried to be as slow as possible in plowing her furrow and then planting my seeds as deep in her as possible. My pace slowly became faster and faster and I was just on the verge of coming when she pulled away, flipped over, spread her legs wide, and lifted them around my waist.

But I was beyond the point of inevitability and I couldn't stop my orgasm. I reached down, wrapped one hand around my penis, and quickly tried to stuff it back in her. I was too late and I knew it. I

stroked my penis one time, twice, and then I ejaculated on her from her breasts down to her stomach.

She went wild. She grabbed my penis with both hands and started to guide it back into her but I couldn't cooperate. I collapsed on her, heart pounding, breathe rasping in and out, all sweaty and exhausted, drained in more ways than one.

She took her hands off my penis, slid them between our bodies, and smeared my semen all over her breasts and stomach. I still wanted her, wanted so much that it was a physical pain to me. I had to have her even again though I had just emptied myself on her.

I slid down on the bed, rubbed my face and cheeks in the semen on her stomach, slid back up, rubbed my cheeks between her breasts, and then took one hard nipple in my mouth. I tasted the strangeness of my own semen and that just made me hotter. I slid up a little more and fastened my mouth on her flesh where her shoulder meets her neck, and bit her and sucked until I tasted her blood.

“David, you're hurting me,” she said, and I pulled back and looked at what I had done. My teeth had clearly made a circle of indentations on her skin with a red center where I had sucked. I had not known what I was doing and I knew I didn't want to hurt her. I wanted to eat her, to lick her, to suck on her, to fuck her in every way a man can fuck a woman, but I didn't want to hurt her.

My penis was pressed against her stomach, still drooling come, but still as hard as it ever gets. I moved my hips back and blindly began to stab at her between her legs. All I felt was flesh somewhere down there and that hurt the head of my penis. She reached down with both hands again, showed the head the secret place where it wanted to enter, and I slid into her depths again.

She locked her legs together over my ass, imprisoned me with her arms, and lifted her face to mine. I opened my mouth to her and we tongue-fucked each other for a moment. Down below, I wasn't ready to move again. I expected my penis to lose its hardness but that didn't happen. After a brief wait, I tentatively withdrew until just the head was in her and then slowly slide back in.

I still wanted her. I wanted her so much that I knew I had to have her again or I would die. I was beyond thinking and I suppose she was too.

I began to fuck her in long slow strokes and she responded by hunching upward at my hips. Time stood still while we pounded at each other until she couldn't take it anymore. She started moaning, that changed into a long whine, and then I felt her vaginal muscles grasping and releasing around my penis. I shoved my penis into her as hard as I could a few more times and then I erupted and fired another barrage of semen where I wanted it this time.

I squirmed side to side and back and forth, trying to push my penis deeper in her, and then I collapsed on her. She put one hand behind my head and held it down in her hair. She squeezed me with her legs, wanting I suppose to get my penis in her as deep as possible, but I knew she already held its entire length. I took a couple of deep breaths and then relaxed on her. I was home, home where I wanted to be, and I wanted never to leave her.

I suppose we both went to sleep still joined. Sometime later I was awakened by the call of a full bladder. I was spooned up to her soft warm ass, one of my legs over one of hers, with my hand holding her breast. I didn't want to but I rolled out of bed and staggered across the hall into the bathroom. Coming out of the toilet, I met Anna going into the women's side. I waited for her and then we returned to our bedroom and spooned up again. I was as content as it is possible to be, holding my Anna.

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On the sixth day after Caitlyn's arrival, we went to the swimming beach for a picnic. All of us were dressed, as usual, in loin cloths and moccasins. Caitlyn, as usual, had on a chemise under her loin cloth.

The day was a perfect late summer day, hot and dry, slight breeze blowing up the mountain, water crystal clear with a touch of aquamarine, waves barely lapping the sand. Four of us, without hesitation, stripped naked and ran into the water. Caitlyn hesitated but then took off her loin cloth and moccasins and ran into the water wearing a chemise.

I saw two faces that day that I hope never to forget. The first was the face of James. James and Iain and I waded out to where the water was about waist deep and then Iain and I ducked underwater to where James was standing on his tiptoes. We each put our hands under a foot and threw him up and out as hard as we could. He soared thru

the air like a bird, head lifted and looking forward, arms straight out to each side, legs slightly apart and toes pointed, and, at the last second, he brought his hands together above his head and entered the water with almost no splash. It was our first try and it was perfect.

When he resurfaced, he turned around to face us and I saw a look of pure joy. He was beaming, smiling as wide as possible, mouth open, long hair streaming down around his head and face. His face showed absolute delight and enjoyment. He was beautiful, a wonderful happy boy. He waded to me, threw his arms around my neck, and I put my arms around him and held him against me. He leaned back, beamed at me, and kissed me, left cheek, right cheek, and mouth. Then he waded to Iain and kissed him too, left, right, mouth. I saw Caitlyn looking at them with a shocked look on her face. We threw him three more times but never with as much success.

I coaxed Anna into letting us throw her. She flew just as high as James, folded up into a cannon ball, and entered the water in a huge splash. Then Anna and I tried to throw Iain. We succeeded. He cleared the water but then flopped on his belly.

The second face I saw was Caitlyn's. Iain coaxed her into letting us throw her and she finally relented when we promised not to throw her so hard. Iain and I ducked down, each put our hands under a foot, and threw her. She made no attempt to turn her momentum into a dive. Her arms and legs flailed around and she splashed down on her butt. When she came up, she seemed to be looking for something and I saw her chemise rise to the surface behind her. She finally found it and tried to put it on again. That was impossible. She finally gave up, wadded it up into a ball, and threw it to James.

She looked around at the other four of us for a moment, nothing but her head and shoulders out of the water. Then she held her head up high, looked at Iain, and stood up. For the second time since she arrived, I saw her beautiful little breasts. The look on her face was enigmatic but I thought I saw pride, love, and determination. She was beautiful too, a young goddess arising from the sea.

She played with the rest of us after that, all five of us as naked as the day we were born, and seemed to enjoy it as much as the rest of us did. When it came time to get out of the water, I saw that her pubic hair was gone and her little vulva was as smooth as a child's, just a split in her mound, innocent and virginal.

When we went back up the mountain, she dressed like the rest of us, in a loin cloth and moccasins. It was another perfect day in paradise and I felt relieved that a big problem or two had been resolved.

That night, Caitlyn came to dinner wearing only her loin cloth. She even helped by setting the table and then cleaning up the kitchen. I only had to caution James once about staring at her little breasts.

I suppose Anna and I were both tired from the day. I felt no need to have sex and I suppose she didn't either. She backed up to me in bed and I put one leg over one of hers, one arm over her with my hand on her breast, and my face in her hair. She still smelled of the quick shower we had enjoyed when we returned from the beach. I was as content as a man can be, tired from a day of exploring and swimming, holding the woman I loved and wanted to love for the rest of my life, almost ready for sleep.

"When did Iain get at Caitlyn and help her get rid of her pubic hair?" Anna asked. "You did notice that her little pussy is hairless now; didn't you?"

"Yeah, I saw it," I said. "But I don't know when it happened. Iain is just like me."

"What do you mean?" Anna asked.

"He doesn't like to have to floss his teeth to get rid of pubic hair," I said.

"David, you're hopeless," she whispered.

Chapter Twenty-Four

A few days after Caitlyn's arrival, after dinner one night when the table had been cleared and the kitchen cleaned, we were all sitting at the table in our usual places, talking. James, Anna, and I sat on one side. Caitlyn and Iain sat on the other with Iain in front of me. Lucky was sleeping at James' feet. James mangled the beginning of what he wanted to say.

“David, me and Iain, I mean, Iain and I, we want...oh, shit! Iain and I want to do a project. We want to make some chess boards and chess pieces.”

“Aimee, how is James doing in the English class with you?” I asked.

“He is making excellent progress, David,” she answered. “He can use correct grammar whenever he wishes. He can also use improper grammar when he wishes to provoke me into chastising him. I chose to ignore his little ploy this time.”

I looked at him and frowned. “Did you do that deliberately?”

He lowered his head. “Yeah.”

“Well, stop it,” I said, but I was smiling. “Aimee, is he a good student? Does he respect his teacher and do what she says?”

“Yes, David,” she said. “He is a very good student. He likes to do things that are fun to him. Sometimes I cannot understand his humor.”

“Give me an example,” I said.

“You may tell him, Aimee,” James said, grinning. “I don’t care.”

“I had assigned him an area to study which included dangling participles. At his last English lesson, to test whether he did his homework, I asked him to compose a sentence with a dangling participle. He said and I am quoting him, ‘While Iain’s dick is erect, he is not a dangling participle.’ I required a few seconds to think about what he said. I am not sure I understand what he meant.”

“James, what am I going to do with you?” I asked.

Iain stuck his tongue out at James and made a face. James showed him a furtive finger. I reached around Anna and hit James gently behind the head. He cringed as though I’d really smacked him. Caitlyn was frowning as if she didn’t know what to think about the way we were with each other. Anna was trying to keep a straight face.

“Please do not be angry with him, David,” Aimee said. “He is a delight to have as a student. He is extremely intelligent, quick-witted, and always does what I require of him. I am learning so much from him about what it means to be a human.”

“OK, I won’t paddle him this time. How is Iain as a student?”

“He is doing only one class with me. He is struggling in physics but that is unimportant. His talents lie in another area. For example, did you know that he plays four different musical instruments?”

“Oh? What are they?” I asked. I couldn’t even play one.

“He plays the piano, the violin, the cello, and the double bass. I have recordings of him playing each.”

“Why didn’t you tell us? I asked, looking at Iain.

“What good would it have done?” he said. “You would have thought I was just bragging. I also play a fifth instrument that came from my home world. It can simulate the major wind and string instruments from your world. It’s called the tallum. The note I left for my parents asks them to send us some musical instruments, especially my tallum. My father probably won’t.”

“Your mother sent us some food,” Anna said. “Perhaps she will send us some musical instruments too. I really hope so.”

He seemed sad and I wondered if he missed his parents and his music. I wanted to change the subject.

“Well, what’s the project you and James want to do?” I said.

“We’d like to scratch chess boards on a couple of the tables here in the mess hall,” James said. “Then we want to make the chess pieces out of bamboo and shells. Iain came up with the idea. He says we can cut bamboo pieces to serve as the base for the pieces and then use different sea shells on the top for the knights and other guys. We would have something to do on cold winter days. *Winter is coming and the night is long and full of terror.*”

I didn’t know what he meant by his last sentence and my face showed it.

“A Game of Thrones,” he said, as if that meant anything to me. “It was a television series years ago.”

I shrugged. “OK but why just you and Iain? Why not involve Caitlyn and Anna and me? With five of us looking for sea shells, we might find enough in one trip.”

“We’ve been exploring the idea with Aimee,” Iain said. “From the information we’ve given her, she has a good idea how the water

currents interact with the shore line. She says there's a place on the South-East side of the mountain where the current swings around and hits a little hook extending out from the land. That's her best guess where we're going to find a lot of shells."

"Sounds good," I said. "When do you want to go? Do you need to cut some more bamboo?"

"We've already got the bamboo," James said. "We don't need big pieces, just little stuff. There's plenty of that, leftover pieces, lying around outside from other things we've done and it's already dried. We're ready to go look for shells anytime but it's a little far. We need to make an early start and we'll get back late."

"OK. You and Iain are in charge. Make plans for what we need to do and let me know when you're ready," I said.

"Aimee says there's a place close to where the sea shells might be that may be a good swimming place," Iain said. "It's a protected inlet on the South side of the mountain. Aimee thinks the current from the South may be driving sand into the inlet and there will probably be a big beach there. We could look for the sea shells first and then look for the beach if there's time."

"That ties in with something I've got in mind," I said. "We're on a mountain connected to the mainland by an isthmus so narrow I can throw a stone across it in places. I've been thinking about circumnavigating the mountain at the shoreline. I don't know how many days it will take, maybe three or four, and it won't be easy. We'll have to live off the land and we'll sleep outdoors. I want you all to start thinking about a trip like that and what we'll need to do to prepare."

"I want to go, David," James said.

"Don't be in any hurry, James," I said. "This is going to take a lot of planning. It may be next spring before we try it."

"I'd like to go too, David," Anna said. "If I'm not pregnant, I don't want to have to stay home while you guys go exploring."

I was looking at Iain, sitting in front of me. I could tell he wanted to go too but now he had Caitlyn to consider. Would she go? There would be others with us before we went around the mountain. Would they want to go too?

“All I want to do now is plant the idea,” I said. “We’ll talk about it more before we decide when and who goes.”

“I want to go too, David,” Iain said, looking at Caitlyn.

“I want to stay here, Iain,” she said. “There will be others here before you go. I can stay with them. David doesn’t need a big crowd to worry about.”

I was pleased with her assertiveness and the strength with which she spoke.

“You don’t mind if I go and leave you for a few days?” Iain persisted.

“No, I want you to go,” she said, looking at me. “You don’t need to worry about me all the time. I’ll be fine here with somebody else.”

I nodded but I didn’t say anything else. We started to get up to leave the kitchen but I thought of something else.

I leaned over to Anna and whispered in her ear, “What’s a dangling participle?”

She hit me gently behind the head. I cringed.

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The next night, after dinner, Anna volunteered me to help pick the garden and we left the other three to clean the kitchen. Now that we were applying small doses of bat fertilizer, the whole garden had taken on a second life. Our tomato plants were now as tall as my head and still producing profusely. The pole beans had grown up the bamboo tripods to the three meter or so heights and were now trailing down. I had stopped picking the original planting and had made a second planting at the base of the first. The second was now beginning to produce. I was letting the first go to seed and the dried beans were almost ready to be picked for storage for winter. Anna was picking the tomatoes and I was carrying as usual.

“David, why can’t we use your name as our married name?” Anna asked. “I don’t mean Blunderbuss. I mean your real name, whatever it is.”

“I like the idea of us choosing a married name together,” I said. “Don’t you? I’m proud of my father’s name but it’s an Anglicized version of a Russian name. Nobody pronounces it correctly. Why don’t we use your name?”

She stretched on tiptoes to reach a tomato. I loved the way she looked, in nothing but a loincloth and moccasins. With her arms up like that, her breasts were even more beautiful.

“Uh, uh, my old name’s French and it’s just as bad. You decide on something for us.”

“You decide. I can’t consummate our marriage until you pick a new name and I’m getting horny.”

“You’re always horny. And I think you’ve consummated our marriage quite a few times since the ceremony.”

“Let’s talk about something else. I want you to help me do something for Iain and Caitlyn.”

“What? Would you get that tomato? I can’t reach it.”

I put down the bag and reached up for the tomato.

“I want us to show them how it’s done,” I said.

“I think they know how. They’ve consummated their marriage almost every night since the ceremony.

“Well, he had to do without while she had her period. He told me she is still not very adventurous. He says he can go down on her but he doesn’t think she can turn loose and enjoy it. She won’t do him.”

“What do you want to show them?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe we could all go in the lounge and start talking and then playing around. You could tease me and I’ll protest that I don’t want to do it in front of her. When I get a hard-on, I’ll make sure she sees it. Then I’ll get down on my knees and give you a good licking. What do you think, so far?”

“Sounds good to me. And then I’ll get down on my knees and try to suck the head off your dick. Do you think they’ll watch us?”

“Wouldn’t you? What about James? I asked.”

“Maybe we’ll let him play too. I mean just with me, not with her. You’re hoping they’ll follow our example; aren’t you?”

“Yeah. Do you think it would work?”

“Maybe. I don’t think I should give you a blow job and then swallow. I don’t think she’s ready for that. After I suck your dick for a while, maybe I’ll just use my hand and make you squirt. That makes me hot, seeing all that semen flying out. Maybe it will make her little pussy drool.”

“If you don’t mind James playing, I’ll tell him what we’re trying to do,” I said. “He should know that we want him involved so he’ll play his part.”

She handed me a tomato from the last bush, reaching behind her back, while I was looking at her derriere. I didn’t notice her hand until she wiggled it up and down a couple of times. She turned and looked at me.

“What were you looking at?” she asked.

“Nothing. I just...I love you, Anna,” I said. “Have I told you that lately?”

“No, I don’t think so. I don’t remember.”

“Liar. I said it last night.”

“That was when you were coming,” she said. “That doesn’t count.”

“It does too. It counts double.”

“Well, I love you when you’re standing there looking at my ass and holding a big sack of tomatoes.”

“I wasn’t looking at your ass.”

“Liar. We’ve got to wash some clothes. The floor to one bed chamber is just about covered with dirty clothes.”

“Yes ma’am.”

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One morning, we all greeted the day together. Aimee played Morning by Edvard Grieg and then Iain sang O What a Beautiful Morning from Oklahoma. His beautiful tenor voice mesmerized everybody.

Every few nights, we listened to radio station IAIN again. At night, on one occasion, he played music from Les Miserables and on another he

played something by Beethoven. Nobody yawned or went to sleep so I suppose everybody liked his music.

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Another morning, we all climbed to the top of the mountain and explored it more thoroughly. None of us could find a way to get into the translucent dome which was probably our power source. There were no large trees on top of the mountain, just a jumble of boulders. We looked for a cave as a possible way to get in the dome and couldn't find one.

We had brought picnic fare so we had lunch of bread with fried rabbit, not chicken, and raw fruit and vegetables. There was something about eating outdoors on top of the mountain with its view in every direction that made our food seem like something fit for a king or queen.

While we were eating, I watched the sky to see if I could spot another raptor bird. I wasn't worried about it attacking us because Aimee's shield had worked once and I expected it to again. I told them about my two experiences with the bird and they helped me watch. Finally I spotted one soaring high above the peak of the mountain. I told the others to lie down on their backs and remain still to see if we could lure it into swooping down. We watched for a while and the raptor bird flapped its wings only a couple of times. James ventured a guess that it was riding the thermal updraft off the mountain and I suppose that was as good an explanation as any. The bird never showed any interest in five corpses.

We explored the mountain side on the way down and finally arrived home about dinner time. There were leftovers in the room that served as our refrigerator and we all found something to eat. It was another perfect day in paradise.

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Some days later, when the time for a new arrival was close, I asked the others go in the lounge with me for a while. A couch and a love seat had been moved so they were facing each other. James flopped down on the love seat and I sat with him. Anna took a place on the couch next to Caitlyn and Iain. Anna and Caitlyn both demurely crossed their legs. It was all just as we had planned it.

"This isn't a conference. I just wanted to make some things clear to Caitlyn and then to talk about some things on my mind. If you have something you want to say, just butt in anytime, OK?"

I saw four nodding heads.

“First I want to make sure Caitlyn understands something about Aimee’s abilities. She can monitor our activities as long as we’re inside or even outside for a short distance. I don’t know how she does it but she says she sees us and hears us. I was bothered by that at first but I’ve become accustomed to it now. She says she likes to learn from us about what it’s like to be human beings.”

I paused for a moment and looked around at the others.

“I’ve given her permission to monitor me no matter what I’m doing. When Anna joined me, I explained Aimee’s nature to her and she gave Aimee permission to monitor her. That means she has permission to monitor us when we are in our bed chamber making love. If she is to understand us as human beings, she must be able to observe us in every way, including our sexual activities.”

I paused again and looked at Caitlyn. She was hanging onto every word. Anna slouched down on the couch and uncrossed her legs. I quickly glanced at her beautiful legs and saw a little skin between them where her loincloth didn’t quite cover. If James played his part, he had looked at the same place. Caitlyn looked down too and I knew she had seen where my eyes and James’ had flashed.

“Aimee says I am the one individual whose instructions she must obey,” I said. “I have yielded that power in certain ways. First of all, if any of you wish, she must give you absolute privacy in certain places or ways. All you have to do is tell her and she will obey you. Since I have yielded that authority to you, I cannot take it back. Your bed chamber is totally under your control. Do you understand?”

Anna and James quickly said yes. Iain looked at Caitlyn. When she nodded, so did he. Anna scratched a non-existent itch about half way up her thigh. I looked again and saw Caitlyn look down at Anna’s hand.

“Good. Now here’s another aspect of the same thing. If you let her observe you, you can make sure she never tells anyone else what she sees. Just tell her never to tell anyone else. She will obey you.”

“I don’t want her to tell anybody what Iain and I do,” Caitlyn whispered.

“I heard you, Caitlyn,” Aimee said. “I will never tell anyone what you and Iain do in your bedchamber or anywhere else. Is that what you wish?”

“Yes, Anna,” Iain said. “That’s what we wish.”

“Caitlyn, Aimee has never intruded when Anna and I are making love,” I said. “If we ask her a question, she will respond but otherwise she is totally silent. She’s never intrusive. I hope you and Iain will let her observe you. What you do in your bed chamber is your business and no one else’s. Aimee understands that.”

Anna scratched a non-extent itch on one breast, dropped her hand, put it back on her breast, and toyed with the nipple for a moment. James and I watched, of course. So did Caitlyn. Iain seemed puzzled at something until he leaned forward and looked at Anna.

“It’s almost time for our next arrival,” I said “I’d like to stay here until then. Anna’s nursing skills may be needed so I’d like her to stay with me. I’ll leave it up to you three to do a few things for us, like pick the garden. We have enough rabbits for a few days so there’s no need to reset the rabbit snares.”

In my peripheral vision, I noticed James drop his hand to his lap, slowly slide it under his loincloth, and then keep on slowly moving his hand. Good. He was playing his part. I saw Caitlyn looking at what he was doing.

“We’re out of fish and we need someone to go get some,” I said “I liked what we got out of the lake so maybe you can go there. If you want to go to the beach, you could do that and then check the fish trap afterwards. The storm we had a few days ago may have damaged the fish trap. If you can, repair it. If it’s too big a job, just leave it and we’ll all go after the new arrival gets here. It’s up to you. Just get us some fish.

I slid my hand under my loincloth and wrapped it around my penis. It was engorged but not ready to stand up. I stroked it a few times, all the while acting as if I didn’t know what my hand was doing. I hoped Anna and James would help me because I was about to run out of anything to talk about.

“Maybe Iain and I can kill another deer,” James said. “I asked Aimee about their behavior and she put some stuff on my tablet. Did you know that the rutting season...that’s the mating season...begins in the fall. Bucks get so much testosterone that they’re really aggressive. Maybe we could kill a doe. I’m about as horny as a buck in rut.”

He grinned widely and then pulled his loincloth to one side and proudly displayed his hard-on, holding it straight up, red head shining. At fifteen, it looked as big as a full-grown man's. I saw Caitlyn react with a gasp and big eyes. Iain was smiling a little. I had told him in general what we were going to do. He furtively slid his hand under his loincloth. There was already a big bump there.

"That's right, James," I said. "Don't bother the bucks unless you have to do it to protect yourselves. I'd like to try for some more pork but that can wait until after our next arrival comes."

I reached to the side, untied my loincloth, and then pushed it off. I held my hard-on straight up like James and he and I compared our erections. Caitlyn's eyes homed in on my hard-on and then flitted back and forth between me and James. James reached over, wrapped his hand around my penis, and stroked it a few times. I reached over to his penis and returned the favor.

"You're as horny as a buck in rut, too," James said. "If the next arrival is a girl, you're going to scare her to death when she sees your big dick."

Iain decided to help. "When I sat in on the meetings at Greystones, they said once that everybody who came here would be very young. I got the idea that they would be sending teen agers who wouldn't be missed if they disappeared. Somebody referred to them as society's castaways."

"That includes me," James said. "I don't think anybody would miss me."

Anna untied her loincloth, threw it to one side, spread her legs, and slouched down so that her hairless vulva was displayed. James and I immediately looked there. Caitlyn looked down at Anna and again her face showed maybe surprise or shock. Anna casually dropped one hand down between her legs and used a couple of fingers to slowly rub her pussy.

"Just don't disappear again, James," Iain said. "I know I'd miss you and I think the others would too."

He untied his loincloth, swept it to one side, and held his erection straight up with his thumb and one finger. I saw him pull down until his foreskin retracted and the shiny head of his penis showed. He stroked up and down a few times and then held it still for our admiration. Caitlyn looked at his penis, at James', and then at mine.

Iain leaned over and whispered in Caitlyn's ear. She whispered something back and finally uncrossed her legs. He untied her loincloth and swept it to one side. She still had her legs together and her little hairless pussy was hidden.

Anna reached down with both hands and pulled the lips to her pussy apart. Two sets of eyes fastened there for a moment. Then she flicked her tongue out a couple of times.

"Yeah, I'll do it for you," I said, resignedly. "You've been teasing me too much. Now I'm going to give you a good licking."

I dropped to my knees in front of her, pulled her forward until her pussy was at the edge of the couch, slid both hands under her butt, and lifted her. At the first touch of my tongue, she put both hands behind my head and pulled me forward. I deliberately tried to make a little noise when I licked her. She started groaning, almost inaudibly at first, gradually getting louder. If my mouth had not been busy, I might have smiled at her demonstration of her pleasure.

I took a deep breath and looked to the side. Iain was on his knees but Caitlyn still had her legs together and he couldn't reach his goal. He whispered to her and I saw her legs separate as she yielded to him. I glanced quickly at her little virginal hairless pussy, just a slit between plump mounds with nothing to show any arousal.

I closed my eyes and resumed licking Anna's pussy. I was deliberately very slow and gentle and wasn't trying to make her come. With Anna, I didn't want to get too far ahead of Iain with Caitlyn. I took another breath, glanced to the side, and saw just the back of his head between her legs with her hands in his long hair. I looked up and saw Caitlyn leaning back with her eyes closed and a slight smile on her lips.

I felt something touch me on the shoulder and I glanced up at James. He whispered, "Let me," and I moved aside, stood up, and let him get in position. Caitlyn watched while James and I changed positions. I don't know what she was thinking or feeling but I thought I saw more than a little arousal on her face.

Anna opened her eyes briefly and smiled at her new lover. I watched for a few seconds and saw James doing the same thing I had been doing. Then I glanced at what Iain was doing with Caitlyn. I wanted to wait for another minute or so to give both couples a little more time before I whispered to Anna to go to the next step in our plan.

“That’s good, James,” I heard Anna whisper but loud enough for the couple next to her to hear. “You’re going to be a wonderful lover for all the women who come here.”

“I hope so,” James answered. I touched him on the back and motioned with my thumb for him to yield the floor to me. Anna may have interpreted the motion as meant for her. She stood up too and pushed me down on the couch next to Caitlyn.

She cupped one hand under my testicles, wrapped her other hand around the shaft of my penis, and took the head in her mouth. I groaned too, theatrically, so Caitlyn would hear me. My eyes were squinted, almost closed, and I saw Iain standing and holding out his hand to her.

Iain pulled her up and stood there holding her for a moment, both of them looking at what Anna was doing to me. I heard him whisper something and she whispered back. More whispers. I suppose she yielded again because, still holding her hand, he sat down beside me and I saw her ease down on her knees in front of him. I watched what she was doing out of my squinted eyes. She did exactly the same thing to Iain that Anna was doing to me. She was sucking his dick slowly and gingerly but at least she had her mouth on it for the first time. I smiled contentedly, closed my eyes, let Anna have her way with me.

She was slow and gentle in stroking my penis and sucking and licking the head. I didn’t feel any urgency to come yet and I was glad because I wanted to give Caitlyn more time to pleasure Iain. I opened my eyes briefly and saw her still bent over him, her long golden hair hiding whatever she was doing. I closed my eyes and relaxed again.

Anna stopped and leaned back. I opened my eyes and saw James beside her with his thumb lifted and I knew he wanted a turn. I didn’t mind. I wanted to cool off for a while. I stood up and let James sit down beside Iain.

“Do you want me to do you, James?” Anna asked. I knew she had said it so someone else would hear her. Caitlyn heard. She opened her eyes, looked at James, at his penis, held straight up with one hand, and at Anna, leaning over his middle. She watched as Anna gave James a little attention, then closed her eyes, and resumed her efforts with Iain.

I took a couple of deep breaths and relaxed. Success! Caitlyn had followed our example. I looked at Iain. He had a broad smile of contentment on his face.

I looked down at Caitlyn's little ass, showing in all its beauty while she sucked Iain's dick. I had a sudden primeval impulse to grab her by her hip bones, to shove twenty-centimeters of hard dick in her little pussy, and make her squeal like that little piggy did until I let Little Boy kiss his throat.

Maybe I'd shove a few centimeters up her cute little asshole too. It looked inviting, a hairless little pink pucker just above her hairless little slit. I knew she'd really squeal if I did it. I wanted to. I wanted to fuck her and make her squeal and break her and make her yield to a man so she'd suck his dick until he came and then she'd swallow every drop.

I wanted to fuck her until she forgot all about her religious shit and the popes and priests and pedophiles and all their fucking rules about what was natural and what wasn't when they had sworn never to fuck a woman, just altar boys, and that was the most unnatural thing a man could do.

Then I looked up at Iain, leaned back with a slight smile on his face, hands resting gently on Caitlyn's shoulders, and I shook my head to try to get rid of the evil thoughts of what I wanted to do to Caitlyn. I wanted to keep him as a friend. I knew I was going to need him. I didn't ever want to do anything again to hurt him. I was suddenly ashamed of myself for what I wanted to do to Caitlyn, poor little Caitlyn. She was still a child but she was now suffering the consequences of wanting a man to love her and having to please him. I was ashamed of myself but I knew I still wanted to do make her squeal.

Everything had gone according to plan. Anna and I had agreed that this was as far as we would go while the five of us were together. Now I was going to give her a little more time with James and then make a suggestion that we move to our bedchambers, Anna and I, and, of course, James to ours and Iain and Caitlyn to theirs. Let the young lovers suck and fuck in peace.

But Anna wasn't through. She stopped sucking James' dick, used her hand as rapidly as possible, and had him coming in a few more seconds. He grunted loudly a time or two and then laid down a trail of semen from his throat all the way down below his belly button. Caitlyn turned her head to look and saw him just at the moment when the semen was flying. Her face showed her surprise.

Anna pulled his hand, made him relinquish his place, and pulled my hand so I dropped down on the couch beside Iain. She looked over at Caitlyn still holding Iain's dick and said, "Let's finish them off."

Anna started, Caitlyn followed, and within a minute or so more, there were two more trails of semen drooling down on two chests and abdomens. Anna stood up, pulled Caitlyn up, and gave her a big hug and kiss.

“Caitlyn and I are going to take a quick shower and then go to bed,” she said. “I mean separately so you guys can just quit leering. You can wait until we’re finished and then you can wash too. You’ve got semen all over you.”

The two of them went out in the hallway, hand in hand, and left three grinning guys with semen all over them. I felt sure someone was going to get fucked tonight, maybe more than once.

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“David, please come to my room. A young man has arrived. He is sleeping. You do not need to hurry.”

Aimee’s call came in the early afternoon on the thirty-third day after Caitlyn’s arrival. It was no surprise. I had been expecting a new arrival for a few days.

Anna and I were sitting on a blanket-covered bench on the terrace. We were making a second hammock and, at the same time, listening to and watching what was happening in the first hammock. Iain and Caitlyn were lying side by side in it. They were holding hands between them and, with the other hand, were flipping the other’s loincloth up. They wiggled enough to give the hammock a good testing. They giggled enough too. They were supposed to be testing the hammock and maybe they were. James was sitting on a limb of one of the trees to which the hammock was attached. I suppose the view was better there but he wasn’t looking at the sea. He was looking down in the first hammock and giggling too. Iain and Caitlyn were putting on a good show for him.

The afternoon weather was pleasant. A cool dry front had moved through overnight with a little rain and there seemed to be a slight touch of fall in the air. I was perfectly content to be sitting with Anna, quietly working and being entertained by the antics of the hammock and tree dwellers. We were both wearing nothing but loincloths as usual. I had my knives strapped around my waist and I occasionally used Little Boy to cut the hammock cord.

James hurriedly scrambled down from the tree and tried to tip Iain and Caitlyn out of the hammock. He ran for the door and the other

two slowly followed him, hand in hand. Anna and I laid our unfinished hammock to one side and followed them, hand in hand. I couldn't help but smile at the way the three of them looked: James, a beautiful young boy just starting to become a man; Iain and Caitlyn, a young couple, just at the peak of youthful beauty; and the three of them barefooted and wearing nothing but loincloths. I started to tell Caitlyn that the rear part of her loincloth was caught up in the waist strap but I decided I'd rather enjoy the view. Her little ass was absolute perfection.

James was the first through the front door and he began running down the hall toward Aimee's room. I yelled for him not to do anything until we arrived.

The new arrival was a young man, perhaps better described as a boy becoming a man. He was naked, as we all had been when we arrived, and was lying in the lounge chair on his back with one knee raised and a forearm over his eyes. Aimee's room was always dark unless someone was in it and I guessed that his eyes had not had time to adjust to the bright lights now overhead.

His hair was very light brown or maybe blond, cut short, hugging his head. The skin on his face was flawless and looked like he hadn't started shaving. I could see a faint mustache on his upper lip. From what I could see he looked like a handsome young boy.

He was tall, at least as tall as James or Anna or Iain, with slim legs that looked as long as the rest of his body. His arms were long and slim too, without noticeable muscles. His shoulders were wide enough so that his body had a v shape slanting down to a small waist. His chest was almost flat and his stomach showed no signs of muscles. He had a neat patch of light-brown pubic hair above his penis. He didn't have a piss-hard like Iain and I had when we arrived but his penis was swollen, flopped across one thigh. I wondered if that meant that he was not feeling an urgent need to piss. His scrotum was relaxed and his testicles hung down almost to the recliner. The skin on his scrotum wasn't like mine, a little darker than that of his body; it was a light reddish color, maybe pink. From his absence of body hair, I guessed his age at maybe fifteen to seventeen.

I put my hand, palm down, on his smooth chest and waited for a response. Without opening his eyes, he moved his arm from across

his eyes and pushed my hand off his chest. I put it back on his chest and spoke to him.

“What is your name, please?”

“Leave me alone,” he whispered, barely audibly.

“I need to know your name. I want to help you.”

He turned over on his side, covered his face with his hands, and drew his long legs up, almost in a fetal position.

“Leave me alone,” he whispered. “Get the fuck away from me. You god damn cops think you...I’m not bothering nobody.”

“You’ve been on a long journey,” I said. “You’re probably not feeling well. Let me help you.”

“God damn it!” he cursed and tried to hit me. “I said get the fuck away from me, you cocksucker! Leave me alone!”

I looked at Aimee and pointed at him. She understood.

“Please let us help you,” she said, in her soft woman’s voice. “We can give you medications to make you feel better. All we’re asking for is your name, just your first name.”

“It’s Toby, you bitch,” he persisted. “You can all go to hell. Ain’t no law ‘gainst sleeping in a fucking bus station.”

He straightened his legs, turned over on his stomach, and again put his hand over his eyes. I looked at his back and butt and legs and saw that there was no indication that he had been exposed to the sun. He didn’t have a white area around his hips like Iain and James had when they arrived. His skin was clear and smooth from head to toe.

“You’re not in a bus station, Toby,” Anna said, in another soft woman’s voice. “We want to be your friends. Now can you tell us how you feel?”

“I feel like shit,” Toby said. “Now go ‘way. I don’t need no fucking friends.”

“We all need friends, Toby,” Iain said. “Aimee can prescribe something to make you feel much better. Caitlyn and I want to be your friends. So does James. So does Aimee. And David and Anna. Now please let us help you.”

“Yes, Toby, please let us take care of you,” Caitlyn said, in a different soft girl’s voice. “We want to be your friends.”

“I don’t need no friends,” he answered. I noted that he didn’t say fucking friends in response to what was evidently a young girl’s voice. Perhaps we could reach him.

“Come on, Toby,” I pled. “Don’t act this way. We want to help you. Now tell us how you feel.”

He turned over on his side, covered his face with his hands and pulled his long legs up again.

“I told you I feel like shit,” he muttered. “I hurt all over and my fuckin’ head’s swimmin’ and I feel like I’m gonna puke. I don’t want nobody’s god damn help. Just leave me the fuck alone.”

Anna sat down on the side of the lounge chair in front of him and wiggled her butt against him until he moved back a little. She put one hand on his shoulder, leaned over, and kissed him gently on the cheek.

“I’m a nurse, Toby,” she said. “I’ve worked with lots of sick people. If you’ll cooperate, we can help you feel much better.”

He uncovered his face and opened his eyes. Then he opened them wider in evident astonishment.

“You’re naked,” he said. “You’re naked and you’re beautiful.”

“She’s not naked, Toby,” James said. “She’s got on a loincloth. That’s what we all wear. You’re the one who’s naked. Do you want me to get you a loincloth too?”

Toby rolled over on his back, looked down at his body, and saw that he was completely naked. He put his hands over his genitals and, for the first time, looked at all of us and at his surroundings. His eyes swept over Caitlyn and Iain, standing on one side of him, over Anna,

sitting beside him, and James and me, standing on the side of the recliner where Anna was sitting. I had my arm on James' shoulders, where I usually put it when he stood beside me.

"Damn, you're big," he said, looking up at me. "What are you, some kind of fucking giant?"

"No, Toby, he's not a giant," Anna said. "He's my husband. Now, please quit using profanity. It's not necessary with us. We want to be your friends."

"I told you I don't want no god damn friends, bitch," Toby said, screwing up his face at her. "Y'all can just go fuck yourselves. Just leave me alone."

He put one hand over his eyes and started to draw up in a fetal position again. I walked around to the side where Caitlyn and Iain were standing, pulled on his shoulder to force him on his back, and then put my hand in the middle of his chest and pushed with enough force to let him feel my strength. I had heard enough of his profanity and hatred, especially toward Anna. I felt a sudden rush of anger and I wanted to let him feel my strength enough to make him at least a little afraid of me. But then Anna gave me a better solution.

"Toby, Aimee's going to dispense some medication for you," she said. I want you to take it so you'll feel better. Then David is going to carry you to the bathroom so you can pee. After that, we're all going to bathe you and put you to bed for a while. When you wake up, you're going to find you're a different person in a different world."

"Iain, would you get the medication, please?" I asked.

He walked over to the dispensary under Aimee's screen, retrieved the medications and a bottle of cold juice, and handed them to Anna. She raised the head of the recliner and then offered one of the pills to Toby. He looked her up and down, noticeably down at her breasts, and then opened his mouth. Anna dropped in a pill and offered the juice to him. He let her hold it for the first sip and then took it in his own hand for the rest of the pills. Evidently he found the cold juice as delicious as the rest of us had. He drained the bottle in a few big gulps.

“Toby, can you stand up?” I asked. “Do you need to piss? The rest of us did when we arrived.”

“Yeah, I gotta go,” he said and tried to stand up. When he almost fell, I picked him up under his knees and back and carried him to the toilet. He protested but I didn’t listen. Iain and James followed us in the men’s side and when Anna followed so did Caitlyn. When I held Toby upright in front of the urinal, Iain and James stood on each side of him and both showed him how it was done. He looked at them in turn and then held his penis and let go a third stream.

I picked him up again and carried out of the toilet and into the bathing chamber. Iain and Caitlyn followed, holding hands as usual. I didn’t need to look at Anna and James. I knew he would be holding her hand. He liked to do that whenever he could. He sometimes held mine and Anna’s for a short distance when we were walking.

“Anna, would you take off my loincloth?” I asked. “The rest of you take yours off and let’s give him a good bath. I want all of us to do something for him. Iain, you get a couple of showers going. Caitlyn, you get some washcloths and put some liquid soap on them.”

I carried Toby to the showers and turned him around and around so that the warm water beat down on all of him and most of me. He closed his eyes and seemed to relax in my arms. Before I drowned him, I moved out of the showers and stood him up, holding him from behind.

“Anna, I want you and Caitlyn to scrub his head and wash his face,” I said. “James, I want you and Iain to give his arms and legs a really good scrubbing, and I mean scrubbing. Then I want you two guys to hold him up and I’ll scrub his back. Anna and Caitlyn can do his front if they want to. If they don’t, I’ll do it.”

Toby wiped the water out of his eyes and looked around at the rest of us.

“Y’all don’t have to do it,” he said. “I can do it myself.”

“No, Toby,” I said. “We’re going to scrub away your anger and profanity and hatred. Something or somebody has hurt you and I want all your bad emotions to go down the drain. You’re in a new

world now. We want you to be a new person. We want you to be clean and fresh and happy.”

Toby kept looking around and seemed finally to realize that he was about to be bathed by two women and three men. Even holding him up from the rear, I could tell when he saw that his body was different from ours in one respect.

“Damn, y’all don’t have no pubic hair,” he exclaimed. “None of y’all got any hair down there. What’s wrong with you?”

“We like it this way, Toby,” Anna said. “Maybe tomorrow Caitlyn and I will help you get rid of your pubic hair. Would you like that?”

He looked at Caitlyn, tall slender Caitlyn, Irish-fair Caitlyn, long golden hair in a pony-tail as usual, budding breasts, little cleft in her mons, hips not wide enough yet for the birth of a baby, long legs, a waif, a girl, an exquisite girl, and then he looked at Anna, big beautiful Anna, dark hair tied in another pony-tail but much shorter than Caitlyn’s, small breasts but large in comparison, wide woman’s hips ready for child-bearing, longer legs, a beautiful woman, my wife, my love, my life. I wondered what was going through his mind. How could he resist the two of them?

“Yeah, I guess so,” he finally muttered.

We held him without any struggling and gave him a thorough bath. When Iain and James were through with his arms and legs, I let them hold him upright while I scrubbed his back and butt. He protested and rolled his hips forward while I was scrubbing his crack but Iain and James had a strong hold on him. I watched as Anna and Caitlyn washed his chest, wondering who was going to wash his privates. I saw both of them looking down at his genitals and smiling.

Anna asked Caitlyn if she wanted to do it and Caitlyn looked at Iain. He nodded. I couldn’t see what she did but Toby could. He hung his head and watched Caitlyn as she washed his genitals. Anna had to tell her that she wasn’t through and then told her how to push his foreskin back and wash the head of his penis. I could see Caitlyn’s face as she did it. She was intently interested in what she had in her hand and what she did with it.

When Iain and James walked him back under the shower, I wasn't surprised to see that he had the beginnings of a big boner. So did Iain and James. And so did I. Anna was cruel to us. She turned the water to cold and shoved me under the shower with the others.

Iain and James walked him over to the dryer and held him upright again. The rest of us crowded in the downdraft of warm air and we all turned around and around until most of the water was blown away. We were all smiling and, at last, Toby smiled back at us. I was glad we had followed Anna's suggestion.

He tried to walk but he staggered like a drunk so I scooped him up in my arms again and walked out in the hallway. James suggested that I put him in his sleeping chamber so I followed him and waited until the others had put clean linen on a bed for Toby.

When I put him in his own bed, Anna covered him with a light blanket and then kissed him on the cheek. I was pleased when Caitlyn leaned over and kissed him too. I was pleased too when I got another look at her cute little rear. Toby's eyes were closed within a minute or two. I asked Aimee to monitor him and then the rest of us left. It was time to begin dinner.

We all put on our usual attire before we went in the kitchen. I wanted to sauté some fish and rabbit and I wasn't about to do it without my loincloth.

Iain and Caitlyn made us a big salad out of a mixture of garden vegetables and dressed it with olive oil and vinegar. Anna and Caitlyn had made bread earlier that morning and set it aside to rise. Anna punched it down again, divided the dough into six mounds, shaped the mounds into loaves, and put them in the oven: two twists and two straight and two flattened focaccias.

I cut up and battered and fried two rabbits. When I had all the pieces fried, I set the heat on very low, put a little water in the big pan, and covered it so the meat would steam tender. Then I battered and fried some fish fillets and set them aside.

James played clean up man for all of us as usual. When Anna checked the bread, it was ready. The aroma of freshly-baked bread was enough to give us all a good appetite. As soon as the bread came out of the oven, I sent James to get Toby.

“James, would you wake up Toby? If he’s cooperative, get him a loincloth and bring him to dinner. If not, just let him sleep and he can eat later.”

He ran out of the kitchen. Anna and Caitlyn set the table and Iain put water and cups at each place. We had no eating or serving pieces made of glass. Everything was made out of some sort of unbreakable hard material including the eating utensils.

With six for dinner, there wasn’t room to put the food on the table. We left it on the long bar between the kitchen and dining areas so everybody could serve their own plate. There was just one task yet to be done and I had left it until last deliberately.

I was about to go looking for James and Toby when they came in the kitchen. Toby was walking by himself and he had on a loincloth. He was greeted by everybody as if he had been with us for some time. He was rather subdued but at least he smiled slightly.

“James, would you and Toby slice one of the two straight loaves of bread and then fix it the way we like it, you know, drizzled with olive oil, sprinkled with grated cheese, and topped with a little pepper. If we need more, we’ll eat one of the focaccia loaves. We’ll leave the two twists for tomorrow. Caitlyn says she knows how to do a good sea-food stew and we can just twist off hunks to go with that.”

I was deliberately trying to get Toby to be one of us by assigning him a task. He didn’t protest but he looked like he didn’t know what to do. James knew. Since we had been able to make bread, he usually was the one who sliced it for our meals. He usually ate a piece or two as well while slicing it.

James said OK to me, then turned to Toby, and handed him the serrated knife. “You slice it, Toby. I’ll dress it with oil and cheese. You’re gonna love the bread. I could eat a loaf by myself.”

While they were preparing the bread, James saw me watching them and smiled at me. He tore one big slice of warm bread in two, held out half to Toby, and took a big bite of the other half. Toby took a big bite, closed his eyes, and slowly chewed and swallowed. Then he smiled even wider.

“Toby,” James whispered, “when we sit down to dinner, don’t start eating until everybody’s seated. Anna says that’s good manners.”

At dinner, James, Anna, and I occupied one side of the table. Iain indicated that Toby should sit in front of me and he sat on the other end with Caitlyn between them.

“Can I say something?” Toby asked, just as we were ready to eat.

I nodded.

“I’m sorry, David. I’m sorry I was cussing so much and acting so mean,” he said, looking at me and then at Anna. “I apologize to you, Anna, for calling you a bad name. I don’t understand what’s happened to me and why I acted that way. I’m not usually like that.”

“Your apology is accepted, Toby,” I said. “Now I want you to forget about it and just enjoy your meal. I’m hungry and I know Iain and James are. They’re always hungry. Are you?”

“Yeah, I could eat a horse,” he said, smiling. “But is somebody gonna tell me where I am and how I got here.”

“After dinner, Iain and Caitlyn are going to take you outside to the terrace and fill you in on all that. Anna and James and I will clean the kitchen tonight but from now on you’ll be expected to help clean up after meals. We work together as a family in most everything we do.”

For the first time, the six of us completely filled one of the tables. I couldn’t imagine what it would be like to have all the tables filled with families.

We were through with dinner, just sitting there, waiting to see who could eat the last slice of bread, when Toby asked me a question.

“James told me you were a soldier and that you killed seven jihadys in about a minute with one shot each? Was he just shitting me...excuse me, was he just telling me that so I wouldn’t disrespect you and Anna?”

“Jihadists – that’s what they’re called. It’s true that one hot afternoon I did what I was trained to do. I was just lucky.”

“How many men have you killed?”

“Too many, Toby,” I answered, “but that was a different world where people hated each other for religious reasons. This is a new world and we’re going to try to fill it with love, not religious hatreds.”

“Well, I wish I could be a soldier,” he said, wistfully. “I wish I could be good for something like that. Shit, I wish I could just be good for something, anything.”

“You’re going to be good for something, Toby,” I said. “Eventually there will be twenty people here – ten guys and ten girls. One of those girls will be your wife and the mother of your children. You’re going to be a good husband to one of the girls and a good father to your children. We’re all going to help you.”

Chapter Twenty-Five

When all else fails, go fishing.

In the days after Toby’s arrival, I slowly learned his story. He was fourteen, not as old as my first guess. He had lived near a small town north of Atlanta and just before he came to our world he was sleeping in a bus station. He had missed the evening bus to Atlanta and had to wait for the morning one.

He was the only child of parents who were heavily into drug use. He saw them smoke marijuana frequently and use other drugs which he thought might be cocaine or methamphetamine or maybe both. From the visitors who came to their home, he was convinced that they were also selling drugs.

His father had been employed but had lost his job and was not looking for work. He was now getting unemployment compensation and that was about to run out. His mother was still employed as a cashier in a local supermarket and earned the minimum wage. They had become heavily dependent on credit cards and the creditors had started clamoring for payment. They had sold off or pawned most of the things of value in their home.

Toby had never used drugs and had resisted their offers of marijuana. He knew they were offering it to him so he would stop trying to get them to quit and get help. He knew they were bad parents but he loved them and they were the parents he had to live with. He had been a good student in school but his grades were now falling. He had tried everything he could think of to reach them and get them to be the parents he had been happy with until about a year ago. He felt trapped in a downward spiral and he knew how it was going to end.

Now he had given up and decided to run away. He didn't know where he was going, except that he had read about ways to get help in Atlanta. He had used his meager savings to buy a bus ticket there and had no idea what he would do when he arrived.

Each day I could see the misery in his eyes and face and demeanor. Anna and I tried to talk to him but he never responded with any enthusiasm. James welcomed him like a brother but he hardly smiled at any of James' jokes or mischief. He played with Lucky but hardly ever smiled at the pup's antics. Iain and Caitlyn had tried to reach him too but they had failed. He was like a lost soul who didn't know where to go or what to do. I knew I couldn't give up on him but I had about run out of ideas on how to help him. I didn't know what else to do so I decided to take him and James fishing.

"Would you and Toby see if you can find us some live bait," I asked James. "Get one of the bamboo buckets we made and dig in places in the woods where there's lots of ground cover. See if you can find worms, crickets, grubs, anything that would look good to a fish."

"What are we going to fish with?" James asked. "I don't think the casting rods will work well with that kind of bait."

"You know that bunch of cane poles we've got stacked up outside?" I asked. "I think they've dried enough to use as fishing poles. I'll rig them up with line and sinkers and floats. I want to fish just where the water comes into the lake, you know, where that waterfall is. If I were a fish, I'd hang out there to see what comes down the creek."

Aimee gave me some good advice as usual. "David, I cannot forecast the weather but the sky is very cloudy today and rain may start at any time. Please do not go without considering that possibility."

“OK, Aimee. We’ll each take a backpack with a rain cape and some warmer clothing,” I said. “The rain may be cold but I think we’ll be OK. We can each pack a lunch. I don’t think we’ll need to take water. There are little streams and springs all over that area.”

“May I take Lucky?” James asked.

I had to think for a minute. Would Lucky be OK on the bamboo raft with us? Maybe he might help bring Toby out of his despair.

“You’ll have to carry him most of the time,” I said. “Do you want to?”

He answered, “He’s not heavy. He’s my puppy,” and then grinned.

“I’ll help you carry him, James,” Toby said.

“OK, but you two are going to have to carry him and maybe a heavy stringer of fish. Coming back up the mountain with a load isn’t easy, you know.”

In our usual loincloth and moccasins, the three of us set off. James led the way down the mountain, bounding along with his usual enthusiasm, carrying his spear and his fishing pole with the papoose puppy carrier in front and his backpack bouncing on his back. Toby also carried a spear and a fishing pole and he had my knives strapped around his waist. Before James got too far ahead of us, I started walking faster too and, when I saw Toby hurrying along, I couldn’t help but smile. Maybe going fishing was going to help.

At the lake, our bamboo raft was still floating where we had tied it, the four bamboo poles still lashed to the top layer. It was about five meters by two, with two layers of large bamboo. It was awkward to pole along but we managed. Usually, two of us stood side by side and poled it in unison. Much of the lake was shallow enough to use poles and where it was deeper we used the poles like paddles.

Before we boarded, I stripped off my loincloth and moccasins. James and Toby stripped too, no questions asked. I saw Toby looking at my genitals, checking me out, I suppose, so I checked them out too. Toby’s penis was elongated now, hanging down well below his testicles. James’ penis looked like it was ready to stand up as usual. I still wasn’t accustomed to seeing them without pubic hair.

Lucky was no problem on the raft. The minute James put him down, he sniffed everywhere and then squatted and peed down between two poles. The three of us stood there and watched him and grinned.

The lake began at a small waterfall, quickly widened until it was about as wide as a football field is long, then narrowed again, to another waterfall leading downhill. James and Toby enthusiastically poled us along until we reached the upper end of the lake where a waterfall jumped down through large boulders and then into the lake.

“I’m going to slip over the side and swim underwater with my eyes open,” I said. “I’ll be quiet and easy doing it so I don’t scare off any fish. I want to see whether there are fish here. I want you two guys to do the same but wait ‘til I get back on the raft. Toby, do you swim OK? Can you do it, underwater, I mean?”

He grinned. For once, he grinned. “Yeah, I’m a good swimmer. I can do it but I probably won’t know what kind of fish they are.”

“Just look for the size and body shape,” I said. “I can’t identify them either. They’re probably all good eating. If there’s nothing but little ones here, I don’t want to waste our time.”

Looking for fish underwater was easy. The water was almost crystal clear except right at the waterfall. I saw lots of large fish but no small ones. I assumed the little ones had been eaten by the big ones. When I resurfaced, I held my thumb up to indicate that we had a good fishing spot.

I let James and Toby swim at the same time. There was really no necessity for them to look for fish but I knew they would want to do it. When they resurfaced, they both held a thumb up to indicate they saw plenty of fish too. James held his hand out for me to pull him out of the water. I braced and pulled and he came out grinning. Then Toby held out his hand too and I pulled him up. He was grinning too and I was glad to see that expression on his face.

We fished for a while and there was usually only a little waiting between catches. We quickly had a stringer full of good-sized fish. I looked at Toby’s face each time he caught one and, for the first time, I thought I saw happiness.

When the sun was directly overhead, I asked them to pole us a short distance away from the waterfall so we could go ashore for lunch. James put Lucky down and watched as he immediately went exploring, in sniff mode of course. When James whistled, the puppy came bounding back to him. James gave him a treat for coming back.

I started a fire and then retrieved four fish from the stringer. Since Toby had my knives, I asked him to gut the fish and warned him that Little Boy was sharper than a razor. He slit the fish and dragged the entrails out like he had done it before. I stuck three of the fish through the side of the head with spears and propped them up before the fire. I looked around, found a small limb to use for Lucky's fish, and then we sat on our haunches and talked until the fish were done. We ate the fish with our fingers and not a word was said until we were finished. I didn't say anything even when James fed Lucky and himself off one fish, alternating bites, and then did the same with another. We threw the skeletons in the lake so Lucky wouldn't get them. Only then did we get our lunches out of our backpacks for the rest of our meal.

We poled back to the waterfall after lunch and quickly filled up two more stringers. By the time we started poling back, a fine cool mist was falling. At our landing spot, we broke out the rain capes and then cleaned the fish. I wanted to gut them and cut the heads off to lessen the weight of what we had to carry back. Toby gutted the fish with Little Boy, James cut the heads off with Big Boy and I packed three backpacks, with about twice as much in mine. By the time we washed and were ready to start back, the rain started. It was a light chilling rain so we put on clothes under our rain capes. We slogged our way home, exhausted but grinning at each other. We knew we'd had a great day together. Anna and Caitlyn had a hot dinner waiting for us.

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A couple of nights later, I announced it was time Iain and James and I had a little boy-talk with Toby. He had gone to the room he shared with James shortly after dinner. We left Anna and Caitlyn and Aimee to have a little girl-talk and went out in the hallway. I briefly explained to Iain and James what I wanted to accomplish and, when they asked me what they should do to help, I said they should just wing it. After James explained to Iain what that meant, the three of us walked in on Toby. He was already propped up in bed, one hand behind his head,

the other moving under his loincloth, just lying there staring at nothing.

I walked up to the bed and took off my loincloth. James and Iain followed my example and the three of us stood there, naked, looking down at him as he stared up at us. He still had on his loincloth but his hand wasn't moving.

"Toby, we want to have a little talk with you," I said.

Iain crawled in the bed and around beside Toby and leaned back against the wall. He very nonchalantly started playing with his penis.

Toby looked back and forth from Iain to me and James. His face revealed his incomprehension.

"What do y'all want to talk about?" he asked.

"About sex, masturbation, what you want to do now that you're here," I said. "Anything else you want to talk about."

I swept one hand toward the bed to indicate to James that I wanted him to get in the bed ahead of me. He lay down at the opposite end from Iain, leaned back against the wall, and promptly started stroking his semi-erect penis. I lay down and leaned back opposite Toby, settled my testicles comfortably on my thighs, wrapped my hand around my flaccid penis, and gave it a few strokes.

"I don't know," Toby said, and it was easy to see he was baffled by what the three of us had done.

"James says he thinks you're ashamed of masturbating," Iain said. "Is that right?"

He reached over to Toby, untied the strap to his loincloth, and flipped it to one side. Toby's penis wasn't erect but it was clearly engorged and just short of blossoming into a hard-on.

"I don't understand you, Toby," James said. "I lie in my bed at night and jack off with the light on. You turn the light off and hide what you're doing from me. Are you ashamed of doing it?"

Toby didn't answer him. He just looked around at the three of us, all stroking our erect or almost-erect penises.

"Toby, before Anna and Caitlyn joined us, the three of us did this lots of nights," I said. "It's harmless, it lets off a little pressure, and it's better than a sleeping pill. You shouldn't be ashamed of doing it. It's perfectly normal for young guys to masturbate."

"Well, I've never done it with guys before," he said.

Maybe he was ashamed but his penis wasn't. It was now hard and standing up above his abdomen.

"Hey, Iain, you're about to smother one of your balls," James said.

The other three of us looked. One of Iain's testicles was down between his thighs and only one was showing. He pulled both of them up, closed his thighs, and let the pair settle down.

"Thanks, James," he said. "My tolos need to breathe to stay healthy."

"James, what do you think of Toby's dick?" I asked. "He's got a nice one; hasn't he?"

"Yeah, but it's kind of big already," James said. "He's going to make some poor girl grunt with that monster."

"Don't tease me," Toby said. "I don't...I...Please don't tease me."

"Toby, you've got to loosen up," Iain said. "After a while, you're going to get to know us and, I promise you, you'll have three of the best friends you've ever had. We kid around with each other and stuff like that all the time. The three of us are good friends. James is a really good friend and he's like a brother to me. David is a good friend too except he's more like a father. We want you to be our friend too."

"Toby, I'm sorry I called your dick a monster," James said and giggled. "David's the one who's got a monster."

Three pairs of eyes shifted toward my penis. I held it straight up, pulled down on the skin until the red head was tight and shiny, then shifted my grip down to my scrotum to show off the length of the shaft, including the part between my legs. When I did that, it made the

shaft of my dick look about half-again as long, about thirty centimeters, a monster of a cock. I let them look for a moment. Iain whistled. James tried whistling too but his lips were trying to giggle. Toby looked at my monster and didn't say anything.

"Bad monster," I said. "Be good."

"Shit! I'm going to have a monster too when I grow up," James said. He held his dick up, skinned it back, shifted his grip to show all of the shaft, and then admired it.

"Well, I may not have a monster but I guess I can make do with mine," Iain said. "It makes Caitlyn grunt sometimes."

He pulled down on his testicles so the red head and all of the shaft of his dick showed. Maybe it wasn't a monster but Caitlyn probably thought it was.

I started slowly stroking my dick and watched as James, then Iain, and finally Toby followed my example.

"Toby, sometimes we did more than just masturbate," I said. "Have you ever played around with oral sex, you know, blowjobs?"

He looked at me and I interpreted the look on his face as confusion with maybe a little disbelief."

"Shit, I ain't no queer," he said.

"Toby, I'm ashamed of you," I said, with a stern look on my face. "Do you know what you should have said?"

"What?"

"You should have said 'I'm not a queer,'" I said, smiling. James giggled. Iain chuckled. Toby clearly didn't know what to say.

"Toby, I'm not one of those either," Iain said. "But I've sucked James' dick and I've sucked David's. They've sucked mine. We were just having fun and playing around. I'd rather fuck around with Caitlyn any day but, for a while, these two horny guys were all I had to play with."

James crawled diagonally across the bed, kneed Toby's legs apart, leaned over, and sucked his dick for a few seconds. He crawled over to me, slapped my hand out of the way, and took the head of my dick in his mouth. He licked and sucked for a few seconds, then crawled back to his place, and flopped. As soon as he was settled, Iain knelt in front of Toby and gave Toby a good second sucking. Then he turned to James and gave him a little attention. I waited until he was back in his place and then I took a turn. I stroked Toby's dick up and down a few times, licked up the shaft of his dick from his balls to the head, took the head in my mouth, and bobbed my head up and down a few times. After a moment, I turned to Iain and did the same thing to him. I crawled back to my place and started stroking my dick again. Poor Toby looked like he couldn't believe what had just happened.

"Do you know why we did that, Toby?" I asked.

He shook his head no.

"Tell him, James," I said.

"Because we're all gay and we think you're cute," James said, and then threw Toby an air kiss.

Iain tried to contain his laughter but it was too much and it erupted. I couldn't help but laugh too. James tried to keep his face straight but finally he giggled.

"James, what am I going to do with you?" I asked, and then slapped him gently on his stomach.

"I don't know," he said. "Give me another chance?"

"OK but try to keep it serious this time," I said to him and then looked at Toby.

"Toby, James has quite a sense of humor," I said. "Sometimes it gets the best of him. You'll get used to it. I like it when he does something like what he just did with you. I'm really glad he came to live with us."

"Toby, David says he wants to create a culture here where there's love, not hatred," James said. "I agree with him. He wants all of us to be like a big loving family. He says he's not going to be a judge of what somebody else does about sex and he's not going to say what they

can't do. There's just one thing he's going to do his best to stop and that's hatred, whether it's hatred of homosexuals or different races or different religions. He says if he sees somebody showing hatred toward others, he's going to make them wish they had never come here."

Iain added something else. "He says he doesn't even want to hear the words homosexual or lesbian or queer..." He paused and looked at James. "...or gay and stuff like that. If two guys or two girls want to love each other, that's OK with him. I agree with him on that. He wants women to be respected so they can be equal partners with us in this world. I agree with that too. We've got a chance to create a new world, Toby. Let's do it right."

I added my part.

"Toby, I know that if I want to start something here, I've got to walk the walk as well as talk the talk. That's why I sucked your dick. I think boys quite often explore sex with other boys. That doesn't make them homosexual or heterosexual. They're just exploring their own sex. I think most of them find a woman to love and then they have children together and create a loving family. Those are natural human longings. If you and James want to play around, I think that's normal too."

"Well, except for my first cousin, I've never played...done stuff with another guy," he said. "I jack off lots but it's usually by myself."

"Well, that's about to change," I said. "Now, let's all jack off. Last one who comes loses tonight's race."

James reached over, pushed my hand out of the way, and wrapped his around my dick.

"David, let me do your monster," he said. "You do mine."

I put my hand around his penis, the way I like to do mine, with the whole hand, not with a thumb and one or two fingers. With my hand against his groin, he still had a couple of inches sticking out. Maybe he was going to have a monster too.

James started stroking my dick and I did the same to his. We both looked at Iain and Toby. Iain reached over to Toby's dick and started

stroking it. Toby hesitated for a moment but then he started doing Iain's dick.

I liked what James was doing but he was doing it too slow. I pushed his hand off, took my monster in my own hand, and gave it hell. The others followed my example and the race was on. James came first and squirted out all over his stomach. Iain came second and laid down a heavier load on his stomach. I squirted third and would have got the first shot in my face if I hadn't turned my head.

Toby lost the race but he did something I'd never seen before. He laid down a barrage which included two heavy shots in his face and more than a few from his chest down across his stomach. He closed one eye to keep the semen out and grinned with tight lips. There was more semen drooling down across his mouth.

"Damn, Toby, you come like a fire hose," Iain said. "If you do that in a girl, it'll probably squirt out her ears."

James was a troublemaker as usual. He crawled over to Toby, used one finger to wipe the semen out of his eye, and then smeared the rest over his face and body. Iain laughed and Toby retaliated against him. He wiped his hands up and down his own body and then pounced on Iain and wiped his hands in Iain's semen. He didn't stop until he managed to get through Iain's defenses and wiped the mess on his face.

When James tried to do me the same way, I grabbed him, wrestled him down, rolled on top of him, and slid up and down a few times in our combined semen. Then Iain piled on my back, pulled me off James, and the two of them tried to hold me down. Toby watched for a minute, grinning, and then joined the other two. That was what I wanted: for Toby to get in the pile with the rest of us. We wrestled, me against the three of them, until I decided it was time for me to lose.

We finally quieted down and went for a communal shower. I swapped back scrubs with Toby and James swapped with Iain. Afterwards, we stood in the circle with the warm air drying us, grinning at each other, and nobody had a word to say. I felt like a kid again. I asked them to go back to Toby's bed with me. I wasn't through talking to him. James had something he wanted to talk about too.

“Toby, Iain and I used to sleep together most every night,” he said, as soon as we were settled in bed like before. “Would you like to sleep with me?”

Toby frowned. “Why? I’ve never slept with anybody else.”

“I liked sleeping with Iain,” James said. “Lots of nights he would spoon up to me and put his arm over me and it felt good, like I wasn’t so alone and somebody cared something about me. His dick would be right at the crack of my ass but I didn’t worry ‘cause he’d said he would never try to fuck me. Sometimes I cuddled up to him the same way and my dick would be in his ass crack but I never tried to fuck him either. ‘Course we’d already got rid of a heavy load before we did that. You know why I liked it so much?”

Toby shook his head no.

“Because Iain and I would talk. We talked about everything. Talking is good, Toby. It helps you get to know the other guy and you learn you’re just alike in lots of ways. After a while, you know you’ve got a friend, a good friend, and that’s what Iain is to me.”

“Toby, Iain told James he would never try to fuck him because I asked him not to,” I said. “What you two guys do is your business but I hope you won’t try to fuck James either. When you’re in bed together tonight, ask him to tell you why.”

“Well, I don’t want him to fuck me either,” Toby said. “When I was twelve, my first cousin fucked me for a while. He was three years older than me, the bastard. Maybe it was more like rape. I hated it. I was really sick of it. One day I threatened to cut his balls off or kill him if he didn’t leave me alone. He knew I meant it and he stopped.”

“Toby, did you know that Aimee is a teacher?” I asked. “That’s one of the reasons she’s here. Iain and James have been learning about sex from her. Iain’s taking a course in physics from her. James is taking English lessons from her. I wish you’d let her teach you about sex and maybe English too. You could explore the subjects she can teach and maybe find something else you’re interested in.”

“Is it like going to school?” he asked. “I didn’t like school.”

“Heck no, Toby,” James said. “Aimee doesn’t lecture to me. She assigns me some stuff to read and puts it on my tablet and it’s up to me to learn it. Then she’ll check on my progress and assign me something else. When I have questions, she’ll answer them for me.”

“You don’t just sit in classes?” Toby asked.

“Nope,” James said. “That was boring to me too. That’s one reason I like the way I’m learning now.”

“Toby, I hope you’ve seen how we all work together here,” I said. “I want you to pitch in and help with everything. For starters, I’d like you and James to run the rabbit snares together once in a while. James knows how to field dress a rabbit and how to move the snares occasionally. You two might be able to kill us another deer.”

Toby interrupted me. “I know how to field dress a rabbit too. I’ve helped field dress a deer more than once.”

I continued. “Tonight, get James to tell you about the time he and Iain killed one. And James, don’t forget to keep an eye out for more Iain bushes. I want to lay in a supply of Iain wood to make bows and arrows this winter.”

“What are Iain bushes?” Toby asked.

“It’s a bush that sprouts multiple offshoots, sometimes maybe twenty or thirty,” James said. “We’ve only found a few so far. The shoots are about twice as tall as I am and as hard as iron. If you bend them, they always spring back to their original shape. I can’t break them. David tried with one about as big around as my dick and he couldn’t break it. We’re going to make more bows and arrows with them this winter.”

“If they’re hard as iron, why do you call them Iain bushes?”

James looked at Iain.

“You can tell him,” Iain said.

“It’s ‘cause the wood is like Iain’s dick: straight and hard and unbreakable.” James said and then giggled.

“But why do you want arrows that big?” Toby asked. “Can you shoot them?”

“Toby, the big shoots are what we’ll use to make the bow,” James said. “The little shoots will be arrows. Think how strong a bow as big around as David’s dick would be. Nobody could break it.”

Toby lowered his head and looked at me with a little grin.

“I’ll bet I know somebody who could break it,” he said.

James played the straight man.

“Who?”

“Anna,” Toby said, and immediately grinned wider. I was glad to see him joking around with us.

“Shit! I was talking about an Iain wood bow, not David’s dick.” James said and grinned too.

Iain smiled and looked at me. “David, before Toby arrived, you said we were going to make another trip to the isthmus and try to get a little pig or two. Could we do that sometime soon?”

“OK, let’s put that on the list of stuff to do,” I said.

“Toby, David and Anna and James and I made a trip to the isthmus before Caitlyn came here and we ran into a bear,” Iain said. “It required all four of us to kill it but we did it. Get James to tell you about that tonight too.”

I wanted James to have more to talk about tonight.

“And after we make another trip to the isthmus, I want to make a trip around the mountain at sea level. And then after that, I want to go explore on the mainland for a few days. I want to do that but I can’t take anyone who can’t help defend themselves. I want to help you learn to use some of the weapons we have. Going around the mountain, we’ll be safe. On the mainland, we’ll be in some real danger. Get James to tell you why.”

“We’ll be up all night,” James said.

“I think we’ve thrown about enough at Toby for one night,” I said. “I’ve got just a little more to say to him and then I want to go to bed.”

They all three looked at me expectantly. I tried to marshal my thoughts.

“Toby, you’ve just left a world where you were unhappy because you wanted to help your parents and they wouldn’t let you. You’ve started to become a man but you’re not one yet. You were just a boy caught in a hopeless situation. They were the ones responsible for their lives. That’s behind you now. You’re in a new world now where your life will be what you make of it. I know you need to be loved and cared for and I’m going to do that. So will all the others. You’re going to be part of a big family and we’re going to hang together by loving each other. We’ve got to in order to survive. Eventually there will be twenty of us here, ten guys and ten girls. One of those girls will be your wife and the mother of your children. Think about that: being part of a big loving family with nine brothers and ten sisters and then creating a family of your own. Would you like your life to be like that?”

I waited for him to say something. He smiled, nodded his head, and said “Yeah, I would.”

“Good, now there’s just one more thing I’ve got to do and then I’m going to bed. I’ve got to piss.”

The four of us went to the toilet for a good-night piss before going to bed to sleep. We lined up, James, Toby, me, and Iain, and grinned at each other while we pissed. Afterward, Iain went to the bed chamber he shared with Caitlyn and I started toward the one I shared with Anna. Toby caught me by the arm and I stopped and looked at him. James kept on walking and went to their bed chamber.

“Thank you, David,” Toby said.

“For what?” I asked. His eyes looked moist.

“For trying to help me. I want to do what you said: be part of a big family and then have my own family. I really want to do it. I want to do it right. I don’t want to fuck up like my parents.”

I wrapped him up in a big hug. He didn't resist. Without thinking, I reached up and rubbed the back of his head and kissed him on the cheek. When I turned him loose, he smiled at me and went to his bed chamber. I stood there for a moment longer, wondering what he and James would have to say to each other when they were in their room together. I stopped just outside their door so I could hear them.

"What did you do?" James asked. "Why are you grinning?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to say thank you to David. He hugged me and rubbed the back of my head and kissed me on the cheek."

"Feels good; doesn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Toby, David's a good man. Trust him. He'll do what he says."

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The morning after our boy-talk with Toby, I was up early as usual. After a quick trip to the toilet, I went in the kitchen and started banging things around. Anna and I had the cooking duty and I knew she would be with me in a few minutes. Instead, Lucky came scampering in, wagging his tail as usual. Iain and Caitlyn came in a minute or so later and I asked them to take Lucky outdoors for his morning pee. Anna came in the kitchen before they came back and started helping me.

I was deliberately making enough noise to wake the dead and I wondered where James and Toby were. James was usually good about getting up in the morning. With all the topics Toby was supposed to ask him about, I knew they might have been awake late talking about killing the deer and the bear and why I'd asked Iain not to fuck James. Iain and Caitlyn came back with Lucky and started setting the table. Anna felt it was important for all of us to sit down at the table together as often as possible, to make us more like a family.

I fried the fish while Anna toasted some bread. With some fruit, that was out usual breakfast now that eggs weren't available. When everything was ready, I stood for a moment listening and trying to hear noises from two sleepy boys. I didn't so I took Anna's hand and

we went down the hall to their bedroom. The door was open so we walked in.

James and Toby were in bed together. I glanced at Toby's bed and saw no signs that it had been used. Both were facing toward me and James was spooned up to Toby, with his arm over Toby's chest. Toby's hand was on top of James', holding it against his chest. A blanket covered them up to their waists but I could see that James' right leg was over Toby's left, the same way Anna and I had been when we woke up. Lucky jumped up on the bed and licked two faces. Both opened their eyes a little and smiled.

"Breakfast is ready," I said and Anna and I left them.

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During the following days, we continued to greet the morning or to say goodbye to the day with songs from Iain and some music he felt was appropriate. Toby was as mesmerized by his voice as the rest of us. We also listened to Station IAIN on occasion. Because of my dedication to my mission, I had never been exposed to music and I welcomed Iain's choices, whether they were classical or musicals or even opera.

Iain's talents also included dancing. He had been studying Irish dancing when he came to our world and James coaxed him into demonstrating his abilities once. Aimee played the music and Iain danced and all of us were enthralled. He apologized afterwards, saying he was just learning, and had faltered more than once. I saw nothing but perfection and I told him so.

Iain also started dance lessons for all of us. He insisted on warming up with all of us lining up in a row on the terrace, one behind the other, me in front, and marching. He said all dancing was just moving to music. I had not marched to the Stars and Stripes Forever in years but, when Aimee played it, my feet automatically started moving.

Iain asked Aimee to play the Blue Danube Waltz and we listened to it for a few minutes and then chose partners. I chose Anna as my waltz partner. Iain chose Caitlyn. That left James and Toby and they couldn't decide who was going to be the girl. Iain settled the argument. He offered to play the girl with me and told James to dance with Caitlyn and Toby to dance with Anna.

Later, James decided he could play the girl and dance with Toby so I got to practice with Anna after all. I remembered one night in Flagstaff when we had danced together so well. After a few faux pas, I felt almost the same way waltzing with her.

On one occasion, we made another trip to the isthmus. When Caitlyn heard about the oysters there, she volunteered to make an oyster pie if she could have some help. I quickly volunteered James and Toby. We carried a big pot with a lid so we could shuck the oysters there and not have to carry shells up the mountain. James and Toby both wore the pot on their head part of the way and held the lid like a shield. James let Lucky walk some of the way and he followed along faithfully, sniffing everything.

At the isthmus, I asked the others to go slow, to fan out as much as possible, and to keep a wary eye out for any dangers. Anna and I walked on the south side of the isthmus, Iain and Caitlyn in the middle, and James and Toby on the north shore. My intention was to go only as far as I thought was absolutely safe.

We had gone only a short distance when I heard James yell. He and Toby had found a huge turtle, one that probably weighed more than me. I knew nothing about the different species of sea turtles but this one was a mottled green on his shell. We all stood looking at it and talking about killing and eating it but I suppose we all hated to harm the creature. As we left, it slowly made its way back into the water.

We found a freshly-disturbed area of sand but there were no pigs in sight at first. I climbed up on a large rock, invoked the cool response, and looked further down the isthmus. I saw one little pig wandering around aimlessly but there were no others in sight. When I told the others what I had seen, James and Toby wanted to go after it immediately. When I told Toby how dangerous the sow could be if her brood was menaced, he wasn't in such a hurry. I wanted to try a stealthy kill, not a wild chase and kill.

I let James go with me while all the others stayed behind and we quietly and carefully went looking for the little pig. I carried the cutter mattock which was so useful in prying oysters loose and James carried a spear. The pig walked out from behind a rock and grunted once or twice when he saw us. It squealed once when I whacked it in the head with the cutter mattock but the wind was blowing from the

south and I didn't think the sow would hear. I handed the mattock to James, asked him to keep watch behind us, and carried the porker by two legs while we quietly hurried back to where the others were waiting.

Once near Aimee's shield, I wanted to let the pig bleed out and to remove its entrails before we carried it back up the mountain. I wasn't sure Caitlyn would want to watch and I asked Anna to take her out of sight but she protested, saying she knew what had to be done and she wouldn't faint. Toby and James and I waded out in the surf and they held the pig by its hind legs while I slit its throat. Toby didn't even flinch when blood splattered on his legs. Anna and Iain and Caitlyn stood watching and nobody turned their head. Toby turned his head when I split the pig from its asshole to its chest. I was too busy to look to see how the others reacted. I took a deep breath, suppressed the urge to puke, and used my bare hands to pull its entrails out.

Later the others waded out and took turns prying oysters off the rocks on the north side of the isthmus. I stood on the shore and, as soon as they brought me oysters, I shucked them and dropped the meat and juices in the pot. I missed the pot with a few oysters and Lucky probably swallowed them whole. James wanted to try shucking but I was reluctant to let him use Little Boy to do it. I felt confident doing it myself and I didn't want anybody to get cut and ruin another perfect day.

I had asked James to be prepared to bring the oysters and a pig, if we got one, back up the mountain. I stood and watched as he expertly tied the lid on top of the pot and then tied the pot to a long bamboo pole. Then he tied the pig's front legs together, its hind legs together, and put another pole between them. I ruffled his wild hair and told him I couldn't have done it better myself. The pot was lighter than the pig so I let James and Toby carry it while Iain and I carried the porker. Anna and Caitlyn shared carrying Lucky.

We arrived home just as the sun was setting, tired and sweaty and hungry but gloriously alive and happy. All six of us crowded into the shower for a quick bath and only James and Toby got an erection. Everybody ignored their aroused state even when we crowded into the circle where the warm air dried us. Maybe everybody else was as hungry as I was. We all raided the kitchen refrigerator room for leftovers and ate while sitting at the table naked. I felt it was another perfect day in paradise, in a world of my choosing.

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Iain mentioned the problem to me, I relayed it to Anna, and she proposed a solution. If either one of us tried to solve the problem, Caitlyn might not cooperate. If Aimee tried to help, Caitlyn was more likely to listen. Anna suggested that Aimee act as the teacher, that she and I would then demonstrate Aimee's recommendation, and that Caitlyn and Iain would then follow our example. She discussed the problem with Aimee, outlined her ideas, and then asked for her help. Aimee readily agreed.

When Anna asked Caitlyn if she and Iain were happy and satisfied with their sex life, she was slow in answering and finally admitted that she wanted Iain to love her but sometimes she didn't know what to do to please him. Aimee was listening as usual and asked Caitlyn if she would like her to suggest some ways to improve their love-making.

One night, during dinner, there was constant horse-play and joking and laughing and giggling and tickling. I couldn't help but be reminded of an afternoon in France when my cousins Gabrielle and Danielle had giggled so much while they masturbated me to four orgasms. I finally made Gabi and Dani stop but I couldn't bring myself to stop the four teen-agers at dinner.

Once Toby and James started whispering back and forth to each other. I waited for Anna to tell them it wasn't a polite thing to do when Toby leaned away from James and exclaimed loudly:

"Guacamole!"

"What?" James asked.

"David said I shouldn't cuss so much," he answered. "He said I should try saying 'guacamole' instead of...you know what."

"What?" James repeated.

"You know. I'm trying to say guacamole instead of 'what the...'" He looked at me again. "...instead of 'what the f-word!'"

Caitlyn evidently knew too. She started giggling again and she infected Iain and the two of them passed it on to me and Anna and last James

and Toby. I never did learn what caused Toby to exclaim “Guacamole”.

And that was still the mood when four of us ended up in the same bed, a freshly made one in an unused bed chamber. I had asked James and Toby to make themselves scarce and they had disappeared into their bedroom shortly after dinner. Anna led me by the hand into the room and Caitlyn and Iain followed. We were all dressed as we had been during dinner: wearing nothing but loincloths. We started toward the bed but Iain caught Caitlyn’s arm.

“Kate, would you take your hair out of a ponytail,” he asked. “It’s beautiful and I’d like to see it loose.”

She turned her back to him, told him to do it, and he fumbled but he managed to untie her ponytail. She shook her head wildly and her hair fell into long straight golden tresses, some down past her breasts in front. I looked at Anna and lifted my eyebrows. She turned her back to me and I released her dark hair. It was shorter than Caitlyn’s and had a natural wave to it. Since the first time I saw her without her baseball cap, I had thought her hair was beautiful and suited her perfectly. She shook her head too and then grinned at me.

I heard a shriek and then more giggling and when I turned around, Caitlyn was pretending to fight off Iain. “Iain goosed me, Mama,” she said. “He’s bad.”

Anna played Mama to perfection. “Be good, Iain, or I’ll make you go straight to bed,” she said.

At Aimee’s instructions, Caitlyn crawled in the bed first, Iain second, me third, and Anna last. Iain and I were flat on our back and close together but in opposite directions, with pillows under our heads, our loincloths covering our good parts. Caitlyn and Anna were on each side of us, sitting or kneeling as women do so well, knees bent, feet under their butts.

Aimee began. “Caitlyn, Anna tells me you want to improve your sexual activities with Iain. Is that correct?”

“Yes, Aimee, I want Iain to love me but sometimes I don’t know what to do when we’re making love. I don’t know what I’m supposed to do and he doesn’t want to tell me.”

“Caitlyn, you know I must never reveal what occurs in the bed chamber where you and your husband sleep,” Aimee said. “In this bed chamber, do I have your permission to advise you in ways you might make him happier with you and you with him? David and Anna are going to demonstrate what I recommend. I hope you and Iain will follow their example. Will you do that?”

“Yes, Aimee, we will,” Iain said, and then looked at Caitlyn. She answered yes in a little girl’s soft voice and then giggled again.

“Then the first thing I want you to do is to put your hand under your husband’s loincloth and hold what you find there. Don’t do anything to it. Just hold it until you feel it change.”

Anna slid her hand under my loincloth, wrapped it around my penis, and held it. It was warm and engorged but still soft. The touch of her hand provoked it and within a few seconds it was almost as large as it gets but not quite as hard.

Anna and I watched Caitlyn reach under Iain’s loin cloth. She sat there for a moment and then began to smile. I suppose Iain’s penis had reacted the same way mine did.

“Caitlyn, from your smile, I assume you are holding something that has just enlarged in your hand,” Aimee said. “Think about what has just happened. A woman holds a power over a man from which he has no defense. Just the touch of your hand has made him want you and wanting you has made his penis get ready to penetrate you. You hold that power, Caitlyn. Never forget it.”

“I won’t,” Caitlyn whispered, and then giggled again.

“David and Iain, would you please remove your loin-cloths?” Aimee asked.

I untied mine, lifted my butt, and Anna whisked it out of the way. I looked at Iain and saw his penis was about the same as mine: lying on his stomach and almost hard but not yet standing up in the air.

“Now look at his testicles,” Aimee said. “Touch them gently with your fingers. Lean over and look closely at them. His scrotum is a marvelous mechanism for regulating the temperature of his testicles.

Did you know that his testicles must be cooler than his body in order to produce sperm? Without viable sperm, there cannot be babies. Get to know his testicles. They can give you what you want. You do want to have children with Iain; don't you?"

"Yes, but just not right now," Caitlyn whispered.

I lay there and enjoyed Anna playing with my testicles and watched Caitlyn playing with Iain's. Anna leaned over and gave each of my testicles a kiss. My penis ratcheted up a notch. We both looked at Caitlyn to see what she would do. She gave both of Iain's testicles a kiss and then, very provocatively looking at me, licked both of them. Anna followed her example and licked both of mine.

"I like Iain's tolos," she said and giggled again. "They really are shaped more like eggs than balls; aren't they?"

I thought Aimee was doing a great job of slowly leading us on. From the smile on Anna's face, I assumed she was enjoying playing as much as I was. I could have done without Caitlyn's teen-girl giggling but I was glad to see her relaxed with us.

Aimee waited for the giggling to stop and then gave the ladies another task to do.

"Now wrap your hand around his penis and slide it up and down a few times. It is another marvelous mechanism. The blood flow in it is regulated to permit the retention of blood in three cavernous bodies. It becomes erect in order to transmit his sperm into your vagina. You are the one who has caused that to happen, Caitlyn. You hold the power to do this. It is like a miracle; isn't it?"

Anna's warm hand gently moving up and down on my penis alternately covering and uncovering the red head was enough to make it ratchet up another notch. It felt stiff enough to deliver a big load to her vagina. I already wanted to do just that. I wanted to fuck her up the wall and across the ceiling and down the wall again.

Once, after Anna had joined me in our new world, when she and I were still new to each other, she had said something to me after a wild bout of making love in our bed chamber. I had been completely lost in the wonder of fucking her and had surrendered to the beast in me. We were in the missionary position, me on top, her beneath, her arms

around my chest, her ankles locked over my ass. My arms were partially under her back and my hands were cupped around her shoulders, trying to hold her in place. My knees and toes were pushing at the mattress for traction. I was wildly thrusting every centimeter of my penis into her hot and wet vagina. When I came, I felt like I was emptying my balls and my heart and my brain into her.

Afterwards she had said she felt like she was going to be driven across the bed by my thrusts, up the wall behind her, across the ceiling of our bed alcove, head first down the other wall, and back to the center of the mattress. I had apologized and asked if I was too rough on her. She had answered that she loved hanging on and going for a ride with me shoving my dick in her. She said that if I had hurt her too much she would have just bitten me harder. Bitten me? I looked at both shoulders. On one I saw a clear imprint of her teeth. On the other I saw her teeth marks and there was a little blood on my shoulder. I had not even been conscious of being bitten.

“Now, Caitlyn, I want you to do something that is extremely important,” Aimee said. “Men are always a little unsure of themselves in sexual matters. In spite of their bravado, there’s always a young boy in them, insecure and innocent and shy. They want a woman to accept their male sexuality with love and with enthusiasm. They want a woman to approve of their maleness. This is one way to show that you accept it. Take the head of his penis in your mouth and just hold it. It’s clean. It has fewer germs than your mouth does.”

I watched and felt Anna take the head of my penis in her mouth. I watched Caitlyn follow her example.

After a moment, Caitlyn took her mouth off Iain’s penis. “It tastes sweet,” she said. “Is that his come, I mean, his semen?”

“No, Caitlyn,” Aimee said. “At this stage, what you taste is probably a pre-ejaculate fluid which comes from the Cowper’s glands. It lubricates his urethra and helps in ensuring fertilization. From Iain’s diet, his semen probably will also taste slightly sweet.”

“But I don’t want his stuff...his semen, in my mouth,” Caitlyn said and then put her mouth back over the head of Iain’s penis.

“Caitlyn, that is something for you to decide,” Aimee said. “It is not part of what I had planned for tonight.”

Even though Iain and I were lying in opposite directions, our hips were almost side by side. The way Caitlyn and Anna were laying, I couldn't see Anna's face but I could see Caitlyn's. I could see her eyes looking at me while Iain's dick was in her mouth. I winked at her and, a moment later, she winked back. I stuck out my tongue at her and waited. She took her mouth off Iain's penis long enough to stick out her little pink tongue at me. I stuck out my tongue again and simulated licking something. She grinned slightly, shook her head no, and took his penis in her mouth again. Then she surprised me. She took her mouth off Iain's penis for a moment, held her mouth in a big O, winked at me again, and then wrapped her lips around Iain's dick again. Damn, she might be shy but she was a born cock tease.

Anna's hand moved slowly up and down on my penis and her mouth sucked gently on the head with each stroke. I wondered if she had forgotten that she was supposed to wait for Aimee to tell us what to do next. I looked at Caitlyn and she was doing the same thing to Iain but she had turned her head so that she was now looking at him.

"Caitlyn, a man likes to have a woman do what you are doing," Aimee said. "They want you to be the one who initiates sexual play sometimes. Look at Iain's face. See his smile. It shows that you are pleasing him."

Aimee let Anna and Caitlyn have their way with me and Iain while we lay there, hands behind our head, eyes closed, grinning slightly. Anna was certainly pleasing me. I was glad she was doing it slowly. I wanted to play some more before I came.

"Caitlyn, David and Anna are going to demonstrate something that all young couples like to try: pleasing each other at the same time," Aimee said. "There is just one thing wrong with it. When you do it with Iain, see if you can guess what it is."

Aimee didn't tell Anna what to do but Anna knew what was expected. She straddled me in the classic sixty-nine position. I knew what to do too. I lifted my head and gave her pussy a few tentative licks. When I looked to the side, Caitlyn was on top of Iain with her mouth on his penis. Iain's face was buried between her thighs. I returned my attention to Anna. What Anna was doing to my penis and what I was doing to her pussy was certainly pleasing me.

Aimee let us play for a moment and then asked us all to stop.

“Caitlyn, why did you push back the foreskin of Iain’s penis?”

“I thought he would enjoy it more that way,” she answered. “I know how sensitive the head is and how his foreskin protects it. I’m not a complete dummy when it comes to men.”

“That is true, Caitlyn,” Aimee said, “but you also have a protective hood over your clitoris. When Iain licked you, did he push that hood back in order to reach your clitoris with his tongue?”

She must have had to think for a moment. **“No, I don’t think so.”**

“Caitlyn, your clitoris is analogous to the head of Iain’s penis but it smaller and more sensitive. His tongue is perfectly suited for stimulating your clitoris. It is well lubricated and is soft and smooth. As part of your foreplay, oral sex is a very good way to please each other but it is better when you do it alternately, not at the same time.”

“But does he really like it, I mean, licking me?” she asked. “I don’t want him to think I’m...nasty or something down there and maybe I smell bad.”

“Lovers should always make sure their genitals are clean before having sex,” Aimee said. “Your vagina exudes a lubricant which will permit easier entry of his penis. It has a distinctive odor which most men find very arousing. Are you ready to continue?”

She got four yeses or grunts or nods and then continued.

“Anna, would you show Caitlyn how you perform oral sex on David for a minute or so,” Aimee said. “When I call time, I want you to change your positions so David and Iain can perform oral sex on you and Caitlyn. I believe David and Iain both know how to move your clitoral hood out of the way so their tongues come in contact with your clitorises.”

While Anna was sucking my dick, I watched Caitlyn sucking Iain’s. She was kneeling between Iain’s legs and her little fanny was just a couple of feet away from my head. I had a good view between her thighs of her little closed virginal-looking mound, a little crease with little wet-looking lips protruding. I looked down at Anna and knew

she saw where I had been looking. With my dick still in her mouth she shook her head. I was caught in the act and I grinned helplessly at her. She took her mouth off my dick long enough to smile back at me. I didn't feel like apologizing. After all, I was just a man.

Iain and I both knew our role in our little play. We had agreed that this would be a good point at which to give Caitlyn and Anna an orgasm. We were both hoping it would not be their last for the night.

When Aimee called time, Anna and Caitlyn changed their positions so they were side by side and both lying on their backs in the same direction. I moved between Anna's legs, Iain moved between Caitlyn's and, side by side, we started. I glanced over once and saw that indeed Iain remembered how to expose a woman's clitoris to his tongue. He had his thumbs on each side of her mound and her little red button was exposed: swollen and wetly shining.

Aimee was right. It didn't take long. I think Caitlyn came first but I was so immersed in what I was doing to Anna that I didn't even hear her or maybe it was Anna's moans which drowned out Caitlyn's. When I finally looked up, Iain was on his knees looking down at Caitlyn. It was obvious from her face that she had come and probably come hard. I looked down at Anna and saw her face in that same Mona Lisa smile, like Leonardo had his head under her skirt and she had just come.

"I am going to ask David and Iain to delay their orgasms for just a little longer," Aimee said. "David is going to demonstrate one more position which both a man and a woman can enjoy. David, would you get behind Anna and insert your penis into her vagina?"

Would I? You're damn right I would. I was so horny I would probably have tried to stick it in her ear if I could. I scrambled around behind Anna, lifted her right leg, probed with my dick, and then felt her fingers guiding the head to the sweet spot. Her pussy was drooling as I pushed my dick into her. Finally I was where I had wanted to be for too long. I eased into and out of her and watched Iain doing the same with Caitlyn. The little split in her mound was stretched around his penis with a little pink showing where the lips came together.

"Anna, can you lean back and put your right arm around David's neck?" Aimee asked. She could and did.

“Now, David, see what you can reach with your mouth,” Aimee said.

I knew what I could reach. I leaned forward and Anna met me in an open-mouthed kiss. I twisted downward and took one little erect nipple between my lips and sucked on it. Anna groaned. I remembered that I was supposed to be fucking her so I started slowly and gently thrusting into her. She groaned louder.

I looked at Iain and Caitlyn. They were in a mirror position and Iain had his lips over one of Caitlyn’s nipples. She barely had breasts but her nipples stood up enough for any baby to suck on.

“David, would you use your fingers to stimulate Anna’s clitoris?” Aimee asked.

I had made love to Anna often enough like this and I knew how to please her. I eased my fingers down around the shaft of my penis, pulled part way out of her, and transferred some of her juices from my penis to my fingers. I wanted two well-lubed fingers to use when I gently stroked her clitoris. She usually came very quickly when I did it right. I did it just right this time. I quickly had her moaning and groaning again and then I felt her internal muscles clenching and relaxing.

I couldn’t wait any longer. I was desperate to come myself and I knew that we had done everything that Anna and Aimee had planned. All that was left now was for me and Iain to get on top in the best-of-all missionary positions and give them the coup de gras or maybe the coup de dick. I couldn’t keep myself restrained any longer. I had to let my beast loose.

I scrambled around again, pushed Anna down flat on her back, kneed her legs apart, and had my dick in her pussy within seconds after she came. I had been hard and wanting too long and I wrapped her up in my arms, used my knees and toes for traction, and shoved my dick in her without mercy until I poured out what felt like a gallon of semen right on her cervix.

Anna liked me to keep my penis in her vagina until it softened and I did too and so I held myself up off her with my arms and slowly relaxed. When I finally rolled off her and flopped down beside her, I glanced at Caitlyn and Iain. He was already on his back and she was lying half on him with her milky-white little ass toward me.

At Anna's instructions, I had cached a bunch of dry washcloths under the corner of the mattress. I found them and passed them out for everybody. I knew Anna liked to keep something handy so her overflow didn't mess the bed. I didn't know about Caitlyn. I lifted up and looked. She had one between her legs. So did Anna. Iain was wiping his dick with one. I wiped off my dick, fell back down beside Anna, and closed my eyes.

I was about to fade into sleep when Caitlyn surprised me again. She crawled over Anna on her hands and knees, leaned over, and kissed her gently on the lips. I heard her whisper, "Thank you, Anna," and then she turned to me. When she kissed me on the lips, I grabbed her behind her head, opened my mouth, and gave her a little touch of tongue. The surprise came when she gave me a little tongue in return. She whispered, "Thank you, David," and then did something that was more shock than surprise.

I felt the silken tresses of her hair trail down over my chest and stomach and lifted my head to see what she was doing. I couldn't see for all the golden hair but I felt her hand lifting my swollen penis and pushing the foreskin back and her hot little mouth all around the head. She lifted her head, threw her hair back, winked at me, and crawled back over Anna to Iain. He was waiting for her. He smiled at me and winked too. Maybe he had put her up to doing it.

We slept four to a bed that night. I was very careful to keep Anna in front of me. I knew my dick had a mind of its own when it was behind Anna. I didn't think Caitlyn was ready for it to start sniffing around her ass in the middle of the night.

Chapter Twenty-Six

With fall approaching and then winter, I thought it was time to begin getting ready for the cold months. I wanted to plant a wide variety of fall and winter vegetables and to freeze and store as much meat and fish as possible. By the end of the year we could number ten people and, especially if they were teen-age boys, we would need lots of food.

The six of us spent one day expanding our new garden space, hauling bat guano, and preparing for planting. The next day, we planted beets,

bok choy, broccoli, carrots, collards, kale, lettuce, radishes, rutabagas, snow peas, spinach, turnips, and winter squash. The third day, we hauled big bags of pine straw to use as a protective mulch around the plants when freezing weather came. I had no idea what the fall and winter would be like and I knew some plantings might not succeed. Aimee promised to provide a protective shield over our garden against everything, including bugs, as long as it was needed.

At one point I stopped working and leaned on the mattock I was using to chop roots. All of us were wearing just the bare minimum needed, loincloths and moccasins, and still dripping sweat. I stood and stared at Anna for a moment and I knew I had never seen a more beautiful sight, even when she was sweaty and dirty, as we all were. I loved her breasts, even if she thought they were too small. I loved her hair, long and disheveled. I loved her butt, even if she thought it was too big. I loved her long legs, even when they were not wrapped around me. She was a woman, a perfect woman, I loved her, and I was content in my heart to be joined in marriage with her. She looked up from chopping weeds and saw me looking at her. She smiled and I smiled back.

I looked at the other guys next. Iain and James had gone through a transformation since arrival. They were both lean and hard and tanned, not a trace of body fat showing, just muscles showing under smooth skin as they worked. Toby was still slim and gangly and his muscles were not as well defined but he was working and exercising with the rest of us, with enthusiasm and without complaint. He seemed genuinely happy to be with us and I was glad he had arrived. I looked at Caitlyn next, sweet, exquisitely beautiful Caitlyn with her usual ponytail of blonde hair and her beautiful little breasts. She tried to help. Anna watched over her to make sure she didn't get blisters on her hands from using a hoe. They had made some rough gloves for her. I knew Anna would make her put them on soon.

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Another day, we put on our complete Robin Hood outfits, split into two teams, and went deer hunting. James and Anna and I comprised one team. Iain, Caitlyn, and Toby made up another. I would have preferred that Caitlyn stay home but, when Anna insisted on going, Caitlyn wanted to go too. I knew we couldn't take Lucky so James left him under Aimee's care.

Before we left, I stood and looked at the others. We were all dressed more or less alike: an ivory-colored chemise under a forest-green tunic, light-brown pants or tights, dark-brown ankle boots. Someone had made some light-brown sashes and all the others had one wrapped around their waist. I didn't need one since I usually wore the

Boys strapped around my waist. We all had on a white shell necklace. Anna handed me one when we were dressing and we both put them on and grinned at each other. James and Toby were wearing something new: a Robin Hood hat or something, which I could tell they had made. They grinned when Caitlyn asked them to make two more.

I suppose I finally knew why our clothing was colored as it was. It blended in well with the bushes in the woods. I realized that, if anyone had put on something red, I would have asked them to take it off.

Iain and Anna both carried bows and arrows on their back as well as their usual spear. The rest of us just carried spears. I started to carry a machete to hack through underbrush but then I realized we'd never see a deer if I used it. We all knew we had to move silently through the woods.

Both teams went down the mountain on our trail to the beach and then split and went in two different directions. At one place, the trail was beside a familiar small stream and we agreed to meet there about noon. I didn't have to say anything to James to make him be quiet. Instead, I was surprised at how quietly he and Anna moved through the woods. We saw one small herd of deer but they fled before we got close.

The second group wasn't as lucky. With the wind in our face, we walked up on them before they smelled or heard us. The three of us were some distance apart and the deer saw me first. I threw my spear at a big buck but missed. The herd turned in unison and started to flee but that brought them straight at James and Anna. The big buck ran straight into James and he didn't even have time to try to throw his spear. He just held it in front of him. The buck lowered his head, the spear tangled in his antlers, and then he crashed into James and they both went down. Anna didn't hesitate. She held her spear with both hands and sunk it deep in the deer's chest. I ran to them, grabbed the deer by the horns, pulled its head back, and cut its throat with Big Boy. Anna helped James to his feet and I looked at him, wondering if he had been injured. He scowled at the deer, took a couple of deep breaths, and smiled. I knew he wasn't hurt much.

"Damn, that sucker almost got me," he said, and then wrenched Anna's spear out of the deer's chest and handed it to her. "Thanks, Anna, you can go hunting with me anytime."

I remembered something. "Good job, Anna. I couldn't have done it better myself."

“Are you hurt?” Anna asked James.

He was bruised and scraped in places but his skin was unbroken.

“Naw, not bad,” he said. “When we get back home, I’ll let you doctor me.”

Anna grinned. I suppose she knew what kind of doctoring he wanted.

We tied the deer’s front legs together, its hind legs together, and then put a spear through its legs to carry it. Anna and I carried it part way back to the trail near the stream where we were going to wait for the others and then James and I carried it the rest of the way.

Iain and Caitlyn and Toby were already there. There was a small doe lying on the ground and the three of them were sitting on the ground and grinning when we walked up. Toby was the lucky hunter this time. Iain had spooked a small group of deer and got off one arrow but missed. The deer did the same thing our herd had done and ran straight into a hunter and, this time, into Toby’s spear. I knew to say something to him too.

“Good job, Toby. I’m glad you came to be with us.”

We had brought something to eat with us so we washed in the stream and then had lunch sitting on the ground. Afterward, Iain and James and Toby and I stripped naked, hauled first one carcass and then the other to the stream, and field-dressed them.

After researching the use of deer with Aimee, I wanted to save the guts this time because I wanted to learn how to bind different things together with animal gut. Iain and James and I had the unpleasant task of emptying the cut stretches of gut and washing them clean. Toby packed them away in a backpack and Anna volunteered to carry it home. I lifted it. Wet insides were heavy. Anna lifted it and grinned. I didn’t ask Caitlyn to help but she watched what we did and didn’t turn her head away.

Iain and I carried the buck, James and Toby carried the doe, and Caitlyn carried three spears and Iain’s bow and arrows. Six happy hunters arrived home in time to take a quick bath and then prepare dinner. Lucky squirmed and ran around us and his tail flew back and forth like a windshield wiper.

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One night after dinner, James told a joke. Anna and Caitlyn and Iain had cooked a rabbit and vegetables pot pie and it was delicious. Since they had cooked, they were sitting at a table talking. James, Toby, and I were cleaning up. James and Toby were clearing the table. Lucky was wandering around trying to find something else on the floor to eat. I was getting ready to wash the dishes. James stopped behind Caitlyn.

“Hey, Toby, I just made up a good joke,” he said, loud enough for everybody to hear. “Want to hear it?”

“Is it dirty?” Toby responded.

“Naah.”

“Aahh, well, tell it anyway.”

“OK. Once upon a time there was a spoon named Caitlyn and a fork named Iain. They liked to lie next to each other in the flatware drawer.”

“I think it’s going to be dirty,” Toby almost yelled.

“One night, Caitlyn got mad at Iain and she bent one of his prongs.”

“What did he do?”

“He got even.” James said. “He forked her with his bent prong.”

Caitlyn, the person, not the fork, jumped up and tried to hit James. He danced away from her, ran to me, and got behind me with his hands on my hips. She stood there in front of me and her smile got wider and wider and she started giggling. Toby started giggling. James started giggling and taunting Caitlyn from first one side behind me and then the other. I snorted, choked, snorted again, and started laughing and giggling too. Anna and Iain were already laughing. When we all managed to stop laughing, I started washing the dishes.

James wasn’t finished. “Aimee, don’t you think my joke was funny?”

“I fail to see the humor of your story, James,” she answered loudly and then whispered, “Yes, it was funny.” Then she giggled too. By now I thought I knew Aimee. She probably thought it was funny but she didn’t want to say so. She had her own sense of humor.

Just another day in paradise.

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The day started with rain and winds blowing first one direction and then another: an unpleasant day to be outside, a wonderful day to be inside. I decided it was a good day to work with our collection of animal skins.

First, we had to do our usual outdoor chores. I volunteered to do the rabbit snares and asked for someone to go with me. James wanted to go but I had to tell him he couldn't take Lucky. I didn't want a scent from a wet dog to saturate the trail and chase off the rabbits. Toby volunteered to go. We put on rain capes, walked the trail, and brought back three rabbits. Usually we only had one or two.

Anna volunteered to pick the garden. James volunteered to help her and asked if he could take Lucky. Anna let him take his dog and they also put on rain capes and set off. When Toby and I returned, they were already home, preparing a big pot of vegetable soup when we came back.

Iain and Caitlyn were left to clean the kitchen after breakfast and to start making some more bread. We had made a sourdough starter and we all wanted to try sourdough bread. They were kneading the bread and shaping loaves to rise when Toby and I walked in. A tablet was lying on a table and I glanced at it. It showed a picture and a recipe for sourdough bread. My mouth started salivating in anticipation.

Later that morning, we assembled in the back bedroom where we were storing all of the animal skins we had saved. We looked at the bear skin first. Following Aimee's instructions we had managed to cure it but I knew it wouldn't do for clothing. It was too heavy and bulky and stiff and it also smelled bad.

We had managed to cure a little pig skin and I wasn't sure what we could do with it, possibly soles for moccasins.

We looked at the deer skins next. The first one I had killed, when I was by myself, was thin and flexible enough to use. The second one that James and Iain had killed was also cured well enough to use but it needed more work to make it flexible. The last two, our recent kills, were still drying in bamboo racks and were a long way from being usable.

We had lots of rabbit skins, most cured and soft and flexible, some drying in little bamboo squares, some ready to be mounted for drying.

We talked and looked and tried to come up with a use for our collection. I spread the bear skin out on the floor and saw that it was probably going to be used as a bear skin rug. We tried shaping rabbit skins, fur inside, around feet and saw that it would be reasonably easy to make warm lined moccasins for all of us. Iain suggested that we could make durable soles out of pig skin or deer skin. James and Toby wanted deer-skin pants like the Indians wore so we tried fitting the skins to them. We could make pants for only two people with our first two kills, maybe two more when the last two kills were cured.

After lunch, we tried making our first pair of rabbit-skin moccasins. Caitlyn was chosen to be the one who got them and she loved the idea. We found needles and strong thread in the storeroom but it was very difficult to push the threaded needle through the skins. Anna suggested that I use something to punch holes and then we would try to sew the moccasins.

I found a collection of small awls in the tool room to use in punching the holes and Iain and I both punched, James and Toby sewed, Anna and Caitlyn supervised, and we ended up with something like moccasins on Caitlyn's feet. She liked the feeling of wearing them but I knew we had a lot to learn before we had something we could wear outdoors and that was where they would be useful. We all critically evaluated our first attempt and decided we could be better.

The temperature outside was comfortable by midafternoon and somebody suggested we play in the rain for a while, naked, of course. First we marched to a couple of Sousa marches, Semper Fidelis and Stars and Stripes Forever. Then we marched to the Radetzky march, also by Strauss, and on that one Iain said we had to clap when he did, that the audience always did that at the Vienna New Year's Eve concert. Imagine six naked savages marching and clapping. After that we waltzed to The Blue Danube and Tales from the Vienna Woods.

We were all dripping wet, hair wet and straggly, but everybody seemed to be happy to be dancing in the rain naked as the day we were born, even Caitlyn. We asked for the Blue Danube again, switched partners, and danced. Toby stumbled all over my feet but I didn't care. James and Anna waltzed together and seemed to do it quite well. Caitlyn danced with Iain again and the two were beautiful together.

After hot showers, we all ran to the kitchen. Dinner was sourdough bread fresh from the oven, fried rabbit smothered in gravy and left to tenderize, hash-brown potatoes, sliced tomatoes, and other fresh garden vegetables. It was food fit for a king or maybe a hungry group of people.

Another day in paradise and I couldn't have been happier.

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Anna and I were in bed in with her head on my shoulder and one leg of hers thrown over both of mine. She was playing with my paraphernalia, gently moving my testicles around in my scrotum or just as gently squeezing and stroking my semi-erect or maybe semi-soft penis. It couldn't make up its mind which way it wanted to go. I pulled my face back from her hair, took a couple of deep breaths, and relaxed.

Anna had just ridden me to a good orgasm while I lay there with a Cheshire-cat smile on my face, her words, and a hard dick up to the hilt in her pussy. After she quieted down, I fucked up into her and shot a load in her that rocketed her two feet up in the air, my words. When she came back down, she rolled off me and put her head on my shoulder. We were both quiet for a while. After perfect sex, what more can be said?

"I think I've planted the seed deep enough now and it should grow. I think it's time I started pulling back," I said, after a while.

"What are you talking about?"

"You know, what we talked about shortly after you came here. I told you what I had been doing with Iain and James and why. You said you would help me."

"You're talking about sex with them and you walking the walk; aren't you? About you wanting to make sure the hatred of homosexuals stayed in the old world and not letting it get started here. I agreed and said I'd encourage you to suck their dicks with me watching so they'd know it was OK with me."

"Yeah. I don't want to keep doing it. I've got the one person I want to have sex with. I love her and I can be content with her for as long as I live."

"Who is that? You didn't walk the walk all the way, you know."

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't fuck them in the ass. Homosexual guys do that; don't they?"

“Yeah.”

“And you didn’t let anybody fuck you,” she said. “That would be the end of the walk; wouldn’t it?”

“I suppose but you know how I am about anal sex. I’ve never done it with guys or girls and nobody’s done it to me. I don’t know why but it’s...I’m just not turned on by it. I’m repelled. I don’t know if I could even keep a hard-on if I tried.”

“Bullshit. You’d do it to me if I wanted you too.”

“I don’t think so, Anna. Maybe if I get tired of your pussy some day before I’m old and grey.”

“So you’re going to rely on Iain and James and Toby to spread the word about...I guess it’s really not to spread the word if nobody can call somebody else a homosexual or gay or lesbian or queer because you’ll make them wish they hadn’t.”

“Or faggot or dyke or shit like that. I hope I’ve done the right thing. I just don’t believe sucking dick necessarily makes a guy a homosexual, especially when they’re just kids. I don’t know about women but I think male to male sexual exploration is normal for guys. I think a lot of kids do it and then decide they want to marry a woman and have children when they grow up. They want to have a woman’s love and a family of their own.”

“I know what you wanted to do, David. You wanted to stop the hatred of homosexuals. Whether the way you chose to do it is right, only time will tell.”

“I mean it, Anna. I’ve hated the religious attitude toward homosexuality as long as I can remember. So many religious preachers and priests and assholes think bugging altar boys is OK but homosexuality is a sin. As long as I can remember, I’ve hated all kinds of hatred. That sounds sort of strange; doesn’t it?”

“No, not if you hate the bad things.”

“Let’s change the subject. I’m glad Iain and James are here with me. I suppose I love them both, Iain like a brother, and James like a son. I think I can lean on Iain more in the future as he matures. James is just a lovable boy; isn’t he? So full of fun and mischief and always smiling. I don’t know Toby yet. I think we’ve got him started over his hurdle. We’ll just have to wait and see how he is once that’s behind

him. I think he's ready to join the family. Let's have another ceremony."

"OK. Do you still think I should let Toby make love to me, you know, like James did, just to show him what it's like with a woman?"

"What do you think?"

"I liked getting James' cherry, David. Making love with fourteen and fifteen year-old boys is fun. I'd like to help Toby lose his virginity if you don't mind. You say you're thankful I share my body with you. Maybe he'll recognize I'm trying to do more than just give a fourteen-year old his first fuck. I suppose I want to show him the ultimate in love."

"Anna, it's your body. I'm not your master. If you think it would help him, do it. Shit, if you want to do it to please yourself, do it. I'm not going to be jealous but I sure don't want to compete with him and James both. I think Toby would understand what you're trying to do."

"They can't compete with you, David," she said. "You're my other half. You're going to have my love for the rest of your life."

"And I hope we have a long and happy life together. We've got to be careful with Iain so Caitlyn won't think we're competing with her. I want James to direct his sexual leanings to the kind of love he can find with a wife and children. Same with Toby."

"Do you still want to do one more thing with Iain and Caitlyn? You know, what James suggested, the sort of thing a woman can enjoy with a dick in her pussy and a tongue licking her clit? I'd like to try that."

"Yeah, I'd like to lick Caitlyn's little clit while Iain's dick is in her pussy. Damn, I'd rather he lick her clit while my dick is in her little pussy."

"Now, David, you just said you had the only woman you wanted."

"Yeah, should we just do it with the four of us or should we include James and Toby too?"

"James is the one who dreamed it up," she said. "I'd let him or Toby lick my little clit while your big dick is in my pussy."

She yawned loudly and then continued.

“Well, first let’s spend an evening with just James and Toby. I can let Toby do it while James tells him what to do, you know, sort of like an oral exam,” she said and then giggled.

“And then some time later we’ll all six get together somewhere so Iain and I can park out peters in your pussies while James and Toby lick your little clits,” I said. “Damn, that sounds like a real orgy.”

“Shut up. I’m going to sleep before you get horny again.”

“I’m always horny. May I do it again?”

“Go to the toilet and jack off. I’m going to sleep.”

“Shit! I never get any pussy.”

My dick was still swollen but it was soft and going to sleep. Her hand had not caused it to raise its head. It had decided it was through for the night. She knew I didn’t mean it.

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James and Toby and I spent one day taking apart two push-plows, with a single wheel each, and combining them into a small cart, with two wheels, handles behind, and a light-weight body of bamboo. I felt like a damn fool for not thinking of doing it by myself. Toby and James came to me with the suggestion. So far we’ve only used it in picking the garden and a few other chores. I’m not sure whether it would be useful in bringing stuff from the seashore because there are difficult rocky parts of the path in a few places.

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We spent one afternoon harvesting swamp nuts. At least that’s what James called them. He and Toby had wandered upon a swampy area down the mountain a little way and were wading across when they stepped on something rounded, sort of tennis ball size. They found it was connected to stems like carrot leaves and managed to pull it up. James had taken his tablet and it said that they were edible, something like water chestnuts, were highly nutritious, and would keep for months if refrigerated.

They brought a few home so I peeled one and I tried a bite. It was crunchy with a little heat, sort of like a radish. When they led us all back, I could see why they were so pleased with their find. The swampy area was covered with the plants.

The four of us guys stripped naked and started harvesting swamp nuts, while Anna and Caitlyn waited on solid ground. They were very difficult to pull up and usually gave suddenly and threw mud and water over us. We threw each plant to them and they stacked them up neatly and tied a string around a bundle. Before we stopped, we were all covered head to toe with mud and really looked like a pack of savages. We washed most of the mud off at a small stream on the way back. Then we washed the mud off the bundles of swamp nuts and carried them back.

Anna said we should blanch them to kill any bacteria so we did. I sliced a few so we could all judge what we'd found. None of us were enthusiastic but at least they provided another source of food for us. After we'd refrigerated them, I tried sampling again and found they were even better sliced and seasoned with olive oil and vinegar. Anna tried boiling them until tender, slicing and battering them, and then frying them with garlic in olive oil. They were delicious that way, sort of like fried squash.

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Another day, we all donned our Robin Hood outfits and went down to the fish trap. First we worked at repairing the fish trap and making it even better. The bamboo trap had been dislodged by the storm and was in the pool so we pulled it out and positioned it at one end again. After that, we all, even Caitlyn, carried rocks and blocked off the other end of the pool. We didn't bother to try to spear any fish in the pool. James and Toby had fished in the lake and brought home enough for a few days.

We ate a picnic lunch and then went to the hidden beach. James wanted to start naming places and he suggested David's Beach for our little swimming beach. Anna approved so I kept my mouth shut.

Even Caitlyn seemed to enjoy being naked in the sun at the beach and just stuck her tongue out at whoever was looking at her. She chose to ignore James' and Toby's hard-ons.

Lucky kept barking every time we were in the water so James took him out a short distance and let him down. He promptly swam back to shore, shook like mad, and sat down and watched quietly.

Toby turned out to be quite the circus performer. On the beach, he did a series of heels-over-head flips, did a series of cartwheels, and then walked on his hands with his feet and his dick dangling. James tried too but he wasn't very good at it. Toby promised to teach him. Iain and I didn't even try.

Of course, Iain and I had to spend a lot of energy throwing the others up and out of the water. James and Toby managed to convert their momentum into dives. Anna did a couple of cannon balls. Caitlyn went sprawling both times but she didn't have a chemise to lose.

Lying on the beach, we talked about the possibility of a way station somewhere near the bottom of the mountain, maybe near the beach, that would provide us with shelter and a place to sleep when we didn't want to climb back up to home. There were lots of tall pines on the higher reaches of the mountain but I didn't want to lug the logs down to where we might want a cabin. There were lots of tall trees like sweet gum and tulip poplar in the lower reaches of the mountain, especially on some of the flat areas near the base. I thought we might be able to use those.

I had already given up on the idea of building a rock cabin by mining one of the rock deposits where there were layers upon layers. The rocks would be relatively easy to pry out but I had researched with Aimee the process of making cement and I knew we didn't have the ability to do that, not yet anyway.

Anna suggested we just look for caves where we could find shelter and sleep, that we might be able to use those. James and Toby volunteered to look for caves on their frequent excursions. We left the idea at that stage. I was still leaning to building a log cabin but I was content to wait until I had more help.

Just before we left, James introduced Toby to Iain's way of kissing at very happy occasions. He kissed me first, left cheek, right cheek, and mouth, while Toby watched and frowned. Then he proceeded to kiss Anna, Iain, and Caitlyn the same way. Toby didn't resist when James kissed him but he looked puzzled. Iain explained why it was done and then we all encouraged Toby to do it whenever he had a feeling of great happiness or overwhelming joy. He promptly kissed the rest of us and even kissed Lucky on the left cheek, right cheek, and snout.

We started home about mid-afternoon. James let Lucky walk until he started lagging behind and then he and Toby carried him the rest of the way. The air was warm and dry and the breeze was blowing from the south and up the mountain. I was with people I loved and didn't want to be anywhere else. If this wasn't a world of my choosing, I didn't know what else I could want. Just another wonderful day in paradise.

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Iain wants to teach me to sing. I told him I couldn't because my tongue is attached at both ends. He didn't believe me. I told him I was busy learning to wrestle bears. He said he thought I'd have a beautiful baritone voice. I said wait until I get over puberty.

Then one night at dusk, he asked us all to assemble on the terrace. He and Caitlyn climbed to the highest level while the rest of us stopped on the level just below. He sang "You Lift Me Up" while holding both her hands in his and looking at her face. Maybe I could learn to sing after all. I'd love to be able to sing that to Anna. I just hope they don't laugh at me.

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Anna decided to let Toby make love with her and we set that up for a night after we'd had an easy day. She liked the idea of letting James tell Toby what to do, sort of like an oral exam for James while Toby was giving her an oral exam too. She even agreed to let me stay and watch the fun: two boys, fourteen and fifteen, making love to her.

James orchestrated a slow and gentle period of foreplay for Toby and himself. Anna had both hands behind their heads while their mouths were busy with her breasts and their fingers competed for room between her legs. He showed Toby how to kiss Anna and it seemed Toby had never kissed anyone in his old world, especially not with an open mouth. James showed Toby how to use his tongue where Anna likes it and then watched Toby do something else for the first time. He left one decision to Anna and that was the decision when she wanted more than a tongue in her pussy. Toby showed the same sense of wonder as James when he entered her but he probably lasted only a minute or so. He rolled off as soon as he came and James chastised him, saying that a woman wants to feel a man's penis in her until it becomes soft.

Then Anna held out her arms to James and Toby watched as the master showed his pupil how to make love to a woman. Seriously, I was amazed at how gentle and caring James was and how he did his best to please her. He lasted a few minutes and then ground to a shuddering halt and, knowing that she had not come yet, promptly went down on her, bared her clit, and licked her to a moaning orgasm.

While they were busy with Anna, I watched, smiling at her and seeing her smile at me. It was evident she was having fun. Of course I wanted a turn but I didn't mind using my hand to mangle my monster. Before James was through, Toby had another hard-on, if it ever subsided much, and was asking for another turn. Anna looked at me and raised

her eyebrows and I nodded that she could let him have my turn. He lasted longer this time and lay there on top of her, kissing her gently, whispering something to her, playing with her breast with one hand, touching her cheek with the other. I said, oh, what the hell, gave my monster a thorough thrashing with my hand, and shot off all over my throat and chest and stomach.

James saw me laying there, drenched, and went for warm wet washcloths and some dry ones. He passed me a wet one, gave one to Anna, and then he and Toby watched as she wiped off what was pouring out of her. I knew she was using her internal muscles to expel their semen. They probably didn't. She tucked a dry one between her thighs, kissed both of them, and threw me an air-kiss.

We all lay there for a while longer while Anna and James and I reviewed the lesson for Toby. Then Anna chased the two of them back to their bedchamber. After a quick trip to the toilet, we spooned up in our bed in our usual way. She offered to let me make love with her but I didn't do it. I wanted her to remember her night with two young boys making love with her, one all-knowing, one a novice, giving her a night in paradise.

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The time for another arrival was drawing near so we decided to make another day excursion before he or she arrived. We went down our usual trail about half way and then forked off to the south-east side of the mountain. Since Aimee had told us that there was a finger of land protruding there and we knew the currents usually came from the south, we reasoned that this would probably be a good place to find seashells for chessmen. We were dressed only in loincloths and moccasins but we carried backpacks with clothing and rain capes. With fall approaching, we didn't want to be caught unprepared in a cold rain.

James and Toby alternately carried Lucky and let him walk. I was pleased to see how Lucky obeyed and came running when James whistled. We couldn't help but love Lucky since he already loved all of us.

Near the shore, the huge trees had prevented the growth of underbrush in most areas so we didn't even need the two machetes we carried to hack our way through briar patches. We had some difficulty because the terrain near the shore was very uneven and we were walking first down one hill and then up another. Then we wandered upon the most beautiful beach I'd ever seen.

Between two small hills there was a circular opening maybe two hundred meters in diameter. About a third was a smooth beach and about two-thirds was shallow water that was calm and almost aquamarine. There was a very small opening to the south leading to the sea or ocean and the waves probably all broke before coming through the opening.

James and Toby wanted to climb down to the beach immediately but we still hadn't found the finger where seashells might collect. They agreed to push on a little farther and we found the seashell beach a little distance away. There was a bent finger extending to the southeast and then farther to the south. In the bend we found a beach almost covered with seashells.

We all got naked, did the Sanibel stoop, and easily found enough shells to make all sorts of things. We chose the ones to be the chess pieces and then sorted through our collection for enough to make two chess sets and some for extras. We saved lots of beautiful seashells to use in making decorative stuff for all of us. That could wait until a rainy winter day. After that, it was back to the beach.

We didn't bother to don our loincloths and just put on moccasins to walk back. I noticed that James and Toby were hanging back behind the rest of the group instead of forging ahead as usual. When I asked them why they said that it was my job to protect the front and they were just protecting the rear. I knew whose rears they were protecting.

When I asked them to take the point, they grumbled mildly but they went to the head of the group. We came to a spot wide enough to walk side by side so I took Anna's hand and walked beside her. Iain and Caitlyn were behind us and, when I looked, he was holding her hand. I turned my attention back to the front and saw two naked boys, walking hand in hand too.

"They were looking at two beautiful derrieres when they were behind us," I whispered.

"I know," Anna whispered back. "Let them enjoy it."

"Look at them. Beaux culs," I said loud enough for James and Toby to hear.

"Oui, tres beaux culs," Anna replied.

"No fair," James said. "We didn't talk about you and Caitlyn when we were in the rear. What did you say?"

“I said you and Toby are cute,” Anna lied. “After all, turn abutt is fair play, James,” she said and then giggled.

“You were talking about our butts; weren’t you?” James asked.

“Of course not,” I said. “She just said you’re a tete de cul.”

He gave me the finger and then a big grin as usual.

We stood on the hillside admiring the beach for a moment and then ate a late lunch sitting in the shade of a huge tree. I suggested that we call it Iain’s Beach since he was the second arrival. Caitlyn liked that and he had the sense not to protest. I had in mind naming certain features for the arrivals. I suggested we call the finger of land James’ Finger in honor of how often he showed it to us but he didn’t like that so we named it Crooked Finger.

We played in the water and on the beach and I didn’t worry about the time. When I finally glanced at the sun, I realized I’d made a mistake. We were going to be really late in getting home.

Back under the shade tree we all hurriedly put on moccasins and loincloths and backpacks with lots of shells and started home. The first part of our trek was unfamiliar but we didn’t get lost. The part of the trek in the semi-dark with a half-moon was on our familiar path. When we finally trudged in, absolutely worn out, I saw that it was a few minutes after ten o’clock. We raided the refrigerator, wolfed down whatever we could find, had a quick communal bath without a single hard-on, and then went to bed. I knew this was my world now, a world of my choosing. Cuddled up to Anna, my last thought was about what we could name after her. I thought about the twin peaks at the top of the mountain but I wasn’t foolish enough to suggest that.

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We held the ceremony for Toby’s initiation in the family in Aimee’s room again, dressed in our Sherwood Forest clothing and Aimee in a judicial robe. Toby choked up a little but he managed to say his part. He even kissed all of us again, left cheek, right cheek, and mouth.

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We had the orgy just before the next arrival.

What do you call an orgy where everybody is laughing and giggling like mad? I don’t know but that’s what we had.

It started after dinner as we were all going down the hall to the lounge. James goosed Toby. Toby yelped and that started the group goose and giggle. Iain yelped when I goosed him. Anna pinched my butt so I yelped. Caitlin giggled and squirmed when Toby put both hands on her little derriere and did something. Seconds later, Anna got pinched or poked by James. Caitlyn got James and by that time we were all giggling or chortling or laughing or something. We finally got to the lounge room after everybody had been pinched or goosed once or twice. That was just a warm-up for what happened in the lounge.

As soon as we walked into the lounge, James and Toby quickly took their loincloths off, put their hands on their hips, and rolled their hips forward to display their swollen but not yet erect penises.

“Would one of you ladies like me to serve you some super-special powerfully-potent semen?” James asked. “It’s guaranteed to get you pregnant!”

Caitlyn surprised me by responding first. “I’d really like it, James, but I’m not supposed to even think of a baby for a few years yet. My boobs aren’t big enough to feed one.”

And with that she cupped her hands under her little breasts and lifted them a few times. There wasn’t much to lift.

Iain and I both took off our loincloths, put our hands on our sides, and rolled our hips forward to display our wares too. Our penises were both swollen and ready to start standing up.

“Damn, David, what am I going to do?” Iain said. “I think I’m getting a hard-on and Caitlyn never gives me any pussy.”

That elicited a groan from the rest of us. Every time he and Caitlyn had sex, they made sure we all knew it at breakfast.

Anna responded to James offer. “I’d like it too, James, but I want to have a baby with David first. Can you wait a few years?”

“Sure,” he responded, “but maybe you’d like to try my side-kick, Toby. He’s got a special offering today.”

“Yeah, I don’t have any super-special semen but I’ve got some seriously-stimulating semen,” Toby said. “It’s for ladies who have trouble coming. One drop on her love button is guaranteed to give a woman an orgasm...or two...or three. Why, I had one lady who almost died from orgasm overload.”

Anna and Caitlyn both shook their heads. Caitlyn started giggling again and that reminded me of a summer afternoon in France when two young girls giggled so much while entertaining themselves with my penis. Maybe it's endemic to the species.

"Well, we've got another special deal for you: a two-for-one sale," Toby said. "Any takers?"

"Why don't you guys try a half-off sale?" I asked.

That got me two fingers and two big grins and a passel of giggles.

Anna and Caitlyn shook their heads, took their loincloths off, put their hands on their sides, and rolled their hips forward. Anna gave a sensuous wiggle and them a hard bump or thrust. Caitlyn watched her, giggled, and tried to imitate her. Anna took charge.

"David, you and Toby are on my team," she said. "Iain, you and James are on Caitlyn's team. Now, all of you guys get down on your knees.

And with that, she took Caitlyn's hand, led her to a loveseat, and both sat down and spread their knees apart. Of course, four sets of eyes looked at two hairless pussies. And four guys quickly got down on their knees in front of their captain and waited for instruction.

Toby and I gave Anna a good licking and, when my head wasn't between her thighs, I watched Iain and James give Caitlyn a good licking too. How do I know it was a good one? The expression on their faces and that little smile with eyes closed left no doubt.

When Anna called for the teams to swap, I wasn't sure Caitlyn wanted me to touch her. Instead, she smiled at me and put her little hands on my head while I gently licked her. Toby followed my example and was just as gentle with her.

When Anna told me and Toby to stand up, I let Toby go first and he stood between Anna's thighs and got a good sucking. When my turn came, Anna winked at me, stroked my penis a few times, and then took the head in her mouth.

I watched Caitlyn while Anna was busy with Toby. She watched what Anna was doing for a moment and then gave James a good sucking too. When Anna told Toby to let me have a turn, Caitlyn didn't bother to tell James. He and Iain swapped without a word.

When Anna told me and Toby to swap with Iain and James, I wasn't about to let Toby go first. I moved in front of Caitlyn, held my penis down to horizontal, and offered it to her. She stuck her tongue out at me, opened her mouth in a big O, and then moved the O forward until it was around the head of my penis. If I had been about to come, I probably would not have warned her. I still wanted to give her a load and watch her try to swallow it all. All too quickly, Toby tapped me on the shoulder and I came out of my fog and let him have his turn.

I thought about what Caitlyn had just done with me. Maybe all she needed to know was that all of us wanted her to come out of her shell, that it was OK with us if she wanted to enjoy her own sexuality. She certainly seemed to be mostly out of her protective shell with me. I knew I would never push her to do anything else except what she wanted to do. If Iain wasn't satisfied with her now, maybe James would like to take over her lease. I didn't think that was going to happen.

"Caitlyn, James has made up a little exercise which he thinks we might like," Anna said. "Shall we let him tell us what to do?"

She giggled, of course. I half expected her to giggle while one of us guys had his dick in her mouth.

"OK, but there's something I don't want to do. You know," she answered.

Yeah, Anna knew. I knew too. She didn't want me to shove my twenty-centimeter dick in her sixteen-centimeter deep pussy.

"OK, James, tell us what to do," Anna said.

He did, patiently. He had me sit down on the loveseat, slouch down until my ass was just about off the seat, and hold my penis straight up. He told Anna to straddle me and sit down with my dick in her pussy, his words, and then had to tell her to sit on me with her butt toward my face, not toward my feet. Her calves were folded back underneath her with her feet near my hips. She had to spread her legs rather far to do it and the result, when she mounted me, was that almost all of my penis was in her, my testicles were hanging down between my thighs, and her pussy was stretched wide from side to side. Finally he had her lean back against my chest and had me cup my hands under her breasts.

When we were settled, he played his part. He dropped to his knees between my wide-spread legs, put his hands on my thighs, leaned forward, and I felt his tongue licking from my balls, up the shaft of my

dick, and over, I knew, Anna's clitoris. If her posture didn't expose it, I knew I could use my fingers to bring it out of hiding. If she didn't like it, I didn't know what else we could do to please a woman.

James stopped licking. "OK, Iain, you sit beside David. Caitlyn, you do like Anna. Toby, you know what to do."

He leaned forward and kissed his way forward on one of Anna's thighs, bypassed her pussy and my dick, kissed his way backwards on the other thigh. Finally he gave a lick from my testicles up the exposed part of my dick and on up and over Anna's clitoris. I turned my head and watched Toby do the same thing. I expected James to say "Good job, Toby."

I was just lying there, eyes closed, unmoving and unsuspecting, feeling James' tongue sliding up the shaft of my dick and, I knew, over Anna's clitoris when they did it. I heard Iain yelp and I wondered what was going on over there. James quickly shoved a slippery finger between my butt cheeks, bent it so the tip was pressed against my asshole, and really gave me the finger. I knew that was what Toby had done to Iain.

I yelped too, tightened my butt cheeks, lifted my ass off the bed, and shoved my hard-on deeper into Anna's pussy. Maybe the momentum kept her going up so my penis slipped out of her. She sat back down on my stomach, hard. I felt a hand, it had to be James' hand, hold my dick straight up, felt him take the head in his mouth, felt him suck one, two, three times. Then he held it straight up again and I felt Anna slide back down on it.

He started giggling. Anna grabbed him by the head and pulled him forward. I felt his tongue start licking up the shaft of my dick again. He licked, giggled, and kept at it until the giggles subsided. I started to reach around Anna and slap him behind the head but then I thought better of it. I assumed that Toby had given Iain the same treatment that James had given me. Their probes were not random playing. From their well-coordinated attacks, I knew that they had planned and somehow coordinated their little assignments. Oh, well, let them have their fun.

James began to lick in earnest, took his hands off my thighs, and, I assumed, put them on Anna's with his thumbs on each side of her pussy. If he was doing it the way I had showed him, he had pulled her lips apart and pushed upwards and her clitoris was fully exposed. Anna groaned. James licked. I just lay here. She began to squirm and moan. I knew she was close. When it happened, she squirmed around

more on my dick, moaned loudly, and I felt her little lemon squeezer try to extract the juice from my dick.

That was my signal. I put my hands on Anna's waist, lifted her a few inches, and began to fuck up into her. James put his hands on my knees and stood up. I leaned to one side and saw what he was doing. He was standing between my knees, and Anna's, and was flailing away at his dick. It turned into a race to see who would come first. I looked to the other side and saw Toby standing between Iain's and Caitlyn's thighs, whipping his monster.

I knew James had beat me when he started groaning loudly. He was pumping out his teaspoon of super-special powerfully-potent semen on Anna's breasts. Within a few more seconds, I groaned too, pulled down on Anna's hips so she was impaled on my dick, and started pumping out my gallon of Olympic swimmers into her depths. I looked to the side and saw Toby shoot a white string horizontally about two feet into Caitlyn's face. Damn, he had firepower. Whew!

For a minute or two nobody moved. I relaxed on the sofa, Anna settled on my dick, and James stood there in front of us holding his dick drooling another little white drop. Toby asked a question.

“OK, what do we do next?”

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“David, I think we have a problem again.” Anna said.

We were the only ones at home when Aimee's announcement came. Lucky was with us. Iain and Caitlyn were picking the garden. James and Toby were running the rabbit snares. Anna and I had just finished cleaning up after breakfast and were wearing our usual loincloths, nothing else.

I looked at the young girl sleeping peacefully in Aimee's chair. I didn't understand why Anna thought that. She was as beautiful as a young girl can possibly be. Her light-brown hair was in a bun or something near the top of her head and I couldn't see any makeup on her face. Her dark eyelashes were long and I could tell they were real. Her lips were full and moist looking and almost red. Her cheeks were pink and I knew that was typical for new arrivals of both sexes. Her skin was smooth and flawless.

She was on her side with one arm under her head and the other near her face. Her breasts were small and there was no discernible droop from the way she was resting. Her waist was small in comparison with

her full hips, not like Caitlyn's but a mature woman's hips. Her long legs were together and slightly bent, hiding the area between her thighs. The little patch of dark hair on her mound looked natural and that was unusual when many girls shaved all or some of their pubic hair. I looked closer at her legs and saw fine hair and there was no indication she shaved her legs. I thought that was unusual. I saw no evidence of trauma or sickness from the journey but I didn't see anything that made Anna think there was a problem with her.

I picked up the blanket we kept in Aimee's room in case the arrival was a girl or woman. We agreed that she would be more comfortable if she was not totally naked when she arrived. Anna shook her head, took my hand, and led me back out in the hallway.

"What makes you think we've got another problem?" I whispered, as soon as we were back out in the hallway.

"Did you see anything unusual about her?" Anna whispered.

"No. Her hair's a little unusual," I said. "She hasn't been shaving her legs. She looks like a healthy young woman to me."

"And she hasn't been shaving under her arms," Anna added. "And I saw no evidence that her body has ever been exposed to the sun except for her head and hands. They are slightly darker than the rest of her. There's no bikini tan. Her hands don't look soft; they look callused like she's been doing hard work. Aimee, do you know why I said we may have a problem?"

"No, Anna," she answered in a low voice. "Perhaps those things you and David mentioned are unusual but I cannot discern a problem from those clues."

"OK," Anna said. "I think she may be from a very religious background, even worse than Caitlyn's. I remember reading about some religious cults out west where the women are expected to keep their hair long and in a bun. They're expected to wear nothing but long dresses which cover them from head to ankles. Now do you see why I think we may have a problem?"

"Oh, shit," I said. "You mean like one of those polygamous cults where their leader is in prison for marrying underage girls? I remember he had something like ninety wives."

"And their leader was arranging marriages between old men and girls who were just starting puberty," Anna added. "The men already had other young wives and lots of children."

“Oh, shit,” I said again.

“Yeah, oh, shit,” Anna agreed.

“Anna, is there anything I can do?” Aimee asked. “The girl’s vital signs are almost normal. Her heart rate is within the range of a sleeping young person and her temperature is only slightly elevated from the long journey.”

“I don’t know, Aimee,” Anna said. “If I’m right, I don’t know what we’re going to do.”

“If you’re right, I think I’m going to wrestle a bear and let you two handle her,” I said and I really wished I could. Why does every new arrival present a problem I don’t know how to handle?

Chapter Twenty-Seven

When she arrived, our newest family member was named Jemima, a biblical name. She said she had always hated it because it sounded like she was named after Aunt Jemima, of pancake-syrup fame. We told her she was no longer bound to keep the name her parents had given her. She wanted to banish it forever so we all helped her choose another name. She wanted a French name which sounded romantic and exotic. She chose Jean-Nicole. Aimee told her that the two parts of a hyphenated French name must always remain together and asked why she didn’t choose something simpler. She was adamant that she wanted the name so she became Jean-Nicole forever more.

Jean-Nicole was a beautiful young girl, as only a young virginal girl at the peak of her loveliness can be. Her eyes were unusual: the scleras were pure white without a trace of blood vessels and the irises were light gray encircled with a dark border. The effect was stunning. I looked at her eyes to the point of being impolite. She could bewitch any young man with those eyes and, if she fixed her eyes on you, she could cast a magic spell that made you do whatever she wanted.

She also had something bewitching between her legs. The first time I saw it, when she bent over carelessly outdoors and the wind whipped her loincloth to one side, I couldn't believe what I saw. Virginal! That's one word which described it. Enticing! That's two words. All I saw was a soft mound with hardly any pubic hair, split in two with two

little lips barely showing. Her pussy was like Anna's, the way I like it, everything just ivory or milky white except the inner lips, slightly pink. I wanted to use my tongue to lick those little lips inside into separating and then to slide my penis into her until I made her moan.

She was a tall slim girl with flawless milky-white skin that showed no sign of being exposed to the sun. She had a beautiful young woman's body: long slim arms and legs, small breasts that needed no support, a narrow waist with a flat abdomen, and wider hips ready for childbearing. Her derriere was tight and rounded and was another bewitching feature.

Anna and I were right about her in one way but wrong, very wrong, in another. She was from a strict religious cult in a Western state. They called themselves The Brethren and their lives were very strictly controlled by The Elders. They all lived in a valley almost completely encircled by rugged mountains and the nearest small town was over ten miles away.

She was seventeen, a few months away from eighteen, and about to be forced into a marriage which she didn't want. The Elders and her parents were wise enough not to use physical force but the psychological force was intense. If she didn't obey, she would be banished from The Brethren and would never see her parents or siblings again. At eighteen she would be considered an adult by the state and supposedly free to choose whom she wanted to marry. The Elders had chosen her to be a second wife to a thirty-five-year old man. His first wife had died in childbirth leaving him with five small children. The Elders forbade birth control and she had no desire to become a breeding heifer and to have five children to care for.

In spite of the constant indoctrination, she didn't really believe anything The Elders taught about religion. She felt she was an agnostic or maybe an atheist but she was wise enough never to reveal her lack of belief. She was very intelligent and wanted to continue her education and perhaps to go to college. That was her secret desire, to go to college with an opportunity to develop her inquisitive mind and with all the young men who might satisfy her sexual needs.

She was intensely sexual, masturbated frequently, and thought she was demented because of her constant need for the sexual relief her fingers gave her. She even admitted to Anna and Caitlyn a fondness for cucumbers and zucchini and left it up to them to know what she liked about them. She said her father was especially fond of cucumber and onion and tomato salad and he even liked her recipe for stuffed zucchini. She giggled lewdly when she told Anna and Caitlyn that and

then Anna giggled when she told me. I wanted to stuff a zucchini with her.

All the children in The Brethren were bused to school in the small town. One day she found the courage to talk to the school counselor, an elderly woman who was loved by all the children. She unburdened herself about her lack of belief and the impending marriage but the counselor seemed unable to help her. The next day, she approached Jemima, told her she had dropped something, handed her an envelope, and walked away. When Jemima looked inside, she found a bus ticket to San Francisco and an address for a woman's shelter. A few days later, she skipped school, and, with little except the clothes on her back, boarded the bus and felt free for the first time in her life.

At the shelter, she used her real first name and a fictitious last name and lied about her age. When the staff learned of her cooking skills, she was given a paying job in the kitchen and was happy to be working there. She loved to explore and, with another girl, wandered the city, enthralled by the beauty and mystery of San Francisco.

Then one day a policeman showed up, confirmed that she was an underage run-away, and said he had to report her whereabouts to her parents. The counselors at the shelter were legally helpless but told her that a trusted older couple might be able to help her. She talked to the couple, pleaded with them to help her escape, and was told that they would do what they could before her parents arrived. She went to bed that night at the shelter and woke up in our new world.

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Jean-Nicole took to near-nudity and our life style like a duck to water. She loved wearing only a loincloth and being barefooted when we were inside. She constantly caused four guys to have hard-ons and simply smiled and held her head up high when she saw a tented loincloth. Initially my concern was that she wouldn't wait even five days to lose her virginity. I underestimated her intelligence in that. She was not a dumb little teenager. She was already an intelligent mature adult in every way and wasn't about to take a chance on getting pregnant. She reveled in her new freedom and seemed happy to be with us.

Iain said she asked him very intelligent questions when he explained where she was and how she had been brought here. Anna said the same thing when she and Caitlyn introduced her to Aimee and they had their girl to girl talk. Aimee was amazed that Jean-Nicole was so alert and vivacious and happy during their meetings. There was no

problem getting her to use contraception. She was genuinely pleased to be offered a way to keep from becoming pregnant.

She came to dinner every day after her arrival in just a loincloth, sat up straight, perhaps too straight, and ignored all the eyes on her beautiful young breasts. Her light-brown hair, almost blonde, was no longer in a bun. It was unrestrained, long and slightly curly, tied like a pony tail near her long neck, and arranged so that the tail wrapped partway around her long neck and down on her chest, almost covering one of her breasts. When she wasn't eating, her lips were always lifted at the ends in a slight smile. She wasn't a girl; she was a woman, a beautiful intelligent woman, and she knew it, was proud of it, and wanted to display her beautiful body and her intelligent mind to us.

After dinner the first night she helped to clear the table and volunteered to wash the dishes. Anna told her that James and Toby had that duty for the night and she would be placed in the schedule for cooking and cleaning as soon as possible. I was pleased to hear her say she loved to cook and I think three other guys were too. I suppose we all thought we might escape from that duty.

Life went on peacefully after her arrival. We had our usual chores. We all worked in our old garden, almost at the end of its life, and in our new winter garden, which was just beginning to yield. I was amazed at how prolifically the squash in the old garden had produced. We had piles of spaghetti squash and butternut squash. The gourds had gone wild and outdid anybody's expectations. As soon as they dried, I wanted to use them to carry liquids or maybe oysters. We ran the rabbit snares and usually brought back one or two. We fished in the lake and the sea and caught more than enough. We picked the last of the apple crop and added to our stores. We picked big purple Muscatine grapes, ate some, and mashed the rest for wine or vinegar. We pulled lots of wild onions and wild garlic and tied them up in bunches to dry.

And Jean-Nicole was always there enjoying every moment with all of us no matter how menial the work. She was a joy to be around. She delighted in teasing James and Toby, seemingly innocent play but somehow always with sexual undertones. They were bewitched by her beauty and her playful ways. Even Lucky seemed to be captivated by her. Of course, Iain and I, being more mature, were not as bewitched by her.

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On a warm Tenth-month day, we visited the swimming beach for one last swim and Jean-Nicole turned into a complete exhibitionist. I was surprised when I saw that her pubic mound was now completely bald. When I looked closer, I saw that her underarms and her legs were now just as hairless. I was disappointed that I had not been asked to help defoliate her.

She smiled when James and Toby sprouted hard-ons and laughed when I ordered them into the cold water. I watched her nipples get crinkly and protrude when the wind blew and turned over on my stomach. Anna laughed at me. She knew what I was trying to conceal. I decided not to hide it, stood up, showed off, and walked into the cold water with James and Toby. Jean-Nicole had bug-eyes and an open mouth. I wanted to stuff something in it. Iain and Caitlyn were lying on their stomachs with heads on forearms, displaying two beautiful young derrieres. Iain was pretending to be asleep but the grin on his face told me he was watching.

When we played in the water, Iain and I coordinated our efforts to throw everybody. We put our fingers-interlaced hands under their feet, they put their hands on our heads for balance, and we rocketed them out of the water with as much force as possible.

I suppose that was Jean-Nicole's ultimate act of rebellion against her strict upbringing. She enjoyed it and laughed each time we did it, even when my hand was sliding down her thigh. She even did a flying swan and Iain and I coaxed Anna and Caitlyn to try to do it too. I enjoyed it too, just watching three naked wet females flying through the air. Of course I liked groping them in the process of getting my hands positioned to throw them.

She laughed even more when James and Toby tried to throw her. The three of them collapsed in a splashing heap and I saw two young guys groping her when they tried to catch her. She just smiled and laughed and let them try again. The water was already cold enough to keep four penises and scrotums shrunk like Greek statues.

On the way back home, Anna and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole walked close together and started talking girl talk. Iain and I walked far enough behind so we couldn't hear them. I knew James and Toby were behind us but I didn't see them. Out of curiosity I walked back down the mountain until I found them. They were standing just off the trail, tights around their ankles, tunics lifted with one hand, and both belaboring the one-eyed bishop with the other. Lucky was watching them with his tongue hanging out. They motioned for me to join them. I almost did but I decided to save it for a few hours and give it to Anna.

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“David, Jean-Nicole wants you to fuck her,” Anna said. “She desires you.”

We were in our bed chamber getting ready for bed. All of us had showered together when we returned from the beach, had pitched in to prepare another good meal, and had enjoyed good food and company and conversation together. Anna was walking around our bed chamber brushing her hair and letting me look at her beautiful naked body. I was already in bed, watching her, nursing a swollen but not yet hard appendage.

“Why do you say that?” I asked. “Has she said something to you?”

“No, but I saw her looking at you at the beach. I watched her face when James and Toby both got boners looking at her. Her eyes looked like she was watching a Ping Pong game and she wasn’t looking at their faces. Then when you stood up and showed everybody your monster, she had bug-eyes and her mouth was hanging open and she was hardly breathing. She wants you. I’ll bet she could suck your brains out through your dick.”

“Anna, why do you tease me?” I asked. “I’m not going to be the one to get her cherry. I don’t know that I’ll ever fuck her. I’m just a man and I may get a hard-on looking at her but, damn it, I love you and you’re the only woman I want.”

She still wasn’t ready to give up on teasing me.

“You’re the Alpha male, David,” she whispered, standing there at the side of the bed with her legs slightly parted. “You could do it if you wanted to. Doesn’t the Alpha male mate with all the females in his flock?”

“I thought you didn’t want me to initiate all the young girls who came here,” I said, looking at her hairless mound. “Make up your mind.”

“You’re our leader, David,” she whispered again. “You can do it if you really want to. She wants you. Her tight little virginal pussy is drooling for your monster.”

“Anna, you know I’m not going to tell others what they can and cannot do when it comes to sex. If Jean-Nicole wants her cherry plucked, there are two young boys who will be glad to do it. She can decide which she wants first.”

“Oh, merde, I was hoping I could talk you into fucking her tonight and letting me get a good night’s sleep,” she said and let out a big sigh. “Do you want to fuck me instead?”

“If you don’t stop teasing me, I’m not going to make love to you at all tonight. Is that what you want?”

She crawled in bed with me, pushed me down flat on my back, and bent over me.

“No, David,” she whispered. “I want to suck your brains out through your dick. Then I want you to fuck me.”

I wrestled her down until she was flat on her back and I was bent over her.

“Anna, please stop,” I said, earnestly. “I never thought I’d turn down a blow-job but that’s not what I want. I don’t want to fuck you. I want you to love me. I want to make love with you.”

She pushed me down until I was on my side and, at the same, turned over facing me. I knew what she wanted and that was what I wanted too. She moved closer so that her breasts were against my chest, put one leg between mine, and pulled my head close to hers so we were breathing the same air. I put one leg over hers, put one arm over her with my hand cupped around half a smooth soft derriere, and pulled her closer. We relaxed and talked and laughed and talked some more and occasionally kissed, just gentle loving kisses.

She laughed out loud when I told her about what James and Toby had done on the way back from the beach and how Lucky had jumped at Toby’s semen, perhaps thinking it was another oyster, had got it on his face, and had flapped his hound-dog ears wildly to get it off.

When she tried to put a hand between our bodies, I moved my hips back to give her room. My penis had been swollen but still soft while we talked and held each other. Her hand cupping under my testicles and stroking my penis, pulling really, brought it to a hard erection, ready to do its part in sending my life into her. Still I was in no hurry. I wanted her to do whatever she wanted, to take control of our lovemaking, eventually to have her orgasm before I had mine. A gentleman always lets a lady come first.

She turned over suddenly, backed her rear up against me, put one hand between her legs, captured my penis, and nestled it against her soft hairless mounds. She pushed my foreskin back and rubbed the

head of my penis with one finger, then pressed under the shaft and drew her fingers up toward the head. I knew what she was doing. She liked to capture the love-drops and smear them over the head and then press just under the head until my penis slid into her. I put one hand on her breast with my thumb and one finger tweaking her nipple and started slowly easing my penis in and out of her. I was still in no hurry. I didn't think I was just fucking her; I thought I was making love to her. From the way she sighed and moaned, she probably felt the same way.

After a minute or two, she twisted her shoulders around, put one arm around my neck, and held her head up to me. I lowered my face until our lips met and we kissed with open mouths. I knew the next step and I waited for her to do it. She took my hand in hers, pulled it down to where my penis was sliding in and out of her drooling pussy, and guided my first two fingers to where her little lips met. I made sure they were wet with her juices and then started rubbing her little nubbin as gently and softly as possible.

When she came, groaning and wiggling, I knew to stop rubbing and just to press down on her clitoris. Her contractions around the head of my penis were just like mine are, strong at first, gradually fading, and then stopping. I held still for a minute or so. I was in no hurry. I knew she would change her position when she was ready. She knew how I liked to get mine after she had hers.

When she was ready, she twisted away from me until she was on her back with her legs spread wide to receive me. I rolled over on top of her, she used both hands to show my penis where to go, and I let it slide into her warm wet depths until my testicles kept it from going deeper. I put my arms under her back with my hands curled around her shoulders. I didn't want her to get away from me. I wanted to hold her underneath me until I released my life in her. She splayed her legs wide and locked her ankles around my ass and at the same time wrapped her arms tightly around my chest. I suppose she didn't want me to get away without giving her what she wanted, my gift of life.

I held still for a few seconds, savoring the feeling of my penis sunk to the root in her drooling-wet vagina, and then began to move. I pulled out until the head was barely in her, slid in again, and kept at it while I sunk into the oblivion of what I was feeling and needing. I felt my orgasm creep out of hiding and then suddenly pounce. She felt it too. She went wild again and started hunching upward at me, banging her pubic bone against mine almost painfully. Just as my orgasm was fading away, I felt hers begin again. I wanted so much to join completely with her again, to dissolve until we were one, but I was content in making love with her.

I stayed on top of her while my penis gradually lost its hardness and then a little while longer and then did my husbandly duty: I went to the bathroom for something for her to put between her legs. She tucked the cloth between her thighs, turned on her side, and I spooned up to her with my hand on her breast. I was home. All was perfect.

“David, I think I’m going to stop taking the pill sometime next year, about the third month,” she whispered. “If your Olympic swimmers are as good as you say they are, I’d like to have our baby before the end of next year. Is that OK with you?”

“That’s more than OK, Anna,” I said. “It’s your body which gets the job of carrying our child so you decide. I’m ready to be a father. I’ll do anything you say except change diapers.”

“You’ll do that too,” she said. “Just wait until you see your child. You’ll give your life to protect it. It won’t kill you to change his diapers.”

“Oh, are we going to have a boy first?” I asked, joking.

“That depends on you, David. Maybe we’ll have twins, one of each.”

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My failure to kill the big buck with a spear when we went deer hunting bothered me for days afterward and I decided to try something else. I was accustomed to carrying a spear because they were useful as staffs when going up or down the mountain but they weren’t as useful when hunting moving animals like deer, at least not for me. I had tried using a bow from the ones which had been left for us and quickly decided it wasn’t designed for a man like me. I thought it felt like a kid’s toy. I even tried using a cross-bow but it was too cumbersome to carry through the woods.

I wanted to make my own bow and to help the others who wanted one try to make their own. We revisited the Iain-wood bushes again and I selected one of the oldest dead shoots, one about three meters long and as big around at the base as my penis. The shoots at the bottom of the bush all seemed to die when they reached maturity while new shoots sprouted higher up. We sawed off the one I wanted and an additional ten dead shoots.

Back at home, I cut my stick to the length I wanted, not quite as long as I am, and started trying to reduce the thick end down to the same

size as the thin end. I tried using Little Boy but the wood was so hard it was almost impossible to cut it. With the help of the other guys, we rigged up a vice between two trees to hold the stick immobile. I found a drawknife in our tool storeroom, sharpened it to razor sharpness, and tried cutting the stick with that. I managed to draw off a thin strip from near the middle down to the end. With a few hours of work and a lot of sweat, I ended up with a bow which gradually tapered toward both ends.

Aimee's database said the native Indians used sinew or gut to string the bow so we've started saving gut from the rabbits we kill and will save sinew from larger animals when we kill those. In the meantime, I strung the bow from string from our storeroom. It seems strong and durable so it may be better than the animal sinew strings.

We have arrows from the store that were left for us but I knew they would eventually be lost or broken so I will make Iain-wood arrows in my spare time during the winter. I won't worry about arrow heads because I'll just taper the hard Iain wood to a sharp point. I'll need feathers for fletching so we're saving bird feathers. With so many sea-birds around, there are more than enough.

James says I should call my bow The Brute because he can hardly draw it. I can draw it with effort and I'm counting on the cool response to give me the extra strength to draw it when I see a bear or a deer.

I'm not finished with my bow but I have tested it. We found a soft bank in the woods and hung up a gourd in front of it. I invoked the cool response as best I could, remembering the bear towering over me, and then notched an arrow, drew the bow, carefully sighted the gourd, and let fly. It went straight and true, a few feet to one side of the gourd.

I was disgusted with myself. The damn gourd hung there undisturbed and I swear it was laughing at me. I quickly notched another arrow, drew the bow, and let fly, not even taking time to sight the gourd. It went straight and true, through the center of the gourd. The gourd hung there swinging back and forth, still whole, but with a hole through it. I was speechless. James wasn't. Neither was Toby. Neither was Jean-Nicole.

"Damn, you shot the shit out of it!" Toby yelled.

"Yeah, you drilled that fucker, David!" James yelled.

“Holy shit!” Jean-Nicole yelled, then covered her mouth and looked around. She probably saw six surprised faces.

“I cussed!” she said, looking at us with head held high. “I cussed out loud! I like it!”

I tried three more times, all with quick responses, and drilled the stationary gourd again with one of them. Then James set the gourd to swinging from side to side and I missed the first one, grazed the gourd with the second, and drilled it again with the third. In my sniper training, I had spent days learning quick-response firing and I suppose that was now carrying over into my use of a bow and arrows. I decided to practice every day in preparation for an exploration of the mainland.

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The seven of us spent two days preparing for our olive harvest. We had cleared the ground under the olive trees once before but then we had only chopped down intruding weeds and bushes. Now we wanted to clear the ground thoroughly so that we could pick up the olives after they fell. I swung the scythe for a while in the morning and then again in the afternoon, while the others raked. The other guys tried their best but swinging it required strength they just did not have yet.

I asked James and Toby to make us about two dozen bamboo poles to use to shake the olives down. I asked for twelve with a hook on the end which we could use to catch the limbs and shake them. I asked for another twelve to use simply as flails against the limbs. I didn’t know which would work best but I thought the hooks would. I didn’t want the olives bruised as they would be if we struck them with the flail and I had no idea if just flailing the limbs would work. I thought hooks would permit us to give the limbs a good shake.

I asked Anna and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole to find us some cloths to cover the ground under the olive trees to make it easier to pick up the olives. I wanted to pickle some in brine and to press the oil out of the rest. I asked the others to help me bring back some seawater every time we went to the seashore. I hoped the salinity in the condensed water would be enough to pickle some of the olives in brine. And finally, I gave the olive press a thorough inspection to make sure it was in good working order. I felt confident that we would be ready to begin to harvest the olives in a month or so, especially since Aimee said they could be harvested over a two or three month period around the end of the year.

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We spent one day felling and stripping bamboo poles, about fifty of the giant ones and lots of the smaller ones. I wanted them to dry in place so they would be easier to carry home. Sometime before next summer, I wanted to construct something to cover much of the lowest terrace. During the summer months, the rocks had often been too hot to walk on comfortably. I wanted a shelter near the door which was rainproof so we could sit outdoors even when it rained. The majority of the shelter roof would simply be small bamboo poles side by side to provide shade.

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Iain and Caitlyn and Anna and I spent one afternoon evaluating our stores of food. We weren't worried about going hungry. Rabbits and fish were easy to get but I enjoyed our varied diet with fruit and vegetables. We decided that we would probably have enough to get us through the winter and on into spring but we also concluded that we were going to have to expand our garden space even more for the next growing season. I especially wanted to plant corn.

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One day we returned to the isthmus, all seven of us and Lucky, but not far out on it. Anna had proved herself by helping kill the bear but I wasn't sure Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole would be as brave. James and I left the rest of the group within running distance of Aimee's protection and then ventured further on the isthmus. There were no pigs and not even any sign that they had been there. When we returned, the others had found a turtle, about half a meter across, and flipped it over. I thought it was time we found out how turtle braised with mushrooms and onions tasted. Iain and James and Toby helped me butcher it without flinching.

We had come prepared to gather oysters and again I shucked while the others waded and gathered. Lucky remembered what I was doing. Every time an oyster jumped out of its shell, he caught it. Iain and James and Toby harvested the oysters at first and Anna and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole brought the oysters to me. Then the three girls talked the three guys into swapping jobs. They proved themselves quite adept at prying oysters off the rocks in the waist-deep water. The water was a little cold and the wind was blowing from the south as usual. I enjoyed watching three naked women with their nipples standing out from the chill. Anna fussed at me because I had not brought my fire starter and said that was her last time at gathering oysters unless she had a fire waiting. We went home with enough to feed us for quite a few days.

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One night, we were all in the lounge talking. Jean-Nicole seemed completely at ease wearing nothing but a loincloth when we were indoors and letting us look at her perfect young breasts. She said she had felt for so long like she was tied down in the dark and now she was free and in the sunshine.

We had just eaten a meal that she prepared with the help of Anna and Caitlyn. She was eager to help and would probably have done all the cooking, as she had often done for her large family in her old world. She was a marvelous cook but Anna and I did not want her to assume that role exclusively. James and Toby cooked some nights, as we all did, and we ate what they cooked and praised it. Other nights, I paired with Anna and Iain with Caitlyn. We compromised by making Jean-Nicole the head chef and appointing all the rest of us sou-chefs.

Anna and I had talked about what we could do to help her overcome her repressive childhood and had concluded that we should start with lessons from Aimee on Human Sexuality and Reproduction. I led off the conversation by asking Aimee a question.

“Aimee, how are James and Toby doing on their lessons in sex?” I asked.

“I cannot answer your question until Toby gives me permission to disclose information about him,” Aimee replied. “James has given me permission; Toby has not.”

I looked at Toby.

“I didn’t know I was supposed to,” he said.

“Toby, Aimee must always respect our privacy,” James said. “I told you she’s always observing us and you said you didn’t mind. David and Anna have given her permission to observe them even in their bedchamber and then to tell others about what they do. Caitlyn’s still bashful. She lets Aimee observe what goes on in her and Iain’s bedchamber but she doesn’t want her to talk about it. You need to tell Aimee it’s OK for her to talk about it, like answering David’s question.

“But why does she need to observe all of us?” Jean-Nicole asked.

“She doesn’t really need to,” James said. “Humans were a mystery to her until we started arriving. She’s learning from us what human beings are like so she can help us. That’s all.”

“Well, I don’t care if she observes me and then talks about it,” Toby said. “It’s no big deal. I’m not bashful.”

“Well, I’m not bashful either, Mr. Smarty-pants,” Caitlyn said. “Aimee, you may talk about what Iain and I do if you need to.”

She looked at Jean-Nicole. “I’m not bashful either,” she said. “I think I’m going to be an exhibitionist. Aimee, you can observe me and talk about me all you want to.”

“Damn! All I asked was how they are doing in their classes in sex education,” I said. “I didn’t know I was going to cause so much trouble.”

“David, James and Toby are both doing very well,” Aimee finally answered to my question. “James had finished all ten lessons on Male and Female Anatomy before Toby’s arrival and most of the lessons in the Intercourse module. Since Toby’s arrival, he has started back with Anatomy so he can help Toby. He’s also continuing with the module on Intercourse. Toby has completed most of the lessons on Anatomy. They are both excellent students.

“Yeah, she rewards us when we’ve done our lessons,” Toby said and grinned.

I didn’t know that. “How?” I asked.

“If we’ve studied the stuff she assigns us and can answer her test questions, she shows us a movie,” he said, grinning even wider.

“Yeah, she shows us a good sex movie and we sit there and jack off,” James said, grinning just as wide.

“Jack off? What’s that?” Jean-Nicole asked.

“You know,” James said. “Masturbate. Spank the monkey. Have a whack attack. Belabor the one-eyed bishop.”

Iain grinned too. I remembered that description was his.

“Yeah, Pluck my twanger, punch my munchkin, pull my pud, beat my meat,” Toby said.

Jean-Nicole smiled. “Rub my nubbin,” she said and then giggled.

James and Toby giggled too. I frowned, shook my head, and made a cutting motion across my throat. They got the message.

“Jean-Nicole, would you like Aimee to guide you through those courses?” Anna asked. “You can attend the same classes as James or Toby, or, if you would prefer, you can have a class by yourself. If you attend the same classes you don’t have to watch the movie.”

“Is it like going to school?” she asked. “I was always bored in school.”

“It’s nothing like school, Jean-Nicole,” James said. “Aimee just guides us. She gives us reading assignments and then asks us questions to see that we’re doing our homework. If you don’t understand something, you just ask her.”

“I don’t want to study with you guys,” she said. “I want to study by myself.”

I thought I might know why she didn’t want to study with them.

“Jean-Nicole, she shows James and Toby a movie if they’ve done their homework and they jack off, you know, masturbate,” I said. “Is that why you don’t want to study with them?”

“Whip the one-eyed Cyclops,” Toby whispered and then giggled.

“Choke my cobra,” James whispered, and then giggled.

Caitlyn shook her head in disgust and then giggled.

“I’ve never seen a guy do that,” Jean-Nicole said.

“Are you a virgin?” Anna asked.

Jean-Nicole shook her head yes.

“And you’ve never masturbated?”

“The Elder who was teaching us life skills said self-abuse is a sin but...”

James butted in. “Hot damn. I’ve already sinned once today and I’m going to sin again.”

“Me too,” Toby said. “Maybe two more times.”

“Go ahead,” I said. “It’s no skin off my dick.”

Jean-Nicole looked shocked and then puzzled.

“David, be good,” Anna said to me and then turned to Jean-Nicole. “James got some poison ivy on his legs and, at the same time, the foreskin of his penis got all red and irritated. David looked at it and told him I was going to have to cut the loose skin off his penis. He showed it to me and I told him he had just irritated it by masturbating so much. I found an ointment in the storeroom that helped it heal.”

She looked at me and shook her head. “David, you are so bad.”

“You can watch us if you want to,” James volunteered. “Me and T...I mean Toby and I can show you how it’s done.”

I looked at Jean-Nicole and saw tears in her eyes. She was frowning a little. She stood up and I thought she was about to leave. Anna saw the same thing I did.

“What’s wrong, Jean-Nicole?” she asked. “Have we done something to hurt you?”

She sniffed a few times and then the dam broke and she started sobbing. Anna quickly went to her and pulled her head against her shoulder. Jean-Nicole wrapped her arms around Anna and cried softly for a brief moment.

“Please don’t laugh at me,” she finally said between sniffles. “I know I’m just a stupid ol’ girl and I don’t know anything but I do want to learn, not just about sex, but about everything. I wanted to go to college but they wouldn’t let me. And anyway, I masturbate a lot. And I want to have sex with guys, lots of them, before I get married. So there!”

Anna held her until the sniffles had run their course. The way she was looking at James and Toby told them they had better not open their mouths again.

“Jean-Nicole, James and Toby weren’t laughing at you,” I said “They laugh at everything. Maybe it’s just part of their nature or maybe it’s just because they’re teen-age boys. I like to have them around when they’re joking and laughing and having fun.”

“Me and Toby, we’re sorry, Jean Nicole,” James said. “We didn’t mean to hurt your feelings. We just laugh at everything.”

“James!” Aimee said, and he knew why she called his name.

“I mean, Toby and I are sorry, Jean-Nicole. We just like to laugh.”

“Yeah, when Lucky poops on the floor, we laugh at it,” Toby said.

“And then they clean it up,” I said.

That got a little smile out of her.

“Jean-Nicole,” Aimee said, “I have the ability to teach college-level courses in many subjects. If you will come to me at your convenience, we can plan a course of study for you. I would be pleased to have you as a student.”

“She’s a great teacher,” Iain said. “I’m studying physics and she makes that intelligible to an idiot like me.”

“One of Aimee’s primary reasons for being here is to function as a teacher,” I said. “She knows more than a thousand college professors.”

“And I can teach you about sex,” Aimee said. “I have five modules planned for James and Toby. You could jump in at the point Toby has reached and have classes with them while we cover the first lessons in a separate class.”

“And you can’t fail with her,” James said. “I’m taking English with her and she makes me master each part of a module before we move on.”

And that’s how Aimee got yet another student in her sex education classes. Later, James and Toby came to me grinning and I knew something had happened. When I asked, they told me Jean-Nicole had watched the movie with them. I asked if that was all she did. They just smiled.

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One day, Iain sang to all of us and later pulled a gotcha on James and Toby. OK, and me too. The seven of us had put on our full Robin Hood regalia and climbed to the top of the mountain to see if the leaves were changing yet, to have a picnic, and to show Jean-Nicole the source of all our power.

After our picnic, Caitlyn asked Iain to sing for us and he agreed if we would only follow his directions. We all stripped naked, climbed to the top of one of the two peaks, formed a circle, stood looking at each other for a moment, held our arms out to the side, hands close to

others just barely touching. With the warmth of the sun on my naked body, the slight breeze blowing up the mountain, surrounded by the jumble of gray rocks, the distant sea shining a pure blue, I was content to be in our beautiful world.

Iain started singing and almost immediately I felt something strange come over me. His song was not in any language I knew but somehow I knew what it was about. I felt peaceful and interconnected with the others and with everything in our strange new world. I was part of the others as they were part of me and we were all part of this world and it was good and perfect. I knew I'd found a world of my choosing. All too soon, Iain stopped singing and I looked around. The others were smiling slightly but nobody was saying a word. No words could have expressed what I felt.

On the way back down we paused for a pit-stop, boys to the right of the trail, girls to the left. Iain, James, Toby and I lined up and all did the same thing: pulled our tunic up, pulled our tights down and let them catch under our scrotums, put a thumb and one finger on our penises, pulled the foreskin back to expose the head, and grunted and pissed and grunted and pissed some more. When we finished, we shook, covered up, released our tights from behind our balls, and let out tunics fall.

“James, why do you have to pull your foreskin back like that?” Iain asked.

“Huh? What do you mean?”

“You pull your foreskin back to expose the head of your penis before you piss,” Iain said. “Why?”

“I don't know,” James said. “I guess I learned it so my dick can see where to aim. How do you do it?”

“Where I come from, a guy doesn't have to pull his foreskin off the head of his tianga. It just comes back by itself before he pisses.”

“His what?”

“His penis. Isn't that what I said?”

“No, you said his dianga.”

“Oh, merde, I slipped,” Iain said. “It's tianga, like teeth, tianga and tolos.”

“Tianga?”

“Yeah.”

“And your foreskin just comes back off the head of your tianga by itself when you’re about to piss.”

“Yeah! I don’t have to pull it back.”

“Bullshit.”

“No, no, it’s true. And then my foreskin just slides back over the head of my tianga again, all by itself, after I’m through.”

“Bullshit! Let me see you do it.”

“I don’t have to piss right now. I just did it.”

“He’s just shitting you, James,” Toby said, eloquent as always.

“Well, I’ll try but my tianga probably won’t do it,” Iain said. “Maybe I can squeeze out a few drops.”

“Do it!”

Iain lifted his tunic, pulled his tights down, hooked the waist band behind his tolos, and grunted. James was bent over looking closely at Iain’s tianga. So was Toby. I’ll admit it; so was I.

Iain had his head back and was looking up. He said, “Look. There’s a big raptor.”

Of course three more sets of eyes looked up. I looked back quickly and saw Iain’s hand moving away from his tianga. The head was exposed. He grunted again and managed a little squirt.

“There, it worked,” he said. “Did you see it? It’s about to go back down.”

He held his tunic up with one hand and his tights down with the other. His foreskin was tucked neatly in the groove behind the head of his penis. By itself? James and Toby and I stared at it and waited for the foreskin to creep back over the head.

Iain waited a few seconds before he said, “Gotcha!”

He ran but he didn't get far before James and Toby brought him down and tickled him senseless.

I was glad Iain's people regarded circumcision as barbaric genital mutilation and were only sending guys who were natural. Circumcised guys can never have fun like we can.

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On 16-9 Iain sang, a Capella, 'You Lift Me Up' to Caitlyn. On 18-10 I sang 'You Lift Me Up' to Anna while Iain was again singing it to Caitlyn. This time Aimee provided music for us. I survived the ordeal. I didn't die. Nobody laughed.

A few days after Iain first sang that song to Caitlyn, he and I went for a walk, as we often did, to talk about what we needed to do in the next month or so. It was really more of a climb because we were going up the mountain. We stopped at a scenic spot to drink in our beautiful world.

"David, I have a confession to make," Iain said.

"What?"

"I didn't really write that waltz," he said. "I was compiling the waltzes of Strauss when I ran across one whose provenance was in dispute. I had brought Caitlyn home so I could show her what I did and we were in my room. I played that waltz, trying to find a clue as to who wrote it. She asked me who wrote it and I told her I did but I was only kidding. She thought I was really the composer. I tried to tell her the truth but she wouldn't listen. She even told my mother that I had composed the most beautiful waltz ever. My mother just smiled. She knew I didn't. Now I'm stuck with it."

"Do you play all those musical instruments, like you said?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'm quite good on them, especially on the tallum, you know, the one which came from my old world. I have composed quite a few musical pieces but I'm not a Mozart. I wish I'd never told Caitlyn I composed that waltz."

"Iain, do you know what is the most frequent lie told to beautiful girls?" I asked.

"No," he answered, puzzled.

"Just let me put it in, honey. I won't come. I promise."

“What’s that...Oh, you’re saying all guys lie to girls to get what they want?”

“Well, not all. The ten percent who don’t get any pussy don’t lie,” I said.

“Sometimes you’re hard to understand, David.”

“Look, Iain. It’s no big deal,” I said. “Don’t worry about it. What I’m saying is that all guys try to impress girls and they sometimes exaggerate or lie. It’s normal male behavior. Girls know it. They expect it. Just forget about it. What was it you wanted to confess? I’ve forgotten.”

“Well, please don’t tell anybody.”

“Tell them what? I’ve forgotten what we were talking about.”

“OK, can we talk about something else? I have finally decided whom your voice reminds me of: a tall actor in the nineteen fifties who starred in lots of movie musicals,” Iain said. “I think you’re going to have a rich bass-baritone voice like his.”

“I don’t know who you’re talking about,” I said, and I really didn’t.

“Well, you know I helped compile classical music, opera, and Broadway and movie musicals so they could be given to Aimee,” he said. “Your voice sounds just like his. I’d like to help you develop it. I think you could have a beautiful baritone singing voice.”

“Do I look like him?”

“No. He wasn’t as lean and hard as you are. He was good looking though, just like you.”

“Thanks, I think. I wish I could sing like you do. I’d like to sing ‘You Lift Me Up’ to Anna.”

“David, did you develop your muscles overnight?” he asked.

“Huh? No, of course not. It took years of exercise and I still have to keep exercising to stay in shape.”

“Well, it took years for me to develop my singing voice. I can’t remember when my mother started coaching me. She was still doing it before I left.”

“Shit! I can’t sing, Iain.”

“Of course you can, David. You’ve helped me develop my body with exercise. Now let me help you develop your voice with exercise. You can’t do it overnight but you can do it. In thirty days you’re going to sing to Anna.”

So for the next thirty or so days, he exercised in the morning under my direction. In the afternoon or evening, I exercised under his direction and his coaching made me begin to believe I really could sing.

It wasn’t as bad as I thought it was going to be. Iain said I had a mild case of performance anxiety and, once I had done it, it would get easier every time. Just before I did it, I even tried being cool to see if I could get myself under control but that didn’t work. I could be cool and kill seven bad guys on a hot dusty afternoon in Islamistan but I couldn’t be cool when all I had to do was sing. I had butterflies in my stomach and sweat in my armpits just before I did it.

That morning the girls announced that the guys all had appointments for haircuts. We grumbled but we submitted. The four of us gathered in the kitchen and sat silently while they did whatever they wished. We all got a trim and shampoo and a styling. I will admit we looked better with our hair neat and not wild as usual.

Afterwards they chased us out, told us to go bathe and then prepare lunch, and then they did whatever women do to get ready. At lunch we saw the results. They had made three beautiful women look even more beautiful.

After lunch, Iain and I went in an unused bed chamber, closed the door, and he coached me through my part again. I knew the words and I could recite them and I surprised myself by singing them without mistakes. Iain said I was ready. I wasn’t sure.

Next he worked with James and Toby and Jean-Nicole. I had no idea what they were going to sing but Iain let slip that it was a comedy offering.

And last, he and Caitlyn went in the same bedroom and worked on their routine. I was in the hallway when I heard something, probably classical music, come to a crescendo but I had no idea what they were doing either.

After dinner, we all dressed in our finest new world regalia: a tunic over a chemise, tights or pants or whatever they are called, and boots or moccasins. We assembled on the terrace just after the sun had sunk below the horizon. Iain and Caitlyn had reserved seats on the first bench, Anna and I sat on the second bench, and James and Jean-Nicole and Toby sat on the third. We were all going to perform on the next level of the terrace.

Iain and Caitlyn performed first, to an excerpt from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony with lyrics by Iain and music from Aimee. The lyrics were simply 'The Night Was Made for Love' repeated over and over and in different combinations. He held her hands and looked at her while singing in that pure tenor voice of his and then, as the music came to a crescendo, they kissed. They were so damn beautiful together, the production was faultless, the lyrics were perfect for the music, and the kiss was tender and gentle. That was exactly what I wanted to do with Anna.

As soon as they were seated in front of Anna and me, the three back-row kids took the stage. They all turned their backs to us, removed their tunics, did something under their chemises, and turned around again. They all had breasts, all three, James, Jean-Nicole, and Toby. It was evident that James breasts were false; they were too high. It was evident that Jean-Nicole's breasts were real; they were perfect. And it was evident that Toby's were false; one was quite a bit lower than the other.

They sang a French children's song, Frere Jacques, first in French and then in English. The comedy wasn't evident until they reached the last line of the song: ding ding dong, ding ding dong. With each word, they gave a synchronized roll of their hips to the left, to the right, and then an energetic pelvic thrust. They were hilarious.

When they finished, the three of them removed their chemises and I saw how James and Toby had faked having breasts: two apples tied together with a string. Jean-Nicole didn't fake anything. She had perfect little breasts.

She reached over to Toby, pulled one of the apples loose, and offered it to him. Then she did the same thing for James. She led the three of them off the stage, Toby and James eating their apples, and looking at her like she was Eve and they were two Adams obediently following.

My hand was sweaty when I offered it to Anna. She took it and we followed Iain and Caitlyn up the stairs to the stage. I wanted so much to say the words to Anna, to tell her how much she meant to me. I looked at her, saw her eyes and lips smiling at me and, right on cue, I

started singing ‘You Lift Me Up’ to her. Iain was singing to Caitlyn but I really wasn’t aware of him. All I knew was that the woman I loved with all my heart was looking at my face and I was holding her hands. The last line ‘You lift me up, to all that I can be’ said it all to me and, I hoped, to her.

When we were getting ready for bed that night, I felt overwhelmed by my love for her again. I was so glad she was with me but I wondered if she regretted coming here. Maybe she would have liked to have had a traditional wedding.

“Do you ever wish you hadn’t joined me?” I asked. “Do you wish you had had a big wedding with you in a white wedding gown and me in a tuxedo?”

“No, David,” she answered. “How many women have ever had a wedding like mine? How many women have ever been walked down the aisle, well, from our bedchamber to Aimee’s room, by a fifteen-year-old boy, both dressed in something like Robin Hood wore in Sherwood Forest? James was very dignified when he gave me away. How many brides have had an avatar named Aimee appear on a screen dressed in a judicial robe and conduct the ceremony? You were beautiful to me even if you didn’t have on a tuxedo and you looked like Robin Hood.”

“I just think about our old life and wonder if you miss it.”

“David, this is a grand adventure. Have you ever looked in the eyes of a young soldier who has had his legs blown off? I don’t ever want to see despair and misery like that again. Some of us may be killed here but at least it won’t be in fighting in a useless senseless religious war.”

“Did I ever tell you I love you?” I asked, already knowing the answer. “I do love you, you know. Today, I felt so stupid trying to sing to you but I wanted so much to tell you how I feel about you. I’m so glad we found each other.”

“And I’m glad that you did and that we’re here, David. I think this is the world you wanted and I’m happy sharing it with you. And you’ve got a beautiful voice. I hope you’ll let Iain keep on teaching you to sing.”

“Yeah, and he’ll keep on teaching us to dance,” I said. “Maybe I won’t make a damn fool out of myself and hurt my masculine self-image too often

Chapter Twenty-Eight

na and Iain say I should quit thinking so much. They say I should allow our new world to evolve by itself. I disagree. I want to shape it into a world of my choosing. I didn't choose it. I was chosen for it without my knowing. If I had known, perhaps I would not have chosen to come here but I'm here and I'm going to stay. On that, I have no choice but I do have a choice of what I do here. I'm going to do my damn best to make it a world of *my* choosing, a world filled with love, not hatred.

Only Iain and Anna know what I'm thinking. I bounce ideas off the two of them constantly and get great feedback from them. Both of them are independent enough so I know they aren't agreeing just to make me happy. James and Toby and Caitlyn are too immature and look up to me too much to understand. Jean-Nicole? Who knows?

I think about the kind of loving family I want to build out of the twenty of us, the family of mankind. Our family will evolve in future generations. Maybe by the time I'm a grandfather I can look at our world and be content that I've shaped it into my world. In a hundred years, I won't be here but my descendants will. My ideas may not last but I want to give them a chance.

I know my love for Anna is the best thing in my life. Every time I look at her, I feel overwhelmed by my love for her. More than once, she's caught me looking at her and smiled at me and we've had a fleeting moment of connection. I wonder if she's felt the same overwhelming love for me on occasion. I hope so.

I think a lot about the meaning of love. I know my love for Anna is real, as real as anything in my life. It isn't tangible. I can't hand it to her. I can't let her reach into my heart and feel the love I have for her. I know I would die protecting her if necessary. Of course, sex with her is part of that love but what I want is really to be one with her. I would be satisfied if I could join with her without sex; at least I think I would. But sex is life and life is sex and I want to spend my life with her. I want to have children with her and grow old with her.

I understand James when he says there is a hole in him because he had never been loved before coming here. I was loved by my parents during my early years but there was still a hole in me because of what happened to them and because I had denied myself so much during the following years. Anna has filled in that hole to overflowing. Of

course, come to think of it, I have filled in her hole to overflowing occasionally too.

I know I love Iain too and I suppose Caitlyn as well. Iain is like the brother I never had and I rely on him more and more to keep me on course. I count him the closest friend I have ever had. I almost made an unforgivable mistake with him once. Now we have developed a complete trust in each other and I need that. He still refuses to talk about his early life but somehow he has made a good man of himself. Caitlyn is his love and I suppose he feels about her like I feel about Anna. What can any man know about the love which binds another couple together?

I know I love James but that isn't in anyway sexual. I want to be the father he never had and to show him a father's love. I can't imagine the misery of his early life and I want to make his life in our new world one that is filled with love. He needs it and I want to give him my love too.

Toby is a loveable boy too. I try to treat him with the same love I accord James and he seems to welcome it. His life before joining us was full of despair because he didn't have the love of his parents and his love for them was futile. He and James are almost like twins. They are often gone exploring and when they are around I never know when some new boyish mischief will erupt. It is a real pleasure to have both of them around. Both defer to me as a father or leader and do what work I ask of them with enthusiasm and happiness. Perhaps it's the love I show for them, maybe a father's love, which makes them so respectful and cooperative.

Jean-Nicole is still a mystery. With her strict religious upbringing in The Brethren, I expected her to be shocked at our attitude toward nudity and sex. She wasn't shocked; she was delighted. She enjoys the communal baths we take and just smiles at me if I see her naked, as when she was going in the toilet one night when I was coming out. She revels in being naked with us at the beach. When she looks at me with those strange beautiful eyes and smiles at me, my day is always better. Given time, I know I will learn to love her too. Her happiness is contagious.

I wonder about my ideas of encouraging love among all the members of our colony, especially sexual love. I told myself I didn't mind if Anna shared her body occasionally with Toby and James. They both seem to understand that she is the woman with whom I want to have children and that my love for her is light years stronger than theirs. When they were making love with her, the tenderness and caring they showed for her makes me think she was wise to give them a little taste

of a woman's love. They return that love to her. That's easy to see in the way they treat her with respect and caring every day.

I keep thinking of ways we might share sex and love. I can't really believe a woman would want to be part of a gang bang. That is simply too much like fucking without caring and that's not what I want to foster. Perhaps we could establish a custom, maybe once a month, of having loving sex with others but just one person each. Which would be better: some sort of random method which would give the women, or perhaps the men, no choice or some sort of method which let them choose a new partner for the night? Maybe the ones choosing could be women one time and men the next time.

We could all assemble in the great room, all those who wanted to play, and then the women could take turns choosing a man for the night. The next time the men could choose a woman. Everyone would have to agree that, once chosen, they could not refuse to participate. That might work. The partners could retire to a bed chamber or they could stay in the lounge and let others watch them. That would be damn good entertainment. Who would miss TV? I certainly wouldn't.

Who would I choose? I couldn't choose Anna since I sleep with her the other nights in the month. Caitlyn? Jean-Nicole? Another of the ten women? In the course of a year or two, I might have one night with each of the women. But how would I feel if Anna spent one night with each of the men? I cannot deny her the right to do what I do, not if I truly want women to enjoy the same freedom as men.

What if one couple wanted to play with another couple and both men had sex with both women? Or maybe the men had sex with each other while the women watched and then the women had sex with each other while the men watched. If they were still in the great room, I suppose everybody might watch. I don't ever want to judge the sexual affairs of others. Maybe Anna and I might play with Iain and Caitlyn. Maybe Anna and Caitlyn might like to watch me and Iain. I would love to see the two of them making love.

Iain and I consider ourselves married to Caitlyn and Anna and we both want to have children with them. What if James and Toby wanted to join together with two girls in a new form of marriage in which they each consider themselves married to two wives or two husbands and they never know whose child the wives have. I wouldn't want Aimee's job of keeping a genealogical record for them.

Some of the women will likely have their periods at any given time and would not want to play with the others. If two were out of action that would leave two spare men. What would they do? Make love with

each other? Or maybe some couples might choose to let them play? A ménage a trois? Damn! How did I ever get suckered into all this?

We would need something to set the tone or the atmosphere for the night. Maybe Iain might record something in that beautiful voice of his, a song in a language I've never heard and yet I know its meaning, and let Aimee play it back. That might be good. Maybe he could ask Aimee to provide some romantic background music for the night. Music can always evoke emotions in me. It couldn't be marches, I suppose. Maybe waltzes.

I can't make up my mind about religion: whether it inspires love or hatred and whether to encourage it, discourage it, or ignore it. I know my own belief and I'm unswerving in it: that there is no god and no hereafter and this life is all there is. But others who come here will probably have different beliefs. I can't force them to change. I can try to persuade them. But should I? If they wish to bring their old religion into our new world, should I respect their choice?

Maybe there is within us something which wants to believe in a religion, in a god, and in a life after death. Atheism demands a lot of strength and courage and most people do not have that courage. I would like to believe that the essential I will continue after death, perhaps eternally, but that belief is as frightening as the belief that I will cease to exist. Perhaps we can create our own new religion by choosing the best from the old ones. Will I have the wisdom to guide that religion? Who knows?

I know our universe is filled with solar systems by the millions, by galaxies, clusters of galaxies, and super clusters of clusters. And now I know that our universe is only one of many. There must be other life on some other planets in all these unimaginable universes. We would have to have a big god to care for and love all the inhabitants of these worlds, not the little god or gods that humans have created. I simply cannot believe that such a god exists.

All I can do is the right thing as best I can see it. I firmly believe that how we choose to live this life is the ultimate moral question we must answer. We can choose to fill it with love, not just self-love, but love for others, the beginning of a world full of love and caring. We can choose to fill it with hatred, which destroys others but is always self-destructive as well. I choose love. I want all the others to choose love. I will do my best to keep hatred from beginning.

I want to do my best to make sure their bellies are full so out of love I choose to make a garden to feed us. I want to protect them from raptors and bears and who knows what and so I throw myself at a

huge bear. I want to do my best to make sure their other needs are met and the need for sex is one of the most demanding. Sex draws us together, both physically and spiritually, if that's the right word. It's the ultimate act of love if we make it so. It can't be selfish love. It must be sharing love.

There is one thing I know and know with certainty. Love is uplifting and synergistic. Once given, it is likely to be returned. Given again, it is stronger and binds the lovers together in bonds which are difficult to break. I can't separate love from sex. Maybe others can but I can't. Sex is the ultimate act of love, joining two bodies together in the desire to be one and then to create new life in children. With love our colony might survive and prosper. With hatred it might not.

Damn it, why do I have to worry about stuff like this? Why can't I just let somebody tell me what to do? I know the answer: there is no one else. It is up to me. It is all up to me! It is the world of my choosing and perhaps it will be for generations to come. My strength of will can make it so. I must find the courage to do what I can to ensure the survival of our colony and our descendants. Perhaps I can have the wisdom to lead all of us in a world filled with love.

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“When you and Caitlyn talked to Jean-Nicole last night, did she seem receptive to what we've talked about?” I asked.

“No, not receptive,” Anna said. “That's not the right word. Maybe eager is better. She can hardly wait. She wants to know what sex is like. She wants somebody to make love to her. She wants to be fucked, David. I still think you should do the poor girl a favor.”

In a cold misty rain, Anna and I were checking the rabbit snares. We were both dressed for outdoors in matching outfits with rain capes on top, hoods over our heads. We had just come across our first kill and I was in the process of finding a new spot for the snare. After every kill, I liked to move the snare somewhere else.

“Have you and Caitlyn given her some idea of what she might expect?” I asked.

“Yes, we did our best to make it clear that what happens to her will be totally within her control. She's a mature intelligent assertive woman, David, not a child. If a man tried to rape her, he would probably end up without some private parts.”

“Well, I'm not going to try. I like my private parts.”

“I do too.”

“You say she wants to be fucked,” I said. “I thought we were going to just play tonight, you know, everything but putting peter in a pussy.”

“You’re so eloquent.”

“Thank you. You said we were going to demonstrate some of the things we like to do and let her watch first and then let her do it too if she wants to. Is that still on?”

“Yes. I thought you and I might demonstrate something, Iain and Caitlyn something they like, and then James and Toby could do the same things with Jean-Nicole.”

“Sounds good to me but let’s just let one couple show her something at a time. I like to watch. Maybe Iain can get Caitlyn to suck his dick and I can watch.”

“You just want her to suck yours. You’re a pervert.”

“Thank you. What do you want me to do first with you?”

“Something simple. Maybe you could kiss me and put your mouth on my breasts and finger fuck me. Then you could watch James or Toby doing it with her. Maybe both.”

“At the same time? I’d like to see that. Can I get my head between your legs next?”

“I thought you’d like me to suck your dick next,” she said.

“Either one is OK. And don’t tell me you don’t want to watch Iain doing it with Caitlyn and then James and Toby doing the same thing with Jean-Nicole.”

“She can’t suck two dicks at the same time. She can do what pleases her, David. Keep that in mind no matter what we do.”

“Just no fucking, huh? What if she wants to?”

“We’ll all do just what she wants. Let her make up her own mind.”

I turned around and held her hand while she climbed up a rocky part of the path. She gave me her left hand and kept her spear in her right,

just the way I had taught her. I pulled her up against me and gave her a wet kiss.

“What if she wants you to lick her pussy?” I whispered in her ear.

“It won’t be my first,” she answered.

“Damn, I’d like to see that. I’m a voyeur and a pervert.”

“No, you’re just a man.”

We came upon another rabbit and I tied it to my belt and then moved the snare.

“I wish we had a weather forecast. I think there’s a cold front behind this rain and we might have frost tonight. I think we ought to put pine straw over the tender plants in the garden. Not the collards and turnip greens and stuff like that. They can stand a light freeze.”

“Let’s all go do that this afternoon. Jean-Nicole has already cut up two rabbits for dinner and she’s going to bake some bread. What else do you want?”

“That winter spinach is ready. Some of that very lightly sautéed with olive oil and garlic would be good. Maybe some potatoes too. Are there any tomatoes left?”

“Lots of them. Maybe I could do some fried green tomatoes. You expect James and Toby to eat spinach?”

“I like fried green tomatoes. My mother used to cook spinach like that and I loved it.”

“Let’s all take a bath together after dinner. Would you let me and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole wash your dick so it will be squeaky clean for me to suck?”

“Do you think Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole would like to suck it too?”

“I love you, you pervert,” she said. “I’ll see what I can do to encourage them.”

“Thank you. Are you cold?”

“A little, but it’s good to be cold after so many hot days. Do you think we’ll have snow here? That would be nice.”

“I think it’s possible,” I said. “It’s just the eleventh month and winter hasn’t even started yet. I don’t think we’ll have heavy snows. The trees here don’t look like they’ve ever been damaged by heavy snow or ice.”

“Well, come on. Jean-Nicole said she would have a hot breakfast ready when we get home. It is our home now; isn’t it?”

“Yeah.”

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We shared another communal bath that night, three girls and four guys. Anna and Caitlyn were spared the task of washing four dicks. Jean-Nicole wanted to do the job herself. Except for infants, she had never touched a man’s penis and she wanted to become acquainted with that appendage.

She started with James. When he removed his loincloth, his penis was still hanging down. With a warm soapy washcloth and her hands, it was pointing at the ceiling in less than a minute. She was fascinated with the way the skin slid up and down so easily and with the red shiny head. When she squeezed his testicles a little too hard he groaned loudly.

She washed Toby’s dick next and repeated the task, except that his was already hard and standing up before she ever got her hands on it. He put his hands on her hips and kept poking his penis at her like he was offering it to her. She stroked it a few times and then moved on.

Iain was next. She scrubbed his penis with a soapy washcloth for about ten seconds, dropped the cloth, and just used her hand. Caitlyn whispered something to her. Jean-Nicole put her hand, palm upward, under his tianga and Caitlyn pushed it down to horizontal with one finger. Maybe they were measuring it. With her finger tips touching his tolos, the head of his tianga was almost touching her wrist.

Jean-Nicole and Anna finally got around to me. My penis was already erect in anticipation of whatever was going to happen. Jean-Nicole scrubbed it and my testicles thoroughly and then she and Anna did the measuring thing with mine. She pulled back and looked up at me when she saw that the head of my penis was well up on her wrist. Anna whispered something to her and she giggled again. She whispered back to Anna and then wrapped her hand around my penis and stroked it a few times. I wanted her to drop to her knees. Anna whispered to her again and she dropped to her knees, took the head of my penis in her mouth, and gave it a good sucking. Well, at least in my imagination, she did.

In the lounge, Anna and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole told us how they wanted us to arrange the furniture. Anna asked Toby and James and Iain to bring three twin-size mattresses to the lounge and to arrange them side by side and then to bring lots of pillows. Once they had done that, she had us move two couches to each side of the mattresses and place a single chair at one end of the center mattress.

Jean-Nicole stood and looked at the arrangement for a moment and then told us where to sit. On one couch, she asked me, Anna, and Toby to sit. Without a word, we did. On the other, she asked Iain, Caitlyn, and James to sit. They obeyed too. She sat down in the single chair and looked at us for a moment.

“I want to talk to you all before we do anything. You may think I’m bad because of what I want to do but I don’t care. There’s a reason why I want to do this my way. I hope you’ll understand. I just feel like I’ve got to do this to be free. Anna says I’ve got to let go of any unhappiness and hatred I felt in my old life. Well, this is my way of letting go.”

She sat there in the chair with her hands on her thighs, legs together and leaned slightly to one side, the way women do when they want to be modest. She made eye contact with each one of us, took a couple of deep breaths, stood up, and smiled.

She walked to the center of the mattresses, lifted her hands up, and turned around slowly. I thought of something I’d seen once somewhere, a goddess arising from the sea. She was youthful perfection, a tall girl-woman with flawless skin untouched by the sun, long arms and legs, breasts that needed no brassiere, a small waist, a mature woman’s hips ready for giving birth, a perfect derriere, a hairless little mound with a virginal-looking crease, and mesmerizing eyes set in a beautiful face.

“This is my body,” she said, and then repeated it. “This is *my* body. It belongs to me and to me only. No one else has a claim on it. I will not be subservient to any man. If I ever have sex with a man, it will be because I want it, not because he does. I hope you guys understand that.”

She looked directly at me while she said that. She was completely serious, frowning even, but still beautiful.

“The Elders said that woman was made from man’s rib because god saw that man was lonely. They said that it was ordained by god that woman must always be subservient to man. My father said that it was

intended by god that he should be my lord and master until the day when he gave me to another man and then my husband would be my lord and master and I should always be subservient to him.”

“When we ate our meals in the dining hall, the women always served all the men first and then all the children. After they finished eating, all the women and older girls sat down and ate what was left. That’s how subservient we were.”

“I’ve talked to Caitlyn about her religion and in lots of ways it was like the one I was brought up in: a bunch of old men telling everybody what was right and wrong and what we should do to please god. Her priests were never supposed to have sex and I don’t think The Elders did either. I was always scared of them with their black hats set just so on their heads and their long beards.”

“I had to wear my hair up in a bun and then put a little cap on that. I had to wear dresses with long sleeves and the dress had to come down to my ankles. I wasn’t supposed to let anybody else see this body except my husband on my wedding night. I could let my hair down with him. Well, I want you all to see this body.”

“I used to daydream that maybe they had it all wrong. Maybe there was no god, you know, an old grandfather with a long white beard. Maybe there was a goddess, a young beautiful female, who created woman first and then made man so we could have somebody to worship us. Don’t laugh. I’ve seen David looking at Anna. He knows what I’m talking about. He worships her. I’ve seen Iain look at Caitlyn the same way.

“I miss my family, especially my sisters. I wish I could have taken them away with me but I knew I couldn’t. I don’t miss my two older brothers. They think they’ve got to be just like my father. I miss my little brother Daniel. He was so sweet and cute. I don’t miss my mother. She was just a zombie who never smiled. I felt sorry for her.”

“Now, I’ve got just one thing to say to The Elders. It’s the same thing that Caitlyn says she wanted to say to the priests. Fuck you! Yeah, I can cuss too. I was always careful never to cuss at school because somebody would tell my parents and my father would beat me again. Well, now it’s my turn and I say, ‘Fuck you! Fuck you, all you old men, you priests and elders and preachers! All you religious know-it-alls. Fuck you!’”

She stopped for a moment and I saw tears trickling down both cheeks. She sniffed a few times and then continued.

“Anna and Caitlyn have talked to me about what we might do tonight. They say they want to demonstrate some of the things they like with David and Iain. I asked them what about James and Toby. They said James and Toby would like to do the same things with me. I want them to know that’s OK with me.

“I suppose you all know I’m a little scared because I’ve never done anything with a man before. Anna and Caitlyn say I’m in control of whatever is done tonight, that nobody will do anything to me unless I want them to. They say you guys know what stop means and you’d better do it if you know what’s good for you. I hope I don’t need to say stop. Now I’m going to sit down and let you show me what you like to do when you make love.”

She turned slowly in a circle, head held high, arms lifted. I thought I saw a look of determination, maybe pride, maybe a lot of pain. Some lucky man was going to worship her when she completely surrendered to love with him.

Anna and I took center stage, that is, center mattress, and showed her how we sometimes began our love making. We didn’t hurry. We were slow and gentle with each other. I rolled half on top of her and kissed her mouth and her breasts and teased the little lips of her pussy apart with my fingers. She rolled half on top of me and kissed me all over my face and nipped at the little nubs on my chest with her teeth and played with my penis and testicles. I squirmed when she bit my nipples and she giggled. I didn’t want to stop but she stood up and held out her hand to me.

“Jean-Nicole, may James and Toby do with you what David and I just did?” she asked. “I believe they would like to.”

I sat on the edge of the couch and watched. They let Jean-Nicole lay down on the center mattress, tucked a pillow under her head, and then lay down on each side of her. Everything they did was slow and gentle and loving. I watched as they alternated kissing her and sucking on her nipples and constantly caressing her. I silently placed a bet that James would be the first one to touch her between her legs and I lost.

Toby began to explore first but James soon followed his lead. First Toby’s finger was playing in her vagina and then James’ finger was gently stroking upward toward her clitoris. Jean-Nicole explored too and found spring-steel erections on the two boys. She held on to them, not moving, just holding, while James and Toby were playing with her. I could have watched longer but Anna acted as the master, I mean, mistress of ceremonies again.

“You three, clear the deck now,” she said. “Iain and Caitlyn want to show you something they like. Caitlyn was reluctant to do it at first but now she says she loves to do it to Iain. I like it when David does it to me. He likes it when I do it to him. I think you’ll like it too, when James and Toby do it to you. They’re very good at it.”

Caitlyn wasn’t shy any more. She knew how to position herself so Iain could do it to her. She lay down on her back, lifted her knees and spread her legs wide apart. Her little hairless pussy was on display for a few seconds before Iain’s face hid it. Jean-Nicole was fascinated by what they were doing. She crawled out of the chair, knee walked to the side of Caitlyn and Iain, and leaned over to watch. Caitlyn smiled at her and then closed her eyes. Iain’s eyes were closed but his mouth was open and his tongue was moving up between the lips of Caitlyn’s little pussy.

Anna gave them a minute or so before she asked Iain and Caitlyn to swap places. Iain doubled a pillow and put it under his neck. I suppose he wanted to watch Caitlyn suck his tianga. She didn’t hesitate. She cupped one hand under his tolos, wrapped the other around his tianga, and licked the head like it was an ice cream cone about to melt. Then she took the head in her mouth and I saw her cheeks cave in. Maybe she was a born cock sucker and just didn’t know it. It was hard to believe she had been shy about doing things like that just a month ago.

Jean-Nicole looked surprised and more than a little curious. She leaned closer to watch. When she looked at Iain, he smiled and winked at her. When she looked closely at Caitlyn, she couldn’t smile because her lips were wrapped around something big.

I could tell that Anna and Caitlyn had orchestrated our play in advance. All Anna had to do was touch Caitlyn on the shoulder and she stood up. She motioned with her thumb for Iain to relinquish the center mattress.

James and Toby helped Jean-Nicole lay down on the center mattress, tucked a pillow under her head, and then lay down beside her. I guessed that James might be first to part her thighs and I was right. He left Toby with his mouth on one breast and his hand on the other and moved down between her legs. I watched as he kissed his way up the inside of Jean-Nicole’s thighs and then licked the little crease and the barely-protruding lips. He didn’t try to get at her clit right away. He just slowly and patiently licked her. I saw the lips slowly separate and fold back and he kept licking between them. He pulled back and looked at where he had been licking. I suppose he was satisfied with

what he had accomplished. He stopped, touched Toby on the shoulder and pointed between her legs. He flopped down beside Jean-Nicole and started kissing her.

Toby didn't hesitate. In fact, he went at his task with more energy than James had. Watching two young boys with a beautiful woman was about as erotic a scene as I could imagine. Toby's ass was up in the air and I could see his balls hanging low but I couldn't see his dick. I leaned to one side and saw why: it was hugging his stomach and it looked as rigid as mine. He must have liked what he was doing. From where his face was pressed against her, I guessed that he must have been tongue-fucking her for a few seconds and then licking all the way up to her clitoris. If it was out from under its hood, it must have been small. I couldn't see it.

Damn, Anna stopped them. She touched James and Toby on their shoulders, motioned for them to stand up, and held out her hand to help Jean-Nicole stand. Then she had the two boys lie down side by side and motioned for Jean-Nicole to help herself. She understood. She straddled one leg of each of the boys, leaned over, wrapped her hands around two stiff dicks, and alternated between sucking each of them. Both had their hands under their head, eyes closed, slight smile on their lips. Iain and Caitlyn sat on one couch and Anna and I sat on the other while we all watched.

When Anna stood up and held out her hand to me, I was puzzled. She led me over beside Jean-Nicole, touched her on the shoulder, pointed at my penis, and dropped down on her knees. Jean-Nicole didn't hesitate. She started stroking and sucking my penis. She gave me a moment, bent over again, and gave James and then Toby the same treatment. As soon as Jean-Nicole relinquished my penis, Anna cupped her hand under my testicles, wrapped her hand around my penis, and took it in her mouth. When she looked up at me, I whispered, "Thank you."

Caitlyn led Iain over to the other side of Jean-Nicole, touched her on the shoulder, pointed at Iain's tianga, and then knelt down beside the boys. Jean-Nicole took his tianga in her mouth but she held on to the two in her hands. When she let it go and leaned over again, Caitlyn pounced and I saw her cheeks caving in again as she sucked him.

Anna stood up, walked around the three on the mattress, and touched Caitlyn on her back. When she looked up, Anna pointed at my penis. I couldn't believe I was going to be sucked by both, no, all three of them. Caitlyn walked around, dropped to her knees, smiled up at me, cupped one hand under my testicles and wrapped the other around my penis. She took a couple of deep breaths and sucked on the head

until her cheeks caved in. Then she held it straight up and licked from my balls all the way to the head of my dick. Again and again. It was almost too much. I still wanted to squirt a load down her throat.

I stood there looking at Jean-Nicole bent over first James and then Toby and I knew from the expression on their faces which one was getting her attention. I looked at Iain standing there, eyes closed, smile on his face, with his hands on Anna's shoulder, while she sucked on his tianga. I looked down at Caitlyn, one hand on the shaft of my dick, the other cradling my balls, her mouth and tongue moving back and forth on the head. I wondered where this orgy was going. Somebody was going to get fucked tonight, maybe three somebodies.

I woke up when Anna stood up and acted as mistress of ceremonies again. "Jean-Nicole, this is all we have planned. Would you like to keep playing? What do you want to do next?"

I wanted Caitlyn to keep at me until she got a mouthful but she stood up too. Then Jean-Nicole stood up too. Last James and Toby scrambled to their feet.

"Anna, you and Caitlyn said I can do anything I want tonight," Jean-Nicole said. "You said that everything would be under my control. Is that right?"

"Yes, Jean-Nicole, no man owns you," Anna said. "You have every right to decide what you want to do with your body. We'll all do what you say."

"OK. I'm going to lie down on my back on the center mattress," Jean-Nicole said. "I want David to get down on his knees and straddle me. I'm going to masturbate him, I mean, jack him off. I want to see him squirt. The rest of you can just watch and then somebody else can take the center mattress."

Who was I to object? I didn't mind if she let off a little pressure. As horny as I was, I knew I'd be good for at least one more orgasm, maybe two.

She stretched out on the center mattress, put a pillow under her head, and held out her hands to me. I straddled her long lean body, held her hands, and dropped to my knees over her. I started to lean over her, maybe to kiss her, but she pushed me back upright. I didn't know what to do with my hands. I put my arms behind me and held my hands together. She motioned for me to move up. I knee walked up a little until I was straddling her at her waist. She nodded. That was what she wanted. I knew what she was going to get: a face full.

She cupped one hand under my testicles and started stroking me with the other. I rolled my hips forward and watched her. Her eyes were focused on my penis and her rapidly-moving hand. Then she took the other hand off my testicles and wrapped it around my penis in a two-handed jack-off.

At first I didn't object but her dry hand closest to the end was rubbing against the uncovered head. I didn't like that. Anna saw me wince and took pity on me. She leaned over, took the head of my penis in her mouth, and pulled back leaving her saliva all over the head. Jean-Nicole started stroking me again. That was better. After a few strokes, I felt the unmistakable feeling of an impending orgasm. I didn't say anything.

The first pulse flew a couple of feet straight into Jean-Nicole's face. She gasped. The second flew the same distance into her open mouth. The rest sprayed trails and spots down her throat, between her breasts, and onto her stomach.

She laid there, one eye open, the other closed, with a trail of semen from her forehead, over one eye, and down her cheek. She had her mouth tightly closed. I wondered what she was going to do. She swallowed once, twice, and then smiled at me.

"It tastes better than that damned boiled okra my father made me eat," she said, and giggled. "It's about as slimy though."

I knelt there on top of her. She still had one hand on my penis. Another glob of semen drooled out the slit. She surprised me again. She craned her neck upward and opened her mouth. I shuffled closer. She took the head in her mouth and sucked it clean. I didn't know what to say or do. She certainly wasn't what I expected the first time I saw her. I rolled off and collapsed beside her.

"Who's next?" Jean-Nicole asked and then giggled again.

I laid there, breath rasping in and out, and waited. The problem was we had three more guys and only two more women. Anna took charge.

"I think Caitlyn should do a two-for-one, both James and Toby, and let me do Iain," she said.

Jean-Nicole and I moved to one of the couches, side by side. I put my arm over her shoulders, pulled her to me, and leaned over. She met me in a kiss, opened her mouth to me, and tried to swab out my tonsils.

When I looked up, James and Toby were side by side on their backs on the center mattress, Caitlyn was straddling one leg on each, and she was already stroking two erect penises at the same time.

Anna was impatient. She took Iain's hand, led him to another mattress, and then stretched out on her back. Iain straddled her, knelt down, and she started stroking another hard-on. All I could do was watch the five of them in amazement. Within a minute or two, James sprayed his own face, Toby sprayed all over the place, and Iain tried to give Anna a facial and didn't quite succeed.

Anna dragged one finger through Iain's semen on her stomach, held it out to Caitlyn, and waited. Caitlyn frowned. Anna shrugged and stuck her finger in her own mouth. James wiped his semen off his cheek and held out his finger to Caitlyn. She hesitated but she took his finger in her mouth and sucked it clean. Toby dragged his finger though his semen and then held his arm straight up, one finger pointed. Jean-Nicole jumped off the couch, sucked his finger clean, and then flopped down beside me and giggled again.

I leaned back and stretched my long legs out in front of me. Jean-Nicole stretched her long legs out beside mine. The others crawled off the floor and flopped on a couch, legs out straight too. We all sat there, looking at each other and grinning. Jean-Nicole leaned over me, found my mouth with hers, and I tongue-fucked her this time. I opened my eyes and saw Caitlyn alternating between kissing James and Toby and the back of Iain's head blocking my view of Anna's face. Damn, where was all this going? Where was it going to end?

A couple of minutes later, Jean-Nicole stood up and looked around.

"Is it OK if I do something else?" she asked. "I think you guys might like it."

She got six approvals.

"Good! Then I want you four guys to do what I say. I'm a virgin now but in just a few minutes I won't be. I want to try on four different penises for size."

"Are you sure?" Anna asked. "You might not be walking straight tomorrow."

"Yes, damn it," she said. "See! I told you I can cuss too. I don't want them on top of me. I don't want to be subservient to them. I want to do it on top of them, one at a time, just for a minute. I've been told all my

life that I had to preserve my virginity for some man and then they wouldn't even let me choose that man. And then my mother told me to let the man get on top of me. Well, fuck them! I'm going to do what I want to. I want to do it here in front of everybody and I want you all to watch and then I want everybody to celebrate my freedom with me."

I saw her eyes, those beautiful eyes, become shiny with tears again and heard a quaver in her voice. I thought she was about to cry. Anna must have thought the same thing. She pulled Jean-Nicole against her, put her hand behind her head, and held her.

"You're free, Jean-Nicole," Anna whispered. "You're free! Whatever you want, we'll do."

Anna held out her hand to me and pulled me to one side of Jean-Nicole. I put my hand on her shoulder and gently rubbed her. She sobbed quietly for a minute and then pushed back and smiled at us.

"Come here, James," she said. "You're going to be first."

James looked at me, at her, at the others, but stood there just a few feet away from her.

"Jean-Nicole, I want to," he said. "But if it's OK with you, I want Toby to be first."

I suppose he could see the surprise on her face and on mine.

"Look, David's talked to me about the kind of love he wants us all to show for each other," he said. "Well, Toby's my best buddy. I want to do something for him, something unselfish. I want you to let him do it with you first. That is, if it's OK with you."

I looked at Toby. His eyes and mouth were wide open.

Jean-Nicole walked over to James, put her hands on each side of his face, and kissed him on the mouth, not a swift innocent kiss, but an open-mouthed kiss that lasted for a while. When she turned him loose and whispered "You're sweet" to him, he had a dreamy smile on his face. Then she turned back to the rest of us.

"If I can do what I want to, I'm going to need four guys with hard penises. Anna and Caitlyn, would you two make sure the rest of the guys have one? I'll take care of Toby."

She took poor speechless Toby by the hand and led him to the center mattress between the two couches. She put her hand on his shoulder

and he dropped to his knees. She pushed again and he stretched out on his back. I saw that his penis was still standing up over his abdomen, a fourteen-year-old rigid penis, ready to penetrate her virginal pussy.

“Anna, would you and Caitlyn stay here and help me?” she said. “You guys can all sit down on the couch. We’ll call you when we want you.”

Anna and Caitlyn stood on each side of Toby. James and Iain and I sat down on the edge of the couch to await our turn. Toby lay there flat on his back looking up at Jean-Nicole.

She straddled his body, held her head up high, and looked around at the rest of us. Toby’s neck was lifted and he was looking up at what lay between her thighs. James took mercy on him. He dropped to his knees, found a pillow, and put it under Toby’s head. He stayed there behind Toby’s head, probably so he could be closer to the action.

Jean-Nicole folded her long legs, reached between them, held Toby’s penis straight up, and then began to lower herself on it. She may have been a virgin but her vagina must have been wet and receptive. Only a few seconds elapsed until his penis disappeared inside her. She sat there unmoving, eyes closed, a little smile on her lips. She moaned, moaned again, and began to move. She lifted herself up until I could see almost all the shaft of Toby’s penis, lowered herself, and moaned again, a low guttural rumble of a moan. She opened her eyes, looked around, and whispered. “I’m not a virgin anymore. I’m a woman now. Thank you, Toby. You’re sweet too.”

She started moving on him. Up and down, back and forth, all while she held her head up high, eyes closed, a smile on her lips. I wondered how long she was going to ride him. I didn’t know how quick on the trigger Toby was. Did she want each of us to anoint her cervix with a load of semen? Damn, that would be one messy pussy before she got to me.

Then I saw the expression on her face change. Her smile disappeared and her countenance was plainly that of a woman having an orgasm. That was a surprise, for her to have an orgasm so easily and before Toby could. She sat there on top of him and every bit of his penis had to be inside her and all she did was quiver and squirm a little. Finally she opened her eyes again and stopped breathing through her mouth.

“I came, Toby!” she said, looking down at him. “I had an orgasm with your penis, not with my fingers. I liked it lots better!”

“Yeah, but I didn’t come,” Toby said. “Do it some more.”

“Can you wait a little while?” Jean-Nicole said. “I’ll do my best to get back to you.”

Jean-Nicole sat there on top of him unmoving until her breathing returned to normal. She looked up at Anna and nodded. Anna touched James on the shoulder and whispered to him. He quickly lay down beside Toby and held his penis straight up. Jean-Nicole stood up, moved over on top of him and let him look up between her legs for a moment. Anna held out her hand to Toby and pulled him up.

“Just wait, Toby,” Anna said. “I think somebody may help you before we’re through. Maybe even Jean-Nicole. If she doesn’t, I will.”

She looked at me. I smiled and shrugged my shoulders. She smiled back at me. She didn’t need my permission but she had it.

Jean-Nicole repeated the process with James but she didn’t have another orgasm with him. Neither did he. She leaned over, whispered something to him, and stood up. Anna held out her hand to him and pulled him up. He moved over beside Toby and they both stood there slowly stroking their penises and waiting.

I didn’t know whether Caitlyn would let Jean-Nicole do the same thing with Iain but she did. As soon as he was flat on his back on the mattress, Caitlyn dropped to her knees, moved Iain’s hand off his tianga, and held it straight up. Jean-Nicole folded her long legs again and quickly encunted her third tianga. Caitlyn stayed on her knees, intently watching as Jean-Nicole went for a brief ride. All too soon, Anna called time, Jean-Nicole stood up, and they both held out a hand to help Iain stand up. I knew it was time for me to play my part and, damn, I was ready.

I lay down on the center mattress, stuffed a pillow behind my neck, and put my hands behind my head. My penis was quivering, lifted a few inches above my abdomen. Anna shook her head at me, dropped to her knees beside me, and held my penis upright. Jean-Nicole straddled me, and started stuffing my zucchini in her hot little oven. Mine was the biggest out of the four guys and she was slower in working her way down it. She stopped with a couple of inches still showing, breathed deeply, a few times, and rested for a moment.

She wasn’t satisfied. She grimaced and slowly wiggled down until her hairless mound completely hid my penis. She was tight and hot and wet and it was so damn good. She started rocking back and forth and I assumed she was trying to rub her clitoris on the shaft of my penis. She lifted up until most of my penis was showing and then slid back

down on it a couple of times. When it was completely hidden, she started riding again. Anna leaned over and whispered something in her ear, Jean-Nicole nodded, and Anna leaned over to me and whispered in my ear, telling me what to do.

I reached down and put both hands on Jean-Nicole's hips, thumbs inward toward her pussy. I put one thumb just above her pussy, at the base of the little shaft of her clitoris, and pushed up. There it was. Her little red nubbin popped out. I rubbed my other thumb around to wet it with her juices, and very gently stroked upward over her clit. She squirmed. I did it again. She squirmed more. Her eyes were open wide looking at me, those beautiful gray eyes. A slight smile was frozen on her lips. I rubbed it a few more times and she wiggled and squirmed. When she came, she bent over like she had been hit behind the head, started moaning, and I felt the muscles in her vagina squeezing and relaxing around the shaft of my penis.

She didn't seem to be in a hurry to do anything else. She sat there with my penis buried to the hilt in her pussy, unmoving, eyes closed, breathing hard. I started to put my hands on her hips so I could lift her and fuck up into her but then I stopped. I remembered that Anna wanted me to be subservient to Jean-Nicole tonight and not to let my beast loose with her. I was ready to come, I needed to come, and I knew it wasn't going to happen unless somebody did something to help me.

Anna did. She whispered to James and Toby and they walked over on each side of Jean-Nicole. They both held an arm and lifted and she struggled to her feet. They led her to a couch and she flopped down so hard she moved the couch back a little. I started to get up but Anna motioned with her hand for me to stay put.

"Jean-Nicole," she said, "Caitlyn and I are going for a little ride. We'll leave the middle mattress for you if you decide you want to do something with Toby or James on it."

And with that, she straddled me, lowered herself, and slid down on my penis until her ass was on my thighs. I couldn't see anything between her mound and mine. She started slowly, lifting up, sliding down, and it was so damn good and tight and wet and I knew I wasn't going to last much longer. I put my hands on her thighs and watched her.

I suppose Caitlyn thought Anna's idea of a little ride sounded good. She led Iain to the third mattress, had him lay down on his back, and had his tianga engulfed in her pussy in about three seconds. I watched as she started riding and then synchronized her actions with Anna's.

I looked to one side: Jean-Nicole was sitting up on the edge of the couch now. I looked to the other: James and Toby were standing side by side, both slowly stroking their penises.

Anna leaned over on me until her breasts were pressed against my chest and her cheek was next to mine.

“Thank you for being so good,” she whispered. “You’ve been very patient while Caitlyn and I helped Jean-Nicole.”

“Well, I can’t be patient much longer,” I said. “I’m about as horny as a zucchini in Jean-Nicole’s hands. I want to be stuffed and stuffed good.”

“Just a little bit longer, mon petit concombre,” she whispered. “Caitlyn is following my lead and we want Jean-Nicole on her back on the middle mattress so James or Toby can give her a real fuck.”

“Are all women as devious as you?” I whispered. “C’est mon gros concombre.”

“Yes they are and yes it is. Now be still. I’m going to go for a little ride and when I come I want you to flip me over and let your beast loose.”

I didn’t tell her but she was going to come very quickly. I was going to see if she was as responsive as Jean-Nicole to my thumb.

She rose up, put her hands on my shoulders, and started riding. I closed my eyes briefly and then opened them when I felt somebody step on the mattress. Jean-Nicole had Toby by the hand and was getting him in the position to be ridden. Damn, we could have a horse race, three of us in a row being ridden.

I shut my eyes again and let Anna do her gyrations, up and down, back and forth, wiggle her ass, bounce on my belly. I gave her at least a minute and then I used my thumbs on her. The juice from her pussy was drooling down my dick and on my scrotum and I knew she had to be as hot as I was. I was right. She shoved herself down hard on my concumbre and froze while her petite mimi squeezed it repeatedly. I waited until her orgasm was over and then I wrapped my arms around her and started rolling over. We bumped into Jean-Nicole and Toby and I lost my connection.

Anna scrambled back on our mattress and spread her arms and legs for me. I crawled on top of her and let her guide my penis into her juicy pussy. I gave her a few strokes and then looked to the side.

Caitlyn and Iain were getting into position with him on top. I gave her a few more strokes. Jean-Nicole wrestled Toby up and around on top of her and showed his penis where to go. James walked over and stood next to Jean-Nicole and Toby, ready to be next in line. I waited until Iain and Toby started thrusting and then I smiled down at Anna and began to ease my penis in and out of her.

I heard someone moan and I looked to the side again. Jean-Nicole had Toby wrapped up securely. I suppose she didn't mind being subservient to him. She had her arms around his chest and her legs around his waist with her ankles locked over his little butt. He was barely moving. His head was on the other side of hers. The expression on her face told me she loved what Toby was doing.

I lifted up a little and looked further. Iain was between Caitlyn's widespread legs, moving slowly like Toby. She had him wrapped up in her arms and legs. This time, I couldn't see her face but I could see his. His eyes were closed and there was a slight smile on his lips.

James saw me looking and waved at me. He dropped to his knees, blocking my view of Jean-Nicole's face for a moment. He leaned over her and Toby, spread his legs, and all I saw was his balls blocking the view. He shifted his position and I saw, between his legs, his hand reach down to his penis. He was offering it to Jean-Nicole. She took it in her mouth. Damn, she was sucking one dick and being reamed out by another.

I shut my eyes, put my head next to Anna's and in her hair, reached under her and wrapped my hands around her shoulders, and let my beast loose.

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The next morning, Lucky woke me up whining and howling. Aimee had instructions not to let him in our bedchamber and he was sitting just outside our open door.

"David, I think Lucky needs to go outside," Aimee said softly. "James is still sleeping."

I glanced at the clock: a few minutes after six. I rolled out of bed, left Anna sleeping, and staggered out of our bedchamber and down the hall to the front door. Lucky was right at my heels. I led him across the terrace and down the mountain a few feet and then Lucky and I both had a good piss.

When I went back inside, I went to the open door to the lounge. Lucky tried to go in but Aimee still had the door blocked to him. The three mattresses were still on the floor. There were three bodies on the mattresses. A blanket covered some parts of them. Toby was facing me, Jean-Nicole was spooned up to him with one arm over his chest, and James was cuddled up to her with one hand on her breast. They were all sleeping. The room reeked of sex.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

“She’s fine, David,” Anna said. “What do you expect?”

“Did they keep on playing last night, you know, she and James and Toby, after we quit? Did Iain and Caitlyn stay?”

“Yes and no. Yes, Jean-Nicole stayed and played with James and Toby. You should have stayed. She says they made love for hours more. Just as soon as one of the boys came, the other was ready to go again. She says she was fucked senseless but she enjoyed every minute of it. And no, after we left, Iain and Caitlyn left too.

“Damn, I should have stayed but I didn’t want to watch them. I wanted some private time with you. Last night, playing with the others was a lot of fun. Did you enjoy it, I mean, all of us together and then the two of us by ourselves?”

“Yes, David, I loved it. It was fun playing with the others but when I get serious I just want to be with you.”

I was lying in the bed on my side, naked as usual, head propped up on one hand, watching her. My other hand was idly playing with my flaccid penis and my testicles. She was walking around brushing her hair and counting and at the same time watching what I was doing. She was naked too. I was awed by her beauty as always. I also felt overwhelmed by my love for her. I felt unworthy of having such a beautiful woman as my wife.

“What did you and Caitlyn do with her when she finally got up this morning? You were with her for almost an hour.”

“Just some girl stuff, David. Her little pussy was just about fucked raw. We helped her douche and put something in it to relieve the discomfort. Would you believe it? She didn’t know how to douche. I thought I was going to have to do it for her.”

“Damn, just call me. I’ll be glad to help her. I’ll put something in it. I’m an expert. But were the boys good to her? Did they just fuck her or did they make love to her. I know you and Aimee have tried to teach them the difference. I’ve talked to them too.”

“They were very good to her. She was amazed at how two young boys could be so kind and caring and gentle with her. They weren’t selfish at all. She says she lost count of the orgasms she had.”

“Damn,” I said again and shivered. “I can be kind and caring and gentle too.”

“Yes, you can, David,” Anna said. “After she recovers, would you like to be very kind and caring and gentle with me and her? I’ll see if I can arrange a little ménage a trois. I don’t mind if you make love with her. I know you’re mine.”

“Both of you at once?” I asked.

“Don’t you think you will be up to the task?”

“I’ll give it my best effort.”

“David, a woman has sexual needs that are almost as insistent as a man’s. Jean-Nicole wants sex but she wants a little love to go along with it. I think it would be fun for the two of us to get at you. Maybe I’ll even get at her and you can watch. The three of us can just play and have fun. Can you do that? I mean, just play and be slow and easy and gentle without letting your beast loose?”

“Yeah, I’ll try but you know the beast has a mind of its own sometimes.”

“Would you rather stuff your petit courgette up Caitlyn?” she asked. “I can play with Iain while you play with her.”

“C’est une gross courgette, Anna. Maybe you’d better delay arranging a little assignation with Iain and Caitlyn for a while. I don’t think we should go any further with them.”

“Whatever you wish, mon petit chou. But why not?”

“Anna, we’ve been shaped by thousands of years of evolution,” I said. “Instinctively, Iain may resent it if I have sex with Caitlyn. I think Iain’s and Caitlyn’s relationship is too fragile, at least for now, and I don’t want to hurt him by what I do. I value him too much to cause any friction. I don’t think Iain should play with Jean-Nicole either. I think that would hurt Caitlyn but I can’t tell him not to do it. All I can do is tell him what I think and he’ll have to make up his own mind.”

“Why were you so subdued all day? I know you were thinking about something. What was it?”

“Do you remember when we first started going together, when we went to the hidden valley, and I told you I couldn’t let you talk me into doing something even though it was what I wanted?”

She nodded and kept brushing her hair.

“I told you that I’m the one who has to decide if something is the right thing to do, I mean for me, and I couldn’t yield that decision to someone else.”

“I remember but why was that bothering you today?”

“Last night, I let you and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole run the show. I had no idea we’d go so far so fast. I want to watch out for everybody who comes here, to make sure they don’t get hurt. Do you think we did the right thing for Jean-Nicole? Is she happy with what we did?”

“She surprised me too, David,” she said. “But you were subservient to her. That was the right thing to do. She wanted to break free and she did. She’s very happy.”

“Well, that’s what I was thinking about,” I said. “I’d like to screw the hell out of her but it don’t know whether it would be OK or not.”

“What do you mean?”

“How are you going to feel if I do?”

“You’re worried about how I will feel if you make love with Jean-Nicole?”

“Yeah. Is that so hard to believe? My love for you is...I don’t know how to describe it. I never dreamed love could be this way. I love you and I know you love me and I want to have your love forever. I don’t want to hurt you by making love with another woman. Does that make sense?”

“Yes, David. You shouldn’t worry. I know how you feel about me. I feel the same way about you. Jean-Nicole can’t come between us.”

“I don’t know. I hope not.”

“David, I told you Jean-Nicole needs sex but she also needs love to go along with it. All women do. I don’t mind if you love her once in a while. You can be a very loving man. In the meantime, let her play with James and Toby occasionally. She can give them something they need. Let her play with us once in a while and you can give her something she needs. After some more guys arrive, she’ll find one to give herself to completely. We all will. I’m convinced of that.”

“I hope so, Anna. I just want us all to be one loving peaceful family.”

“I think that’s one hundred. Are you ready to go to sleep?”

“Yeah, after...well, maybe we could play a little.”

“I don’t think your petit concombres are interested.”

“That’s OK. I just want to hold you and love you and play.”

“And if something comes up?”

“I don’t know. Maybe we can make some ratatouille.”

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“David! Anna! Please go to the boy’s bedchamber! They are fighting!”

Anna and I were still in the kitchen after breakfast when Aimee called out. Iain and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole were gone to the garden to pick

some winter greens for the lunch Jean-Nicole had planned. James and Toby had run the rabbit snares before breakfast, had helped clean the kitchen after, and had then gone to their bedchamber.

I ran as fast as I could and felt the cool feeling sweep over me. Anna was right behind me.

James and Toby were both naked, standing slugging at each other, and I saw blood on both of their faces and bodies. I heard James grunt when Toby connected with his side. A split-second later, I saw James' fist hit Toby's cheek and saw Toby's head snap back. Damn, they really were fighting.

I grabbed Toby's arm with my left hand and James' with my right and pulled them as far apart as I could.

"Stop it, damn it!" I yelled.

They stood there glaring at each other, breathing heavily, but at least not trying to continue the fight. I looked at Toby and saw a cut on his eyebrow and blood in his eye and down his cheek. I looked at James and saw blood running out of his nose, over his mouth, and down his chin. I held them apart for a while and let them cool down. They both tried to smile at me.

"We were just wrestling, David," Toby started.

"Shut up!" I said. "Not a word!"

Anna took a good look at each of them and then pulled James over to the side of the bed and made him sit. She told him to lean forward and pinch his nostrils and then she left. She was back in a minute or so with wet washcloths and first-aid supplies. She pulled Toby over to the same bed, dared the two of them to start anything, and then wiped the blood off Toby's face and chest and stomach and even his penis. She looked closely at his wound, told me to press the two sides together, and squirted something out of a tube on the cut. It quickly stopped bleeding and she wiped his face and eye clean again.

"This stuff will seal the wound and help it heal," Anna said to Toby. "Don't touch it. If it starts bleeding again, I'll have to take some stitches. Do you want me to sew you up without anything for pain?"

Toby shook his head from to side. Again he tried to smile at her and didn't really succeed.

I stood there, glaring at the two of them, and daring them to start fighting again. "I want you two to sit there peacefully and don't say a damn word until I give you permission. Do you hear me?"

They both nodded. Anna moved over in front of James and wiped the blood off him.

"Aimee, how long has James been holding his nose?" Anna asked.

"Almost eight minutes, Anna," Aimee answered. "I recommend he hold it for a few more minutes to stop the bleeding."

We waited for a few more minutes, Toby still trying to smile, James pinching his nose shut, Anna squatting in front of James with her hands on his thighs, me behind her, glaring down at the boys and trying to keep from smiling.

"You can turn loose now, James, but don't try to blow your nose," Anna said.

A small amount of bright red blood oozed out of his nose but then it stopped. Anna carefully wiped the blood away and waited. No more blood came out. I tried to assume my most fatherly role, an angry father.

"OK. I want you two to sit here side by side. I don't want to hear what started the fight or who's to blame or what you did wrong. I want you to think about what you've done. Anna and I are going to leave. When you two decide what I want you to say to me and what you're going to do to make sure this doesn't happen again you can come find me. I'll decide what your punishment will be later."

I managed to control my laughter until we were back in the kitchen. Anna was holding it in just like I was. We both started snickering and laughing at the same time.

"Are you really going to punish them, David?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm going to make them enlist Aimee's help to find out what rules are followed in high school or college wrestling. I'm going to make them practice until I think they're ready to put on a wrestling match for all of us to watch. I'll be the referee."

"Can you make them do it naked?" Anna asked. "Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole and I would enjoy it more if you do."

"Sure. Do you want me to referee naked too?"

“That would be nice.”

Just before lunch, they came to me to learn their punishment. They weren't mad at each other. They were smiling and had one arm over the other's shoulders. Perhaps they were a little apprehensive but they smiled broader when I told them that I wanted them to learn the rules for high school wrestling and to show all of us a real wrestling match following those rules. I said I wanted to learn the rules too because I was going to act as the referee.

Toby spoke up first, for once. “David, we want to apologize for what we did. We don't know what you want us to say to you but James and I have talked it over and we know what we want to say. Is that OK?”

“Go on.”

“Well, we know we shouldn't have gotten carried away and hurt each other. I know we looked like we were really mad with each other but we weren't. I guess we're supposed to do stuff that makes us better men, like hunting to provide food for all of us and if I had lost an eye, I wouldn't be much good as a hunter. If I had lost some teeth, I would never get any more like false ones and I wouldn't be able to eat lots of stuff and maybe I wouldn't grow up as big.”

James spoke up. “David, we probably looked like we were really fighting but we weren't. We were both enjoying it. I even liked it a little when Toby punched me in the nose and it started bleeding. I don't know why but it was fun to get all bloody and sweating and out of breath from slugging each other. I just blew the snot and blood out of my nose and hit him back.”

Toby continued. “Yeah, that's exactly the way I felt when James whacked me above my eye. I liked feeling the blood on my face and slinging it off and then trying to slug him back. We were both grinning until you walked in. It may have seemed like we hate each other but we don't. We're good friends. We were both just having fun and we liked it.”

“Well, you certainly fooled me,” I said. “I thought you were about to kill each other.”

“It was all fun, David,” James said.

“OK, but don't do it again.”

“Are you going to punish us,” Toby asked.

“No, not this time,” I said, and added in my most stern voice. “Just don’t do stupid things like this again. You both know what I did in our old world. Don’t mess with me, boys. You’ll regret it.”

Maybe that was enough of a threat. I knew I probably couldn’t punish them. They were too much of a joy to have around. Boys!

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There is always something new to learn. One night after dinner we were all sitting in the lounge waiting for Iain to sing to us. Caitlyn had bragged about his voice and Jean-Nicole wanted to hear him sing.

“Aimee, are you watching?” Anna asked.

“Yes, Anna,” Aimee answered. “I am always watching unless you ask me to give you privacy.”

“Iain is going to sing for us. Can you make a recording, you know, something you can play back for us later?”

“Yes, Anna, I have that ability. If you ask, I will do what you request. I have the ability to see and record what happens in all rooms from four directions. I will edit the recordings, save the one which is best at any time, and discard the others. Is that satisfactory?”

“That’s very good, Aimee,” Anna said.

I was puzzled. I had always assumed that Aimee could see in any room, not just the ones with monitors. I did not know that she could watch in all the rooms simultaneously and I did not understand how she could see in four directions at once.

“Aimee, how do you see us at the present moment?” I asked.

“I see you by the light reflecting off your body, David, the same way you see,” she answered.

“But where are your eyes?” I asked. “If you can see in four directions you must have eyes at four different points. Where are they?”

“David, I must always help you and the others in any way I can,” Aimee said. “If I see that anyone is about to be harmed, I must do my best to protect that person by issuing a warning. At the same time, I must protect myself from harm. If I reveal how I communicate with all of you, someone may harm me in some way. I do not want that to

happen. I will answer your question but please think twice before you command me to do so.”

I thought her answer was a wise one. Would James or Toby be curious enough to try to find her eyes in a room without a monitor? Would anyone want to harm Aimee?

“Thank you, Aimee,” I said. “I think your answer is a wise one. I command you not to reveal how you communicate with us. However, I’m still curious. Can you monitor us in more than one room at a time? Simultaneously?”

“Yes, David. I have the ability to monitor all the rooms here as well as outside to a limited extent, all at the same time.”

“Can you monitor us at night? I mean, can you see us then as well?”

“Yes, David, I can see you at night by using the infrared light which is emitted as heat by your bodies. That ability is necessary if I am to try to protect all of you at night or indoors when there is no light.”

“Well, I think you’re going to be quite busy when all ten couples are here,” I said.

“Aimee, I would like you to concentrate on Iain while he is singing with occasional glimpses of his audience,” Anna said. “Can you do that?”

“Yes, Anna. I will record Iain’s performance and his audience as best I can. Later, perhaps you will review the recording and tell me how I could improve future recordings.”

Iain’s first choice was a love song, a Capella, simply his voice with no musical accompaniment, the kind a young man in his old world might sing to his lover. I couldn’t understand a word but I knew what the song was about. Next, with musical accompaniment, he sang ‘Memory’ from the musical ‘Cats’ and after that he sang an aria, something about cold hands from an opera called La Boheme. He had an enthralled audience as usual. His voice raised goose bumps on me, especially his first song.

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After lunch one day, I asked Iain to go for a walk with me. We were all in the kitchen and the four guys were cleaning up. The girls had

prepared another great meal under Jean-Nicole's direction. James' ears perked up.

"Is it OK if Toby and I go with you?" he asked.

"Not this time," I answered. "The two of you could take Lucky and make sure you've trained him to leave Lightning alone. I need to talk over some stuff with Iain."

"Well, you could go down the mountain and let us stop at Lightning's place and we could show you. Lucky likes Lightning and his family. He plays with them."

We took a moment to go to our bed chambers and put on clothes and moccasins. When I asked Aimee what the temperature was outside, she told me that it was about 30 on the David scale, cool enough to enjoy a long walk.

When we were out of sight of James and Toby, I shifted my spear from my right hand to my left, walked beside Iain, and took his left hand in my right. He looked at me and smiled but he didn't pull away. We walked on for a distance, holding hands, before I brought it up.

"Iain, I'm been thinking about the customs we're starting here. I like the one you started, you know, kissing someone left cheek, right cheek, mouth, when they're really happy. I want to start another one."

"What is it?"

"Stop a minute and put your spear down," I said. We both bent over and laid our spears on the ground. I moved around in front of him, put my arms around him, and pulled him against me. He put his arms around me and looked at me and I could see that he was puzzled. I leaned forward a little, put my head beside his, put one hand behind his head, and held him. I closed my eyes and breathed slowly until I felt him relax.

"James said he loved me. He said he loved all of us," I whispered in his ear. "I love you, Iain."

"He also said it wasn't sex love he was talking about, David," Iain whispered back. "What kind of love are you talking about?"

“It’s just love, Iain. Brotherly love. It’s not sex. I love James and Toby too and that’s more like fatherly love.”

“Then I love you the same way, David, like a brother. Is that what you wanted me to say?”

“Yes, but I don’t want you to say it just to please me. Say it only if you really mean it.”

“OK, I mean it, David. We’ve come a long way together and I feel like I really know you, what sort of man you are, and I really do love you.”

I turned him loose and stepped back a little.

“Iain, when I was little and I went somewhere with my father, I usually held his hand. He never pushed me away. He just smiled at me and squeezed my hand and I knew he loved me. After my father...after...later when I went for a walk with Grandfather I held his hand. He did the same thing, just squeezed my hand and smiled at me. I knew he loved me too. The last time I did that was the day I left for the Academy. I was seventeen years old.”

I had to stop for a moment to get control of my emotions. I couldn’t let myself think of what happened to Father.

“Go on,” Iain urged.

“I want us to start a custom. When I walk with Anna and you walk with Caitlyn, we both hold their hands. When Anna and Caitlyn walk together, they sometimes hold hands. When I walk with James, he usually holds my hand. When I walk with Toby, he doesn’t. When you and I walk together, we don’t hold hands. Why?”

“I don’t know, David,” he said. “I suppose it’s just not a custom for men to hold hands while they’re walking.”

“Well, that’s what I want to change,” I said. “I think it’s the custom for men not to hold hands because they don’t want anybody to think they’re gay. It shouldn’t mean that. It should just mean we’re walking with somebody we like, maybe even love like I love you. The same thing is true for men hugging each other. They usually don’t. My father was always hugging me but I remember some kids who said their father never did. I felt sorry for them. What do you think?”

“I understand what you want to accomplish,” he said. “I agree hugging is good. I think guys should do it. Same with holding hands once in a while. As long as we’re here where it’s safe and where the trail permits, it would be good. It wouldn’t work when we’re out from under Aimee’s shelter.”

“Well, just think about it. When you can, hold my hand or James’ or Toby’s. It’s up to you and me to start customs here. Do the same thing with hugging, just be relaxed and free with hugs. I think customs like that will build bonds among us and I want us to be very free in showing affection for each other, even guys with guys.”

“I can do that.”

We both picked up our spears. I shifted mine to my left hand and held out my right to Iain. He smiled and took it. We started walking slowly, in no hurry to go anywhere.

“I’ve got something else I need to talk to you about and I hope you’ll take charge and run with it. What would we do here if we lost power and maybe lost Aimee?”

“I don’t think we can lose Aimee permanently,” he said. “I know that her universe is all solid state with no moving parts and even if we lose power she’ll still be there. We just have to restore power and she’ll come back to us with no loss of memory.”

“Well, would you look into my question and see how confident we can be about not losing her or power? What would we have to do to restore power? How do we get Aimee back? Don’t tell anybody else what you’re doing. I don’t want to worry them.”

“I understand, David,” he said. “I’ll start looking into it immediately.”

“Iain, you and I, really the first twenty of us, we can probably live out our lives right where we are now. Our children will probably live with us until they’re grown and then may move somewhere else. Our grandchildren will probably spread further. I want to start planning for our long-term future. I think my degree in civil engineering from the Academy is about to be more useful.”

“What do you mean?”

“We need to think about building some cabins or houses or something, not immediately, but someday soon. I’d like to build something just inside Aimee’s shield near the isthmus first. We’re going to be gathering oysters there regularly as part of our diet. Maybe the next place we build will be down near the coast where the fishing is good. Eventually I’d like to build something across the isthmus, on the mainland. We might build something close by here someday to catch the overflow we’re going to have.”

“It’s hard to believe we’re going to have that many people here, David,” he said. “I wonder what our life will be like then.”

“It can be a grand adventure, Iain,” I said. “Our life will be what we make it. If I’m to be the leader, I need everybody’s help, especially yours. Are you ready to start back?”

“Yes, but I want to ask you a question first,” he said.

“OK. Ask me anything.”

“When are we going to start being honest about our feelings for each other?”

“What do you mean?” I answered. “I told you I love you like a brother. You said you feel the same way.”

“David, I’ve seen how you look at me,” he said. “Maybe you’ve seen the way I look at you. It’s not like brothers.”

“What is it then?”

“Will you be honest with me?”

“Yes.”

“OK, kiss me then.”

I looked at him critically. I liked to look at him. I thought he was a beautiful young man when he came here but he was even more beautiful now. I admired the way he looked, like a perfect young man. I liked to look at him and James and Toby the same way I liked to look

at a beautiful sunset. Was he reading something into the way I looked at him? Was I just not admitting something to myself?

He moved directly in front of me on the uphill side of the path. I was almost a head taller than him but now his head was level with mine. I stood there, frowning a little, unsure of what to do. He wasn't. He put his fingers on my cheeks, leaned forward, and kissed me gently on the mouth. It wasn't the quick left, right, mouth kiss that was reserved for special occasions. It was a slow, gentle, sensuous kiss.

A moment later, he opened his mouth and touched my lips with his tongue. I opened to him and suddenly a hunger for him seized me and I felt lost. I put my hands on his behind and pulled him against me. He did the same, both hands at first, but then he moved one hand around in front, slid it up under my tunic, down in my pants, and then to my penis. It was already stiffening. He straightened it out so it was pointed upwards and held it in his hand. Damn, I was completely lost now. I opened my eyes and looked at him. He was trying to read my face.

"We've got to stop, Iain," I said.

"I know," he said, but he didn't stop.

He took his hand off my butt, grabbed my hand, and led it up under his tunic and then down to his penis. It was almost completely hard too, hot and hard and smooth, and I was even more lost and I knew it. I straightened it up so it was pointing at his navel and kept my hand on it as it swelled and hardened. I wanted him. I didn't know what I wanted to do with him or to him or what I wanted him to do for me or to me but I knew I wanted him somehow. We stood there breathing heavily, holding each other's erect penis. I wanted to stop but somehow I couldn't.

"Do you want to fuck me, David?" he whispered. "Let's go somewhere off the trail and you can fuck me."

"Iain, please stop," I pled. "I want to but..."

"If you don't want to fuck me, then let me fuck you," he insisted.

"Oh, shit," I said.

I wanted to fuck him. As much as I had always felt anal sex was something I didn't want to do or have done to me, I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted to know what it was like to fuck another guy and to be fucked by one. I tried to get in control of what we were doing because I didn't want to do anything and at the same time I did. Damn, what should I do? I turned loose of his penis, pulled his hand off mine, stepped back, and looked at him. I was burning up with wanting something and I didn't know what it was. A blowjob? I didn't think that would satisfy me. I could give him one. He could suck me off. Would that be enough? I knew I wanted someone to fuck or maybe to fuck me. My heart was racing and my breath was rasping in and out of me.

“What are you doing, Iain?” I asked. “Are you doing this just to see what I will do?”

“David, I'm simply being honest about how I feel,” he answered. “I want to do something with you and I don't know what it is and I know you feel the same. Can you admit it?”

“Hell, I can't deny it. Yeah, I'll admit it but you can't judge my feelings from how hard my dick is. As horny as I am, I could hug a pine tree and get a hard-on.”

“Me too, but, dammit, what are we going to do? I'm not trying to make you admit anything. I'm trying to let you know how I feel.”

I took a few steps more away from him. I wanted to grab him and do something to him, anything to relieve my hunger. I wanted to run away as fast as I could. I took a few deep breaths and tried to get in control of myself. I thought of James and how he had offered to let me fuck him and how I had refused.

“Iain, you know James offered me his ass one night and I didn't want to do it,” I started, fumbling my way toward some way out of this. “He was just a kid, an abused kid, and I wanted to protect him.”

“Yeah, I know, but it's different with me.”

“Have you thought of the consequences if we do? How is Caitlyn going to feel about you if she finds out? Anna's been OK with most of my sexual escapades but how will she feel about this one? How are James and Toby going to feel about me and you if they find out? What will

Jean-Nicole think? I'm supposed to be a leader for this group and they all know I want you to be my side-kick or advisor and even be the leader if something happens to me. Will they keep seeing us and respecting us in those roles? If we're to be the leaders for this group of young kids, maybe we should think twice about what we do?"

"Damn! Damn! And double damn!" he groaned. "What the hell am I supposed to do? I'm so fucking horny all the time. Caitlyn's coming around but I can't expect her to keep me satisfied. Maybe men go into rut too and that's why we can't think straight."

"Shit! You can't be any hornier than I am," I said. "We're young and in perfect health and we constantly want to fuck but we've got to think of the consequences. Maybe I shouldn't say we want it. Maybe I should say we need it. But there are five other people here. We've got to think of them no matter what we do."

"Yeah, shit. And merde. What are we going to do?"

"Iain, I don't know about you, but I'm going to pull my dick out and jack off," I said. "Maybe you should do the same."

"Yeah, I suppose you're right."

We stood there a few feet apart, facing each other, smiling knowingly at each other, tights down around our knees, tunics pulled up with left hands, and two right hands flying up and down. Within a minute we both squirted out again and again in one commingled deposit of semen.

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After dinner, they came for me. I didn't protest. I let them take my hands in theirs and lead me out of the kitchen.

We had just enjoyed another wonderful meal: crusty freshly-baked bread, a casserole of scalloped oysters, and a hearty brown stew made with deer meat and lots of vegetables. Since Jean-Nicole and Anna had cooked, all of the rest of us were expected to clean. I had just carried the last of the dirty dishes to the sink when I stopped for a moment to watch Lucky foraging for scraps. He had been fed before we sat down to dinner but he never seemed to be satisfied. When Anna and Jean-Nicole came for me, Iain and Caitlyn and James and

Toby just stood there grinning as though they knew what was going to happen. I didn't know but I didn't resist.

They led me across the hall to the bathing chamber, removed my loin cloth, removed theirs, and gave me a good scrubbing. My penis was hard as a bamboo pole after the two of them tenderly washed it. Then Anna and I bathed Jean-Nicole. I got the front side and she got the back. Next Jean-Nicole and I bathed Anna. She let me have the front again.

They didn't giggle and tease and grope. They didn't say one word. They smiled just enough to tell me that they had something in store for me that I would enjoy. Everything they did was slow and gentle and arousing.

In the drying circle, they both used their hands to strip the water off my body and the warm downdraft finished drying me. I followed their example and rubbed the water off the two of them. It was lots more fun to use my hands to strip the water off a woman's body than my own, especially their breasts and butts.

As we were leaving the bathing chamber, they stopped just inside the door and Anna leaned forward to see who might be in the hallway. Evidently nobody was. She grabbed my penis, Jean-Nicole grabbed my hand, and they pulled me along toward Jean-Nicole's bed chamber. Jean-Nicole started skipping like a little girl. Anna did too. I didn't. I couldn't skip. Picture a tall slim guy with a rampant hard-on skipping along while two women are pulling him down the hallway by his hand and his penis. If you can skip in that situation, you're a better man than I am.

We had gone only a short distance when James and Toby walked out of their bedchamber, talking animatedly about something. They stopped, looked at the three of us, registered surprise and disbelief, and grinned.

"Somebody's gonna get fucked," James said.

"Can we help?" Toby asked.

Jean-Nicole showed them a quick finger, or, in Toby's words, flipped them a bird. She and Anna burst into giggles and continued down the hallway, still pulling me along by my hand and my penis. We ducked

into the sleeping chamber Jean-Nicole had chosen for herself. As far as I knew, I was the first male to be allowed in. After her first introduction to sex, she had been sleeping alone. Maybe she had revisited James and Toby in their bedchamber. Who knows? Anyway, I was relieved when they both turned me loose.

“Did you see the look on their faces?” Anna asked, and started giggling again.

“That’s the first time I’ve ever done that,” Jean-Nicole said. “Did I do it right?” She started giggling too.

“Whew,” I said, partly because I was relieved not only that they had not damaged my most prized possession but also because I could not think of anything else to say.

I could think of something to do though. I hugged Anna first. I wrapped her up in a big bear hug and pulled her against me. My dick poked her in her belly button. She reached down, bent it to one side, and hugged me back. After a brief moment, she released me and nudged me toward Jean-Nicole.

I hugged Jean-Nicole second and deliberately let my dick poke her in the center of her belly. She lifted it straight up and I pulled her against me. She didn’t protest. She quickly kissed me on the cheek and then put her hands on my rear and pulled me tighter against her. I just stood there, enjoying her little breasts pressed against my chest while my dick was pressed against her belly.

Then Anna pressed up against me from behind, put her arms around Jean-Nicole and me, and pulled me up tightly between the two of them. Hot breasts against my front and back? A manwich? I couldn’t complain.

“Well, this is nice,” I said. “Every man’s dream, to be sandwiched between two naked women.”

“You can just forget *your* dream, David,” Anna said. “Jean-Nicole and I are in charge tonight. All you’ve got to do is keep a stiff upper dick. We’ll do the rest.”

“I can do that,” I said, perhaps too assertively.

“Yeah, we’ll see,” Jean-Nicole said, and pulled my head down and kissed me.

She opened her mouth to me, closed her eyes, and teased me with her hot little tongue. I was just getting into it when she pushed me back and she and Anna cooperated in turning me around. Anna held my dick upright so it was pressed against her stomach and then pulled my head down and gave me another open-mouthed kiss. This time it was Jean-Nicole who pressed against my back, her hard little nipples boring two holes. I surrendered. I could live with this. Let them take charge and do anything their little hearts desired. Anything!

There was only one bed ready for sleeping or fucking or whatever. I noticed that someone had even put clean sheets on it and scattered about a dozen pillows around. I was ready to mess it up.

Anna crawled in first and Jean-Nicole nudged me to go second. Anna lay down on her back, propped up against the wall, so I lay down beside her. Jean-Nicole crawled in and propped up too. I waited. Nobody started anything. I thought of twiddling my thumbs but I decided against that. My penis was suspended at an angle over my lower abdomen with the head almost at my navel as usual. Then they both turned on their sides, facing me, and reached for my dick at the same time. I let them play with it.

“David has a beautiful penis, Jean-Nicole,” Anna said. “I think it’s the nicest one I’ve ever seen.”

“Have you seen many?” Jean-Nicole asked. “I had never seen one, I mean, a man’s penis, until I came here.”

“Thousands,” Anna replied. “I was an operating room nurse in the Army before I came here. I’m an expert on dicks.”

“Well, why do you think his is so nice?”

“It’s just so filling and satisfying. That big head on it opens me up all the way to my cervix. It’s pretty too and it’s straight except for a little curve. It’s smooth and ivory colored, not dark like some of them. It has red and blue arteries and veins barely showing and a smooth shiny red head. It feels so good when it’s buried in my pussy and I can feel his big balls on my ass cheeks.”

“Oooohh, damn,” Jean-Nicole moaned. “You make me squirm. Could I borrow it for a few days?”

“Sure,” Anna answered, without asking me. “But you don’t need to be in a hurry. Don’t you want to see if his tongue is hard too?”

I lay there and let them talk about my penis. Jean-Nicole had seen only little boy’s penises and they were all circumcised. She asked why I wasn’t. And why Toby and James and Iain were not either. I would not have been surprised if my penis had answered some of her questions. They talked about it as if it were the most important part of a man and everything else was just an appendage to it. Maybe that’s the way it is.

“Anna, could I ask you some questions?” Jean-Nicole said.

“Sure. About what?”

“Well, first I want to ask you about David letting his beast loose. I don’t guess I understand what it means. Does he hurt you?”

“Aimee, are you listening?”

“Of course, Anna. I always listen unless you tell me you want privacy.”

“Do you remember what David said once when he was describing what letting the beast loose meant? I think it was when we were trying to help Caitlyn break down her barriers.”

“Yes, Anna, I have that in my memory. I always retain certain things you say which help me to understand you. Would you like me to play it back in David’s voice? It is very eloquent.”

“Yes, Aimee, please do.”

I lay there and listened to myself trying to explain what it meant to Caitlyn.

“Caitlyn, let me tell you about me and Anna,” I said. “There’s an animal side of me, a devil that wants to fuck every young girl or woman I see, to spread my seeds as often and as wide as I can. Anna has an animal side too. Sometimes we fuck like animals, without a mind, just animals rutting, hot, sweaty, screwing, both of us needing

each other. Mindless fucking is the best way to describe it. When I come it's like my body is emptying my balls into her. She says it seems her cervix is gulping my semen into her womb."

"He is very eloquent; isn't he?" Anna asked.

"Uh, huh, but he doesn't hurt you; does he?" Jean-Nicole replied.

"Well, no, not deliberately, no more than I hurt him. He's never done any permanent damage to me." She giggled and then continued. "Sometimes I walk bowlegged for a few days."

"Do you think he could let the beast loose with me?" Jean-Nicole asked.

Remember, all this is going on while the two of them are cuddled up to my sides, playing with my toys, talking like I'm not there. I had a smile on my face and not a care in the world.

"Just ask him. You may be sore tomorrow but you'll get over it. I like it when he does it with me but I don't want him to do it every time."

"Well, maybe I'll just ask him. There's something else I want to ask you about. Do you think it's possible to be too...I guess...sexual? I want sex so bad sometimes and now that I've had it I just want more of it. Something happened with James and Toby and I've never heard of it happening with a woman."

"What?"

"They were both making love to me slow and easy, after they had both done it once or twice. They were sucking my nipples, both of them, and I had another orgasm and it was a good one."

"You came just from having your nipples sucked?" I said, forgetting that I wasn't really there. "Did they have their fingers in your pussy?"

"Yes and no," Jean-Nicole said. "They weren't touching me down there. They were both sucking like little hungry babies."

"Damn!" I said.

“Is that normal?” Jean-Nicole asked. “Am I some sort of degenerate or something?”

“Beats me,” Anna said. “Maybe we’ll have to do some scientific research someday. I imagine James and Toby will volunteer.”

“I volunteer,” I whispered.

Jean-Nicole must have wanted to take a closer look at my penis. She slid down on the bed and put her head on my chest, just inches from the head. Then Anna joined her and they bent my dick around and around and looked at it and talked about it. Jean-Nicole had more questions about it and Anna had good answers. I put my hands behind my head, closed my eyes, and let them have their way with me.

Then I felt somebody’s mouth around the head, and I opened my eyes and rose up on my elbows to see whose mouth it was. It was Jean-Nicole’s. Anna was holding it for her. She wasn’t bad for an amateur.

I closed my eyes again and let them play. Two mouths, two tongues, four hands, all over my dick, all over my balls, always slow and gentle, not trying to make me come, just licking, sucking, stroking, first one mouth and then another and sometimes both. I lost track of who was doing whatever to me. It didn’t matter. It was all I was conscious of and I didn’t want them ever to stop. But of course they did.

I opened my eyes and glanced at the clock. Twelve minutes had elapsed since I last looked at it and I wasn’t even conscious of time passing.

“We thought you had gone to sleep,” Anna said. They both chuckled, giggled, snickered, laughed, whatever women do.

“I was just resting for the next round,” I said. “What now?”

“You and I are going to give Jean-Nicole a little attention,” she said. “Is your tongue rested?”

I caught the fact that she said you and I. Was her tongue rested? Was she going to help me? Damn, another male fantasy: to watch two beautiful women making love. I liked the idea. Two women licking each other’s pussy.

The only problem was that we didn't have room to do it. The bed alcoves were about eight feet long and six wide but with a tall woman stretched out on her back and a pillow under her hips, there wasn't room for me to lie down on my stomach with my head between her thighs. We solved the problem. We rearranged so that Jean-Nicole was lying crossways on the bed with her legs partially off and her feet on the floor. Anna pushed Jean-Nicole's legs apart, put a pillow on the floor, and motioned for me to kneel.

I knelt, took a moment to admire her little hairless pussy, and then leaned over, shifted her legs so they were on my back, and started kissing and licking. At first I kissed my way up the inside of one soft smooth thigh and down the other. Then I teased her by licking up the two creases between her legs and her mound and deliberately avoided the center.

Jean-Nicole wanted my tongue somewhere else. She grabbed two handfuls of my hair and held my head still right between her legs. I moved my hands from her thighs and used my thumbs to pull her big lips apart and my tongue to separate the little lips. I heard her moan and I assumed I was pleasing her so I kept doing it. I was enjoying myself when Anna touched me on my shoulder and motioned for me to move.

I moved out of the way but I stayed close, standing there stroking a full-to-bursting erection. I wanted to watch but I needed to fuck one of them. Anna knelt between Jean-Nicole's legs and lowered her head down to Jean-Nicole's pussy. I watched as she licked her. There was no difference in the way we did it. Jean-Nicole held Anna's head in place and moaned almost continuously.

After a minute or so, I touched Anna on the shoulder and she stood up. I knelt down and did exactly the same thing she had done to Jean-Nicole. She squirmed and moaned and I wondered if she was about to come. My tongue was getting tired and I wanted her to get her big O before I quit. Then Anna touched me on the shoulder again and I moved to one side and let her kneel on the pillow. I don't know what the difference was but Anna quickly had her wiggling and almost screaming. There was no mistaking it. Jean-Nicole was about to have a good orgasm. I wanted to finish her off.

I nudged Anna, she stood up, and I dropped down on the pillow. I put one long finger in her hot wet depths, used thumb and one finger on

the other hand, and made her clit come out of its shelter. It was about like the tip of my little finger, about the same size and shape as her nipples. I fastened my mouth on it and sucked and sucked and at the same time I used my finger and fucked and fucked. She put her hands behind my head and tried to smother me with her pussy while her vagina pulsed again and again on my finger.

I pulled back and looked at a pussy that was ready to be fucked. I wanted to shove my dick in and make her scream but I knew I had another woman to take care of.

I gave Jean-Nicole's juicy little pussy a few more good licks and then stood up. I pushed Anna around and back so she was lying next to Jean-Nicole's inert body and then I moved the pillow over, knelt on it, and started licking a fresh pussy. I took a deep breath or two and smelled Anna's arousal and I couldn't tell any difference between the way the two of them smelled. In fact, she tasted about the same too. Maybe all women smell and taste the same when they're really aroused. I certainly couldn't tell the difference.

Jean-Nicole roused from her little death, rolled over on her side, propped her head up with her hand, and watched me licking Anna's pussy. I had no idea whether she would offer to help. She had been eager to do everything sexual so far. I decided to offer her the opportunity. I moved off the pillow, pointed at her, then pointed at Anna's pussy. She grinned at me, stuck her tongue out, and shook her head. Oh, well, my tongue wasn't dead yet. I closed my eyes and resumed licking Anna.

When Jean-Nicole moved off the bed and left the room, I wondered where she was going. To the bathroom, I suppose. Anyway, she was back in a minute or so. She touched me on the shoulder, used her thumb to tell me to move, and then dropped to her knees. I stood up, wrapped my hand around my aching penis, and watched her trying to find Anna's clitoris with her little pink tongue.

Anna was reclined in the bed alcove, suspended on her elbows, with her derriere at the edge of the bed, legs spread wide and bent, and feet on the floor. Jean-Nicole was on her knees with her head between Anna's thighs. I was standing behind Jean-Nicole stroking my penis and looking down at her pussy. The little lips inside were spread and glistening with moisture. Damn, it looked good enough to eat or fuck or maybe eat and then fuck. I thought for a second and then chose

fuck. I got down on my knees behind Jean-Nicole, hands on her hips, hesitated, and looked at Anna, questioning.

“Jean-Nicole, David wants to stuff his little zucchini in your little pussy,” she whispered. “Is that OK with you?”

I saw her nodding or maybe she was licking. Anyway, both Anna and I took that as permission so I knee-walked up closer, held my penis with one hand, and rubbed the head up and down in her pussy. The way it was drooling, I knew she was ready. Anna took mercy on me and threw me a pillow. I quickly tucked it under my knees.

“David, be very gentle with her, please,” Anna instructed. “She’s doing something I like so don’t start ramming your dick up her. Can you be very slow and easy?”

I pushed slowly and gently but firmly and felt about half my dick slide into her and, damn, it was good: hot, tight, juicy. What more could a man want? I pulled back slowly and watched as her pussy lips clung to the shaft of my penis as though it didn’t want to let go. When I saw the rim around the head, I reversed directions and went back in. This time, I pushed it in until she groaned, about three-fourths of my dick. I gave her a moment to get used to that much. Then she reached back between her legs, grabbed my testicles and pulled forward until she had every bit of my dick inside her and I didn’t have any more to give her. Damn, twenty centimeters and I was worried whether my dick would be too big. How do they do it?

I looked up at Anna. Her eyes were barely open and she had a little smile on her face. I could see that she liked what Jean-Nicole was doing to her. I smiled back at her and gave her an air kiss. She stuck her tongue out at me. I settled down in to a rhythmical gentle easing in and drawing out and watched Jean-Nicole just as slowly and gently licking Anna’s pussy. Damn, I could learn to like this.

Looking down at Jean-Nicole’s derriere, I couldn’t help but see the little light-brown pucker of her asshole. Maybe I didn’t get the cherry in her pussy but I could have it there. I’d never wanted to do it to anybody, male or female, but maybe it would be worth trying, just to see how it felt.

I pulled my penis out of her and used the head to wipe the pussy juices up and down on her pucker. Then I touched the head against it

without trying to push it in. She didn't protest. I pushed slightly. She still didn't protest. Damn, she had a tight sphincter. I pushed one more time and she groaned. I looked up and she was looking back at me. Anna was also looking at me and she was frowning. Oh shit, caught me.

I was about to try to put my dick back in her pussy but she swatted at it. I settled down on my haunches and waited for them to take mercy on a repentant sinner.

"You're bad, David," Jean-Nicole said, but she was smiling.

"I thought you didn't like sex that way," Anna said. "Don't try that again or you'll have to be punished."

"Yes, ma'am," I said and tried to look contrite. How did she know what I had done? She couldn't see behind Jean-Nicole. Oh, well, I watched as Jean-Nicole resumed licking Anna's pussy.

When Anna began to squirm, I decided that I was going to be the one who got her off. I touched Jean-Nicole on the shoulder, gave her the thumb, and dropped to my knees as soon as she moved. I slid two fingers of one hand into Anna's vagina, used a finger and thumb on the other hand to push up and pull apart on her labia, and her clitoris popped out, all red and standing up and swollen. I sucked and tongued it until she tried to pull me baldheaded. I kept licking while she moaned and wiggled and cussed me and her pussy tried to amputate my fingers. I was glad when she quieted down. I was pleased that she had let me keep my hair and that I had succeeded in giving her a big O, but, damn, my tongue needed a day's rest to recuperate.

I didn't know what they had planned for me but I knew what I wanted: to fill Jean-Nicole's little womb with a gallon of my semen. Blowjobs are nice but there are times when a man needs a good fuck and, damn, this was one of those times. I crawled on the bed between the two of them, flopped down on my back, and held my penis straight up.

I didn't say a word. I waited for them to do whatever they wanted, as long as it was what I wanted. Jean-Nicole crawled into the bed alcove and flopped down beside me. Anna slapped my hand off my penis and wrapped her hand around it.

“Jean-Nicole, would you like to go for a ride?” she asked.

Yeah, that was what I wanted. “Come on, saddle up, cowgirl,” I leered.

She mounted her steed, slowly worked her way down until my entire dick was engulfed in her hairless little pussy and then she rode me. I put my hands behind my head and watched her for a while. I looked over at Anna. She was watching too.

Just when it was getting good, Jean-Nicole rolled off me, flopped down between me and Anna, spread her legs, and held her arms up in welcome. I liked that way better. I scrambled around and slid my horse cock into her saddle again.

“OK, cowboy, let your beast loose,” she whispered.

I started slowly, trying to show a little restraint so I didn’t hurt her but gradually the I in me faded away and I was nothing but dick pistoning in and out of a hot wet pussy and balls slapping against soft ass cheeks. The devil could have claimed my soul for hell if I refused to stop and I knew I’d keep on fucking her. I wasn’t even aware of the damage her mouth was doing to my shoulders and her fingernails were doing to my ass. I plunged into her until my balls squirted out my life against the mouth to her womb.

They let me rest for a while, me between the two of them, and started talking again. Anna asked Jean-Nicole how she liked to have me let the beast loose. Jean-Nicole didn’t answer at first. Finally, she whispered so low I could hardly hear her. “It was OK.” I pulled the pillow from behind my head and hit her with it. Anna hit me with another pillow from behind. Jean-Nicole retaliated and whacked me with her pillow. I gave up. I knew when I was defeated. Just OK? Shit, I knew I had given her my best.

They put their heads on my shoulders and talked about what we had done as though I was not even there or at least only part of me was. I looked down at my dick. It was lying across my thigh, head still exposed, soft but still swollen almost as big as when it’s hard. It was wet and glistening with Jean-Nicole’s pussy juices and with some of my semen hanging off the head. I closed my eyes and just listened to an occasional comment from one or the other.

Maybe they thought I wasn't listening but of course I was. When Jean-Nicole whispered that she loved my beast and that she finally knew what it meant to be really fucked, I smiled, satisfied that she had loved my beastly performance.

One of them moved. I opened my eyes. It was Anna. She had her head on my stomach close to my dick. I watched to see what she was going to do. Then Jean-Nicole moved down too, inches away from Anna's head. Anna held my inert dick up with a finger and thumb and licked it from bottom of the shaft to the head. Damn, that was too much. But then Jean-Nicole licked it too. Anna licked up the little puddle of semen where the head had rested and then licked all the way up to the head again. Then they both started licking me clean. Lick and giggle. Damn, that was really too much. I felt my dick start to fill and stiffen again. I let them bring back Lazarus and then I rearranged them the way I wanted.

Jean-Nicole was on the bed, her ass almost at the edge, legs hanging off, and feet on the floor. Anna was kneeling on a pillow between Jean-Nicole's legs, ready to give her a good licking. I was kneeling on a pillow behind Anna, looking down at her puckered asshole and below that the open wet lips to her pussy. Maybe Anna might like it in the ass but I wasn't about to try it. I bent my dick down to horizontal and slowly slide it home in my second pussy. She grunted when I hit bottom and then she lowered her head and started licking Jean-Nicole's pussy.

With a steel-rod penis, I was positive my balls had at least one more charge in them, a good one for Anna. What if they wanted more? Would I have a third one? For Jean-Nicole? And maybe a fourth one. For Anna? Shit, I knew I would give it my best. I quit worrying and started fucking.

Chapter Thirty

One evening, just as night was beginning to descend, Iain performed for us again, a brief concert with three songs. The concert was an excellent demonstration of his musical talent and his knowledge of classical music. Maybe he did inherit a music gene from his mother. If he could learn so much in the four years he was on our old Earth, I wondered what else he was capable of doing.

We assembled on the terrace just outside the entrance doors to our home, all bundled up against the cold evening temperatures, and he sang to us. I cuddled Anna, Toby hugged Jean-Nicole, and James stood behind Caitlyn holding her.

First, Iain performed something he called Echo. It was a piece we had heard before, Belle Nuit from The Tales of Hoffmann, but he did it differently this time. He asked us to stand facing the entrance door and then he went around behind us. Aimee played the music and the recorded voices of two female sopranos came from the direction of the entrance door. A split second later, Iain sang the same thing from somewhere behind us, like an echo, in very good French and in his beautiful tenor voice. I thought it was probably the most beautiful thing I'd ever heard. I had goose bumps all over.

Then he came to the front of us and amazed us again. Aimee played the intermezzo from Mascagni's Cavalleri Rusticana and Iain sang something he called 'My Love, My Life' with words of his composing. The words fit the music beautifully and were about his love for Caitlyn. Again I was left mesmerized. I saw tears in more than one set of eyes.

Finally, he performed something he called Duo with music and words from Chantes D'Auvergne by Cantaloube. Aimee played the music accompanied with a recorded tenor voice that I knew was Iain's and he sang along live at the same time. If I can describe it, Iain's first voice, recorded, was simple and straight forward. Iain's second voice, live, was playful, weaving in and around his recorded voice like a vine growing up a straight column. The effect was unbelievably beautiful.

As breathtaking and enthralling as his performance was, I could not help but be saddened because I had gone so long without knowing the beauty of music and the human voice. I had been pursuing revenge for the death of my father for much of my life and had never enjoyed music and singing. I silently resolved to make time for them in our new world. I wanted Iain to teach me about music and I was determined to continue training my voice as a singer. I was also going to encourage all the others to let him teach them.

After the last of the performance, nobody clapped, nobody whistled, nobody cheered. We were all frozen in awe of the beauty of what he had done. We simply stood there smiling and so did he. He knew what he had done and how we had received it. Then he announced that the first meeting of The New World Chorus would be in two days in the lounge and he expected us all to be there. That's when I started

clapping and whistling. The others joined in the ovation and I wondered when they were going to stop.

Iain is still working with me one-on-one with exercises to develop my singing abilities. He wants me to start every lesson with a breathing routine and then to run the scales starting with the major scales and the major arpeggios.

At the same time, he wants me to be aware of how I elucidate every word. He has me listening to some guy singing You Lift Me Up with almost every word clearly pronounced. He says he wants to hear from me and, not an, and imperfectly, not imperfec'tly when I sing it next time. He also wants me to be aware of the emotions I convey when I sing the song. He says my words should be like I'm touching Anna's cheek or gently kissing her. I thought I did a good job the first time around but now I realize I've got a lot to learn. One afternoon when the weather is not too cold, I want to climb to the top of the mountain, just the two of us, and to sing You Lift Me Up to her. Maybe I won't feel like such damn fool next time.

He's also suggested another song for me to learn, The Music of the Night from Phantom of the Opera. He said the next night I make love with Anna to understand that we are making the music of the night. I think that's a good description for our love-making.

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I'm still trying to guide Iain and all the others in exercising. When the weather is good, we do our exercises outdoors wearing clothes and when it's bad we do them indoors wearing loincloths. We're also now making good use out of all the exercise equipment left for us. Before the weather got cooler and cold sometimes, we rarely had time to use the machines. Now there is often one or more in the exercise room any hour of the day and even at night.

I won't let up on guiding them to use weapons of all kinds. I'm good with the Brute and I practice using it every few days. After the string hit my arm a few times, I made a leather armguard to protect the inside of my wrist. Anna and James and Toby are good with smaller bows. They often practice with the crossbow on the terrace and want to take it hunting. I'm not sure that's wise since it's heavier than a simple bow and probably was more of a defensive weapon.

Caitlyn doesn't have the body strength to use most weapons but she tries. She's quick and we've got her practicing with a small bow. Jean-Nicole promises to be as good as a woman can be with most weapons not requiring much body strength. She has a romantic image of

herself using a sword and she is training at that. I suppose they all know we've got to leave the safety of Aimee's protection someday. When we do, our primary enemies will be dangerous animals and raptor birds, not people.

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This will require some explanation. Patience will be required while I try to explain how it all happened. I will recount the incident as best I can but sometimes I don't know how I end up in a situation like that. How did I end up bent across the foot of Aimee's chair, with Anna in front of me holding both my hands in hers and giggling, with Aimee in her monitor behind me watching what was happening and sniggering on occasion, with all the others watching and trying to suppress their laughter, and with Jean-Nicole sitting in a chair behind me with one hand on my back and one finger of the other hand up my ass?

It all started the morning when Toby and James and Lucky, of course, found me outside just sitting on the highest level of the terraces. Toby had a complaint. He had a dull ache in his left testicle that had kept him awake part of the night.

"Have you had any trauma to it?" I asked.

"Trauma?"

"Have you injured yourself in some way? You and James wrestle sometimes. Did he knee you in your testicles?"

"I don't think so. We were wrestling yesterday but we're both pretty careful with our nuts. It's been hurting for a few days, not bad, but enough to scare me."

"Well, let's go find Anna," I said. "She's the nurse, not me. Maybe she can help."

Anna and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole were in the room with Aimee. Anna was in the lounge chair, the other two on each side of her. From the way they stopped talking, I assumed that they were having a little girl-talk.

"Anna, Toby says he has a dull ache in his left testicle. It's been hurting him for a few days and it kept him awake some last night."

Anna raised the lounge chair, stood up beside the chair, and patted the seat.

“Hop up here, Toby,” she said. “I’m no urologist but with Aimee’s help maybe we can do something for you.”

Toby got in the chair with his loincloth covering his privates. Anna flipped it up on his chest out of the way. He spread his legs and his testicles drooped down almost to the chair. His penis was semi-soft or semi-hard as usual and bent over his testicles without touching them.

Jean-Nicole stood up and came over beside the lounge chair. She took Toby’s hand in both of hers, leaned over, kissed him on the cheek, and smiled at him. Toby looked up at her and I knew he was looking at her beautiful eyes. I sat down in the chair she had vacated.

Iain walked in and appraised the situation. Why was Toby in the lounge chair with Jean-Nicole holding his hand and with his privates displayed? Why was Anna looking at his groin so intently?

Caitlyn stood up from the other chair, motioned for Iain to sit down, and then sat back down in his lap. She folded her legs up somehow and, when Iain wrapped his arms around her, she put her arms over his with her hands holding his. She whispered to him and kissed him as usual. Then the two of them returned their attention to what Anna was doing.

“Aimee, would you please check Toby’s temperature?” Anna asked.

“His temperature on the David scale is sixty-five point nine, a little cooler than the normal sixty-six point eight degrees,” Aimee promptly answered.

“Can you check the temperature of each of his testicles?”

“No, but I can tell you whether one is warmer than the other. I need to shift to my infra-red vision so I must turn out all other lights.”

We stood in pitch blackness for a moment and then the lights came back on.

“The amount of heat radiated from each of his testicles is the same, Anna. They are slightly cooler than his body, as they should be.”

“Thank you, Aimee,” Anna said. “Now, could you help me run through a check list of the possible causes of testicular pain in young males?”

She turned to Toby and swatted him gently on his stomach. He finally quit looking up into Jean-Nicole’s face and turned toward her.

“Toby, you don’t seem to have a fever so we can probably rule out an infection,” she said. “Aimee and I will go down the check list and see if we can rule out other causes. First, when you pee, does it burn or hurt?”

“Uh uh, most of the time, it doesn’t bother me. Sometimes when I have a piss-hard and I have to push to get started my left one hurts just a little.”

“Is the color of your urine always the same, a light shade of yellow? Is there a pink tint to it?”

“Yeah, it’s the same as always and it’s not pink.”

“When you masturbate, does the semen look like it usually does, like water with something white in it?”

“It’s the same as always. I jacked off twice yesterday and everything looked normal. ‘Course, I didn’t really look at it very close.”

“Aimee, I’m going to palpate his testicles to see if I can find anything unusual,” Anna said. “Then I’m going to check him for a hernia. Is that what I should do?”

“Yes, Anna, you might examine his testicles with both hands at the same time and compare them.”

Jean-Nicole interrupted the questions and answers.

“Anna, would you let me help you when you’re doing things like this?” she asked. “Maybe I’d like to be a nurse too and you could teach me. I cared for my brothers and sisters lots of times but I didn’t really know how to help them. I’d like to learn something like nursing so I can be more help here.”

“Aimee, do you have teaching materials for someone interested in becoming a nurse?” Anna asked.

“Yes, Anna, I have the materials and I can also teach courses in nursing,” Aimee answered. “Jean-Nicole, if you will come to me at your convenience, we can decide what courses you need.”

“Good,” Anna said. “If these boys keep getting hurt, I’m going to need somebody to help me care for them. Aimee can help you with studying the books and I can give you some hands-on experience.”

Jean-Nicole giggled. "I had some hands-on experience a few nights ago. Whew!"

"And you're about to get some more," Anna said. "I'm going to examine Toby's testicles and I want you to watch me and then give him another exam."

James giggled and said, "Somebody's going to get a hard-on."

"Well, if he does I'm going to ask Jean-Nicole to masturbate him," Anna said. "Maybe we should have a semen sample to look at."

"Oooohhh, do me next," James whispered.

"Shut up, James," Toby said.

"Up yours, Toby," James said.

"I can give you a semen sample," I whispered.

"Shut up, David," Anna said.

"I can give you a big sample," Iain whispered.

"Shut up, Iain," Caitlyn said.

"Caitlyn, could you get me some of that lotion we both like?" Anna asked.

"I can give you some of that lotion you like," I whispered.

"Shut up, David," Anna and Jean-Nicole said at the same time.

Caitlyn was back in flash with the lotion. Again, she curled up in Iain's lap and they smiled at each other and then went kissey kissey kissey.

Anna pushed Toby's legs together and lifted his testicles so they rested on his thighs. Then she coated her hands and Toby's testicles with lotion and began the examination, keeping up a running commentary so Toby and Jean-Nicole would understand what she was doing. She felt one testicle, then the other, and then used both hands to compare them. When she said that everything felt normal, I saw the relief in Toby's face. Well before she finished, his penis was quivering over his abdomen. She ignored it.

I looked at James. His penis was pointing almost straight up. I looked at Iain. I couldn't see his but Caitlyn was squirming on something. I

was sitting in a straight chair, leaned forward with my elbows on my knees. I looked at my penis. It was standing straight out.

“Toby, everything feels normal,” Anna said. “One testicle is sometimes larger than the other but I can’t feel any difference in yours. The testicle feels about like a boiled egg without the shell and yours feel smooth like they should. The epididymis on the top of the testicle is like a bunch of coiled strings or tubes and they feel normal too. I’m leaning toward a diagnosis of overwork or slight injury.”

“Yeah, it did start aching after we played with Jean-Nicole,” he said.

“Do you mind if Jean-Nicole examines you too?” she asked.

“It’s OK with me,” he said, and smiled widely.

“Anna, one possible cause of Toby’s pain is testicular torsion,” Aimee said. “It is caused by one testicle becoming twisted in his scrotum. That interrupts the blood flow to the testicle. It is common in boys aged twelve to eighteen. Since both of Toby’s testicles emit the same amount of heat, they probably have the same blood flow and thus I do not think torsion is the cause. Perhaps the best thing to do is just watchful waiting.”

“I agree, Aimee,” she said. “Toby, I want a report on your pain level first thing in the morning and last thing at night. No wrestling, no exercise, and no...well, maybe it wouldn’t hurt if you jack off once a day. Aimee, will you remind him if necessary?”

“Yes, Anna.”

Anna took his penis in her hand, slid the foreskin the rest of the way back, and just stood looking at it.

“Here, hold this,” she said to Jean-Nicole. “Straight up.”

Jean-Nicole leaned over and kissed Toby’s penis right on the tip of its shiny head. He grinned and moaned.

Anna looked at his groin area from different angles and then rubbed the skin on his lower abdomen around his penis with her finger-tips.

“Toby, sometimes a man has a hernia, a protrusion of something, into his lower abdomen, what we call the groin area. Yours is smooth and hard so I don’t think you have that kind of hernia. After Jean-Nicole examines you, I need to check to see if you have a hernia into your scrotum.”

“It’s always smooth and hard,” James whispered.

“Shut up, James,” Anna said. “I was talking about the skin on his lower abdomen, not his penis.”

While Jean-Nicole examined his testicles, she and Anna whispered back and forth. I wondered if she was really going to ask him for a semen sample. She didn’t. When Jean-Nicole finished her examination, Anna slapped him on the stomach and motioned for him to get up. He got up and started to go somewhere. Anna grabbed him and pulled him back. He stood there with his penis pointing up at about a fifty degree angle.

Anna motioned for me to get up out of the chair. She sat down in it and pulled Toby over in front of her. She cupped his scrotum in her fingers and told him to turn his head and cough. Then she moved her hand to his other testicle, told him to cough again, and slapped him on his hip, all as efficiently as I’d ever had it done to me.

“Toby, you’re a fine healthy young man and you don’t have an inguinal hernia. We’re going to watch you and wait. Remember to give me those pain level reports.”

Toby started to go somewhere again.

“Toby, get back here,” Anna chided. “Jean Nicole is going to check you for an inguinal hernia.”

They whispered back and forth and, at one point, Anna put her fingers back behind Toby’s scrotum, found the spot, and let Jean-Nicole follow her finger to where she was pressing. They both ignored his penis pointing up at the ceiling.

“It’s hard to find the place, Anna,” Jean-Nicole said. “Maybe we could do James too, just for practice, I mean.”

And they did. And then they did Iain, just for practice. And finally they did me, just for practice, of course. They ignored three more penises pointing upward. I might have believed they were practicing if they had stopped giggling. Oh well, finally they had groped all four of us and found nothing, at least no hernias, just hard-ons.

“Jean-Nicole, I want you to think carefully about helping me,” Anna said. “Sometimes being a nurse makes you do very unpleasant things. Since I’m the only one here with medical training, I’ve got to be doctor

and nurse to everybody. One of the things guys hate most is a prostate exam. Do you know what that is?"

Jean-Nicole shook her head no.

Anna explained what the prostate is and where it is and how it is examined digitally. Jean-Nicole was incredulous.

"You mean you have to stick your finger up his ass?" she asked.

Anna nodded without a trace of a smile.

"We need a volunteer," she said. "David, would you bend over the end of the chaise-lounge? I'll examine you first and then Jean-Nicole will."

I was about to run. No way. I wasn't about to let two women stick their finger up my ass. I looked at Anna and saw a slight smile and a look in her eyes that seemed to dare me to refuse. My penis was bobbing up and down in time with my heart beat. It told me to do it. I gave in.

And that's how I ended up bent over Aimee's chair while Anna put lotion on her hand and eased her middle finger up my asshole. When she found my prostate and rubbed it, my monster ratcheted up a couple of notches. Then she told Jean-Nicole what to feel for and held both my hands while I got a second finger. Jean-Nicole wasn't as gentle as Anna. She rubbed on my prostate a little too hard and I couldn't help what happened. I gave them a semen sample. It squirted out on the floor between my spread legs.

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One cold sunny morning, Iain and I decided to go deer hunting again. James and Toby wanted to go so we split up into two teams, me with James and Toby and with Iain. We went down the trail toward the beach and then went in two different directions. James and I quietly walked for a while, trying to keep the wind to our face. I was becoming discouraged of finding anything when we finally saw a few deer grazing peacefully.

They must have seen or smelled us because they all raised their heads at the same time and I knew they were about to bolt. I quickly chose a target, a doe closest to us, raised the Brute, and, without really aiming, let an arrow fly. I was astonished when the arrow seemed to disappear, the doe dropped like a stone, and the other deer fled for their lives. James managed to get off an arrow but the deer were already out of his range.

When we examined the doe, I saw why my arrow had disappeared. It had gone almost completely through the doe, probably through the heart, and was hanging out the other side with only the feathered end still in her.

The deer was small enough and we were walking on mostly level ground so I decided to carry it back to where we had agreed to meet Iain and Toby to field dress it. James carried my bow, spear, and knives and all I had to carry was the deer. It weighed about the same as the fifty-pound backpack I had once carried on an endurance test and I was a little tired when we found the others.

Iain and Toby were sitting on the ground talking. I didn't see a deer but they were smiling and their backpacks were evidently full of something. They showed me and James what they had: two backpacks full of huge eggs.

They had found a large swampy area with shallow water and had seen something white under the water. They took off their boots to wade and found an egg, then another, and still more. By the time their feet got painfully cold, they had over fifty eggs. They didn't see the birds which laid the eggs but there were some large white feathers floating. From the size of the eggs, they guessed that the eggs were from geese which used the swamp as a resting place on their way south.

There was Spanish moss hanging from trees and on the ground at the swampy area so they gathered that to protect the eggs and then packed them in their backpacks. So far not a single one had been broken.

With three others helping, I quickly field-dressed the deer. All we had to do then was to carry everything about an hour back up the mountain. Iain and I tied a spear between the deer's legs and carried it. James and Toby walked carefully back home carrying the eggs.

I was pleased with our hunt and our success in finding food, especially since we had not had any eggs in months. The day was cool but comfortable. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky. All the fall leaves were rustling in the breeze blowing up the mountain. I was with three guys whose company I enjoyed. It was good to be alive and living in a world of my choosing. Little did I know that some things were about to change.

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“David! Anna! Please come to my room!” Aimee called out. “Two children have arrived, a boy and a girl! They seem to be sleeping. Their vital signs are very unusual!”

Anna and I were up early as usual, already dressed in loincloths. No one else was, not even Lucky. We were in the kitchen, sitting at a table talking about what needed to be done during the day. Thirty-five days had passed since Jean-Nicole’s arrival so we had been expecting someone for a few days. We did not expect two people to come to us. That had never happened before.

I was horrified by what I saw on the backs and buttocks of the children. Both had been whipped, the boy much worse than the girl, and their skin showed numerous red stripes. The beatings appeared to have been inflicted just an hour or so ago and some strokes had broken the skin in a few places. Both had a few little trails of fresh red blood oozing down. I looked at Anna and her face registered the same horror I felt.

The boy and girl were in Aimee’s chair, lying face to face, a few inches apart, relaxed in sleep. They were children, not adults, not even teenagers, just children. Her arms were folded and her hands were near her throat. One of his arms was under her neck and the other was protectively over her chest. One of her legs was between both of his. The similarity of the blond color of their hair and their looks told me they were probably siblings. Their similarity of size made me think that they might be twins.

They were both beautiful as only children can be, as beautiful as any children I’d ever seen. Their hair was a light golden blond color, all curly and tangled and long, almost down to their shoulders. Their faces and bodies were almost identical but one was clearly male and one female. Flawless milky-white skin, freckles across their pink cheeks and cute little noses, full red lips, small chins: they were the children of fairy tales, almost too strikingly beautiful and too perfect to be real. How could anybody abuse children of such beauty?

I glanced at the boy’s genitals to see if I could guess his age. His erect penis was like a boy’s, not a man’s, perhaps twelve centimeters, almost five inches long, uncircumcised, and his testicles were smaller than either James’ or Toby’s. I saw just a little light blond hair around his penis and I knew he was in the very first stage of puberty. I couldn’t see the girl’s pubic mound because her leg hid it. I glanced at her chest and saw a slight swelling of breasts. I guessed they might be about thirteen or fourteen years old.

“Aimee, you said their vital signs were very unusual,” Anna said. “What do you mean?”

“All of you arrived with vital signs elevated,” she said. “Heart rate, respiration, and temperature were usually higher than normal. Their temperatures are almost normal but their heart and breathing rates are much slower. They are also unresponsive to our conversation.”

“That could mean they’ve been drugged,” Anna said. “Is there any way you can tell?”

“No, Anna, I do not have that capability,” Aimee said. “I know the side effects of all the drugs in my possession but I cannot answer your question with certainty. Their symptoms are similar to a strong dose of an analgesic.”

“David, would you get us some washcloths and wet them with cold water?” Anna said. “We’re going to see if we can rouse them enough to tell us something.”

On autopilot I went to the bathing chamber and got the washcloths. My mind was swirling with questions about what we should do. I had no experience in dealing with abused children and I was reasonably certain that Anna didn’t either. I had been hoping for another arrival well on the way to adulthood like Jean-Nicole, preferably a young man, not a child, certainly not an abused child.

When I returned to Aimee’s room, Anna was standing behind the girl. She had put a blanket over the two of them up to their shoulders. I stood behind the boy and held out a washcloth to her.

“I think we should ask Aimee to call Iain and Caitlyn,” Anna said. “We’re going to need some help.”

“I do too,” I said. “Aimee, would you call them? No one else. And don’t let anyone else in your room.”

“Yes, David, I will call them,” Aimee said. “The boy’s heart rate has increased slightly and his eyelids have moved. He may be awakening.”

“I’m going to try to help the girl,” Anna said. “You work with the boy. Use the washcloth on just his face and be very gentle. Let’s keep talking and see if we can get a response from them.”

We deliberately kept up a conversation while Anna very gently wiped the girl’s face and I did the same for the boy. I smoothed his tangled blond hair away from his face, wiped his eyes, his cheeks to each side,

his mouth, and I finally saw some signs that he was responding. He turned so that he was almost flat on his back and his eyes opened slightly for a second, quickly closed, and opened again. His eyes were an unusual shade of blue, beautiful, almost jewel-like, but there was no indication that he saw anything. I leaned over so my face was closer to his and I smelled something unusual, some sort of petroleum smell.

“Tell me your name, please,” I said. “You’re safe and no one is going to hurt you again. We want to help you.”

“I’m Pyotr,” he whispered almost inaudibly and I saw awareness in his eyes. “Who are...where’s my sister? Where’s Petra?”

He turned back toward her and put his hand on her cheek. “Is she OK?” he asked. “Is she dead?”

“No, Pyotr, she’s just sleeping,” Anna said. “She’s OK. You’ve both just had a long journey. You’re safe. In a day or so, you will be back to normal again.”

“Petra, wake up,” Pyotr said. “Please wake up! Are you OK?”

He moved his hand from her cheek to her shoulder and gently shook her. She slowly opened her eyes and smiled at him. Her eyes were the same color aquamarine or topaz blue as her brother’s.

Iain and Caitlyn walked in and registered surprise that two people had arrived. “What can we do, David?” Iain asked.

I put one finger to my lips and held the blanket back so they could see Pyotr’s back. They were both shocked by what they saw.

“They are both probably going to need to go pee,” I said. “Can you carry the girl? Keep the blanket on her but be careful. Her back’s like his. Caitlyn, you go with him. Anna and I will take the boy.”

“I can carry her, David,” Anna said. “Let Caitlyn go with me and Iain go with you.”

I knew what she wasn’t saying: that Petra would be more comfortable using the toilet with two women rather than with a man and a woman. I didn’t question her strength in carrying the little girl and I agreed that it would be better for the women to take Petra.

“OK, that’s better,” I said. “As soon as they pee, let’s bring them back here and see what we need to do about medicating them and treating their wounds.”

“David, can we help?” James asked from outside the open door.

I looked up and saw James and Toby, and, of course, Lucky, outside the door. Lucky’s tail was wagging frantically as usual. He couldn’t understand why he could not walk through the door but he kept trying.

“Yes,” Anna answered for me. “Aimee, do we have an antibiotic ointment with pain relief in it? I may need some gauze pads and adhesive tape too.”

“Yes, Anna, we have what you want,” Aimee said. “If someone will go to the store room, I will direct them to those supplies.”

While we were talking, I saw Petra struggling to hold her eyes open and look at us. She gave up and snuggled close to Pyotr with her arm over him and her face hidden under his cheek.

Anna put her hand on Petra’s shoulder and gently shook her. She opened her eyes and looked up at Anna with those beautiful blue eyes but without registering comprehension.

“Petra, my name is Anna. I’m a nurse. I’ll take care of your back in just a few minutes. You’re safe and no one will hurt you anymore. Do you need to pee?”

Carrying Pyotr back from the toilet, I again smelled something unusual. I tried to identify it but couldn’t. As soon as we were back in her room, I asked Aimee if she could smell something from the girl and boy. Anna leaned over and sniffed Petra.

“Yes, David, there is something unusual in the way the boy and girl smell but I cannot identify it,” Aimee answered. “I do not have that ability.”

Anna just shrugged.

“Pyotr, where were you just before you were transported here?” I asked. “I smell something on your body that makes me think of a busy highway after a rain. What were you doing?”

He struggled to respond. "The car ran off the road into a...a pond... some water beside the road to the airport. We were screaming...the water was pouring in and the car was sinking."

"Aimee, it sounds like they were in dirty water. I think we need to bathe them and give them an antibiotic," Anna said. "Do you agree?"

"Yes, Anna, I will dispense an antibiotic in liquid form and two bottles of juice," Aimee said. "You should give them the medication before you bathe them. Encourage them to drink as much as possible."

"Can we help, Anna?" Jean-Nicole asked.

I glanced toward the door and saw James, Toby, and Jean-Nicole standing there.

"Aimee, let the others in the room," Anna said. "Let's give them the medicine and something to drink. Then we're all going to give them a good bath, including a shampoo for this wild hair. Girls will take Petra. Boys will take Pyotr."

Pyotr and Petra were unresponsive while we were bathing them but they quietly cooperated when four guys and three girls, all naked too, gave them a good scrubbing from their heads to their toes. I saw Petra smile slightly when Jean-Nicole was shampooing her hair. Pyotr grinned when Toby rubbed his penis and testicles and James washed the crack of his ass at the same time. The stripes on their buttocks and body were hard to look at and, when we toweled them dry, there was a little pink on the towels.

When we were through, I asked James and Toby to make up a bed in the room where Anna and I slept. I knew sleep was the best medication for the journey but I didn't know what had been used in drugging them and I wanted them watched. I asked Aimee to monitor them closely and to call us if there was any change in their vital signs.

Anna and Jean-Nicole cared for Petra first. They talked her into laying there in the bed flat on her belly, still naked, while they gently smeared ointment on the red stripes on her skinny little-girl body and her beautiful little derriere. I wondered again how anyone could be so evil as to whip a child like that. Then they helped her put on a chemise and crawl further into the bed.

Pyotr took her place. They tenderly treated his back and buttocks and then asked him to sit up. I grinned when I saw his genitals. His penis had softened after he peed but he again had about five inches of hard

penis with an uncapped red head and with a couple of small testicles in a pink scrotum. At least he was responsive in that way.

They ignored his condition and helped him with a chemise. He lay down with his back toward us and Petra turned the same way and moved back against him. I watched as he put his right leg over her left leg, one arm over her chest, and his head just behind hers in her hair. Evidently he was tickled by her hair; he moved back a little, sighed, and relaxed. From the way they behaved, I guessed that they were used to sleeping with each other.

I knew his hard penis was probably nosing into the warm spot between her thighs. Like a camel getting his nose in the tent, I knew that if the head of his penis ever nestled between the little lips of her pussy he was going to end up balls-deep in her and eventually give her a dose of his sperm. I knew she shouldn't be impregnated by her brother or anyone else for years. But how to stop it! That's the problem.

There was almost no conversation while we prepared breakfast. I suppose everybody was as shocked and subdued as I was from seeing two children abused and drugged. I wanted to learn what had happened to them as soon as possible so we could help erase the psychological scars while their bodies healed the physical ones.

"Aimee, how are the twins vital signs?" I asked when we were ready to eat. "Are they sleeping? If they show any signs of alertness before lunch, perhaps they would enjoy eating with us."

"David, their heart rate, respiration, and temperature are all within normal ranges for someone who is sleeping," she answered. "They seem to be in deep sleep but I do not believe they are in any danger. I will call you if there are any changes."

As soon as we finished eating, I called for a conference.

"We've got a difficult job ahead of us," I started. "We've got to salvage two very young people who have been horribly abused. I want you all to give me your ideas on how we can help them, just ideas for the next day or two. I'll start off and then I want you all to give me your thoughts. OK?"

They all nodded.

"Well, first, when they wake up, I want somebody to volunteer to introduce each of us. Who wants to do that?"

“Let me, David,” James volunteered. “I can do it.”

“I can too, David,” Jean-Nicole said.

“OK, James introduce guys; Jean-Nicole introduce girls.”

“Introduce Lucky first,” Toby advised. “He thinks he’s the most important one here. He’s going to be eager to greet them.”

Lucky had just finished gobbling down his breakfast but was already sniffing around for something else to eat. If he started for the front door, James knew to take him outdoors to poop.

“I agree, David,” Jean-Nicole said. “Lucky can start off by loving them first. I think anybody would be cheered up when he greets them.”

“I’d like to suggest something for later, maybe sometime during the next few days,” Iain said. “Let’s all give them a big hug and welcome them to the family.”

“OK, good suggestions,” I said.

“Are we still having spaghetti for lunch today?” Toby asked. “Let’s wake them up so they can eat with us. Everybody likes spaghetti.”

“What are we going to be wearing when they wake up?” James asked. “I don’t think they would be ready for a bunch of half-naked people. Do you think we should put on some clothes?”

“Let’s all wear loincloths as usual,” Jean-Nicole said. “When they wake up, Anna and I can treat their wounds and then bring them to dinner dressed the same way we are. And, Toby, we are having spaghetti for lunch if somebody helps me make it.”

“OK,” I said. “And would you and Anna work together every time you take care of their wounds? You’re the head chef and now you’re the assistant nurse.”

“They’re going to want to know where they are and how they got here,” Iain said. “I can tell them but I’d like to wait a day or two until they’re clear headed.”

I nodded. Another good suggestion

“We should all be very loving and kind to them,” Anna said. “Don’t smother them. Give them a chance to come to us. Somebody could

take them to see Lightning and his family, maybe today if they wake up early enough.”

“The temperature this morning is sixteen degrees,” Aimee said. “The sky is covered with gray clouds and the wind is blowing. Please dress accordingly.”

“Thank you, Aimee,” Anna responded.

“It’s good weather to stay indoors and play chess,” James said. “Maybe they know how and if they don’t maybe we could teach them.”

“There’s something else we need to think about,” I said. “I don’t know what to do about it. What are we going to do about sex with them around?”

They all stared at me. I suppose they were all thinking.

“Look, I’m supposed to be the protector to keep all of you safe from harm. Pyotr and Petra may be children but I think they’re going to be interested in sex very soon. I believe we all like having sex together, playing around, I mean. Will they fit in? I don’t want any decisions now. In a few days, we might all gather in the lounge and talk about it. I already know I want Aimee to teach them about sex, maybe with a course for the very young.”

“I can do that, David,” Aimee said. “Please let them talk to me by themselves and I can evaluate their knowledge about sex. I can tailor a program specifically for them.”

“OK, morning assignments. We let the twins sleep as long as they will. The girls prepare spaghetti for lunch. The guys go with me to burn the limb piles in the new garden. We can probably do that this morning and be back for lunch. Is that OK with everybody?”

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Pyotr and Petra woke up just before lunch, reasonably clearheaded. Anna and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole made sure they could walk to the toilet by themselves, treated their wounds again, got them dressed in loincloths, and brought them to the kitchen. They explained that the guys were working outdoors and would be back shortly. Jean-Nicole had just taken fresh bread out of the oven and the twins appreciatively sniffed it. Caitlyn asked the twins to help her slice it, put garlic and olive oil on it, and lightly toast it for lunch. Anna had the pot boiling for our latest attempt at pasta. And that’s when the five

of us, Lucky included, walked in, one prancing dog and four dirty smoky-smelly guys dressed like characters from Sherwood Forest.

James did a good job of introducing the guys but I don't think the twins were interested. They were squatting on the floor while Lucky ran from one to the other, gyrating wildly, trying to lick their faces. Everybody was smiling when he was satisfied that he knew the twins and finally calmed down. Anna sent us to the shower and told us to hurry back. Lunch was almost ready. We returned shortly dressed in our indoor loincloths.

Lunch was garlic bread and pasta shaped like little shells covered with deer-meat spaghetti sauce. It was a big hit with all of us. I thought James and Toby would never stop eating. From the way the twins dug into their servings, it was evident that they were hungry too.

After lunch, I asked James and Toby to show them around our home. When James held out his hand to Petra, she looked at Anna, unsure of what to do. Anna told her that it was OK, to take his hand, that we all liked to hold hands with someone when we walked. Toby held out his hand to Pyotr and he warily took it. I watched as the two couples left the kitchen and then started taking the dirty dishes to the sink. The girls tried to help but Iain made them sit back down and he helped me clean up. When they came back, they had switched partners and Toby was holding Petra's hand.

"Pyotr asked me if they had to sleep in the bedchamber with you and Anna, David," Toby said. "I told him they had been put in your bedchamber because it was the closest one so we could watch them and they could probably have one of their own when they were ready.

He raised his eyebrows and I knew he was asking me if he had done the right thing. I nodded.

"Pyotr, I'm going to protect you and Petra from now on," I said. "We all will. I'm going to make sure nobody ever beats you and Petra again. Anna and I want you to feel safe. When you understand that you are safe here, you and Petra can have your own bedroom if you want it."

James reinforced what I said. "David, I told them about how you took care of me and bathed me when I came here and Toby told them how we all gave him a bath and scrubbed all his meanness away. I told them they should think of the bath they got as sort of washing away all the bad things in their life."

“Yeah, you and Petra can trust him,” Toby said. “He’s a good guy and he’ll do what he says. He’s our leader. He’s like a father to me and James. I’m really happy here for the first time in my life.”

“Are we really safe, David?” Pyotr asked. “I feel like I’m supposed to take care of my sister and I couldn’t do it.”

“Yes, you could, Pyotr,” Petra said. “You did. I don’t know where we are but we’re here and we’re both alive. I guess he’s dead and I’m glad we killed him.”

“When you’re ready, we want you to tell us what happened to you and what you did,” Anna said. “If he’s the one who beat you, I’m glad you killed him too.”

“I told them about Lightning,” James said. “They want to see him and Thunder and their little ones. Can we go?”

“Sure,” I said. “It’s cold outside today so we need to put on some clothes before we go. Ladies help Petra. Guys help Pyotr.”

In the clothing storeroom, I casually dropped my loincloth and then watched as all the others followed my example. Pyotr and Petra checked out all of us and then dropped their loincloths too. Everybody was nonchalant about our nudity. I noticed that all the others had followed my example in another way. All of us had grown a light covering of pubic hair. Jean-Nicole’s was barely visible. I looked closely at Petra and then at Pyotr and saw a small tangle of blond pubic hairs on their mounds.

“Petra, you and Pyotr are twins; aren’t you?” Anna asked. “How old are you?”

“Yes, we’re twins and we’ve just turned fourteen,” Petra said and then grinned. “Pyotr says we’re identical twins but I don’t think he’s right since I’ve got an inny and he’s got an outy.”

“Toby’s fourteen,” James said. “I’m fifteen.”

“I’m fifteen and Iain is eighteen,” Caitlyn said, and grinned. “He’s my husband. He robbed the cradle but he didn’t know how young I really was.”

“Well, I’m seventeen and I’m not married and I’m not in a hurry to get married,” Jean-Nicole said.

“And Anna and I are twenty-five and twenty-six,” I said. “We’re just an old married couple too.”

“Don’t listen to him when he says things like that, Petra,” James said. “He’s not only our protector but he’s also our leader. I’m glad he’s older than me and got more sense.”

“Even Lucky has more sense than you,” Toby said.

James flipped him a bird. Toby stuck out his tongue at James. They were both grinning as usual. Petra didn’t know what to think of their antics.

“Well, when is somebody going to tell us where we are and how we got here,” Pyotr asked.

“It’s a long story and I’ll tell you and Petra everything tomorrow,” Iain said. “This afternoon, we want to take you outdoors and then show you something. Just wait ‘til you see Lucky playing with Lightning and Thunder.”

The twins grinned and pranced around and admired themselves when they were dressed in their Sherwood Forest outfits. James and Toby had made Robin Hood hats for all of us and had even made some extras. They had been collecting big feathers to go in the hats and they insisted each of us choose our feather, Petra and Pyotr first.

When we took them outdoors, the twins marveled at the beauty of our mountain home. James and Lucky took them to the highest level of the terraces where there was a clear view of the sea. The rest of us waited, looking at the expressions of wonder on the twin’s faces.

The outdoor temperature and the wind were uncomfortable but nobody complained. The sky was crystal blue without a cloud and I knew a cold front had passed through during the night. Most of the fall color had faded but there was still a patchwork of colors where deciduous trees predominated and green where coniferous were grouped. I remembered the awe I felt the first time I saw our world.

When we started down the mountain, James held Petra’s hand and Toby held Pyotr’s. I held out both my hands to Anna and Jean-Nicole. Caitlyn claimed Iain as usual. We ambled along slowly for a while and then James started skipping and singing, “We’re off to see the wizard.” And of course the rest of us started skipping and singing too. It made me think of the last time I had tried to skip with two women.

James didn't have to restrain Lucky at the outcropping of rocks where Lightning and his family lived. He told him sit and Lucky sat. James made the kissy sound with the back of his hand that announced our presence and Lucky emphasized it with a few barks. We all stood waiting. Lightning came out first, charged directly at Lucky, and Lucky ran from him.

"Just watch," Toby said. "Lucky likes to get Lightning to chase him. If Lightning stops, Lucky will turn around and bark a couple of times and then he'll run around some more with Lightning chasing him."

"Yeah, Lucky likes Lightning and his family," James said. "He never has threatened them. Maybe he thinks they're dogs too."

James had come prepared with treats for the chipmunks. He gave one to Lightning, one to Thunder, and tossed a couple to their little ones. Then he twirled a circle over a rock with his hand and Lightning ran around the rock, stood up, cocked his head to one side, and waited. James gave Petra a treat and she held out her hand to Lightning and he promptly took it. Before I stopped them, Pyotr and Petra had Lightning and Thunder running in circles and then begging for treats. Even Lucky got treated. He didn't run in circles. Each time he barked twice, put a begging look on his face, and James gave him a treat.

When we started back home, Pyotr came to me and held out his hand. I was surprised but I took it and then recognized that he was holding back. I knew he wanted to talk to me.

"David, are you going to do it Anna tonight?" he asked, when we were the last ones on the trail.

I suppose he saw the surprise that registered on my face. Before I could answer, he continued.

"I mean, are you going to fuck Anna tonight?" he asked.

"Pyotr, would you let me start teaching you about sex?" I asked.

He nodded yes.

"Anna and I love each other very much, Pyotr. We show that love in lots of ways and one way is by having sex with each other. Sometimes I fuck her and sometimes she fucks me. Most of the time, we make love. Do you know the difference between fucking and making love?"

He nodded no.

“When you’re concentrating only on your own satisfaction and you’re not thinking of the other person, I call that fucking. When you’re trying to please the other person as much as yourself, maybe more, I call that making love.”

“Well, if you are, could Petra and I have our own bedroom?” he asked.

“If you and Petra want to have your own room, you can choose one just as soon as we get back.”

“David, he never made love to our mother,” Pyotr said. “He made us watch them sometimes and he just fucked her.”

“Who’s he? What’s his name?”

“Our stepfather. I don’t know his real name. He said his name was Robert Williams but I know it wasn’t. I’m glad we killed him.”

“When you’re ready to talk about that, Anna and I want you to tell us. OK?”

“OK. We just wanted to get away but we had to kill him first, David. I think he was going to take us somewhere and sell us.”

TO BE CONTINUED: