

A World of My Choosing

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

Chapter Thirty-One

I wasn't thinking of having sex on the night after Pyotr and Petra arrived. I really wasn't. The abuse that had been done to their beautiful child bodies had disturbed me too much and that was all I could think about during the day. I had hoped that our next arrival would be a young man, about eighteen years old, possibly to be a mate for Jean-Nicole. I wasn't prepared to see what had been done to the children and I was thinking of what I or the others could do to heal the damage to their spirits. Perhaps Anna understood what was causing my subdued and somber state for most of the day.

Dinner was another tribute to Jean-Nicole's talents: fish and bread and vegetables, all prepared to perfection. It may sound ordinary but it was anything but that. Pyotr and Petra had good appetites again and so did all the rest of us. James and Toby tried to create an atmosphere of fun and playfulness but they hardly succeeded. Since the ladies had cooked again, the guys, except for Pyotr, cleaned up afterwards. I didn't feel like asking him to help us.

We sat around in the kitchen for an hour or so, just talking, until Anna saw that Pyotr and Petra were showing signs of being ready for bed again. She and Jean-Nicole took them to their own bedroom to care for their wounds before they went to sleep. Iain and Caitlyn kept whispering to James and Toby. I guessed they were up to something but I had no idea what. My back and arm muscles were a little painful from tossing big logs on the fires that morning so I decided to let a hot shower ease my aches.

But first I followed Anna and Jean-Nicole to the bedroom Pyotr and Petra had chosen. I didn't say anything. I just stood there and watched as first Petra and then Pyotr laid belly-down while Anna and Jean-Nicole smeared something on their wounds again. When they put

clean chemises on the two of them, I decided the show was over so I left.

I went to the toilet for a good piss, came back out in the hall to go to the bathing chamber, and saw Caitlyn just going into the bed chamber she and Iain shared, followed by James and Toby. Toby saw me come out of the toilet and grinned at me. I knew the four of them had something planned to do. As a foursome, that was new. I had no idea what they were going to do but I guessed it included sex. If James or Toby got at Caitlyn, that would be a first. I couldn't imagine who would get sloppy seconds or thirds. Damn, just the thought registered with my dick.

I went in the bathing chamber, adjusted a shower to comfortably hot, and hung onto the shower head while the water beat down on my back. A moment later, I felt a touch on my right shoulder and looked back at Anna, smiling at me. Then a touch on my left shoulder made me look at Jean-Nicole, smiling just as wickedly. I turned around and held out two welcoming arms to two beautiful naked females.

Have you ever stood under a hot shower with two women, one under each arm, while they played with you? Two hands on my butt cheeks, two hands playing with my penis and testicles: what man could want for more? Somebody's fingers between my cheeks feeling for my asshole, somebody else's fingers trying to follow: I didn't care. I clenched my gluteus maximus muscles to try to prevent their intrusion. That just made me roll my pelvis forward and my penis stood up taller. Somebody's hand gently slid the skin up and down. Somebody else's hand cupped my testicles. Shit! I'd let them stuff a hard dick up my asshole if they had one.

In our bed this time, I let them take charge. Again, I was in the middle with Anna cuddled up to me on one side, Jean-Nicole on the other. We talked a while, they played, and I was in heaven. Then both went down on me at the same time. I let them suck dick and lick balls for a while and then decided all I wanted down there was one mouth and one set of hands.

I pulled Anna up and she understood and knee-walked over me until she was straddling my head. I put a pillow under my neck and she settled down on my face with my mouth just where I wanted it: under her pussy. I held my arms up, found two soft breasts and caught two nipples between the thumb and first finger on each hand. I gave a

tentative lick, felt her little lips, and set about getting them separated so I could lick her clit with each upward swipe. Very quickly I succeeded and I heard her moan a deep sigh. As I licked over the entrance to her vagina, I tasted her familiar Anna arousal and I slowed down and leisurely feasted on her pussy.

At the same time, Jean-Nicole was feasting on a hard dick, mine, in no hurry to consume it, just the right combination of hand and mouth action. I felt no urge to rush to orgasm. I was as hot and horny as I've ever been but I didn't want it to end anytime soon. I wanted to give two women each a good fuck. From the way they were playing with me, I felt sure that was what they wanted.

After a while, they swapped. I didn't know what their signal was but I didn't care. Jean-Nicole settled her little pussy on my mouth. I reached up, found two smaller breasts, and gently pinched two little nipples. I gave a long lick from her asshole – I'd rubbed it clean in the shower with my finger - to perineum to vagina to clit, and I tasted the acrid, sweet, strange taste of her vagina's lubrication. I knew she was ready too. When I felt the first hint of wanting to come, I stopped both of them.

"I'm ready," I said. "Who's first?"

"Jean-Nicole," Anna said. "I'll be second if you can still get it up."

"Fuck you," I whispered.

"Yeah, that's what you're going to do," she answered.

"Anna, he's your husband," Jean-Nicole said. "You should go first."

"No, he's hot and ready and wanting," Anna said. "He won't last long with you. I want him second so he can give me a long leisurely fucking."

Jean-Nicole didn't argue. She wiggled around and ended up on her back, knees raised and separated, arms welcoming. I was surprised. She was being subservient.

"Missionary position?" I asked.

"Yeah! Fuck me!" she answered.

As soon as I was in position on top of Jean-Nicole, Anna moved closer, relaxed on her side, head propped with one arm, and nodded for me to give Jean-Nicole what she wanted. She rubbed the head of my dick up and down in Jean-Nicole's juicy slit and I began.

In a couple of minutes, I had finally accomplished my appointed task. I had slowly and patiently persisted until my penis was balls-deep in Jean-Nicole's tight little pussy. I had listened to all her groans and grunts and moans and endured all her wiggles and squirms and humps. It was her insistence that I be on top of her in the old-fashioned missionary position and that's where we were. We were belly to belly and her soft little breasts were flattened against my chest. She had her arms clasped over me holding me down with one hand behind my head in an open-mouthed tongue-tangling spit-swapping duel. Her legs were squeezing me around my waist and her ankles were locked over my ass with one heel bumping me right in the crack. Damn, I still felt subservient to her.

Anna lay there on her side close to us, watching, a smile playing on her red lips, her head propped up with one hand, and the other hand between her legs, fingers moving. I was determined to give Jean-Nicole a good fuck that left her pussy full-to-overflowing with my semen. Why did she have to choose that moment to say it?

"David, Anna says I should ask you. Would you give me a baby?"

"What?"

"Would you give me a baby? I don't mean right now. I mean someday. Anna says it's OK with her as long as you give her one first."

I looked at Anna. She nodded and smiled so wide her dimples showed.

"Is she serious?" I asked and then looked down at Jean-Nicole's beautiful eyes. "Are you serious?"

"She's entirely serious, David," Anna said. "She and I are completely in agreement. You should give any of the ten women who come here a baby if they want one of yours."

I looked at Anna again, said "Shit!", and then turned back to Jean-Nicole.

"Anna told me she thought you'd give your love to another one of the ten guys who come here, not to me. He's the one who should give you a baby."

“Well, maybe he could give me my first one and you could give me my second one. Anyway, I don’t want one for a few years yet.”

“Maybe you should marry him and he should give you all your babies.”

“But I might not want to marry one of them. I already know I want a man, not a boy. Only five more are coming and I might not want to marry one of them if they’re all as young as Pyotr. If that happens, Anna says I might ask you to marry me.”

“Damn! I’m already married to her!”

“I know but you could have two wives; couldn’t you?” Jean-Nicole persisted. “She and I are already good friends and we get along great. She says it would be OK with her.”

I looked at Anna and saw her grinning. I knew they had planned this. I shut my eyes and shook my head to try to get some sense in it. They both knew she was going to ask me the question and they waited until my balls were resting on Jean-Nicole’s soft little ass cheeks to ask me. Damn. They knew I would agree to anything when I had my dick in a pussy and was just ready to give somebody a good fuck.

Anna moved over closer to us and patted me on the ass. “Just think about it, David. I don’t mind if you have a lot more children than I can give you. When all of us women get in child-bearing mode, we can have twenty or more children running around here in a few years. Wouldn’t that be nice?”

“I don’t want to think about it,” I said. “I want to go bear hunting.”

“Well, you don’t have to think about it right now. You just go ahead and give Jean-Nicole a good fuck and then we’ll let you rest a few minutes before you give me my turn. I’m like Aimee. I like to watch. I like to see your big dick going in her pussy.”

“Aimee, are you watching too?” I asked.

“Yes, David, you gave me permission to watch you so I’m always observing. I find what you are doing with Jean-Nicole fascinating.”

“Can you see between my legs where my dick is going in her pussy?”

“No, David, when you are in one of the bed alcoves, I can only see you in a side view.”

“Well, at least I have a little privacy left.”

“David, be a good boy and give Jean-Nicole a good fuck,” Anna said.

“Shit,” I said.

I should have known they were up to something. Earlier, I had stood there behind them while they were getting Petra ready for bed, listening to them whisper, thinking they were talking about Petra, not thinking about why they kept throwing glances at me, thinking maybe they were talking about Pyotr, standing there to one side. They had cared for Petra first, talked her into letting them remove her chemise and laying there in the bed flat on her belly with her skinny little-girl body naked and her beautiful little derriere shining, while they oh so gently washed her back and buttocks and rubbed the red stripes with ointment. Then they helped her put on a fresh chemise and crawl further into the bed. I wondered again how anyone could be so evil as to whip a child like that.

Pyotr took her place. They tenderly washed and treated his back and buttocks and then asked him to sit up. I grinned when I saw his genitals. He had about four or five inches of hard milky-white pointing-up penis with an uncapped red head and a soft drooping pink scrotum with a couple of quail’s eggs in it. Only fourteen years old and already responding like a man. Damn.

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, his head just behind hers in her hair, got tickled by her hair, moved back a little, sighed, relaxed.

I assumed his pointing penis was 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 baby-makers. I knew she shouldn’t be impregnated by her brother or anyone else for years. But how to stop it! That’s the question.

I gave Jean-Nicole one tentative thrust. Nobody was going to stop me. I was going to fill one tight pussy to overflowing with my baby-makers and then give another the same thing.

It is bad enough when one woman is determined to drive a man wild. But two? Both did their best to make me lose consciousness in my big head and to start thinking with my little head. They expected me to give both of them a good fuck, Jean-Nicole first and Anna second. I

knew I could do it. I'd come twice in Anna's pussy often enough. All I needed was a short refractory period and a hand or mouth to jump-start me and I was good to go again. In Flagstaff, I'd come four times in one day in Anna's welcoming pussy. Maybe I could do both of them twice. Who needs sleep?

And now she's asked me that damned question. I couldn't think about it and still give her the kind of fuck I was determined to deliver. I shook all thoughts out of my head and started sliding my penis in and out of in her tight little pussy. That worked. I slowly quit thinking at all and the only thing I was aware of was how it felt to have my penis moving in her pussy. I slid my arms partially under her back, curved my hands around on her shoulders to hold her in place, and started fucking her.

After a while, I caught one leg under my arm, pushed back, caught the other, and let her ankles come to rest on my shoulders. I resumed fucking her. I was in no hurry. I just enjoyed pounding the hell out of her until an orgasm snuck up on me and my balls started squirting my molten spine into her pussy. I thrust into her repeatedly in time with each pulse in my penis and finally crashed with the head against her cervix bathed in a hot puddle of my baby-makers and her juices.

When I regained consciousness and rolled off Jean-Nicole, Anna was waiting with warm washcloths. She tucked one washcloth between Jean-Nicole's thighs and then she wiped my penis clean, milked it down, and caught the last dollop with her mouth. And that's when it occurred to me that there was something missing, something that had not happened, maybe. I turned back to Jean-Nicole.

"Did you come?"

"Uuummm."

"Dammit, did you come?"

"Yes, David," she whispered. "I came. Couldn't you tell?"

"I was busy."

She stretched out with her hands above her head and her toes pointed in the opposite direction. I waited until she relaxed.

"I came, David," she whispered. "You're a good fucker. Do it again."

"Wait 'til Anna has a turn," I said, and flopped down on my back.

My face and chest and armpits were wet with sweat but I was temporarily too wrung out to care. Anna cared. She wiped my face as gently as she had wiped Petra's. I stretched my arms until I bumped the wall of the alcove and waited. Anna wiped my throat, my chest, my armpits, my belly, my penis, and last my testicles. I thought about turning over so she could do my back but I was afraid she'd wipe my ass too. When she was through with me, she crawled over me to Jean-Nicole and gave her the same treatment. She used a different washcloth.

When we finally settled down, I was flat on my back, pillows under my neck and my knees, eyes closed, hands together on my stomach. Anna was on her left side, right leg over one of mine, one hand on my chest, idly playing and pulling on the hair in the center and around my nipples. Jean-Nicole was on her right side, left leg over one of mine, fingers idly trying to pull my short pubic hair that I was letting grow back.

A little lurking thought finally surfaced in my mind and I knew why I could never take Jean-Nicole as a second wife.

"Jean-Nicole, there's a good reason why I don't want you to give your love to me," I said.

"Just as long as I let you fuck me, huh?" she answered.

"Shut up," I said. "It has nothing to do with you. It's because Anna and I are...we love each other in a way that...shit! It's hard to explain."

"Just be patient, Love," Anna said. "I can wait a while for my fuck."

I told Jean-Nicole how I felt when I first saw Anna, how I felt that we were destined to be together and how it had been in Flagstaff and how empty I felt when I came here without her and how complete I felt when she arrived. I tried to explain how we sometimes became one when we made love and I felt her body's responses as much as I felt my own, that we were not like two bodies but like one, and I felt her emotions too and I knew with certainty that she loved me and I loved her and we always would.

"So don't say I don't love you," I said, finally. "I do but I can't love you like I love Anna. I want you to find your own man and give yourself to him completely. Maybe he will surrender to you the same way and the two of you can have the same kind of love and marriage that Anna and I do."

"He's very eloquent; isn't he?" Jean-Nicole said.

“Yes, sometimes he amazes me,” Anna answered.

They talked back and forth over me. I listened. I had said all I had to say. They played. I enjoyed it. My penis was still engorged and almost ready to stand up again. Anna leaned over and sucked on one nipple and pinched the other. Jean-Nicole leaned over and licked my belly button clean. Somebody’s fingers tickled my testicles. Somebody traced up the shaft of my penis with one sharp fingernail. My penis liked what they were doing. It straightened up toward my navel and began to top off its blood bank.

I sat up, pushed Anna back, and knee-walked until I was between her spread legs. She looked up at me, gave me a welcoming smile, and held out her arms to enclose me. Jean-Nicole scooted up closer to us and propped her head on one arm to watch. She moved the cloth from between her thighs and curved her hand over her mound with two fingers hidden.

“I love you, Anna,” I said. “I want to be one with you again.”

“I love you too, David, she said. “I want you to fuck me. If we become one, I charge extra.”

She smiled at me and I saw her pink tongue lick her red lips and I wanted to kiss her. “I love your mouth,” I said, and, on splayed arms, bent over and found her mouth with mine. I wanted her pink tongue in my mouth. She gave it to me. I sucked on it and gave her mine in return.

I pulled back up and looked down at her again. Her breasts were soft and relaxed, drooped just a little to each side, nipples already pointy. “I love your breasts,” I said, and she cupped her hands under them and offered them to me. I bent over again and sucked on first one nipple and then the other. I wanted her breasts heavy and drooling milk for me to drink. I wanted to fuck her and squirt a few million sperm into her womb and make a baby in her.

I pulled back up, saw her eyes closed, a smile on her red lips. She lifted her pelvis toward me. “I love your pussy too, especially when it’s a cunt and hot for my cock,” I said. “I especially love it them.”

I wanted my mouth on her pussy but that was a challenge in the bed alcove. I knew I could make her lay crossways on the mattress with her legs hanging off and me on the floor between them taking long licks up between her thighs. I had done that often enough but that wasn’t what I wanted this time.

I slid my hands under her soft derriere, lifted her up until only her shoulders and head were on the bed, and gave her a long lick from her pink-brown pucker, over her perineum, over the entrance to her vagina, between the squiggly little lips, all the way to the hard bump of her clitoris. I did it again and again until the lips were spread to each side and I saw the coral and red and pink inside her pussy. I pulled back and looked at the feast I held in my hands. Her clitoris, her little penis, was blood red and poking out of its hood for almost a half inch. I pursed my lips and sucked on it until she squealed and stuck her hands in my hair and pulled.

I lowered her to the bed and pulled her legs up around my hips. She stuck both hands between us, notched the head of my penis in the entrance to her vagina, and then wrapped her arms around my chest. I pushed and felt that wonderful feeling of the smooth shiny head of my penis pushing her wet hot vaginal walls apart until I was balls deep in her. I began to flex my hips, slowly let my beast loose, and all too soon my body squirted out its life into her welcoming cunt. I lay there, breath rasping in and out of my nostrils, lost in the afterglow of our fucking until I couldn't hold myself suspended on top of her any more. I rolled off her and flopped on my back between her and Jean-Nicole.

Jean-Nicole reached over, patted my penis right on its slimy head, said "Good boy," and grinned at me. I shut my eyes and lay there while she wiped my penis and testicles clean.

I was through, exhausted, shot, fucked out, drained, but there was one more thing I wanted to do before I surrendered to Morpheus. I wanted to look at Pyotr and Petra again. After a few minutes, I crawled out of the bed, from between Anna and Jean-Nicole, two naked bodies in the almost-dark night, smelling of sweat and sex. I staggered out of our bed chamber, across the hallway into the toilet to the row of urinals, and pissed in blessed relief.

Back in the hallway, I told Aimee where I was going and asked her to light Pyotr's and Petra's bedchamber just enough for me to see them. She reported that they seemed to be in deep sleep and all their vital signs were normal.

Pyotr and Petra were both naked and I wondered why they had removed their chemises. They had swapped places and Petra's back was toward me. Pyotr was sleeping flat on his back and one arm was around Petra's shoulders. She was sleeping on her side and her head was on Pyotr's shoulder. The stripes on her back and buttocks already seemed to be lighter. One of her legs was across both of his and one of

her arms was across his stomach. In the dim light, I could barely see where her hand was. I looked closer and saw that her fingers were cupped around his testicles. His penis was between her thumb and hand, swollen but not erect, a fat little appendage, foreskin pulled back, head dark in the dim light, not red. I smiled. Anna and Jean-Nicole had both been holding my penis and testicles just before I rolled out of the bed and I couldn't tell whose hand was holding what.

I looked at two beautiful faces, relaxed and innocent in sleep, at the tangles of their blond hair, at their slim arms and legs and bodies. They were perfect children, the children of some fairy tale, almost too beautiful to be real. I stood there studying them for some time, reluctant to stop looking at them. I wanted so much to help them. With the love that Jean-Nicole and Anna had given me, I resolved to do my best.

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Over the following days, Pyotr and Petra gradually told us about their lives. They were fourteen-year old twins, their birthdays just a month ago, names chosen by their mother from her Russian background.

Their mother was an intelligent woman but very capricious and always quickly tiring of one thing and wanting to move on to another. She had numerous lovers or boyfriends and three husbands over the years. She was still married to one husband at the time of her death.

Pyotr and Petra were both virgins. When questioned in private by Anna, Petra seemed proud that her menses had begun and she had already had two periods. I talked to Pyotr in private and he also seemed proud that he was beginning puberty and could now "shoot off" when he masturbated. I told him how proud I had been when I started ejaculating just after my thirteenth birthday.

The twins were given little love by their mother or her husbands and so they gave all their love to each other. They were inseparable, regularly together during the day and even at night when they usually slept together in identical pajamas. When the stepfather learned that, he mildly complained but he didn't try to make them sleep separately.

The last husband was a foreigner but he never made it clear what country he was from. He never seemed to work and he was gone for days at a time, saying only that he was on business trips. He was good to the mother and children at first and took them lots of places like

the zoo and museum and concerts. At the beginning of summer, after school was out, he moved them to a nice new apartment in a different school district. The twins didn't want to leave their old school but didn't complain. He gave all of them a completely new wardrobe of clothes, the mother a new car, and the twins a new computer. The twins almost lived on the computer and they had no restrictions on their internet use.

Then one late-summer day, their mother died suddenly and supposedly naturally. The stepfather said she had been running a fever and complaining of aches for a few days before her death but the children had seen no signs of illness. The twins thought that perhaps the stepfather had given her an overdose of drugs or maybe poisoned her. There was no funeral since the mother had never professed any religious beliefs. She was simply cremated with a death certificate which the stepfather provided.

Shortly after her death, their stepfather said he was taking them to a theme park in Florida for a vacation. They drove in the mother's car from their New York hometown to Orlando with a one-night stop.

At the stop, the twins wanted to sleep together and their stepfather said they could. The children were sure they had packed their pajamas in their suitcase but they couldn't find them. When they asked their stepfather what to do, he said they could sleep in the nude. They bathed together as usual, turned off the shower, and started to dry themselves. Then their stepfather walked into the bathroom, naked. He insisted on toweling them dry and they reluctantly acceded. They had never been naked around him before and were uneasy but he did nothing to alarm them. He bathed after they did, singing something in a foreign language, and came out naked with a damp towel around his neck, still humming a tune.

He let the twins choose their bed and then lay down on the other, still naked. Pyotr as usual was protective of his sister and lay down on the side next to the stepfather's bed. The stepfather turned on the TV and searched through the TV offerings until he found what he thought was a kid's program. He smiled at them, turned off the bedside light, and settled down propped up on pillows. They watched television for a while and then went to sleep.

They arrived in Orlando late on the next afternoon, had take-out from a fast-food place, and then checked in at a motel. As on the previous

night, the twins bathed first and again the stepfather insisted on toweling them dry. He smiled and hummed a tune while doing it. He pressed the towel against their genitals, didn't touch them with his hands, and did nothing to alarm them. After he bathed, they went to bed, naked again, watched television for a while, and then slept.

The next morning, the stepfather asked the twins to choose some nice casual clothes and to get dressed while he shaved. Pyotr saw something like tickets in the stepfather's open suitcase and was curious which amusement park they were going to. He checked that the bathroom door was closed enough so their stepfather couldn't see them and then pulled the tickets out. He was horrified by the implications of what he saw: airline tickets for three first from Orlando to Paris and then to Riyadh in Saudi Arabia, but not in their names. He and his sister were staring at the tickets when the stepfather walked out of the bathroom.

The stepfather said the tickets were a surprise for them and that he was talking them to Saudi Arabia to see the biggest amusement park in the world. Pyotr didn't believe him. He asked why they had come to Orlando when they could have flown out of airports in New York. The stepfather offered excuses but Pyotr knew he was lying and that he had some sort of plan for them.

Pyota said that he and his sister were not going and they wanted to call the police. The stepfather pulled a rope out of his suitcase, doubled it, and threatened Pyotr with it. The boy said they weren't going again and a gradually-escalating argument ensued. Suddenly the stepfather grabbed him by the wrist and hit him with the rope. Pyota screamed and tried to get away. Petra screamed and tried to attack the stepfather. The three went around in circles with the stepfather trying to get away from Petra and, at the same time, hitting Pyotr with the rope.

Then the stepfather dropped Pyotr's wrist, grabbed Petra's, and started beating her with the rope. Pyotr attacked him but couldn't stop him. He couldn't bear to see his sister beaten so he gave in and screamed that they would go.

The stepfather wiped off Petra's back and buttocks with a washcloth and then wiped off Pyotr's. He stood between them and the door while all of them got dressed. Before they left, the stepfather gave them what he said were pain-relieving pills for their backs. He held them by

their wrists while they went to the car and then made them get in the back seat, locked their doors from his driver's side, and drove away from the motel.

Pyotr managed to stay calm and think about what they could do to escape. He knew they couldn't get out the back doors when they were locked on the driver's control panel. The traffic was too heavy and fast and he knew it would be dangerous for him to interfere with the stepfather's driving. They were trapped and he knew they had to find some way to escape.

When they turned onto the airport roads, traffic slowed and Pyotr thought of a way they might get away. He waited until traffic had slowed even more and then grabbed his stepfather by the head, hands over his eyes, twisted his neck, and pulled back as hard as he could. The car bumped over a curb, ran off the road, and slid into a road-side retention pond. It stopped suddenly, slanted down, and the front airbags exploded. Pyotr kept his grip on his stepfather's head and waited for the airbags to deflate but neither did. The stepfather clawed at Pyotr's hands, trying to break free. Pyotr let go, put his feet behind the stepfather's seat, and pushed.

The stepfather started saying, "I kill you," like the terrorist puppet, but, trapped between the airbag and the seat, he couldn't do anything. Then Pyotr heard air rushing out of the car and water rushing in and he realized he could let the stepfather drown and then force his way to the control panel beside the driver and open the doors to escape.

He screamed for Petra to put her feet next to his and help him push. She scrambled over and they both pushed. The car settled farther, the stepfather struggled but he was trapped. He splashed frantically as more water rushed in. The car settled farther until it was standing almost straight up and it was easier for the two of them to push. They held their legs stiff while the water poured in and gradually covered their stepfather's head. He struggled for what seemed like an eternity but finally went limp. The water was now almost covering Pyotr and Petra. Pyotr took a deep breath and tried to force his way under water to the control panel for the doors. Then something strange happened and he thought he was dying. That was the last he knew until he woke up here.

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One night after they had been with us for a while, I kept thinking of Pyotr and Petra, two abused children about to leave their childhood behind and embark on the journey to adulthood. They were children who had not received the love and care they so desperately needed. Perhaps Pyotr was right in his belief that their stepfather had intended to sell them. I had often heard rumors and tales of young children, particularly blond ones, who had been sold in the countries which treated women as chattel. The wealthy in those countries supposedly valued them as sex slaves. What should I do to help them?

I went in the bedchamber where we threw our dirty clothes until wash day, sorted through my pile, and chose warm outdoor clothes. I dressed in multiple layers, including a hooded top which covered me from head down to mid-thigh. I still wasn't satisfied since I was just going to be sitting so I went in the clothing storeroom and got a heavy blanket. Next I went looking for Anna.

She and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole were sitting in the lounge with Pyotr and Petra. I assumed they were talking about our world and about our colony and, I hoped, about the kind of loving family we were trying to create.

I had talked with Pyotr after he and Petra moved into their own bedchamber. He wanted to sleep with his sister as always and I told him that he must not have sex with her. He seemed to be intelligent and wise beyond his years and knew that he could impregnate her before she even had a period. He insisted that it was his duty to protect her and he always would and would never do anything that put her at risk. I told him that I trusted him to be a man of his word and we shook hands on that.

Pyotr and Petra were gradually becoming accustomed to being apart. Pyotr had gone exploring twice with James and Toby and seemed to love wandering the woods and mountain as much as they did. On one occasion, three grinning boys brought more large white eggs home from the swamp. He also seemed to want to hang around me and to help me when I was working. I think he was beginning to regard me as a father and friend. Petra was eager to help Jean-Nicole with cooking and was often close to Anna. I could see that she thought of Anna as a mother surrogate.

“Anna, I’m going outdoors for a while,” I said. “I’ll be on the top terrace. It’s a good place to go to think. Get Aimee to call me if anybody needs me.”

“It’s cold tonight,” she said. “Don’t get chilled.”

“You can warm me up if I do,” I said.

“You can send him to get a hot shower, Anna,” Petra said. She grinned at me, the same sort of grin that James used when he was having fun with me.

“Maybe I’ll shower with him, Petra,” Anna said. “Maybe all of us girls can give him a good bath. Would you like to help?”

“I would,” Jean-Nicole said.

“Me too,” Caitlyn said.

“I’m leaving before I get in trouble,” I said. “I’m going bear hunting.” I didn’t dare wait to see what Petra said.

I climbed up to the highest level of the terraces, sat down, and wrapped up in the blanket. The night air was still but very cold, and each breath came out of me steaming. The moon was nowhere to be seen and the stars twinkled like a billion diamonds in the sky. I knew this new world in this universe was as uncaring and indifferent as my old one but I was beginning to feel at home in it. I had often felt like a visitor from another planet in my old world. I could never understand how so many held religious beliefs which led to them killing each other. Perhaps we could have a world in which that never happened.

The others had suggested more than once that we should all have another night of sexual play, sex without seriousness, just fun, with no hurry to get to orgasms. I liked to do that too and I knew Anna did. So far we had not had any rules about what was permissible but I felt that a conference to decide on rules or boundaries was needed. Just thinking about it made my penis awaken. I fumbled one hand inside all my clothing and straightened it out so it was against my stomach with room to grow.

When Anna and I had sex, we both liked to have foreplay for an extended period before we surrendered to the final act. The others

seemed to be in agreement on that. Sharing sex with Jean-Nicolle certainly changed my attitude toward her. I still had not enjoyed the final act with Caitlyn but she seemed to be gradually more accepting of the possibility.

But now we had two children to consider. I had been thinking for days trying to decide what the right thing to do was. I knew one role of parents was to teach their children about sex but to keep them from doing it until they were mature enough to accept the consequences. Should I, as a surrogate father, try to protect Petra from sex for a few years? Should I let her make her own decisions about what to do sexually? I accepted my role as a protector and would throw myself at a bear to keep her safe. Should I try to protect her from three young horny boys? I had no idea whether her vagina was developed enough to hold a young boy's penis, certainly not a mature male's penis.

I sat there and looked at the sea, black as the sky with millions of reflected lights. I looked at the sky again and saw nothing but twinkling diamonds. I didn't expect any answers from either of them. I knew how cold and impersonal they were. Should I be the same way? Should I try to protect Petra? Maybe Pyotr needed protection too. Should I let James and Toby invite him to join in their daily jack-off sessions? I was reasonably sure that they would not try to fuck him in the ass. Somehow I wasn't worried about Pyotr but I kept worrying about doing the right thing for Petra.

I finally decided that the best thing to do was to call a conference one day soon and to let everybody, including Pyotr and Petra, have their say. I wanted to have another night of sexual fun with everybody, maybe including the twins, if I was convinced that we wouldn't hurt them by including them.

My butt was cold and I was tired of sitting. I stood up, carefully made my way down the stairs, and started toward the door to home. I smiled. Perhaps a hot shower with some women and girls would be a nice way to relax before bed. I wondered what the girls would say when they discovered my hard-on under all my clothing. Like Danni or Gabi, would they say "Il ne casse rien," or "Il faut le voir pour le croire?"

Chapter Thirty-Two

I was dreaming of being bathed by some giggling females when the room began to shake. In my muddled sleep state, I thought an earthquake was occurring and the bed was shaking. Instead Anna was shaking me by the shoulder. Then I heard Aimee and I lifted my head.

“David, please wake up,” Aimee called. “Petra is crying and Pyotr cannot make her stop.”

I stood up beside the bed, held out my hand to Anna, and we quickly went out the door into the hallway, down past Iain’s and Caitlyn’s bed chamber, to the one Petra and Pyotr had chosen.

Since their arrival, Anna and I had watched the twins carefully. They seemed to be adapting to our company and our new world without significant difficulty. They were comfortable being almost naked and wearing only a loincloth when inside. They grinned and strutted like we all had when they first wore our Sherwood Forest attire on a venture outside. They were eager to help in our house-keeping chores and in our garden preparation. And, most important of all, they seemed genuinely happy to be with us. I had not expected any trouble.

Pyotr and Petra were naked, just as Anna and I were. They were in the middle of the bed and he was holding her close to him face to face, rocking back and forth, and talking to her. She was crying inconsolably. I didn’t know what to do. Anna did. She crawled over the two of them to the back side of Petra, cuddled up to her, and began whispering to her.

“Turn over, Petra,” she said. “It’s me, Anna. What’s wrong? Why are you crying?”

Pyotr answered for her. “She had a bad dream. She said he was coming to get us for killing him, you know, our stepfather. I can’t make her stop.”

“Turn over, Petra,” Anna whispered. “Let me hold you. It’ll be OK. Nobody’s coming to get you. David and Pyotr and I will protect you. Nobody will hurt you.”

Petra slowly turned over and Anna immediately moved closer and held her, one arm under her, one arm protectively over her, one hand

holding Petra's head just above her breasts. I crawled in the bed behind Pyotr, put my arm over him, and pulled him back. He put his hand on my hip and moved back against me.

Anna kept talking quietly to Petra, reassuring her that we would protect her, that the bad man could never do anything to her again, that we were in a world where there were no bad men, only good ones, and that we would all take care of her. Petra's sobs slowed and finally she was quiet.

"Petra, I've got to pee," Anna whispered. "Would you go with me to the toilet? Maybe Pyotr and David need to go too."

I understood what Anna was trying to do so I quickly said I needed to go too. Then Pyotr either understood or really had to go and said he needed to pee too. I rolled out of the bed alcove and held out my hand. Pyotr took it for a moment and then relinquished it to Petra. I wasn't sure that it was wise to hold her since both of us were naked but I wanted to. My penis was complacent so I didn't think it would alarm her to have it against her. I wanted to reassure her that she was safe and that I would protect her. I pulled her up against me, wrapped both arms around her, and reinforced what Anna had said.

"Petra, nobody is going to hurt you," I said quietly but emphatically. "We're going to protect you. Nobody will ever abuse you like he did again. I will make sure of that. You're going to have a long and happy and safe life with us."

I motioned for Pyotr and Anna to come closer and we stood there for a moment in a triangle completely surrounding Petra, as close to her as we could get.

"I really do need to pee," Anna said, and our huddle broke up. She held out her hand to Petra and the two of them started to the toilet. I shrugged, held out my hand to Pyotr, and we followed them. At the door to the toilet, Petra stopped. Anna looked at her quizzically.

"I wish I could pee like they do," she said smiling up at Anna and then giggling. "I wish I could stand up and do it."

"We can," Anna said, and led her into the women's side of the toilet. "We just can't stand up and aim as well as they do."

Petra giggled. Pyotr looked at me and grinned. I shrugged and we went in the men's side to do our stand up and aim piss.

Pyotr demonstrated how well he could aim. He held his penis between fingers and thumbs on both hands, grunted, drilled the urinal dead center, and then stopped. I was about to start but I waited to see what he was going to do. He took a step backwards, grunted again, and drilled the urinal dead center again. I held my penis on ready, waiting to see if he was through showing off. He wasn't. He took another step backwards, grunted again, and squirted another stream close to the center. I shook my head and pissed. I didn't try to follow his example. He turned toward me and held his penis and testicles cupped in his hand.

"Do you think my penis is going to be as big as yours, David?" he asked.

I looked at his penis and testicles. I had no idea what size his penis was going to be but I knew he needed reassurance like all young boys do. Soft, his was about ten centimeters, about four inches. It looked like a nice handful.

"I don't know, Pyotr," I said. "Why worry about it? Your penis is already as big as some grown men's. It will please a woman. That's all that matters."

"I thought women liked big ones."

"Pyotr, you can have a huge penis and still be a lousy lover. We're going to teach you how to be a good lover. Ask James and Toby. Talk to Aimee and let her start you in the sex education classes with them. Ask me questions. I'll answer the best I can. But don't worry about size. We'll all teach you how to make love to a woman. Just don't do it with Petra."

He looked at me and frowned. "David, she's my sister. I love her but I don't want to do it with her. I want to protect her. I always have."

"Then maybe you had better stop sleeping with her naked," I said. "Your penis is a treacherous organ, Pyotr. Sometimes we think with our little head. It doesn't care whether she's your sister or not."

“I know but I hate to stop,” he said. “It’s always been nice just to sleep with her and cuddle with her.”

“Have you done anything else with her, I mean, more than just cuddling.”

“We play with each other sometimes.”

“I mean sexually. Have you played with her pussy? Has she played with your dick?”

“Yeah, we’ve always done that. I guess we were just curious about how we were different. Lately, since I started ejaculating, she’s jacked me off a couple of times. The first time, I came on my stomach and she tried to see if there was sperm in it. The white stuff is the sperm; isn’t it?”

“Yes, and that’s what can get her pregnant. Don’t take a chance on that, Pyotr. You can kill your sister if you get her pregnant at her age.”

“I won’t, David. She’s my sister and I want to protect her. We shared our mother’s womb for nine months and we’ve shared the same bed since then. I guess we love each other because nobody else has ever loved us. Is it so bad if we play with each other, maybe even have sex with each other?”

“She’s your sister, Pyotr,” I said. “Boys don’t usually have sex with their sisters.”

“I know,” he said. “We’ve talked about it though.”

“Well, would the two of you talk to Anna and me before you do anything?”

“Yeah.”

We waited in the hallway for Anna and Petra to come out. Why does it always take women so long to piss? Finally they walked out hand-in-hand.

“Let’s go back to your bed chamber, Petra,” Anna said. “David always protects me. I want you to believe that he will protect you too.”

In their bed chamber, she asked me to crawl in first and Petra to get in second.

“I want him to spoon up to you, Petra,” she said. “I want him to hold you, just hold you. That’s all. I want you to feel his strength, his warmth, his love, the same way I feel it every night. He’s the strongest man I’ve ever known and he’s also the most gentle and loving and caring.”

Petra moved back against me and I wrapped her up in almost the same way I do Anna every night. I put my arm over her but without my hand on her little breasts, put my right leg over her left one, and nestled my flaccid penis against her smooth little derriere. I pulled her back against me, using just a little force to let her feel my strength, then took a couple of deep breaths, almost closed my eyes, and relaxed.

Anna asked Pyotr to get in next and then she spooned up against his butt. She did almost the same thing she usually does with me, almost because she didn’t reach down and play with his penis for a moment.

“Now, could we relax and go back to sleep,” Anna said. “David and I are going to sleep with you tonight. I want to tell you about the time David killed a rattlesnake with his bare hands before it could strike me.”

I thought for a second I might get a hard-on from having a young female, a little girl just starting to become a woman, against me. My penis was warm and semi-swollen as it always is in the warmth of our living quarters. It was pressed against the smooth derriere of a beautiful female. I liked to look at her beauty but then I also liked to look at the beauty of her brother the same way. I didn’t feel any sexual response from admiring their beauty and I didn’t feel any sexual arousal from holding her. All I felt was a protective instinct for an innocent child. I felt the same way about Pyotr. I felt the same sort of instinct for Anna and perhaps for all women. Maybe there is in men a protective instinct toward all women and children. After what I had done in our old world, killing so many men, I liked knowing there was something soft and warm and loving in me.

I lay there holding Petra, looking at Anna holding Pyotr, listening to the whispered story of the rattlesnake. When Anna finished, I pulled

Petra tighter against me and closed my eyes. Sleep wasn't long in returning.

I woke up the next morning with a rampant piss-hard pressed between the warm thighs of a female. At first, I wasn't concerned because I thought I was holding Anna. When I realized I was holding Petra, I tried to move back away from her but she was holding my hand pressed flat against her chest. I felt a soft little breast and the bump of a nipple in the center of my palm.

"It's OK, David," Petra whispered. "Don't go. I know guys sometimes get hard when they have to pee. I've felt Pyotr's lots of times. It doesn't scare me."

I looked at Pyotr's sleeping face. Only his lips moved.

"Yeah, but she says she'll whack it off if I try to stick it in her."

It scared me, not her threat, but my hard-on's proximity to her pussy. More than once, Anna and I had sleepily cooperated in letting my penis nose into her pussy in the middle of the night. I sat up, crawled over three bodies, and went to the toilet. Pyotr came in, his morning woody wavering back and forth like a divining rod, and, without a performance, peed next to me. He didn't say a word, just grinned at me. I don't know what the girls did.

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A few days later, James and Toby and I planned an early-morning walkabout. I piled my outdoor clothes in the hallway just outside our bed chamber door so I wouldn't awaken Anna getting dressed. Lucky usually awakened about dawn and wanted to go outdoors for a quick pee and then a sniffing exploration. I had left open the door to our bed chamber so James could call me.

As usual, the three of us first went to the highest level of the terraces for a look. Lucky disappeared somewhere in the woods. I knew he would come back when James whistled for him. The day was cold and gray with low clouds and strong gusts of wind. Aimee had given me the morning weather report but there is nothing like really experiencing the raw outdoors for yourself. I pulled the hood to my rain cape over my head and tied it so only my face was exposed. Toby

and James did the same. We stood there like three monks in brown robes looking at the sea and the sky and the mountain.

I heard a strange honking noise, looked for it, and soon saw a huge flock of geese coming from the north. I watched as they dropped lower and lower and seemed to curve around somewhere to the south. I realized that was the location of the swamp where Iain and James had found eggs in the water.

“Well, looks like we’re going on an eggspedition this afternoon,” I said. Toby and James both groaned.

At breakfast I announced the afternoon eggspedition and got more groans and giggles. I was eager to go and I knew Toby and James and Iain were too. When James told Pyotr what we were going to do, he was eager to go with us.

After lunch, the five of us dressed for our eggspedition. I wanted a fire to warm us so I took my fire starter and some tinder. The weather was still cold and gray so we all dressed warmly and put a rain cape in our backpack. When I hung an extra backpack on my shoulders, Iain did too. James and Toby and even Pyotr wanted to take two backpacks but I advised them to take only one.

Iain even took an extra-large pot from the kitchen. When I asked why, he said we could put it in one spot, fill it with eggs, and wouldn’t have to wade back to the shore so often.

We hadn’t gone far down the mountain when James started singing: “Hi ho, hi ho, it’s off to work we go.” The rest gradually joined in and so I did too. The song died away and a little later James revived it, except that he substituted the word crap for work. And that’s the way we went down the mountain, singing, substituting four-letter dirty words for work. Iain carried the big pot on his head and I carried his spear. Have you ever heard hi ho, hi ho, it’s off to shit we go sung by a guy with a beautiful tenor voice with a pot over his head? The dirtier the word we used, the more giggles I heard.

When Iain handed the pot to me, I did my best to project my voice, to sing with strength, not weakness, as he had been teaching me. When I finished, I looked at him. He smiled and nodded his head in approval.

The pot went from one to another as we walked and the one with the pot had to come up with another dirty word. I wondered who was going to change work into fuck. Toby finally did.

I suppose the geese heard us singing. Before we reached the swamp, we saw the huge flock take to the air again. When we broke through the bushes, the water in the swamp was still, white feathers were floating everywhere, and we saw a few white eggs resting on the bottom near us.

I sent the others in search of dead wood while I started a fire. With a fire going, we all picked up Spanish moss to use in packing the eggs. It was hanging from the trees everywhere and clumps of it were on the ground.

As Iain recommended, we took off our boots, stripped off our tights, and put our boots back on. We kept on our long chemises, tunics, and thick tops which covered us to mid-thigh. With intermittent breaks to warm, we hoped to endure the cold water long enough to find lots of eggs.

The water had been muddied by the geese but the swamp was shallow and eggs were still easy to spot. We quickly filled the pot and I carried it back to dry land and unloaded the eggs. I warmed at the fire for a minute and then waded back in the swamp.

After a while, James bent over to pick up another egg and farted loudly. He looked to the sky and said, "Where's that goose?" Of course the rest of us looked to the sky too. There was no goose. That degenerated into a debate about why geese fly in a V formation and Toby swore that it was so they could break wind and every time they honked it was because they farted and they were enjoying jet propulsion. That degenerated into a discussion of whether other animals farted and what an elephant or whale fart would sound like. I contributed my nonsense two cents and felt like a fifteen year-old boy again.

Before we finished, we had filled and emptied the pot about ten times and had all taken breaks to warm. I looked at all the eggs, judged that we had about all we could carry, and called a halt.

Still naked down below, we all stood around the fire, warming one side and then the other. First, we turned our butts to the fire and

warmed our backsides. Then we faced the fire, pulled our clothing up above our belly button, and tried to thaw out some evidently cold parts. Our scrotums and penises looked like they were on Greek statues. We stood there grinning and looking at the others.

I remembered an incident from my boyhood when a bunch of us had participated in a circle jerk around a fire and then pissed on the embers. I was the leader so I led. I rubbed my testicles and stretched my penis to restore the blood flow. The others followed my example. I kept rubbing, stroking, and pulling, until I felt a familiar response and my penis started engorging. I watched the others, not a word said, until all five of us were standing there with hot hard-ons, even Pyotr.

Since I enjoyed a leisurely jerk off once in a while, I was in no hurry. The others grinned and did it too. Toby was the first to squirt. He leaned so far forward that I was afraid he was about to roast his wiener. He spurting again and again, and, damn, the first one flew over the fire entirely and landed between my legs. James was next and he grunted and squirted down in the fire. Pyotr shuffled up until his bare toes were almost in the embers. His contribution was watery but there were white sperm in it. I made a mental note to talk to him again and warn him about sleeping with his sister.

Iain and I, the old guys, were still grinning and jerking. If we were in a race for last place, Iain lost. He grunted like James and squirted. Then they all watched me. I shrugged and kept stroking my poker. I whistled and stroked it. They all watched. I held my penis straight out and gave it a few two-fingered strokes, really two fingers and a thumb. They grinned and watched. When I finally came, I squirted out a few long white strings directly in the middle of the fire. James started cheering and the others joined in.

I stood there squeezing the last drops out of the tubes and still feeling like a fifteen year-old boy. When I started pissing on the fire, the others grunted and pissed too. We made a lot of piss-smelling steam but we didn't extinguish the fire. I used the pot to carry water from the swamp and soak the embers. As cold and gray and humid as the day was I didn't think there was any chance the fire could get out but I didn't want to take any chances.

We put on the rest of our clothing and the dry moccasins we had brought and then started filling backpacks with eggs. Pyotr asked a question.

“David, do you guys do that together often, you know, jack off? Is it alright? All the guys at school acted like they didn’t do it.”

“Let’s ask James to answer your question, Pyotr,” I said.

“Yeah, Toby and I do it at least once a day,” he said. “David and Iain and I did it a lot before their wives came. Aimee says all young males do it ‘cause their balls are producing so much semen and testosterone. She says it’s normal and nothing to be ashamed of. You’re welcome to join us whenever you want to.”

“Sometimes, James and I do it two or three times a day,” Toby added. “David did it with us just so you would know it’s OK; didn’t you; David?”

“That’s right, but I also did it because I wanted to,” I said. “It’s fun. Feels good. When I was a kid, we called it a circle jerk.”

“Now that Anna’s with you, do you still do it?” Pyotr asked.

“Yeah, almost every day. Anna likes to watch me.” I answered.

“Don’t you do it with her, you know, make love to her,” he asked.

“Yeah, lots but sometimes she’s out of commission but I never am,” I said. “Sometimes I jack off and she jills off. It’s just another way to have fun.”

Pyotr looked at Iain. He grinned and nodded.

“Well, I don’t remember when I started but lately it seems like I do it every day,” Pyotr said.

Iain and I helped James and Toby and Pyotr put on loaded backpacks and then he and I each carried two. Our spears were leaning against a huge tree. We each took our spear in our right hand and started the long walk home. Toby started off carrying the pot on his head. James was to carry it second, Iain third, and me last.

On the way up the mountain, Iain and I kept an eye on Pyotr. I could tell that he was struggling to climb the mountain with his backpack full of eggs. I watched him carefully and it seemed he could hardly put one foot in front of the other. When I called a break and offered to carry him, he refused. James convinced him.

“Pyotr, let him carry you. When I first came here six months ago, David had to carry me part way up the mountain. Now I’m not even breathing hard. In a few months, you’ll be like me and Toby. We can carry David’s backpacks. We can both carry two. Maybe Iain can carry yours. If we can’t carry them, maybe we could just leave them beside the trail and come back for them later.”

Pyotr finally but reluctantly agreed. I carried him on my back with his arms around my neck, his legs locked around my waist, my left arm under his butt, and my right arm holding my spear. At first his head was beside mine but as we climbed he let it slip down so it was resting on my shoulder.

We were close to home when we met four Sherwood-forest females coming down the mountain looking for us. The three oldest took one backpack each, leaving James and Iain with two each. Petra wanted to take one from James and he reluctantly let her. We slowly climbed the rest of the way back home. I was exhausted from carrying Pyotr but I was also content and happy and glad to be in a world of my choosing. I didn’t see how life could be any better.

Without my asking, Anna took charge. She had us carry the backpacks into the kitchen where she and Jean-Nicole carefully removed the eggs and put them in the two deep sinks. They sprayed the eggs and then filled the sinks with water, added water purification tablets, and left them to soak.

Then she had us carry one of the bamboo drying racks from the central hallway to the outdoors, ordered us to strip naked, and hung our dirty clothes on the rack for the wind and rain and sun to give them a preliminary cleaning.

Finally she told us to take our naked asses to the bathing chamber where she and Caitlyn and Petra were going to give us five guys a good scrubbing. I looked at Jean-Nicole, wondering why she wasn’t going to help. Anna said Jean-Nicole was going to finish dinner so we could eat as soon as we were bathed.

Have you ever tried to retain your composure when a woman is scrubbing your feet and legs with a brush and your dick is right in front of her face? How about when another is washing your genitals and ass with a soapy washcloth? Caitlyn scrubbed my feet, then Anna did my legs, and Petra washed my penis and testicles with her soft little hands and a warm soapy washcloth. Caitlyn washed my buttocks and the crack of my ass and giggled while she was doing it. When she finished, Anna gave my penis a good yank and, of course, Caitlyn and Petra yanked it too. I couldn't help that it was pointing almost straight up. They let me wash everything above the waist. I finally rinsed the soap out of my long hair, walked over to the drying circle, and watched the other guys get the same treatment, including the penis yank. I thought life couldn't get any better.

I was wrong. It could. With Jean-Nicole as head chef and three sous-chefs, the ladies had prepared a wonderful hot meal for us, oysters crusty with cheese and bread crumbs, warm bread with garlic and olive oil, a huge pot of deer-meat stew, thick and brown and delicious, and an onion frittata made with caramelized onions and fresh eggs. We all ate like we had been starving for days.

I was doubly wrong. Anna asked Aimee to fill the pool in the bathing chamber with hot water. Five guys and four girls giggled and shoved and tickled and groped their way to the pool, loincloths were quickly shed, and nine naked little kids soaked and played in the tub.

For a while, Pyotr and Toby were both face to face with Jean-Nicole, almost floating on top of her, beautiful bare butts showing occasionally. The three of them were whispering and she was playing with something underwater. I couldn't see what she was doing but I think she had something in each hand.

James was behind Petra, his hands were on her almost non-existent breasts, and she was squirming against him and giggling. I saw him let one hand slip down her front. She registered surprise, then pulled his hand back to her breast, and slapped it gently.

Caitlyn and Iain were face to face, wiggling and grinning and whispering. Her beautiful derriere bobbed to the top occasionally. Once I saw the red head of Iain's penis pop to the surface between her legs.

Anna was face to face with me with my hard-on sandwiched between our bellies. She wiggled around until I felt her pussy against the shaft of my dick and she had a quick ride, a fuck without actually fucking. I was content, especially when she gave me an open-mouthed kiss and told me that somebody was going to fuck my brains out when we went to bed.

I had no idea that it wasn't going to be Anna. Still naked, we went to our bed chamber. My penis was swollen, waiting for someone to fuck my brains out. I looked at her pubic patch and then at mine. We both had the dark shadow of hair there again. She was my big beautiful Anna, my Anna, my love, my life, my wife, and I was so glad to be united with her.

I knew Anna would probably want to brush her hair as she did every night so I sat down on the side of the bed and watched her. During the day, she usually had something tied around her hair so it was like a bushy ponytail behind her head. She removed it, shook her head vigorously, and her dark curly hair went flying. It had been cut short when she came to me but now it was almost down to her shoulders like mine. When she lifted her arms to brush her hair, her breasts were lifted a little and were even more perfect and beautiful. As usual, all I could do was marvel at her beauty and feel blessed that she shared her body with me.

When she finished with her hair, she walked over in front of me. I looked up at her, wondering what she wanted. Then she began to brush my hair. I sat there with my mouth close to her breasts and as usual I wanted to suckle at them. Her nipples were already standing out. Maybe that was what she wanted too.

In bed together, we leisurely played at loving each other. We tried simultaneous oral sex but as usual that didn't last long. I liked it better when I was flat on my back and she was sitting on my legs, bent over, one hand cradling my testicles, one moving hand wrapped around the shaft of my penis, her tongue licking upwards over the sensitive spot that tied my foreskin to the head, then her sucking mouth covering the head while her lips slid up and down on it. That was the way I liked it. I wanted her to keep doing it for days.

I also wanted to please her. After a while, I scrambled around so I was between her spread legs, put my hands under her soft derriere, and lifted her up to my mouth. I gave her a long slow lick from her

perineum between the wet lips of her pussy and all the way to where they joined together and hid her clitoris. I did it again and again until the lips were spread to each side and the sensitive pink area between vagina and clitoris was exposed. Then I concentrated on the area where her clitoris was in hiding until I felt her hard nubbin with my tongue.

I didn't want to make her come with my tongue. Not tonight. I wanted to get her close to coming and then slide my penis into her until my pubic bone rubbed her nubbin and the head of my penis was trying to get through her cervix. I knew she liked for me to get her close and then give her all of my penis in one quick slide. She sometimes came as soon as my dick hit bottom.

I didn't get that far. Aimee said something and it took me a minute to understand her.

“David. Anna. Iain and Caitlyn are outside your door. Should I let them in?”

That puzzled me. They knew a closed door meant Anna and I wanted privacy. Why were they outside and wanting to come in?

“Yes, Aimee,” Anna said. “Let them in, please.”

I lowered Anna's butt back to the bed and stayed on my knees between her legs. My penis was pointing at the ceiling. I certainly didn't care if they knew what we had been doing.

I wasn't the only one who could be led anywhere by my dick. Caitlyn walked in, pulling Iain along by his dick, giggling, of course. The symbolism of her dragging him by his penis wasn't lost on me. She was an exquisitely-beautiful girl, long golden blonde hair now in a simple ponytail that rested on her shoulder and fell down between her breasts. The little mounds of her breasts were capped with smaller mounds under the tiny pink areolas with little darker-pink nipples. He probably would have meekly followed her anywhere without her handhold.

Anna pushed me to one side, then down on my back, and crawled out of bed. She hugged Iain and then Caitlyn and asked, “Are you sure you want to do this? Are you and Iain both OK with it?”

“Do what?” I asked, looking at Iain.

“You don’t know?” Iain asked, standing there with his arm over Caitlyn’s shoulders and her hand holding his penis. “Caitlyn and I were doing the same thing you two were when she said we had to go to your bed chamber. We’ve talked about what she and Anna want to do but I didn’t know they had it planned for tonight. It’s OK with me.”

Anna put one arm around Caitlyn’s shoulders and then held out the other to me. Caitlyn put one arm around Anna’s waist. She still had Iain’s penis in her other hand. I rolled out of bed and joined the others. If Anna wanted to hold my penis, I didn’t mind.

That wasn’t what she wanted. Anna pulled Caitlyn in front of her, belly to belly and breasts to breasts, and then kissed her, just a gentle soft lips-to-lips kiss. When they stopped, she looked at me, motioned with her head toward Iain, and said, “Well?”

I shrugged. I gently pulled Iain in front of me, chest to chest, hard-on to hard-on, and kissed him the same way. He put his hands on my butt cheeks and pressed against me down below. I wanted to give him a different sort of kiss but I resisted. I put my head next to his and whispered in his ear: “What’s this all about?”

He whispered back. “Caitlyn wants you to make love to her. She and Anna have been plotting. They want me to make love to Anna at the same time. Is it OK?”

“Are you sure you’re OK with it?”

“Yeah. Caitlyn’s been talking to Jean-Nicole. I think she’s jealous of her. She says she wants us to swap. She wants what Jean-Nicole got.”

I looked down at my penis and then at his. His was just as stiff and swollen as mine, pointing almost at the ceiling. Mine was pointing a little lower but I knew it weighed more, at least, that was my excuse. We both had a little drool of love drops at the slit.

I looked up at Anna and Caitlyn, still standing with arms around each other. Anna winked at me, pointed to Iain, and then leaned over and gave Caitlyn another kiss, an open-mouthed prolonged kiss this time. I looked at Iain. He lifted his head up. I thought what the hell and gave

him a kiss like Anna was giving Caitlyn. When we broke for breath, we both looked at Anna and Caitlyn.

They both nodded and, hand in hand, walked over to the bed. Caitlyn lay down with her legs hanging off, moved back a little, raised her knees, and put her feet on the bed. I saw an almost hairless little pussy winking at me and started toward it. Anna surprised me again. She put a pillow down on the floor, knelt on it, leaned over between Caitlyn's legs, put her thumbs on each side of her pussy, and slowly licked her pussy.

I looked at Iain. What were we supposed to do? I put my arm on his shoulders, he put his around my waist, and we watched. Standing behind Anna at an angle, we both could watch while she licked Caitlyn's little pink pussy and we could see Anna's slit just waiting for somebody's dick to pry the lips apart.

I wanted a closer view of what Anna was doing. My motive was good. I wanted to learn how a woman licked another woman's pussy. I wanted to learn so I could do the same thing with Anna. I knelt on one side of her and leaned over with my head close to what she was doing. Iain quickly knelt down on the other side of Anna and we both watched.

It didn't look different from what I usually did. She pulled the big lips apart, used an upstroke with her tongue to separate the little lips, and then licked up between them. But I couldn't see Caitlyn's clit. The hood of it was still covering most of the pink flesh where I knew it was hidden. I reached for Caitlyn's hand and guided her fingers to the top of her pussy. I pressed her middle finger down, pulled back, and the little red devil showed its head.

I leaned over to the right, slid my hand around Anna's perfect derriere, found the lips between her thighs, and then slid one finger just an inch or so into her juicy pussy. She purred. I played.

I didn't want to neglect Caitlyn. I leaned in the opposite direction, put my hand on her breast, and very gently squeezed her little nipple. Anna's nipples were bigger and long enough to give a baby or me something to suck on. Caitlyn's were just a little dark pink bump in her light pink areola.

I saw Iain lean in the opposite direction with his hand curled around Anna's rear. Maybe he was giving her another finger. She purred like she enjoyed whatever he was probing.

Anna gave Caitlyn a minute or so and then stood up. I wondered if Iain or I were supposed to be the next lick.

Neither. Anna held out her hand to Caitlyn, pulled her up, and then took her place on the bed. I saw another almost-hairless pussy looking at me and then Caitlyn got down on her knees and gave Anna's pussy a minute or so of gentle licking. This time, we could see the lips already separated and waiting. I wondered what was next on the agenda.

I quickly found out. Caitlyn helped Anna stand up and they both led me to the bed and pushed me down with my knees bent and my feet on the floor. I didn't mind if they both gave me a good sucking.

That wasn't what they had in mind. Anna pulled Iain up to the bed. Caitlyn put her hands on his shoulders and pushed him down to kneeling. Iain looked at me with a "What now?" look on his face. Caitlyn nudged him forward. He shrugged, cupped one hand under my testicles, wrapped the other one around the shaft of my dick, licked from my balls up the shaft to the head, and then took the head in his mouth. I looked up at the women. They were standing side by side with one arm around the other, grinning at Iain's efforts at sucking cock.

I dropped my head down on the bed, closed my eyes, and forgot everything except what Iain was doing. After a minute or so, he stopped and I looked up. Caitlyn was standing beside him as he stood up. Anna held out her hand to me and pulled me upright. Caitlyn pushed Iain down on the bed in the same position. I knew what was expected. I knelt and gave him a few long licks from his scrotum to the head of his dick and then opened my mouth and started sucking. He groaned as if he liked what I was doing. I used my hand and my mouth and tongue for a while until I felt someone touch me on the shoulder.

"What now, mistresses?" I asked.

"Anna and I want you and Iain on your backs side by side. We want to go for a little ride," Caitlyn said.

I frowned, puzzled.

“We want to swap horses and then go for a ride,” Anna said and then grinned mischievously at me.

I looked at Caitlyn. She was grinning the same way. I understood. I grinned too, crawled in the bed, and moved over to make room for Iain. He stretched out beside me. Caitlyn quickly moved over him and straddled my legs. Anna crawled in and straddled Iain’s.

“David, we want you and Iain to put your hands behind your head and keep them there,” Anna said. “Caitlyn and I are going to do all the work.”

Work? I never thought of it as work. I thought of it as play, especially when Anna and Caitlyn did the same thing with Iain and me. Caitlyn held my dick flat down against my stomach and then settled on it, sort of like a little jockey mounting a race horse. I glanced at Anna and Iain and saw Anna on top of him with the red head of his dick poking out. They both started sliding forward and back and whispering to each other. Anna told her what happened the first time, how we both came while doing it when we were in the magic valley. And they giggled.

I knew Anna and Caitlyn had planned this and I was finally going to get my dick in Caitlyn’s little pussy. I wanted to make her squeal. I didn’t understand why I wanted to do that but more than once I had wanted to be balls deep in her and to hear her squeal.

Finally, Caitlyn reached down, held my penis straight up, notched it in the right place, and slowly worked her way down until most of it was inside her. I looked back and forth from her face to where my penis was gradually disappearing. Either she liked what she was doing or I was about to split her in two. Her vagina was already wet and drooling and I knew Iain must have warmed her up and prepared her for somebody’s dick. She was tight but not virginal tight. The girth and length of Iain’s dick was a little less than mine but her pussy swallowed mine with only a little trouble, only a pleasurable groan from both of us. Iain may have reamed her out well but I knew he couldn’t penetrate her as deeply as I could. I knew I was going to do my best to give her all twenty centimeters before I was through with her.

She was kneeling on me with her knees on the bed, feet extended behind her, and her derriere hovering over my groin. In that position, she could easily control how deep my penis penetrated her and she could lever herself up and down as she pleased. That told me she was accustomed to doing this with Iain.

I put my hands behind my head, did a crunch, and popped my six-pack up for her admiration. Her eyes swept up and down, fastened on my face, and she grinned at me. She knew what I was doing. I flexed my abs and made them ripple. She grinned wider.

She braced herself with her hands on my sides and began to move up and down. I kept my head lifted so I could watch my penis being almost engulfed and then reappearing. Damn, what she was doing was one variation of what I liked the most about fucking: a hot wet pussy slowly sliding up and down on my dick. I relaxed so I could concentrate of what I was feeling as she fucked me.

She touched me on the shaft of my penis, sort of wiping up toward the head, and I knew she was getting her finger tips well lubed. She did the same thing Anna does sometimes, moving her finger tips around in a small circle over where her clitoris was hiding. In Anna's words, she was rubbin' her nubbin and at the same time, alternately moving up and down and round and round. Damn, it couldn't get much better. I had no control over my orgasm but I wanted to let her go first. I wanted her wide open and receptive to what I intended to give her.

I glanced at Iain and Anna. She was riding him the same way. Her eyes were closed and she had a faint smile on her lips. I turned my head farther and saw Iain's face. His eyes were closed and he had a little smile on his face too. They both evidently loved what they were doing.

When he came here I thought he was as beautiful a young man as I'd ever seen. He looked sixteen, a little soft, with a white stripe around his middle. Now he looked his true age, eighteen, but hard and lean and muscular and tanned all over, still a beautiful young man, a sexy young stud in Anna's words. I hoped she enjoyed her ride.

When I turned back, Caitlyn stuck her little pink tongue out at me. She knew I'd been looking at Iain with Anna. I opened my mouth in invitation. She shook her head no and then a second later leaned over

and stuck her tongue in my mouth. I tried to capture it but she was too quick. She straightened up, closed her eyes, and resumed riding.

Anna saw me watching and pulled Iain's head down close to her mouth. I couldn't hear what she whispered to him. He looked over at me and Caitlyn, her slowly riding my steed. Anna pushed him off her and he crawled over between my legs and behind Caitlyn's derriere. I looked at Anna, questioning what she wanted. She was lying on her side propped up on one hand. She simply nodded.

Iain pulled up on Caitlyn's hips and my dick came out of her. He guided his into her, grinned at me, and started slowly fucking her. I put my hands under my head and watched. Shortly, he pulled back, pushed down on her, and she guided my dick back into her pussy. She rode me for a too-short while until Iain pulled her up again and fucked her slowly while grinning down at me. Then he pulled out and pushed her down for me to take a turn. I kept my hands under my head and let her show my dick where to go. Caitlyn started riding again and I closed my eyes and let her have her way with me.

"It's Anna's turn," Caitlyn whispered.

Iain moved back over to Anna, flopped down on his back, and she quickly guided his dick into her and started riding. I crawled over behind her rear and waited for my turn. I looked at Caitlyn and saw her lying on her side, head propped up, big smile. I reached down to Anna's hips, pulled her derriere up, guided my dick into her, and started fucking. Iain pulled her back down, she showed his dick where to go, and he started fucking up into her. Then I took another turn while Iain lay there grinning at me.

"David, Caitlyn needs you," Anna said, all too quickly.

I crawled over on the other side of the bed, flopped down on my back, and let Caitlyn mount her steed again. Rather quickly she started whining, keening as Iain calls it. When her vocalization increased in strength, I knew she was close. Then she emitted one long loud groan and I felt her vagina trying to milk the semen out of me. I was ready.

I waited until her pussy's contractions slowed and then I put my hands on her hips and lifted her enough so I could fuck up into her. I grunted with each thrust and she echoed me. I kept shoving my penis into her, not trying to get it all in, until I felt the first unstoppable

throb of my orgasm. And then I shoved her hips down hard until her butt was on my groin and I was balls deep in her. The instant I did, she squealed, just a little scream, while my balls squirted my semen out of me and against her cervix.

I held her down until the last throb and then let her go. She fell forward on me and I could feel her vagina gently squeezing on the shaft of my dick. I wrapped my arms around her, gave her a few more thrusts, and then relaxed. I had done exactly what I had intended to do. I had made her squeal, not the kind which means she was hurting but the kind which means she had been well and truly fucked and she loved it. She wasn't finished. She lifted her head over mine, brought her open mouth to mine, and hungrily tried to devour my lips and tongue.

When she rested her head beside mine, I glanced at Iain and Anna again. They were both motionless. She had her hands on his shoulders. He had his curved around her derriere, probably the same way I like to do, until his fingertips touched the lips of her pussy and the shaft of his dick. I couldn't see his face. She had a satisfied smile on hers.

I curved my hands around Caitlyn's little derriere until my fingertips were touching the lips of her pussy, stretched tight around the shaft of my dick. I gently rubbed them. She must have liked it. She moaned and wiggled here ass.

"Did I hurt you, you know, there at the end when I shoved it all the way in?" I whispered in her ear.

"No, David, I may walk funny for a few days but you didn't hurt me," she whispered back. "Jean-Nicole told what to expect. I wanted you to fuck me like that. Iain wanted to make love with Anna again too."

"I wanted to make love to you too, Caitlyn. I just couldn't do it until I knew it wasn't going to cause any problems between you and Iain. I hope it will just make us all closer together. I didn't want to cause him to be jealous."

"He understands, David. He usually tells me what the two of you talk about. He and I both agree that this will just make us closer. He's not going to be jealous of you, not when he gets to do it with Anna. "

“Anyway, it beats watching TV; doesn’t it?”

“Yeah.”

I was on the inside of the bed alcove with Caitlyn and Iain was on the outside with Anna. I didn’t feel like moving and I was glad when Iain rolled out of bed and went to the bathing chamber for washcloths. Caitlyn was nice to me. She wiped the sweat off my face and chest and the other juices off down below. I shut my eyes and enjoyed it. I felt her wiggling beside me and I knew she was wiping her good parts too.

For a while we all lay there without talking, just relaxing and almost going to sleep. Somebody’s hand found my soft but still swollen dick and began to play. That started it. For a while, the four of us groped and giggled and stroked and teased until Iain and I both had erect penises ready for another engagement.

Anna gave me orders. She had me mount her in the old-fashioned missionary position and then she locked me in place with her arms and legs. Iain and Caitlyn were beside us in the same positions. Everything else faded away and all I knew was what I felt moving in her. This time we slowly and leisurely made love without letting our beasts loose. When I poured out my life into her, I knew I was finished for the night.

We slept together, four in one bed, legs and arms and bodies tangled up, hugging each other. I was as happy and content as I had ever been.

Chapter Thirty-Three

After breakfast a few days later, I called for a conference in the teaching chamber. When we were all assembled, I looked around at the eight others: four guys: Iain, James, Toby, and Pyotr; four girls: Anna, Caitlyn, Jean-Nicole, and Petra. I couldn’t overlook the fact that there was also one dog. As usual, Lucky was going from one to another, tail swishing, nose nuzzling, for his morning petting. I stood and watched him for a moment. If we could all just learn to display as much love as Lucky does, maybe we could build a loving family.

Anna and I were standing in front of the others on each side of Aimee's screen. The rest were all seated in the first row of seats, Petra and Pyotr between James and Toby, Iain between Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole. All of us, including Aimee, were wearing only loincloths.

I explained, largely for the benefit of Pyotr and Petra that we held occasional meetings or conferences where everybody could speak freely, that I usually talked first about my plans, that I generally asked the group to decide on something next, and that we talked about anything they wished last.

First I told everyone that I wanted to make a quick exploration on the mainland and then gather oysters on the way back. I said that I wanted James and Toby to go with me, that we might encounter dangerous animals, and that I felt they were skilled enough with both bows and spears to defend themselves. I told them Iain had agreed to remain and he was to be their leader while I was gone. I said I wanted to leave the next day well before daylight and be at the isthmus just after daybreak. The moon would give us enough light to go down the familiar trail.

Next I told the group that sometime after we returned I wanted all of us to make an exploratory excursion around the base of the mountain, probably a three day trip, and that I hoped all of us would go. I said we would have to live off the land and what we carried and asked them to begin to plan what they wanted to carry in food and clothing, including a blanket. I hoped we could sleep in twos or threes, fully clothed, under blankets, and be warm enough.

I was unsure how to handle the next topic. I had been asked by some of the others when we were going to have another sex play party. I wasn't sure what we should do with Petra and Pyotr and whether they should or would want to participate.

I explained, again largely for the twins, that we occasionally did something as a group. I called it a sex play party or sex without seriousness, or maybe giggling and groping and goosing with some sucking and fucking thrown in for good measure. That got a smile out of more than one guilty party. Then I asked for input on whether Petra and Pyotr should participate.

James immediately held up his hand. "I thought you weren't going to tell anybody else what they could or couldn't do when it came to sex."

I thought for a moment. “Suppose for a moment that Petra and Pyotr are only six years old. Hold up your hand if you think they should participate.”

No hands were raised.

“Suppose they are eighteen years old. Should they join in if they want to? Hold up your hands.”

Nine hands went up.

“At six, we all agree that little children should be protected from something they cannot understand: sex. At eighteen, we all agree that they are adults and should choose for themselves. Where do we draw the line? I don’t know what kids are like when they’re as young as Petra and Pyotr, especially girls. Am I supposed to protect her from sex, maybe with two horny boys? Three, counting her brother? Like a father? What if Anna and I act like parents to them? When do parents let their little girls and boys have sex?”

Toby raised his hand. I nodded. “David, you don’t have to protect her from me. I’m not going to take advantage of her.”

James’ hand went up again. “Me either,” he added. “We’ll listen to you and Anna. We may be horny all the time but we won’t try anything with her if you don’t want us to. I think we’re pretty decent kids considering our backgrounds.”

“I think so too, James,” I said. “We don’t need to decide anything right now but we do need to think about how we treat two kids who are just beginning to develop.”

I watched Petra’s and Pyotr’s faces as we talked. Petra was very serious, even frowning a little, holding Pyotr’s hand. Pyotr’s eyebrows were lowered, his eyes squinted, and his lips pressed together. I looked at him and waited to see if he was going to speak up. He raised his hand and I nodded.

“What gives you the right to decide what we can and can’t do?” he asked. “You’re not our father.”

He surprised me. He was very assertive and maybe a little angry.

“No, I’m not, Pyotr,” I said, calmly but emphatically. “Has James told you what happened when we killed the bear, the one whose skin is in the hallway? One of my most important roles here is to protect you and all the others as best I can, from bears and big birds and wild pigs. If there is danger, I will always be your primary protector and throw myself at huge bears, even at the risk of my own life.”

“Yeah, he told us,” Petra said. Pyotr nodded.

“I started a vegetable garden before even Iain arrived. I knew others were going to be coming and we had to provide food for ourselves. The others help now but I’m always there to do the hardest work in our gardens. That’s another important role that I willingly do, leading everyone in providing food for our bellies.”

“Yeah, Toby and James say you all work at it and you tell them what to do but you do the hardest work,” Pyotr said.

“Petra, Pyotr, I know I’m not your father but a good father will always protect and provide for his family,” I said, in what I hoped was a gentle fatherly tone of voice. “I do my best to keep you safe and to fill your belly. I also do my best to give you something all children need: the love of a father. Anna tries to give you the love of a mother. Even though I’m not your father, I try to act like one to you. Does that give me the right?”

“David, I already respect you and I do what you say,” Pyotr said. “I’m glad you’re our leader. I know you and Anna are sort of like parents to me and Petra. I like that too because we’ve never really had parents who loved us but I want you all to know something about us. We made an oath with each other about something and we are going to live with that oath.”

“What is your oath?” I asked.

“We swore that when we started having sex, we were going to do it with each other first,” he said and then paused. “Aimee said Petra could have contraceptives even if she’s only fourteen and Anna approved. She’s already taking them and it’s supposed to be safe now. Is it OK if we do it at the play party?”

I turned and looked at Aimee. She knew what I was asking without me saying it.

“David, the contraceptive I have can safely be given to young girls even before their first menses. It does not interfere with their normal development and has almost no side effects. Anna and I talked about whether or not to prescribe it for Petra. She is already having normal menses so that means her body is ready to be a mother. We decided that it would be wise to give her the contraceptive. She has been taking it for more than the required time to be safe from pregnancy.”

I looked at Anna.

“David, Petra told me and Aimee that she was playing at sex with Pyotr. We both felt it was better to be safe than sorry.”

I decided to do something drastic, something that I hoped would impress upon Petra what sex with a male might lead to. Perhaps I just wanted to show off.

“Petra, would you come up here?” I asked.

She looked at Pyotr but then she got up and slowly walked up in front of me.

“Please remove my loincloth,” I said.

She hesitated but she reached to the side and pulled one end of the bow knot. My loincloth fell to my feet.

“Would you please put your hands on my penis, both hands?” I asked.

She looked down at my genitals. My penis was full but soft, as it always is in the warm indoors. My testicles hung down low, both of them fully showing in my scrotum. Maybe she wondered why I was asking her to do it but she put one hand on my penis. I waited and my penis responded appropriately. Shortly, I had a hard-on and she had more than a handful.

“Both hands,” I said.

She slid one hand down toward the base and my foreskin slid the rest of the way off the head. She wrapped her other hand around my penis near the head. She had more than two handfuls.

“Put one hand under my testicles,” I whispered.

She put her hand under my testicles and sort of lifted them. I let her hold my penis in one hand and my testicles in the other for a while before I asked her.

“Feel how hot and heavy my testicles are. They’re pouring out a river of testosterone and millions of sperm every day. I need to fuck somebody to get relief. Would you let me fuck you, Petra?”

She looked away from what was in her hands to my face. I stared down into her eyes with as much seriousness as I could muster.

“I want to fuck *you*, Petra,” I whispered. “How about it?”

She started crying, ran back to Pyotr, and threw herself at him.

“That was cruel, David,” Anna said. “She’s still a child. She’s not a woman yet.”

“Well, she thinks she wants to have sex,” I said. “She can probably handle Pyotr’s dick. She might even be OK letting James or Toby do it. I don’t think she’s ready for Iain’s dick and mine is a little larger than his. If she wants to be fucked, where is *she* going to draw the line? She had better think long and hard before she lets the first dick in her little pussy. A woman assumes a hell of a lot of responsibility when she first begins to have sex. Can she handle that responsibility?”

I picked up my loincloth and retied it around my waist. It probably looked funny pushed out like that. I looked around at all the others and then returned my gaze to Petra and Pyotr. She still had her head hidden in Pyotr’s shoulder. He had both arms protectively around her.

“Petra, I know how much responsibility Anna has undertaken to keep me sexually satisfied. Caitlyn’s probably learned how hard it is to be responsible for pleasing Iain. I don’t know about Jean-Nicole but I suspect she’s learning the same thing. Men aren’t playthings. Men are animals. We’ve been bred by evolution to fuck women, to keep the

human race going. We're not always nice and gentle and sweet when we do it. Sometimes, when we're fucking we become like beasts and we shove our dicks in a woman's pussy as hard as we can and then deposit a load of semen right on her cervix. It's instinctual. You need to think long and hard about when you're ready to assume that responsibility. It won't kill either of you to wait a while before you and Pyotr fulfill your vow. Maybe one of the other ladies here will give him a little relief."

I was looking at Pyotr while I said that. He was holding Petra close with her face hidden in his neck and shoulder. He nodded at me. Petra lifted her head and stared at me defiantly. She stood up, offered Pyotr her hand, and both of them came up to the front.

"I don't want anybody else to give Pyotr a little relief," she said, her head held high, strong, emphatically, all seriousness. "We made a vow to each other and we both feel like it was something sacred. You don't understand us. All of our lives, nobody else has loved us so we love each other. Pyotr's my other half. I'm his. Having sex with each other is just another way of showing our love for each other."

"She's right, David," Pyotr said. "I don't want anybody else for my first time. Petra and I have always loved each other and it's important to me to do it with her the first time I have sex. I know boys don't usually have sex with their sister. When we get older, we want to find ourselves someone else to marry and to give us children. Maybe she'll want to marry James or Toby and that's OK with me. I know I'll find me somebody in the others who will come here but please don't stop us from keeping our vow."

Nobody had anything else to say. I decided I had to yield to their vow.

"OK. We'll have our next play party sometime after James and Toby and I come back. I think we should all respect Pyotr's and Petra's vow. They can fulfill it whenever they wish."

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Wolves Den: a perfect name for our second outpost.

We had already chosen the site for the first outpost I wanted us to construct. It was going to be near a little stream at the base of the mountain on the south side of the isthmus. It would be under Aimee's

protective shield and would be little more than a shelter from the weather, maybe made out of bamboo, maybe a log cabin. It would be a place where we could spend the night after a day of foraging for oysters and other shellfish on the north side of the isthmus or catching fish somewhere on the rocky coast or trying to kill a little porker on the narrow strip of land.

The second outpost would be out from under Aimee's umbrella somewhere on the far side of the isthmus. I wanted it to be more solidly built, out of logs or stone. We had researched Aimee's treasury of knowledge and learned how to notch and secure the logs together and I knew we could build a log cabin, given time and a lot of work. We had also learned how to make cement by burning sea shells or limestone and mixing the result with sand or aggregate. We could easily find enough oyster shells washed up on the north side of the isthmus and enough sand on the south side. If we could find a spot with suitable stones, preferably almost flat ones, we could build a stone building. I knew there were layered deposits of limestone on the mountain and I expected to find the same deposits on the mainland.

That was one reason James and Toby and I set off down the mountain before daylight the next morning. We were going to make an overnight excursion to the mainland to search for a site for a second outpost. The other reason was that we intended to carry back a load of oysters and maybe a little pig when we returned home.

We were all packing as many weapons as we could carry. All three of us carried a spear and a bow - mine was the Brute - and a quiver full of arrows. I carried the Boys strapped around my waist with the scabbard on my right hip. I also carried a machete on my left hip. We had a spear in our right hands as usual. I had a sword strapped to my back on the left side so I could reach over my left shoulder with my right hand, pull the sword out, and then use both hands to put all my strength into a downward strike.

In addition to spears and bows, James and Toby also carried knives strapped to their right hips and throwing axes to their left. On our last trip, we had left two mattocks on the isthmus. They were perfect for prying oysters off rocks. This time, we carried a dozen big gourds with bamboo stoppers to where we were going to harvest oysters and then cached them in the rocks until we returned from the mainland.

We joked and played and sang on our way down the mountain as usual. Before we crossed the isthmus, I reviewed with James and Toby what they were to do in case we encountered any dangerous animals or birds and the one word commands for what I wanted them to do. If we faced anything dangerous and I said spears, they knew to position themselves slightly behind me and to each side holding their spears with both hands. If I said bows they knew to take the same positions and quickly notch and draw an arrow ready to shoot.

The mainland was heavily forested with occasional small streams and outcroppings of sedimentary rocks. We wandered around looking first to the north and then to the south of the isthmus and finally found what I was looking for: an outcropping of layered sedimentary rocks about ten meters high with two faces which were almost vertical. There were enough rocks in the outcropping to make dozens of buildings. Each layer was almost level and reasonably thin, most no more than hand-width thick. I knew we could easily break them loose.

The outcropping was surrounded by a gently sloping pile of earth and we could rig up a slide to move the rocks downhill. At the bottom of the rise, there was a level area suitable for a building. The few small pines in the area would make good roof rafters. We wandered farther looking for a steam and soon found one in easy walking distance of the second outpost site.

We returned to the outcropping, looked closer at the rocks, and used our hands to make a few fall. I was studying the rock wall when I heard James and Toby scrambling behind me. I turned and saw two frightened young boys hurrying toward me. When they saw me looking, they both pointed to something behind them.

I felt the cool response flood over me and looked where they were pointing. At first I didn't see anything but then something moved and I saw what had frightened them: large dogs or maybe wolves. I said "Spears" and Toby and James quickly assumed their positions behind me with their spears extended in both hands. I eased my spear down, pulled the Brute off my back, notched an arrow, and waited. The layered rock wall was behind us and I knew nothing could attack us from that direction. The danger lay in front of us.

I counted four animals which I believed were wolves from their size and coloration. The largest one's faded coat made him look older and I guessed he was the alpha male. Two smaller ones had brighter coats

and I guessed them to be his offspring. The smallest one was hanging back and I assumed it might be the bitch. They were all pacing around and acting menacing but not coming any closer. I waited, hoping that they would leave us alone.

“Don’t be afraid,” I whispered. “If they don’t attack us, we don’t need to do anything. If they do attack, just do what I told you. We can defend ourselves.”

“I’m scared,” Toby whispered.

“Shit, me too,” James whispered.

“Me too,” I said. “If they attack, the big one is going to eat an arrow. You just hold your spear and thrust like I’ve taught you. You can do it. These guys don’t scare me half as much as that big bear did and its skin is on our floor now.”

I was scared too, not so much for myself as for the two young boys I had brought with me. In my heightened state of awareness I felt sure I could defend myself against the wolves but I didn’t want James and Toby to be injured or killed. I loved them like sons but I knew I had to rely on them now and the training I had been giving them for months. We had to begin to explore the rest of our new world in spite of the dangers and I felt they would be quite capable of defending themselves against most threats.

We stood there waiting. I could see the biggest wolf slowly getting closer and snarling and acting more menacing. Two of the others were pacing slightly behind him and threatening. The other one was pacing at the rear and hardly threatening. If they charged, they had to come up the slight rise to where we were and I knew that put them at a disadvantage. I aimed at the biggest one and waited. He kept sideling closer and I expected him to attack at any moment.

Suddenly he charged up the rise toward us and the other two charged a split second later. I let an arrow fly and saw it disappear somewhere in the largest one. His charge quickly turned into convulsions and he flopped around in pain about five meters from us.

I dropped the Brute, pulled my sword, and waited for one of the others. One bounded toward me, open mouth and huge teeth. In my cool state, I waited until he was almost upon me, quickly stepped to

one side, and, as he leaped through where I had been standing, I swung my sword down on the center of his back. I felt the sword bite deeply into him and I knew I had killed him.

I turned back, looking for the other wolf. Toby was down but he was quickly scrambling to his feet. The wolf was thrashing around with Toby's spear in the front of its chest and James' spear in the side of its chest pinning it down. Toby pulled his spear out, shoved it downward into the wolf a few times, and it stopped moving.

I looked back for the fourth wolf. It was still pacing back and forth and I thought for a moment about letting it go. Then I thought of something else.

"Bows!" I yelled, then picked up the Brute and notched an arrow.

James and Toby quickly moved into position beside me with drawn bows and an arrow ready to fly. I watched them take a few deep breaths, steady themselves, and draw their bows tighter.

"Kill it," I whispered, without loosing my arrow.

Two arrows flew toward the last wolf and both struck. The wolf started thrashing around, trying to get at whatever was causing it pain. I relaxed my bow and returned the arrow to the quiver.

"Go finish it," I said. Toby and James ran down the rise, whooping loud enough to scare anything, and put the wolf out of its misery with their axes. Then they retrieved their arrows and wiped them clean in the wolf's fur.

I walked slowly down the rise, held out my arms, and they came to me. We wrapped our arms around each other and stood there, hearts pounding, breaths rasping in and out, but smiling at each other.

"Damn, I almost shit my pants when that sucker knocked me down," Toby said.

"Yeah, but we killed it, Toby," James said. "Me and you, we killed it."

"Yeah, and then David let us kill the last one," Toby said.

“You both did exactly what I’ve been training you to do,” I said. “I’m proud of you. We can defend ourselves. This world is ours. We’re going to claim it.”

“I just wish we didn’t have to kill things though,” Toby said.

“Toby, I killed lots of men in our old world. They all were trying to kill me. It’s the same way here. If an animal threatens us, we’ve got to kill it.”

“Yeah, and we’ve got to kill some that don’t threaten us, like deer, so we can have food,” James said.

I looked at Toby and saw muddy paw prints on his chest and claw marks in his clothing down his chest and stomach.

“Toby, did the wolf hurt you?” I asked.

“I don’t think so,” he said. He pulled his clothing up with one hand and down with the other. There were multiple red stripes on his skin from his chest down to his genitals from the wolf’s claws.

“Damn, he almost ripped your dick off,” James said, grinning.

Toby reached down, pulled his penis out of his tights, and stroked it a couple of times.

“Oh, shit, he broke it,” he said and grinned. “It won’t stand up.”

“Wait ‘til we get back,” James said, grinning just as big. “Maybe Jean-Nicole can fix it.”

“Yeah, she can kiss it and make it well,” Toby said.

We walked back to the biggest wolf and stood there looking at it. I wondered where my arrow had entered it but I couldn’t see any signs of blood. I bent over and used two hands to pry its jaws open. Blood poured from its throat.

“Damn, David, you made him eat one,” James said.

“I’d like to have my arrow back,” I said. “Do you think it went all the way through him?”

Toby used his spear to push the wolf's bushy tail out of the way, then squatted down and looked closely at the wolf's rear end.

"Nothing back here 'cept an asshole and a couple of big balls," he said. "Unless he shit it out, I think it's still in him."

We walked over to the one that I had struck with my sword. We could easily see what had happened to him. I had cut its spine in two and the two halves of its body were almost separated. I was pleased that my first effort with the sword had done what I intended.

We looked at the other one which had attacked, the one James and Toby had killed. It could have been sleeping except that it was lying in a big puddle of bright red blood. I bent over, wiped two fingers in the blood, straightened up, and walked over to Toby. He didn't protest when I painted two slanting stripes down each cheek.

"Now you do James," I said.

James grinned as wide as possible when Toby painted two stripes down his cheeks. I didn't protest when they both painted blood stripes down my cheeks. Nobody said anything. What was there to say? We had met the beasts and we had killed them.

Last we went to the other wolf that James and Toby had killed. It was a female. I almost felt sorry for it.

"David, I wish we could take something back to show the others what we killed," James said. "Could we skin them like we did the bear and maybe make something to wear?"

"Wet skins are always heavy to carry," I said. "Remember how heavy the bear skin was. I don't think we can carry gourds full of oysters and maybe a little pig and four wolf skins. We need food more than we need skins. How about just the tails?"

"Yeah, chop them off," James said.

"No, I think I'll do something else," I said.

I squatted down, used Little Boy to cut around the tail and then cut down the skin from near the asshole almost to the end. I carefully cut

the skin loose near the body, caught the loose ends with thumbs and fingers, and pulled. That dragged the wolf along the ground until both James and Toby put one foot on it. I pulled again and stripped the furry skin off the bony flesh.

I skinned the Alpha male's tail next and then let Toby and James skin the last two. I watched as Toby used Little Boy to cut around and down on the wolf's tail. Then I put my foot on the wolf and the two of them stripped the tail off. James did the last one. I had brought string to tie the oyster gourds to a bamboo pole and I cut two short sections, tied the tails together two and two, and hung two around Toby's neck and the others around James' neck. From the way they smiled, I knew they were pleased.

I knew I had an unpleasant task yet to do but I wanted my arrow back. With James and Toby holding the front and back paws extended, I used Little Boy to cut the Alpha male open from throat all the way down, with a zigzag to miss the penis. I used my spear point to poke around in the entrails until I felt something solid and then pried my arrow up until I could pull it out. I wiped it off in the wolf's fur and put it back in the quiver. I had spent too much time making Iain wood arrows and I wasn't about to leave it in the wolf. I also wanted to set an example for James and Toby by retrieving my arrow.

We dragged the carcasses well away from the rock formation and then started looking for a place to spend the night. Toby called that he had found a perfect place. It was a cave-like indentation in the rocks, about two meters off the ground and about the same depth, easily wide enough for us to stretch out. The afternoon sun was nearing the horizon and I knew we would soon be in the cold and dark. I wanted a fire. We built two.

With James and Toby bringing dead wood, I first built a small fire on the ground near the opening. Then I built a larger fire back in the cave-like area where we were going to sleep. I knew that if we could warm the rocks they would radiate heat and keep up warmer during the night.

We went to the stream long enough to wash our hands but nobody wanted to wash the stripes of wolf blood off their face. Next, we had a good piss and then returned to the fires to eat our evening meal. Later we raked the fire out of the sleeping cave, covered the floor with leafy branches, and tried to get comfortable for the night. Of course, we

stood around the small fire and had a good wank before we turned in. Our excuse was that we would sleep better. We put on a double layer of clothes topped with a hooded rain cape. I slept on my left side as usual, facing out of the cave. James spooned up to my butt and Toby spooned up to his. We had one blanket under us and two over us and we were soon warm and comfortable. I briefly roused once, piled more wood on the fire, pissed again, and crawled back up in the little cave.

The next day, we returned to the isthmus, made another fire, stripped naked, and harvested oysters, with frequent breaks to warm our frozen limbs and parts. We all got dressed again before we started shucking. James and Toby quickly proved that they could shuck too and we filled twelve gourds with big oysters and their juice. They also proved that they could do what I was doing: slurp a raw oyster out of the shell, chew it a little, swallow, and then smile widely and burp and pat their stomachs. Hunger and youth make for good appetites.

We arrived home just before dark, quietly walked in, and surprised everybody. James and Toby still had the wolves' tails around their necks. We still had the blood stripes on our cheeks. We had twelve big gourds full of oysters hanging from a bamboo pole carried by the two of them. I carried everybody's weapons. We stood there for a moment grinning and listening to the barrage of questions.

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The day after we returned, Aimee said that the weather was probably going to be clear and windless and about 30 degrees on the David scale, a warm late-fall day. We decided to take Petra and Pyotr for their first long look at our new world and to have a picnic at the top of the mountain. Our newest arrivals looked in wonder at the sea which surrounded us, the green and brown and gray of the mountain, and the peaceful cloudless blue sky with a few small sea birds gliding.

Pyotr lay belly down on the translucent dome with his eyes sheltered from light by his hands but he finally gave up trying to see what was under the dome. I told him I thought whatever was under the dome somehow converted sunlight into electricity for us. Like all of us, he simply shook his head in wonder.

We found a sunny sheltered spot and had lunch: raw oysters for an appetizer, slices of cold roast pork, crusty sour-dough bread, mixed

vegetables blanched to a tender-crisp stage and dipped in Italian aioli mayonnaise, and fruit for dessert. I was surprised when everybody had at least one oyster. Nobody asked for a sweet dessert and I knew we never would have one again unless somebody sent us sugar and I hoped they wouldn't. With Jean-Nicole's delight in being master chef, more than one of us acting as sou-chefs, and Aimee's endless supply of good recipes, I thought we ate like kings.

After lunch, I explained again how Aimee's canopy protected the entire mountain and prevented the intrusion of any dangerous birds and animals. I told them about the large raptor birds which liked to ride the updraft from the mountain, how they were prevented by the canopy from dropping down on us, and how I had almost been the prey of one when I went out on the isthmus. When I described the one I had killed, I watched Pyotr and Petra's faces, wide eyes and open mouths. I made sure they understood that Aimee protected them from dangerous birds and mammals and that I was also ready to protect them from danger.

As usual, we explored the top of the mountain. We didn't explore as a large group but in smaller groups which changed depending on what someone found. On the peak, there were no big trees, just little stunted pines. It was covered with huge grey boulders and what little vegetation there was survived in the crevices between them. I thought the prevailing Westerly wind at the top of the mountain had sculpted the vegetation into shapes like those little Japanese things.

I tried to judge the time by the position of the sun and about mid-afternoon, we started the easy trek back down the mountain to home. Before we got there, I saw gray clouds beginning to move in from the west and I knew rain was imminent. Before we got home, it began to fall, a cold mist at first which gradually changed into steady rain. We were all drenched when we got home.

The second care package from our old home arrived while we were gone. We stood and stared at it for a moment and then we all stripped in the hallway, warmed up in the shower, and crowded into the air dryer. Then we ran to our bedchambers for our loincloths, returned and started unpacking all our goodies.

The second shipment was almost the same as the first, largely dried and compressed items such as flour, cornmeal, rice, and milk, but it included some items which surprised us.

Again the center hallway contained a rectangle of boxes wrapped in plastic about two meters high, three wide, and five long. In the center, we found small bags of whole potatoes: Yukon gold, red, russet, and sweet potatoes. I knew that they were intended for planting and had to be cut up into small sizes each containing an eye and then cured before planting. There were small bags of onion sets, nickel-sized onions ready to go in the ground: Peruvian sweet, Vidalia sweet, Italian red, and giant yellow onions.

Iain almost lost his composure when he uncovered the boxes containing a flute, a violin, a trumpet...and his tallum. It looked like a weird keyboard with four unfolding legs.

And last there was a box of play equipment: four soccer balls, four volley balls, four balls which might be beach balls, all deflated, along with two hand pumps to inflate them.

We all worked for a while stowing the food items away in an unused bed chamber, leaving the musical instruments and play things for last. James and Toby and Pyotr immediately started inflating all the balls. Iain set up his tallum in the hallway but then found out it had to be charged. Aimee told him there were charging stations in the restricted room at the end of the hall so he and I carried it there and found a place to plug it in. He said it required about four hours to recharge so we left it and went back in the hallway.

James and Toby and Pyotr had inflated all the balls and were throwing one back and forth while the ladies stood and watched. As soon as we walked back to where they were, James suggested something.

“Let’s play dodge-ball,” he said. “The hallway is perfect for playing. We used to play it at church. It’s a lot of fun.”

I had never played dodge-ball. “How do you play?”

“Well, we played two versions. In one we all stand in a big circle with one person in the middle and throw the ball at him or her. The one who hits him gets to name the next person in the middle. The other way, we have two throwers about thirty feet apart and everybody else is in the middle. The throwers can throw at anybody. When they hit

somebody, they become a thrower and the old thrower gets in the middle.”

I looked around at everybody. They were all smiling and nodding. I wanted to play too but I wanted to eat first.

“Jean-Nicole, have we got enough leftovers for this crowd?”

Have you ever played dodge-ball? How about dodge-ball with both girls and guys? And everybody naked? After dinner that night, that’s what we did: naked, mixed-sex dodge-ball in the center hallway.

We started the first game, second version, with all of us wearing loincloths as usual. Then James and Toby threw theirs to one side and gradually everybody followed their example. After Toby threw the ball too hard at a naked female’s derriere, the girls unilaterally changed the rules: guys had to throw underhanded; only girls could throw overhanded.

How can a bunch of guys keep from getting hard-ons looking at four beautiful naked females who are contorting themselves in all sorts of provocative ways while trying to dodge the ball? We didn’t. Have you ever played naked, mixed-sex, dodge-ball with a hard-on? It was a lot of fun even when James tried to hit the thrown ball with his bat.

Afterwards, we all washed the sweat away with a shower, filled the big tub in the bathing chamber with warm water, soaked until we had prune-fingers, talked about everything, and finally got out and crowded under the warm air dryer again. As usual, we all groped each other in the pretense of wiping the water off somebody. Everybody was grinning when we finally stepped out of the drying circle.

“I don’t know about you guys but I’m going to bed,” Jean-Nicole said, and then looked at James and Toby and continued: “By myself.”

I took Anna’s hand and went to our bed chamber. Quietly the others paired up and followed. Anna and I spooned up together and went to sleep. I was content.

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As usual, I was the first one up the next day. I let my morning woody lead me to the toilet for a good piss and then went to the bathing

chamber to wash my face. Anna staggered in and washed her face. We both returned to our bed chamber for loincloths and Anna brushed her hair while I watched, then insisted on brushing mine.

While Anna was brushing my hair, I asked Aimee for the morning weather report. I always had jobs to do outdoors but none of them were urgent. She reported that it was still raining but warm for a late-fall day, perhaps as the result of a warm southern front. I still wanted to see for myself so Anna and I went to the front door and stood there looking at the light rain falling and the gloomy skies.

We were in the kitchen, talking, getting ready to prepare breakfast, when James, Toby, Petra, and Pyotr, the four Mouseketeers, Jean-Nicole's name for them, walked in still naked, accompanied by Lucky. I knew something was up. They usually donned their loincloths before coming in the kitchen.

"We're all going to take Lucky for his morning pee," James announced.

"And have one ourselves," Toby whispered.

"Yeah, I gotta pee," Pyotr whispered.

"Me too," Petra said.

"It's raining," I said.

"We know," James said. "Aimee gave us the morning weather report. We're going anyway."

"And we're going to dance in the rain," Petra said, and twirled around.

I dropped my loincloth and looked at Anna. She dropped hers.

I pointed at James and Toby. "Go wake up Jean-Nicole. Tell her she's got to pee outdoors and then dance in the rain."

I pointed at Petra and Pyotr. "Tell Iain and Caitlyn to get their lazy asses out of bed. We're all going to outside to pee in the rain and then dance."

All of us ran outdoors onto the big terrace and peed. Anna and I had already had our morning piss but we both managed a little more. The girls didn't squat. They spread their legs and did it standing. The boys held their dicks and tried for distance. We were all grinning at each other, bodies wet, hair wet and stringy, a little cold, but, from the expression on our faces, wonderfully happy and enjoying life.

Petra and Pyotr started the dancing, not with each other but separately in wild gyrations. James and Toby tried to outdo them. The rest of us watched for a moment and then joined in. Dancing? Maybe it was but I wanted music.

“Music, Aimee!” I yelled. “Play some music for us to dance!”

She played a waltz. Iain said it was the Blue Danube by Strauss. I didn't care. We waltzed, sometimes alone, in pairs, in threes, and once, in nines. That didn't work but nobody cared.

“Aimee, could you please play ‘I Was Made to Boogie’? Loud!” Iain yelled.

She played it. I felt like a damn fool but I boogied too. At first I stood and watched. The four youngest started, then Jean-Nicole joined in, and then Iain and Caitlyn. I could see they didn't know what they were doing but they were moving in time to the music, shaking their butts, hands in the air. I took Anna's hand and we started boogying too.

Thunder growled and we all ran for the indoors. We crowded under warm showers, jam-packed under a downdraft of warm air, and ran for the kitchen for breakfast.

Nobody offered to put on a loincloth. We prepared and ate breakfast naked, except for little white sea-shell necklaces. Anna and I prepared hash-brown potatoes. Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn made a big frittata with eggs and onions. Iain sliced the last of the pork roast. James and Toby toasted bread. Petra and Pyotr set the table.

Afterwards we cleaned the kitchen, washed the dishes, and drifted back to two adjacent tables, all of us still naked.

“Well, what shall we do now?” I asked.

“I know,” Pyotr said.

I looked at him and nodded.

“Let’s have a play party,” he said.

“An all-day play party, Petra said

“An all-day sex play party,” Toby said.

“Yeah, let’s have a fucking all-day *sex play* party!” James said.

From the way the four Mouseketeers were grinning, I knew they had already discussed what they wanted to do.

I looked at all the others, and they were all smiling. I took that as agreement that they wanted to play too. However, I still felt protective toward the twins. I didn’t know what I should do. I went to Anna, hugged her against my naked body, and whispered to her.

“Mon amour, what am I going to do?” I asked. “You know me. You know I always want to do what’s right for everybody but I don’t know what’s right this time, especially for Petra. What if she’s got a tough hymen? Maybe it might be painful to her even if it’s Pyotr’s dick?”

“Mon cœur, they want to have sex with each other,” she whispered back. “Let’s all just play again. If Petra wants a Pyotr in her pussy, let her have it. If it hurts, she can decide what she wants to do.”

I pulled back and looked at her. I grinned at her pun. I also appreciated her womanly wisdom.

“So you approve if pretty little Petra wants to let Pyotr penetrate her pouting little pussy with his prodigious pecker?”

“Yes, damn it! How can you be so eloquent sometimes when you’re so dense?”

I turned to the crowd. “I hate to rain on your parade but we can’t have an all-day sex play party,” I said, trying to keep my face as serious as possible.

Chapter Thirty-Four

I turned to the crowd. “I hate to rain on your parade but we can’t have an all-day sex play party,” I said, trying to keep my face as serious as possible.

I waited for their inevitable reactions. “We’ve all got work that needs to be done.”

I waited for that to sink in and then grinned. “How about we work this morning and then have an *afternoon* sex play party? I can’t keep my penis erect all day long. Four hours is just about my limit.”

Eight faces quickly changed from scowling to grinning.

I really did have some tasks that I had planned for our next rainy day. I wanted to rework three bamboo clothes drying racks first. That was a task I needed to do to keep Anna from carrying out her threat to kill me if I didn’t hurry up and do it. One of the racks had collapsed under a load of damp clothes and the other two were threatening to fall apart. I intended to re-tie and tighten all bindings and install cross braces on all three. I also wanted to modify some of the original construction. Even with four guys helping me, that job took almost two hours.

After that, we made a big bamboo drain for the dishes. We had four sinks in the kitchen and we could wash dishes in one and rinse in another. We had been simply stacking wet dishes in the other sinks and on the counter but that wasn’t Jean-Nicole’s idea of how she wanted her kitchen to operate. Iain and I had designed a bamboo drain tray which fit over the other two sinks on which we could place dishes standing on their sides. That was to be a rainy-day project. We took almost another hour to complete it.

The ladies were all busy in the kitchen while we were working on the dish drain. Have you ever watched a beautiful young girl, Jean-Nicole, kneading bread – in the nude? And three other beautiful young females doing things to prepare a meal – all in the nude? And whispering back and forth and sneaking peeks at us. I think we could have done the drain in thirty minutes if they had not been so provocatively displaying themselves. Provocative, yeah: they were doing it deliberately.

I decided to retaliate. Iain had been learning something new and I wondered if he had mastered it.

“Iain, what have you been learning on your tallum? Is it ready for us?”

“No, David, I haven’t mastered it yet. It’s Mendelssohn’s Violin Concerto in E Minor. It’s a difficult piece of music.”

“Well, it sounds good to me. Aimee, can you play it for us?”

“Yes, David, I can play his latest effort. Each time he attempts the whole piece, I record it so he can listen later and learn from his mistakes. With his permission, I can play it.”

I looked at Iain. He shook his head, grinned, and nodded. He probably knew what I was doing.

“Play it loud, Aimee,” I said. “I really like it.”

After that, I wanted to work on bows again. We had four Iain-wood bows in various stages of completion, one each for Anna, Iain, James and Toby. We stayed in the kitchen and listened to Mendelssohn while I worked on Anna’s bow and the guys worked on their own. By lunch time, we had completed all four except for stringing them. I also wanted to make more Iain-wood arrows but I decided that could wait. The aromas from Jean-Nicole’s lunch, especially the fresh bread, were whetting everybody’s appetite.

For lunch we had another wonderful meal: freshly-baked bread, an oyster casserole, a fish stew with a tomato base and potatoes and carrots, and bok choy, sautéed in olive oil and garlic. As was often the case, the lunch meal had been prepared in sufficient quantities to serve as the dinner meal too. Occasionally we had left overs of various kinds for lunch and had a freshly-prepared dinner meal. Either way, the food was always good. Maybe eating with a bunch of naked people this time made it better.

Since the ladies had done the cooking, the gentlemen cleaned the kitchen, washed the dishes, and christened the dish-drying rack. I could see already that it needed to be modified to have a second rack over the first one to hold more dishes and pots and pans.

The four ladies sat at tables where they could watch us. As far as I knew it was the first time five guys had washed dishes in the nude.

Was that the attraction? Who knows? They kept looking at us and whispering to each other. From the furtive way they behaved, I figured they were still plotting against us. My dick must have understood that they were up to something. It was swollen just shy of standing up while I washed the dishes.

When we finished, Anna called us to her and then she took charge.

“I want you all to listen carefully,” she said. “Petra and Pyotr have never played with us before. Petra says she and Pyotr have not done anything more than mutual masturbation. This is all new to them and we should all be very considerate of them. I suggest we all just play for a while and let them watch and join in as they please. We all know they want to have sex for the first time with each other. If they wish to do that today, we should all just sit quietly and watch them, if they don’t mind.”

James raised his hand. “Is it OK if Toby and I show them something? If Jean-Nicole will help us, we’ll show them how guys can please a woman.”

I looked at Jean-Nicole. She smiled and nodded. That was settled.

“I would like that, James,” she said. “But I think we should start off very slowly. *NO fucking*. At least, not at first.”

“No fucking is no fucking fun,” Toby whispered.

“We’ve got all afternoon to play, Toby,” Anna said. “Maybe somebody will take pity on you later on.”

“OK,” James said. “Everybody to the lounge. Last one there is a lazy lounge lizard.”

I was the lazy lounge lizard. Everybody ran but Anna and me. I couldn’t run. She had a firm grip on my dick. It was hard. She walked, sort of dragging me along behind her. I walked behind like an obedient child.

Someone had already prepared the lounge for a play party. Two sofas had been placed facing each other about ten feet apart. Another sofa had been placed at one end. The result: U-shaped seating for all nine of us.

I saw something that I knew had been in Jean-Nicole's room, an arrangement of cattails and dried flowers so I knew she was one of the instigators. I saw two huge shells, something like chambered nautilus and I knew one had come from the bedroom Anna and I used and the other from Iain's and Caitlyn's. Iain and I had hauled the shells up the mountain in our backpacks and then made a base so they sat upright and could contain flowers. There were three mattresses with clean covers leaning against the wall, ready to be put down between the sofas when needed. I knew nobody had time to make the preparations today so they must have done it last night.

Except for Anna, we all sat down. I sat on one end of a sofa and James sat on the other end with an empty place between us. I knew James wanted Anna to sit there and he had claimed the end seat so he could be near her.

On the sofa facing us, Jean-Nicole, Iain, and Caitlyn were sitting, smiling. On the one on the end, Toby, Petra, and Pyotr were smiling and looking eager.

I looked around again. It was evident from four hard-ons that four guys were ready to play. Iain had his arms over Caitlyn's and Jean-Nicole's shoulders. Caitlyn had her hand around Iain's stiff dick. While I watched, Jean-Nicole also got a handful of hard-on. Both hands began sliding slowly up and down. Iain grinned wider.

Toby took Petra's hand and led it to his dick. She wrapped one hand around it, looked up at him in surprise, and then promptly put the other around Pyotr's dick. She watched the other couches and started slowly sliding her hands up and down on two rigid dicks.

"Petra and Pyotr," Anna said. "We don't have an agenda for playing. Jean-Nicole is going to play with Toby and James while we all watch. I don't know what they'll do. It's up to them. If either of you want to get closer to them, that's OK. If you want to participate with them, that's OK too. You don't have to do what the three of them do. Just do what you want to, whatever you're comfortable with doing. This is supposed to be fun so enjoy yourselves."

She sat back down between me and James and he promptly moved over so his thigh was against hers. He put one arm over her

shoulders, looked at me, and grinned. I just smiled at him and nodded.

Jean-Nicole walked to the center, lifted her arms, and slowly turned around, smiling at all of us. This was just like her first time playing but she seemed totally confident now. I still thought she looked like a young goddess who had just come to be among us mortals: beautiful face, perfect small breasts, narrow waist, wide hips, little cleft in her mound, long long legs, just a perfect young woman.

She looked at Toby and beckoned him. He quickly stood up, moved close to her, and just stood there, penis pointing up at about a fifty-degree angle. They were a beautiful young couple, both tall and slim, Toby hard and muscular, wide shoulders, long lean legs, tight little butt. Jean-Nicole soft and rounded, long legs too, woman's wider butt, narrower waist. Toby was a little taller than her now. I waited for them to do something.

Toby took the initiative. With one hand, he gently placed his fingers on Jean-Nicole's cheek and kissed her, just a chaste soft lips-to-lips kiss, like two young lovers often start with. With the tip of his finger on the other hand, he just as gently teased the nipple of one breast. His penis was barely touching her abdomen and that was the only place below the waist they were touching.

She put her arms around his waist and he did the same. Slowly he lowered his hands until they were curved around her derriere and their bodies moved closer until I couldn't see his penis anymore. Her hands crept down to his butt and I saw her fingers making an indentation on his tight little butt cheeks as she pulled him against her.

When I looked back up, they were kissing with closed eyes and open mouths, just slowly and softly, mouths opening and closing, tongues darting in and out. Maybe Toby was demonstrating how to please a woman but Jean-Nicole was very evidently pleasing him at the same time.

She pushed him away, beckoned to James, and he was up and in front of her in a second. Toby moved around behind her, holding her by the hips, pressing his penis against her ass cheeks, and sliding up and down. He had his face in the crook of her neck and his open mouth against her skin.

James was just as slow and gentle with Jean-Nicole as Toby had been. He barely touched her with his penis at first but he slowly moved forward or pulled her until his dick was pressed against her mound and he was sliding it up and down. He started with little closed-lips kisses all over her face, finally stopped at her mouth, and opened her lips with his tongue. She offered her tongue in return.

“Go ahead,” Petra said. “I know you want to. It’s OK.”

I looked in their direction. Petra was pushing Pyotr up. His penis was rampant like James’ and Toby’s, a little smaller but big enough, foreskin retracted, red head shiny. He walked over to the trio and just stood there. Jean-Nicole and James had their eyes closed, lost in kissing, and were evidently not aware of him.

“Jean-Nicole, Pyotr wants to play too,” Toby said.

She opened her eyes, saw him, looked down at his penis, and smiled. She turned and held her hands palm-outward to him in invitation. He stepped up closer to her. She was a few inches taller than him.

Toby and James both grinned at Pyotr and I suppose that let him know that he was welcome to participate. Jean-Nicole pulled him up against her and lowered her lips to his. She must have given him a little tongue; he pulled back from her, surprised. She put her hands on his cheeks and pulled his face back to hers. This time he accepted her tongue, opened his mouth, and I saw them licking each other’s lips and their tongues playing. I couldn’t help but smile at what he was learning.

Toby and James were still pressed against Jean-Nicole on both sides, two hard penis pressed against her hips. I tried to see where Pyotr’s was but he was belly to belly with Jean-Nicole and I couldn’t. Then he pulled back for a second and I saw a flash of white, the shaft of his penis. It was between her legs, pointing straight out, and probably held down underneath her pussy. Damn, I wondered if he was about to lose his virginity with her instead of Petra.

James’ hand slid around Jean-Nicole’s belly and I knew he was reaching for her pussy. Suddenly he pulled back, a surprised look on his face and then a big grin. He had found penis while feeling for

pussy. Jean-Nicole grinned too. James leaned over and whispered to Toby. Toby grinned big too.

I looked at Petra, sitting alone on a couch. On sudden impulse, I stood up, walked over to her couch, and sat down beside her. I said what I wanted to say and she replied. Then I didn't know what to say. I got up and went back to Anna.

“What did you say to her?” Anna whispered. “And what did she say to you? I wish you could have seen the look on your face.”

“I apologized for scaring her, you know, the other day when I got her to hold my hard-on. She looked back with that little angelic face of hers and told me I hadn't scared her. Said she scared herself. She said she wanted me to fuck her. Damn, I'll never understand women.”

Iain stood up and came over in front of Anna and me. He took Anna's hands and helped her to stand. I stood up too. I didn't know what he wanted.

“Caitlyn needs a good kiss, David,” he said. “Then Jean-Nicole and Petra.”

Standing there in front of me, he gave Anna a good kiss, open mouths, tongues, and all, while I watched. Both moved their hands down to asses and pulled. I shook my head and went over to Caitlyn. She stood up by herself. When I leaned over she put her hand in front of my mouth and whispered.

“You can fuck me tonight, David. Iain wants to fuck Anna again.”

I gave her a good kiss. I tried to tongue-fuck her, she tried to tongue-fuck me, and I don't know who won the battle. I pressed my twenty-centimeter dick against her little belly and she eagerly slid up and down against it like she wanted it too. Damn, I knew I'd really never understand women.

Then I went to Jean-Nicole and she gave me a simmering kiss, maybe a boiling one. I had my hands on her derriere pulling her against me and she was trying to slide down my slippery dick. I was reeling. I vowed somebody, maybe two somebodies, were going to get fucked tonight. Then I remembered I still had one more female to kiss: Petra.

I didn't dare this time. She stood up, lifted her little face to mine, and I gave her a quick smack on the lips. That wasn't what she wanted. She reached up with both hands, brought my face back down to hers, opened her mouth, and gave me a little touch of teasing tongue. I staggered back to the couch and watched the other guys kiss Anna, including Pyotr. Damn, he used his tongue on her too. I stood there watching as all the guys kissed all the women, Petra included.

Finally we all stood around looking at each other and I suppose everybody was wondering what next? Everybody seemed to be having trouble breathing. I wondered what was going happen for the rest of the afternoon after a warm-up like we had just had.

Jean-Nicole took charge.

“Toby, James, would you put those three mattresses in the middle of the couches? I don't think you're through showing me how to make love to a woman; are you? The rest of you please sit down again.”

We sat, Anna and me on one couch, Caitlyn and Iain opposite us, and Petra and Pyotr at the side. Jean-Nicole whispered to James and Toby. They went running and returned in a few seconds with about a half dozen pillows somebody had forgotten.

Jean-Nicole lay down on her back, Toby stuffed a pillow under her neck, then James stuffed one under her hips, and she bent her knees and splayed her legs. I was looking at her from one side. I wanted to move over and sit with Petra and Pyotr so I could see from the front. Shit, I wanted to get on my knees between Jean-Nicole's legs but I didn't dare. Anna had a tight grip on my penis again.

Toby lay down on one side of Jean-Nicole, half on top of her, and started with more kisses. James knelt beside her, bent over with his butt toward me and Anna, ass in the air, asshole showing, and balls dangling. His head started moving around her breasts. Toby's hand crept down toward Jean-Nicole's pussy. James' hand did too. Their hands contested ownership rights for a few seconds, reached an agreement, and both started playing with her pussy.

I looked down at my dick. It was drooling a river down the head and over Anna's hand. She smeared the syrup all over the head and slid her hand slowly up and down. I put my arm over hers, cupped my

fingers around her pussy, and used my long index finger to plumb her depths. She was drooling pussy juice and hot as hell.

Toby moved down between Jean-Nicole's legs, flopped on his belly, grimaced, probably when the uncovered head of his dick rubbed the mattress, and then lowered his face to her pussy.

I wanted to see. I moved over close to the trio and dropped to my knees. I watched Toby's pink tongue licking up the wet lips of Jean-Nicole's pussy. He looked up at me, grinned, and then stuck his tongue out at me. I was just about to ask him to let me have a turn.

Then Anna slapped me on the back of my head and lay down beside Jean-Nicole. Smiling at me, she lifted her knees, spread her legs, and held out her arms to me. Damn, a beautiful pussy waiting for my monster. Fuck her? Yeah, but there was something else I wanted to do first.

I grabbed a pillow, stuffed it under her neck, moved between her legs, and lay down beside Toby. I shut my eyes, quit watching, and started licking. I felt her little lips unfold in welcome and I licked and licked. Then I used my thumbs to separate and lift the soft mounds and bared her clit to my tongue.

I felt somebody bumping us to one side and looked in that direction. Pyotr had his head between Jean-Nicole's legs. James was beside them, bent over, whispering to Pyotr and pointing at something. Toby was kneeling on the other side, slowly stroking his dick, watching. Petra was beside him, intently watching her brother learn to lick a woman's pussy.

Perhaps she was jealous. She lay down on the third mattress, pulled Pyotr away, and lifted her knees and spread her legs in invitation to him. He accepted, scrambled down on the mattress, and started licking his sister's little virginal pussy. She had her fingertips on each side of his head, probably guiding his mouth to where she wanted it. She said something and he crawled after another pillow and stuffed it under her neck. He plopped down on his belly and resumed licking. I assumed this was the first time they had done it. I didn't think it would be the last.

Caitlyn didn't want to be the only one who wasn't getting licked. She pulled Iain onto the mattresses, Anna and I moved over, and she

quickly assumed the position. I looked around and saw Pyotr licking Petra's pussy and James and Toby vying for the privilege of servicing Jean-Nicole. I watched until Iain started licking Caitlyn and then I closed my eyes and went back to my wife's pussy. Damn, it was too much. Four pussies side by side and all getting licked.

Somebody goosed me on both ribs. I cursed and looked up. I was James. He had his thumb raised. I knew what he meant. I surrendered my position to him, waited until I saw him give Anna's pussy the first lick, then knee-walked over to Iain, goosed him on both ribs, and gave him the thumb. He squirmed and giggled and then surrendered Caitlyn to me.

I sprawled between her wide spread legs and licked her little pussy, occasionally lifting my head to see what was happening. Iain made Toby relinquish Jean-Nicole. Toby stood up, looked around, touched Pyotr on the shoulder, gave him the thumb, pointed at Anna, and then stuck his face between Petra's legs. Pyotr stepped over three or four bodies, gave James the thumb, and they swapped places.

I got my licks in on Jean-Nicole next, moved down to Petra, licked her pink little pussy for a while, and then decided it all had to stop before four females got fucked and I might just be the one who shoved twenty centimeters of hard cock up Petra's little virginal pussy. Damn! My dick heard me thinking about it and got harder. I stood up, took a few deep breaths, trying to calm down.

"I think we'd all better stop," I said. "If we don't, four females are about to get fucked and I don't know whose dick is going where. We all need to sit down for a while and cool off."

We sat there on the couches for a while and I don't think anybody was touching anybody else. We were all breathing hard, sweating, everybody's hair a mess, and I wondered where we were going next.

A few minutes later, Jean-Nicole took charge again. "There's something else we need to show Petra and Pyotr," she said. She dropped to her knees, knee-walked to the center mattress, and motioned to James and Toby. They carefully walked across the mattress and then stood there side by side, arms around each other's backs. We all watched as she wrapped her hands around two steel-rod dicks, simultaneously stroked them for a moment, leaned over first to

James, opened her mouth to his dick, sucked for a moment, and then turned to Toby.

Anna stood up, walked to where the trio was playing, and dropped to her knees. She didn't even have to ask me or tell me. I was right behind her. As soon as her knees hit the mattress, I had my dick in her face and, a second later, she had it in her hand and then in her mouth.

Caitlyn and Iain followed our example. Iain stood there, hands dangling at his side, head thrown back, eyes closed, while Caitlyn tried to cram as much dick in her mouth as possible.

I put my hands on Anna's shoulders and watched what she and Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn were doing. Petra and Pyotr were sitting on the end couch watching with wide eyes and open mouths. I motioned for them to join us.

Petra knee-walked to an open spot on the mattresses with Pyotr right behind her. I watched as she cupped one hand under his balls, wrapped the other around his dick, looked around to see what the other cock-suckers were doing, and then started doing the same. Pyotr put his hands on her shoulders and held on for dear life as he had his dick sucked for the first time.

I wasn't about to call a halt this time but, damn, Anna did.

"Four guys on their backs," she said. "Somebody's about to get fucked. Petra, your first time should be on top of Pyotr. Have fun."

Iain and Pyotr and I quickly lay down on our backs, pillows under our necks. I watched Pyotr to see what he did. He looked at me, holding my dick straight up for Anna, then Iain, holding his for Caitlyn, and then he held his straight up with both hands for Petra.

James and Toby and Jean-Nicole were still standing, close together, whispering to each other. I assumed they were deciding which of the guys was first and which was second.

Anna took Petra's hand in hers, led her over to Pyotr, and helped her into position over his up-pointed dick. Caitlyn dropped to her knees between Pyotr's legs and waited. Petra slowly squatted over his dick. Caitlyn moved Pyotr's hands off his dick and wrapped her hand

around it, ready to guide it home. Petra got on her knees and slowly, gingerly, lowered her ass.

I couldn't see Pyotr's penis going in her but the expression on her face told me his dick was slowly penetrating her little pussy. It was fascinating to watch. We all watched until she had grunted and groaned and lowered her butt until all of his prodigious Pyotr was in her precocious little pussy. She smiled, lifted, settled down, smiled again, and then just sat there looking at the rest of us. I looked at Pyotr and he was grinning like a kid who had finally found out what his peter was good for.

Anna came back to me and straddled my hips. I held my dick upright for her and she notched it in the right place, slowly slid down on it and stopped. She looked at Caitlyn and Iain and watched as they quickly cooperated in hiding his pecker in her pussy.

We all looked at James, Toby, and Jean-Nicole, still standing. Toby dropped down on the mattress, flopped on his back, and held his horse cock straight up for her to mount. It took only a second for her to encunt his erection. She leaned forward, moved up and down on his dick a few times, and looked back at James.

James dropped to his knees behind her, held his rampant ramrod with one hand, put the other hand on Jean-Nicole's hip, and shuffled closer. I lifted my head a little higher. If James and Toby were going to make a sandwich with Jean-Nicole, I wanted to see. But that wasn't what they had in mind. She lifted her ass off Toby's dick, presented it to James, and he quickly slid his dick in her pussy. He gave her a few thrusts, pulled out and pushed down, and Toby's dick disappeared between her thighs. Swapping while fucking? Who would have ever thought?

"Caitlyn and I are going to swap in a minute or two," Anna whispered. "Is that OK with you?"

"Do I get to do Jean-Nicole and Petra too?" I asked, whispering.

"Maybe Jean-Nicole," she whispered back. "Nobody but Pyotr gets his prodigious pecker in Petra's pretty pouting pussy tonight."

I lifted my head and looked around. Petra was slowly riding Pyotr's peter and they were both grinning. James and Toby were swapping

and sharing Jean-Nicole's pussy. Caitlyn was looking at me and riding Iain's pecker.

"Damn!" I would never have believed it.

Anna rode me for a minute or so, just slowly and gently, without letting her beast loose. I put my hands behind my head, closed my eyes, relaxed, and just enjoyed fucking without having to move a muscle.

Anna lifted up off me and I opened my eyes and watched as she and Caitlyn swapped. I suppose I could have been a gentleman and held my dick up straight for her but she managed. I just lay there watching her trying to see how far down on my twenty-centimeter dick she wanted to go. She watched my face while I watched her trying to encunt my dick.

I lifted my head, did a crunch, and popped up my six-pack for her to appreciate. She made a face and stuck her tongue out at me. I stuck my tongue out at her and mimicked licking. I shut my eyes, put my head down on the pillow, and clasped my fingers together on my chest. I let her struggle by herself.

Maybe she got as much of my dick as she wanted. She leaned forward, kissed me with an open-mouthed lip-lock, and let her beast loose. I tried to think of anything but what she was doing to my dick but with little success. Damn! It was good. I knew she was going to come quickly at that rate so I let her. Then she moaned a few times and I felt her pussy trying to amputate my penis. I waited until she had squeezed it for the last time and then I lifted her hips up about six inches and gave her a good fucking up, no worrying about how much I was shoving into her. A few seconds later, I shoved her down on my dick again, had my first orgasm of the afternoon, and squirted a load on her little cervix. She squealed for me again and then bit my shoulder.

Toby went for wet washcloths and passed them out. I wiped the sweat off my face first and then wiped the juices off my dick and balls next. I suppose the others did about the same. Toby stood there wiping his off and then held out his hand. I threw him my used cloth and he went down the line collecting from the others.

We lay there on three mattresses, all nine of us in a row, cuddled up with each other, cooling off and relaxing. We were all quiet for a while but then somebody started tickling somebody and we all ended up groping and goosing and laughing and squealing. Somebody started changing positions so they could do something to somebody else and the body arrangement changed constantly. Nobody was trying to really get serious and we just played and had fun for a while.

I moved back behind Anna and watched the others for a moment. When James saw me cuddling her, he stood up and walked around so he was standing at our feet. He looked at Anna and asked, "May I?"

I didn't know what he was asking for but I suppose it didn't matter to Anna. She rolled on her back, spread her legs, and held out her arms to him. He dropped to his knees, leaned over her with straight arms, and stopped. Anna wrapped her hand around his dick and he lowered himself on top of her while she guided it in. I assumed he wanted to fuck her but I was wrong.

All he wanted was to be held. Anna wrapped her legs around his ass, her arms around his chest, and waited. He didn't move. Finally, he kissed her, right cheek, left cheek, and mouth, and then relaxed with his face in her hair. After a short while, I suppose he had been loved enough. He rolled off her and leaned over and kissed me, right cheek, left, cheek, and mouth. I slapped him on the butt and he went back to Jean-Nicole.

I decided to see if the other guys would follow my example. I spread Anna's thighs and sort of grazed on her pussy for a minute or so, mostly just tonguing her clitoris, not licking low enough to get into Iain's semen. I looked up briefly and saw the others watching me.

When I stopped with Anna, I crawled over Iain, pointed to Anna, and waited until Caitlyn got the idea and spread her legs. I gave her the same treatment, just tongue teasing clitoris, not really licking up a crème pie. I suppose I wouldn't have minded; it was my crème.

I rose up, saw Iain still licking Anna, moved over to Jean-Nicole, slapped James on the stomach, pointed to Anna, and then gave Jean-Nicole the same tonguing. When I moved out of the way, Iain moved in place between her legs. I looked down the line and saw Toby doing Anna while James waited.

I moved over to Petra. Pyotr stayed beside her and he looked like he couldn't believe I was about to lick her just-fucked pussy. I spread her little lips with my thumbs and gave her little bump some hard licking. I decided to give him another lesson. I licked down to her vagina, pointed my tongue, gave her a tongue-fucking, and tasted Pyotr's crème.

I had done all four women but I decided to go one more. I pushed Pyotr down on his back, held his penis straight up, and started sucking as hard as I could. He moaned or squealed or something but he didn't push me away. I gave him about as much sucking as I had given the women licking and then stood up.

Iain moved between Pyotr's legs, held his dick up, and started sucking. When Iain stood up, Pyotr did too. He quickly stepped over everybody's legs and got down between the last pair, Anna's. We all waited until he had a turn with Anna and Caitlyn and then Jean-Nicole and, finally, Petra. I decided I was ready for something else, maybe some good old-fashioned fucking, so I waved my dick around, and asked, "Who wants this?"

Anna did. She wanted it in the good old-fashioned missionary position and I wasn't about to argue. I dropped to my knees, leaned over her, and she used both hands to show my dick where she wanted it. We started off slowly but within a minute or so we both let our beasts loose. I came all too quickly but Anna started slamming her pussy up at me while I was slamming my dick down into her and when I finally stopped to squirt a gallon in her, I felt her vagina milking everything out of me.

I was shot in more ways than one. I looked up and saw Iain still on Caitlyn, neither moving, and James still humping Jean-Nicole. Toby stood there either milking the last little bit out of his pipes or waiting his turn. Pyotr's beautiful ass was flying up and down on his sister. I watched until everybody finally stopped moving.

Anna pushed me off her. "Come on," she said. "I want a shower and then we can pull out the leftovers."

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I had prepped Aimee about what I wanted her to review and she did her task to perfection. I especially wanted the others to hear about the

raptor birds and the wolves and bears and pigs which we might encounter when off the mountain. I gave everybody a minute or so to understand how we were protected on the mountain but in real danger when we left it.

“I’ve wanted to explore around the mountain since I came here and maybe this is a good time to do it,” I started. “We’re at the end of the tenth month and I don’t want to wait until after winter is over. We’ll be safe for the three or four days the trip will take but it will still be a little rough. We’ll take extra clothes and blankets but we’ll have to contend with cold. We’ll take some food but we’ll have to live off the land to some extent. We’ll be close to the shoreline all the way so we should be able to get oysters and fish. We won’t get a bath while we’re gone and toilet facilities will be in the bushes. The only thing I need to know right now is who wants to go with me. If you do, hold up your hand.”

I was surprised. Everybody wanted to go, even Caitlyn and Petra. I knew Iain and James and Toby wanted to go and I knew Anna wanted to go too. I was unsure about the others but I was pleased that they all trusted me to lead them on the excursion.

“OK. That’s settled. We’ll leave tomorrow morning. The trip will probably take three or four days. Everybody will carry a spear as usual and at least one more weapon or tool. James and Toby, will you make sure we all have the weapons and tools we’ll need?”

I got two willing nods.

“Iain and Caitlyn, would you make sure everybody has the clothing and blankets they’ll carry and that they’re packed securely? Take one change of clothing, a long sweater, extra boots or moccasins, and a rain cape. I think that will just about fill up a backpack. I’m going to carry those big plastic sheets from our care package shipment. They’re heavy but they’ll be useful if it rains.”

I got two more willing nods.

“Anna and Jean-Nicole, would you make sure we have whatever medical supplies you think we might need?” I asked. “If we’re careful we won’t need any but we need to be prepared. Also I want you two to think about the cooking utensils we’ll need. Keep them to the absolute bare minimum. We’ll be cooking over open fires. We don’t need to

worry about water. Aimee can give us some purification tablets and we can get water at any of the freshwater streams.”

Two more nods.

“Petra and Pyotr, would you each carry a tablet?” I asked. “Get Aimee to show you how to record what we see. Take pictures of everything of importance. You decide what’s significant. When we come back, Aimee can download the data and include it in her database on the mountain.”

Two more willing nods.

“I’m going to carry a spear as usual and I think everybody should. I’m not going to carry the Brute but I’ll have the Boys and I’ll have a sword behind my left shoulder. When we were attacked by the wolves, I pulled the sword and then killed one of them with a two-handed down-stroke. I don’t think I’ll need it but I want to carry it just in case. Anna and Iain and James and Toby, you have Iain-wood bows and you might want to carry them. Take some string so you can shoot at fish.”

James held his hand up. “What about Lucky? I think he’s big and strong enough to go.”

“He’s your dog and he’s your responsibility. Aimee can’t take care of him so he’s got to go.”

I wanted to start down the mountain on the trail leading to the swimming beach and then to walk counter clockwise to the east toward Iain’s Beach and Crooked Finger where we had found so many seashells.

The first day, we made it down the mountain and some distance across the south side toward the east. The terrain was intermittently curved stretches of beach and then steep cliffs with no beach. We alternated between easy walking on the beaches and then struggling over part of the mountain where there were cliffs.

In the middle of the day, we ate lunch out of food that Jean-Nicole had prepared for us and put in four guy’s backpacks. I guessed that we had enough food for perhaps two more meals and I wanted to see if we could get some fish.

At one place where there were huge flat rocks adjacent to deep water, Anna and Iain and James and Toby wanted to try shooting fish with

arrows with string attached. They proved that the method was successful. Iain got two and Anna and James and Toby got one each. The fish were large enough to provide us with maybe two meals.

At another place, I saw evidence of oysters so five guys, even Pyotr, stripped and harvested some from the cold water. I wanted the oysters to bake in the shell so I didn't try to shuck them immediately. Iain and I had both brought an empty backpack to hold fish or shellfish we got along the way so we packed one of them. When I lifted the full backpack, I found out how heavy oysters in the shell can be. I wasn't sure how close we were to Iain's Beach where I wanted to spend our first night but I hoped we were close.

Over the next hill, we found easy walking on another semi-circular beach. We climbed up some rocks at the end of the beach and James spotted some large fish swimming. We all crowded around to see. All the fish were big, about as big around and long as my leg, but I had no idea what they were. They seemed to be eating something off the rocks.

Toby and James wanted to see if they could shoot one with an arrow. I thought it would be impossible to pull in the string with a big fish so I asked only one of them to try. James let Toby do it while he held the string. Toby tried and missed. James pulled in the string and claimed his turn. Iain volunteered to hold the string. James was luckier. His arrow hit the fish just behind its head.

Immediately all hell broke loose in the water. The string ran through Iain's hands almost to the end before he got a grip. I pulled an arrow out of his quiver, looped it through the string a few times, and he grabbed the arrow and pulled. The fish didn't give an inch. It fought to escape but couldn't. Iain slowly backed up and pulled the fish up close to the rocks.

I don't know what Toby thought he was doing, maybe climbing down so he could grab the string and pull the fish in. He scrambled down the rocks, reached for the string, and that's when his foot slipped. I saw his back and head hit the rock and then he pitched face forward into the water. I saw that he was unmoving and I knew I had to do something. I felt the coolness sweep over me and I tried to quickly think of what I had to do.

I dropped my sword and knives, took a few running steps, and jumped feet first. I wanted to leap over Toby and I did. I hit the water in a crouch and went under. I straightened my legs as strongly as possible, touched a rock with my feet, and used it to push off. I used all the strength in my arms and hands to propel me back to the

surface. I turned around and saw Toby in front of me, floating face down.

Chapter Thirty-Five

I swam to Toby, flipped him over, put both arms under him, and lifted his head out of the water. I gave a few strong kicks, bumped into rocks, and turned and looked. Iain was above me, reaching down, and Anna and James were carefully coming down the rocks. Iain put his arms under Toby's and pulled him partially out of the water.

I relinquished his body and then began climbing out of the water. I was perhaps half-way out when I felt something bite down on the calf of my leg. My body registered pain and surprise and shock and I kicked down as hard as I could. I felt my foot connect with something solid and then the cool strength of my arms and legs propelled me out of the water like a penguin coming ashore.

By the time I climbed out, Anna and James and Iain had pulled Toby out of water. Anna was beside him. She quickly felt for a pulse in his throat, glanced at me and smiled, and I knew his heart was still beating. He began struggling for breath, moving his arms and neck, flexing his spine, and Anna smiled again. He had hit first on his back and then his head and his movement told us that there were probably no spinal injuries. Anna looked at the back of his head and we both saw there was no blood. I knew we needed to get him back to level ground.

I pulled him so he was partially upright and ducked my head to get it under his arm. I straightened up, grabbed his other arm, pulled him on my back, and looked upward to see if I could climb using only one hand. Anna climbed part way up, grabbed my hand, and pulled. Iain and James put their hands under my butt and pushed. In seconds, we managed to get Toby back on level ground.

Anna took over while I stood there trying to catch my breath and coming down off my cool. Toby was still struggling for breath. Anna turned him on his side, watched as a little water came out of his open mouth, and then turned him again on his back. She pinched his nose closed, pulled his chin down, put her open mouth to his, and gave him four strong breaths. Toby gasped, took a deep breath, gasped for another, and coughed a few times. He opened his eyes, saw Anna's face over his, reached up, pulled her down, gave her a kiss, and smiled

at her. He sat up, grabbed the back of his head, and said, “Oh, shit! That hurt!”

I knew he was going to be OK.

I remembered the bite from the fish and looked down at my leg. My clothing was ripped and I saw the marks of teeth but only a little blood. I decided to wait until Anna had cared for Toby.

Anna looked up at the others gathered around.

“James, help me get Toby out of these wet clothes. Jean-Nicole, get his dry clothes out of his backpack.”

She looked at me and then around at the others waiting for orders.

“Iain, help David get his butt out of those wet things before he freezes. Caitlyn, get his stuff out of his backpack.”

I stood there shivering while Caitlyn grinned and stripped me. She pulled my tights down and didn’t even comment when she saw my penis and testicles trying to crawl up inside my body. When she saw my leg, her grin quickly disappeared.

“Anna, David’s been bitten by something,” she almost yelled.

Anna quickly scrambled over to me and looked carefully at my leg.

“It’s not bad, just scratches,” she said. “I’ll treat it in a few minutes.”

She gave my dick a quick yank, maybe to start the blood flowing back into it, maybe to make me think of something other than my wound, and then turned her attention back to Toby.

I stood there shivering while Caitlyn and Petra helped me put on my dry clothes. Iain was waiting with a blanket. I didn’t protest when he draped it over me.

While they were stripping me and getting me dressed, I watched Jean-Nicole and Anna strip Toby and get him clad in dry clothes. Anna pulled his penis once and he yelped but he smiled. They wrapped him in a blanket too.

Anna checked the back of his head and said he had a goose egg and might have a mild concussion. She was looking at me when she said it and I knew what she wasn’t saying: that we had no way to treat a

severe concussion and we needed to watch Toby closely for the next few days.

She looked at my leg again. I had tried to will it not to bleed and maybe that had helped. The scratches were elongated but not deep and they were burning and painful. Nurse Anna was prepared: she coated the scratches with an antibiotic ointment and wrapped a bandage around my calf. She looked up at me with concern on her face and I again knew what she wasn't saying: that the fish, whatever they were, were dangerous and might have caused real injury to Toby or me. I was just thankful for my cool response and my enhanced strength in getting Toby so quickly out of the water.

We got organized again and continued our walk. Iain took the point with Caitlyn at his side, Pyotr and Petra followed them, Jean-Nicole and James stayed with Toby, watching him, and Anna and I brought up the rear.

Over one more hill, we found Iain's Beach and immediately began preparations to spend the night. It was just as beautiful as before: an almost-circular opening surrounded on all sides by rocks with only a narrow pass out to the sea. Most of the opening was quiet turquoise-colored water and the beach was a semi-circular expanse of almost-white sand. It was a beautiful mythical place.

Fire was our first goal. I found a piece of soft driftwood and used Little Boy to scrape off tinder while the others scoured the area where the beach and cliff met for drift wood. The beach itself was clear. The fact that all the driftwood was at the base of the rocky cliff told me that waves did break through the narrow pass. As soon as the punk caught a spark and I had a fire going, I put a few small sticks on the tinder and asked Petra and Pyotr to slowly feed it smaller and then larger driftwood.

Iain and I spread the plastic sheeting on the beach between the rocks and the fire and we all dropped our backpacks on it. It was probably big enough for the nine of us if we slept close together. I assigned sleeping spaces and nobody complained: Anna and I on one end, next Petra and Pyotr, then Jean-Nicole and James and Toby, with Iain and Caitlyn on the other end. I hoped everybody understood that I was trying to put the most vulnerable on the inside with me and Iain on the protective outsides.

Jean-Nicole and Anna and Caitlyn took charge of dinner. James had already gutted the five fish and I let Jean-Nicole use Little Boy to cut off huge boneless fillets. She and Caitlyn arranged the fillets on spear

points almost in the fire and then stacked oysters on driftwood near the fire to bake.

Before nightfall, we ate our evening meal: fish and oysters and stuff we had brought from home. I was surprised that everybody ate baked oysters with only a little hesitation and I wished that we had got more. The fish was sprinkled with salt water while cooking and tasted great. James fed Lucky and himself with oysters and fish, one bite for himself, one for the pooch. By the time we finished, I had a belly full and was content. I thought of the meal at Napoleon's in Flagstaff but I was just as pleased with this one.

We pushed the pointed end of spears down in the sand close to the fire and arranged wet clothes on the blunt end. There was no wind where we were and a few minutes later I saw the clothes steaming.

We were all sitting or squatting or standing around the fire when I looked up. There was no moon and the sky was brilliant with billions and billions of diamonds. I looked down for a moment and saw the others looking up. Caitlyn turned to Iain and whispered something in his ear. He shook his head no. She spoke to all of us.

"Iain sang something to me once when he was first courting me," she said. "It's about a star. Would you like him to sing it for us?"

Of course we all did. He stood up, pulled her up, and put one arm over her shoulders.

"You loved me enough to come to me, Caitlyn, so I'll sing it," he said, and in his pure tenor voice, he sang:

When you wish upon a star
Makes no difference who you are
Anything your heart desires
Will come to you.

If your heart is in your dream
No request is too extreme
When you wish upon a star
As dreamers do.

"That's all I remember," he said, quietly. Caitlyn looked up at him and I saw adoration in her face.

Nobody applauded. Nobody cheered. All of us were looking at a beautiful young couple and thinking about the song. I had goose bumps all over and I felt like I'd experienced something so sacred or

spiritual that it overwhelmed me. I looked at Anna and saw tears in her eyes.

The plastic sheet was cold and slippery but it was dry. We slowly and quietly settled down to rest for the night. I was tired but not quite ready for sleep. We all took our hooded rain capes and other clothing out of our backpacks, put them on, and positioned the backpacks for pillows. Anna and I put our two blankets together, lay down, and pulled them over us. I watched until all the others had done the same.

Anna crawled backward up against me, I put one leg over hers, one arm over her chest, and scooted as close to her as possible. We lay there for a while listening to the others giggling and laughing and getting settled for the night. There was almost no surf but there was a monotonous susurration as the sea climbed on the beach and retreated. There was a bird something like a whippoorwill calling back up on the mountain and I thought that was strange because I knew birds did not mate in winter. Occasionally a slight breeze moved the cold air over my face. I felt at peace being on a beach with eight other people on a cold night, the only people in the world. I was content that it was a world of my choosing.

Anna wiggled around so we were face to face with our arms and legs entwined, found my face with hers, and gave me a quick smack on the lips. Now we were lying together as close as possible. My mouth was inches away from hers and we were breathing the same air. In spite of the cold, I was warm and comfortable and I hoped Anna was too.

“Do you want to make love with me, David,” she whispered. “I want you to.”

“Yeah, I think that would be a fine thing to do on a wonderful romantic night like this,” I whispered back. “It is romantic, isn’t it, lying here on a beach on a cold winter’s night, freezing our butts off?”

“David, I know you’re not religious but it would be like something sacred, something to show we’re part of this wonderful universe. I think it is romantic.”

“OK, but let’s wait a little while ‘til everybody’s quiet. What did you think of the sex play party we had?” I whispered.

“It was fun, David,” she answered “What do you want to know?”

“Well, I enjoyed it but I wish it had been a little different,” I said.

“How?”

“Anna, you know me. I’ve always got to worry whether I’m doing the right thing for everybody. I like for all of us to get together like that but I think there was too much sex and not enough love. I don’t want the party to become like a sex orgy where everybody tries to do everything with everybody else. I wish we could hold down on the playing a little so maybe everybody has just one partner and they try to show love for each other, not just have sex. Making love, Anna, not just fucking.”

“I understand and I think you’re right,” she whispered. “I like the idea of everybody having just one partner for the night. Maybe we could come up with a format to do that. Do you want to try?”

“Yeah, I do,” I said. “Maybe we could let the ladies choose first and then the men could choose a partner when we have the next party.”

“Some of the ladies may be out of action,” she said. “If they don’t want to play, they’ll probably have on something under their loin cloth. If they come to the party naked, that could mean they want to play.”

“That’s good, but how do we choose to avoid any arguments or conflicts if two women want the same man?”

“Easy. We’ll let the girls draw something with a number on it. Number one can choose anybody she wishes and the guy chosen can’t refuse.”

“Yeah, maybe that would work but where will they go to make love?” I asked. “Would they go to a bed chamber or stay in the lounge with everybody else?”

“Let them choose,” Anna whispered. “I like to see somebody else making love. I like to see them fucking too but I agree we need to make the party into something loving, not just fucking. It beats the hell out of TV either way. I don’t mind if someone watches us sometimes.”

“Then after the ladies, the guys have a turn choosing,” I said. “What if I’m first and I choose Petra? Damn, I don’t know how that would work?”

“David, you don’t have to shove your monster up her pouty little pussy. Maybe she’d like to give you a blow-job. You can give her pussy a good licking. It would be up to the partners to decide what they want to do. If they both want to have anal sex, why not?”

“So if I want to shove my monster up Petra’s bung hole and she agrees, then it’s OK? Damn, I don’t know about that.”

“David, just tell everybody that what they do is OK as long as they both agree. You can’t decide for them.”

“Maybe we could have a short warm-up free-for-all at the beginning of each party,” I said. “You know, where anything goes with anybody else except no fucking.”

“Just foreplay with everybody, huh? That’s good. I like to see you guys sucking each other’s dicks.”

“Shit, Anna, I didn’t mean that.”

“Why not? Would you like to watch Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn licking each other’s little pussies at the same time?”

“Damn, that would be something to watch but I’d like to lick Jean-Nicole’s little pussy myself. Caitlyn’s too. Boy, that would be fun: two servings of hot pussy.”

“Well, maybe the ladies might like to see you and Iain sucking each other’s dicks at the same time. Two servings of hard dicks.”

“Shit!”

“Well, let’s keep thinking about the format for a while. I like the idea of having a single partner for the night and then showing some love for the other while having some good sex.”

She turned over and kept wiggling and I wondered what she was doing. I slid my hand down, found the bare skin of her hip, slid further down over a long leg, bare foot, and I knew. She had taken her boot off, slid one leg out of her tights, and was now half-ass bare to allow me access to her. I quickly slid my tights down below my balls, set my dick free, and pressed it against her ass. She reached around and started squeezing and stroking it.

When it was hard, she lifted her bare leg, I slid it forward, she caught it under the head, I pushed, and she guided the head into her pussy. I started slowly moving forward and retreating. Her pussy was a little dry at first and I was afraid I would hurt her. She pushed her derriere back against me and my dick went in a little further and I felt her internal juices begin to lubricate the head of my dick.

She was quiet for a moment and I suppose she was listening. I heard rustling and I rose up to see what the others were doing. The only light came from the flames of the fire. Petra and Pyotr were next to us and in the red glow I saw only one lump with two heads, one above the other, and I couldn't tell which was which.

I looked further to see what Jean-Nicole was doing with James and Toby. Two of them had their heads under their blankets and all I saw was one hooded head and some moving mounds.

I looked a little further and saw Iain's face turned toward me. He was grinning. He was also on top of Caitlyn. I put my mouth next to Anna's ear and gave her a whispered report. Then I resumed what I had been doing before the interruption, slowly sliding the head of my dick in and out of my wife's hot pussy.

I heard something right next to us. This time, Anna lifted up and looked.

"I think Pyotr's fucking the hell out of Petra," she said. "You should see the blanket flying up and down over his ass."

I heard Jean-Nicole squeal and some boys giggling and then two young male voices saying something but I couldn't understand the words. I rose up and looked: now all three of them were under their blankets. Beyond them, I saw Caitlyn, evidently on top of Iain now with her face turned toward me. In the firelight I saw an open mouth and a top row of white teeth.

I lay there and eased my dick in and out of Anna's pussy in time to the susurrations of the sea. She caught my hand in hers and pushed it down to her pussy. I knew what she wanted. I didn't understand why my fingers gave her any more pleasure than her own but she had told me that they did. I curled my hand around, touched the shaft of my dick just where it entered her pussy, and wiped my fingers in her

pussy juice. Then I felt for her clitoris, found it, and very gently stroked it with two fingers.

A little later she whispered, "I'm going to turn on my stomach. Can we do it that way?"

I knew what she wanted. Sometimes she liked to lie on her stomach with my front on her back, her legs together, mine spread over hers, and my forearms supporting most of my weight. She liked to lift her hips a little, just enough for me to get close, and then reach under and guide the head of my dick into her. It was good tight fucking and we both liked it that way. Of course, we both liked it in lots of other positions, probably any position known to humankind.

I didn't bother to say yes we can do it that way. She turned on her stomach, I straddled her body, she lifted her derriere and, when I pushed my penis between her legs, she showed it where to go with her fingertips. Her soft ass was a good cushion but it kept me from getting more than half my dick in her. As soon as I was mounted, she began to rub her nubbin while I plowed her field. It was a good way to fuck and she always had a good orgasm. I tried to wait for her to come first. I really did. Then I felt my orgasm grab me by the balls and I shoved it in and began planting my seed. She whined or moaned and I knew she was rubbing harder and, just as my coming ended, hers began. I knew the song was right. Anything your heart desires will come to you.

Our second night was much more uncomfortable. In mid-afternoon, I saw dark clouds moving in and we began looking for a sheltered place for us to sleep. Before the rain began we found a place at the base of a cliff: a ledge which jutted out far enough to keep us out of the rain. We quickly cut small green branches off trees to spread over the ground and carried dead wood for a fire.

By nightfall, the wind was whipping around, a cold rain was falling, and we were huddled together around a big fire. The wind occasionally blew rain into the fire but never enough to extinguish it. Dinner was left-over fish, Nutty Buddies, apples, and water but nobody complained. The night was much colder so we put on all of the clothing we had brought and spread blankets over us again.

We barely had room for all nine of us and we settled down in a row, much closer than the previous night: me and Anna under two blankets, Pyotr and Petra under two, Toby and Jean-Nicole and James under three, and Caitlyn and Iain under two. James and Jean-Nicole were facing each other with Toby behind her. Lucky was between James and Jean-Nicole and they were trying to keep him under cover.

There was a lot of groping and giggling but I wasn't about to try anything beyond cuddling. I suppose the others felt the same way.

As usual, I was spooned up behind Anna with my arm over her. Somehow she managed to guide my hand under all her layers of clothing to her naked breast. She complained about my cold hand but she didn't ask me to remove it.

"Do you wish you were home in bed?" I whispered.

"I'm not complaining, David," she whispered back. "I don't think the others are either but I'm glad we've got a warm place to return to."

"We've got to do this, Anna," I whispered. "We've got to leave our comfortable home and get out in this world occasionally. This whole world is ours now and we've got to begin exploring it. That's why I wanted to go around the mountain: to see how everybody would handle it, I mean, two or three days of roughing it."

"I know, David."

"I want to begin exploring the mainland," I said. "We can't stay huddled behind Aimee's protective shield forever. I want so much to see what's out there."

"Why didn't you want to take Iain with you when you and James and Toby killed the wolves? He wanted to go."

"He understands why not. He's second in command. If something happens to me, he's got to be the leader of this group. He's got the intelligence but I wish he was bigger and stronger."

"This isn't really about seeing what's around the mountain; is it?" she asked. "It's about seeing how we all cope with difficult conditions; isn't it?"

"Yeah, that's right. The mountain is just mountain, Anna. I wanted to see how everybody coped."

"And?"

"I'm very pleased with the way everybody has endured a little hardship," I said. "They've been in good spirits both days and I think everybody has enjoyed the trip. I know I have."

"I have too, David, except for the cold tonight," she said, and pushed her derriere back against me. "Are you freezing your ass off?"

“Naah, your ass is better than a heating pad any day,” I said. “I’m OK.”

She yawned. “Are you sleepy?”

“Yeah.”

Late in the afternoon of the next day, we trudged into our home, tired, dirty, and smelling of smoke and sweat and sex, but wonderfully alive and happy. We had a communal bath and helped scrub each other but I didn’t see a single hard-on. We all squeezed in the warm downdraft of air and used our hands on each other to get the water off. I heard lots of pleasurable moans and giggles but again no boners popped up. Then we all ran for the kitchen, still naked, and helped in preparing our meal. I think everybody was about like I was: I would have eaten anything put before me, anything that didn’t eat me first.

Our life quickly returned to normal: washing clothes in the big pool, cooking under Jean-Nicole’s direction, working on different projects, some of which were actually important, some just fun, exercising some days, weapons training others. Everybody seemed content to be together and living in our new world. What was our life like?

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One morning, Iain and I were sitting out doors on the terrace working on Iain-wood arrows. The day was sunny and half-way warm and we were in a corner sheltered from the wind. The four Mouseketeers and one frisky pooch found us. Iain and I were dressed for outdoors. The four were still wearing only indoor loincloths. They stood there shivering and told me what they wanted. James, Toby, and Pyotr wanted to go exploring. Petra wanted to go too.

“You guys will have to be responsible for her safety,” I said. “A man must always protect women and children.”

“We know, David,” Toby said. “We’ll watch out for her.”

“Who’s going to protect her from you guys?”

“Shit, David,” James said. “We’re not going to try to do anything with her while we’re gone. We just want to explore and she wants to go with us. That’s all.”

“Who’s going to be the leader, you know, the one who carries the Boys, the one who catches hell from me if anything happens to any of you while you’re gone? Or my knives?”

James spoke up first. “Toby. I was leader last time.”

“OK, Toby, don’t go too far. You can wear the Boys. You’ve got to watch the sun and be back here in time for lunch.”

“Aye, aye, Captain.”

I looked at Petra and Pyotr. “Do you two understand that you must obey the leader without question while you’re gone? He’s the one who must make decisions about your safety. He’s the one responsible for getting everybody back here safely and on time.”

They both nodded.

I nodded and the Mouseketeers and Lucky ran for the warm indoors. Shortly, four Robin Hood outfitted kids came back out, James and Toby with bows and arrows and spears, Pyotr and Petra with axes holstered at their waist and spears in their hands. I handed the Boys to Toby and he strapped the scabbard around his waist, beaming at having my knives for the first time and knowing I trusted him to be leader. Iain and I watched four beautiful kids and one frisky pooch go down the trail. Lucky must have understood that he was going somewhere. His tail showed his excitement.

They returned in time for lunch but they wanted to go somewhere again for the afternoon. They had found a new fishing hole: a place on one of the many streams where the water plunged over large boulders into a deep pool below. They had seen fish swimming and, of course, wanted to see what they could catch. Like children begging their father, they asked for my consent and, of course, I gave it.

They shoveled their lunch into their famished stomachs and then ran to prepare cane fishing poles. Toby sent the twins for digging tools and I smiled that they had remembered that they would need bait.

They came back before dinner, each carrying a stringer full of bream-like fish, and insisted that we eat them for dinner. The four of them crowded around the sink in the kitchen and I watched as Toby and James showed Pyotr and Petra how to scale the fish and dehead them to prepare them for frying.

Jean-Nicole and Anna and Caitlyn were ready to do chef duties. I was famished by the time they put two huge platters of fried fish on the table. Toby showed us how to pull out the back and belly fins leaving only the backbone. That was dinner – nothing but delicious little fried

fish. I couldn't have wished for anything better and maybe the others couldn't either.

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One evening, we built a fire in the big fire pit on the terrace and sat around the roaring flames for hours. The split-log benches I had made were a little uncomfortable but nobody complained. The night was cold but the air was still. We were all heavily dressed and wrapped in blankets, just sitting, talking, laughing, and joking. Iain had asked Aimee to put a couple of songs on our tablets and we sang: "Who Threw the Overalls in Ms. Murfree's Chowder and "Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat." The Mouseketeers kept standing up just before we got to "Sit Down" so we all yelled SIT DOWN. I suppose we all felt a little strange, outdoors, under a night sky with billions of diamonds, singing to the world when we were the only inhabitants.

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Iain worked with us as the New World Chorus a couple of nights. We assembled in the lounge and stood grouped while Iain stood in front directing us. Aimee provided the music and we sang "You Are My Sunshine." Iain said he wanted us to bounce it off the walls and we did. Then we sang "I Only Have Eyes for You." We had to do that holding hands and looking in boy-girl eyes without laughing. We finally succeeded.

Under his direction, I had been practicing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" from the musical Oklahoma. I didn't think the song was ready but he gave me a thumbs-up when I finished. I liked the kiss of approval I got from a certain woman more.

Iain sang a couple of Irish songs for us: "Danny Boy" and "Will You Go Lassie Go." I could have listened to his beautiful Irish tenor voice all night. He said he had learned them in a different lifetime and I suppose we all knew what he meant.

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On one occasion the four Mouseketeers were in the lounge doing something secretive. Each time I walked past, they hid whatever they were working on. When we called them for dinner, they came in the kitchen and lined up in a row. They all had on mini-loincloths, about one-fourth the size of our regular ones, barely covering their private parts. Their little loincloths were held around their waists by strings. But there were two strings around each waist and I wondered why. They turned around and we saw why: each had a wolf tail hanging

down over their crack, tied around their waist by the other string. It was a fine ending to another routine day in paradise.

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Life wasn't all fun. We started harvesting our olive crop. We carried blankets and flails to the olive tree grove, spread the blankets under a tree, and then flailed and shook the hell out of the limbs. Have you ever done the Sanibel stoop, picking up seashells? The olive stoop, picking up olives, is much harder on the back.

Over the course of three days, we did four trees, about one fourth of the orchard. Then we had the hard work of carrying backpacks full of olives back home. Each of us carried whatever we could for four trips. We packed some in brine, seawater that we had carried up the mountain, and left the others to be pressed for oil. That's a job for evenings or rainy days.

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Once we had a very romantic evening in the center hallway. With the lights down low and Aimee playing quiet music, we danced cheek to cheek, well, not quite when I was dancing with Caitlyn or Petra. We had one extra guy so one of us had to drop out for each song. From the way everybody was smiling and acting toward each other, I thought they were enjoying the evening. Then Iain called for waltzes and we managed a complete circle of the hallway a couple of times. When he called for a polka, we tried, at least I did. That effort soon broke up in laughter.

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Anna and I are encouraging everybody to continue with their education. I'm studying primitive building techniques in preparation for constructing a building on the mainland. Anna is studying a medical school curriculum and wants to become a doctor as well as a nurse. Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn are studying nursing with Aimee's knowledge base and under Anna's direction. Iain and Caitlyn are pursuing musical studies and he wants to help somebody else learn to play musical instruments. He has completed introductory physics and is beginning horticulture studies. James and Toby are almost through with sex classes and are still studying English and spending lots of cold rainy days reading. Pyotr and Petra are taking sex instruction under Aimee's direction and also reading lots of books. Anna and I

would also like to have time to read books on our tablets but we always seem to be too busy.

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And that's what our life is like.

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On a sunny not-too-cold day, all of us worked on our garden site and had a picnic outdoors. The ladies gathered all the unburned limbs and other debris, piled it over what remained of burned tree stumps, and started a bunch of small fires. At the same time, the guys leveled the garden area by shoveling dirt against the tree trunks which were arranged like a retaining wall. I used a mattock to cut tree roots and to loosen the soil so the others could shovel. Anna and Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn use rakes to help smooth the soil. As usual James and Toby kept up a constant stream of joking and laughing and the other two Mouseketeers joined in.

We worked during the warmest part of the day and then climbed back up the short distance to home. It was a good work session and I was pleased with the way everybody had pitched in to help. From the way everybody giggled and horsed around on the way back, I assumed they felt the same way.

We were all dirty and smelling of wood smoke so we all stripped in the hallway and threw our dirty clothes in an unused bed chamber. Then we had a communal shower and I was pleased that everybody helped bathe someone else with what seemed like real love and affection. James and Toby didn't even get hard-ons but their penises weren't far from it.

We dressed in loincloths for our evening meal, leftovers from the previous day. James sliced two loaves of bread, Toby and Pyotr dressed it with olive oil and grated cheese or garlic, they toasted it, and we ate every crumb.

Afterwards we sat around two tables in the kitchen talking and having fun. James wanted me to tell everybody what I had done as a soldier. I gave them an honest but slightly sanitized version. However, I couldn't avoid telling them about the jihadists I had killed. I don't suppose the twins had heard of my military service. They were sitting there with open mouths and bug-eyes. I asked James to tell everybody how we killed the bear and we had more bug-eyes. Then Caitlyn changed the subject and wanted Anna to tell everybody how we had

met and fallen in love and I learned a few things I didn't know about how she gradually surrendered to loving me.

After that, I took Anna's hand to lead her to our bed chamber. I wanted to make love to her, not just have sex with her, not just fuck her, but really to show her how much I loved her.

We made a short detour to the toilet, separately, and then to the bathing chamber, together. We used washcloths on our hands and faces and then, when we left, Anna took our wet washcloths with her. I knew what that meant: that she expected us to make a mess together. I grabbed a couple of dry ones. I knew she wouldn't want to sleep with a wet one between her legs.

She wandered around our bed chamber brushing her hair for a while and I knew better than to interrupt while she was counting. I enjoyed watching my naked wife getting ready for bed. When she finished with her hair, she brushed mine. I sat there on the edge of the bed, looking up at her beautiful breasts, looking down at the little split mound between her thighs, covered now by short pubic hair since we had stopped using Nor. I counted while she gave my hair one hundred strokes. It was down on my shoulders now and I had thought of letting someone trim it but I liked it long. It felt good in cold weather and in hot weather I tied a strip of cloth around my head to hold it back.

After I counted one hundred, I put my arms around her, pulled her up close to me, and put my face between her breasts. I took a few deep breaths and inhaled the clean womanly smell of her, then turned my head so my cheek was pressed against her.

"I love you, Anna," I whispered. "I'm so glad you came to me and became my wife. When I first came here and I didn't know why and I didn't know whether you would ever come to me, I was so depressed and miserable I thought of killing myself. Now, I hope I can live to be a hundred with you beside me for all those years."

She didn't say anything. She put both hands on my head and pressed me against her.

"Would you let me love you tonight?" I asked. "I want to do things that please you. I don't want you doing anything for me. Just let me love you."

I looked up at her. She was smiling down at me but there were tears in her eyes.

“What’s wrong?” I asked. “Why are you crying?”

“There’s nothing wrong, David,” she answered. “I’m not crying. These are happy tears.”

I wrapped my hands around her derriere and rolled with her back into the bed alcove. We ended up chest to chest and belly to belly with our faces hardly an inch apart, both my arms around her, pulling her against me, hers both around me, our legs interlocked. I wasn’t sexually aroused. My penis was warm and distended but what I felt didn’t cause it to become erect. I shut my eyes, put my cheek against hers, and just held her as close to me as I could. If she felt the same emotions I did, we both wanted to be one with each other in love and in our bed and in our home.

I kissed the tip of her nose, kissed her all over her face, turned my head at an angle, touched my lips to hers, and waited. She turned to an opposite angle, and, for a moment, we kissed like innocent children. Then she touched my lips with her tongue and I opened to her and quickly pushed my tongue into her mouth. She tried to catch it but I withdrew too fast. Just as quickly, she stuck her tongue in my mouth and withdrew. I tongued her again and waited, ready. When she reciprocated, I tried to suck her tongue into my mouth. She got away from me and giggled. We played at kissing for a minute or two and then that wasn’t enough. I gently pushed her down on her back and she smiled up at me.

I cupped one hand under her breast with my thumb on the nipple. It was already hard and pointed, not soft and almost flat like they are when she’s not aroused. I thumbed the nipple a few times and then scooted down on the bed and took it in my mouth. I sucked gently, nothing urgent, like a baby who’s already got a belly full, and I let my hand wander down over her ribs, over her flat stomach, until I felt the little patch of barely-there soft pubic hair. I stopped. I wanted to tease her. I didn’t want to hurry to my goal.

I stroked up and down on the inside of her thighs, on skin that was smoother and softer than any baby’s butt. She moaned almost inaudibly. I moaned back. My hand moved closer and closer to her center but I didn’t want to touch her there yet. I used just two fingers to stroke her labia majora, her big lips, which enclose her labia minora, her little lips, her nymphae, and extend downward and backward from her mons pubic to her perineum. I remembered the night she taught me those names for her good parts and how we had giggled and played and then made love.

My penis woke up and was interested in what I was doing. I waited until it was completely hard and then pressed it against her hip. She put one hand down and stroked it, pulling on it gently. It was my turn to moan.

I kept gently nursing at first one breast and then the other and she put her hand behind my head and encouraged me. Finally, with just one finger, I stroked the little lips, just the lightest of touches. She moaned again. I moaned back and then, I couldn't help it, I snickered, giggled, chuckled, what's the right word? Finally I let my finger wander down as far as it would go on her pussy, back to her vagina, eased it into her until I felt her warm wetness, twirled it around a few times, and then brought it up through her lips until I felt, where they come together, the little bump of her clitoris.

So I played with her for a while, my moving finger teasing from vagina to clitoris with just the lightest of touches. Each time my finger wandered back to her vagina, it pushed into her a little deeper. Then I used two fingers, rubbing up and down, into her drooling vagina, up through the little lips, now splayed to each side, to her still hidden but accessible clitoris. And all the while, I kept nursing at her breasts and she kept moaning until I decided to do something else to please her.

I moved down on the bed, tugged her legs apart, lifted them, knees akimbo, reached up and grabbed a pillow, and when she lifted stuffed it under her derriere. I tried to lie down but, in the bed alcove, my legs couldn't find room. I lifted my calves straight up in the air and that worked. I reached under my belly, positioned my hard-on to be comfortable, told it to wait a while, and then lowered my head.

Even before my tongue touched her, I could smell her arousal, the scent of a woman who is ready for her man's penis. Then I licked her from her perineum, up through the wide-spread lips of her pussy, on to her clitoris, still hiding under its hood. I knew that hers always stayed hidden and just barely peeked out when the hood was pulled up. I also knew that she liked just the lightest of touches, preferably from my tongue, not my finger, since that was almost too much on her sensitive button. I knew that I could bring her to orgasm with just my tongue licking her clitoris and she also liked the additional feeling of my two fingers in her vagina. She didn't like fast finger fucking. She liked gentle ins and outs and arounds and arounds.

So I persisted at something I loved to do for her until she started moaning continuously, until she reached down and put her fingertips on my temples, until she cursed, "Oh, shit!" and shoved her pussy at my face, until she grabbed two handfuls of hair, and tried to pull my head into her vagina.

I was horny as hell but I didn't want to be on top of her and let my beast loose. I wanted her to be on top of me and to choose what she wanted. I moved up beside her, flopped on my back, held my penis straight up with both hands and waited. After a minute or so, she lifted her head, looked at what I was offering, and smiled at me. I smiled back.

She roused herself from the little death, swung one long leg over me, settled on her knees, and eased down on my waiting penis. Without a word, what was there to be said, she slowly sank down until all of my penis disappeared into her. Finally she groaned, a low guttural growl, and began to move up and down.

I held my hands up, fingers splayed, offering her something to hold onto, and she laced her fingers through mine. I shut my eyes and enjoyed the feeling of the woman I loved moving up and down on my penis. At first she simply rode, up and down, and then after a while she added another movement, a pelvic roll. I knew that brought pressure on her clitoris and she was one step closer to coming again. Finally she whinnied, that's the only word to describe the sound, and I felt her vagina clamp down on the shaft of my penis.

I had endured all I could. I grabbed her by her hips, lifted her up a few inches, and again and again shoved my penis into her as fast as possible. A split second later, my body erupted in an agonizingly pleasurable spasm and that's when it happened again.

I was not just me. I was her and she was me and we were one. I felt our vagina clenching around our penis again and again and our semen was ejected against our gasping cervix. It lasted just seconds and then my half separated from her half and we were two separate individuals again. It was good. It was perfect. It was what every man or woman strives for when making love reaches its peak: to be one with their lover.

She asked if we could roll over without letting my penis escape from her vagina. I was content to be on the bottom but if she wanted me on top I didn't object. I wrapped both legs around hers, my arms around her chest, and we rolled and her vagina kept its grip on my penis. We had to sort out arms and legs again. I put my forearms beside her so I could keep most of my weight off her and put my legs together. She wrapped her arms around my chest, folded herself almost in half, and locked her ankles over my ass. I looked down at her smiling face and smiled back at her.

In the afterglow, we lay there in our bed, me on top of her, wrapped up in her arms and legs, and my semi-hard penis asking if it could stay in her wet warmth. I didn't feel any need to talk. I felt we had said it all with our bodies. Then I started thinking about what we had done, how we had shared our bodies and our love, and how I felt knowing I loved her and she loved me.

“What are you thinking?” she whispered.

“About love, the way I feel about you. A few nights ago I was thinking about all the challenges we face in this world and I was apprehensive and depressed about facing up to the responsibilities. I was sitting on the side of the bed, like tonight, and you came in here and I pulled you against me and closed my eyes and you held my head against your breasts. I think I absorbed something from you and it was like something flowed out of you and into me and I knew I could do anything with your love. Does that make sense?”

“Yes, David, it makes perfect sense to me. I can face this world with your love.”

“I worry about the others, Anna. I know everybody needs love and I try my best to love James and Toby like a father. Pyotr too. Women are always a mystery to me and I try to love Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole and Petra. I know one thing. They need love just like men do.”

“What about Iain? You didn't mention him.”

“I love him too, Anna, but I have a hard time sorting out my feelings for him.”

“Why? He's a very lovable young man.”

“Anna, I've kissed him a few times and each time I've wanted to let the beast loose with him. I've kissed James and Toby and it was just fun, just sex play, but with Iain it's different. With him, it's almost overpowering, like I can't control it.”

“Do you mean you wanted to fuck him?”

“I don't know. I've always said I don't like anal sex, not with women, especially not with men. I don't know whether I want to fuck him or maybe I want him to fuck me.”

“May I watch?”

“Anna, don’t joke about it. I’m serious. The way I love you is totally different from the way I love Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole and even little Petra. The way I love him is different from the way I love James and Toby and Pyotr. I’ve tried to sort it out, to understand it, but I can’t.”

“David, know one thing. I love you and I’m not going to stop no matter what you do. You’re my man now, damn it, and you’re going to give me a bunch of children.”

“When can I start?”

“Soon. I think you’re going to be a father before year two is over.”

“That’s good. I suppose you’ll have to breast feed the little squealer; won’t you.”

“Of course, what else can I do?”

“Well, if he doesn’t get all your milk sometimes, would you let me have a little.”

“David, you’re bad.”

I was almost asleep when I heard her whisper. “Yeah, you can have some.” She paused for a moment. “David, after our last play party, I stopped taking the birth-control pill.”

That woke me up. “Did I just get you pregnant?”

“I don’t know. Maybe. I want you to make love to me every day until the time for my next period. Then we’ll know.”

“Damn! Me! A father!”

“Yeah, damn, and me a mother.”

“That scares me, Anna: creating a new life out of our love.”

“It scares me too, David, but I want it. I want to have children with you.”

She wiggled from side to side, moved her legs higher so that her locked ankles were on my back with one heel on the crack of my ass, tightened her arms around my chest, and settled down again. My semi-soft penis remained sunk to my balls in her pussy.

Something occurred to me. I lifted my head and looked down in her eyes. They were grinning at me, if that's possible. "Why did you want me to get on top?"

She giggled. "You've given me a load of your semen and it's mine now. I want that semen to stay puddled right there on my cervix so your sperm can swim through and find my egg."

"Is that why you want to be in this position? To help you get pregnant?"

"Uh, huh."

"Damn!"

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Our newest arrival came thirty-two days after the twins. The first time I saw her, sleeping peacefully in Aimee's lounge chair, I stood quietly and marveled at the beauty of the young girl. A few days later, I knew she was the teenager from hell.

Aimee called Anna and me very early that morning, telling us that the girl had arrived, was sleeping peacefully, and was normal in her vital signs. I glanced at the clock as we were leaving our bedchamber and saw that it was a little after five o'clock. In Aimee's room, the young girl was sleeping on her side, knees drawn up, arms crossed in front of her chest, small breasts partially hidden.

At first glance I guessed her age as the mid-teens. I walked around behind her, saw a little crease between her legs, and almost changed my mind. The little split mound was completely hairless with no inner lips protruding. There, she looked like a little girl not yet into puberty.

Anna and I quietly continued to walk around her. I was holding Anna's hand as usual and we were both studying our newest family member intently. Back in front of her, we both stood side by side, my arm over Anna's shoulders, hips touching, just looking at the beautiful young girl.

She was another tall thin girl, probably as tall as Jean-Nicole, taller than Caitlyn. Her hair was an unusual red color, almost bronze, and it was long and tangled. One little pink ear was showing. Her face was

peaceful in sleep, long eyelashes, cute nose, red lips looking dry or chapped, and small chin.

There was one distinctive feature of her skin: she had freckles, lots of them, thousands, and her milky white skin just made them more pronounced. On her face, they stood out on her forehead but they were heaviest on her cheeks just below her eyes. They covered her shoulders and arms and chest almost down to her breasts and then abruptly stopped.

From her breasts on down, abdomen, thighs, calves, her skin was just flawless and milky white with no freckles. At the apex of her thighs, I saw a pubic patch of bright-red hair and that seemed strange since the view from behind of her vulva was so hairless.

She moved one arm and I looked at her uncovered breast, small, perfect with a faintly-pink areole and a little pinker nipple. It looked like that of a young girl a few years past the start of puberty. I wanted to put my mouth there and suck.

Anna bumped me with her hip and smiled up at me. “Get the blanket,” she whispered.

I unfolded the blanket we kept in the room for female arrivals, handed one corner to Anna, and we gently laid the blanket over her. I stepped back to let Anna awaken her. She put her hand on the girl’s shoulder and gently shook her.

“Shit! Leave me th’fuck alone,” the girl moaned.

Oh, shit, I thought.

Chapter Thirty-Six

Shit! Yes, shit!. It’s a universal expression of disgust. During the next few days, I probably used that expression a hundred times. Her name was Samantha, Sam for short, and she wanted to go home. She hated everybody. She didn’t want anything to do with us. She wore a chemise under her loincloth and frowned at anybody who looked at

her. She cried, she sulked, she whined, she refused to cooperate, and, worst of all, she absolutely refused to work.

After she arrived, I carried her to the toilet, left her under the care of the other females, and was already thankful to be free of her for a few minutes. I waited in the hallway, expecting to be called to carry her to the bathing chamber, but she walked out with Anna and Jean-Nicole supporting her. They helped her to the bathing chamber and told us guys that we wouldn't be welcome.

Again, I didn't know what to do with her. Her vital signs were good and, except for being achy and sleepy, she had no complaints. I stood in the background with the other guys while Anna and the other females took her back to Aimee's room, gave her a mild analgesic, and tried to talk to her. They soon gave up and helped her to a bed chamber to sleep.

At lunch, I sent Caitlyn and Petra to check on her. They came back without her. She was still crying, afraid, and couldn't be reasoned with. They gave up and left her in bed.

We were all sitting down to lunch, having another great meal of spaghetti with deer-meat tomato sauce and fresh garlic bread when she found us in the kitchen. She stood looking at us for a few minutes. Jean-Nicole left the table, got a plate for her, filled it with spaghetti and bread, and held it out toward her. She took it, went to an empty table, and started wolfing the food down. Anna left her place, got a glass of water, and took it to her. She gulped it down. She didn't say thank you to either Anna or Jean-Nicole.

After lunch, we all helped clean the kitchen, all, except for Sam. She hung her head and went out in the hallway. When she didn't come back, I asked Petra to check on her. She returned and reported that she was in bed crying again.

That's the way things went for the next three days. Anna tried to get Sam to cooperate with us and she refused. Caitlyn tried to talk to her and was rebuffed. Jean-Nicole asked her to sit with her at meals but she ignored her and continued to sit by herself. Petra tried to hug her and was pushed away. Before dinner time on the third day, I knew I had to give her some tough love to make her change her behavior. I talked to Anna and she reluctantly approved the measures I suggested.

At dinner, Sam came to the door to the kitchen in chemise and loin-cloth again but found that she couldn't walk through. I knew that Aimee was generating an invisible barrier that was like a soft sponge. I walked over just inside the door.

"What do you want, Sam?" I asked.

"I want to eat," she whined. "I'm hungry."

"No, Sam, you won't work, you won't sit with us, and you won't respond with kindness no matter what we do. I've told Aimee to give you all the juice you want but you can't have anything to eat. If you won't work, you don't eat. Go to your room and cry if you wish."

She ran down the hallway crying and, if she could have, I knew I would have heard a door slam.

She lasted a whole day. The next day, we had a hearty stew for dinner with fresh sourdough bread. I asked Anna if she could direct the kitchen aromas into Sam's bed chamber. She could. We had hardly taken our places at the table when Sam appeared at the door, tried to enter, and found she couldn't. I walked over to the door and stood just inside.

"What do you want, Sam?" I asked.

"I want to eat," she whispered. "I'll work."

"Jean-Nicole is the head chef here," I said. "You'll help her. You'll do whatever she tells you without arguing. Understood?"

"Yes," she said so low I could hardly hear her.

"I want you to wash dishes tonight," I said. "Will you do it?"

"Yes."

"Aimee, please let Sam in from now on. If she works, I'll let her eat."

James left his unfinished dinner and got a plate and bowl for her. She held them while he put bread on the plate and ladled stew in the bowl. He led her to the four Mouseketeer's table. Toby moved over a place

leaving an open seat between him and James. James waited until she was seated and started devouring her food and then he got her a glass of water and sat down beside her.

The next day, a rainy day, Sam's attitude began to change. After morning chores, the four Mouseketeers didn't want to exercise; they wanted to play dodge ball in the center hallway again. We played in our usual loin-cloths even though they hid nothing with everybody twisting and dodging. Sam as usual didn't want anything to do with the rest of us. She sat on a bench, in chemise and loincloth, silently unsmiling, watching as the rest of us laughed and screamed and giggled and taunted the throwers.

Toby and I were throwers and my first victim was James. He took the ball and I joined the crowd. He didn't throw. He just stood there looking at us and then at Sam. Finally he decided. He walked over to her, grabbed her by the hand, dragged her behind the throw line, and whispered to her. She looked at him and, when he handed her the ball, she took it and he joined the rest of us. She threw, underhanded as Toby and I had done, and nobody was hit.

James whistled, held up his hand, and stopped the play. He took the ball from Toby, walked back to Sam, whispered to her again, mimicked throwing overhanded, gave her the ball, and rejoined the crowd. She threw overhanded with more strength but we all dodged. Again, same result. Again. Then Anna, my love, my wife, knew what she should do. She let Sam hit her.

Anna picked up the ball, walked behind the throw line, pushed Sam toward the crowd, and waited. Anna's eyes were squinted, her lips were clenched, and I knew she was trying to look mean. She tossed the ball in the air a few times, caught it, and then quickly threw it - overhand. Sam stayed with the cavorting crowd for a while through a number of thrower changes until she was hit. She silently picked up the ball, walked behind the throw line, and, eyes squinted, lips clenched, started throwing overhanded.

I heaved a big sigh of relief. Perhaps James and dodge ball could do what I was unable to do. James looked at me and smiled. For the rest of the day, we had five Mouseketeers. Later that day, Anna and I talked to Iain and Caitlyn and we came up with the plot. Next I talked to James and he grinned and approved the plan.

That night we had an excellent dinner again. Sam helped Jean-Nicole prepare the meal and ate with the Mouseketeers. Her chemise seemed to have disappeared and she ignored the stares at her beautiful young breasts. After dinner, Jean-Nicole joined what I thought of as the adult table. Sam washed dishes, Petra rinsed and Pyotr racked. When the kitchen chores were done, Sam returned to the Mouseketeer's table. Toby and James had left her a seat in the middle. She sat down but said very little while the other trouble-makers laughed and talked and carried on their usual teen-age nonsense. Occasionally I saw a smile on her beautiful face. I saw James and Iain glancing at me and I nodded. Iain stood up and made an announcement.

We had a dance party in the center hallway that night, slow dancing, boy and girl together, holding each other, lights down low, good dance music playing thanks to Aimee. Anna and I partnered. So did Caitlyn and Iain. Petra and Pyotr. That left Jean-Nicole, Sam, James, and Toby. Toby and Jean-Nicole settled it according to plan. He asked her and she accepted. James was left with Sam. She smiled at him.

I watched as they danced. They were a beautiful young couple, even sexy, dressed as we all were in a loin-cloth and moccasins, bare chested and bare breasted. When we started there might have been six inches between his hard bare chest and her soft bare breasts. That distance slowly disappeared. A few minutes later I saw them holding each other the same way the rest of us were: bare breasts against bare chest. James caught me looking, nodded, and smiled broadly. Anna and Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn, as we had planned, led off with the next step: girl's head on boy's shoulder. I saw Sam smiling, eyes closed, resting her head on James' shoulder. I wondered if James was going to get a boner.

We all danced quietly and slowly through a few more numbers. Iain caught my eye and raised his eye-brows. I nodded. He announced that the next three dances were going to be waltzes and the rest of the night would be more slow dancing. I saw Sam protesting and James encouraging. I knew I wasn't very good at waltzing but with Anna in my arms I could be a great dancer. Aimee started with the Blue Danube and Anna and I led off waltzing down one side of the hallway and back up the other.

James finally convinced Sam to try. She stumbled a few times but then found her feet. By the time they started back up the hallway, they were dancing as one. A few minutes later, they were almost flying and

their feet seemed hardly to touch the ground. With the next waltz they were a magical young couple, the stuff of fairy tales. They moved as one with the music, moccasined feet hardly touching the floor, looking in each other's eyes, smiling at each other, and seemingly unconscious of any of the rest of us.

After that waltz, Anna and I dropped out and watched the others. Then Caitlyn and Iain dropped out too and watched the three remaining couples. Toby and Jean-Nicole were beautiful together and were smiling at each other. They were both evenly tanned with slim, beautiful bodies. Even though he was younger, Toby was a little taller. Pyotr and Petra were another beautiful young couple and so much alike in every way. They were smiling at each other too, quite evidently enjoying the dance.

But James and Sam were pure magic. They were smiling and looking in each other's eyes. They almost floated around the hallway, moving as one, only the toes of their feet touching the floor. I felt the same response as I did when Iain sang: that I was seeing something so perfect, so beautiful, so wondrous, that it seemed like a dream. As they passed me, I watched their faces and I don't think they were even aware of anyone else. After the last waltz was over she kissed him on the cheek and smiled at him.

After the waltzes, Aimee lowered the lights until we were almost dancing in the dark. I had warned James not to put his hands below her waist and I suppose he didn't. I saw them once pressed against each other front to front, eyes looking at faces, chest to breasts, arms around waists, and hardly moving. With the last dance, James quickly kissed her on the mouth. I was glad he could do what I suggested: hold everything in reserve and wait for her to come to him.

I felt a little guilty for leading the plot to bring James and Sam together. He had twice shown an interest in her. Maybe he could be the catalyst to help Sam join our family.

When he arrived, James was as beautiful a young boy as I'd ever seen. In a short period, he had become a beautiful young man. He was slim and hard and muscular with wide shoulders and slim hips. He was tanned all over, not dark, just evenly tanned. His fine dark hair had not been cut since he arrived and now seemed always to fall in place to frame his beautiful face. As Iain and Toby and I did, he often tied a strip of cloth around his forehead to keep his hair in place when he

worked. I knew he wasn't my son but I felt something of a father's pride and love for him anyway.

Sam was a challenge. I knew she was another precious resource for the family and we had somehow to bring her into our fold. Her beautiful red-bronze hair was now always well groomed, curling down on her shoulders. Her skin was milky white and the light red freckles on her face and shoulders, almost down to her breasts, in my opinion, just added to her beauty. Her pubic mound was crowned by a small patch of curly hair the same color as on her head. In short, she was an exquisitely beautiful young woman, just fifteen years old. I hoped James would be successful in his attempts to court her. His bubbly happy personality would rub off on anyone.

After the dance party, we had five Mouseketeers. Maybe it was six because Jean-Nicole sometimes sat and talked with the five Mouseketeers and sometimes with the two old married couples.

Anna and Caitlyn finally managed to learn her story. She was a very unhappy teen, an only child from a dysfunctional family. At fifteen, she wanted to begin dating, at least in groups, but her father refused to let her. She suffered only mild physical abuse but the verbal abuse from both parents was constant and painful. She felt unloved and, like a lot of young girls, thought she might find love with a boy even if she had to give him sex for his love.

She started group dating without her parent's knowledge, telling them that she was going places with girls. Her parents learned of her deception and grounded her indefinitely. They let her keep her cell-phone and she talked endlessly on it, sometimes with girls, sometimes with a boy she knew her parents didn't like.

He invited her to a party and swore that there would be no booze or drugs or sex. She sneaked out and met him. The party seemed to be innocent until some of the other kids started sneaking off and smoking something. Then some of the boy-girl couples started, her words, hooking up and going somewhere. There were more boys than girls at the party and she liked the attention the boys paid her. She was offered a coke, drank it, and then couldn't remember anything after that. She regained consciousness in Aimee's chair and felt she was having a horrible nightmare.

Anna questioned her carefully upon learning of her memory loss at the party. She swore that she had not had any unusual vaginal discharges and had not felt sore. She had been a virgin before the party and she said she knew she still was. Anna told her she was a nurse and talked Sam into letting her do an exam. She told me that she saw no evidence of sexual contact and there was enough of a hymen to convince her that she had not been date-raped.

When asked if she wanted to start taking the contraception pill, she eagerly acquiesced. Aimee's pill required only a five-day waiting period to be safe and five days had elapsed but she showed no interest in sex. She and James seemed to be developing a relationship but he said he wouldn't push her into anything. Anna and I tried to give him advice and he listened. He claimed that they were just friends.

There was work that needed to be done to make our home more livable and every few days Iain and James and I plotted some activity which would lead to boy-girl couples at work. James was eager to be the boy in a couple with her.

The first task we worked on was completing the covering for the terrace from the front door to the gazebo. I wanted the first part, immediately out the door, to be relatively water proof so we could sit out there even when it was raining.

I borrowed a construction technique from the clay tiles used in many European buildings. We brought lots of large bamboo, as big as my thigh, up the mountain and split them down the middle. We constructed a framework out of the large bamboo and then laid a first course of roofing bamboo with the open side up. Next we laid another course with the open side down, straddling over two sides of the lower bamboo. If my plans worked, the roof would channel the rain water off toward where the potato beds were.

The structure was attached to three sturdy trees and was, hopefully, strong enough for us to hang three or four hammocks underneath it. When warm weather came, I had visions of couples in hammocks enjoying the warm breeze that usually came up the mountain.

For the rest of the shelter, we wanted just to provide shade without making the top water proof. We laid small bamboo on top this time, cut to length but not split, and alternated big and little ends. The sun

peeped through between the poles but the terrace underneath was largely shaded.

The ten of us all eagerly worked at the building task and I had to give only a little direction. James took Sam in tow, watched out for her, and made sure she did at least a little real work. When Jean-Nicole stopped working outdoors and went in to prepare our meal, she asked Sam to help and James went in too. After two days of hard work, we decided to take a day off for play.

The next day we prepared a big picnic lunch and then went down the mountain. Our first stop was a visit with Lightning and his family. Sam was as enthralled with the creatures as all of the rest of us had been. James helped Sam get Lightning and Thunder to perform and she squealed with delight when they ran around the rock and then stood up and begged for their treat. Lucky barked a couple of times when the chipmunks were being treated so James gave his treat to him. Then James let Sam give out the treats. She squealed when Lucky licked her open palm to get his treat.

When treats were over, Lucky barked at Lightning and Thunder and soon he was running from them. When they stopped chasing him, he barked until they resumed running around in circles chasing him. Something new happened. Lucky let Lightning and Thunder catch him. He rolled over on his back, wiggled and panted, open mouth, tongue hanging out, and the chipmunks attacked him repeatedly but never seemed to hurt him.

We visited the bamboo groves and cut down some of the largest to dry. I asked James and Toby and Pyotr to find us some smaller bamboo poles to use for fishing and the six Mouseketeers started searching and cutting and dragging them back to the clearing. James, Toby, and Pyotr were the cutters; Sam, Jean-Nicole, and Petra were the draggers. I watched James cut and then smile at Sam and hand the big end to drag the bamboo out of the thicket.

We stopped at the lake for a few minutes and just wandered around looking at the rock formations, the huge trees, and, at one end, the waterfall where four of us had fished after Toby arrived. I told them I wanted to bring a fishing party to the lake and let couples work together as they fished. I watched James as he asked Sam to be his fishing partner. Toby didn't mind losing his exploration buddy. He asked Jean-Nicole to partner with him.

We visited the hidden beach, David's Beach, for our picnic. The water was too cold and nobody wanted to try playing in it. We spread blankets on the sand behind some huge boulders, in the sun but out of the wind, and enjoyed a fine picnic meal.

Going back up the mountain later that afternoon, we had five couples walking hand in hand most of the way. Occasionally we sang as we walked. You Are My Sunshine was sung three times, as loud as possible each time. At the few rocky spots in the path, the males were especially courteous in helping the females.

That night, we had another fine meal together. Afterwards Jean-Nicole sat with us and watched Sam wash dishes, James rinse, and Toby rack. I listened to the happy chatter from the three workers and hoped we had solved another problem.

The next two days were spent constructing an irrigation system for our new garden. We dug a channel from a stream farther up the mountain all the way down to the garden and installed gates to divert the water from the stream into the channel and to regulate the flow. At the garden end we dug small trenches to carry the flow to the different garden areas. Both days were cold but the work warmed us up and nobody complained.

I had in mind using the largest bamboo as pipes to carry the water. If it worked, the bamboo could be placed in the small trenches. We left that task for another day. I was satisfied to have the willing help of everyone else. I wished someone else could develop the strength to wield the mattock cutting roots. Iain and James and Toby tried but they just didn't have the shoulder and arm strength I had. Jean-Nicole left early each day, taking Sam and Petra with her to prepare a hot meal for us. Then she remembered that she needed James to help too.

Again I was pleased after a couple of days of work with everybody doing what they could to help and occasionally breaking out in happy songs. Iain knew the effect that songs could have as we worked. I gave him my thanks for a job well done.

On two different nights, The New World Chorus, conducted by Iain, practiced a new song we were learning. It was from an old musical called The Happiest Girl in the World. Iain liked it especially because

all the music was classical stuff taken from the works of Jacques Offenbach.

The lyrics first said that the happiest girl in the world is the last one who kissed you good night. In a reprise it said it was the one who had breakfast with you and, in another, it said it was the one who was blessed with your love. Sometimes the lyrics changed girl to man. In places I sang solo and in others I sang a duet with Anna. Sometimes the entire chorus sang. We signed off the second night with our favorite, "You Are My Sunshine," sung as loud as possible. Sam wasn't the least bit reserved in singing that. I saw James holding her hand.

Iain says I have a rich deep baritone voice that is beautiful, especially when a woman like Anna is singing soprano at the same time. I like singing with the others just for the fun of it but also because of the feeling of togetherness and camaraderie it evokes. The others seem to feel the same way. They are always happy to be singing together.

We spent another two days harvesting and hauling olives. The guys flailed and yanked the limbs. Pyotr did his best and let Anna or Jean-Nicole use his flail part of the time. The girls did the picking up until we finished flailing three trees and then we all picked up.

I noticed that James seemed to be watching out for Sam and was usually ready to help her. Toby also seemed to be looking out for Jean-Nicole. It made me wonder if we were seeing the initial stages of courtship. Pyotr and Petra were usually close together. Of course, Iain watched out for Caitlyn and I did the same for Anna.

I knew that Sam had moved in with Jean-Nicole and that James and Toby were still together in their bed chamber. As far as I knew Sam was still a virgin and James wasn't pushing her to change that. Toby seemed to like spending time with Jean-Nicole and, in spite of a little age difference, they made a good looking couple. Toby was already a little taller than she was and they were both slim and attractive. I made a bet with Anna that before another month passed, James and Sam would be in the same bedchamber and Toby would be in one with Jean-Nicole.

Flailing and yanking the limbs of the olive trees and then picking up the olives was hard work. Carrying them back up the mountain was perhaps tougher. We used backpacks again, two for the four oldest guys, and one for Pyotr and the five women. Again, I saw how James

watched out for Sam and called a break when she needed one. Toby was the same way with Jean-Nicole. I couldn't help but smile. If that wasn't courtship, I didn't know what was.

We had constructed some bamboo storage bins to hold the olives until we got around to pressing them. That was a task for really cold days or rainy ones. We pressed some one night and called the oil from the first pressing extra virgin. Then we pressed the same olives again and got more oil. The extra virgin was to be used for salads and such. The other was to be used for frying.

One night, Anna and I were in our bed chamber getting ready for bed. She was brushing her hair and I was sitting on the side of our bed watching. When she finished her hundred strokes, she came to me and brushed my hair until she was satisfied with it. She started to put her hairbrush away but I grabbed her hand and pulled her back between my legs. I turned my face to one side, put my cheek against her breasts, closed my eyes and relaxed. Anna put her hands on my head and held me against her softness. I was content to be held in her love for a moment. She knew I loved doing this and was always welcoming.

"David, we have company," Anna whispered.

I opened my eyes and looked at the door. Pyotr and Petra were there, holding hands, looking at us. He immediately apologized for bothering us, said the door was open, and they wanted to talk with us.

I crawled back in the far corner of our bed alcove. Anna crawled in and settled down next to me. She patted the bed and Pyotr and Petra knew that was an invitation. They crawled in the bed in mirror positions to us.

"What were you doing, Anna?" Petra asked. "I mean just now when you were holding David's head next to your chest?"

"David just needed to be loved, Petra," Anna said. "A man is sometimes like a little boy or maybe a baby. He likes for a woman to hold his head next to her breasts and stroke his hair or cheek. I was just loving him.

I wanted to add to her explanation. "Petra, Anna's my other half. No matter how hard the day, how frustrating things have been, when she

holds me like that, it seems I can feel her love flowing over me and that makes everything else disappear. I know you and Pyotr love each other but someday you're going to find another young man to love. I hope you'll show him your love the way Anna shows me."

Nobody said anything until Anna asked what they wanted. Petra hesitated and Pyotr answered for her.

"I guess we've got a problem, Anna," he said. "Petra's not happy sometimes with what I do when we have sex. She says she's not satisfied like I am. She says she does it because she loves me and wants me to be happy but sometimes...she doesn't...she doesn't enjoy it like I do."

"Are the two of you doing OK with your sex classes with Aimee," I asked.

Two nods. "We're up to the basics of intercourse now," Petra said.

"Has Aimee shown you any movies yet?" Anna asked. "She can show you a beautiful movie of a couple almost as young as you are making love. I've seen it and it's a great way to demonstrate loving sex."

"She says we're almost ready for the movie," Pyotr said. "She says it's like a reward if we do our lessons."

"Petra, Pyotr, there are a few couples here who regularly make love," I said. "Anna and I are one. So are Caitlyn and Iain. I think Jean-Nicole and maybe Toby do it too. I know sometimes either James or Toby had sex with her but now I think James is waiting for Sam. Can you talk to all of the couples and tell them the same thing you've told us?"

Two nods.

"Pick one couple, the one you both are most comfortable with, and ask that couple your questions. Listen to what they recommend. Ask if they will show you what they do. Then you two can do the same thing. Maybe you both can learn from the experience."

"Men are always quicker to be satisfied," Anna said. "Women are slower. With good communication and patience, a man can usually satisfy his woman if he really loves her."

“Would you and Anna show us?” Petra asked.

“No, Petra, not immediately anyway,” Anna said. “You should talk to all three couples first. Tell them the problem. Listen to what they say. Then choose a couple to demonstrate for you. Listen first, do it later.”

“Are you and David going to do it tonight?” Pyotr asked.

“We don’t do it every night, Pyotr,” Anna said. “We’ve worked hard today and we’re both very tired. I think we just want to hold each other and go to sleep tonight.”

“Would you let us sleep with you tonight?” Petra asked. “I like it when Pyotr holds me while we sleep. I liked it when David held me.”

Anna turned her head and looked at me. I nodded.

In bed, Anna moved back against the far wall and Pyotr crawled in and backed up into her welcoming arms. I motioned for Petra to get in next and then I spooned up to her. I liked to sleep on the protective outside of our bed. The twins were face to face about a foot apart.

“David, I’d like for us to talk to the all the couples and maybe watch one couple making love and then follow their example,” Petra said. “Do you really think Jean-Nicole and Toby would be good teachers? She’s older than him and he’s not much older than we are.”

“Talk to Jean-Nicole,” Anna said. “I know she thinks Toby is a wonderful lover, as good as any woman can want. He came here as a virgin and he’s learned his lessons well.”

“Well, could we all get together again and maybe we could watch everybody else and I could learn to do it right,” Pyotr asked.

“Let’s delay that a while,” I said. “We need to see what happens between Sam and James first. Maybe sometime in about a month or so.”

That seemed to satisfy them. Petra pushed her little rump back against me and I put my arm over her and stroked her hair. I looked and Anna was doing the same thing with Pyotr. He had his eyes closed and there was a contented smile on his face.

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The next day, Aimee's morning weather report said that the day would be cool in the early morning and unusually warm with sunshine and high humidity in the afternoon. I reluctantly decided that we should have a work day outdoors doing something that Anna had asked, begged, pleaded, and cajoled me to do. At breakfast, I announced that I was going to be sweeping leaves off the terraces after lunch and everyone was welcome to join me.

The ones who provisioned our home had not put any brooms in our tools storeroom. There were garden rakes but they were useful in raking soil, not in sweeping leaves. Anna wanted brooms. We had made twenty by collecting broom sage and fastening it around bamboo poles.

James and Toby took charge. James lined us all up in the center hallway, Jean-Nicole first with a reserved spot beside her for Toby, behind her Sam with a place for him, Petra and Pyotr, Iain and Caitlyn, with me and Anna bringing up the rear. Toby passed out brooms. They called for Aimee to play the hi ho song and we all marched outside singing "Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go," at the top of our lungs. I wondered, if there had been someone standing outside when we emerged, what they would have thought at the sight.

Fall leaves and small limbs were all over the four terraces and had collected in numerous nooks and crannies. I didn't assign any particular area to anyone but we all spread out and started sweeping. I did ask them to sweep toward one area where we could dump the leaves over the side of the lowest terrace into the mulch pile where I intended to plant potatoes in about a month.

With a lot of leaves and a lot of terrace space, we had a big job to do. Shortly after we began, I started sweating and took off my tunic. The next time I looked around, everybody was sweeping wearing just a chemise. After that, the chemises started disappearing.

I stood for a moment looking at the crew, all bare breasted and bare chested, looking especially at the ones bare breasted. What man wouldn't look at five pairs of beautiful breasts? Nurse Anna caught me. She prescribed sunshine to relieve winter doldrums and we quickly had ten naked workers, well, wearing moccasins at least. Then

Iain yelled for Aimee to provide us with music: marches. Everybody swept faster and we soon had ten naked sweating workers.

When we finally finished, James and Toby made us all line up two by two again, naked, clothes under one arm, broom over the shoulder. They called for Aimee to play the hi ho song again and we all marched inside singing “Hi ho, hi ho, it’s off from work we go,” as loud as we could. The song didn’t stop until the communal shower started.

It was just another wonderful day in paradise.

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We had our second naked wrestling match one cold rainy afternoon. James and Toby were the wrestlers. I was the referee.

We filled in the floor of one of the bedchambers with mattresses, used the three sleeping alcoves as spectator spaces, and put on a rather lengthy wrestling match for the crowd. Aimee called three minute rounds for us and our young adversaries lasted for eight rounds. James and Toby provided the fans with a good show, both slippery with sweat before it was over, both with good-size boners flopping around for the ladies enjoyment. I officiated, naked too. I didn’t quite get a boner but I suffered some serious swelling. I resisted the urge to grin at how ridiculous the whole match was. James won and grinned when I raised his arm in the air like a real victor. Toby was gracious and stood there quietly beside us, head hanging down.

Of course, the whole match, like wrestling matches in our old world, was faked. I didn’t really have to convince James and Toby to do it. When I proposed it, James smiled and I knew he understood that the match was really for the benefit of a certain young lady. Toby grinned evilly and asked only that the match last until they worked up a sweat before he lost. I didn’t ask them to develop hard-ons but I thought that was a good touch. They both told me afterwards that the boners just happened.

After the match was over, Toby went to the alcove where Jean-Nicole was sitting. He grinned at her and she played her role perfectly. She quickly moved to sit beside him, kissed him on the cheek, and held his hand while he rested. Anna had easily talked her into helping with the plot. In fact, she loved it.

James staggered over to the alcove where Sam was sitting. He sat down on the edge of the alcove, rather exaggeratedly wiped the sweat off his face, flexed his muscles a few times, pretended a little pain in one shoulder, and Sam crawled up beside him, smiled at him, kissed him on his sweaty cheek, and held his hand.

Then Toby surprised me with something I had not asked him to do, something that wasn't part of our plan. He quietly walked to the center of the mattresses, dropped to his knees, lowered his butt to his feet, bent over, put both hands behind his head, put his head down on the mattress, and then pulled himself into a rounded heap with his naked back and buttocks showing.

I looked around and everybody was watching him, probably wondering as I was what he was doing. He remained motionless for a while and then began slowly to unfold. When he stopped, he was supported on his spread hands and spread feet with his back still a rounded arch, his face looking down at the mattresses.

He lifted one leg, began to swing it around, and I saw the other muscles in his body tense. Suddenly he flipped, that's the only way to describe it, and his head was now looking up. He was in an arch again, supported on his spread hands and feet but with his belly up and his face looking up. His still-hard penis was pointing up at an angle over his lower belly and his testicles drooped low between his thighs. I was about to cheer when he started moving.

He moved until his hands and feet were closer together, put his hands on his ankles, his calves, his thighs, his butt, and then straightened up and stood tall. He lifted his chin, looked around, found James, stuck his tongue out at him, and then returned to Jean-Nicole.

James started the cheering and clapping and it swept over the rest of us. I looked at him. He grinned at me and nodded. I knew he knew what Toby was going to do after he lost.

On impulse, I did something else unplanned. I walked first to James and then to Toby, took them both by the hand, led them to the center mattress, and raised their hands together. The cheering and clapping was almost deafening.

I hoped that would help solve our problem. I hoped that sleeping arrangements would be reshuffled soon and James would be able to

lure his admirer into his web, I mean, his bed. If Jean-Nicole let Toby keep her company, we would have five good sleeping arrangements.

Anna took me to the showers after the show was over. I had only one question for her. “Do you think it will work?” She grinned and nodded. Later that night, in our bed chamber, she was especially enthusiastic. Perhaps naked wrestling is a good aphrodisiac.

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One night, the Mouseketeers, James, Sam, Toby, Jean-Nicole, Petra and Pyotr, the four, five, or six of them, were doing who-knows-what in the lounge and giggling and laughing at it. The other four of us, Anna and me and Caitlyn and Iain, were sitting around a table in the kitchen. Iain and I were on one side and Anna and Caitlyn were on the opposite side. We routinely met together and we usually talked about anything anyone brought up. Anna introduced a new subject.

“Iain, David tells me he has difficulty understanding his relationship with you. How do you feel about him?”

Iain looked at me for a minute or so.

“He’s not the only one who has difficulty understanding our relationship, Anna,” he said. “I do too.

He looked at Caitlyn but didn’t say anything.

“Iain,” she said. “It’s OK. You know how I struggled learning to love you. I know I love you and I know you love me. I’m not going to think badly of you no matter what.”

He looked at nothing for a moment and I could tell he was trying to organize his thoughts. Finally, he smiled slightly and asked. “Would you all do a little mental exercise with me?”

Once we had all nodded or said yes, he lifted his hand and, with one finger, punched at a spot on the edge the table immediately in front of him.

“There’s a point,” he said.

He lifted the other hand about a meter away and repeated the motion.

“There’s another point,” he said.

We waited and I suppose we were all wondering what he was talking about.

“Connect the points with a straight line,” he said and waited.

“Now make one of the points black and the other white. Let the straight line gradually fade from black to white or gradually darken from white to black.”

He looked at the point under his right finger, swept his eyes toward the point under his left, turned his head back toward the point under his right, and then waited for a few seconds for us to construct the mental picture.

“That is a continuum,” he said. “C O N T I N U U M. There are lots of continuums in our lives. Two extremes but the middle neither black nor white. Let us construct another one.”

Again, he touched the table in front of him with two fingers about a meter apart and gave us a little time to think.

“On one end of the continuum, let’s put homosexuals. That’s either people who prefer male with male sex or female with female sex.”

That got more than one grin out of us. I wondered where the hell he was going with this.

“On the other end, let’s put heterosexuals. That’s people who prefer male with female sex.”

He waited again. “David, put your finger about in the middle of mine.”

I did. “What do you call people like that?” he asked.

Caitlyn surprised me. “Bisexuals?”

“I suppose,” he answered. “Now hang on to what you’ve got because this is about to get more difficult.”

We all nodded and waited. He moved his two fingers across to the opposite side of the table.

“I’m extending the continuum line backwards to represent the passage of time, the lifetime of an individual. Let your continuum have two dimensions and become a square.”

He put his forearms across the table, palms standing on their sides, to represent a square.

I couldn’t suppress a smile. This was getting interesting. I looked at Anna and Caitlyn and saw the same smiling attentiveness.

“Now, Anna, draw a crooked line across the table from my left hand, past, homosexual, to my right elbow, present, heterosexual. What do you call a person with that life line?”

She drew the line but I answered for her.

“Normal,” I said.

“Perhaps,” he said. “David, you just told me that you think that in youth people sometimes have homosexual relationships but that as they age they tend to have heterosexual relationships. Is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“Caitlyn, draw all sorts of squiggly wavering lines between my arms from the far side of the table to the near side. What should we call people like that?”

“Damned if I know,” Anna answered. “Probably normal.” I could have echoed her.

“OK, now hang on again because this is about to get more difficult. We just looked at a square with homosexual on one side and heterosexual on the other and time represented by the length of the life line.”

He lifted his forearms in the air about a half-meter above the table.

“Now we have a box, a square but with an added dimension. What am I going to put on the extra dimension? It’s another continuum, this time a vertical continuum. What are its two extremes?”

He sat there with his arms in the air and waited for someone to answer him. Anna did.

“Love and sex,” she said.

He beamed at her. “Which shall I put on top of the box and which one shall I put on the bottom?”

I knew the answer. “It doesn’t matter.”

“Correct,” he said. “Let’s put love on top purely for convenience. Top of the box is now pure love with no sex. Bottom of box is now pure sex with no love.”

He waited again for all of us to nod.

“Give me an example of two individuals, heterosexual, who are on top of the box at any one point in their lives.”

I had to think hard for that one. “An elderly married couple, one of whom has Alzheimer’s.”

“A great deal of love holding them together but no sex,” Anna said.

“But within their lives, the love-sex life line they drew was more sex at places and more love at others,” Iain said. “Would you agree?”

I knew the answer. “Sure. They might have started almost at the bottom of the box with just sex and then moved up to the middle with both love and sex for years and then moved up to just love in old age.”

“That’s right. Now I want to make it even more difficult,” he started.

“Wait a minute,” I said. “Aimee, would you please make a recording of Iain’s presentation suitable for me to review. This is fascinating stuff and I want to review it and think about it later.

“Yes, David, I will record Iain’s presentation,” she answered from above us. “You may review it either by asking me to replay it on my

monitor or on your tablet. I find it fascinating too and I want to review it. I like to try to understand all of you.”

“Thank you, Aimee,” I said and nodded to Iain.

“What we have been considering is a myriad of objective facts. If we could examine the sex-love life line of a couple, it will be an objectively measurable fact whether they had sex to mutual orgasm on a certain night when on their honeymoon. Correct?”

“Well, it wasn’t our honeymoon but it was the first time we were together in the Ponderosa Inn in Flagstaff,” Anna said.

“Objective facts can always be measured and verified,” Iain said. “Two observers seeing the fact will always have the same opinion or conclusion. So will ten or one hundred. A fourteen year old boy masturbates twenty-seven times within a five day period. A sixteen-year old boy gets his first blow job after a high school dance. A couple make love to orgasm, for him, seven times in one day.”

Anna looked at me. I didn’t remember telling Iain that. “Well, I think she had more orgasms than I did.” Anna hit me on my thigh.

“Now I want to introduce something new and different. It’s another continuum. Good or bad. Sinful or divine. Evil or virtuous. Place the two antonyms on the extreme points of a continuum. Can we fit this into our model? Perhaps the middle of the continuum could be indifferent.

He got a lot of confused stares.

“David, look in the box at the sex/love line of the old married couple where the wife has Alzheimer’s. The husband goes in the bathroom and masturbates about once a week. Good or bad?”

“I think I see where you’re going with this, Iain,” I answered. “You’re asking me to make a subjective evaluation of an objective fact. If I answer, it will be simply my opinion. Anna’s may be quite different.”

“Anna, suppose a husband and wife have intercourse resulting in simultaneous orgasms. Good or bad?”

“That’s subjective, Iain. If you’re talking about me and David, that’s very good. That’s when we become one.”

Caitlyn looked at Anna frowning. I remembered Iain saying he had experienced it with her. I wondered if she understood what Anna meant.

“Caitlyn, a man has anal intercourse with a woman and reaches orgasm. Good or bad.”

“I don’t know, Iain. Did she like it? Did she want him to do it? Did she hate it? Did he rape her? It depends.”

“OK. What I’m trying to describe is an objective fact which will be placed on a continuum at different points ranging from good to bad by different individuals with different viewpoints and depending on their knowledge of the circumstances. Do all of you understand?”

“I need to think about it,” I said. Anna and Caitlyn nodded.

“Now, here’s something personal. It’s a given fact that I’ve kissed David right cheek, left cheek, mouth. Good or bad?”

He got three answers and they were all the same. “Good.”

“OK. Here’s another objective fact on the sex/love life line for me and David. He has performed oral sex on me and swallowed my semen. I’ve done the same thing and swallowed his. Good or bad?”

He got some quizzical stares from two women.

“It was before either of you arrived, when the only ones here were me and James and David.”

He got a smile from Anna. I had told her about it. From Caitlyn’s frown, I guessed that he had not told her.

“Here’s another objective fact. David and I have kissed a few times and we both got hot and bothered and wanted more and maybe one of us was about to be fucked. Good or bad?”

I smiled and I suppose my smile admitted that he was telling the truth.

He continued. "The point I'm trying to make is that the love-sex life line for any couple will contain objective quantifiable facts. When someone else tries to evaluate those facts, he can only render a subjective opinion based on his or her personal perspective. Where does he stand when he looks at the box?"

He gave us a little time to absorb that idea and then continued.

"A teen's perspective may be different from an old person's. A clergyman's from a ditch digger's. A man's from a woman's. Do you agree?"

He got three nods.

"I'm about to give up on this mental exercise," he said. "It's a fact that David and I have performed oral sex on each other to orgasm at least once. It's also a fact that we've kissed like lovers a couple of times. It's also a fact that he's never fucked me and I've never fucked him. I love David and I'm not ashamed of it. From my viewpoint, that's a fact. I believe he loves me too."

He sat there and looked at me, Anna, and then Caitlyn.

"Iain, where did you learn to analyze something like this so well?" I asked. "You've given me something that I can ponder for days or years."

"Don't they teach it in your schools, David?" he answered. "All children need to be taught how to think."

I had something I wanted to say. "Just because we love each other and we're sexually attracted to each, that doesn't mean we're going to go any further with each other. We've both got to think about the others who are here and whether what we do will hurt them or make them respect us less. If Iain fucks me, what will Caitlyn think? Will she feel that the love she gives Iain is not good enough? If I fuck Iain, what will James think? The reverend fucked him and he hated it and blew up the reverend with natural gas. Will it affect his feelings toward me, that I'm sort of like a father to him but really I'm a hypocrite? We don't exist in a vacuum. Our love-sex life lines intersect with others." I paused for a moment. "Now do you see why we have difficulty figuring out what to do in our relationship?"

“You could be sexually attracted to a knot hole in a tree, Davood,” Anna said, and grinned. “I don’t care. I love you anyway”

“I love you too, Iain,” Caitlyn said. “Please don’t start fucking knot holes. Fuck me.”

“David, the only perspectives that should matter in your love sex life lines are yours and his,” Anna said. “I know you’ve never fucked another man and no one has ever fucked you. You’ve told me it’s never interested you; is that right?”

“Yeah, but now I wonder. I want to do something with Iain and I don’t even know what it is.”

Caitlyn spoke up. “Well, why don’t the two of you let the others here see you and Iain kissing each other? I mean, really kissing. If you feel like you love each other, why not let your beasts loose? See how they react. Maybe it won’t change anybody’s perspective of you or Iain. Maybe they will understand the love you two share.”

“I don’t think that will solve the problem, Caitlyn,” I said. “When I’m with Anna, even if we’re not having sex but especially then, I feel like what we’re doing is something spiritual, something sacred. I know my life is linked to hers and will be forever linked to our children in the future. I don’t feel that way with Iain. I know I love him but not the way I love Anna.”

“You’re being eloquent again, Davood,” Anna said.

“Yes, Mama, I’ll be good.”

“Well, that’s all I’ve got to say for tonight,” Iain said.

Caitlyn leaned over to Anna with her hand cupped around her mouth and whispered. Anna smiled and stood up. They held hands and led the way from the kitchen to Iain’s and Caitlyn’s bed chamber. I shrugged, took Iain’s hand, and we followed. Anna and Caitlyn lost their loincloths just inside the door. Iain and I looked at each other and dropped ours. I looked down. He didn’t have a hard-on but it looked ready. I looked at mine. Same.

Caitlyn crawled in their bed alcove first and held out her arms. Iain turned my hand loose and started to crawl in with her. Anna beat him to it. She crawled on top of Caitlyn. Caitlyn smiled at her, wrapped her arms and legs around her, and they kissed like lovers. Iain and I watched for a moment. Anna stopped, looked back at us, and smiled. Caitlyn patted the bed next to them and smiled.

Why not, I thought. I looked at Iain. Who was going to be bottom? He decided he was. He crawled in and held out his arms to me. I squirmed on top of him and he wrapped me up with his arms and legs. I looked down at his face for a moment, dipped my head for a quick lips-to-lips kiss, and then raised back up. I saw Anna and Caitlyn both watching. I closed my eyes, lowered my head, and kissed Iain again. Moments later we both had our mouths open and our tongues were playing. Moments later, I felt an urgency to do more. I wanted to let my beast loose. I began to slide my erection up and down against his. I felt my testicles dragging over his balls and his hard-on. I wanted to love him completely and I knew it. I just didn't know how to do it.

I lifted my head and Iain and I looked to the side. Caitlyn had one arm over Anna's back and one hand behind her head. Anna had one hand on Caitlyn's breast. Anna's hips were rubbing and thrusting against Caitlyn. They stopped, looked at us, and both smiled.

I scuttled downward over Iain, held his penis straight up, and took it in my mouth. I sucked on it, licked it, moved my lips up and down on it, licked from his balls up the shaft, took the head in my mouth again, and started over. He put both hands on my head and pressed down. I resisted and shook my head. He moved his hands to my shoulders.

When I looked up again, Anna had her face between Caitlyn's thighs. A pillow bent in half was under Caitlyn's hips. I watched Anna's pink tongue licking up, long slow licks, between Caitlyn's thighs. Caitlyn squirmed.

I shut my eyes and opened my mouth to Iain's dick again. I tried to suck his milkshake semen up his dick straw. He groaned.

Anna slapped me on my butt. Swap? I was agreeable. We swapped places, paused in the middle long enough to exchange an open-mouthed kiss, and then settled down with different partners. I

watched long enough to see Anna take Iain's dick in her mouth and then I looked down at Caitlyn.

She was bent almost in half, knees up beside her breasts, and her little pussy was all wet and open and ready. I resisted the urge to shove my twenty-centimeter dick in and instead dropped down with my face over her pussy. I licked her from her rosy pink asshole all the way up to her hidden clitoris. Then again. And again and again.

Anna slapped me on the butt. I looked up to see her arranging herself on her back with Iain kneeling between her legs. I used my thumb to tell Caitlyn to get up and then I stretched out on my back and opened my legs for her. She knee-walked over my leg and then looked at Iain. They both bent over at the same time.

How many permutations or combinations or whatever can be made from four different people of two different sexes? I think we tried them all. I know I had my mouth on two different pussies and one penis. I know three different individuals had their mouths on my penis. Each time we changed, we were always slow and gentle, not trying to bring anyone else to orgasm or to reach one ourselves. Gradually the feeling built in me that I wanted more. I wanted my penis in someone's hand or mouth or asshole and I wanted to empty my balls. I wanted something. I just wanted. I pushed someone away from me and lay there breathing deeply.

"Anna, I think David is ready to come for the first time tonight," Caitlyn said, sitting back on her heels between my legs. "Do you want him first or second?"

"Oh! Is there going to be a second?" Anna answered.

I looked to the side. Iain had his head between her thighs and she had two handfuls of hair. She had a grimace on her face that I had seen before.

"I think we can wring two out of these guys if we're patient," Caitlyn said. "Iain squirted in me last night. Would you mind if David is first tonight?"

"Be my guest," Anna said, without even consulting me.

I felt sure I could deliver a load to each of them, given enough time, and I was in no hurry to go to sleep. I just lay there, eyes shut, hands hanging on to the mattress, and waited.

Caitlyn straddled my waist, I brought my legs together, and she notched the head of my penis in her little pussy. She was hot and wet, almost dripping, and my penis slid in a little, out a little, in deeper, up a little, then deeper. She stopped and I opened my eyes and looked down. Her head was lowered and she was looking down too. We both saw that she had about two thirds of my penis in her pussy. I put both hands behind my head and waited for her to get all she wanted.

She wanted it all. I watched her try to fit it all in her and I did nothing to help. She groaned and grunted and squirmed from side to side and rocked back and forth and then stopped. I looked again. She was close, maybe an inch still outside. She was too damned intent and serious so I decided to give her a distraction.

I did a crunch and popped up my six-pack. I gave her a few seconds to look and then I rippled my stomach. She pulled her head back, looked up at my face, and started giggling. Maybe that jiggled her further down on my dick. When I looked down again, all I could see was her blond patch of short pubic hair against my darker patch. I relaxed and let her sink down on it. She shut her eyes and groaned and just sat there.

I was about to start something when she finally did: ups and downs, side to side wiggles again, back and forth rocking, all the while with her eyes shut and her constantly groaning. I decided I'd try to be a gentleman and let her come first. I was on the verge of being a fuck up when she finally got hers. She sat there with my dick buried to my balls in her, shivering, squealing, wiggling, but never letting a fraction of an inch escape. I gritted my teeth and tried to hold back while her little lemon squeezer tried to extract my juice.

When she subsided, I lifted her up by the hips about six inches and started fucking up as fast and furiously as I could. In just seconds, I anointed her sacred cervix with about a gallon of my baby makers.

After a while I remembered that Iain and my wife were beside me and Caitlyn and they were doing something. I looked to the side and saw Iain on top of Anna, braced up on straight arms. Her legs were bent back so far that her ankles were on each side of his neck. He was pistoning in and out and I saw the white shaft flashing wetly between strokes. Anna had her hands on his ass and I could see her biceps tighten as she pulled him forward on each down stroke. I hoped she was using fingernails on his ass.

I pulled Caitlyn down on top of me, tucked her head in beside mine, and shut my eyes. I lay there in the afterglow and listened to the rhythmic noises from beside me. The grunts and other sounds finally stopped, there was no more movement, and I looked over. Iain had his mouth on Anna's and her hand was behind his head holding it down. I thought that looked like a good idea so I pulled Caitlyn's head down to mine and probed her lips with my tongue until she opened.

After a while, Iain and I both managed to get it up again. Anna pulled me on top of her, Caitlyn pulled Iain on top, and he and I both enjoyed fucking our wives in sloppy seconds. Anna was hot in more ways than one and I think I felt her come a couple of times before I finally managed.

Later, the four of us had a quick shower and crawled back in bed. I got in first with my body against the back wall. Anna surprised me. She pushed Caitlyn in next and then crawled in herself. Iain got in on the outside of the bed alcove and spooned up to my wife. The two women were facing each other. I had my hand on Caitlyn's little breast. Iain had his on Anna's. My dick was spineless and compliant nestled up to Caitlyn's soft ass. I knew Iain's was in the same place on my wife. I took a deep breath or two, closed my eyes, and relaxed. I was ready for sleep.

"Aimee, did you enjoy the show?" I asked.

She answered from some indeterminate corner. "Yes, David. I find your sexual activities fascinating. It makes me all hot and bothered."

And then she giggled. I'll swear she giggled.

"Well, lower the lights for us, please," I said. "Just enough to see in case anybody needs to go pee."

The lights dimmed and I was almost asleep when I thought of something I wanted to say. I whispered it.

"Iain, when your wife was on top of me and I was fucking up into her and I started coming, I squirted her up in the air about a foot. She liked it."

He whispered back. "That's nothing, David, when I was on top of your wife and I was fucking down into her and I started coming, the rebound shoved my ass about two feet up into the air. I can back down and made a perfect hole in one. She loved it."

“Shit!”

Chapter Thirty-Seven

What I hoped for has happened. James and Sam came to breakfast one morning hand in hand, just beaming at each other. Toby and Jean-Nicole were right behind them, hand in hand, smiling the same. Sam seemed to have a little trouble sitting. I didn't have to be a genius to know what that meant. One less virgin. Two contented young women. And, of course, two satisfied young men.

They announced their official change of address during breakfast. James and Sam were now residents of the second bed chamber on the right. Jean-Nicole had left that one and moved in with Toby in the second bed chamber on the left. During breakfast they acted just like two pairs of newly-weds.

The rest of us offered them our congratulations.

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“You're pregnant; aren't you?”

Anna looked at me and grinned.

“Am I right?”

She nodded.

“Why didn't you tell me?”

“David, I've never been pregnant before. It's all new to me. I missed my last period and I'm usually very regular. I just wanted to be sure before I told you.”

“But it's been a while since you should have had your period; hasn't it?”

“Yes, but David, sometimes a woman's egg is fertilized and the baby starts to develop but something happens and it passes out of her body. I just wanted to be sure. How did you know?”

“Well, you told me you had quit taking the birth control pill and then you had sex with me and Iain a few days ago. You must have known you couldn’t get pregnant by him, right?”

“Yes, David, that’s right. I want a baby and I want you to be the father. I don’t want anybody else’s baby, not the first one anyway.”

I sat there on the side of the bed and watched while she brushed her hair. I knew her belly wouldn’t be pooching out yet but I looked anyway. It was the same as always. First there were the delightful curves of her breasts, then her ribs below, a little bowl around her vertical belly button, a slight swelling next sloping down to a flat area and then rising again under the sparse new growth of pubic hair on the little mound at the apex of her thighs.

Under short dark hair, it was just a little mound which bent back between her legs and split in two. It was so simple but I always liked to look at it and think of all the magic it held for me. I loved to get my face there, just between her thighs so my forehead rested on that little mound. I loved to get my tongue there in the crease between the halves of that split mound and taste her aroused woman juices. I loved to breathe deeply and smell the bouquet of her pussy.

She finished brushing her hair, spread my knees apart, and started brushing mine. My hair hadn’t been cut since I arrived and it was down on my shoulders. I liked it long but I wondered if she did too.

“Anna, would you give me a haircut?”

“No. I like you with long hair. It makes you look more like a guy on one of the bodice-ripper books lots of women read. It’s sexy.”

“Did you ever read them?”

“Sure. I liked the ones which were really dirty, lots of sex and fucking and sucking and licking and dicking. Books to polish my pearl with.”

“You’re kidding me.”

“Yes, David. I didn’t have much time for reading over the last few years.”

“I’ll read you a bodice-ripper tonight if you’ll let me polish your pearl. Do you think Aimee has any?”

“I don’t know but let’s just leave off the book. You can’t polish my pearl while you’re reading a book.”

“I’d still like for you to give me a haircut. Maybe just neaten it up a little. Keep it out of my eyes while I’m polishing your pearl.”

“OK.

I quit looking up at her beautiful breasts and looked down at her beautiful mound. Something puzzled me. The only new hair growing around her pussy was on that little mound. Everything back between her legs was bare. I thought we had all agreed to stop using the defoliator stuff around our genitals.

“You’re still using it; aren’t you, that defoliator stuff, you know, Nor.”

“Depilatory stuff.”

“Whatever.”

“Yes, we’re all using it, all of us girls. Just to neaten up our pussies a little so you guys can see what you’re getting into. You use it on your face. It’s only fair.”

“Damn, I like to floss with pubic hair.”

“Yes but I don’t want you flossing down there. I want you licking.”

I held my head up to her. “Do you think I need to use it on my face? It’s been about thirty days since I used it last.”

She felt my cheeks and chin and around my mouth. “You’re about like a teen-age boy now. It doesn’t irritate the inside of my thighs. If it’s sunny this afternoon, I’ll rub it on your face.”

“Are we still going to name the baby Michael if it’s a boy?”

“Yes. What if it’s a girl? What will we name her? Will you be disappointed?”

“If it’s a girl, you pick the name. I won’t be disappointed in the least. She will be you and me. I’ll love her with all my heart, the same as I love you.”

“David, I’ve been wondering about you fathering babies. What if they inherit that cool response of yours?”

“Huh?”

“Well, I think it’s a much-enhanced fight or flight response, maybe caused by a mutated chromosome or something. It might even be sex-linked. Maybe our boy babies will have it and our girl babies won’t.”

“Is that so bad?”

“No, but if it is inheritable and it’s sex linked, all the women here will want you to give them a baby. They’ll want a boy baby with you.”

“Oh, come on. Don’t be ridiculous. Ouch.”

“What’s wrong?”

“You almost brushed my ear off.”

“I’m sorry and I’m not being ridiculous, David. All women want to have strong healthy babies with the greatest chance of survival. It’s built into us. Why do you think I chose you?”

“So you think I should be the Alpha male and chase all the other guys out to wander the wilderness.”

“No, David, but if any of the other women want you to give them a baby, I think you should do it. It will help the survival rate of all the progeny of our colony. I’m going to ask all the women to vote on it.”

“Anna, you’re the only one I love completely. You know I’ve surrendered to loving you. I can never love another woman the way I love you.”

“Yes, David, I know that but we’re a colony of twenty people who are going to create a new human race in this world. You want us to learn to love each other to help us survive. I do too. The more our children have your cool response, the greater their chances of survival. Maybe the people who sent you here knew that.”

“You wouldn’t mind?”

“Maybe a little but it just makes sense.”

“What are the other guys going to say? I think it would create a big problem. One called jealousy.”

“I don’t think so. I think they would understand. Maybe Caitlyn could have one with Iain first and with you second. Maybe I’ll have a second baby with Iain or James or even Pyotr. If I have one with you first, would that be so bad? Maybe Jean-Nicole will have one with Toby first

and James second and you third. I suppose Sam would want one with James first and maybe Toby second.”

“And me third?”

“Naturellement, mon amour.”

“Anna, why do you do things like this late at night? Now I won’t be able to sleep all night for thinking about this.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. After you polish my pearl, I think I can do something that will help you sleep. It usually does.”

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Pyotr and Petra came back to our room, again a little late at night, when Anna and I were getting ready for bed. They were both smiling this time. They eagerly told us what they had learned.

Pyotr now understood why Petra was sometimes unhappy. He was going too fast with her and not giving her enough foreplay. He simply was not sexually arousing her enough. They had gone to Toby and Jean-Nicole about their problem and the four of them had talked for hours. Jean-Nicole was the one who wanted to give them a demonstration. Toby volunteered to help. Toby with Jean-Nicole was a good choice. He had learned his lessons well and he was an excellent teacher for Pyotr. Jean-Nicole was a good teacher for Petra, a mature woman who knew what she wanted and how to get it from Toby.

They four of them had joined together in a bed in the chamber which Jean-Nicole and Toby were sharing. Both couples started from the beginning: simply kissing and touching. They progressed downward with mouths on breasts and fingers between legs and then with heads between thighs. Toby brought Jean-Nicole to orgasm first and Pyotr and his tongue soon gave Petra a moaning release. They waited a few minutes for the girls to calm down and then mounted them in the old-fashioned missionary position and got their own release.

Once wasn’t enough for any of them. After talking for a while, they started at the top again and moved downward and this time it was Toby and Pyotr who lay there grinning while Jean-Nicole and Petra held their dicks upright and tried to suck their balls even drier. They even swapped partners for a moment. Jean-Nicole demonstrated how she liked to ride Toby to orgasm and Toby helped by being a fuck-up after she came. Petra followed their example and – her words – came about a zillion times not counting the one when Pyotr squirted in her

little pussy again. All four of them were well satisfied before Petra and Pyotr staggered back to their own bed-chamber.

Anna and I were about to do some of the same things in our bed. She invited them to join us. The four of us lay there side by side and Pyotr and I started up north and worked our way down south. We even swapped for a minute and I licked Petra's pretty pouty little pussy and Anna sucked Pyotr's precocious prodigious protuberance.

After we swapped back, we let Anna and Petra go for a ride, well, really a race. I decided to show off my musical knowledge and asked Aimee if she could play the William Tell Overture for us. She could. I put my hands behind my head and let Anna have her ride. Pyotr did the same and lay there grinning while Petra galloped toward the finish line. Petra won the race but Anna finished soon after. Then at my request Aimee played Bolero for us and Pyotr and I did our best to fuck in time to the music. He came to a climax before I did but I didn't mind losing. I reached a crescendo at the same time Bolero did.

We rested for a while and then Pyotr pounded Petra while Anna and I watched. Pyotr reached the finish line before she did but, from the way she squealed, she wasn't far behind. Then Anna and I showed them how it's done and they watched. I thought Anna was going to rip my ass to shreds with her fingernails.

Petra was well satisfied again. Pyotr was grinning like a jack-ass. Anna was smiling a satisfied smile. I'll admit I was grinning too. We slept four to a bed.

It was just another wonderful evening in paradise.

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“David! Anna! Please come to my room! A young man has arrived and there is something strange about his behavior. He seems to be sleeping peacefully but he has irregular spasms or twitches. Something may be wrong with him.”

Anna and I had just awakened from a peaceful night's sleep when Aimee called. I was just walking out of the toilet after a good morning piss and was contemplating going to the outside door to greet the day. Anna always took longer to pee in the morning than I did and I was standing there waiting patiently for her.

I ran into Aimee's room and stopped near the young man in the recliner. I felt an instant surge of relief. He was a young man but with

the emphasis on man. I had worried that all the other males would be, as they had been so far, more like boys than men.

He was a handsome young man, almost as tall as me. His dark hair was closely cropped, his upper lip was covered by a short dark mustache, and his cheeks and chin were covered by a short beard. His eyes were closed and he appeared to be sleeping peacefully except for a slight smile on his lips. His pecs were covered by a light dusting of dark hair and his abs were hairless.

He was on his back with one arm thrown back over his head and the other by his side. He had a thin trail of dark hair leading down from his navel to his genitals. His dark pubic hair was a tangled sporran spread out on his thighs. His penis wasn't erect but it looked full and heavy and was flopped across one thigh. His testicles were relatively hairless and looked perfectly normal.

The thing that impressed me most was his size of his chest and shoulders and arms. Even resting, I could see the underlying muscles in his arms and chest and shoulders and that meant he was used to working out or perhaps manual labor. On his lower chest and abdomen, he seemed to have a relaxed six-pack.

His waist and hips were small for his size and that told me he was used to being active, not sitting all day in a classroom or before a computer. His legs were long like mine and they were as muscular as his shoulders and arms. They were lightly covered by more dark hair, heaviest down on his calves. Overall, he was a fine young man, muscular and strong and handsome and sexy.

Perhaps he could be what I had wished for: a second warrior to help protect our family. Iain and James and Toby were slim and hard but they just did not have the musculature to stand up to some of the dangers we might encounter. The new arrival certainly did. I suppose I was also glad to see him so he could help with other strength-demanding tasks, like swinging an axe to cut down trees or using a mattock to cut roots. I couldn't complain about the willingness of the other guys to work but some tasks required more body strength than they had.

I felt a touch on my shoulder and turned. I put my arm around Anna's back and she put hers around my waist. We stood there looking at the young man for a minute or so.

Suddenly his face turned into a grimace and his eyes opened and rolled back so that only white was showing. His hands started shaking and the muscles in his arms started tightening. I looked at his legs and the muscles there were also bulging. Suddenly, his whole body went rigid and then his arms and legs began to move erratically and flail around.

“He’s having a seizure!” Anna yelled.

“What can we do?” I yelled back.

“Just try to keep him in Aimee’s chair,” she said. “Don’t try to hold him down or restrain him. We need to keep him from injuring himself if we can.”

Suddenly, he slid off the end of the chair, tried to stand, and collapsed on the floor. I caught his shoulders and gently lowered him down so he didn’t bang his head on the hard floor. I sat down on the floor and cradled his head and shoulders on my bent legs. His arms and legs were still flailing around erratically and there was a little foam on his lips.

“Aimee, call the others,” Anna yelled. “Tell them to bring pillows to your room in a hurry.”

The others were quick to respond and all of them brought a pillow or two. Anna and I took the pillows, put one under his head, and tucked the rest close around his body. His flailing arms and legs slowed down but then seemed to become rigid again. He was stiff as a board for a few seconds and then abruptly went limp and was still.

“Turn him on his side, David,” Anna said, calmly now. “I think the seizure is over but we need to make sure he’s got an open air way and he doesn’t breathe in his secretions.”

I turned him on his side and he seemed to relax and his muscles softened, all except one. His penis slowly lengthened and swelled and stood out away from his body. I suppose everybody wondered at that response. I know I did. Then suddenly he began to piss and the ones standing nearby scrambled out of the way. When his bladder was empty, he seemed to smile slightly and to relax more. His eyes slowly

opened but I don't think he was conscious of seeing anything. His gaze made me think nobody was home, at least temporarily.

"He's going to be confused and unresponsive for a while," Anna said. "Do you think we could move him to a bed? Someone needs to be with him for a while. I think I saw a little blood on the back of his head and I want to examine him."

I pulled him up and onto my back in a fireman's carry and then carried him out of Aimee's room and into our bedchamber. I'd done that often enough in my military training and it came naturally to me. In our bedchamber, Anna and Iain helped me ease him down in an unused bed. I put a pillow under his head and spread a blanket over him up to his waist.

Anna took charge and pushed him over on his side so she could see the back of his head. She parted his hair and looked closely. She felt his skull, said he had a small goose egg, and we needed to watch him carefully because he might have a concussion. She volunteered to take first watch. I volunteered to stay to help and chased the others out to potty and to prepare breakfast.

Anna asked Aimee for his temperature and heart rate. Aimee replied that his temperature was within a normal range and his heart rate was now a little slower than normal. Anna gave him a cursory examination and found no signs of any injury except for the back of his head.

He woke up just before noon, dazed and confused and unresponsive to our questions. He seemed puzzled by the way we all were: naked except for loincloths. I propped him up with pillows behind him, pulled the blanket up to his waist, and let the others enter, one couple at a time, to see him. He looked carefully at everybody but said nothing and didn't respond to any questions. I'd seen that look before on the faces of men who were facing a dangerous situation: appraising, concentrating, and planning what to do.

Then Jean-Nicole came in with a bowl of stew and a chunk of bread, sat down on the side of the bed, and held out a spoonful to him. He looked at her breasts for a moment and his face changed with a welcoming smile and wide-open eyes. He opened his mouth for the stew, chewed a little, swallowed, and opened his mouth again. She

kept feeding him and he didn't slow down until the bowl was empty and the bread was gone. Finally he said his first words.

"Am I dead?"

"No, of course not," Jean-Nicole said and smiled at him. "Is the stew good?"

He nodded and then smiled just a little. "It's...it's very good but...but I must be dead. There's a beautiful angel feeding me. This must be heaven."

After Jean-Nicole fed him lunch, Iain and I helped him to the toilet. We stood three in a row and had a good piss. He was unsteady on his feet so I put my arm around his back from one side and Iain braced him from the other. We squeezed out the last drops, shook, and covered up.

Iain had said that all the guys coming here would be uncircumcised and I wasn't surprised that he was uncut. His dick looked a lot like Iain's, about the same size, a little smaller than mine. He checked me and Iain out while we were pissing.

"Where's mine?" he asked.

"What?" Iain answered.

"That thing you're wearing. Everybody else has one on. I don't want to go naked with five beautiful females."

We stopped by the clothing storeroom long enough to get him a loincloth and then helped him to the kitchen with all the others. Iain and I eased him down at a table and then I sat opposite him. Anna sat down beside me. He looked at me and Anna and at her beautiful bare breasts and then asked the questions I expected.

"Where am I? How did I get here?"

"We'll answer all your questions later," I said. "My name is David Guerrier; just call me David. This beautiful woman is my wife, Anna. What's your name? How do you feel?"

"Matthew O'Brian. Matt. I feel like shit."

“Matt, you’ve just had a long journey. Most of us felt the same way you do when we arrived. Anna’s a nurse. Be more specific and maybe we can give you medication to help you feel better.”

“My left shoulder really hurts. I think I fell on it. Back of my head’s throbbing. My back hurts a little but not as bad as my shoulder. I ache all over and I’m dizzy.”

“Matt, have you ever had seizures before?” Anna asked.

“What, you mean like epilepsy? No. Why?”

“You had a seizure this morning just after you arrived,” she said.

“Damn!”

“Aimee, how are his vital signs?” she asked. “What do you recommend?”

“Anna, his temperature is normal and his heart rate is a little slow but normal,” Aimee said. “I recommend a mild analgesic and a mild muscle relaxer. He should be watched constantly for the next day or so. The combined effect of the blow to the head and the journey probably account for the seizure.”

“I agree, Aimee. It would be good if he slept this afternoon. Could you give him a very mild sleep aid too?”

“Yes, Anna.”

Matt looked all around for Aimee.

“Who’s that and where is she?”

“I’ll introduce you to her later, Matt,” I said. “First we want you to take some medications and then rest for a while longer. If you wake up, please don’t try to walk by yourself. We’ll call you when we have dinner ready.” I pointed at Jean-Nicole. “That beautiful young woman is a marvelous chef. I don’t know what we’ll have for dinner tonight but I know it’ll be good.”

I asked James to get the medications and he was back in seconds. Matt took the pills one at a time and washed them down with big swallows of juice. His eyes kept closing and he jerked himself awake a few times. James and Toby helped him back to bed and then reported that he was asleep as soon as he hit the bed.

Sam and Petra volunteered to watch him for the afternoon. I asked James and Toby to wake him up just before dinner and then to help him walk if necessary. When they came in the kitchen, he had his arms on their shoulders but he was walking by himself. I asked Anna to do the introductions and he sat quietly smiling while she introduced five couples. Jean-Nicole was finishing dinner and she and Toby were the last to be introduced. Matt sat up straighter, stared at our chef, especially her beautiful young breasts, and ignored Toby. I wondered if we were going to have another problem.

I heard Lucky whining and I knew Aimee was holding him in James' and Sam's bedchamber. I told Aimee to release him and he scampered in the kitchen, tail swishing like a fast windshield wiper. He went straight to Matt, to get to know the newcomer. Matt grinned and scratched his head and petted him. I could easily see that he liked dogs. A man who likes dogs can't be all bad.

Dinner was a gourmet delight as usual, even though it was rabbit again. Matt ate like he's been starved for days. Perhaps he had been. We were all sitting around at two tables in the kitchen, the six Mouseketeers at one, Iain, Caitlyn, and Matt on one side of another table with me and Anna on the other side. There were a couple of things I wanted to do before Matt went back to bed. First I wanted to introduce him to Aimee and let her get his measurements. Then I wanted all of us to help in giving him a symbolic bath to wash away all of his old life.

When Aimee greeted him, wearing only a loincloth as we all were, he was as puzzled and bedazzled by her as the rest of us had been and I still was. I tried to explain that she was an avatar and she had chosen her young woman form to interact with us. I don't think he understood that a culture probably far superior to ours had created her. I didn't understand it either. As far as I was concerned, she was simply a human, one of us.

I asked her to give him the same access to everything that all the rest of us enjoyed. I didn't want to have to explain what was behind the door at the end of the hall. Aimee had standing orders not to permit the others access there unless either Iain or I was with them.

Then I told him we wanted to give him a bath and all ten of us were going to help. He looked at me like I was kidding and I tried to explain

the symbolic nature of what we wanted to do: to wash away everything in his old life and to welcome him to our new world.

In the bathing chamber, we all undressed, if you can call untying a loincloth and dropping it near the door. Matt was the last to get naked. I think his head rotated three hundred sixty degrees as he tried to look at all of us.

Initially the naked females all stood together at one side and didn't offer to help. I looked at Anna, raised my eyebrows in question, and she smiled at me and winked. I knew the ladies were planning something special to welcome Matt. Iain adjusted the shower to warm, I pushed Matt under the water and he closed his eyes and surrendered.

Five of us guys thoroughly washed the sixth. I was tallest so I shampooed his hair and washed his face. Toby and James washed his front and back. Iain and Pyotr did his outstretched arms. He tried to pull away when Toby lifted his penis, skinned it back, and rubbed the head thoroughly with a soapy cloth but James was washing the crack of his ass at the same time. I saw Toby cup his testicles in the soapy cloth and smile and wink at him. I held him by the shoulders while four guys scrubbed his legs and feet. Then I led him back under the shower and rinsed him off. When he opened his eyes again, he saw five beautiful females waiting in front of him. I moved to the side with the other guys and we watched him get thoroughly washed again.

Somebody had plotted against him. Five females rubbing their soapy bodies against him, firm breasts pressing against him all around, hands all over him, hands fighting over possession of his dick and balls: the result was inevitable; his penis stood up tall and proud. After watching a session of frottage with five naked females, five other dicks stood up too. Matt stood and watched as one hand after another stroked his penis and cuddled his testicles. They rotated around and five giggling females squatted or leaned over and gave his dick a few licks and a suck and a kiss.

Then Jean-Nicole squatted in front of him and gave his penis the coup de main. When I saw an orgasmic grimace on his face, I moved behind him and held him up. He squirted on Jean-Nicole's beautiful breasts what looked like a week's load. The rest of the females wiped his semen off her and wiped it on their breasts, giggled, and rubbed their breasts all over him. Damn, I wanted to be bathed too.

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His story came out in bits and pieces over the next few days. His name was Matthew O'Brian, Matt for short, a twenty-three year old Navy Seal on active duty. He was the leader of a special ops team on his third mission in Islamistan, this time to extract the head of a jihadist group. Intelligence said the guy would be a good source of information if handled properly. They swam ashore a couple of miles from the beach-side hotel where the jihadist leader was staying, found a big truck which had been left for them, drove to the hotel, silently killed all five guards, and had the guy hog-tied in a couple of minutes. They stuffed him in the back of the truck and "hailed ass," his words, to the point where they were to signal for a rubber dingy to pick them up.

They heard the sounds of pursuers and the truck went faster. Matt was in the back of the truck at the tailgate when the truck hit a bad bump and he was thrown out. The road was packed dirt and he hit his head on landing and was temporarily knocked unconscious. He roused up enough to crawl off the road into a ditch, faded into unconsciousness, and woke up in Aimee's chair.

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A few days later, Iain and Matt and I dressed in our Robin Hood outfits for a long walk up to the top of the mountain and back. As we were going up, I left it up to Iain to explain to Matt where he was and how he got here. He was as incredulous as we all had been but the view of our new world from the top of the mountain convinced him that Iain's story was true.

We sat for a while in a sheltered spot and I told Matt about the relationships that had been established, perhaps tentatively in some cases, for the ten of us who had arrived earlier. I explained that Iain and I were married to Caitlyn and Anna, that we considered ourselves permanent pairs, and that Anna was pregnant with the first child to be born in this new world. I said that James and Sam had just recently become another pair, as had Toby and Jean-Nicole. When I told him that Pyotr and Petra were brother and sister and were sleeping together but didn't consider themselves a permanent pair, he raised his eyebrows and grinned.

Then I talked to him about his options for sex. I knew that when he recovered from his journey, he would probably be as horny as the rest of us and he would want to have sex as we all did. I told him that over the course of the next nine months, nine more individuals would arrive, four more males, five more females, and he might find a mate in the five females. I said he might choose to pursue Jean-Nicole or Sam but he was going to cause problems with Toby or James if he did. Petra was perhaps a little young for him but she wasn't going to stay with Pyotr forever.

“Matt, there's a way for you to have your sexual needs fulfilled until you find a mate but it's not something Iain and I can arrange. We'll talk to our wives and let them handle it.”

“What's that?”

“Did you enjoy what the ladies did for you last night?”

“Damn, I've never even dreamed of something like that.”

“Why don't we leave it up to the ladies to give you a little sex until you find a permanent mate? I'm sure they can come up with something.”

“Are you kidding? What if I wanted to fuck one of them, maybe even your wife? Are you going to kill me?”

“No, Matt, all of the guys already here have had sex with Anna on occasion. I have sex with her regularly, of course, and I've had sex with Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn on a few occasions. We don't live by our old world's sexual standards. We're trying to establish our own. If Anna invites you, we can both share her some night. I'll even take sloppy seconds. There's one thing we're trying to avoid in our new world and that's sexual conflict and jealousy. I'm confident you can't take Anna away from me. The love between us is too strong.”

“Shit, I'm not going to start trouble with you but I'm just a normal guy and I need a good fuck once in a while.”

“Matt, you should listen to yourself talk for a while,” Iain said. “You say you need a good fuck. You're not going to get it with that attitude. You need to learn to make love to a woman and to think of her instead of just what you want. I know Caitlyn wouldn't want to spread her legs if all you want is a good fuck.”

Matt just sat there looking back and forth between me and Iain.

“Matt, in the past, what sort of relationships have you had?” I asked. “Find’em, fuck’em, forget’em?”

“Yeah, pretty much. I haven’t had anything except one-night stands.”

“Well, sometime soon, I want you to sit down in the kitchen with all five of the females. You’re going to be here with them for the rest of your life. Let them tell you what they want from a man. Then you think about it and see if you can give them what they want. You’ll never know what sex is all about until you do it with a woman you love and who loves you. It’s up to you to win the affections of one of the ten.”

“Why can’t I win the affections of all ten of them?” he asked grinning.

I grimed back at him. “You can try but you’ll never know what real love is like until you settle down with one and surrender to loving her and having a family with her. That’s what this is all about, you know, preserving a small sample of mankind when our old world is sinking into chaos and humanity there may face extinction.”

“You really think so?”

“I don’t know, Matt. The people who are sending us here seem to think so.”

I saw a shadow cross us and I looked up. It was another raptor bird. I pointed it out to Matt and the three of us watched it for a few minutes. It wasn’t flapping, just gliding, and I knew it was using the updraft off the mountain to stay aloft. I stood up and held out my hands to Matt and Iain.

“Come on,” I said. “We’re going to pretend to be corpses for a while. I want Matt to see what happens if the raptor tries to drop down on three dead bodies.”

We lay on a rocky area of the mountain top for a while, talking but being absolutely still, but we didn’t fool the bird. Maybe it had a belly full and it wasn’t interested.

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Life went on for a while, uneventful, quiet, and enjoyable. All eleven of us went fishing in the lake part way down the mountain. We took five casting rods and reels and lures, five cane poles and live bait, and as usual we were all successful in catching fish. I ended up gutting and scaling the fish for everybody and packing them in back packs and at times I had trouble keeping up. Jean-Nicole and Sam and James made it all worthwhile with two huge platters of golden brown fried fish for dinner that night.

We all spent an afternoon working in both our old and our new gardens. I made sure we had one big area for all the different kinds of potatoes I intended to plant in about a month. Our winter greens were thriving and we carried back home bok choi, collards, and turnip greens. I asked for collards and cornbread the next day and listened to a little griping about having to eat them. I knew the two who griped would eat the bark off a tree with their appetites.

One night, we all assembled in the central hallway, I asked Aimee to turn the lights down low, and we danced, just slow dancing most of the time. Anna took command and made us switch partners periodically. We had one male left over each time but it was a different guy and nobody complained. That is, nobody complained until Anna decreed that guys had to dance with guys and girls had to dance with girls. That didn't work as well but it was only for one dance. When she asked Aimee to play waltzes, I was the left over guy first, Iain second, and Toby third. I watched Matt and saw that he was grinning and trying his best to waltz with Jean-Nicole.

One night we all assembled in the lounge to perform as the New World Chorus. We warmed up with You Are My Sunshine followed by I'm in the Mood for Love. For both, Aimee put the lyrics on tablets and we all sang them. Then Iain asked the guys to sing Ol' Man River and I saw him listening particularly to Matt. He smiled and I thought I knew why. He'd found his bass voice. He told Matt he thought his was a fledgling bass voice and asked if he could help him develop it. Matt just grinned and shrugged.

Next, Anna and I sang something we had been practicing from an old Broadway musical, Adrift on a Star from The Happiest Girl in the World. Iain said it called for a male baritone with a rich dark voice

bordering on bass and I qualified. He told Anna that it needed a pure simple soprano and she would be great. He said the song should be the anthem for our colony of mankind and I agreed.

Iain and I had a surprise for the crew. He and I had translated a song called Bailero by Cantaloube into his native language. The song was written in Occitan, a Mediterranean French language and I had been helping by giving him the English part of what I understood. He then reworked it in his original language. The song was about a shepherd and shepherdess on opposite sides of a river they are unable to cross. It was melancholy and sad and beautiful and, sung in his beautiful tenor voice, it raised goose bumps on me.

We ended the night with She'll Be Coming around the Mountain when she Comes and then had to do an encore of You'll Never Know. From all the cheering and clapping after our concert, I could see that everybody enjoyed it just as much as I did.

Anna finally reported to me on what the ladies had decided about sex and I conveyed it to Matt and the other guys. They wanted to have another sex play party but with a couple of restrictions. First, they said everything would be permitted except that there would be no penises in vaginas, in other words, no fucking to give Matt what he needed. Second, the guys would get one orgasm for every one they gave to a girl. When Matt heard what they decided, he had only one word. "Shit!" I told him it was going to be a wonderful evening and he should get busy and exercise his tongue regularly.

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In her morning weather report Aimee said that the barometric pressure was the lowest she had recorded and she predicted very stormy weather. I walked outside and looked at the clouds moving from west to east faster than I'd ever seen. Occasional strong gusts of wind rattled the bamboo porch covering we had built. I could only hope that my plans were good enough and that it would withstand the winds.

At mid-morning the rains came, light at first but constant. By noon, they were almost monsoon-like. That's when I heard the first lightning strike somewhere up the mountain and then the deafening rumble of thunder. By mid-afternoon, lightening from cloud to cloud and from cloud to ground was almost constant. The sky was dark and the lightning flashes and following thunder were frightening. It seemed that Thor and the old gods were truly engaged in battle. Now I worried about the safety of whatever was at the top of the mountain providing us with power.

At nightfall, the battle between the Norse gods had not slowed. Earlier in the day, I had company sitting outside on a bench under the porch. I suppose we were all awed by such a late fall or winter storm. Later I was the only one who dared to sit outside and watch the epic battle. The weather system that was causing it seemed to have stalled out directly over us.

Finally I went inside to the kitchen. The others were all there, playing chess, making seashell necklaces, and talking. Even inside the thunder was loud and uncomfortable and I could tell they were all apprehensive. I tried whistling a happy tune and they all looked at me like I was crazy.

Iain suggested a rousing chorus of “You Are My Sunshine,” and we all belted it out. He followed up with a solo performance of “Somewhere over the Rainbow” in his beautiful tenor voice and that seemed to settle the apprehension a little. We all got tablets and sang “It’s a Grand Night for Singing” next. After a few more songs, the tension in the crowd seemed to be less and we all went to bed. I lay there holding Anna for a while, listening to the thunder rumbling, and finally went to sleep.

“DAVID, ANNA, PLEASE WAKE UP! WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY!”

I rolled out of bed and looked at the clock: a few minutes before two o’clock in the morning. Anna stood up groggily and held on to my shoulder.

“What is it, Aimee?” I asked.

“We have a serious emergency, David! The shield is down. All other systems are functioning but I have lost power for the shield. Should I alert all the others so you may decide what to do?”

Lyrics from "Adrift on a Star" from the musical "The Happiest Girl in the World.

ANNA

Here we are adrift on a star,
Alone in a silent sky,
Lost in space, together we face
The wonder of where and why.

Why a sky without an end,
 A sea without a chart,
 Why the rain, and why the rose,
 And why the trembling heart.

DAVID

The moon, the tide, the years,
 They go drifting along.

ANNA

The music of the spheres,
 Are there words to your song?

DAVID

Is there a bright gleaming goal
 Ending this brief barcarole?

TOGETHER

Here we are adrift on a star,
 And what is our journey for?
 Can it be the heart is not free?
 And love is a golden shore.

DAVID

That wherever we are

ANNA

In this star-spangled sky

TOGETHER

If there's love in your star
 You're home, you're home.

Chapter Thirty-Eight

“What is it, Aimee?” I asked.

“We have a serious emergency, David! The shield is down! All other systems are functioning but I have lost power for the shield. Should I alert all the others so you may decide what to do?”

“Yes, Aimee, tell them to assemble in the learning chamber. Anna and I will be there as soon as we go potty.”

Everyone quickly assembled in the learning chamber. They were all naked and seemed concerned about the reason for the extraordinary call. Nobody had bothered to don loincloths in the middle of the night. There were sixty seats in the room but nobody was sitting. I knew that Aimee’s voice had communicated the serious nature of our assembly. I asked her to repeat what she had told me and Anna. She did and expanded on the nature of the problem.

She said that a small component of equipment needed to be replaced and one person could easily do it. After that, she could repair everything else herself but, depending on the weather and the amount of sunshine, she would need at least two or three days to replenish the power to bring back the shield. Until the shield was restored, we would be operating on minimum power. She immediately lowered the lights to drive that home.

I moved to the front of the crowd directly in front of Aimee’s screen. I knew I had to demonstrate my leadership to assure them that we were on top of the problem.

“Thank you, Aimee,” I began, speaking in a calm voice. “You all understand we have a serious problem. Iain and I planned for it months ago. We know what needs to be done. I want you all to sit down and listen carefully.”

I waited until they were all seated in the first two rows.

“First things first. Matt and I are leaving for the isthmus by four o’clock. We need to stop any dangerous animals from crossing onto the mountain. Aimee knows what we need to take. Anna, I want you and Caitlyn to get our clothing ready. We want rain capes and boots that come up almost to our knees. Aimee knows my size and she should know Matt’s. Bring everything here. Roll up two blankets to tie to the bottom of our backpacks.”

I received two attentive nods.

“Jean-Nicole and Sam, I want you to stuff a backpack with food for two for a couple of days, solid substantial stuff, no cupcakes.”

I received two attentive nods and a lot of grins. We never had cupcakes.

“Pyotr and Petra, I want you to fill a backpack with dried flowers and cattails and driftwood, any stuff that will burn easily. Break it up into small pieces. Everything outdoors will be wet. We’ll want a fire while we’re on the isthmus and maybe we can get a fire going enough to dry out some driftwood.”

Two more attentive nods.

“James and Toby, get the weapons we’ll need. I want my sword, my knives, my bow and arrows, and a spear. Get Matt the same. Bring everything here.”

Again, two more attentive nods.

“Iain is to be leader while we’re gone,” I said. “He will be in charge of the repairs. I want you all to give him as much respect and help as you’ve given me. Just do what he says. Your life may depend on it. Do you understand?”

I received a bunch of nods from the crowd. I watched Matt. He didn’t nod. Perhaps he wanted to be leader. I couldn’t let him stay. I needed him with me.

“James, Toby, Pyotr, I’m not through with you yet. Tomorrow morning, I want you to come down to the isthmus. Bring us some more food and anything else Anna or Aimee wants to send. Bring lots of gourds. Make sure to get that gourd funnel I made. We may have time to gather some oysters. I want you back home before dark. Can you do it?”

I got three nods. I wasn’t sure about including Pyotr but I knew he would want to come with James and Toby.

“Now listen carefully. Matt and I will be OK. We can defend ourselves but all of you have got to be on the defensive too. Don’t go outdoors unprepared or alone. Take weapons when you set foot outdoors. Don’t go far. I don’t think any dangerous animals have had time to get on the mountain but there’s a chance they have. You may have to defend yourselves. I don’t think the big raptor birds will be a problem unless you’re in a bare spot where they can run to take off.”

I waited for them to absorb my warning. I wanted to end with something to make the occasion a happy one.

“There’s one more thing,” I said. “Anna’s pregnant. Iain, I’m leaving the most precious thing in my life with you. Take care of her.”

He grinned. “I will, David.”

I thought everybody would never quit congratulating us. I chased them out to do their assigned tasks to make them stop.

When Matt and I went outdoors, I saw lightning flashes on the horizon to the east and heard the distant rumble of thunder. Since, they usually came from the west, I knew the weather system had moved on past us. We stood under the undamaged outdoor shelter for a moment. I had something I needed to say to him.

“Matt, maybe you want to challenge me for leadership of this group. Maybe it’s because you just want to get laid. Maybe it’s got nothing to do with sex. Maybe you just want to be the Alpha male. Right now, I need you to help me. You’ve got the strength and courage we need. You would never have got to be a Navy seal otherwise. Will you do it?”

I held out my hand to him. He took my hand in his and grinned and squeezed. I squeezed back and then grinned at him.

“Yes, David, I’m not stupid. You’re the leader for the next few days.”

“Thank you. Now listen. I know the trail leading down to the isthmus. I’ve walked it lots of times but never at night when it’s raining. You probably should walk behind me. I don’t think we’ll encounter any dangerous animals going down. I think they’re probably holed up somewhere waiting for the storm to end. After it’s over, they’re going to be foraging and I think they like to do it on the isthmus. I want us to be down there by daylight. There’s a narrow spot where two of us can

stop them from crossing to go up the mountain. We're going to be cold and maybe wet but we've got to do it. Are you OK with this?"

"Yes, David. I've been through some tough training. This can't be worse."

The rain was still heavy when we started but shortly it began to slacken. I knew the trail but I'd never walked it at night and going was difficult. The rain capes and high boots were effective in keeping me and my two backpacks relatively dry.

By the time we reached the isthmus, the rain had stopped and dawn was breaking. The air was cold but still above freezing. We walked out onto the isthmus warily, threading our way between huge boulders. I stopped as soon as I saw the first big patch of sand under my feet.

"Matt, we need to watch for footprints now. I don't see any here so maybe we're in time. These boulders are going to diminish in size and then for about the length of a football field there's little but sand. We're going to check that out carefully for footprints. If we don't see any it probably means that nothing has crossed the isthmus yet. The isthmus is narrowest there and that's where we'll wait and watch."

"What could cross it?" he asked.

"Bears. You've seen the hide on the floor in the hallway; Anna, Iain, James and I killed it. Wolves. James and Toby and I killed four over on the mainland. Pigs. Humongous boars, we've eaten a few little piggys. Never tried to kill a big one. Big cats. Haven't seen any of those yet."

"Damn!"

We walked around and over the largest rocks until we came to the long sandy stretch. I scanned it quickly and saw nothing but the usual occasional smaller gray rocks, wet now and black.

"Spread out so we stay about twenty feet apart," I said. Let your eyes sweep back and forth in front of you, from the water's edge to about half the isthmus. Look for tracks. You'll know it if you see any big ones."

We started walking over the sand with our eyes down scanning. In my peripheral vision, I saw something ahead of us move.

“Stop!” I said, loud enough for Matt to hear me. My yell was also loud enough to alert what I saw was a raptor bird with its back toward us. It hopped in a half circle, turned, and looked at us.

“God damn! What is it?”

“It’s a raptor bird, a fucking big hawk. It can be dangerous but we don’t need to worry. I killed one somewhere along here when I was the only one here.”

“Do you think we should run? Get back in the rocks?”

“No, just be quiet and listen to me.”

“OK.”

“Put your spear in your left hand and slowly pull your sword.”

He did and I did the same.

“Which way is the wind blowing?”

“Huh? It’s blowing in my face. I think that’s out of the north. What difference does it make?”

“The bird can’t instantly fly. He needs to run to get up to speed. I’m guessing he’ll run with the wind and that’s toward us.”

“Shit.”

The bird dipped his head and tore something off his breakfast prey.

“He’s eating something.”

“Yeah, he wouldn’t be down here otherwise. He’s killed a young pig. We’re going to steal his breakfast.”

“Are you crazy?”

“No. He’s not that dangerous to us.”

The bird spread its wings and flapped a couple of times.

“Damn! He’s going to fly!”

“No, I call that display. He’s showing us how big he is. His wings are about six paces wide but his body’s not much bigger than a huge turkey’s.”

“Sheez, it’s a fucking monster.”

“No, Matt, just a big bird. We’re going to split up. You go to your side all the way to the water. I’ll do the same. When I signal, we’ll both start walking toward it, arms raised high with weapons. It’ll have plenty of room to take off between us. I’m betting it will.”

“What if it doesn’t? What if it attacks me?”

“When it takes off, it will fold its legs up underneath. If it does just let it go. It’s not going to hurt you.”

“What if it doesn’t? Luck at those fucking claws.”

“If it comes toward you with legs down and talons extended, drop your spear and swing your sword with both hands. Aim for its legs. I cut the legs off one and then whacked off its head. It’s easy, Matt.”

“Shit!”

“OK. Now start walking. To the water first, then arms up, toward the bird. And yell your loudest.”

The bird watched us get closer and then started running toward us. It spread its wings, got lift, flapped a few times, and then soared into the air well before it got close to us.

We walked to the bird’s kill. It was a young pig. The bird had ripped a lot of flesh off one hind leg. The pig was also missing some other things. We both stood looking at it. There were claw and beak wounds on one side and a lot of blood from a throat injury. I wished I could have seen the bird kill the pig. I knew the pig was much larger in the body than the bird.

“Hold my spear,” I said. “I’m going to drag it back to the rocks we came through. That’s where we’ll make base. Later this morning, I’m going to butcher us some pig for supper. Tonight we’re going to have a roaring fire and we’re going to eat pig. When the Mouseketeers come tomorrow, I’m sending a ham back with them.”

The bird had quite evidently pecked out one of the pig’s eyes. There was also skin hanging where its scrotum should have been.

“Damn, it’s a male but where are his balls?”

“In the bird’s belly.”

“Shit!”

“I wish I hadn’t killed the other one. I think they’re really harmless to us.”

I dragged the pig back near the large boulders and then we walked the sandy area looking for footprints. There were none. The bird must have attacked the pig as soon as it wandered out into the open. Nothing else had yet wandered out onto the isthmus.

We returned to where I wanted us to set up a guard post. I slid my sword back into the holster, leaned my spear against a rock, took off the sword holster, and pulled my rain cape over my head. The air was cold and the wind was blowing from the north but I was sweating a little. I pulled my tunic up, stretched my tights down and hooked them behind my balls, and then held my penis while I had a good piss. Matt did the same. We stood there peeing and shivering and smiling at each other.

“This world is ours, Matt,” I said. “All we’ve got to do is claim it.”

We sat in a half-sheltered spot against big rocks and ate breakfast, cold fried rabbit and bread and it was delicious. Afterwards, I managed to start a fire with the kindling from home and we gradually fed it small and then larger driftwood until we had a smoky but roaring fire going. After that we kept our eyes on the isthmus to the northwest of us and gathered driftwood to keep the fire blazing. Nothing much happened until about noon.

I was dragging driftwood back to the fire and Matt was walking away from the fire when he saw it. A bear came meandering out of the rocks on the other end of the isthmus onto the long sandy stretch. It stopped and stood up when it saw us.

“David, it’s a bear!” he yelled. “It’s a god damned fucking monster!”

“No, Matt. It’s just a hungry bear looking for something to eat. Just stand your ground. I’m going get my bow.”

I was back beside him in seconds with an arrow already notched in the Brute. The bear dropped down on all fours and started swinging its head from side to side. I could hear it sniffing.

“Why is he doing that?”

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s trying to pick up a scent. Listen to me carefully. We’re going to scare it off. If it charges, it’s going to eat an arrow. If that doesn’t stop it, hold your spear with both hands and shove it in its chest. I’d rather not have to kill it.”

“Damn. How can we scare him? He looks like he’s about as big as we are.”

“It’s not a he. It’s a she. If it stands up again, look at its belly. If it was a male, you would see something on his lower belly. Are you ready to scare it away?”

“Me? Shit! What can I do?”

“Pick up some rocks. We’re both going to yell at her. You’re going to throw rocks. If it comes this way, I told you, I’ll feed it an arrow instead of breakfast.”

“I was a pitcher on my high school baseball team but I never dreamed I’d be throwing rocks at a fucking bear.”

We advanced on the bear, holding our arms up in the air. It stood watching us for a moment. Matt started throwing rocks at it. We both yelled as loud as we could. It turned and ambled back in the rocks and out of sight.

In the middle of the afternoon I judged that the day was as warm as it was going to get and I wanted something good for supper. I asked Matt to keep watch and I stood near the fire and stripped. I carried my spear into the water and started prying oysters off the rocks. The wind was still blowing from the north and small waves made it difficult to see underwater. After I pried the oysters off the rocks, I had to pick them up underwater and I was constantly bending over with my face almost in the water and one arm groping for the oyster. I threw them out on the sandy part of the isthmus and Matt picked them up and put them in a backpack. I managed to get thirty nice size oysters before the cold water and wind drove me back to the fire.

“I hope you’ll eat oysters,” I said, shivering and trying to get warm around our fire.

“Yeah, I’ll eat them,” he said and grinned. “I’ll eat anything that doesn’t eat me first.”

Dinner was warm sourdough bread from home, raw and baked oysters, and slices of pig liver and pork grilled at spear point over the open fire. I was sitting there on a driftwood log, wrapped in a warm rain cape, a contented belly full of meat and oysters and bread when something finally dawned on me. I had not even felt the cool response when we chased the raptor or the bear away.

We sat there side by side leaning back on the log and swapped stories for a while. I had made a mistake when I chose the place for the fire. I wanted the fire to warm the rocks close by, hoping that the radiated heat would make sleeping more comfortable. It was doing that. The problem was that the constant northerly wind kept blowing the smoke directly onto the rocks and we had to sit on the north side of the fire to avoid being smoked too. Still, I was relatively comfortable wearing most of the clothes I had brought and the log was a little shelter from the constant wind.

Matt told me about his missions in Islamistan. He was a team member on the first and team leader on the second and third. His first was an extraction, second was an elimination, and third was an extraction again. They eliminated a mullah-fucker, his words, without a hitch, along with some other guys, and then covered what they had done with a big explosion. He had no idea whether his team had escaped on his third mission and he felt like a failure for getting bounced out of the truck. I could only tell him what we both knew: shit happens.

I told him about my Army experiences, particularly the one when I killed the seven jihadists and how that led me to be assigned to the special sniper school. Then I told him about killing Grand Ayatollah Muqtada al-Badr and how I had been trapped in the hotel, thought I was blown up, and then woke up here.

“Damn, man, you’re just shitting me; aren’t you, about killing Ayatollah Bad-Ass?”

“No, Matt, I’m not shitting you. You’re too big a turd.”

I looked at him and he was grinning as big as I was. I let my assertion sink in and then told him where it happened.

“Seriously, Matt, I was assigned to a sniper school in Arizona where we were trained to take out the religious leaders of the jihad. I killed Al-Badr when he came out the door of the Imam al-Hussein Shrine in Mamoon after mid-day prayers. Our disinformation services planted the story that it was the other religious sect which did the job.

“And you were sent here immediately after you did it? Do you know what happened afterwards?”

“No, Iain was sent here a month later. He said the two sects were at each other and it looked like their unified expansion efforts were collapsing. That’s the latest info I’ve heard.”

“Man, it stopped their expansion in its tracks. They’re doing their best to kill each other and we’re all trying to help them.”

“Matt, we might as well think of our old lives as something like bad dreams. We’re here and we’re going to be here for the rest of our lives. The challenge facing us now is how to survive and give our children and grandchildren a good start in this world. We’ve got to be a loving caring family to do that.”

He yawned and infected me. I yawned back and stood up, unrolled my blanket, and waited for Matt to unroll his.

“Matt, we can sleep apart under a single blanket or we can sleep close together under two blankets. We’ll be warmer sharing body heat

under two. The temp may get down to freezing tonight. Which do you prefer?"

"Sleeping together is OK with me. Don't we need to stand watch?"

"No, I don't think so. I think the bears and wolves and pigs are diurnal, not nocturnal. I know we'll be safe from the raptors. We do need to keep the fire going. Help me feed it during the night."

He nodded. We put our blankets together, lay down side by side with our heads on backpack pillows, and pulled the blankets up over our shoulders. I pushed him over on his side and moved up as close to him as I could. He bent his right leg and I spooned up to his butt with my right leg over his left and my arm around his chest. He took my hand in his and held them close to his chest. I closed my eyes and relaxed.

In a few minutes, Matt whispered to me. "David, you talked about me finding a mate in one of the five women who are coming here. I guess you're assuming I'm straight like you but I'm not. I've had sex with both guys and girls."

"Which one do you like better?"

"Shit. I don't know. Sex is sex. It's always good no matter which one you're doing it with."

"Yeah, I know. I've done it with both too"

"You're kidding me. You seem like the straightest guy I've ever known."

"Matt, when we get back, ask Aimee to let you listen to something Iain said about love and sex and how we all change over time. I think you'll find a lot of wisdom in it."

"Have you done it with him, Iain, I mean?"

"Yeah. I've sucked his dick and he's returned the favor. I've never fucked him, never fucked another guy. Assholes just don't turn me on."

"Has anybody ever fucked you?"

“No.”

“You ought to try it sometimes. You should get some big-dicked guy to fuck you and another one to suck you off at the same time. You’ve never had a good orgasm until you try that.”

“Which one do you want to do, fuck me or suck me off?”

“Neither tonight. I’m tired and I’m beginning to get warm and I’m going to sleep. Maybe tomorrow.”

“Uh, uh, tomorrow it’s your turn to get in the water and get us some more oysters. It’ll take a day or two to thaw out your dick.”

“Shit!”

“Matt, I know you want sex. We all do. It’s part of what we are. Sooner or later, you’re going to want to have love too. Just try to be patient. I think some of the ladies will show you a little love and let you have sex with them. Who knows? The next arrival may be the one for you. Maybe Jean-Nicole will end up with you and the next arrival will sink her claws in Toby. If we try, we can all be happy together.”

“What if Toby and I get it on?”

“I’m not going to tell anybody else what they can and can’t do about sex. It’s too damn complicated. Just try not to cause any hard feelings.”

“If I suck your dick, what will Anna say?”

“She’ll probably watch and then expect you to lick her pussy? Will you?”

“Yeah, I’ve gone muff diving before. I like it.”

“So do I. She’d probably watch while I suck your dick. She’s done that before.”

“Damn, you mean you sucked dick while your wife watched.”

“Well, I don’t think she really watched that much. She had her head between another female’s legs.”

“Damn, I don’t believe this.”

“Matt, we’re setting our own moral code when it comes to love and sex. We don’t let religion do it. As long as it’s consensual and nobody gets hurt, it’s OK with me.”

“Well, I’ve talked a few girls...and guys too...into it and I don’t think I hurt anybody. I’m not that kind of guy.”

“Matt, I’ve got one question for you. How many females have ever been Navy Seals?”

“None as far as I know. It’s an all-male outfit and you bond with the other guys.”

“Well, think about that for a moment. Maybe you just haven’t had the opportunity to meet a loving woman. I’m about ready for sleep but I’ve got one more thing to say. Right now I’m the sole leader of this group when it comes to decisions about how to protect everybody. Iain’s co-leader when we make decisions about everything else. He’s got a brain like you wouldn’t believe. I’m hoping you’ll join with us as a leader. We’re going to need somebody with your skills and strength when we start moving onto the mainland. Iain and I usually go for walks and talk about what needs to be done. I’d like you to go with us and join with us.”

“David, I’m not going to be much good at making decisions until I learn more about this place and all of you.”

“Well, think on it. Maybe a Navy seal and an Army sniper can work together with a guy from another universe and culture and make this colony prosper. Now let’s get some sleep. I’m tired.”

Dawn broke clear and cold and the wind had stopped. My internal alarm clock awakened me at first light but I lay there reluctant to move. Matt was spooned up to my butt and I was reasonably warm. I had fed the fire a couple of times during the night and Matt had fed it at least once. I’d pissed and shivered once during the night and my bladder wanted to be relieved again. I reluctantly pushed his arm off

my chest and sat up. I looked toward the east and saw that the sun had not yet peeked over the horizon.

“Matt, if you can, sleep a while longer. I’ll watch for critters.”

He grunted and I assumed that meant yes. He drew his long legs up, pulled the blanket over his head, and then then made himself a breathing hole.

I walked a few yards away and had a good piss even though the cold threatened to make my dick crawl back up in my body. I grabbed my spear and started surveying the sand for tracks. The wind had almost erased our tracks from the previous day and I saw no new ones.

I was hungry. I returned to the fire, fed it again, sliced off enough liver and ham for both of us, washed the sand off in sea water, put the meat on spear points, and propped them almost in the fire. We still had a few oysters so I placed all except two almost in the fire. I shucked one and had a delicious cold raw one almost too big to go in my mouth. I stood surveying our world, occasionally glancing at our breakfast and then along the isthmus for critters. My nose smelled the meat cooking. My stomach growled.

Matt sat up, looked at me, looked at breakfast, and stood up. He walked a few yards away, pissed, shivered, and returned to the fire. He smiled at me and I smiled back. The meat looked almost done. I sliced the last of our bread and put it on a log near the fire to warm. I shucked the last raw oyster for Matt, had a baked oyster, Matt had a baked one, I had another, Matt another, and we finished off breakfast with bread and liver and ham slices.

“Matt, I usually have to shit after breakfast,” I said. “If you have to do it, go back in the rocks, dig a hole, crap in it, and cover it up. Shit stinks and we don’t need any critters getting a whiff of us. They know where there’s shit, there something big enough to eat.”

“Did you bring toilet paper?” he asked, grinning. I ignored him.

We walked the sandy part of the isthmus again looking for tracks and for driftwood big enough to burn. After crossing the sand, we climbed up on a huge boulder, stood side by side, and looked toward the mainland.

“That’s our new world, Matt,” I said. “All we’ve got to do it claim it. We’ve already found a place over there to build our first outpost.”

“What will we build it out of?”

“Stone. There’s a place where there’s a lot of sedimentary rocks in layers that will be easy to bust loose. We’re going to make cement out of oyster shells and sand. I think we can make something strong enough to stand up to anything.”

As we walked back toward our base camp, I kept seeing all sorts of sea shells with something in them washed up on the sand and I thought of something to try. I made a sling or pocket in the front of my rain cape and started picking up the various kinds, not the small ones, but the ones large enough to have something worth eating in them. Matt probably knew what I had in mind. He started helping me. By the time we were back to base, we had quite a collection. I piled my mixture of shells down near the fire and Matt dumped his too.

“What are we going to do with them?” he asked.

“I’m going to eat some for lunch. We need to try everything that’s edible in this world. We may have to eat them some day.”

“Let’s send some back to Jean-Nicole and let her see if she can do something with them.”

“Good idea. When the kids get here, we’ll let them pick some up. I think they’ll get a kick out of trying to eat them.”

A little after mid-morning, I heard the singing of the Mouseketeers before they came into view. They were singing the hi-ho song at the top of their lungs to let us know they were coming. When they walked out of the boulders, I couldn’t help but smile at them: three young boys out on a grand adventure, striding along with heads high. Pyotr was leading the way and that surprised me. They were all dressed in Sherwood Forest attire complete with a Robin Hood hat with a feather in it. They all had bows and arrows on their back and a spear in their right hand and they all were lugging a bunch of empty gourds to carry oysters back home.

I hugged them and kissed them on the cheeks and watched as they went to Matt next. He looked a little uncomfortable but he hugged them close and kissed them, maybe an air kiss, on the cheeks.

“Who’s leader?” I asked and they knew what I meant.

“Pyotr’s leader,” James said. “He didn’t want to be but Toby and I outvoted him. He knows he’s responsible for getting us back home before dark.”

“OK, Pyotr, report!”

“Yes, sir! Iain’s already replaced the damaged what-cha-ma-callit. Aimee says the weather is expected to be clear and sunny over the next few days and, if it is, she can have the shield back up by tonight. She says you can start back tomorrow morning and, if you feel the shield when you go through it, you’ll know it’s OK for you to come home.”

“Have you guys seen anything?” James asked.

I led them through the rocks to where I had put the pig carcass.

“Damn, it’s a pig,” Toby said. “Who whacked him up like that?”

“Well, first a big raptor bird killed it but we chased it away and stole its breakfast. Then a bear wanted it but Matt and I chased it away too,” I answered.

“You chased a bear away this time?” James asked.

“Yeah, it was a female and lots smaller. Matt threw rocks at it and chased it away.”

James looked closer at the pig. “Shit, it’s a male but what happened to his balls?”

“Big Bird ate them and one eyeball and part of one leg. I cut open his belly to get his liver and cut some slices off the hind leg for me and Matt. We had fresh liver and ham slices grilled before a wood fire last night. Delicious. Would you like some for lunch?”

“Hot damn, I hope no fucking big bird eats my balls.” Toby said.

“Why?” Pyotr asked. “I hear Jean-Nicole eats them almost every night.”

“Naah, she just gnaws on them.”

I decided to harvest oysters before lunch. I knew the temperature would be higher later in the day but I wanted the Mouseketeers to be well on their way home by then. They wanted to harvest the oysters. I asked if they’d brought the string. They wanted to know what string and why? I told them they needed to tie strings around their dicks before they got in the cold water. Why? So they could pull their dicks back out of their bellies later. I knew James had heard it before but he didn’t let on to Pyotr.

Three beautiful naked shivering young kids pried oysters off rocks and pitched them up on the sand. Matt picked them up and brought them to me. I used Little Boy to cut the muscle and slide them into the funnel I’d made from a gourd. Most of the oysters were huge and healthy looking and I quickly filled six gourds with raw oysters.

The Mouseketeers returned to the fire, turned around like a spit, and thawed out their frozen parts, little dicks and balls trying to crawl back up in their stomachs. They had just put their clothes back on and were warming at the fire when I heard Matt yell.

“David, the bear’s back!”

The bear again walked out from the rocks partway on the sand spit, stood up, looked around, dropped to all fours, and sniffed the air. I felt sorry for her. I knew she was doing the same thing we were: looking for food. I decided to be good to her.

“Mouseketeers, bows!” I said and watched as they quickly grabbed their bows and notched an arrow.

“Matt, spear!” I said and he understood. He dropped everything else and held his spear in both hands.

“I’m going to walk toward her. The rest of you follow about ten feet behind me. Don’t shoot unless she charges me. When I get close, I’m going to give her something.”

I went to the pig carcass, cut off the mangled hind leg, sliced off a big hunk for our lunch, and then walked toward the bear, spear in right hand, pig leg in left. She eyed me curiously and I knew she understood what I was holding out toward her. She stood her ground. When I was about twenty feet away, I threw the leg to her. She quickly grabbed it in her jaws, turned, and ran back in the boulders. She didn't even say thank you. I couldn't help but grin. I hadn't felt the cool response this time either.

I was hungry again and I estimated it was close enough to mid-day. I raked out a spot in the fire and we dumped some of the sea shells in it and covered it up with glowing coals. We sat and talked until I gestimated that the sea creatures were cooked. I asked the Mouseketeers to rake them out of the fire and then I found me a couple of rocks to crack the shells. A couple of whacks with a rock and the shell cracked enough for me to use Little Boy to extract the meat. I blew it cooler, stuck it in my mouth, and chewed. And chewed. And chewed some more, part just a delay to hold them in suspense. Finally I swallowed, smiled at them, and reached for another sea critter.

After we all tried the sea critter smorgasbord, we had more raw and baked oysters, more pig liver and meat, and fresh bread from home. We saved the other stuff the Mouseketeers had brought us for later. We all ate oysters, even a raw one or two, and liver and pork slices and groaned about how good it all was. Nobody hesitated to eat what we could find. Youth and cold make great appetizers.

The three Mouseketeers left a short while after lunch, laden down with the other hind leg off the pig, a bundle of sea shell critters, and a bunch of stoppered gourds full of oysters dangling from a big bamboo pole. I knew they would be exhausted when they got home but I also knew they would keep at it until they got back well before dark.

Matt and I scoured the sandy part of the isthmus for more driftwood after the kids left. Almost all of it was found on the south side and that told me that currents were pushing up from the south, maybe bringing warm sea water toward our mountain home. I knew sea currents affected shore temperatures in much of our old world and maybe our winters would not be too severe.

Matt and I stood and sat around the rest of the afternoon. I decided to tell him about some of the others and the problems they had before coming here. I told him how I met Anna at the secret training base

and how I believed we were intended to be a team and how I became depressed when she wasn't the second to arrive. I told him about Iain and how he had been sent here by his parents instead of back to his old universe and how Caitlyn had loved him enough to follow. I admitted that I had been so depressed and frustrated with him that I had almost raped him and how much I regretted that. Then, after James arrived, when Iain told me how and why I was here, our friendship had righted itself and gotten stronger ever since.

I told him how James had never had parents and had killed his foster father because he was sick of being sexually abused and how I had tried to show him a father's love to heal his suffering. Then Anna came and I was content to be here. Iain was content after Caitlyn came to him, except that she was so sexually repressed that we had to decide how to break down her walls.

I told him about Toby's despair after watching his parents doom themselves with drugs and how I had tried to give him a father's love to help him. Now I was as proud of James and Toby as though they were my own sons.

I asked him if he could be happy with a woman like Jean-Nicole and he smiled and nodded. I told him how she had been treated like a caged animal by her religious-fanatic parents and how she had managed to break free with us. When I told him that she had just moved in with Toby and my guess was that they might be only temporary lovers, he smiled, maybe thinking of her and the possibilities.

I told him about Sam, Samantha, that she came to us as the teenager from hell, unhappy with us and with everything we tried to do. Then I had tried tough love and made her act as a scullery maid in order to eat. Finally James had been the one who showed her the love and kindness which brought her out of her hell and my guess was that their relationship might well turn out to be permanent.

Last I told him about Pyotr and Petra, how they had had almost no parental love and thus had developed a strong love for each other, how they had almost been sold into sexual slavery, and had killed their step father to escape. They came to us at the same time and had been together, even sexually, since and we were all accepting of it. They had both said they eventually expected to find other mates.

I wasn't trying to convince Matt of anything. All I wanted to do was to let him know some of the problems the others had endured in their old world and how Anna and I had tried to help them to be happy in our new world. Perhaps he convinced himself of something. He held out his hand to me for a handshake. That wasn't what I wanted from him. I pulled him against me, wrapped my arms around him with my cheek against his, and hugged him as hard as I could. He wrapped his arms around me and squeezed back.

"David, I don't want to be leader, not of all this group. Sounds to me like you and Anna are doing a damn good job. I'll be patient until you can make me a part of the group. You be leader; I'll be follower."

"Uh, uh, Matt, I don't want you to be a follower. I want you to help me lead. My first job here is to act as a protector for everybody. I need some help in doing that. I need you to help me lead."

"OK. I'll try. Just be patient with me."

"Sure," I whispered in his ear. Then I really surprised him.

I leaned back and kissed him on the mouth. He pulled away for a second but I yanked him back and kissed him again, this time, with my tongue asking entry to his mouth. He opened to me and we started to lose our consciousness of anything except our bodies and their response to the kiss.

Finally I pushed him away and grinned at him.

"Shit, David. Don't do that. Don't get me started."

"What, Matt? That was just a simple kiss between friends. I just wanted to welcome you into the family."

We ate some of Jean-Nicole's good cooking for supper and then sat and watched as the light faded and night began to descend. We both watched as billions and billions of diamonds filled the sky. After a while the half-moon crept over the eastern horizon. I stood up, shuffled up to the fire, and pulled my tunic up and my tights down. I let my dick and balls get warm and then I wrapped my hand around my warm dick and started stroking it. Matt watched.

"Come join me," I said and he did.

We stood there side by side slowly stroking our penises and watching what the other was doing. When mine grew into a full-blown hard-on, I started stroking faster. Matt watched me and stroked his faster too. I wasn't in a race. I just wanted a little something to help me sleep better.

I had been pondering something to make Matt feel more at ease with us, particularly with me. I wasn't sure where it would lead but I wanted to do something. I took my hand off my penis, reached over, and wrapped it around Matt's. He looked at me questioningly. I pointed at my naked penis with my left hand and said, "Circle jerk."

He reached over with his left hand, wrapped it around my penis, and slowly stroked back and forth. When he looked at my face, I smiled at him and he smiled back. We stood there with our hands on each other's dicks for a moment, slowly stroking. I decided to go ahead and do the other thing I'd been thinking about.

I knelt in from of Matt, held his penis straight out toward my face, and took it in my mouth. I sucked and stroked and licked for a minute or so. In the cold, his scrotum was already drawn up and tight. It felt like half an orange in my hand. He put his hands on my shoulders and I felt his fingers digging in.

I had no intention of giving him a blow-job. I stood up in front of him, put my hands on his shoulders, and pushed down. He knelt in front of me and used his tongue and mouth and hands on my dick and balls for a moment. I put my hands on his shoulders and pushed my dick in a little too far. He pulled back, almost gagging.

"Sorry 'bout that," I said.

"Shit! I can't deep-throat, David," he said.

I pulled him up and we again stood side by side grinning at each other. Maybe he understood what I was trying to convey, that I accepted him as he was and I wasn't really different and I wanted to be his friend. I came first and squirted out a few white strings directly into the fire. Matt came a few seconds later. Our semen sizzled in the flames and came back up in foul-smelling smoke and steam.

My dick gradually lost its hardness and I squeezed the last drops of semen out of the tubes. Matt watched, looked up at me, grinned, and cleared his pipes too. A minute or so later, we walked away from the fire, had a good piss, wrapped up against the cold, and went back to the fire and to bed. He spooned up to my butt, put his right leg over my left and put his arm over my chest. I took his hand in mine, kissed it, and held them both close to my heart.

Why did he feel like he needed to tell me about his past? Fucking around with both guys and girls. Who does he think I am? Some sort of fucking priest, fucking altar boys one minute and absolving some stupid sucker of his sins the next. If what he did was a sin, I've sinned too, maybe just not as much. Shit, how can any religion decide what is a sin. I can't. Well maybe some things, like fucking innocent children.

Why do religions have to define some human activities as sins and then say that some god will punish you with eternal fire if you don't get absolved of your sin? Shit! No man can absolve another of sin or whatever you call it. Maybe having to carry the burden of what you did through life is enough of a punishment.

David Guerrier. Anna liked it. Said that's what we are. Warriors fighting to forge a family in a strange new world. Maybe that's what we are but sometimes I still feel like David Blunderbuss. Blundering through life trying to do what's right. Still trying to make my parents and grandparents proud of me. Not knowing sometimes what's right and wrong and what to do to make things right. Just trying to do my best in this world. Like conniving with Anna and James to get Sam to join us and become part of the family. They're a beautiful young couple and they seem happy with each other. That was the right thing to do.

Did I do what's right with Matt? I want him to feel part of our family. Why did he think what he did with guys in the past was a sin? I've sinned the same way except I've never thought of it as a sin, just a boy and then a man trying to cope with the demands of my own sexual needs.

That was a hell of a way to bond with him, David Guerrier, sucking his dick. You should have talked to him, told him that you didn't care what his past was like, just his future with us. But actions speak louder than words. I was just trying to show him that there's not

much difference between us. I'm not the straightest guy he's ever known. I know I still love Iain and I can't deny it. Just not act on it. What's the difference? I know I love James and Toby too. I feel like they're my sons and I'm damned proud of them and the men they're becoming.

But I know I love Anna the most. Anna Guerrier. Good name. Not Anna Conda. Always standing beside me facing our future. With her I know I can do what somebody evidently expected me to do, to lead this colony of humans and protect them and provide for them. Shit, I can do it. It's going to be a wonderful life with her and children and grandchildren. I can be content when I die, knowing I did my best in this life, just not fucking it up too much.

The next morning, we had breakfast out of the last of the food from home. With Matt's help, I butchered the pig enough to put the choice parts in two backpacks. We started toward home, slowed down when we approached the spot where the shield was usually effective, and then felt the static-electricity effect when we passed through. A little after mid-morning, we walked in the front door at home, dirty, smelling of sweat and smoke and other stuff, tired but so damn glad to be home again. Almost.

Lucky barked and came running to us. His retinue followed. Anna almost threw herself at me. I wrapped my love up in my arms, buried my face in her hair, and held her as close to me as possible. Now, I was home.

We sat in the kitchen and told the crowd about our two days and nights on the isthmus. Jean-Nicole and Anna washed the pig parts and put them in the refrigerator room. After that, we were led to the shower by everybody else and thoroughly washed and dried. James and Toby tied loincloths around our waists and we joined the others for a lunch of leftovers. Jean-Nicole promised we would have a very good dinner later. Next we were led to separate beds in the bedchamber where Anna and I slept. We were kissed and hugged and told that we should take a nap and someone would call us for dinner.

After two nights of struggling to sleep in the cold and being aware that a dangerous animal might wander upon us, I was ready for a good afternoon nap. Sometime later, I was awakened by two half-naked young females, Sam and Petra, crawling in the bed with me and rubbing their tits against me and groping my good parts and giggling

and not stopping when I told them to because they knew I didn't mean it. I finally gave up and crawled out of bed and stood up.

Matt was still in bed watching. The two sirens didn't let him escape. They gave him the same treatment. He had half a hard-on when he stood up, just like me. They weren't through with us. They led us to the toilet, watched as we stood side by side and had a good piss, led us to the bathroom, wiped off our faces, brushed our hair, put a loin cloth over our still half-way hard-ons, and led us to the kitchen. I smelled dinner when we were going down the hallway.

Matt and I were carefully seated at an empty table for six, me on one side in the middle seat, him on the opposite side facing me. This was new. It soon came evident what the others had planned. The two seats beside me were occupied at various times during dinner by different couples, all intent on serving and feeding me and making sure I had everything I wanted. Matt received the same treatment and we sat their grinning at each other between courses

The first course for dinner that night was bouillabaisse stew or soup made with all sorts of sea critters in a broth with tomatoes, onions, and potatoes. Quite good. That was followed by scalloped oysters made with crusty bread in a white sauce. Delicious. The third course was pork scaloppini with lemon. Outstanding. Jean-Marie had been using lots of lemons in cooking since the Mouseketeers found the lemon trees while exploring. Side dishes with the entrée were potatoes sautéed with garlic and olive oil and mixed greens steamed just to tenderness and seasoned with olive oil and cheese. And we had fresh sourdough bread with all this. We ate like kings.

After dinner, I noticed James and Toby watching Anna. Finally she nodded at them and they left the dining room. The sirens came for Matt and me and led us out into the hallway. James and Toby were standing just outside the door collecting loincloths. I had no idea what we were going to do naked but I didn't care.

Then Aimee lowered the lights and I heard "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and I started to ask Anna to dance with me. Surprise. She pushed me away, winked at me, and chose Matt. I stood and waited until the song was over expecting that everyone was going to change partners. I was right. Caitlyn came for me and Iain dropped out. Before the dance was over, six tunes, I had taken a turn with each of the females. I noticed that more than one male was sporting something that made close

dancing difficult. Some were pointing almost straight up. Mine was half hard again or still.

The lights came back up and we all stood there naked, the guys, at least, ready to do the horizontal mambo. I didn't know who was in charge or what was planned for the rest of the evening. Anna was in charge.

"Matt, we occasionally get together to play at sex," she said. "Each time we play a different sort of game and that's going to be true tonight. The ladies have decided what we're going to do. Are you willing to play by our rules? Are the rest of you guys willing to do what we say?"

Yes, mother, yes ma'am, uh huh, and some other positive answers.

"OK. Tonight we're going to separate into two groups. The women will be the do-ers. The men will be the do-ees. There are six men and only five women and we're going to do you guys two at a time. Matt and David will be first since they just spent a couple of cold days and nights protecting the rest of us. Are there any questions before we all go in the lounge?"

Toby raised his hand. "Yeah, what are we going to do?"

"You're not going to do anything, dummy," Jean-Nicole said. "When your turn comes, you're going to lay there flat on your back and the do-ers are going to do whatever they want to do to you. OK?"

"Gimme a blowjob?" he asked.

"You cannot even ask us to do something, Toby," Sam said, and I knew the ladies had cooperated in planning tonight's fun. "You've just got to grin and bear it."

Toby pushed his pelvis forward. His penis was stiff as a spear and pointing at the ceiling. "Like this?"

Jean-Nicole slapped him gently on the back of his head. He yelled like it really hurt.

A female sprite named Petra held both our hands and led Matt and me into the lounge. I turned once and looked behind and saw that the

other four females were also leading a male. When I saw what had been prepared in the lounge, I think my penis lifted up another notch or two. There were two mattresses arranged side by side surrounded by couches and loveseats and chairs. We were led straight to the mattresses and stood waiting while the other guys were led in and told where to sit. None of the females sat. I wondered if all five were going to be do-ers to six do-ees.

All assembled, Petra and Sam put their hands up high on two guy's shoulders and pressed down. Matt and I lay down on our backs. Immediately, they tucked pillows under our necks. They were the first do-ers. They nudged out legs apart with their feet, knelt between our knees, and looked down at our play pretties. Sam proceeded to examine my penis and testicles, touching lightly, looking with an intent gaze on her face, almost as though she'd never seen a hard dick before. I lay there first admiring the freckles on her face, then looking at her beautiful breasts, and then trying to catch a glimpse of what she had hidden behind that little patch of red pubic hair.

"Can you forgive me for making you wash dishes, Sam?" I asked.

"David, there's nothing to forgive. I was acting like a spoiled little bitch. I'm not stupid. I knew what you were doing."

"Are you happy with James? Is he a good lover?"

"Yes and yes. I never knew a guy could be so kind and patient and gentle. He makes sex so good for me. He doesn't fuck me; he makes love to me. Did you talk him into what he did with me?"

"A little. James is a very loving young man."

"I agree. Now shut up. I'm about to do something so I can't talk.

And with that, she leaned over, cupped one hand under my testicles, held my penis straight up with the other, tugged my foreskin back, and took the uncovered head in her mouth. I shut my eyes, put my hands together on my stomach, and enjoyed her efforts. Just when it was getting really good, I heard Aimee call time and I opened my eyes. Time for what?

Sam and Petra swapped places and my dick was in Petra's mouth in just a few seconds. She pretended to have trouble getting the big head

in her little mouth. I wondered how much trouble she'd have getting the big head in her little pussy. She played with my balls and sucked on the head of my dick for about thirty seconds and then Aimee called time again. I wondered what the hell was going on.

Petra moved up over my chest, squirmed around until her little pussy was right over my face. At the same time, Jean-Nicole crawled up between my legs. I glanced over and saw Sam over Matt's face and Caitlyn just kneeling between his legs.

I could do it. I could lick pussy while somebody sucked my dick. I reached up, put my hands on Petra's hips, and pulled her pussy down to my tongue. She slapped my hands away from her hips. I looked up at her face.

"You can't do that, David. You're a do-ee. You can't use your hands. I'll let you use your tongue and that's all."

I thought it was a little silly but I obeyed and put my hands back together on my stomach. She lowered her hips slowly until her wide-spread thighs were on each side of my head and her open pussy was there for my tongue. I started licking. I shut my eyes and licked her pussy while Jean-Nicole sucked my dick. But, damn, Aimee called time again. It couldn't have been more than thirty seconds.

This time there was a double swap. Caitlyn swapped with Jean-Nicole and I watched as Jean-Nicole began sucking Matt's dick and Caitlyn began sucking mine. Matt caught me looking and smiled a really big grin. Then Caitlyn wiped the smile off my face. I couldn't smile anyway. I was licking Sam's pussy this time. Hands together on my stomach, Sam's pussy on my face, Caitlyn's lips and tongue on my dick: I liked this game.

Then something happened that I liked even more. Caitlyn and Sam and Petra moved off the mattresses. Jean-Nicole remained. Anna moved on. The two of them hugged each other and whispered back and forth. Somehow they decided.

Jean-Nicole straddled my hips. Anna straddled Matt's. They looked at each other, nodded, and within seconds my dick was buried to the balls in Jean-Nicole's pussy. Matt looked at me as though he couldn't believe what Anna was doing. His dick was hidden in her and she was just sitting there. Two females looked at each other, propped their

hands on two guy's chests, giggled, and went for a ride. Matt and I just laid there side by side with our hands on our stomachs and let the do-ers do us poor do-ees.

I looked to each side. Iain and Pyotr were sitting on a couch on one side, nursing two hard-ons. James and Toby were slouched down on a couch on the other side, long legs extended, right hands slowly stroking two rampant dicks. Sam and Caitlyn were kneeling on each side of me and Matt, Petra kneeling in the middle, watching the action.

I opened my mouth and winked at Petra. She crawled up and tried to smother me with a warm breast. She didn't have a good mouthful so I pursed my lips and sucked on the nipple. Caitlyn did Matt the same way. Sam knelt there and watched the fun. And all the while, the two riders rode hard. Jean-Nicole used the same up-down, roll the hips motion as Anna. Maybe all women use it. Maybe it tickles their clit just right.

I heard moans and looked to the side. Matt was quite evidently coming. His hips were lifted inches off the mattress. Anna was sitting still on him, her face taut, not as though she was coming, but as though she was getting a load of hot semen squirted on her cervix. Aimee didn't call time for once. I looked back up and opened my mouth to Petra's little breast. And Jean-Nicole continued to ride me slowly, watching what I was doing to Petra.

After a moment I looked to the side at Anna and Matt again. He was relaxed now and she was sitting still on him. I caught her looking at me. I opened my mouth, made a licking motion with my tongue, and beckoned her to me with one finger. She shook her head no. I nodded yes. She mouthed "No, David," and I knew she was reluctant to let me do it with Matt's semen in her. I stuck my tongue out again, made a licking motion, and nodded yes. She shook her head no.

Sam watched us signaling to each other and settled the argument. She took Anna's hand, pulled her up, and pushed her over to me. Jean-Nicole stopped her ride for a moment to let Anna get in place. She straddled my head and settled her pussy down to my waiting mouth and tongue. I knew Matt's semen was deep in her vagina and, if it drooled out, it would probably drip on my throat, not in my mouth. All I wanted was to get my tongue on her clitoris and that was inches away from the entrance to her vagina.

I used my hands even though it was forbidden and Anna didn't object. I put them on her thighs and pulled her down until I could easily lick upward between the little lips to the red button of her clitoris. Then I reached up to her breasts, caught her nipples between thumb and finger on each hand, and gently pinched. She groaned. Jean-Nicole resumed her ride and groaned. I groaned too, a sympathy groan. It was all just too damn good.

I felt something warm and viscous dropping down on my throat and I knew that Anna's cup was overflowing. I wondered what she would taste like lower down, if I licked her around her vagina, if there was really a cream pie down there. I shifted my head, licked upward from her perineum to her little nubbin, and I tasted what I knew had to be a mixture of Anna's juices and Matt's semen. Damn, the taste and smell went straight down to my penis and more blood left my brain and went into my dick.

Maybe that was the trigger that Anna needed pulled. She started quivering, whining, and then tried to smother me with her pussy. I knew she was coming and coming hard. That was what I wanted and that was what triggered me. I reached down to Jean-Nicole, put my hands on her thighs, and shoved her down on my dick. Balls deep in her pussy, I unloaded in a series of agonizingly-pleasurable pulsations. My spasms were hardly over before I felt Jean-Nicole's start and I thought she was going to break my dick off. She and Anna were both whining and groaning so, what the hell, I echoed them again.

After that, the evening was anti-climactic for me and Matt, at least for a while. We sat side by side on a couch, our dicks still swollen but complacent, occasionally drooling out another little drop of semen, and watched Pyotr and Iain get done by five doers. That was five imaginative do-ers. I thought poor Pyotr was going to faint or drop dead when he came in Jean-Nicole. That was her second load of semen and I wondered if she wanted a third. A moment later, Iain gave up his load to Sam's riding pussy.

And still later, Iain and Pyotr sat on one side of the mattresses, Matt and I sat on the other side, and we all watched James and Toby get ridden hard and finally put out of their misery by Caitlyn and Petra. As far as I knew, Petra's pouting little pussy had never been anointed by anyone but Pyotr. From the way she groaned and grimaced and

carried on, she didn't seem to have any trouble riding Toby's bigger dick.

Still later, I insisted. Five women lay flat on their backs on the mattresses while six guys licked them all to a final whining moaning orgasm. I think all six guys licked the pussy of five gals; I know I did.

My dick was rigidly stiff again when I finished and, like Matt, I wanted a good fuck. I didn't want to make love. I wanted to fuck. Anna obliged. She lay spread-eagled while I eased my dick into her drooling pussy and then she wrapped me up with her arms and legs. I let the beast loose, she bit down on my shoulder, and I shoved my dick in without mercy and finally poured out my balls into her.

When I looked up, we were in the middle of four other couples all doing the same thing. Matt was on top of Jean-Nicole and she had him all wrapped up with her long arms and legs.; His ass was flying up and down as he plowed her pussy.; I didn't even think of what the sixth guy might be doing or where he was. I didn't even think of which guy was fucking which girl. I pulled Anna up and we staggered out of the lounge, down the hallway, paused for a good piss, and then fell in bed together. Before oblivion swallowed me, I remember to say something to Anna.

"I love you, Anna. You're really one damn good fuck."

"Thank you. I love you when you're eloquent like that."

Chapter Thirty-Nine

I was surprised when Aimee announced the date as part of her morning weather report: 01-01-02, New Year's Day, nine and one-half months after my arrival, and the beginning of my second calendar year in this world. I immediately asked her to announce the date as part of each morning's weather report from now on.

Where did Festival go? I had not even thought of it. Each day was essentially the same for us. Our lives revolved around foraging, hunting, fishing, gardening, lessons with Aimee, exercises and weapons training, and, of course, constant playing. We had no day of rest. We rested whenever we chose or perhaps when we had rainy or

very cold weather. We had no news or weather channel to remind us of the date and the mess the old world was in. I, for one, did not miss them.

Thinking back, I realized that Matt had arrived late in the twelfth month and that Festival had begun just before the two of us rushed down to the isthmus. I don't suppose any of us had any special plans for Festival or even whether anyone was aware that it was time for it. Maybe the welcoming reception Matt and I and the other guys had received as the do-ees at the hands of the five do-ers was a good way to celebrate Festival. Maybe something like that as part of a week of playing could become our usual way of celebrating.

At dinner that night, I asked if someone would form a three person committee to begin plans for our second Festival. Then I nominated Sam to chair the committee. She was elected by acclamation, with permission to choose her other members. I also asked for another three-person committee to re-examine our calendar, to decide whether we needed to name the months, and, if so, to come up with a list of names. Anna nominated James and he was elected by acclamation or maybe railroading.

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For our first group task of the new year, I wanted to complete the olive harvest. On a cold but bright sunny day, all eleven of us went down and around the mountain to the olive grove, spread blankets around each tree, and flailed the hell out of the limbs. We had a good final harvest. We had already on two occasions made multiple trips carrying backpacks full of olives up the mountain to home. This time, we had to make three trips before we finished the job. Now all we had to do was use the olive press to extract the oil. I was thankful that Matt had arrived and had the arm and shoulder strength to help me use the olive press. We wanted to pickle more olives in brine with herbs and garlic and that task fell on Jean-Nicole and her sou-chefs.

Thanks to Aimee and Iain, we had entertainment over radio station IAIN occasionally. Iain presented us with a constantly-changing selection of classical and popular music, Broadway musicals, and operas. We also had romantic evenings dancing in the central hallway on occasion. Anna always had charge of this and she decreed that we had to change partners on occasion. We usually danced slowly and intimately, dressed in loincloths, for a while but we occasionally tried a waltz or two toward the end of the evening. Once we even tried a polka, with hilarious and disastrous results. And, of course, we even tried slow dancing naked, lights down low, romantic dance music, and that led from vertical dancing to horizontal.

The ladies formed a sewing club and began to cut and sew something other than our usual Robin Hood outfits. One night they all modeled their first effort, a pair of short shorts for each. In bed that night, I asked why they had chosen that as their first project and was reminded that women had a period each month when they wanted to be a little more modest.

One cold day, the three male Mouseketeers piled a large quantity of dead wood in the outdoor fire pit. I wondered what they had in mind but I knew I'd soon learn what they had planned. After dinner that evening, when the kitchen had been cleaned and the left overs put away, I learned. They wanted everybody to gather near the front door, strip naked, which meant removing our loincloths, and to run outside.

When Aimee opened the door and started music playing, I saw a roaring fire in the center of the terrace. Aimee started the music: loud, frantic, lots of drums, sometimes jungle beats. James and Sam led the way and ran out hand in hand and started dancing around the fire, wild and uncoordinated boogying and gyrating and twisting. The rest of us followed. I didn't know why we were dancing naked around a bonfire on a cold dark night. I didn't care. Anna and I danced too. We started changing partners and sometimes we danced with girls and sometimes with guys and sometimes alone. I suppose we became lost in the music and dancing. We were just naked savages dancing in wild celebration of being young and alive and happy.

One night we assembled as the New World Chorus again. Iain led us through our usual warm-up, You Are My Sunshine and then we tried something new. Aimee put the song on our tablets and we tried it: Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, guys only at first. I listened carefully to Matt as he sang, trying to judge whether his voice was deeper than mine. Iain pointed to him and lowered his hand. Matt lowered his voice easily. He pointed at me and lowered his hand. I tried but I couldn't reach the depths that Matt could. Then he threw us away with his usual throwing gesture and pointed at the boys, James, Toby, and Pyotr. He listened to them for a minute, nodded and smiled. He threw them away and pointed at the girls. He listened to them for a minute and held both hands up. He pointed at Matt and the music began. Matt sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," impossibly low. Iain pointed at me a split second later and I sang the same thing, a little higher, my deepest baritone. Iain nodded and smiled. I tried to stay a split second behind Matt. He pointed at the boys and they sang in whatever voice range they were. He gestured at the girls and the sopranos came in on cue. He held his hands up again, waited a minute or so, and started us again. This time, his beautiful tenor voice floated above all the other

voices. We worked on that one song for perhaps an hour until Iain felt we were as good as we were going to be. I felt like we were really the best chorus in the world.

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One night, I talked with Anna and she suggested a tentative plan to make sure Matt's sexual needs were met. We talked to Iain and Caitlyn and they agreed with the plan. Anna and Caitlyn said they'd take the plan and run with it.

The next morning was clear but cold, a little too cold to be comfortable outside and we were all happy to be in our warm cave where we could wear just a loincloth. For lunch, we had another hot meal due to Jean-Nicole's talents, a brown stew of deer meat with vegetables, side dishes of winter squash and sautéed mixed greens, and sourdough bread. Matt sat at the grown-up table with Anna and me and Iain and Caitlyn. Afterwards, he washed dishes while Pyotr and Petra rinsed and stacked. I saw him turn around and dry his hands and I knew he was finished. I beckoned him to come back to our table.

"What's up?" he asked.

"We're going for a walk outside," I said. "Go put on some warm clothes. We want you to go with us. We want to talk with you."

He looked at me appraisingly. Perhaps he thought we were asking him to go with us to include him as a leader in decision making. That was part of what we intended.

"Why? Have you got something specific to talk about?"

"Yeah, you," Anna said.

He looked at her and raised his eyebrows. "OK."

Dressed in warm winter wear, the five of us went down the mountain to our new garden site. None of us brought spears but I did grab a hoe from the tools storeroom. Where the path was amenable, we walked in twos, couples holding hands, Matt lone wolf. He was surprised when we changed. Anna and Caitlyn walked hand in hand, Iain by himself leading, and I held Matt's hand following.

“Matt, we want you to get used to holding hands with us when we walk,” I said. “I know guys didn’t usually hold hands in our old world but we’re going to be different in this world.”

“It’ll take some getting used to,” he said.

“Matt, it’s just a way of showing that we’re all friends and that we love each other,” I said. “We want you to be part of our family and join with us in loving each other. I don’t mean sex. I mean love.”

Iain evidently was paying attention. He spoke up without turning his head. “Matt, if we’re going to survive and prosper in this world, we’ve got to love each other. We can’t have emotions like hatred and jealousy and envy ruling our lives.”

“And we want you to be part of our family, Matt,” Caitlyn said. “We’ve been thinking of how we can help you join with us.”

“I’ll try but love’s not something I’ve been used to,” he said. “You all may have a hard time teaching me.”

“No, Matt, you’re going to have a hard time,” Anna said. “David and I are going to start tonight with you.”

He looked at her suspiciously and then at me. “What?”

I just shrugged like I didn’t know.

Anna and Caitlyn parted and took both of Matt’s hands and they continued walking. Iain led the procession. I brought up the rear. A little further along, the ladies stopped, pushed Matt forward, Iain held out his hand, and Matt took it. He grinned back at me so I suppose he was OK with what we did.

At the garden, I stood for a moment surveying the area where I wanted to plant potatoes and onions. Mentally I calculated that we could plant four rows in the long narrow curved area we had hacked out of the mountain side. I decided to plant alternating areas of different kinds of potatoes and onions.

“Matt, we’re going to start teaching you tomorrow,” I said. “We’re going to plant potatoes and onions and you and I are going to be slogging away with mattocks to cut roots and break the soil. The other

guys are going to be using a plow and hoes to dig the soil. The ladies are going to be planting and covering up. Are you ready?"

"In the winter?" he asked. "That's love?"

"Yep, potatoes and onions can be planted just after the new year," I said. "Other vegetables will wait until the fourth month. And you and I are going to be working side by side doing the hardest job. That's love, Matt. It's love for the whole crew when we provide something to go in our bellies. If you wish you can sit on your butt at home and let the others do it. What do you want to do?"

"Shit. I want to help," he said. "I'm not afraid of hard work. I've done plenty of it in my life. Nobody's ever given me anything."

Because the mountain side of our new garden site was rounded, we couldn't have straight rows. I used the hoe to scratch out the first row, trying to keep the row smoothly curving about six inches from the edge of the planting area. I gave the hoe to Matt for the second row. He did a good job of keeping his row equidistant from mine, about two feet, but he got teased by two females every time he deviated. We made Anna and Caitlyn do the third row so we could tease them in revenge. Iain did the fourth row.

I walked the planting area and was satisfied with the way the rows had been marked out. I wanted them dug out a little deeper to mark them so I started and dug a row. Matt dug the second row and he was just as fast and good as me, maybe better. Iain did the third row. We left the last one for the ladies and kept our mouths shut while they did their best.

With the job done, I wanted to show the others that I appreciated their efforts. I hugged Anna first and gave her a good kiss. I wrapped my arms around Matt second and he pulled back but I kissed him anyway. Both Caitlyn and Iain grinned and let me hug and kiss them. I thought the appreciation was done but Anna and then Caitlyn and finally Iain hugged and kissed Matt. He just grinned and shrugged.

A colder wind started blowing but I wasn't ready to go back home yet. I led the others to a sheltered spot I had discovered. Some large rocks provided a windbreak, the sun shone on the spot, and there were places where we could sit.

I sat down, spread my legs, leaned against a huge rock, and held out my arms to Anna. She sat down, leaned back against me, and I put my arms around her. Iain sat down and Caitlyn followed Anna's example. That left Matt standing and looking down at us. Anna spread her legs and held her arms wide to him. He looked at me, sat down, and butt-walked back against her. She put her arms around him and I extended my reach and put my arms over hers.

I breathed deeply a few times and relaxed. I was content to be sitting in a sheltered spot holding my wife even though she was holding another man. Nobody spoke for a while. I felt Anna move her arms and I wondered what she was doing.

"Anna!" Matt exclaimed.

"What, Matt?" she said. "I'm just trying to get my hands warm."

I couldn't see what she was doing. I looked at Iain and he told me.

"She's just got her hands on his tianga and tolos, David," he said and smiled. "I think I'll warm my hands too."

He slid his cold hands under Caitlyn's tunic and she screeched. Anna giggled until I put my hands under her tunic and put them on her breasts. Then she screeched too.

"What does that mean? Tianga and tolos?" Matt asked.

"In my first language, tianga is what I now call my penis. Tolos are testicles," Iain said.

"That's dick and balls in case you don't understand," I said.

"Well, if a man has a tianga and tolos, what does a woman have?" Matt asked grinning.

"A pussy," Iain said. "I thought you knew that."

"I'd like to know too," I said.

Iain grinned and answered. "Slang for it is bouchi, sort of like bouche in French but with an i instead of an e."

“Anna, I love your bouchi,” I said.

“That’s OK. I love your tianga. I sort of like Matt’s too.”

She must have done something to his tianga. He said “Ouch.”

“I love it when Iain has his tianga in my bouchi,” Caitlyn said.

“Iain, are you really from another universe?” Matt asked. “Not from our planet Earth in our universe?”

“Yes, Matt. Iain’s not my original name either and I spoke a different language but now I’m just Iain O’Connor and I speak English and that’s all I’m going to tell you about my first fourteen years.”

Matt shook his head. “Damn, it’s just so hard to believe but I know I’m here so it must be true.”

“Matt, David and I want to invite you to share our bed tonight,” Anna said. “Do you have any plans?”

He turned and looked over his shoulder at Anna and me. “You mean it?”

“Yes, Matt, we know you need sex,” I said. “Anna wants to offer you some love tonight with a little sex mixed in. I’m going to help.”

“And three nights from tonight, Iain and I want you to share our bed,” Caitlyn said. “I’m going to give you the same thing. Iain’s going to help too.”

“Anna, if I have sex with you, what’s David going to do?” Matt asked.

I couldn’t resist teasing him. “Well, I’m going to wait until you’ve got your dick in her pussy and then I’m going to shove eight inches of big hard dick up your little ass.”

“DAVID!” Anna exclaimed. “That’s not nice. Now tell him you don’t mean it.”

“I don’t mean it, Matt,” I said. “Seriously, you say you want a good fuck once in a while. Anna and I want to help you learn how to make

love to a woman, not just fuck her. I'm going to coach you a little while you're making love to Anna."

"But don't you want to do it with her?"

"Sure, and I will. I'll even take sloppy seconds. We're both going to make love to her. Part of the time we're going to do it together.

"And Caitlyn and I will let you go first too," Iain said. "We want to help you too. We want you to forget about getting a good fuck. We want you to learn how a woman likes to be loved. Caitlyn and I are still learning to love each other and our sex just keeps getting better."

Matt was quiet for a minute. "Who's third?"

"Jean-Nicole and Toby," Anna said. "James is talking to Sam and they're deciding whether to be fourth."

"We hadn't planned on Petra being fifth," Caitlyn said. "Before the other night when she let Toby do it with her, she had only had sex with Pyotr. They know what we've planned and they'll let us know if they want to be included."

"You really mean it?" Matt asked. "I get to do it with four different females, maybe five, one every three days."

"Yes, Matt," I said. "And then you'll be put back through the cycle again if necessary but we want you to think about what we're doing. We want you to be slow and gentle so they enjoy it just as much as you do. We want them to be satisfied too, to have orgasms or whatever they want, not just you. If you can't do that, we may cancel the whole thing."

"David, I don't know how to do stuff like that. I've never tried before."

"Well, tonight, I'm going to be your coach," I said. "We all want you to be a kind and gentle and loving man. The next arrival may be the most beautiful woman you've ever seen and if you want her you'd damn well better be able to do more than just get a good fuck. You two might just end up old married folks like me and Anna and Iain and Caitlyn."

"Damn, first I've got to learn to be a leader and then I've got to learn to be a lover. You all had better be patient with me."

“Don’t you like our plans?” Anna asked.

“Yeah, but I’m not stupid about sex and love. I just don’t want to cause any problems with David or Iain if I have sex, I mean, make love to their wives. I don’t want to cause any problems for any of you.”

“Matt, you’re not going to cause any problems with me,” I said. “Anna’s the one who came up with our plan. We’re not going to be like couples in our old world, where they try to have sex only with each other. We want you to be content being a member of our family. You need sex. We want you to have it. Sooner or later, we want you to settle down with loving one woman and having kids with her.”

“And Anna’s really pregnant?” he asked.

“Yes, Matt,” Anna answered. “I’m pregnant with David’s child but I still want sex. I think I’m even hornier if that’s possible.”

I leaned forward a little, pushed my hands down in Matt’s tights, and put them on top of Anna’s hands. She moved her hands to one side and I cupped my left hand under his tolos and covered his hard tianga with my right. Anna put her hands on top of mine. Matt squirmed.

“Be still, Matt,” I said. “I just want to get my hands warm too.

“Well, my hands are freezing and I want a hand warmer too,” Caitlyn said.

She stood up and Iain scooted forward a little. She sat down behind him and slid her hands down in his tights. He grinned.

“Matt, I want to be serious with you about something, OK?” I said.

“Sure. What?”

“Well, first I want to know how you feel about us trying to help you. Do you feel like we’re interfering in your life when you want to run your own affairs? Do you want us to keep our noses out of your business? If you do, you must say so. We’ll back off.”

He waited a moment, probably thinking.

“David, this is all new to me. I know you want this colony to succeed. We’re the first people in this world, naked and unashamed and just

trying to do the best we can. I know when somebody is trying to help me and I like it. You said first; what's second?"

"Your role here. I want you to think about it."

"OK."

"Matt, my primary role here is to be a protector for everybody else. If we are attacked by a bear, I'm going to be the first one to try to kill it, even at the risk of my own life. I think you should accept that as your primary role too. Can you do that?"

"David, what do you think I was doing as a Navy Seal? I was risking my own life for the good of our country. I can do that here. I will do it but I won't wait for you to go first. I'll be right there beside you or ahead of you."

Anna pushed my hands off Matt's tianga and tolos and resumed her claim on his hand warmers. I slid my hands up under Matt's tunic to where he would have breasts if he had been female. He groaned.

"Iain should not have the same responsibility, Matt," I said. "He's probably got more brains than both of us. Thinking's the leadership role for him. That and the companionship of music and singing and dancing. That's what we need him for. The other guys don't have the maturity or strength to be leaders, not yet anyway."

"There are six guys here now," Matt said. "You say four more will come. Do you know anything about them?"

"No. I haven't got a clue."

"Well, why did they choose me? Was it because I was a Seal and they thought I could help you protect everybody?"

"Perhaps. The other roll I want you to play is as a leader. Unless things change, the rest of the guys to come here may be like James or Toby or even Pyotr, good kids but not good at protecting or leading."

"Matt, David and I work well together," Iain said. "He's over estimating my intelligence but I appreciate the compliment. I think the three of us can work together and lead this colony. Sooner or later, there are going to be some real challenges to us. We've got to be ready."

“I want you to be a leader for us too,” Anna said. “David talks things over with me but the final decisions are up to him and Iain. You three will be a good team. Will you do it?”

“Yeah, I want to do it. I was team leader for a couple of things before. I liked it. I’ll do my best to be part of the team here. Just be patient until I get up to speed.”

“Thanks, Matt,” I said. “Now if I can pry my wife’s hands off your tianga and tolos, I think we can mosey back home.”

Anna wasn’t through. “Matt, before I turn loose of your hand warmers, I want to extend a formal invitation to you to spend the night with me and David tonight. OK?”

“OK. Should I bring a bottle of wine or some candy?”

“No, just bring your pajamas,” I said. “We’ll have a sleep-over.”

When we returned home, I was pleasantly surprised. Jean-Nicole had looked at all the left overs and decided that it might not be enough for eleven healthy appetites. She had made another big scalloped oyster casserole, one of my favorite dishes. After we ate, we all helped clean off the table as usual and then Matt did his turn at washing dishes again. I wanted to talk to him so I made Petra and Pyotr go play with the other Mouseketeers. They pretended to be reluctant not to help Matt. Anna rinsed and I racked.

“Matt, I hope you can relax and enjoy yourself with us tonight,” I said. “Anna and I like to play and have fun and laugh and giggle. Have you ever tried to make love to a woman who’s trying to tickle you? I have.”

“I’m not the only guilty party,” Anna said. “He wanted to lick me all over one night and then he pinned me down and blew obscene farts on my butt.”

“Well, it’s your fault for tasting so good. Once we were doing a soixante-neuf and she farted. It went straight up my nose and almost blew my head off. Took me three days to recover.”

“I did not,” Anna protested.

“I tried to throw her off me and she bit my dick and almost ripped my foreskin clean off.”

“DAVID!”

“I had to go to the emergency room and they took about a hundred stitches sewing it back on.”

“David, you’re hopeless.”

“Show him your scar, David,” James said behind me. I wasn’t aware that any of the Mouseketeers were listening.”

I flipped my loincloth to the side and held my dick out toward Matt.

“Wanna see?”

He looked down at my dick, a little too long, and then looked back up at me.

“Gotcha.”

Everybody in the kitchen almost died laughing, including Anna and Matt and me.

“Speaking of biting. Anna, is it OK if I do something with you that’s sort of kinky?” Matt asked.

“What?” Anna asked back.

“I want you on your belly and I want to bite you, not bad, right where your ass meets your legs. You’ve got a beautiful ass, Anna. Maybe I’ll even give you a hickey right there.”

“Sure, you can do it to me,” Anna said. “Is it OK if I do it to you? I think you’ve got a nice ass too. I like guy’s asses when they’re like yours and David’s, all muscular and so hard you can drive a railroad spike in a crosstie with one stroke.”

When we finished, Anna and I led Matt to the showers and two of us washed the third. Matt got the full bath treatment from me and Anna and, of course, he quickly had a rampant erection. I got the treatment second and just as quickly had another hard dick pointing at the ceiling. Matt and I bathed Anna last and she didn’t get a hard-on but she groaned like she enjoyed two guys bathing her. When we left the showers, Anna took our wet wash cloths with her. I knew she was expecting us to make a mess.

Hand in hand in hand, Matt in the middle, we started to our bed chamber. I heard loud giggling and laughing and yelling from James’ and Sam’s bed chamber so I pulled the others further down the hall. We stood in the open door and looked at what was causing the ruckus.

Iain and James and Toby and Pyotr were in one bed alcove, all on their knees and naked as the day they were born, holding their balls with one hand, waving their hard-ons with the other at the bed alcove across the room. In the other alcove, Caitlyn, Jean-Nicole, Sam, and Petra were naked and on their knees too, hips rolled forward, legs parted, showing as much as possible of what's between. Both groups were taunting the other to come on over, that they had what the others wanted. I wanted to play with them but Anna pulled Matt away and I followed.

In our own bedchamber, Anna pushed Matt to crawl in first. She was second and I was third, on the outside edge as usual. Anna was flat on her back, hands on her stomach, and Matt and I were on our sides facing her.

“Matt, I hope you can appreciate a beautiful woman when you see one,” I said. “Anna’s been beautiful to me since the first day I saw her in the mess hall at our training base. She’s more than just beautiful though. She’s my other half. I’ll always believe that men and women are the other half of each other.”

“He’s right, Matt,” Anna said. “I know I could never feel complete without him again. When we make love, sometimes we seem to merge into one and it’s the most satisfying experience I’ve ever had.”

“What do you mean?” Matt asked.

“Let me answer, Anna,” I said. “Sometimes when we make love and we both come at the same time, I feel what’s happening to my own body and at the same time I feel what’s happening to hers. It’s more than that though. I feel her emotions and they are as real as my own. It doesn’t happen often but when it does it’s the best thing that I’ve ever felt.”

“Do you think I could feel that way with a woman?” Matt asked.

“I don’t know,” Anna said. “With the right woman, maybe you can have the combination of love and sex that makes it happen. David says it’s surrendering to loving somebody and I guess it is. Maybe it’s possible for all men and women.”

“Did David tell you what I told him when we were down at the isthmus,” Matt asked. “About me having sex with both guys and girls.”

“Yes, and he told me he sucked your dick to let you know he wasn’t as straight as you thought he was, that he’d had sex with boys and men too.”

“It didn’t bother you?” he asked. “He told me he’d sucked Iain’s dick and you had licked Caitlyn’s pussy and the four of you were in the same bed. That’s hard to believe.”

“Well, believe it,” I said and leaned over and kissed Anna, a slow gentle open-mouthed kiss. She put her hand behind my head and teased me with her tongue.

“Now you do it,” I said when I pulled back. “Do it like I did.”

He leaned over and kissed her just as gently and slowly as I did. Anna put her hand behind his head and her arm around his chest and moaned just a little. I’m no connoisseur of kisses but Matt and Anna seemed to be having fun.

“Now come over here and kiss me, just the same way,” I said, when he pulled away from her and caught his breath

He looked at me like I was kidding him again, looked at Anna, and shook his head.

“Well, go on, Matt,” Anna said. “Kiss him.”

He crawled over Anna, straddled me, balls and dick on top of mine, leaned over with his hands on my shoulders, and kissed me. I put one hand behind his head and an arm around his chest and pulled him down on me. He was a little reticent at first but I pressed his head down and he got the message. I thought he was going to give me a tonsillectomy. When I let him go, he straightened up and looked at me frowning.

“Why do you want me to kiss you?” he asked. “I thought you were going to show me how to make love to a woman.”

“I do,” I answered. “Look at Anna.”

He turned and looked. Anna was on her side watching us. She had one hand down between her legs. She smiled.

“He knows I like to see two guys doing sexy things with each other, Matt,” she said. “It makes my pussy drool. He likes to see two women at it too. It makes his dick harder.”

She moved over closer to us and reached out to put her hand between me and Matt. He lifted up. That wasn’t what she wanted. She put her hand on his butt and pressed down. He lowered his hips so his dick

and balls were on top of mine again. She reached between us, held our two dicks together, and stroked back and forth. Matt and I both watched her. We were damn close to the same size. Maybe mine was a little longer but his was as big in girth.

“It gets me hot to see you guys with your big hot dicks together like this,” she said. “It makes me want a hard dick in me. If I could, I’d take both of you at once.”

“Well, we could try,” Matt said.

“Uh uh, no way, Jose,” Anna said. “I like to be stuffed but not that much. One dick at a time is enough.”

“We could make a sandwich,” Matt said.

“No, you can’t,” Anna said. “My asshole is off limits. That doesn’t turn me on.”

Anna pulled his arm and he started to crawl over her again. She stopped him when he was on top of her.

“Now, kiss me like you’d kiss a sixteen-year-old virgin who’s never kissed a man before. I dare you,” she said.

I watched as he tried and I couldn’t find anything to criticize. He was slow and gentle like I knew she liked, unless she was really into being fucked and wanted it hard and rough. I didn’t think Matt was ready for the way she was then. After a minute or so, she pushed him off to the other side of her.

“Matt, that was very nice. I think every woman loves a man’s mouth on her breast,” Anna said. “Do you think you and David could both do that at the same time without fighting?”

He grinned, moved up close to her, and put his mouth on her breast. She reached down and held his hard dick. I thought that was a good way to spend a few minutes. I moved up close on the other side and pressed my dick against her. She reached down and wrapped her hand around it, not stroking, just holding. I put my mouth on the other breast and licked and sucked on the nipple.

I knew she liked for me to play with her pussy at the same time when I had my mouth on her breast. I thought I’d give that little job to Matt. I guided his hand down between her legs and took my mouth off her breast long enough to say something.

“Be easy, Matt. Just one finger.”

Maybe he wasn't doing it right.

“Matt, don't ever touch my clit with a dry finger,” Anna said. “Get your finger down in my vagina and stir up my juices before you rub my clitoris. It's better when you use two fingers and rub it in a circle.”

I decided I'd show him. “Watch,” I said.

He raised his head and craned his neck to see what I was doing. I cupped my fingers over her mound and slid my long middle finger down in her vagina. I finger-fucked her for a moment, brought the finger back out to my mouth and sucked on it. I put it back in Anna, stirred up some more juice, pulled it out, and offered it to Matt. He looked at me with raised eyebrows, took my finger in his mouth, and sucked on it.

“Matt, don't ever hesitate to get your mouth on a woman's pussy,” I said. “If you come first, take a minute to calm down, and then spread her legs and lick her to an orgasm. She'll love you forever if you do.”

“He's right, Matt,” Anna said. “If you lick a woman to orgasm after you've come in her, she'll know you're doing it because you want her to be satisfied too. She'll know you care about her, not just yourself.”

For a while we both suckled on her nipples, gently, like a baby almost full of milk, and finger-fucked her, Matt with her fingers on her clit, me with mine in her vagina, swapping back and forth, and Anna moaned and groaned. Then she decided she wanted something else: a hard tianga in her bouchi.

She rose up, pushed Matt down on his back, straddled him, notched his dick in her secret slot, sunk down until it was entirely inside her, and groaned and moaned. Then she started riding.

“Matt, Anna likes to be on top sometimes. She says it puts her in control of what she feels and she knows how to do it so her clit rubs on the shaft of your dick. I think every time she's done it with me, she's had an orgasm within a minute or so. From the way you talk, getting a good fuck, I'll bet you've never let a woman do that; have you?”

He grunted. “No, I don't know much about what women want.”

“Well, you'd better learn,” Anna said. “Give me what I want. I'll give you what you want. All women are like that.”

Matt wrapped his arms around her chest and she fastened her mouth on his. I watched as she rode him and I could tell by the familiar expressions on her face when she was about ready to come. When she did, she froze in place and I knew her little lemon squeezer was trying to extract his juice. When it was over, she lifted her hips so that only the head of his dick was still in her pussy.

“Fuck up,” she groaned through clenched teeth.

Matt frowned and I knew he didn’t know what she meant.

“Matt, she wants you to fuck up into her while she’s still on top,” I said. “She wants to feel you come inside her.”

I watched as he fucked up into her. I thought his face looked ridiculous from what he was feeling in his dick but I knew mine was the same when I did it. I knew when he came. He did the same thing I always did. He put his hands on her hips, shoved her down so his dick was all the way in her, and froze while he squirted out a load on her cervix.

They both lay there, wrapped up in each other, slowly coming down, breath slowing, relaxing. Then I was surprised at what Anna did next. She looked at me, raised her ass in the air, and nodded at me.

I scrambled around behind her, notched my dick in her pussy, in Matt’s white semen drooling out, and slid in to my balls. She fastened her mouth on Matt’s and groaned and groaned every time I slid in to the depths. She was hot inside and as sloppy juicy as I’d ever felt her. I probably didn’t last a minute until I anointed her sacred pussy with another load of hot semen.

We all collapsed on our backs, Anna in the middle, and let our hearts and our gasping breaths slow down. Anna put a wash cloth between her legs to staunch the outflow. I wiped my dick and balls off with another and tossed it to Matt. He jerked in surprise but then he wiped up too.

“You’re not finished,” Anna said, after a while. “Don’t go to sleep.”

Matt sat up, pushed Anna over on her side, pushed her over farther until she was on her belly, and then moved down so his face was at her derriere. I decided to join him. He put his mouth just where her fanny and her leg were joined and I assumed he meant it when he said he wanted to give her a hickey there. That was one thing I’d never

done to her. I gave her one on the other side, just a little one. Anna squirmed but she didn't say stop.

After that, we rested for a few more minutes. I waited for Anna to decide what she wanted next. She'd told me what she had in mind. I wasn't sure if Matt would do it so I decided I'd go first. I sat up and tugged Matt around so that his legs were off the bed and his feet were on the floor. Anna watched and I knew she understood. There was only one problem. Matt's dick was still swollen and heavy but it wasn't hard.

Anna decided to remedy that. She leaned over, held it upright, skinned the head back, and took it in her mouth. I let her suck and stoke him for a minute and then decided to help her. I leaned over and touched her cheek. She looked at me, his dick still in her mouth, and I nodded up. She lifted up and I bent down, took the head of his dick in my mouth, put my hand under his balls, and started sucking. Anna kept stroking him. I looked up and saw Matt watching what I was doing. It didn't take long for us to get his dick standing up again.

Anna was ready. She threw her long leg over him, calves folded back, showed his dick where it was wanted, and slid down all the way. Matt looked at me, puzzled. Anna was facing away from him, her back toward his face. I grabbed a pillow, threw it on the floor, pushed Matt's knees apart, and knelt down and assumed the position. For a moment I just looked at where they were joined. Matt's balls were almost red with blood and Anna's little lips were stretched tight around his dick and looked almost as swollen and red. Where her little lips came back together, I saw her clit barely poking out.

I licked up from Matt's balls, up the shaft of his dick where it was exposed, up between the lips of Anna's pussy stretched tight around his dick, on up to her little red devil, naked and swollen. I tasted a mixture of Matt's and my semen mixed with Anna's juices and, as usual, it went straight to my dick.

Anna and I had talked about doing this and we'd agreed that Matt would be the one who licked her to orgasm. I wanted to play for a while before I asked him to be licker. I sucked his balls into my mouth one after another, licked up the exposed shaft of his dick, licked Anna's stretched lips on each side, licked up where the little lips joined and where her wet red clit was exposed. And all the while, Matt gently pushed his dick upward into her pussy. I watched his balls as I did it. His reacted the same way mine did. When I saw them draw up close to the base of his dick I knew he was close to coming so I stopped.

I held out my hand, helped Anna to her feet first, then Matt, and then flopped down in the position that Matt had been. Anna didn't need to be told what to do. She crawled back over me, held my dick straight up, and her pussy sucked it in. Matt didn't need to be told what to do either. He pushed my legs apart, knelt down, and started licking. Both balls, the shaft, the lips on each side, then the juncture of the lips where her clit sometimes hid: he didn't hesitate to follow my example. I listened to Anna groaning and I knew she was close. Then I felt her pussy trying to amputate my dick and I knew she was coming and Matt was probably losing two hunks of hair.

We rested again, Matt and me on each side of a comatose Anna, slowly stroking our dicks. I knew how we were going to finish up. After a while, Anna pulled Matt's arm and he rolled on top of her. She showed his dick where to go and then wrapped him up with her arms and legs. "Now fuck me," she said, and pulled his head down in an open-mouthed kiss. I watched. I knew she had said she would let me have sloppy seconds if I wanted to. I wanted. I didn't have long to wait. Matt instinctively rammed his dick in all the way and froze when he started coming.

Anna rested again. Matt was out of it. I was still wanting but not rushing. When she was ready, she pulled me on top of her and I let the beast loose. Her pussy was overflowing with hot semen and juices and I'd never fucked one like it before. It didn't take me long either. When I came, it felt like the head of my dick had pushed through her cervix and into her womb.

<><><>

"David, please awaken."

I swam up out of a deep sleep, unsure of what I had heard. I turned slightly and looked at the clock: almost five o'clock. Anna and I were sleeping naked as usual. I was sleeping in my favorite position, spooned up to her, my right leg over her left, my penis nestled in the warm spot between her legs, my hand holding her naked breast, my face almost buried in her hair.

"David, would you and Anna please come to my room?" Aimee asked, calmly, not at all excited. "Someone else has arrived. Do not hurry. She has been here for almost two hours."

That was unusual. Certainly it was unlike any of the other arrivals, when she had called me immediately. I rolled over and sat up on the edge of the bed. Anna rolled over and sat up beside me. We stood up and hand-in-hand went to Aimee's room.

There was a new arrival. She was sitting up in Aimee's chair, not reclined like all the other arrivals. She and Aimee were talking in a strange language, perhaps the same language I had heard when Iain was talking to Aimee. Aimee was wearing a loin-cloth, her usual attire now as was ours. The girl was naked but seemed unconcerned about it. We walked up to the side of the chair and she turned and looked at us and smiled.

She was an exquisitely beautiful young woman. Her hair was blonde, slightly curly, down to her shoulders. Her face was as sensuous and beautiful as any I'd ever seen, blue eyes, flawless skin, slightly pink cheeks, perfect little nose, full soft-looking lips. I immediately wanted to kiss those lips.

Her breasts were unusual. Soft mounds, not too little, not too big, just perfect. It was the areolas which were uncommon: little pink mounds on top of her breasts, almost like someone had stacked another scoop of strawberry ice cream on top of a mound of vanilla ice cream and then put a cherry on top of that. The nipples were small, hardly protruding and darker pink. I immediately wanted to lick her ice cream cones and suck her cherries.

Her arms and legs were long and I knew she was a tall woman, almost as tall as Anna. Her waist was tiny but her hips were already wide with woman-hood. Her fingernails and toenails were the same shade of light pink. I wanted to suck on her big toe and don't ask me why.

Her skin was milky white, very fair, almost hairless. Her belly was slightly muscular, not all soft like Caitlyn's when she arrived. Between her thighs, there was a scattering of light brown or blonde pubic hair. I could see the beginnings of a cleft in the center. I wanted to go exploring to see what she had hidden in that little cleft.

"What are your names?" she asked, with an accent I couldn't identify.

"I'm Anna. Speechless here is David. Our last name is Guerrier."

"You are Anna Conda?"

"Yes, I was known by that name in our old world."

"And Speechless is David Blunderbuss?"

"Yes, that was his old last name."

"Now you have the same last name. Are you married?"

“Yes. Our last name is Warrior in English. David and I chose the French version of that name when we married.”

“Good. It was intended that you two would be mates. Are you enceinte yet?”

“Yes. Are you?”

“No. It is David’s child; is it not?”

‘Yes?’

“I would like to choose a new first name,” she said. “Aimee, please list the one hundred most popular names for girls in Anna’s and David’s place of origin.”

Immediately, Aimee’s image was replaced with a list of names. The woman, that’s what she was, a woman, not a girl, looked at it contemplatively. Anna and I looked too.

“Sophia is the most popular name. If you are Anna, Sophia would be a good name for me. Would you agree?”

“Why not Renée?” Anna asked. “I’ve always liked that name.”

“Aimee, meaning of name, please,” she said.

“The name is French and means reborn or born again,” Aimee answered.

“Good. Renée, it is then.”

The list of names disappeared and Aimee returned to her screen.

“What was your old name?” I asked, finally managing to say something.

She made some sounds in that strange language again. I winced.

“Perhaps Renée would be a better name for you to say, David. Aimee, in a few minutes, would you please call Iain and Caitlyn. I wish to talk to Iain for a moment and then you may release the others.”

“Release?” I questioned.

“Yes, I asked Aimee to close their doors until after I had talked to you and Anna. I did not want to be confused with all eleven of you at once.”

I looked at Aimee and raised my eyebrows. She understood.

“David, Renée’s request did not contradict any of your commands to me,” she said. “She knew that there are eleven of you here and she asked to speak to the first arrival. I told her you would bring Anna with you and she approved.”

Renée slid gracefully off the end of Aimee’s chair and stood up. She looked carefully at Anna first and then at me.

“I would like to have a child some day,” she said, and looked down at my genitals. “Perhaps you will give me a child too.”

I looked at Anna and raised my eyebrows, bewildered again. I’d never before been propositioned by a woman just a few minutes after meeting her.

Renée held out her hand to Anna. “I would like to use the facilities. Anna. Would you show me where they are?”

Hand in hand they went to the toilet. I wondered where she had learned to call that place the facilities. I took advantage of their absence to ask Aimee something.

“Aimee, you were talking to Renée in a strange language when we walked in. Was it the same language that Iain spoke to you when he arrived?”

“Yes, David. I know the language but I do not have a name for it. If they have a commonality of language their place of origin is probably the same.”

“I agree, Aimee. I think Renée must be from Iain’s first universe but her use of the English language tells me that she was transported here from Earth, my original universe, just as Iain was. It makes me wonder: what the hell is going to happen now?”

Chapter Forty

“I agree, Aimee. I think Renée must be from Iain’s first universe. Her use of English suggests she was transported here from my original universe, just like Iain. It makes me wonder: what the hell is going to happen now?”

“David, Anna and Renée are returning,” Aimee said.

“Thanks, Aimee.”

Renée again looked me over from head to toe and I had the distinct impression that she was judging me and perhaps considering what she already knew about me. I wondered what she thought of me: a tall slim naked male, prominent but not bulging muscles, hair tangled from sleeping and down on my shoulders, penis heavy and distended with a slight need to piss. I tightened my stomach muscles and flexed my penis so it rose a little in salute to her. She smiled slightly at me. Maybe she at least has a sense of humor.

I looked her over in return. She was beautiful perfection and that’s the only way to describe her. Breasts like an ice cream dessert, derriere soft and perfectly rounded, and, of course, pussy hidden in that little cleft and those blonde pubic curls: she made my mouth water and my balls ache. In spite of that, she seemed completely relaxed at being naked with me evidently admiring her body. When I finally looked back at her face, she smiled a little wider. She knew what I had been thinking. Maybe she was accustomed to it.

“David, I have been instructed to bring you a message,” she said. “It is rather lengthy and I do not comprehend everything in the message. I am simply the messenger. You must interpret the message for yourself. Do you understand?”

“Yes, I suppose so.”

“Good. First of all, I must briefly talk to Iain in our common language. I know it is not polite to do so when you do not

comprehend but I am simply following instructions. Is that acceptable to you?"

"Why don't you want us to understand what you are telling him?" I asked.

"The message is from his mother. It is personal."

"That's OK then. Aimee, would you please call Iain and Caitlyn."

When they walked in, hand in hand, naked as usual and unconcerned about it, Renée started talking to Iain in the common language for the two of them. It was evident he knew where she was from. His face registered his surprise and happiness. Renée gave him the message from his mother and he listened intently. I saw his eyes glistening and I knew he was almost overcome. He smiled widely when she finished and said something to her in their language. She replied in our language.

"Iain, to begin my life in this new world, I have chosen the name Renée. Please call me by that name. The rest of my messages, I am instructed, should be delivered in English if that is the language all of you are using."

She looked at me and I nodded.

"First of all, I have another message for Iain. I am instructed to tell him that a conclusion has been reached that two people from Caitlyn's world and Iain's original world can interbreed successfully. Iain, that means you and Caitlyn can have children together and there is no unusual risk."

I looked at two happy faces. Iain was grinning so wide that all his perfect white teeth seemed to be exposed. Caitlyn looked just as happy. He hugged her closer to him and kissed her on the cheek. He saw me looking and nodded to me. "I knew it," he said.

I looked back at Renée and saw her looking intently at me.

“It also means that someday I could have a child with David.”

I looked at Anna. She was grinning but I didn’t know whether that meant she approved or not. She’d given me a hard time about having babies with the others in our colony. Maybe I just might have one with Renée.

“Now, the rest of my message is to be delivered to everyone unless David says otherwise. I suggest that everyone should be given an opportunity to awaken slowly, to use the facilities, to break their nightly fast, and then to relax and listen to me. The rest of the message, with questions, may require much time.”

“Aimee, would you please call the others?” I asked. “Tell them to use the facilities and if they don’t understand just tell them to pee and wash their faces. Then get dressed for breakfast and assemble in your room.”

“Renée, David’s trying to be humorous,” Anna said. “We all wear just a loincloth for meals and most of the time when we’re indoors. Aimee maintains a comfortable temperature for us when we’re naked but I’ve asked everybody to wear a loincloth for meals. You may wear more clothing if you wish.”

“I see no need,” Renée said. “I will be happy to wear what the rest of you wear.”

She stuck her tongue out at me and then Anna and Caitlyn took her to use the facilities and get dressed. Iain and I went to the toilet, had a quick piss, splashed a little water on our faces, and went to our bed chambers for loincloths.

Everybody straggled into Aimee’s room, a couple at a time wearing fresh faces and loincloths. Anna introduced Renée

to the others, including Lucky, and asked them to hold their questions until after breakfast. From the way Renée played with Lucky, it was evident she was accustomed to dogs.

She watched Jean-Nicole and her sou-chefs prepare breakfast, asked if she could help, and was assigned minor tasks. She seemed genuinely hungry for food. James and Toby and Pyotr had their usual job of slicing bread, drizzling it with olive oil, and toasting it. Of course they each ate a slice and gave Renée one. She chewed, swallowed, smiled, and nodded her approval at them.

For the first time, we completely filled two six-person tables. I sat on the end on one side of a table with Matt on the other end and Anna in the middle. Iain sat in the middle on the other side with Caitlyn and Renée on each side of him. Caitlyn was in front of me and Renée in front of Matt. The six Mouseketeers sat at their table as usual.

Renée looked curiously at the rabbit leg and bread Anna placed on her plate and waited until we were all served. She watched Matt as he picked up his hind leg with both hands, took a big bite, and smiled at her. She took a big bite, chewed, and smiled back at him.

We assembled in the classroom for Renée's message and she seemed totally relaxed as she stood in front of Aimee's monitor. I watched as she noted the two married couples and three unmarried ones sit down in seats together. Anna took pity on Matt and invited him to sit on the other side of her. Renée stood in front of all of us with absolute ease and I wondered how she could be so comfortable in front of a group of strangers.

“David, I am instructed to tell you the whole story about why you are here. I am also to tell you of certain changes in our old world, mine and Iain's, which do not bode well. You may ask questions at any point in my message.”

She stopped and looked carefully at all of us. I glanced around too. All were giving her their full attention. She resumed.

“Perhaps you know that this colony was established in part because your old world may be close to a tipping point. Various circumstances may cause the extinction of your kind or a reversion to a primitive society where mere survival is difficult. My people, mine and Iain’s, have been observing your society for many years and are unsure what will happen. If the worst happens, you are here in an attempt to preserve a small sample of your species. You should regard yourselves as a precious few well-worth saving.”

She paused for a moment and looked around. I looked around too. Everybody was looking at her intently even though this was not news to any of us.

“However, there are three demographic trends in our old world, mine and Iain’s, which have caused a new assessment of this colony. Two are good trends and one is not. The first trend is that the population seems to be growing more intelligent, approximately one percent per three hundred years.”

Iain had told me almost nothing about his original world but I had assumed that the people there were much-advanced technologically over us. Their ability to transport individuals from universe to universe, to build the safe haven which we enjoyed, and especially to create Aimee, a seemingly-human avatar to assist us: all told me something about them. I assumed that they were more intelligent than us, perhaps much more intelligent.

“The second trend in my old world is also good. There is a slow trend toward a longer life span, about one year increase every hundred years. The average life span of our two worlds is difficult to compare because your Earth’s constant wars and disease epidemics greatly skew the

result. At the present time, our life span is approximately twelve percent longer than yours and a large part of this appears to be genetic.”

I asked my first question: “Renée, in evolutionary terms, isn’t it true that more intelligent people tend to live longer lives? If they live longer lives, aren’t they more likely to have children who are also intelligent?”

“David, I’m only fifteen years old, almost sixteen, and I don’t have the knowledge to answer you,” Renée said. “Aimee, can you give us an answer?”

“Yes, David,” Aimee said, from behind Renée. “The available research suggests that your hypothesis is true. The human race in your world seems to be growing more intelligent with time also.”

That told me more than I asked. I found it hard to believe that a woman like her could be only fifteen. She was a mature confident woman. I had assumed she was somewhere around twenty years old but then women had always been a mystery to me. I also knew that Renée was accustomed to talking to someone like Aimee and perhaps everyone in their culture was too. Perhaps they simply asked an avatar questions instead of using the internet to Google for answers. Maybe they each had their own personal avatar.

“Except for James,” Toby whispered. Jean-Nicole hit him behind the head and giggled.

Aimee responded: “Toby, in my observations of the ten of you, I have already reached the conclusion that all of you are considerably more intelligent than the average person from your world. No dummies have been sent here, not even you.”

Toby stuck his tongue out at her. Aimee stuck her little pink tongue out at him and then giggled.

Renée frowned and I knew she did not understand the way we joked and teased each other. I was accustomed to it and I encouraged it.

“Renée, please don’t let the way these kids joke with each other bother you,” I said. “Maybe I could put a stop to it but I enjoy it and I want them to keep on doing it. We all like to laugh and have fun with each other.”

I understood what Renée was saying but I was unsure what she was implying. Was her world free from constant wars? If so, perhaps it was free from religion, the primary cause of conflict. Was it free from disease epidemics, like the flu? If it was, they were perhaps much advanced over us. Maybe we were like savages to them. I asked my second question.

“Do you mean that, if the part played by your medical sciences and ours are held constant so they do not skew the result, your life expectancy is still higher than ours?” I asked.

“I think the answer is yes, David,” Renée said. “I understand that our research holds certain variables constant before making comparisons. Please do not ask me how the ones comparing our two worlds do this.”

“That’s OK, Renée,” James said. “I know how they do it. Toby’s a dummy.”

Toby hit him behind the head, James yelped louder than necessary. They both giggled. Renée looked amused.

“May I continue?” she asked, looking at James and grinning. He nodded and grinned back at her.

“It is the last trend which causes great concern. There is also a trend toward more and more female births, about one percent every 200 years. If this trend continues, the

result will be disastrous. Do you understand the implications of this trend?"

"Yeah, it means some guys get to have more than one wife," Pyotr said. Petra hit him behind the head and he yelped and they both giggled. Then the other Mouseketeers giggled too. James gave Pyotr a high five.

"Yes, Pyotr, you are correct," Renée said patiently. "This third trend means that the percentage of the female population of our old world will increase. Polygamy is already accepted as a form of marriage, one husband with plural wives. Eventually men may become nothing more than breeding creatures. Their semen will be extracted, frozen, and stored as a prized commodity but may eventually run out. Women will rule the world but will eventually die off without children."

"Renée, in our old world, it is the male who determines the sex of a child," Anna said. "A male's sperm are produced bearing X and Y chromosomes in approximately the same proportion. Do you mean that in your world males produce more X-bearing sperm? Has a cause been determined? My genetics knowledge is rusty so I hope I've stated that correctly."

"Aimee, can you answer Anna's question?" Renée asked.

"Anna's statement about her old world is correct," Aimee promptly answered. "I have no knowledge of Renée's world."

"Perhaps an infusion of our DNA would help solve the problem?" I suggested. "Why can't your people transport males from our universe to yours?"

"I do not know, David," Renée said. "The problem does not require immediate solving. It may be that there will be advantages to both our peoples from mixing our DNA. Interbreeding with people from your old world may give the

children longer and more intelligent lives. In return, it may result in children who continue to be born in approximately the same percentage as male and female. That is why a decision has been made to change the nature of your colony from preserving your species to combining our two species.”

My mind immediately became cool and I felt a sense of danger. I tried to sort out the implications of her message and I wasn't sure I liked them. I frowned and Renée saw the change in my expression.

“Is something wrong, David?” she asked.

“No, no,” I responded and put a smile on my face. “It seems like we're going to become a colony of guinea pigs.”

Renée frowned and then spoke to Aimee without turning to look at her. “Aimee, what does he mean? Guinea pigs?”

Aimee responded. “Guinea pigs are small mammals sometimes used in scientific studies of various kinds.”

Renée resumed. “David, please do not consider yourself a guinea pig in a scientific study. It is the wish of my people that this colony will grow and prosper and will continue the best attributes of both societies. To accomplish that, there are certain changes in my world's plans for this colony.”

“What if we don't want to mate with somebody from your world?” James asked, seriously. “I've got my Sam. I want to have babies with her someday, not somebody from your world.”

“James, I have no answer for you,” Renée said. “I was told that humans from both our universes do not hesitate to breed with others who are quite different.”

I sat up straight and listened carefully to what she said. I understood the importance of her words. I hoped the others did too.

Renée smiled at him and Sam and continued. “First, I have been given permission to let Aimee reveal something previously hidden from you, something she does not know she has: her knowledge of our society, mine and Iain’s, in addition to yours. Our music, art, science, technology, and everything else will be made available to you. Much of this technology will not be useable for generations but it will be there for this colony to use someday.”

“Second, I am told that there are now ten individuals from David’s old world and two from Iain’s. That will now change. The next eight individuals will be from our old world, mine and Iain’s. This colony will then number twenty individuals, ten from each world, equally male and female. It is the nature of both societies to interbreed. After that, the plans are to continue to send individuals from both worlds as long as feasible. If David’s world self-destructs, then no more individuals will be sent from Iain’s world.”

Pyotr held up his hand and Renée nodded.

“Just send us eight more women as beautiful as you,” he suggested. “I will personally guarantee that we will interbreed. Let me know when you’re ready to interbreed with me.”

Petra hit him behind the head and he yelped loudly and then they both started giggling.

“Hot damn,” Toby said. “I’ll volunteer to do my duty. It’ll be hard but I’ll do my best. I’ll interbreed with you too, Renée.”

Jean-Nicole hit him behind the head and he yelped too. The laughing and giggling spread further and finally died down. Renée finally gave in to giggling too and, for the first time, she acted like a fifteen-year-old girl. She resumed, smiling.

“Third, material assistance will be expanded.” She paused, giggled, breathed deeply, and resumed. “As one example, the facility you now live in was created with a device which can easily carve solid rock. That device will be provided to you. Aimee will be able to provide power for it and will show you instructions on how to use it. Other powered devices will also be provided to facilitate your efforts to create living structures and to provide food for your colony. For example, powered saws will be provided to facilitate building structures out of trees. Now, are there any questions?”

“Yeah,” Pyotr said. “Under your loincloth, are you built just like Petra and Sam and Jean-Nicole? Toby says you’re different.”

“Are there any serious questions,” Renée said, smiling at Pyotr.

“She’s really different,” Toby whispered.

“Would you like me to show you?” she asked and looked at Toby and Pyotr.

“Don’t show them,” Caitlyn said. “Out of sight is out of their dirty minds.”

“Yeah, would you please show us?” Toby said. “You don’t need to hide perfection.”

Renée smiled, untied her loincloth, and let it fall to the floor. She slowly turned around and let the male Mouseketeers look.

“Wow, she’s the same,” James said. “Renée, you don’t need to cover up the finest butt I’ve ever seen.”

“Front’s pretty nice too,” Pyotr said. “Ditto on the butt.”

“Hot damn, Renée,” Toby said. “You look good enough to eat.”

Jean-Nicole, Sam, and Petra hit the three of them behind the head and of course they yelped louder than necessary. I saw Renée frowning. Maybe she didn’t understand the last of his comment. It took a couple of minutes for the laughing and giggling to die down this time.

“I think you’d better wear more than a loincloth with these three guys,” I said. “Now you guys shut up unless you’ve got some serious questions.”

Three guys? Maybe I should count myself in too. Down between those long legs she had a scant tangle of blonde pubic hair and it didn’t begin to cover the little cleft between her legs. Her bubble butt was a delicious derriere and I could be counted in the group that thought she looked good enough to eat.

There were only about a million questions. We finally broke to have lunch and I did my duties as head fish fryer, along with my heavy apron. Renée sat at the table with the old folks and again ate what we prepared without hesitation.

Afterwards, she begged off and asked if she could rest and perhaps sleep for a while. Aimee wanted to get her measurements and to have a girl-girl talk with her. I suggested that Anna take her back to Aimee’s room for that. Toby asked if we were going to give her a bath to wash away all her old troubles. From the way he was leering at Renée when he asked, I wasn’t surprised at her response.

“I can bathe myself, Toby,” she said.

“Explain why we bathe each new arrival, Toby,” I said and he did, quite intelligently and articulately.

After a few minutes with Aimee, six grinning guys with hard-ons and five giggling gals all gave Renée her

welcoming bath and washed away all her troubles. She grinned and endured the bath, the dryer, the procession to a clean bed, and was still grinning when we all left her to sleep.

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I was pleasantly surprised at how easily Renée seemed to become part of the family. Indoors, I let the other ladies take her under their wings and she seemed happy to do any task she was assigned. In a few days, I saw that she was deferring to Anna more than any of the others. She even seemed eager to help Jean-Nicole with the cooking chores. More than once, she sat at a table in the evening with five other females and talked. If I walked near, they all fell silent and I knew it was girl talk and guys weren't wanted.

The weather was intermittently cold and rainy or clear and cold but gradually warming. On one pleasantly cool day, we went down to David's beach for a picnic, singing most of the way. Renée listened to "You Are My Sunshine" the first time and then yelled it out with the rest of us the other two times. No one was brave enough to get in the cold water but clothes came off and we lay around almost or all nude in the sun for a while.

We took fishing equipment and, on the way back, we went to the lake and caught enough for another fine meal that evening and a couple of other meals. From the way Renée squealed when she caught a big one, I guessed that she had never been fishing before.

On another warm day, we went up the mountain to the top again. There was a slight breeze from the west so we picnicked in a sheltered spot. Renée prompted the females to tell their story and I learned a few things about the five couples. I was surprised on the way back when I saw Matt holding Jean-Nicole's hand and Toby holding Renée's. They were all smiling so I assumed nobody objected.

Matt and I took turns screwing down the olive press and the others caught the virgin oil from the first pressing and refilled the barrels. I followed Aimee's instructions and we turned the press harder to get the second cooking oil. We ended up with more oil than would go in the four barrels so we stored the rest in pots under the kitchen counter.

We let the Mouseketeers empty the pressed olives and take the residue outside and scatter it on the old potato bed. I was pleased when James reported that the potato patch was covered with new green growth.

As usual, we listened to station IAIN on occasion, sang in the New World Chorus a few times, and danced in the center hallway often. Anna decreed that we had to change partners for each dance for the first six dances and we could choose one partner for the rest of the night. When we were choosing, Toby perhaps looked at Renée once too often. Jean-Nicole pushed him toward her and then she chose Matt. I wondered if they were going to rearrange sleeping accommodations.

We played dodge-ball again one afternoon in the central hallway. We started off with everyone wearing loincloths and, as usual, the three male Mouseketeers seemed to accidentally lose theirs. A little later, all the rest of us threw ours to one side and we played naked dodge ball again. Renée seemed quite comfortable being naked with the rest of us and it made me wonder what her world was like. It was hard to concentrate on who was throwing the ball when so much naked female beauty was cavorting around.

Early on a cold drizzly day, we decided to explore the cave access to our quarters again. Everybody wanted to go so I split our group up into two parties with me as the leader on one and Matt on the other. Two members of each team were given the duty of carrying tablets to record our exploration.

Lucky went with us this time and stayed close to James. I asked Toby and Iain to go with Matt, with Jean-Nicole,

Caitlyn, and Renée. The other team consisted of me and Anna, James and Sam, and Pyotr and Petra.

After seeing Matt with Jean-Nicole and Toby with Renée, I wanted to see if Toby's romantic interest might be shifted. I thought Jean-Nicole might be a better partner for Matt anyway. Anna teased me for playing Cupid but she agreed.

Where the cave split into two exits, I wanted a team to explore each. I also wanted to learn how to come back to our front door overland so I asked Aimee to wait an hour and then to play music outdoors as loud as possible. I knew the general orientation of the exits was to the east of our front door so I told Matt to walk away from the rising sun to return.

My team reconnoitered around the cave exit and found landmarks to enable us to enter the cave through the rear and the tablet bearers took pictures. When we started our overland return, we sang "You Are My Sunshine" as loud as possible every few minutes so the other team might hear. We hadn't gone far before the two teams joined up again. Toby was walking with Renée and Matt with Jean-Nicole.

Shortly after that, we heard the same song broadcast by Aimee from above us on the mountain and we straggled on home, muddy, tired, and hungry. We had a communal bath with lots of groping and giggling and a little washing. Fresh and clean and tired, we dressed for lunch in loincloths and then cleaned up the leftovers. It was another good day in Paradise.

Our weather was intermittent cold fronts, gray and blustery and unpleasant, and bright sunny reasonably warm days, about thirty-five degrees on our scale. On one of the good days, Nurse Anna prescribed some outdoor exercise wearing as little in clothing as was comfortable. She said it was a good way to get vitamin D. It was a good way to get an eyeful too.

We played volleyball on the big terrace. We rigged up a cord between two poles for the net, divided into two teams of six each, and played for a couple of hours. We were all dressed in our Sherwood Forest clothing when we started but, piece by piece, that clothing disappeared. Before we quit, we were all naked and sweating and getting our vitamin D.

We tried to keep score but gave up rather than argue over points. We rotated around correctly and I showed off a little when I got to play net. I suppose everybody showed off a little. Every time somebody lost the last piece of clothing, we had a rousing cheer. It was just another fine day in Paradise.

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One night after Renée's arrival, just as soon as we all had pitched in as usual to clean the kitchen and do the dishes, Anna led me to our bed chamber. As usual we both removed our loincloths and dropped them just inside the door, ready to put them back on before we went out.

Anna went to the shelves I'd made for her, seven shelves of bamboo, and picked up her hairbrush. I knew that meant she wanted to give her long beautiful hair one hundred strokes before we did whatever. She sometimes brushed my hair too. Mine was straight and easy to brush; hers was curly and sometimes tangled.

I sat on the side of the bed, my hands pressed down on each side of me, my legs spread to give my penis and testicles room to relax, and watched her do something supposedly routine but always captivating to me. I still couldn't see any sign that she was pregnant. Her breasts looked the same, small and perfect, and she had said they would get heavier and bigger as her pregnancy advanced. Her belly had the same sweet little curve under her navel and above her mons. She said some day her belly button would invert and become an outie instead of an innie. I couldn't believe it.

When she finished her hair, she walked over to me, pushed my legs together, trapped my testicles and penis between my thighs, and sat down on my bent knees. I didn't protest. I knew I could spread my legs just a little and my penis could stand up to see what it could get into.

I didn't know whether she wanted sex or not, whether she wanted me to love her slowly and gently, or to let my beast loose. I knew she'd let me know what she wanted. It was almost always what I wanted. I was usually interested but tonight I was ambivalent. I knew what I did want and that was for her to hold me close to her and love me. Of course, that often led to more strenuous activities.

“Would you like to make love to Renée?” she asked.

I waited, thinking of the best answer, while she slowly brushed my hair. She usually kept count because she knew I usually couldn't.

“Anna, you're the only woman I want,” I finally said.

“That's good, David,” she said. “I know you're mine and I'm yours. Nobody can ever come between us but I don't expect you to have sex with me alone. You've had sex with Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole and that hasn't hurt our relationship. Renée says she wants to have sex but she doesn't want to hurt anybody's relationship. She's really a rather shy and simple and sweet girl, David. She's damned sexy too. Have you noticed?”

“Of course. Any man with eyes would notice.”

“Don't pretend to be reluctant, David. She's any young man's wet dream. Have you seen the way Toby looks at her? ‘You look good enough to eat.’ Isn't that what he said?”

“Yes.”

“What was it you said when you described her breasts to me? Areolas like little pink mounds on top of her breasts, almost like someone had put a scoop of strawberry ice cream on top of a mound of vanilla ice cream and then put a cherry on top of that. Doesn’t that make your mouth salivate?”

“OK. I’d like to suck on her little cherry nipples. So what? I’m just a man. You know that.”

“Of course I do. I know you’d like to get your tongue between her little virginal labia and lick her to a bucking orgasm too. That little patch of blonde pubic hair. Those little pink lips.”

“Yeah, I would. What about Matt? Why doesn’t she want to start with him?”

“I told her what we were doing with Matt, that we were trying to teach him to make love to a woman, not just fuck her. Now that he’s been with me and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole, Sam and James are going to invite him to spend a night with them.”

“Is Petra last?”

“That’s up to her, David, but we’re talking about Renée, not Matt. She wants to do the same thing Matt is doing, start with you and then Iain and then Toby and next James and last Pyotr. Well, he wouldn’t be last. Matt would.”

“All six of us guys, huh?”

“Yes, she wants you to be her first. You should have your droit du seigneur.”

She was through with my hair and she must have known what I wanted. She pulled me against her, her hands behind my head with it nestled against her throat. I liked for her to hold me that way. If I tilted my head up, she knew I wanted

her to kiss me. If I tilted it down, she knew I wanted her to hold her breast up so I could reach a nipple with my lips. I closed my eyes, took a couple of deep breaths, and relaxed. I was content to be held like this by her.

“She’s a little afraid of you, David,” Anna whispered. “Do you remember how gentle and slow you were with me our first time in Flagstaff? Could you be that way with her?”

“Afraid? Why? You know me, Anna. I want a woman to enjoy sex just as much as I do. I always try to understand what you want and give it to you. I’ll always try to give a woman the kind of loving she wants. You know that. I wouldn’t rape her or any other woman. I’m not that kind of guy.”

I tilted my head up toward her and she gave me what I wanted, a slow sensuous open-mouthed kiss. I didn’t want her to stop but she did.

“I know that but she doesn’t, David. She doesn’t know you yet. You’re probably the most masculine guy she’s ever known and with your strength and your big dick, any woman would be a little afraid of you.”

“Well, let her start with Pyotr,” I said. “She wouldn’t be afraid of him; would she?”

I tilted my head downward and she lifted one breast for me. I suckled gently on the hard little nipple for a while.

“No, but she wants to start with you,” she said. “I want you to make love to her first. In Flagstaff, you were so slow and gentle with me and even asked me before letting your beast loose. I trusted you and that helped me have orgasms and you were a wonderful lover. I want you to be like that with her. I’ll even help you a little. We could make sure she has two or three orgasms her first time.”

“How? I like to watch you licking another woman’s pussy. It makes mon petit get hard and horny.”

“Well, I like to see you sucking another man’s dick. It makes ma minouchette get all juicy and hot.”

“Renée doesn’t have a dick. Is she a virgin?”

“Yes, but you don’t need to worry about that. In her society all children are given physical exams at least yearly. Even before girls start menstruating, they routinely prepare themselves for sexual activity. Their hymen is gradually stretched or surgically opened. Children are raised with an honest and open knowledge of sex, David. I’d like ours to be patterned after theirs.”

“So she’s already stretched her little pussy with a big dildo, huh?”

“Don’t be crude.”

“Anna, I won’t do it unless you’re with me,” I said. “I don’t want to start doing things unless you know about them. I don’t want any secrets from you. You’ve got to be OK with whatever I do.”

“I agree. You were OK with me trying to teach Matt and the other guys. I want you to be a good teacher for Renée. I know you can.”

“Well, I’ll do it. I’d like to initiate her but I want it to be good for her. If you’ll help make sure it is, I’ll try to give her what she wants.”

“OK. That’s settled. Now give me what I want.”

I spread my legs a little and my penis quickly completed topping off its tanks and stood up as much as it could. Perhaps it was pleasantly surprised when its head couldn’t rise anymore because there was a warm wet barrier above

it. I waited to see if she wanted to hide its head so it couldn't see anything. She did. She lifted up a little, reached down, and showed it where to go. I groaned when her pussy swallowed the head and about two-thirds of the shaft. I kept groaning when she went for a wild ride.

She had her arms around my neck and her breasts were sliding up and down my chest, hard little nipples burning two paths. She did her usual ride: slow at first, gradually getting faster and faster. Simple slides up and down at first, adding a pelvic twist when she was close to coming. I was thinking of using my thumb on her clitoris to get her off when she finally got what she wanted. Her internal guillotine tried to cut the head off my penis.

I gave her a minute to calm down and then I tightly wrapped both arms around her, struggled to my feet, and carried her over to the bed. She hung on with her arms and legs while I lowered her down and we both moved back on the bed. Then she lifted her legs higher, put her ankles on each side of my neck, and pulled my mouth down to hers. We opened to each other and tongue-fucked and at the same time I slowly dick-fucked her down below.

I put my arms almost under her back, curled my hands around her shoulders, made sure I had traction with my knees, and then began to fuck her, not make love, just fuck. A short infinity later my balls responded to my penis' instructions and emptied themselves into her hot depths. I knew it was my prostate gland which squeezed the semen out and down my dick cannon and onto her cervix target but it certainly felt like I was emptying my balls to me.

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“You should ask her,” Anna whispered.

“Ask her what?” I whispered back, not thinking on her wavelength.

“What we talked about last night,” she whispered again. “She wants the same treatment Matt’s been getting, starting with you. She’s ready.”

I leaned over and looked at Renée. She was looking at me and Anna, probably wondering why we were whispering. I was almost finished washing dishes after dinner, Anna was rinsing, and Renée was racking. With four big sinks, we washed in one, rinsed in the next, and racked the dishes and pots and pans in the bamboo racks we had built over the last two sinks.

“Renée, would you like to share our bed tonight?” I asked. “Anna and I would welcome your company.”

She hesitated and I could tell she was unsure what she was getting into or maybe what might get into her.

“David, Anna, I’d like to do what Matt has been doing but it won’t be quite the same with me.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“David, Matt had been with other women. I’ve never been with a man.”

“Renée, don’t be afraid of me,” I said. “Anna says you’ve talked to the other females here about me. I won’t hurt you. I’m not that kind of guy.”

“Yes, but you’re ... David, you’re so overpowering. Maybe you’re the man I’ve fantasized about for years. I’ve always dreamed about someone like you taking me and ... and ... doing things to me and I don’t have to do anything and I just let you and you satisfy all the hunger and longing in me. Now, I suppose I’m a little scared of doing it.”

“Renée, we don’t have to do anything,” I said. “I promise you, I won’t do anything unless it’s what you want. I hope Anna told you about me. I don’t just fuck her, well, most of

the time I don't; I make love to her. I do my best to make sure that our sex is as good for her as it is for me. That's the finest kind of love, where both the man and the woman do their best to make sex good for the other."

"Renée, there's something we've all done before you came her, where we had inexperienced guys and gals," Anna said. "David says he won't make love to you unless I'm there. He doesn't ever want to hide what he does from me. Perhaps he can do something to me while you watch and then he can ask if he can do the same thing to you. He'll never hurt you. Maybe he'll make you walk funny sometimes but you'll be smiling when you do."

"Renée, Anna told me girls from your old world prepared themselves to become sexually active," I said. "She said girls were examined annually and, if a girl had an obstructive hymen, she either had it surgically corrected or used something to stretch it. She said both sexes were taught about human sexuality from an early age. I wish our old world had been like that. I'd like our new one to be that way. Would you help us make it that way?"

"Yes, David, my old world is quite different from yours about human sexuality. There is no shame and children are permitted to be sexually active when they wish."

"Well, you don't need to sleep alone here," I said. "The rest of us are sexually active and you're free to do what you want to do. Sleep with us tonight. I promise you I'll do as little or maybe as much as you want. I can give you an orgasm without using my penis. I do that for Anna quite often. You'll sleep better. Maybe you or Anna will do the same thing for me."

I handed the last frying pan to Anna and then drained the sink. She rinsed it, handed it to Renée, and drained her sink. Renée racked the pan and we all stood looking at each other for a moment. I wanted to make sure no one disturbed us. I put one arms around Anna's shoulders and

the other around Renée's. They put an arm around my waist and we walked over to the tables where the other eight were talking and laughing.

“We're going to take a bath and then go to bed early,” I said, as innocently as I could. “Do any of you need anything else tonight?”

“Yeah, can I bathe with you?” Toby asked.

Jean-Nicole swatted him behind the head, he yelped, and everybody started laughing.

Showering together with a woman is always enjoyable. Showering with two is even more fun. My penis was hanging its head when we started and looking around for something to get into when we finished. Standing in the warm downdraft of air was fun too, especially using my hands to help wipe the water off two females. My dick tried to get me to hurry up and put it in something wet and warm.

In our bedchamber, Anna and I had made plans to culminate our fun with Renée but I wasn't sure what I should do to start it. Anna took charge. She led Renée over to the side of the bed, both sat down, and they left me standing in front of them, wondering what to do.

Anna wanted a reprise of something ridiculous I had done with her one night. I thought it had been something silly and for her eyes only. Still I did what she wanted and followed her commands.

“Butt walk!”

I felt like a damn fool but I did it. I regretted ever showing Anna the routines when we were playing. I hoped she wouldn't make me perform the whole retinue of tricks for Renée but of course she did.

I stood in one place, feet unmoving but arms swinging slightly like I was walking, tightened the gluteus maximus or butt muscle on side and all the muscles down my leg, then relaxed and tightened the other side. The night I showed her, Anna said it looked like I was walking away from her. She and Renée both giggled.

“Turn around,” Anna said, and I did.

“Wave!” she said.

I lifted one arm and held my hand like I was going to wave. I saw Renée’s eyes shift to my hand but I didn’t wave it. Instead, I used some other muscles and made my hard dick wave up and down a few times at her and Anna. They laughed out loud and both shook their head from side to side and then giggled again.

“Upsy daisy!”

I stood on tip toe, reached up, put my hands flat on the ceiling, and looked straight up. I tightened the muscles in my chest and arms so they stood out and sucked in my stomach muscles so my dick was pointing at the ceiling.

“Washboard!”

I stood flatfooted, arms straight out to the side, muscles tensed, and tightened all my stomach muscles. I usually called that my six pack when I did it. Anna had called it a washboard.

“Ripple!”

That was a hard one. I closed my eyes, tried to picture what she wanted me to do, and made the muscles in my abdomen ripple. I’d learned to do that one when I was at the Academy and a bunch of us guys were exercising. Most of them could show off a six pack but I was the only one who could ripple it.

“OK, last one. Pecs and biceps.”

I stood flatfooted with my feet slightly apart, lifted both arms out straight, bent my elbows, and tensed my pecs and biceps. That was an easy one to do. I watched two faces when I did it, especially when I waved at them again. I think they liked my display of muscle.

“Renée, it’s important to give your little puppy a reward when he performs,” Anna said. “He soon learns that he must perform in order to get his recompense.”

She looked up at me and smiled mischievously. “Come here, David.”

I walked over in front of her. She cupped one hand under my testicles, wrapped the other around the shaft of my penis, took the head in her mouth, and tried to suck what little brains I still had out through my penis. I watched her for a while and then realized that I should not neglect our guest. I glanced at Renée’s face and saw that she was watching with maybe curiosity. I wondered if she had ever sucked dick before. I hated to disappoint Anna but I shuffled over in front of Renée.

She emulated Anna: left hand under my tolos, right around my tianga, red head between her soft full lips, tongue caressing the sensitive spot underneath, and cheeks dimpling when she sucked. I put my hands on her shoulders and closed my eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED: