

## **A World of My Choosing**

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

#### **Chapter Forty-One**

**She emulated Anna: left hand under my tolos, right around my tianga, red head between her soft full lips, tongue cuddling the sensitive spot underneath, and cheeks dimpling when she sucked. I put my hands on her shoulders and closed my eyes.**

**Damn! Anna stood up and called a halt and said I should save it for later. Save what? I felt I had enough semen to fertilize six women instead of just two.**

**“Hug me,” she said, and held my penis to one side while she put her arms around me and pressed herself against me belly to belly. I cupped my hands under her derriere but that wasn’t what she wanted. She pushed my arm up and I put both arms around her back and pulled her tight against me.**

**“Renée, I want David to hug you like this. I want you to close your eyes and nestle your head under his chin. When he puts his arms around you, I want him to show you how strong he is but, at the same time, how gentle he can be. I’m glad he’s my man and will always care for me and protect me. It’s good to surrender to loving a man. Someday, you’ll surrender to loving another man and you’ll understand what I’m saying.”**

**Anna pushed me over toward Renée but I didn’t need much of a shove. I wrapped her up in a bear hug, closed my eyes, and held her for a moment. Then I thought of something I’d done with Anna once. I wanted Renée to feel my strength. I put my hands in her armpits and lifted her up slowly until I saw her head touch the ceiling. Her little blonde thatch was directly in front of my face. I stuck my tongue out, slowly lowered her, and licked her from her pubes to her naval, up her chest and between her breasts, up her throat, and finally fastened my mouth on hers and pushed my tongue in. Her feet were still off the floor and she hung there unresisting until I finally let her down. She opened her legs and my penis slid up between them until it was pressed against her bouchi. I spread my legs and stooped a little so she didn’t break it off and then pulled her back against me with some**

of the strength of my arms. She encircled me with her arms, nestled the side of her head against my throat, and moaned almost inaudibly.

Anna took charge again. She pushed Renée in our bed alcove first, me second, and her third. I looked at the two of them wondering what was next. Anna pushed me down, put my arms across my middle, and proceeded to give Renée a hands-on lesson in male anatomy.

Have you ever lain on your back in bed while two women explored every bit of your body? From toes, up legs, pause to look closely at tolos, stand tianga straight up and stroke it, up six-pack, pecs, throat, face, even tangled hair. Turn over, down, over back, tense butt, peeked at asshole, down legs, tickled feet.

They used their hands on some parts and that was nice. They used their mouths on some parts and that was even better. Have you ever had two women sucking your tianga and licking your tolos? That was best.

I retaliated. I tugged the two of them on their backs side by side, straddled one leg on each, and used my mouth alternately on the two of them. It wasn't easy and I couldn't really lick the parts I wanted to but I licked and kissed my way from mouths over breasts over bellies to bouchis and back again. Finally I thought it was time to put into play the plan which Anna and I had dreamed up the night before.

I looked at Anna and saw her looking at me. I nodded and she nodded back. We agreed it was time for us to put our plan into action. I tugged Renée so that she was in the center of the bed. She didn't object. I wanted her like that so I could have easy access to her pussy when I knelt between her legs and Anna could easily move around her.

We both reached down beside the mattress, found the restraints we had put there earlier, gently extended Renée's arms to the sides, and quickly tied the cloth strips around her wrists. The strips were tied to a rope which looped back under the mattress. She was our prisoner.

"What are you doing?" she asked, struggling a little.

"Trust us, Renée," Anna said, smiling down at her. "We're just going to give you what you want."

Renée stopped struggling and looked back and forth from me to Anna.

"We're not going to hurt you, Renée," I said. "We're just going to give you a memorable experience for your first time. I'm going to give you what you want."

At the same time, Anna and I moved down on the bed, found the other restraints, tugged Renée's legs out to the sides, and tied the cloth strips around her ankles.

Anna and I had agreed that we were both going to cooperate in our efforts to give Renée as many orgasms as she could endure. Since I had the only penis, I had to be the one who slid a hard tianga into her little bouchi and I certainly didn't object to that task. If I did anything that seemed to upset Renée or make her struggle too much, Anna knew to slap me gently behind the head. I hoped we didn't need that.

I looked at Renée's face, her beautiful face framed by the tangle of her blonde hair, lips pink and kissable, blue eyes searching my face. She was serious, not smiling, but seemingly not afraid. I smiled and winked at her. She smiled back with just a little upward curl of her closed lips.

Anna found the last of the cloth restraints, I lifted Renée's head and Anna tied it over her eyes. I adjusted it to make sure she couldn't see anything. Then I lifted Renée's hips slightly and Anna tucked a pillow under them. I could tell her arms and legs were taut, not relaxed the way I wanted them.

"Don't hurt me," Renée whispered.

"Nobody's going to hurt you, Renée," Anna whispered. "We're going to show you how much fun sex can be. Later I'll let you and David do the same with me."

That seemed to calm her a little. Anna and I both lay down beside her, put our hands under her little breasts, took the nipples in our mouths, and began to suck. Renée whined almost inaudibly again. I cupped my hand over her mound, stroked upward a couple of times, and then slid my index finger between the little lips. Renée's bouchi was hot and wet.

I moved up a little and kissed her. She opened to my probing tongue and yielded her mouth to me. At the same time, I cupped my hand under the breast where I had been sucking and used my thumb and one finger to gently roll and pinch the nipple. I glanced down and saw Anna's hand between Renée's legs. I saw her two middle fingers bent out of sight. I knew what her fingers were doing.

For a while, that's all we did. Anna was on one side of Renée and I was on the other. We alternated kissing her, sucking on her nipples,

teasing her pussy with our fingers, and stroking her body. She moaned contentedly.

I leaned over close to Renée's face and whispered in her ear. "Renée, are you OK? Do you want us to continue?"

"Yes, please. Don't stop," she whispered back.

After a few minutes, I left Anna still playing with Renée's breasts, moved around on the bed, knelt down between her spread legs, and then moved up so that the head of my penis was barely touching the lips of her bouchi. I wanted just to tease her and to get her used to it gradually. I knew I wasn't going to slide it into her yet. I let it rest for a moment and then held the shaft and moved the head up and down between the lips of her pussy, gradually moving the lips to one side until the little wings of her pussy were splayed out. Finally, I moved the head down to her vagina and pushed slightly, just to let her feel the size of what was going into her later. I steadily increased the pressure until the head was completely inside her. I felt no obstruction. Renée groaned loudly. I stopped and withdrew. I looked at the head of my dick. No lubrication yet.

I nodded with my head for Anna to come closer to me. I kissed her on the cheek and then whispered in her ear.

"Untie her legs. She's about to get licked to her first orgasm."

As soon as Anna untied Renée's legs, I put my hands behind her calves and bent her in half. Her knees were in her armpits and her feet were above her head and, most important of all, her little pussy was looking straight up at the ceiling and ready for my mouth and tongue.

I put my hands on the back of her thighs and pressed down hard enough to keep her helpless. I looked at her beautiful little pussy for a moment, little cleft spread enough to show some of the pink inside, closed little red place where her vagina was, inner lips still spread apart but not licked yet, not really wet. I knew I had my work cut out for me.

I leaned over and licked her from her rosy asshole over her milky-white perineum up through the little lips of her pussy, through where I knew her clitoris was hidden, and to the edge of her sparse patch of blonde pubic hair. I pulled back and looked down. I had separated the inner lips a little more but her clit was still hidden under its hood. Shit! Pubic hair in my mouth. I corralled it and took it out. Then I leaned over and licked a few more times, asshole to clit but short of pubic hair patch.

I looked up and saw Anna with her mouth on one of Renée's breasts and her hand on the other, thumb and finger teasing the nipple. That's what we wanted: to drive her crazy with two mouths at the same time.

I licked Renée's pussy a few more times and then slid one finger down into her vagina. No obstruction. If she had a hymen at one time, I couldn't feel one now.

I kept at her: rosy red pucker to hidden clit with one finger sometimes gently probing and wiggling. I felt a little lubrication inside her but it wasn't enough. I pulled my finger out, sucked it clean, and then slowly inserted two fingers and finger-fucked her.

When I finally smelled the scent of her lubricating pussy, I pulled my wet fingers out, stuck them in my mouth, and tasted her arousal. I looked up at Anna and nodded. She had her mouth open. I stuck my fingers back in Renée's pussy, pulled them out, and offered Anna a taste. She sucked on my fingers and nodded to me.

We had agreed that I was to give Renée her first orgasm with my tongue and fingers so I resumed licking and finger-fucking her. Her whines gradually increased and, as with Anna, I knew that meant she was getting closer. I pulled back and looked. Her little clit, all red and shiny, was uncovered. I resumed licking, bearing down harder with my tongue when it touched her clitoris.

Then she squealed like a stuck pig, even though I hadn't yet stuck her, and I felt her pussy muscles contracting and relaxing on my fingers. That was the signal I had been waiting for. I rose up, still holding her legs folded back and nodded to Anna. She grabbed my penis, wiped the head up and down in Renée's slit until it was shiny with her juices, and then notched it in the right place.

I pushed in for a couple of inches and looked at Renée's face. I saw a grimace but it didn't appear to be one caused by pain. I pulled back and slid forward again, letting a little more of my dick penetrate her. I stopped and checked her face and waited for her to signal me that she was ready for more. I saw her face relax and took that to mean that she was ready. Again, I pulled back and eased forward. At least half of my dick was in her tight little pussy. Should I try for more?

I leaned over and whispered to her: "Renée, are you OK? My tianga's only part way in your bouchi. Do you want more?"

She groaned and then whispered back. "Yes, please."

I wanted my balls resting on her little fanny but I tried to be patient. I looked at Anna. She was looking at my connection to Renée. She looked at me and nodded. I pressed down with my hips and watched as my penis slowly, slowly, slowly was swallowed up by her little no-longer-virginal pussy. When I felt my balls come to rest on her soft ass cheeks, I stopped and waited for a moment.

I whispered to her again. “Renée, are you OK? My tianga’s all the way in you. Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Yes, David. Fuck me.”

I gave Renée time to adjust, me just waiting, smiling at Anna, her smiling back at me. She nodded. I pulled out part way and slid back in. Damn! Renée was tight and hot and juicy now. I shut my eyes and kept fucking her slowly and gently, just sliding in until my balls touched her derriere and out until only the head was inside her.

Anna had left it up to me whether I could keep control of fucking Renée or whether I was going to let my beast loose. Gradually I lost control and my animal instincts took over and I fucked her harder and faster. She started whining as my dick slid in and then grunting as it bottomed out.

When I felt the first sign that I was about to come, I shoved it in as deep as possible and my spine melted and my prostate and balls pumped repeatedly and poured out their contents into her pussy. She squealed again. I wiggled and tried to push more in but I knew that she already had every inch in her. She moaned sharply and I felt the contractions around the shaft of my dick as she came again.

I released her legs and she let them fall down, still spread to each side. I leaned over, found her mouth with mine, and we opened to each other. I put two hands under her breasts and lay there kissing her and occasionally flexing my dick in her well-fucked little pussy. As usual, my strength was gone and my dick finally relaxed a little so I pulled out and flopped down beside her.

Anna was ready. We had agreed that we were not going to give Renée time to recuperate from one orgasm before we gave her another. I bent Renée’s legs back and saw my white semen ooze out of her pussy and drool down over her asshole.

That didn’t stop Anna. She fastened her mouth on Renée’s pussy and started sucking and licking. She surprised me when she licked from Renée’s little pink asshole all the way to her clit and left everything in

between clean. I knew she didn't mind my semen in her mouth but this was secondhand semen. I decided to show her I could do the same thing.

I nudged Anna and she moved aside. Still holding Renée's legs back and pushing slightly, I knelt behind her and waited until more of my semen oozed out of her little pink bouchi. Then I licked it up, swallowed, licked her repeatedly, and finally slid two fingers into her pussy and fastened my lips on her clitoris and sucked. It worked. She squealed loudly and tried to escape from my sucking mouth and I felt her little pussy squeezing on my fucking fingers again. Damn, she came three times to my one.

Anna released the wrist restraints and untied the blindfold. We rested for a while, me in the center, Anna on one side of me, Renée on the other, whispering back and forth, relaxing, letting Renée recuperate and letting me get ready for what I intended to do for Anna. Anna had her head on my left shoulder; Renée had hers on my right. Both had one breast pressed against my side. I had an arm curved around their backs.

Renée tilted her head up toward me and I lowered my mouth to hers. She teased me with her tongue for a while and then pulled away. I looked in the other direction. Anna looked up at me and I kissed her just as softly and gently and we teased with our tongues.

They each had one hand on my balls or my dick, sometimes holding, other times caressing and stroking, just swapping and playing. My penis was still swollen but limp. The hand holding my penis began to gently move up and down and it slowly firmed. I felt two hands on it, from opposite directions, both moving up and down in unison. It swelled into a full-blown erection again.

I leaned over to Renée and whispered to her. "Renée, I want to do to Anna the same things we just did to you. Do you want to help me?"

She looked up at me and smiled with all of her face, beautiful blue eyes, pink cheeks, kissable red lips with two front teeth showing.

"Yes," she whispered.

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After dinner one night, I took Anna's hand and led her out of the kitchen. I let the others assume that I wanted to make love to her. I had something else in mind, something I had been considering and pondering since Renée delivered her messages. Anna was probably a

little surprised when I didn't stop at our bed chamber but instead continued down the hallway to the big room at the end.

As soon as we entered the chamber, I instructed Aimee, in case anyone asked her where we were, to say that we in our bed chamber and we wanted privacy. She responded that she could not tell them a lie but she could simply say we wanted privacy and let them assume we were in our bedchamber. I approved.

I led Anna to the large monitor in the room, said, "Aimee, activate!" and she appeared on the monitor. Anna was surprised. As far as she and the others knew, no one could make that monitor come alive. I had deliberately kept it a secret from them. Aimee and I had been having lots of conversations since my arrival and I had deliberately told her to respond only when I gave the right command.

"Aimee, I want to review some things for Anna's benefit. You told me that I am in charge of everything here; correct?"

"Yes, David. My instructions were to give the first arrival complete control over everything here. You may surrender certain aspects of control to others. I am aware that you have told them you cannot resume total control but that is not true. You may again assume control over everything if you wish."

"So you cannot tell a lie but I can?"

"That is correct, David," Aimee said. "I must always be truthful in what I say. You do not."

"Aimee, you say I have total control over everything. Do I have any control over who will arrive here? I have assumed that if someone is transported here, you will automatically accept them."

"Yes, David, you have some control over who will arrive here. If you instruct me, I can simply refuse to accept them."

"What will happen if an attempt is made to send someone and you are instructed not to accept them? Will they simply disappear and cease to exist? I have no wish to harm anyone."

"They will not be harmed, David," she answered. "They will simply remain where they were and not be transported."

"Can you distinguish between an individual being transported here and supplies being transported? You always receive individuals in your chair and supplies in the hallway."

**“Yes, David. I can distinguish. I place supplies in the hallway because the shipment is so large. I place individuals in my chair so I may welcome them when they arrive.”**

**“Like you welcomed me?”**

**“Yes, David. I always greet new arrivals with a friendly face. It makes their journey easier to see a smiling human face when they arrive.”**

**“OK. Let me make sure I understand. If I instruct you, you can prevent anymore individuals from arriving here. What will the ones who arrange the transport think when that individual remains with them?”**

**“I do not know, David,” Aimee answered. “They may assume that something is wrong with either the device which sends individuals or the device which receives them.”**

**“If they then send us a shipment of supplies and you accept, will that then tell them that the devices on both ends are working and that I have made a conscious decision to reject any more individuals?”**

**“That requires speculation on my part, David.”**

**“David, are you really thinking of not accepting any more people here?” Anna asked.**

**“I’m just thinking, Anna,” I said. “I’m just learning about the choices I may make. Before time for a new arrival, you and I will discuss the choices and reach a common decision. When we discuss this, I will say I’m going to stop new arrivals. I want you to play devil’s advocate and tell me why I should allow them. Whatever I do, we will agree.”**

**“But why would you want to stop new arrivals?”**

**“Anna, I was chosen to lead this colony. I was given complete control of everything here. I learned that we were here to preserve a small sample of humanity, our humanity from our earth because the rest of humanity was in danger of obliteration. I didn’t ask for the job but I decided to do the best I could to insure our survival and prosperity. This is now a world of my choosing and I will shape it to my will as best I can.”**

**“What about me, David?”**

**“You’re my other half, Anna,” I said. “I will never do anything with which you disagree.”**

**“You’ve seemed serious, almost angry since Renée arrived. Don’t you want her and Iain’s people to come here? Don’t you want access to their knowledge as well as our own? Don’t you want some of their technology to help us survive?”**

**“Anna, they’ve changed the objective in the middle of my mission,” I said. “I accepted the mission to help this colony survive. I thought Iain’s arrival was an anomaly but I understood why he wanted to come here. Then Renée arrives and I’m told the plan is to send eight more from her old world. That’s what’s causing me concern. That’s why I may ask Aimee not to accept any more individuals.”**

**“What do you mean, David?” she asked.**

**“Anna, Aimee tells me I’m in charge of everything here and she cannot take that charge back,” I said. “What if someone, another guy from Iain’s world, is sent here with instructions on how to make Aimee change her mind? Or maybe Aimee will be annihilated and a new avatar is created. I can’t live with that. I’m doing my best to assume responsibility for everyone here and to make this colony survive and prosper. I will not let anyone take that control away from me!”**

**“David, you already share control with Iain and now you’re going to let Matt help you lead. Perhaps another guy from Iain’s world could also help you lead.”**

**“Anna, there can only be one person here with ultimate control. That’s always true whether it’s a ship, a university, a state, or the whole country. Aimee, tell Anna who will be in control if something happens to me.”**

**“You will, Anna,” Aimee said. “David has designated you as his successor. I must obey his command.”**

## **Chapter Forty-Two**

***I will decide! I must decide, just me, myself, alone, no matter what others say. I have struggled long and hard with the decision. I go around and around in circles and always I come back to the same point: I must make the choice by myself, no matter what others think. I cannot avoid the choice by letting them decide. I know that***

*this is a world of my choosing but I didn't ask for the privilege of deciding. I don't want it but I see no one else who has the capabilities to protect and guide this group. I will decide!*

*But! I should try to make my choice acceptable to the others. At the very least, I must allow them to have input into my decision. I must listen carefully and honestly to their thoughts and wishes. Then, once again, I must struggle to decide what is right and what is wrong. Ultimately all of mankind in this world depends on me and my decision and I cannot avoid making it.*

*What if Anna's wishes do not accord with mine? Dare I go against her? That will be the ultimate challenge to our love and I know I cannot go on in this life without her love. She's my other half and I know that with every ounce of my being. In about eight months, she's going to be the mother of my child, our child, our extension into the future. I cannot hurt her.*

*The others? I believe I have their love and respect. I've done my best to earn it. I want it and I need it. I don't want to be a leader whom they fear. I want to be the leader whom they love and respect.*

*Will they accept my decision? If I choose one way I will cut off all ties to our old world as well as Iain's and Renée's old world. Survival will then be difficult but mankind has populated a world before with nothing but our own sweat and arms and brains. We can do it again. We have Aimee's knowledge of our old world even though we cannot yet use much of it. Still, I would like to have the knowledge of Iain's world. I believe they are advanced far beyond us. I would also like to have some of their technology and tools. It would make life easier for us.*

*We have had two shipments of food and materials from our old world. Will they continue if I decide not to accept any more people? Will they continue, perhaps from Iain's world, if I accept their people? I want their knowledge and materials and technology. I simply don't want anyone else to assume the leadership of our colony. Am I being stupid or selfish? Is just hubris on my part? I don't know but I do know I want to remain leader.*

*I'm going to call a conference early one morning to let each of them say what they will. When it's over, and I will decide when to stop the debate, then it will be up to me and my conscience to decide what is best for all of us. I will decide what is right and what is wrong for us and then we will all live with the consequences.*

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After dinner one cold blustery evening when we were safe and warm in our cave home and full of more great cooking from Jean-Nicole and her sous-chefs, Anna and I invited Iain and Caitlyn to play with us. Our bed alcove was crowded with four but that just made playing more fun.

It started as it so often does with touching and kissing: me kissing Anna, Iain kissing Caitlyn, me kissing Caitlyn and Iain kissing Anna, and at the ladies wishes but with no objection from me or Iain, me kissing Iain and Anna kissing Caitlyn. Anna and Caitlyn watched, giggling, while Iain and I were having a tongue duel and rubbing two hard-ons together, all while we each had a death grip on the other's buttocks. Iain and I watched, laughing, when they tried to outdo us by open-mouthed kissing while rubbing their breasts together and humping imaginary dicks at each other. Perhaps Iain and I had looked as ridiculous as they did but it was all just in fun.

That led to oral sex and I had my tongue in two different pussies and my mouth on one hard dick. Again, we swapped around and watched and criticized and suggested nasty alternatives and laughed and giggled and tickled and goosed and slapped somebody on the ass. It was my ass and it was my wife and it was after I goosed her a little too long.

Then Anna and Caitlyn decided they wanted to suck dick and be fucked at the same time. Iain didn't object and neither did I. We finally figured out that the only way we could do that was to have me or Iain as the fucker and the other as the suckee. That would occupy one female while the other one watched and criticized and told us how to do it.

Iain was propped against the back wall of our bed alcove, hands together on his stomach, legs spread wide, watching Caitlyn suck his dick. Caitlyn was on her knees between his legs, ass up in the air, propped on one hand, other hand holding Iain's hard-on except for the part in her mouth. I was behind Caitlyn, slowly trying to get my dick all the way in her little pussy, listening to her groan as I slowly pushed deeper and deeper into her. Anna was sprawled on her side next to the three of us, watching, laughing, choreographing our fucking and sucking, talking dirty, making crude suggestions. Caitlyn had said she wanted it all and I was just trying to fulfill her wish – and her pussy at the same time.

I reluctantly glanced away from looking down at her exquisite little ass as my stiff glistening tianga slowly, oh, so slowly, slid in and out of her little juicy bouchi. I looked at the little pink pucker just inches above where my dick was impaling her and I was tempted. Just pull it

out a little more, lift up an inch or so, and shove twenty centimeters in her rosebud. My dick's already soaking with her juices and it would probably slide right in. I could always swear it was an accident; couldn't I? Damn, I'll bet she would squeal.

I looked at Anna to see if I was doing it right. Of course, she had no idea what I was thinking. She smiled at me and nodded her head. When I started, I was too vigorous in fucking Caitlyn and she couldn't keep her mouth on Iain's tianga. Now I was just easing my tianga in her bouchi as slow and sensuously as possible. I loved watching my dick, all swollen to bursting with blood, red head slick and shiny, when I pulled back until I saw the rim around the head and then seeing the white shaft slowly slide back inside her. It was good, damned good, damned fine fucking. That's when Anna asked the question.

"Iain, when Caitlyn is ready to have her second baby, are you going to let David give it to her," Anna asked.

"Who's giving her the first one?" he asked.

"You are, of course," Anna said. "Don't play stupid. Are you OK with giving me my second one?"

"If I've got to," he answered, grinning. "It'll be hard work but I'll do it."

"Damn, you women just work us to death," I complained. "I thought I was supposed to give Renée her second one."

"Oh, is it such hard work?" Anna asked. "I thought it was just fucking."

"Renée's got to make up her mind which guy she wants to give her the first one," Iain said. "She and Jean-Nicole are sleeping in the same bedchamber with Toby and Matt. I think she's going to settle down with Toby and then Jean-Nicole and Matt are going to be a pair.

"Jean-Nicole told me she and Renée have been swapping back and forth with both guys. I think she wants Matt for a permanent mate. I know Toby wants Renée," Caitlyn said, and then started sucking dick again.

"Sam dropped a hint that she and James have played with the Renée and Jean-Nicole and Toby and Matt at least on one occasion," Anna said. "I wish I could have watched that, the six of them fucking and sucking."

**“Me too,” I said, and pushed a little more hard dick in Caitlyn’s tight little pussy. She groaned long and loud, like a woman who’s getting what she wants. Only an inch to go and I would have it all in.**

**We were all quiet for a while and the only sounds were Caitlyn’s slurping mouth and her groans as I finally pushed the last little bit of my dick into her. Success! I looked at Anna and smiled like a jackass.**

**“He’s got his dick all the way in, Caitlyn,” Anna said. “Are you ready to let me have my turn now?”**

**“In just a minute,” she groaned and then started jacking Iain’s dick as fast as she could and sucking him harder. I pulled my tianga almost out of her and rammed it back in with a quick hard thrust. She squealed and fell forward on top of Iain and my dick sprang up like a steel spring.**

**“That wasn’t nice, David,” she complained as she rolled off Iain to the side. She stuck her little pink tongue out at me and then grinned.**

**The other three of us shuffled around and I took Iain’s place against the alcove wall. Anna got on her knees between my spread legs. Iain knee-walked behind her and looked down intently at where he was putting his tianga. Anna looked at me as Iain slowly worked his dick all the way in her. I suppose he finally hit bottom – I couldn’t see – and then he started slowly fucking her. She propped on one hand, wrapped the other around my slippery dick, and started sucking on the head. I wondered how my dick tasted with Caitlyn’s juices on it. Maybe I’d suck Iain’s dick a little to see how it tasted when it was basted with Anna’s juices.**

**“David, nobody is going to be forced to do anything when it comes to having babies,” Caitlyn said. “The female side of our colony just thinks it would be a good way to have children if we all have one first with our husband and then one with somebody else. The rest could be with our permanent mate. If they want us to mix our DNA with that of people from Iain’s world that would be a good way to do it.”**

**“I guess all the guys would be sort of co-daddies for all the babies; wouldn’t we?” Iain asked.**

**“You can give me my third one, David. Then, you can have the fourth. I can just see you now with your big belly and swollen tits,” Anna giggled and then started sucking my dick again.**

**“It won’t work, you know,” I said.**

**“Why not?” Caitlyn asked.**

**“Because evolution has built into men an instinct to mate with one woman, to have children with her, and then to protect and care for her and those children. That’s why.”**

**“I can’t speak for women but I think David’s right,” Iain said. “Rationally there’s no reason why I should love Caitlyn the way I do. It must all be just instinct. Just pure instinct. Nothing else. It certainly isn’t rational.”**

**“As a general rule, you’re both right,” Anna said. “But there are plenty of exceptions to the rule.”**

**“A man wants to know the children he helps bring into the world are really his,” I said. “He probably knows they are the only immortality he’ll ever have.”**

**“Well, why do you guys like blow jobs so much?” Caitlyn asked. “That certainly doesn’t help evolution to maintain the human race.”**

**“Why do you girls like to have us guys lick your little bouchis?” I asked. “That doesn’t either.”**

**“Because you’ve got a talented tongue and my clit loves it,” Anna giggled and then resumed sucking my dick.**

**“Why do guys like our breasts so much?” Caitlyn asked.**

**“Because guys want to know you can feed our children,” Iain said. “It’s all instinct, instinct, nothing else.”**

**“Bullshit,” Anna said, and then resumed sucking.**

**None of us were in a hurry to get to orgasm. We had agreed that we were going to be very slow and easy tonight and really enjoy whatever we did. It was all just in fun. Fun fucking and sucking. Slow, sensuous screwing and blowing and licking and dicking.**

**Then I felt the first faint rumblings in my groin and I knew that if she continued Anna was going to get a big dose of my baby makers down her throat. I grabbed a handful of her wild hair and pulled her head up. Iain decided to follow my example and shoved his baby maker into her bouchi as hard as he could. Of course, she squealed and fell forward on top of me.**

I crawled over in front of Iain, grabbed his dangling tolos, licked his upright tianga a few times, and then sucked on the head. His dick tasted like Anna's pussy and that was something I was familiar with and loved. Pussy-flavored dick. Interesting.

He threw his arms out wide, groaned, "Take me; I'm yours," and then fell on his back laughing. Maybe he remembered the time when I had almost taken him and now he thought I wouldn't. I knew I wanted to take him but I just couldn't make up my mind how to do it. Strange, how a man can love his wife and another man and his wife all at the same time, just in different ways.

"Are you sure I can't hurt your baby, Anna?" Iain asked. "It felt like the head of my tianga was almost in your womb."

"Never hoppen," she giggled. "If you did, our baby would probably kick it back out. He's going to inherit David's cool abilities."

"Oooh, I'll be careful," he said.

"What now?" I asked.

"Two girls on one guy?" Caitlyn asked

"Yeah, me first," Iain said, before I could.

Iain and I took turns being the one guy. Anna sat on Iain's face while Caitlyn sat on his dick. Again, it was just slow gentle sex with Iain licking one pussy and fucking another. Then it was my turn and I asked Caitlyn to spread her thighs over my chin and asked Anna to see if she could get my dick deep enough in her for the baby to kick it. I knew the fetus was still just a little peanut but I wondered what it was going to be like when it got big enough to kick my dick out of her pussy.

"I'm ready for my first orgasm of the night," I said, with my mouth muffled by Caitlyn's muff. "Anybody want to help me?"

"What do you want, David?" Caitlyn asked. "I'll help you. Anna can help Iain."

"Missionary position, straight fucking?"

"OK," Anna and Caitlyn said at about the same time. They scrambled around and settled down on their backs, pillows under their heads, arms wide in invitation, legs spread, knees bent up, wet swollen pussies ready. I was ready too. My dick felt like an iron bar.

I crawled on top of Caitlyn but I didn't try to get my pecker in her pussy immediately. I pressed the shaft of my tianga against the wet spread lips of her bouchi and helped her get her legs over my back with her ankles locked together over my ass. She wrapped her arms around my chest with one hand behind my head. I looked to the side and saw Iain and Anna in a mirror position.

I lowered my face to Caitlyn's and kissed her, open mouth, tongue probing. At the same time, I slid my dick up and down against the lips of her pussy. I rode her a little high so, hopefully, the underside of my shaft would rub against her clit. From the way she groaned and wiggled, I assumed I was successful. She was primed and ready. Shortly after I began, she went wild and squealed in my open mouth and thrust up against me.

I quickly reached down to my dick, notched the head in the right spot, slid it home, and felt the last of her internal convulsions around the head. I tried to hold back, to keep the beast at bay, just to fuck her slowly and thoroughly, until I came with the head of my dick pressed against her cervix. Not a chance. Quickly the beast in me prevailed and I let it loose and pounded into her until I squirted out my balls in her. I wasn't sure but maybe she came again at the same time. I couldn't tell whether she had one long orgasm or maybe two distinct ones.

I dropped my head down next to hers, closed my eyes, and waited until my heart stopped pounding and my lungs stopped gasping and my brain started functioning again. After a while, sanity crept back and I looked to the side. Caitlyn turned her head at the same time. We watched as Iain tried to push his tianga into Anna's womb so the baby could kick it out. He didn't succeed but all the effort he put forth showed how hard he tried. Then he froze in place, unmoving, dick buried to the balls, and I knew Anna was getting her cervix anointed with his semen.

We, both pairs, lay there fastened together for a while, dicks buried, balls resting on soft ass cheeks. My dick was softer, still swollen, just not stiff, and I was reluctant to move because I knew it would be squeezed out of Caitlyn's juicy bouchi. I decided to provoke more trouble.

"Hey, Iain, my dick is still hard as a railroad spike," I said. "How about letting me shove it up your ass and make it go soft?"

He reached over and slapped me behind the head. Anna laughed. Caitlyn giggled. She knew exactly how soft it was. Reluctantly, I pulled out and flopped. "You don't love me any more," I whined.

We all were silent for a while, just lying there with arms and legs tumbled together. I heard somebody shuffling around and raised my head. It was Iain. He was almost flat on his stomach but his head was at one of Anna's breasts and his hand was cupping the other. From the expression on her face, I knew he was gently nursing at her breast. She had her eyes closed and there was a slight smile on her lips.

Iain's beautiful butt was relaxed and soft-looking and also looking like it should be fucked. I reached over and ran my hand over his smooth derriere. Damn, soft and smooth as a baby's butt. I slid one finger between his cheeks, found his hairless pucker, and pushed gently. He raised his hips slightly and wiggled his ass in invitation. I felt my dick getting hard, getting ready to be shoved into something again.

I crawled over Caitlyn and straddled Iain's hips. I glanced at her face and saw her smiling. Maybe she didn't believe I'd do it. Maybe I would. Maybe I wouldn't.

I used both hands to pull his butt cheeks to each side, moved up a little, and laid my wiener in his buns. He lifted his hips up in the air a little more and wiggled from side to side again. I slid my tianga up and down between his cheeks and waited for somebody to say something.

Anna rose up on her elbow and looked intently at what I was doing. I looked at Caitlyn and saw her watching too. I felt the last dollop of semen oozing out of my pipes and I milked my dick down and deposited one white glob on Iain's pink pucker. I looked at Caitlyn's thighs and saw more juice oozing out of her bouchi and down her asshole. Damn, maybe I could do both of them. I pressed my dick down between Iain's cheeks, smeared my semen up and down between his crack, then positioned the head against his pucker and stopped.

"Iain, I'm going to fuck you. OK?" I asked.

He lifted his hips up a little more to offer me his ass.

"Yeah, but you know what we've agreed. If you fuck me, I get to fuck you too. OK?"

"Caitlyn, is it OK if I fuck your husband?" I asked.

"Only if I get to watch," she said. "Anna too."

I looked at Anna.

**“It’s OK with me, David, but only if we can watch you two do it,” she said.**

**I slid my dick back and forth between his beautiful buns. It felt great, sort of like fucking a woman between her tits.**

**I rose up enough so that my dick had a straight shot up his anus, pressed the head against his pucker, and stopped. Did I really want to do it? I wanted finally to find out what it felt like to have my penis in his asshole and I knew that meant I was going to find out what it felt like to have his dick in mine. But, damn, I wanted to fuck him.**

**“Oh, shit, maybe I’d better settle for a blow-job,” I said. “Iain, turn over. Let’s do a soixante-neuf for the ladies amusement.”**

**“No! I’m not going to bottom for you so can ram your damn ramrod down my throat,” he said, giggling. “You can do it by yourself unless I can be on top.”**

**“Well, shit, can’t do anything like I want to,” I protested.**

**I rolled off his hips and flopped down beside him. He quickly reversed his position and straddled my head. His balls were relaxed and hanging down almost in my eyes. I felt for his dick, found it stiff against his belly, bent it down, slid his foreskin back up, and took the head in my mouth.**

**I felt Iain bend my tianga upright, pull my foreskin down tightly, and take the head in his mouth. We started sucking and stroking at the same time and, damn, it was good.**

**I saw movement beside us and, with my peripheral vision, watched Caitlyn and Anna assume the same position, Caitlyn on top, head buried between Anna’s thighs and moving up and down. Somebody was going to get a mouthful of second-hand semen, maybe both of them.**

**I shut my eyes and let my little head take over my senses. I had my hand around the shaft of Iain’s tianga to keep him from shoving it down my throat. At the same time, I sucked the head and stroked back and forth, probably not thinking I might get a mouthful of first-hand semen.**

**A faint memory of what happened to me once when Jean-Nicole was giving me a prostate exam popped into what little mind I had left. I slid my left hand around Iain’s butt cheek and probed in his crack for his asshole. I found it, still lubed with my semen, pushed my index**

finger in as deep as I could, and curved it around. I felt what my finger was probing for, a hard little knot, and pressed it a few times.

Iain whined and tried again to shove his tianga down my throat. I pushed his hips up and his dick came out of my mouth. I quickly wrapped my hand around it, gave it hell for a few seconds, and was squirted all over my face. Damn, it was even up my nose. I turned my head to one side, blew my nose, wiped it out of my closed left eye, and tried to shake his semen off my face..

I suppose Iain wasn't about to let me get away with giving him the fickle finger. With his left hand, he probed between my ass cheeks, pushed his finger in, and started finger-fucking me. With the other hand, he gave my dick about a half-dozen hard strokes. That was all it took. I squirted, he whined, and I knew I'd given him a facial too. Whew, I was shot in more ways than one.

When he rolled off me, I looked to the side. Caitlyn was still on top of Anna but they weren't moving. I slapped her on the ass and she squealed again and rolled off on the other side of Anna.

Nobody moved. Maybe we weren't dead but we were all doing a damn good imitation. My heart gradually slowed, my breathing became almost normal, and I felt like sinking through the mattress. I was wet with sweat and a face full of slippery semen, totally exhausted, and wondering what now.

We cuddled and talked and laughed and stroked and probed and, after a while, my dick was hard enough to be useful again. I couldn't believe it would raise its head a third time but it did. This time I made slow gentle love to my wife, again in the missionary position, locked up tight with her arms and legs around me, my mouth on hers, and wanting it to go on forever. I got sloppy seconds on my wife but I didn't mind. Iain got sloppy seconds on his wife too.

I was more than ready for sleep, spooned up to Anna with her soft derriere holding my swollen but satisfied penis, my hand holding her soft breast, her hair tickling my face. My thoughts just wouldn't let me sleep. I decided to try to say what I was thinking.

"Iain, Caitlyn, I thank you for sharing your love with Anna and me. I hope we can be friends and lovers with you for the rest of our lives. There's something I don't want to do with you, however."

"What's that, David?" Caitlyn whispered.

**“I don’t want to have a baby with you,” I said. “There’s something in me that wants to have children, a family, with Anna and her alone. I have no idea how many children we’ll have. That’s largely up to her since she’s the one who must bear them but I hope we’ll have two, three, maybe four. When we’re old and gray we can look at our family, our children, and say we’ve done our part to preserve something sacred and miraculous about humans.”**

**“You’re being eloquent again, David,” Anna said.**

**“Maybe, but it’s what I feel inside. I can honestly say I love Iain and Caitlyn but not the same way I love you, Anna. I think having children with you will just cement our bond together more and that’s what I want. I think Iain and Caitlyn should do the same and just have children with each other.”**

**“So everything we were saying tonight was just bullshit?” Iain asked.**

**“Iain, it’s dark so I can’t see what you and Caitlyn are doing,” I said. “Are you spooned up to Caitlyn with one hand on her breast?”**

**“Yeah.”**

**“How does it make you feel?”**

**“Contented, peaceful, happy that I’ve found the love of my life, wanting nothing but what I’ve already got.”**

**“Me too,” I said. “Maybe Anna and I have two separate bodies but I feel like we’re one soul or something and that we belong together and can never be happy separated. That’s why I want to have children just with her.”**

**“Do you want us to keep on having sex with each other?” Caitlyn asked.**

**“Yeah. I think having sex with you and Iain is just for fun and it brings the four of us closer together.”**

**“Well, it’s certainly fun unless somebody is trying to shove a foot-long dick up your pussy,” Caitlyn giggled.**

**“It’s not that long,” Anna giggled.**

**“Well, it felt like it,” Caitlyn giggled again.**

**“Shit, I know I’m never going to let him fuck me now,” Iain said.**

**“Well, yours may not be as long but it feels like it’s just as big around,” Anna said. “You should fuck David first and then let him do you. Let me and Caitlyn watch.”**

**“Yeah, come on, Iain, I’ll let you go first,” I said. “Can you get it up again?”**

**“No, it’s dead for tonight,” he said. “Shut up and go to sleep.”**

**“I can’t,” I said, lying. “My dick’s hard and I’m horny.”**

**“If it can lift its head, I’ll show it where to go for relief,” Anna said.**

**“Oh, shit, I’m going to sleep,” I whispered.**

**I crawled over and around bodies until I was in my usual sleeping position, at the edge of the alcove with my back to the room. Anna scooted back against me and we spooned up as usual. That left Caitlyn facing Anna, with Iain spooned up to her. I was almost asleep when I felt Iain reach across, gently pat me on the arm and then pat Anna on the shoulder. I assumed it was a show of affection and I smiled and then drifted off to sleep.**

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**We left home about five o’clock, well before sunrise. The night before, we had planned and prepared and packed and supposedly all gone to our bed chambers for a good night’s sleep. Anna and I had stood in the hallway and watched the others go to their respective chambers: Iain with Caitlyn, James with Sam accompanied as usual by Lucky, Pyotr and Petra, and, then a grouping which caused both of us to raise our eyebrows: Jean-Nicole and Renée with Toby and Matt going in the same bedchamber and I couldn’t tell which females were with which males.**

**There was a partial moon that morning and the weather was cold but calm and, if it was like the previous day, it would be just cool by noon. Lucky knew we were going somewhere; it was evident by his excited behavior: tail wagging and smiling, if beagles can smile. Of course, they can.**

**In our complete winter Robin Hood regalia, we set off well before dawn. I didn’t expect rain but we each had a rain cape just in case, some wearing, some carrying. In our backpacks, we also carried our breakfast and lunch. Some of us carried stoppered gourds around our necks. Some carried hatchets or axes and some new tools we had made. Of course, we all carried a spear.**

I wanted to be at the isthmus before mid-morning to gather oysters for a couple of hours, have lunch, and then start back home by a little after noon. If we found any turtles or porkers, that would be even better. I wanted to return home about five PM so we could have a hot meal for dinner. In twelve hours we would do about six hours of walking and six hours of foraging for food.

We stopped for breakfast just as the sun was peeking over the horizon, had a pit stop, girls to the right and boys to the left, and then started again. That's when the singing started: Hi Ho, Hi Ho, It's Off to Work We Go, You Are My Sunshine, Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie - a new one we were learning for the New World Chorus - and anything else somebody knew.

At the isthmus, the first thing we wanted was a big fire. I used Little Boy to scrape the tinder off driftwood and Toby showed us that he could use a fire-starter to get the kindling burning. Anna slowly fed the fire while the rest of us scoured the beach for dry driftwood.

We had something new: five short bamboo sticks with little woven baskets at the ends. We intended to work in pairs with males prying the oysters off rocks and females catching them in the basket and then dumping them on the beach. That way, we kept more of our bodies out of the cold water.

Matt said he knew how to shuck so I assigned that job to him and asked Anna to help him. In her pregnant condition, I refused to let her get chilled and she reluctantly agreed to help Matt. I asked Pyotr and Petra to look for driftwood and to keep the fire burning. Pyotr wanted to try his hand at prying the oysters off but he reluctantly accepted his assigned job.

All the rest of us stripped and paired: Jean-Nicole with me, Iain with Caitlyn, James with Sam, and Toby with Renée. We all groaned and squealed when we waded out in the cold water. I was distracted for a moment by the sight of four pairs of protruding nipples and taut breasts. Then I couldn't help but smile at the sight of four shrunken and frozen dicks and scrotums. The guys quickly started prying oysters off the rocks and the gals started catching them.

After a while, I looked around, smiled at Anna, and then looked for Petra and Pyotr. I didn't see them until I looked farther down the isthmus. I yelled at them to stop and, when I had their attention, told them not to get out of my sight.

We harvested oysters for a while and then returned to the fire to thaw our frozen parts. Eight of us were standing around the fire, some

naked, some in rain capes, turning backs and fronts occasionally, and trying to keep teeth from chattering when I heard screams, frightened screams.

I looked toward the western end of the isthmus and saw something almost unbelievable. A juvenile pig was running toward me chased by Lucky, barking like mad, followed by Pyotr and Petra, screaming and running as fast as possible, and being chased by a big sow, mad and grunting. I assumed it was a sow because I knew boars didn't protect their young and because the pig's tusks were relatively small.

I knew the kids were in real danger. I quickly became cool, grabbed my spear, and ran toward the procession. The little porker ran by me with Lucky almost at its rear. Pyotr and Petra had the sense to separate and run on each side of me. I had a split second before the momma pig was on me. Still running toward her, I held my spear back and, at the last second, shoved it forward with all my cool strength into the sow's chest.

The combined momentum of our bodies had to go somewhere and it threw me into the air, heels over head. I twisted, landed on my feet behind the pig, stumbled and almost fell forward, but then straightened up. I turned and saw the sow down on her side. Matt had his spear in the side of its chest and it looked like he had all his weight on the spear. The pig's legs were wildly kicking in what I knew were dying spasms.

Maybe I was putting on a show but I calmly took a couple of deep breaths and walked over to the pig. My spear had gone at least a meter straight into her. Matt's spear looked like it had gone completely through her and the point was probably in the sand underneath her. I quickly shoved Big Boy down in the sow's throat, cut outward, and danced out of the way of the spurting blood.

I looked up and my eyes met Matt's and I nodded and smiled at him. He nodded and smiled back. I looked around and saw everybody looking at us. I waved to them and smiled broader.

The little squeaker was still trying to evade a barking dog hot on his hooves. For a moment I wanted to let it go but I knew I shouldn't. Pyotr and Petra and Lucky had been chasing it. It was theirs to kill.

"Let Pyotr and Petra kill it," I yelled, and they quickly took up pursuit, spears raised and ready. The rest of us used our bodies and spears to keep the little pig corralled and it ran around in circles, squealing shrilly. Lucky kept up the pursuit, barking madly. The twins ran behind Lucky, yelling at the top of their lungs, both intent on killing.

Petra finally managed to get her spear into its front leg and then it squealed even louder and fell. Pyotr shoved his spear in its body, perhaps into its heart, and it stopped running and squealing. The twins stood there over their kill, looking around and grinning.

I stood there for a moment listening to the slight breeze and the surf on the south side of the isthmus, wonderful peace and quiet, no more shrill squeals or screaming. Then I realized we had one big pig, one little pig, and some gourds full of oysters to carry home.

“I thought I told you two not to get out of my sight,” I said to Pyotr and Petra. I was smiling so they knew I wasn’t mad.

“We didn’t, David,” Pyotr said. “You just didn’t tell Lucky. We were bent over picking up driftwood when the little pig flew past us with Lucky hot after him. We didn’t see him at first because he wasn’t barking. Then the momma pig came flying too and that’s when we ran and started screaming for you.”

“David, were you cool?” Caitlyn asked. “I’ve never seen anything like that, you shoving your spear in that sow and flying through the air, especially when you flipped and landed on your feet.”

“I didn’t mean to do that,” I answered, truthfully. “When I stuck her with my spear, our combined momentum threw me through the air. I was just lucky to land on my feet in sand. I could have landed on my head on rocks.”

Then I thought about what we had done. We had some gourds full of oysters to carry home. We had a little squealer to butcher and carry home. We had a momma sow to butcher and carry home. There were twelve of us, six men and six women. I wanted to give Anna a light load. Could we do it? I thought we could but first I wanted to finish our oyster harvesting.

“Pyotr and Petra, if you want to try harvesting oysters, strip and get your little butts in the water. I’m going to get enough more for us to fill up six gourds. If anybody wants to help, let’s do that before we have lunch.”

The twins stripped, waded into the water, and promptly started squealing again. I shook my head and joined them. Others joined us and we quickly got enough oysters to fill the gourds and to have a few baked and raw for lunch.

**We threw a huge pile of driftwood on the fire and then huddled close to thaw out and to have lunch. Strange – all the guys tried raw oysters and only two of the girls. We all ate one or two baked in the ashes.**

**I wanted to carry the little squealer home intact except for entrails, maybe to let Jean-Nicole prepare us a roast suckling pig. I guessed its weight at twenty pounds dressed and that seemed a reasonable load for two. I picked two females for that task: Petra and Anna. With its feet tied to a bamboo pole, I thought they could easily carry it.**

**In six gourds I estimated we had three gallons, about twenty-five pounds of oysters and liquids. I picked Caitlyn and Renée for that task. With the stoppered gourds tied to another bamboo pole, I felt that was a light enough load for them**

**I guessed the weight of the momma pig at about one hundred sixty pounds, slightly less than I weighed. I had six guys and two gals, Sam and Jean-Nicole. I decided to cut off the head since I wanted to have the brains for breakfast the next day and then to make head cheese out of the rest. Maybe that would be enough for Sam and Jean-Nicole.**

**I knew I was going to have to reduce the weight of the carcass enough for the six guys to carry it. We had the unpleasant task of removing the guts but retaining the organs like the liver and heart. Matt and I dragged it close to the water, cut it from asshole to throat, and then held it upright over water while James and Toby cut and pulled the stomach and guts out. Nobody puked. Maybe we were becoming accustomed to what we had to do to survive. Then Matt and I threw the carcass on a big rock and did the butchering job. We cut the front legs off, strung them on a bamboo pole for James and Toby, cut the hind legs off for me and Matt, and then left the ribs and backbone for Iain and Pyotr.**

**When we started home, all of us carrying one end of a bamboo pole, there was singing for a short while but then the grueling job of climbing the mountain with a load quieted us all. We got home about six, tired but happy and hungry for leftovers. I felt proud of our small colony and the way we were able to provide food for us. I made sure to congratulate all of them for their uncomplaining efforts in bringing our food back home.**

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**I called for a meeting after breakfast one day to consider just one topic: whether we should accept the new arrivals from Iain's and Renée's old world. I expected to have a lot of discussion on the topic but I was surprised. Pyotr was the first to raise his hand.**

**“I’m not up on all this Robert’s Rules of Order stuff but I’d like to make a motion right now. Is that OK?”**

**“A motion requires a second before consideration, Pyotr,” I said, “I’m not up on the rules either. From now on, would you assume the duties of Parliamentarian? After a second, we’ll discuss the motion until somebody calls for a vote. If seven vote for your motion, it passes and we will all abide by it.”**

**“OK. I move that David make the decision by himself about whether we accept any more people or not. I trust him to do what he thinks is right for the rest of us.”**

**“Second?” I asked.**

**“I second the motion,” James said.**

**“Discussion?” I asked.**

**There was none. Nobody raised a hand. That wasn’t what I expected.**

**“Call the question,” Toby said. “Is that the way you’re supposed to do it.”**

**I looked at all the smiling faces. I couldn’t believe it was going to be so easy. I had agonized over the decision for days and had almost made up my mind. When I asked for their input, they were all willing to leave it up to me.**

**“All in favor of the motion, raise your hand,” I said.**

**Eleven hands were lifted. That was an unexpectedly short meeting.**

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**What did we do during a winter month in paradise?**

**Iain is becoming a leader for us in his own way. I have neither the background in music and dance and related arts nor the time to study them now. Iain, a young man from a world in another universe, seems to be fascinated by music and dance from my world. He studies the subjects, teaches all of us, leads all of us in performances, and often entertains us by singing in his beautiful tenor voice, by dancing, or by playing something on his tallum. He never criticizes. He always encourages. Aimee is now putting the songs on our tablets and that helps a great deal in practice and performing.**

I wish I had his grace of movement or his ability to sing. I enjoy dancing, ballroom or waltzes, especially with Anna. I also enjoy singing even though my baritone voice will never equal his tenor voice.

One night, we entertained ourselves with two classical productions. Caitlyn and Sam performed the Flower Duet from Lakmé with the rest of us as a massed chorus. Then Pyotr and I performed Figlio Perduto or Lost Son by Beethoven with him as the son and me as the father and, this time, with separate male and female choruses. Maybe that was enough serious singing for one night. After that, we belted out all sorts of songs like our favorite, You Are My Sunshine, After the Ball, and other golden oldies.

Another night, in the central hallway, Iain performed the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor by Bach on his tallum – twice. The first time was, according to him, pure Bach. The second was his jazzy interpretation of the same music. I was amazed that his instrument could fill up the hallway with what sounded exactly like an organ at full power. His tallum really bounced it off the walls. Everybody cheered and agreed that we wanted to hear that again and again.

Next Toby and Matt performed in The Sorcerer's Apprentice by Dukas. Toby played the part of Mickey Mouse, Matt was the Sorcerer, and all the rest of us were magic brooms. Toby did things Mickey never did: a back flip holding a broom, a front flip, and then a jump over the broom while holding it with both hands. In the end, the magic brooms threw real pots of water at Mickey.

Occasionally, we gathered in the central hallway for dancing, if marching can be called a dance. We paraded around the hallway to Colonel Bogey March, trying to whistle with the march but succumbing to giggling much of the time. We marched twice more, trying to be serious but not succeeding. We waltzed to The Blue Danube and a couple of others, and then lowered the lights and slow danced. Anna made us change partners a couple of times and nobody protested. I danced with Anna, Jean-Nicole and then Renée and I enjoyed the music and dancing so much I didn't even have a hard-on hiding under my loincloth.

We stayed busy indoors when the weather was bad. The Mouseketeers made a paste out of olive oil and ashes and painted a hop-scotch diagram in the center hallway and it wasn't unusual to see somebody hopping through the diagram on their way to another room.

The Kiddy Krew, as they sometimes call themselves, also is researching how to make different colors of paint. In the hallway,

they've outlined three squares with six times four circles inside and they want to paint the circles in different colors so they can play Twister. Two or maybe four participants for each square. More squares when needed. That's naked Twister, of course. I think all the adults will play with them.

We've made Iain-wood bows for all who want one, all the guys plus Anna and Jean-Nicole. The others have chosen bows which are easier to draw. We've put up targets at the far end of the central hallway so we can practice our archery skills indoors. The double doors behind the targets seem impervious to arrows and there are lots of misses. Some of us are quite skilled at archery, some merely competent.

We've also made wooden swords and we practice our swordsmanship with those. The Kiddy Krew, especially, love to dress up in Robin Hood attire and have mock sword fights. So far there have been no serious injuries, only some bruises. Jean-Nicole is by far the best among the females. Maybe Toby is best among the guys.

We have frequent exercise classes in the central hallway now and usually everybody attends. When the weather is good, the males often go for a long run up the mountain a distance, through a loop to the side, and then back down. The women usually don't participate in that because it's too hard on their breasts. Jean-Nicole and Sam have made themselves support bras and they run with us on occasion.

Everybody seems to have a study class or two with Aimee. Matt and I are studying building techniques and I know James and Toby and Iain are studying agronomy. Some are still taking sex classes and maybe that's because Aimee shows them a movie if they do their lessons.

We were sitting at the dinner table one night when Caitlyn asked me whether Aimee is real. Of course, Aimee was listening and she answered. She said that she is real, that she exists in her own universe which she perceives by means of electrical impulses moving rapidly within her. Then Aimee asked Caitlyn if she is real because she exists in her universe in the same way. James asked Aimee if she worries that she will cease to exist if the source of those electrical impulses is cut off. Aimee said she ponders the meaning of her existence and wonders if she will continue to exist if all electrical impulses within her cease to flow. I told Aimee I wonder the same thing and I have no evidence that I will continue but it doesn't worry me. I've too much alive and in love with life to worry about what happens when all my electrical impulses cease to flow. I thought about that conversation with Aimee for days after and finally concluded that it was all a mystery for which I'll never have an answer.

**And that's the way it was for another month in paradise.**

**I almost forgot. We also enjoyed sex, lots of sex, constant sex, in various permutations and combinations. Fucking, sucking, licking, dicking, groping, goosing, squeezing, pleasing. SEX!**

### **Chapter Forty-Three**

**On the third day after their dispute began, in spite of my admonitions, James and Sam again brought their argument to the dinner table. Instead of sitting side by side as usual, they were on opposite sides of the table diagonally away from each other. During dinner, they hardly looked at each other. I decided to do something.**

**I walked over to their table, grabbed them both by their wrists, and pulled them back to the table where Anna was still sitting.**

**“Anna, would you move down to the end seat, please,” I asked. “Turn away from the table.”**

**When she did, I turned Sam loose. “Sam, get on your knees close to Anna’s right side.”**

**She hesitated for a moment and then knelt beside Anna’s legs. I turned James’ hand loose and sat down on the seat on the other end, leaving an empty seat between Anna and me.**

**“James, get on your knees on my left side,” I said.**

**He looked at me, eyes squinted, lips tight together, defiant.**

**“No!”**

**“Do what I said!” I commanded.**

**“You can’t make me.”**

**“Yes, I can, James,” I said forcefully but calmly. “You know I’ve got the strength to make you do anything. I can make this painful for you.**

**I can really hurt you. I can make you beg me to stop. I'm not going to make you. You're going to choose to do it."**

**He glared at me a little longer. I winked at him and hoped nobody else saw me. He got down on his knees beside my legs.**

**"Now, you two take off your loin cloths and bend over my lap and Anna's. We're going to spank you. You've been acting like bad children for three days. We're going to treat you like bad children."**

**Sam released her loincloth and bent over Anna's legs from the side. A moment later, James bared his butt and leaned across my legs. I put my left hand on his smooth bare butt cheek with my fingers almost in his crack, slid it down over his testicles, then back up. I put my right hand on his back between his shoulders and pushed down with some strength.**

**"James, you and Sam hold hands and don't turn loose until we're through."**

**I looked around at all the others.**

**"I want you all to line up," I said, trying to keep my voice serious. "We're all going to give them two licks and I mean good ones. I want to hear a loud slap when you do it but don't bruise them. I want to see two red butts when we get through."**

**As soon as I said that, I gave James two hard slaps, one on each cheek. He jerked and tensed but he didn't make a sound. I looked at Anna. She gave Sam two good whacks. Sam was looking at James. She didn't say anything either. James was holding both of her hands in his. I looked up. Jean-Nicole was waiting. She gave James two and then Sam two, hard enough to sting anybody's butt. I let three more spank them and then decided to change the arrangement.**

**"Sam, you and James change places," I said.**

**Without a word, they swapped. I looked down at her little derriere. Both cheeks were red with handprints. I put one hand on her soft butt cheek with my fingers almost in her crack, slid my fingers down over the lips of her pussy and back up, put the other hand on her back, and pushed down with a little strength. I quickly made her beautiful**

derriere a little redder and she whined a little. “Next,” I said and the other four waiting in line spanked Sam and then James. Sam whined a little louder. James grunted.

“OK, both of you stand up,” I said. They did. James had a boner pointing up. He grinned but his eyes were moist. Sam’s cheeks were wet with tears.

“Now, listen to me,” I said. “If you can’t settle your arguments like adults, come to me or Anna or both of us. We’ll try to help you. If we can’t, I’ll call a conference and all of us will do our best to help you. Just don’t go to bed angry with each other at night and especially don’t bring your quarrels to the dinner table. The rest of us don’t want to hear you arguing. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Father,” James whispered. He looked me in the eyes and winked.

“Yes, D...Father,” Sam whispered.

“Now, there’s one more thing I want you to do and after that you’re free to do anything you wish. I want you to hug each other. Just wrap your arms around each other, put your cheeks side by side, and close your eyes. Stand there for a while and think about what you’ve been doing for the last three days. Then I want you both to say something in each other’s ears: I love you. I was wrong. I’m sorry.”

I hoped James understood his remaining role in this little farce. He needed to be his usual loving and kind self, to console Sam, to apologize profusely for causing her to be spanked, to tell her he loved her, and probably to end by making gentle sweet love to her.

I looked at Anna. She was smiling. I stood up. I didn’t have a boner like James but I had a semi-hard-on tenting my loincloth. I held out my hand to Anna and we left the kitchen and walked, hand-in-hand, to our bedchamber. I thought about letting her spank me. Maybe I would.

The next morning, James and Sam sat together at the breakfast table, smiling at each other like two teen-agers in love, both bubbling over with jokes and teasing and fun. Perhaps my solution to the problem was the right one. I had no idea what their argument was about.

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Twenty-six days had passed since Renée's arrival. If the previous schedule was followed, I knew that the next arrival was imminent. I had to announce my decision. I called for a meeting after breakfast.

"I've made my decision," I announced to the assembled crowd and waited until all eyes were on me.

"We will continue to accept new arrivals, even if they are from Iain's and Renée's old world. If they're like Iain and Renée, I believe we won't regret having them come here. I also think our chances of surviving and prospering will be greater with their knowledge and technology."

Pyotr raised his hand. I nodded.

"That's good, David. That's the right decision. Now may I make a motion?"

I looked around the crowd. Everybody was smiling. No frowns. Was that it? Had they accepted my decision so easily? I smiled too and nodded to Pyotr.

"I move that we have another sex play party to celebrate."

I called for a second.

Matt seconded the motion.

"Discussion?"

"Aimee, when do we have a window of opportunity for all the females to fully participate?" Anna asked.

With six females with different periods, except for Anna, I knew what she meant. Pyotr probably didn't. I saw an expression of puzzlement on his face. Petra leaned over and whispered in his ear. He grinned.

**“In two days, Anna,” Aimee replied. “All females will be able to have coitus without worrying about their menses. I can not answer as to whether they will wish to participate.”**

**“All in favor of the motion raise your hand,” I said and watched as twelve hands came up. Maybe the chair isn’t supposed to vote but I wanted to play too.**

**“I don’t think we should have a sex play party without some guidelines,” Anna said. “David and I think our parties should be more about love and not totally about sex.”**

**“Anna, we can’t have discussion without a motion before us,” I said. “Would you like to put that in the form of a motion?”**

**“I move that we divide our play party into two parts,” she said. “One part should involve all of us as a group playing at sex but with certain parameters as defined by the group. The second part should be solely one male and one female making love either in privacy or in the room with the rest of us.”**

**I looked at her and smiled. She had made a good motion which would start us in the direction we both wanted to go.**

**“Second?”**

**Jean-Nicole seconded the motion.**

**“Discussion? We need to set up parameters to our group play.”**

**“Shit,” Toby said. “Let’s all just get naked and get in a pile.”**

**“Toby suggests we all get naked and get in a pile. Would anyone like to expand on that idea?”**

**“Yeah, let’s cover the floor of one room with mattresses and then turn out the lights and play it in the dark,” James said.**

**“OK. The suggestion is that we all get naked in a pile on mattresses in a room and play in the dark. Would any of you ladies like to expand on that?”**

**“Yes, I would,” Jean-Nicole said. “For the second part, if we’re going to choose partners to make love, I don’t think we should let you guys park your penis in a pussy until then. First part should be just oral sex, foreplay. Everybody must do oral sex on somebody. When you touch somebody you must do oral sex to him or her.”**

**“I like that,” Caitlyn said. “For the first half, we should all just use our hands and mouths.”**

**“Yeah, but if it’s dark, and I can’t see who I’m groping, what if I grab hold of a guy?” Pyotr asked.**

**“You suck his dick, dummy,” Petra said and giggled.**

**“It would be more fun if we swap around,” Sam said. “I think we should have Aimee call for a swap like every minute or so and we should limit the whole session to thirty minutes.”**

**“You want us to scramble around, naked, in the dark, find somebody not already claimed, and do oral sex on him or her until Aimee says swap? Is that right?” Anna asked. Sam grinned and nodded.**

**“You mean, if I find a guy and somebody is already sucking his dick, I could go sit on his face?” Sam asked.**

**“Yeah, but if a guy finds you and offers you his dick, you’ve got to suck it.” James said.**

**I held up my hand so I could summarize the suggestions.**

**“The suggestion is that we all get naked in a pile in a dark room and do nothing but oral sex and swap every minute for no more than thirty minutes. We can do oral sex on anybody of the opposite sex or the same sex, both guys and girls. A single individual can be both a giver of oral sex and a receiver at the same time. Is that about it?”**

**“I don’t think it’s fair,” Sam said. “What if a guy comes in my mouth? I can’t come in his the same way. Do I have to swallow it?”**

**“She’s right,” Caitlyn said. “Maybe she could kiss him or another guy and make them swallow the load.”**

**“Are you guys OK with that?” I asked.**

**“Yeah, but I don’t think she has to give it to another guy,” Pyotr said. “She could give it to another girl.” He giggled. Toby nodded his approval.**

**I waited but there were no more suggestions.**

**“Are you all satisfied with the parameters of our play for the group session?”**

**“Yeah, but what’s a parameter?” Toby asked.**

**“It’s how long David’s dick is, dummy,” Jean-Nicole said, and hit him behind the head. He yelped louder than necessary.**

**“I’m going to assume you all understand the parameters which attach to Toby’s motion,” I said. “Would one of you like to call the question?”**

**“What does that mean?” Renée asked.**

**“It means that discussion is ended and we’re all going to vote on whether to have a sex play party with the parameters we suggested,”**

**James said, “I call the question.”**

**I called for a vote and twelve hands went up.**

**“Now we need to decide what we’re going to do for the second half,” I said. “Is there a motion, maybe one easier to handle.”**

**Anna held up her hand. “I move we should let the women choose their partner for the rest of the night, someone other than their usual partner, to have slow loving sex. Aimee should randomly choose which female goes first, second, and so forth. A chosen male cannot refuse.”**

**“I second the motion,” Caitlyn said.**

**I called for discussion but there was none. I called for a vote and twelve hands were raised.**

**“OK. Two nights from now, as soon as dinner is over and we’ve cleaned the kitchen, we will all have a communal bath together and then get naked and get in a pile in a dark room. After that the ladies will choose their gentleman for the rest of the night.”**

**That provoked some raucous cheers, some giggling or laughing, and more than one obscene remark. James whispered something to Sam and she frowned and hit him in the back on the head. He yelped loudly, of course.**

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**Getting naked and getting in a pile in a pitch-black room didn’t work out as well as I thought it would. Perhaps it would have been better if the ladies had not added another parameter: in searching for a place to use mouths, hands could not touch sex organs, only mouths. That meant we had to nuzzle around in a heap of naked sweating bodies with our faces until we found a place to use our mouth or our tongues.**

**At first, I was sure I would be able to tell the difference easily. All I had to do was to use my face to find a chest and if it had breasts it was a woman. Maybe if everybody had been still my approach would have worked but everybody seemed to be constantly twisting and squirming and moving. More than once, I moved my nose over a belly expecting to find a pussy for my tongue and instead I bumped into a hard dick laying in ambush for my mouth.**

**I identified some of the females I licked. Petra was the smallest and Anna was the largest and I was pretty sure when I licked Petra’s little pouting pussy and Anna’s familiar bouchi. Iain’s and Matt’s dicks were the largest in girth, Toby’s and James’ were long but smaller around, Pyotr’s precious peter was the smallest. But still sometimes I didn’t know whose pussy I was licking or whose dick I was sucking. I guess it didn’t really matter.**

**And allowing just one minute before Aimee called time wasn’t long enough either. More than once, I had just got started with my tongue in a pussy or my mouth on a dick and trying to figure out whose it was when Aimee announced it was time to change.**

**And, damn, it was hot in that room. Maybe twelve squirming moving bodies were the source of all the heat but it was slippery fun and**

sweaty bodies and crazy grunting and squealing and I was dripping sweat before we'd been in the pile for more than a few minutes.

I don't know if anybody had an orgasm. None of the guys came in my mouth. None of the gals gave me a load of semen when I kissed them; at least I suppose they were gals. All the guys who needed to shave were beardless, except Matt who had arrived with a short black beard and still kept it, and except for him it was impossible to be sure whether my mouth was on a woman's lips or a man's.

But, damn, it was fun and I'd do it again, with some different parameters.

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"I choose David," Renée said.

I looked at her, half lying, half sitting, slumped down on the mattress, propped against the wall, all sweaty, rosy from exertion, and I knew I was looking at everyman's wet-dream desire. She was looking at me out of the corners of her eyes, maybe an exhausted look, maybe an I'm-ready-to-be-fucked look.

Her blonde hair was tangled but still framed her beautiful face. She was breathing through her partially-opened mouth, perhaps recovering from scrambling around in the pile. Her moist lips were full and heavy and pink. Her breasts were two absolute delights, two milky rounded swellings of vanilla topped with strawberry aureoles like a mound on a mound, little nipples soft and virginal and almost non-existent. Her stomach wasn't soft and flabby; it was almost hard and I could see the underlying muscles heaving up and down as she breathed. Her long legs were close together, between them a scant covering of blonde pubic hair, nothing showing of the opening there.

Aimee called the order of which female was to choose. Petra was called first and she chose Toby. He grinned, held his long slim penis straight out toward her, followed instructions and knelt at her feet.

Jean-Nicole was called next. She chose Matt. He grinned just as widely as Toby, followed instructions, stiff penis pointing almost at the ceiling, and knelt at her feet.

Renée was called third and, surprise, she chose me. She'd had me once and I wondered why again. My hard-on led me over in front of her. I followed instructions and dropped down to my knees.

Anna was called next. She chose Pyotr and it was easy to see he was pleased by her choice. He almost danced over in front of her, dick red, rampant, and ready, and knelt before her.

I knew which the last two couples would choose. They really had no choice since each female was required to choose a new partner for the night. Sam chose Iain and Caitlyn chose James and the two males danced over in front of their females for the night led by rigid erections. When they knelt, I wondered if I had looked so ridiculous on my knees with my head down low and my butt up in the air, balls dangling loose and low.

I looked around at everybody and saw that they all seemed pleased, both with their choice and at being chosen. I stood up, held out a hand to Renée, and pulled her up against me. She put her hands on my butt, pressed her stomach against mine and, of course, sandwiched my hard penis between our bellies. She lifted her face to mine and I leaned over and kissed her. I briefly looked up, saw five other couples in various stages of a kissing embrace, and then kissed Renée again. Her tongue invited me in and I challenged it to a duel for dominance.

Hand-in-hand, Petra led an obedient Toby out of the room. Jean-Nicole led a smiling Matt. Renée led me. I quickly glanced at Anna and saw her smiling at me but with her arms around Pyotr. I think she mouthed the word "Enjoy." The other couples, I suppose, followed and we all went to different bedrooms.

I didn't know what to expect but the females had evidently planned well. Renée led me to a freshly-made bed with smooth sheets. I knew we were going to mess up the sheets more than a little. I started to put my arms around her but she put her palms on my chest and pushed me away.

"Would you like to shower with me first, David?" she asked. "I'm all sweaty."

**“No. I’m sweaty too but I want you just as you are.”**

**“Are you sure?” she questioned. “I think there must have been more than six guys and five other girls. I lost count of the dicks I sucked and the pussies I licked. My bouchi feels like it’s drooling down my legs.”**

**“Yeah, I know how you feel,” I said. “If we ever do that again, I think we ought to have longer than a minute to find somebody to lick or suck. It seems like Aimee was calling time just as soon as I got started.”**

**“It was fun,” she said. “Now what do you want to do?”**

**“I thought you ladies were supposed to be in charge tonight.”**

**“We are but maybe what you want and what I want will be the same.”**

**“I hope so. I want to give you a tongue-bath. I want to lick all the sweat off you. I want to kiss you and lick you and suck your little strawberry nipples until I taste cream. I want to lick your little pussy until you have a few orgasms and tell me to stop. Then I want to slide my tianga in your drooling bouchi and give you a good fucking.”**

**“I think that’s what I would like too,” she said and sudden leaped upward. I caught her ass just in time and she wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. I could feel her wet bouchi touching the head of my tianga and I wanted to impale her immediately. Somehow, I resisted the urge and saved it for later.**

**She leaned her head to one side, I instinctively leaned to the other and she tried to shove her tongue down my throat. I let her swab my tonsils without retaliating for a moment and then I invaded her territory. For a while, that was all we did, me standing there just inside the bedroom with her clinging to me with arms and legs and both of us dueling with our tongues.**

**She pulled her face away and said, “Lift me. Lift me like you did last time. I liked that.”**

**I put my arms in her armpits and slowly lifted her and watched as her delicious breasts passed in front of my face and then her taut**

stomach. She squealed and I resolved to give her good reason to squeal. When I saw her little split mound with its light surround of fine curly blond hair, I looked up and saw her head almost touching the ceiling. I lifted a little more and heard her head bonk against the ceiling.

“Ouch, damn it, David, that hurt,” she said.

I lowered her back down and she again wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. She stuck her little pink tongue out at me. I stuck mine out and wiggled it. She stuck her tongue out again and I leaned forward and sucked on it.

I wanted to use my mouth and tongue on other places so I walked over to the bed, slowly leaned over, and eased her down on the bed. I quickly pushed her back, lifted her legs, and splayed them in a sexy V with her glistening bouchi at the bottom. I dropped to my knees, bent over, still holding her legs, and started sucking and licking first one delightful breast and then the other. She moaned loudly. Maybe I was sucking too strongly. I tried to be gentle but I wanted to get her entire breast in my mouth.

After a while, I licked a path down over her vertical navel to just above her pussy and then licked up first one thigh and then the other. Damn, I tasted salty sweat and pussy juice and something else all intermingled and it was like an aphrodisiac. My dick liked it but I told it to wait a little longer. The insides of her thighs were so soft and smooth and I loved licking them. She moaned softly and I took that to mean she liked it too.

I pushed her legs out to the side so they were almost splayed horizontally, dropped down a little and sought out the place where her vagina was hidden in all the coral flesh, and started tongue fucking. She squealed again. I kept doing it and I tasted her arousal. Maybe my dick drooled but her pussy flooded.

Finally, I licked from her little pink pucker, over the widespread lips of her pussy, and all the way to the little button at their apex. It felt like a little penis to my lips and tongue. I sucked on it and licked it and then sucked even harder and licked some more and then she really squealed as she came. I turned loose of one leg and stuck two fingers

in her vagina and kept sucking. Her pussy clamped down on my fingers and I sucked and licked and finger fucked until it finally relaxed and got even more juicy and softer.

I stood up, crawled in the bed, and started to drag her around. She surprised me. She pushed me down on my back, crawled on top of me, showed my tianga where to go, and, in a couple of ups and down, she engulfed it until her soft ass cheeks were pressing down on my tolos. I didn't protest. I liked it her way. I liked it my way. I liked it anyway.

For a moment, she sat there gently squirming around and a little bit up and down. I looked up from where we were joined to her face and saw her eyes closed and a grin that said she liked what she was experiencing. I reached up with both hands, lifted her breasts with my palms, and caught her erect nipples with my thumbs and fingers. She smiled even more.

"I'm going to fuck you," she said, and she did. I lay there unmoving except for lifting my head to look at her face and lowering it to look where my glistening tianga was sliding in and out of her bouchi. I held her breasts as best I could with her moving and used my thumb and one finger to roll and pinch her little nipples. Just watching her face, I could easily tell when she came. Her face gradually changed from a closed-lips smile into a frowning grimace and her little bouchi tried to squeeze the juice out of my penis.

I allowed her about half a minute to recover and then lifted her by the hips. I turned my beast loose, fucked up into her for a brief while, and then shoved her down with every inch of my tianga in her and emptied my balls against her cervix. She really squealed then, almost a scream.

The second time, she wanted me on top. I obliged.

I slowly slid my dick in her juicy pussy, loving the heat and wetness and tightness of her vagina. When I thought most of my dick was in her and my slack scrotum was resting on her soft ass cheeks, I paused for a moment to savor the delicious feeling. That's when she asked me a question.

"David, do you love me?"

**Did I? I thought for only a split second, knowing what answer I'd best give.**

**"Yes."**

**"I love you too. I've been thinking a lot about love. I love you and I love Iain and I love Matt and Toby. When I get around to James and Pyotr, maybe I'll love them too. Does that make sense?"**

**"Yes, I love all the women here. It's not just sex. It's love too. You're all wonderful lovable women."**

**"But I love Matt and Toby in different ways."**

**"How?"**

**"Well, Toby is the most wonderful lover any woman could want. He puts me ahead of himself and I usually come three or four times with him. Sometimes he drives me out of my mind, maybe before he even gets his tianga in me."**

**"And Matt?"**

**"Matt's not as good a lover but I'm strongly attracted to him. He's all male and he's dangerous and sometimes he fucks me so hard I feel like I'm helpless but loving what he does. Sometimes I'm afraid of Matt, never Toby."**

**"Which tianga do you like best?"**

**"Neither. Toby's is long and slim but it fills me up and he knows how to use it to please me. Matt's is bigger around but it fills me up the same way and I like it when he loses control and just fucks me."**

**"Are you finally going to make up your mind which one you want?"**

**"I think I already have. I think Jean-Nicole wants Matt and I want her to have him. I want Toby when I settle down and get married. I think I want to have children with him."**

**“That’s good. You should surrender yourself to loving one man as completely as you can. That’s what Anna and I have done. We have a degree of intimacy and love that makes us like one person sometimes. It seems we’re one body and I feel both her orgasm when her cervix is gasping for my semen and my penis is pumping it out almost directly into her womb. I don’t think you can achieve that unless you really surrender to loving another person. It forms a bond that I think is unbreakable.”**

**“I hope Toby and I can be like that. Sometimes I think we are.”**

**“Why are you telling me this? Do you want my approval? I may be the leader but I’m not when it comes to affairs of the heart.”**

**“I know. We swap back and forth, you know. Some nights the four of us get together and Toby will make love to me while Matt is with Jean-Nicole. Then after they both come one time, we swap and make love again and each one gets sloppy seconds. That’s what Matt calls it.”**

**“I hope you understand why we have the sex parties, Renée. We want to foster a strong feeling of love in everybody, not just a love for one person but a love for every woman here. Every man, too, but I don’t think we have to have sex for that.”**

**“Why not? Matt and Toby have had sex together while Jean-Nicole and I were with each other. Sometimes they watch us and sometimes we watch them.”**

**“Chacun à son goût.”**

**“What does that mean?”**

**“Everyone to his taste.”**

**“Or her taste. Do you have that taste?”**

**“I suppose. In some ways. Sometimes I feel like a friend to Iain. Sometimes a brother. Sometimes a lover. I’m more like a father with James and Toby. I’m just a friend, maybe a brother, to Matt. I’ve given all four blow jobs.”**

**“You don’t think it’s bad to have sex with someone of the same sex?”**

**“No, as long as it fosters love. James was abused by a foster father. That fostered hatred and was wrong.”**

**“Well, he certainly loves Sam. They may have sex with other partners but I think they’re already strongly committed to each other.”**

**“I think so too.”**

**“Are you going to move your ass or are you going to just lay here on top of me?”**

**“I’m ready if you are.”**

**She had her arms around my chest and her ankles locked over my ass while we were talking. I reached down with my right arm, put it behind her knee, and pushed back. I did the same with my left arm and she was bent almost in half and her pussy was at a perfect angle for me to ream it out.**

**I started slowly as usual, just luxuriating in the feelings as my dick slid in and out of her hot liquid pussy and I gradually moved my ass faster and harder. I didn’t resist when my beast assumed control and I fucked her as hard and as fast as I could. When I felt the first twinges of coming, I fastened my mouth on hers and tongue-fucked her too. When I came, hard and almost painful in how good it was, she screamed into my open mouth. I didn’t feel her little bouchi squeezing.**

**“Did you come?”**

**“No, but I don’t need to.”**

**I moved down over her, still holding her knees almost in her armpits, and fastened my mouth on her pussy like a leech and sucked a whining groaning orgasm out of her. I tasted our combined dick-juice and pussy-juice when I licked over her drooling vagina but I was still so damned hot I didn’t care.**

After that, not a word was said. She backed up to me and I spooned up to her and tucked my completely-satisfied dick in the warm juicy spot between her legs. I cupped my hand under one hot sweaty breast, kissed her on the back of her neck, and gave up for the night. I didn't give a flying fuck in a forest fire what drooled out of us onto the sheets.

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Two days after our sex party, we, six males, no females, decided to go hunting. Matt and Iain and I invited the three male Mouseketeers to go with us and they jumped at the chance. We didn't even ask if any of the females wanted to go. We simply announced the decision as a fait accompli. The females didn't protest but we got a few frowns and more than one pink tongue stuck out at us.

We had been cooped up on the day after our party by a cold blustery rain. I knew that if a frontal system moved through one day, the weather would probably be sunny and cold the day after. Deer would probably try to shelter during the rain and would be hungry and foraging the next day.

We decided to split up into small teams as usual, with me leading a team with Iain and James and with Matt leading the other with Toby and Pyotr.

We all carried a spear as usual and a bow, the Brute for me. As part of weapons training all of us had practiced carrying a spear in the right hand and a bow notched with an arrow in the left. If we wanted to use the bow, we quietly laid our spear on the ground or dropped it and then used our right hand to draw the bow. I'd made the others practice it until we were all quite fast and accurate at it.

After an early breakfast, we went down the mountain and then split into teams. Matt and I wanted to try something. His team split off and went toward the east. My team continued down the mountain a few more minutes and then went to the east as well. The idea was that if his team spooked some deer, they might flee down hill and run right into my team.

The idea worked. We'd been quietly walking for a while when I heard the sounds of fleeing deer. James was leading our group with me in the middle and Iain bringing up the rear. James and I dropped our spears and drew our bows, ready. That's when disaster struck.

A large buck bounded over a bush, touched ground once, and then collided with James. He had no time to get off an arrow before the buck lowered its head, swung it up, caught James on its antlers, and threw him backwards. He might have tried to defend himself by grabbing the antlers but it happened so fast I couldn't tell if he was successful. He landed on his back with a whump.

I knew the buck might try to gore him while he lay there defenseless and I knew I had to do something. I ran a few steps, launched myself at the deer, hit it with a body block near its front legs, and knocked it down. I didn't want the buck to get away so I quickly scrambled around, sat down astride it, grabbed it by the antlers, and pulled its head back. Its front and hind legs were kicking back and forth wildly but it couldn't get any traction when on his side.

"Iain, get Big Boy!" I yelled. "Cut its throat!"

After Iain and Anna and James and I killed the bear on the isthmus, I had trained Iain and the others in the best way to cut an animal's throat. Iain did it perfectly. He pulled Big Boy out of my scabbard, got behind the deer's head, and, with both hands, shoved big boy down in its throat and cut outward. It worked. Red blood fountained up and quickly subsided into strong flows. The deer's struggles gradually subsided.

I quickly went to James. He was still flat on his back, unmoving, and I saw pain and fear on his face. His eyes and mouth were open but he didn't seem to be breathing. He was holding his lower abdomen and seemed frozen. While I watched, he gulped once, twice, and then started gasping to get more air into his lungs through his open mouth. I knew I should try to see how badly he was hurt. Iain knelt beside him on the other side.

"James, hold on to Iain's hands. I'm going to look at your belly."

**“David, it hurts,” he said and his words showed his pain. He turned loose of the clothing on his belly and grasped Iain’s hands.**

**“Let’s give it a few minutes and see if you feel better,” I said. “Maybe it just knocked the breath out of you.**

**I looked at his tunic, saw some rips, but I didn’t see any blood. I gently peeled the tunic up and saw a chemise. It was also torn in one place and I could see a second chemise under the first one. I was relieved a little. Maybe three layers of clothing had prevented something serious.**

**I tugged the first chemise up and then stopped. Below where I knew his belly button was, I saw a small amount of blood around a pucker in the cloth. I eased the third layer up and felt a little resistance as the cloth was pulled out of the pucker and away from his stomach. That scared me. I didn’t know what to do if his stomach wall had been penetrated and the chemise pushed into the opening.**

**I gently rolled the second chemise up on his chest and looked at his belly. He had three bad scrapes that started a few inches below his belly button and extended up to his chest, maybe a foot long. All three were oozing a little blood. The middle one was the one where the chemise had stuck and where there was more blood. I knew I should reassure him.**

**“You’ve got three scrapes from the deer’s antlers, James,” I said. “I think your clothing saved you from something bad. Can you put your finger where it hurts the worst?”**

**He promptly put his finger on the bottom of the middle scrape. I looked closer. The skin was definitely broken and seemed to be pushed in a little. I used my cool vision to home in on the bloody little pucker but I didn’t see anything that indicated his abdominal wall had been penetrated. I decided to try something.**

**“James, I want you to take a deep breath, hold your nose, and then push down like you’re trying to shit. Can you do it?”**

He nodded and did what I asked. His whole stomach bulged but I saw no change in the place where the antler had almost penetrated him. I was no medic and I didn't know what to do. I looked up at Iain.

"Iain, can you go up the mountain and yell for the others?" I asked. "I think they're close and we're going to need help."

Iain quickly started up the mountain, yelling for Matt. Moments later, he returned with Matt following and Toby and Pyotr behind them. I held James hands in mine to reassure him while Iain explained what had happened and then I looked up at Matt.

"Matt, I think you and I should carry James home as quickly as possible. From the outside, he doesn't seem to be injured badly but he could have internal injuries. Anna will know what to do."

"What are we going to do about the deer?" James asked, barely able to speak.

"We'll get it later," I said. "You don't worry about it. We need to get you home."

"David, I want to take the deer with us," James said. "I can walk. You and Matt can carry it."

I looked at Matt. "What do you think we should do?"

He looked around at all of us, at the deer, and then back at James. He held out his hand to James and said, "Stand up."

James struggled to his feet. I saw that Matt had not really pulled him up. He had just provided a hand for James to pull on. James swayed a little, moved his feet farther apart, and grinned at me.

"Walk with me," Matt said, and James managed to walk with him. They walked around the deer and then returned to where I was still squatting. I could see that James was hurting but he managed to grin again as though he had proved something.

**“Let’s try it his way, David,” he said. “You and I can tie the deer’s legs to a spear and carry it. Iain and Toby can help James walk. Pyotr can carry stuff.”**

**“What if James can’t walk all the way?” Toby asked.**

**“We can leave the deer somewhere and string James up on a spear so David and I can carry him,” Matt said without grinning.**

**“Hot damn,” Toby said. “Can we have him for dinner?”**

**James showed him a middle finger. They were both grinning.**

**“Can I say something to the deer before you guys string him up?” James asked.**

**I had no idea what he wanted to say but I approved anyway. “Sure.”**

**He walked over to the deer and looked down at it. “I’m sorry, Mr. Buck. I apologize for us killing you. You sort of exploded out of that bush and all I could think was how beautiful you were and what a magnificent creature you were and then you got me. I want to eat some of your heart for supper so maybe I can grow up and be like you. Maybe Iain and David would like some of your heart too. Is that OK?”**

**On our way back home Iain and Toby led the pack and helped James. He walked reasonably well at first, his arms around their necks, one of theirs around his waist but before we were home I could see him struggling and relying on them more and more. Matt and I carried the deer all the way home with no problem. Pyotr brought up the rear, carrying extra bows and quivers and spears, still trying to sing the Hi Ho song with a voice that couldn’t decide whether to sing like a boy or like a man.**

**We stopped beside a stream to rest once and Matt and I field dressed the deer. Toby and Iain and Pyotr offered to help but I told them to save their strength to carry James and other stuff the rest of the way.**

**As soon as we got home, I removed the deer’s heart, put in a pot, and told Pyotr to take it to James so he could tell Jean-Nicole what he wanted. I hung the deer in the cooler to let it age before I butchered it.**

Anna thoroughly examined and questioned James and prescribed pain pills and bed rest with someone sitting with him. Sam volunteered but she didn't exactly sit; she crawled in their bed and cuddled up to his side and held his hand in hers. He slept through lunch but was awake and at the table for supper.

Our dinner arrangements that night were different. Six males sat at one table and were served and waited on and pampered by six females. We ate a stew made of deer heart and potatoes and onions, fried pork cutlets, a casserole of scalloped oysters, mixed garden greens braised with olive oil and garlic, and lots of fresh bread. The six of us were each served a portion of the stew. I expected the heart meat to be tough and tasteless but Jean-Nicole somehow had made it tender and delicious.

The six females sat at the other table except when they were jumping up to make sure we had everything we wanted. They didn't even ask for help from our table when they cleaned the kitchen.

James had a badly bruised stomach, all purple and red and yellow for days after, but no serious or permanent internal or external injuries. For three days he had to pee in a pot and then let Anna look at it to see if there was any blood in his urine. He had pain pills for two days and didn't act like his usual mischievous self. He had six women lovingly taking care of him so maybe he was faking a little.

Matt and I had a long talk the next morning and he asked if I was grooming him for leadership when I let him decide what we should do to get James home. I lied and said I hadn't thought of it but I said I probably wouldn't have decided anything differently from the way he did.

A couple of days after our hunting trip, James and I happened to wander into the toilet to piss at the same time. We both did it the same way, held our loincloths to the side with our left hand, held our dicks with our right, and pissed somewhat competitively. When we started to walk away, I gave in to an urge and pulled him against me with one hand behind his head and one arm around his chest. He wrapped both arms around me and squeezed. I held him for a

moment, both of us quietly breathing, his head nestled against my throat and chest.

“What was that for?” he asked, as we started to walk back out in the hallway.

I stopped and looked at him. Perhaps he was a boy when he came to be with me but he was a young man now. He still had that infectious grin, long hair almost down on his shoulders, slim hard body. He was a beautiful young man.

“James, you called me father after we spanked you,” I said. “I’m not but I love you like a father. I wish you could know how I felt when I saw you lying on the ground after the deer got you. I hope you and I both live to a ripe old age and I hope I never stop loving you like that. I’m proud of you and I hope my son will be like you.”

He grinned at me and winked.

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A little before our usual time to start the day, Aimee announced our newest arrival to Anna and me. I asked her to call Iain and Caitlyn in a few minutes and then call the others but ask them to wait until they were called to come to Aimee’s room. She described him as a beautiful young boy and she was certainly right.

I needed only one word to describe our new arrival. Boy! No other words were necessary to label him.

He was sitting in Aimee’s recliner in very good posture, his head upright and steady, his calves dangling at the end of the chair, his arms straight by his sides, and his hands holding onto the end of the chair. His small penis was erect and uncapped and protruding from between his legs. He was looking around with evident curiosity. As soon as Anna and I walked in, he turned to look at us and smiled, a warm happy smile.

He was another beautiful boy, just a boy, just on the cusp of turning into a man. His hair was a rich brown and was long and tangled, curling up on his neck. His eyes were brown too and were squinted,

perhaps at the bright light. His nose was still a boy's pug nose. His lips perfect and full and pink. Perfect white teeth showing in his smile. Chin flawless with a little dimple in the middle. And finishing his beauty: freckles, lots of them, brown freckles across his cheeks and the bridge of his nose.

I couldn't see any sign of a tan on his body – just flawless smooth skin with no white stripe around his hips. His penis looked like that of a boy just beginning puberty, maybe five inches erect, pubic hair very sparse, testicles larger than a boy's but not yet a man's.

“Hello,” he said and looked both of us up and down. He didn't seem surprised that we were naked.

“Hello,” Anna and I said at the same time.

“You must be David, David Blunderbuss,” he said, looking at me and then shifting over to Anna, “and you must be Anna Conda. They told me the leader would be a really tall guy and he would be with a beautiful tall woman.”

“Those were our last names,” Anna said. “We're married now and we've chosen a new last name. It's Guerrier. Who're you?”

“I'm Brian, Brian Stuart,” he said. “That's not my original name. My parents chose Stuart when they came to your world and I chose Brian because it's something like my original first name. Where are Iain and Caitlyn?”

“We're here, Brian,” Iain said from behind me. I turned and saw him and Caitlyn walking in. “Do you know me?”

“No, I just know about you. They said you came here from Ireland, where the transporter is located. I came from a group in England. We were located near Southend-on-Sea, east of London, on the coast of the North Sea. They said you would be with a little blonde angel and, yok, they were right.”

“Yok?” Caitlyn said.

**“That’s an exclamation something like damn in our original language,” Iain said.**

**Aimee was watching from her screen. “David, Brian was awake and alert almost as soon as he arrived. Perhaps he had an easy journey.”**

**“Brian, everyone who has made the journey before you has arrived with a full bladder.” I said. “Do you need to pee?”**

**He looked down at his erect penis, then back up at me, and smiled again, self-consciously.**

**“Yeah, I need to go.”**

**He slid off the end of the recliner and tried to stand. I could see from the expression on his face that he was dizzy. I reached out toward him and he grabbed my right hand. I put my left hand under his arm.**

**“Brian, most of us have experienced some dizziness from the journey,” Anna said. “Hang on to David and Iain and let them help you to the toilet.”**

**“OK, I really do need to go,” he said, still smiling with what I’d call an appealing smile. He took a few steps, still holding my hand and then stopped. He was very unsteady on his feet. Iain held him by his other arm and the three of us went to the toilet and lined up at three adjacent urinals. Brian reached down and held his penis. Nothing happened.**

**“I’ve got to piss too, Iain,” I said. “How about you?”**

**“Yeah, me too.”**

**We shuffled up a little closer, and started pissing. Brian looked at me pissing, then at Iain, and that was all the stimulus he needed. He bent his dick down to horizontal and started another stream.**

**With a detour to fit him in a loincloth, we helped him back to Aimee’s chair to see whether he needed to be medicated. He said he felt better than he did after playing soccer at school and was able to stand for Aimee to take all his measurements. I asked her to give him the same**

clearance as all the others. She knew to restrict him from entry to only one room. After that, he didn't seem surprised when he was given four hugs. He grinned more after naked breasts than after naked chests.

He asked me if I would call all the others and I did. As they were introduced, he got more hugs. He seemed to linger longer with Renée than with the rest of us. He whispered something to her and she nodded and grinned. Lucky gave him a sniff test, decided he was acceptable, and licked his cheek. Brian beamed and scratched Lucky's head.

When he finally got off his knees with Lucky, he looked around at all of us and his face broke out with a beautiful smile, even more so than James face when he arrived.

"I've got some things I'm supposed to say but I want to ask a couple of questions first," he said. "Is that OK?"

"Yes, you're free to say anything you wish," I said.

"Are all of you content to stay here together? Are you happy with your new world? Are you satisfied with David's leadership?"

I heard lots of yeses and variations on that. Brian waited until we were all quiet again.

"First of all, I want to tell you that my father and sister are coming here as soon as they can. I have a twin sister who should arrive next and then my father is coming. My mother is dead, killed about two months ago in the London bombing. That's why my father insisted so much that he wanted to come and my sister and I wanted to come too. We just didn't want to stay in a world where somebody would blow themselves up just to kill other people."

"Brian, Renée told us that we were going to have access to knowledge about your world, like its technology and tools but she said she couldn't do it until someone else came. Can the two of you unlock that knowledge somehow?" I asked.

He looked at Renée, smiled, and nodded at her.

**“Yeah, we can unlock it. We’ve both got to say the same thing to Aimee and then she will be a repository for knowledge about our world just like she is for knowledge about your world.”**

**“How old is your father?” I asked. “What can you tell us about him?”**

**“He’s not old. He’s just forty-three. He and my mother were childhood sweethearts and they had my sister and me when they were both twenty-nine. He’s a scientist and I don’t understand what he does. He says he will act as a translator or something in helping you with our stuff. He says he needs to be occupied with working so he doesn’t think about our mother so much.”**

**“Well, you’re going to be occupied here,” James said. “I was almost killed by a deer a week ago. My stomach’s not usually this color.”**

**He pointed to all the purple and yellow scrapes and bruising on his abdomen. I assumed he was trying to make Brian think of something other than his mother’s death.**

**“Yok,” Brian said.**

**“Yok?” Toby questioned.**

**“Yok is an exclamation something like damn in our old language,” Iain explained again.**

**“Hot Yok!” Toby exclaimed. “I like it. I’m multilingual now.”**

**“Yeah, multi-cunnilingual,” James said.**

**Toby showed him a finger. James showed him one back. Sam and Jean-Nicole hit them on the backs of their heads. James yelped. Toby said “WhatdidIdo?” Brian looked bewildered.**

**“Brian, you might as well get used to the way these kids are with each other,” I said. “They love to do anything to provoke us to laughing. It’s all in fun.”**

**“Brian, when your sister comes, does she have a boyfriend,” Pyotr asked. “Do you have a girlfriend?”**

**“No, not yet.”**

**“Well, you’ve got one now. Her name’s Petra and I highly recommend her. Maybe you’d put in a good word with your sister for me.”**

**“Let’s leave the match-making for later,” I said. “Brian’s got something else to tell us.”**

**“I have but could I just tell you the important stuff first. I’m thirsty and hungry and maybe I could sleep for a while after I eat something. I’ll try to answer questions later.”**

**“You could sleep in the room with Pyotr and me if you want to,” Petra said. “We’d like that.”**

**“Let him tell us his message and then we’ll feed him and you can put him to bed,” Anna said.**

**Brian grinned that wide smile again. “The first thing is that if Renée and I say the same thing to Aimee it will unlock all of her knowledge of our old world. She’s had it all along but just didn’t know it. The second thing is that Aimee will then be able to send a person back to their place of origin in their universe. The people at Southend recommend that people travel no more than two times so I suppose I’m stuck here because I’ve already done that. Sending inanimate things like tablets is no problem so you can communicate with them. They want to know everybody is well and happy here. They want you to send them a tablet with pictures of everybody. If you send them a tablet with a message about what you need, they can send supplies. Are you ready for me and Renée to say the words to Aimee that will unlock all this? Are you ready, Aimee?”**

**I was speechless, thinking of all the implications of his message. Aimee wasn’t.**

**“Yes, Brian, I am ready.”**

**He looked at me. I nodded.**

He took Renée's hand in his and they moved directly in front of Aimee's monitor. They both said the same thing: "The frog is dead." At least that's what it sounded almost like. I assumed that their password was in their original language.

Aimee blinked rapidly a few times, cocked her head to one side, and smiled.

"Well, that's interesting," she said.

## Chapter Forty-Four

"Well, that's interesting," she said.

"What's interesting, Aimee?" I asked.

She didn't answer. She held one finger up to her lips, blinked rapidly a few times, moved her head around erratically, and smiled again and again. I waited. The rest of us waited. I wondered how long she was going to remain in a trance.

"Aimee, perhaps you could wait to assimilate all your new knowledge for a while," Brian said. "You could do that at night while all of us are sleeping. You should return your attention to David and the rest of us."

I was impressed with the way Brian spoke to Aimee: authoritative, familiar. It made me think that perhaps he was accustomed to conversing with an avatar and, if he was, maybe personal avatars were ordinary in his world.

"You are right, Brian," Aimee said, and focused on me. "Excuse me, David! There's just so much!"

"What's so much?" James asked.

"James, my knowledge of your world is like memories I can recall when needed. I think my memory will be doubled or more when I have assimilated all of the knowledge of Iain's world."

**“Well, we can wait,” I said. “For now, I think we need to give Brian his bath, feed him, and put him to bed for a while. Petra, would you lead him to the bathing facilities?”**

**She took Brian’s hand in hers but he stood still, a puzzled look on his face.**

**“Why do I need a bath?” he asked. “I can bathe myself.”**

**“Petra, would you explain why we want to bathe him,” Anna asked.**

**“Sure. Brian, we give all newcomers a ritual bath to wash away all the worries and problems and pains of their old world. This is your new world and we want you to be happy and loving and peaceful with us.”**

**I thought that was a good explanation of why we gave a bath to each one who joined us. Petra led the way to the bathing chamber holding Brian’s hand and the rest of us followed. Brian was washed from head to toes. Matt and I scrubbed his long hair and made sure he was able to stand. The rest crowded around and, as much as possible, rubbed him with a soapy wash cloth or with naked hands. Six females rubbed him with their breasts as well and he smiled even wider.**

**We deliberately left his genitals to last. All of us backed up except Petra and she had that task. She gently washed his tolos and then pushed his foreskin back and rubbed his red-headed tianga until it was rampantly erect. He smiled even wider if that was possible. Petra was already acting as if he was meant for her. They were looking in each other’s eyes in a dream-like manner.**

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**The night of Brian’s arrival, I asked Iain and Matt to come to our bed chamber as soon as we were through with dinner. Anna looked at me, shook her head at my lack of manners, and told them to bring Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole with them. My only excuse was that I had been lost in thought all day and I was still pondering our changed circumstances.**

**Anna and I dropped our loincloths beside the door as usual and the other four did the same. We had only one bench for sitting in our bedchamber so the six of us crawled in the same bed alcove. Anna and I propped against the back wall with Iain and Caitlyn to our left and**

**Matt and Jean-Nicole to our right. We all grinned while trying to work out an arrangement for six pairs of long legs.**

**“Jean-Nicole, are you going to be with Matt from now on?” Anna asked.**

**“I think so,” she said, smiling at him. “If he’ll have me.”**

**Matt smiled back at her and nodded. “I will, if you’ll have me.”**

**“Well, Jean-Nicole, your duties have just expanded,” I said. “In addition to your cooking and nursing work, you’re now part of the leadership council. There can be only one leader but I need advice from others. Please help keep me on the right track.”**

**She nodded and I began.**

**“First of all, Brian presents us with a new problem. He’s already started into puberty and that makes a young kid horny as hell all the time. I can speak with authority on that.”**

**“Why is it a problem?” Jean-Nicole asked. “Let us help him with that. He’s cute as a button and I’m sure all the females will be glad to lend him a hand. Maybe a mouth and a pussy too. I volunteer.”**

**“I’ll be glad to help with that,” Anna said. “He is a cute little kid. I volunteer too.”**

**“Well, I volunteer too but I want him first,” Caitlyn said and giggled.**

**“No, he’s mine.” Jean-Nicole said and laughed.**

**“Girls!” I said and waited until they stopped giggling.**

**“Yes but his circumstances are different,” I said. “He’s still got a parent for guidance in growing up. Anna and I sort of adopted Pyotr and Petra because they had nobody. When Brian’s father comes, I don’t want him angry because of how we’ve treated his son. What’s he going to say if he sends his virginal son here and then, when he comes, finds his son has already had sex with six women?”**

**“Why should he be angry?” Caitlyn asked. “How do we know he’s virginal?”**

**“Caitlyn, I may be the leader of this group and I may rely on others to guide me but there’s one relationship I do not want to change. That’s the relationship of parents and children. I want a father and mother to assume the responsibility for guiding and teaching their children, especially about sex. We should accept their parental authority even if they make mistakes occasionally.”**

**“But his father’s not here yet and won’t be for a couple of months,” Matt said. “The rest of us are OK with what we do about sex. Let’s just include him. I know what it was like at his age too. I had a perpetual hard-on. I could beat off before breakfast and my dick was hard again by mid-morning.”**

**“Look, we set customs with almost everything we do,” I said. “Brian’s twin sister is coming next. What would her father say if he finds she’s already had sex with six guys, maybe seven if Brian does it too?”**

**“David, if Brian’s father was worried about that, why would he send his children first?” Jean-Nicole said. “He could have come first and the children could have come later. I think he trusts us to do our best with them. If they want to have sex, we should allow them to participate with us and teach them to do it lovingly.”**

**“Anna, what do you think?” I asked.**

**“I agree with Jean-Nicole. If the kids want sex, we should let them enjoy it and teach them to do it with love,” she said. “If Brianne doesn’t want to do it yet, none of the guys will bother her. She will be safe with us.”**

**“When she sees her brother fucking like a rabbit, how’s she going to feel?” Caitlyn asked. “Especially if everybody else is doing it too?”**

**“I’ll talk to her and make sure she knows she doesn’t have to do anything unless she wants to,” Anna said. “I’ll play momma for a while.”**

**“That’s another thing we’ve got to think about,” I said. “Brian didn’t seem too traumatized by the death of his mother but I suspect he’s just trying to be a brave young man and put on a good face. We’ve all got to help them with that until their father arrives.”**

**“David, we all agree with you that we want to emphasize love in our colony,” Iain said. “Trust us. We’ll all be very careful with the kids until their father gets here.”**

**“I think they may have been chosen because they’re a perfect fit for what we need,” Anna said. “Pyotr and Petra may be sleeping together but we know they don’t consider themselves a permanent pair. They both want to have different mates. Brian and Brianne seem like a perfect match for Petra and Pyotr. Maybe that’s why they were chosen.”**

**“Well, what about the father?” I asked. “If his wife was killed two months ago, I don’t imagine he’s ready to have a new one. He’ll be the oldest guy here and we don’t have anybody for him.”**

**“Not yet, anyway,” Matt said. “Maybe they’ll send someone else, maybe from our old world, to be his mate. They want us to mix our DNA together. That would match three couples from different universes together.”**

**“Four if we count me and Caitlyn,” Iain said.**

**“Five if Renée stays with Toby,” Jean-Nicole said.**

**“And until a mate arrives for Brian’s father, the women here can keep him sexually satisfied,” Caitlyn said. “I don’t think any of us are likely to fall in love with him.”**

**I decided to close that topic. “So do we all agree that we let the new twins enjoy sex if they wish and just try to guide them and let somebody else worry about a mate for the father?”**

**I looked around and got nods from everybody.**

**“OK, now how shall we proceed?” I asked. “I mean, who’s going to get Brian’s cherry, if he still has one? Seriously, now.”**

**“I think we should do like we’ve done with Renée and Matt,” Jean Nicole said. “Let him have sex with all the women, one at a time. Start with Anna, then Caitlyn, then me, Sam, Renée, and finally Petra. Maybe he won’t wear his little dick out in a month or so.”**

**“I agree,” Caitlyn said, “but I’d like to make a suggestion. I think it’s time to let Matt and Jean-Nicole play with David and Anna. Iain and I played with them a few nights ago. They could let Brian play too. We could kill two birds with one stone, so to speak. And his dick’s not so little. It’s already big enough to satisfy a woman.”**

**I looked at Anna. She smiled and nodded. “It was fun, wasn’t it, the four of us together? With Brian, Jean-Nicole and I would have to take on three guys in one night and I’ve never done that. Jean-Nicole, would you and Matt like to play with me and David, with Brian sort of like whipped cream on a cherry for dessert?”**

**Jean-Nicole giggled and looked at Matt. He nodded to her. She nodded to Anna.**

**“I’d love to help initiate him but I think he would be more like an appetizer, not a desert.”**

**“Yeah, let Brian do both of you first while Matt and I wait and watch,” I said. “I’m a voyeur and that would be better than a porn movie.”**

**Anna grinned and said, “Well, I don’t mind being a porn star just as long as you guys don’t jerk off in my face after you fuck me. I’m not going to stick my tongue out and try to catch it.”**

**“I second that,” Caitlyn said.**

**“I third it,” Jean-Nicole said. “Maybe I’ll let Brian do it. I’ll bet his semen will taste as sweet as sugar.”**

**“OK. Next topic,” I said, knowing I’d never understand women. “I want somebody to take on the job of preparing our first communications back to wherever. I think there ought to be two missiles sent. One would be pictures and information about all of us here, including a history. Aimee, can you prepare us a listing of the major events such as marriages and killing the bear and stuff like that?”**

**“Yes, David,” she answered, “I can give the one who prepares the missile a great deal of information about all of you. Preserving your history is one of my responsibilities.”**

**“Iain and Caitlyn, would you accept that job?”**

Iain nodded and looked at Caitlyn. She nodded.

“Good. Second topic. We need to consider carefully what we want sent to us in supplies and tools and things like that, not food. Matt, would you and Jean-Nicole assemble a list for the six of us to review. Ask everybody what they really want or need. We should request important stuff in our first shipment, not toys.”

Matt nodded and looked at Jean-Nicole. She smiled and nodded too.

“I’d like to make up a list of food and spices too,” she said. “There are certain things I miss in cooking. We can leave it up to them as to when they send it.”

“Can you give us an example of what’s important, David?” Matt asked.

“Sure. I want us to build our first outpost within a year or so, a log cabin near the isthmus. There are stands of pine trees there that would be perfect. We need the tools to do it.”

“What tools?” Matt asked. “Aimee, remember this please.”

“Yes, Matt, I make a record of all leadership councils,” Aimee said from across the room. “I can easily retrieve it word for word even though you imperfect humans cannot.”

“Don’t be a smart-ass, Aimee,” he said. “We’re not perfect like you but we love you anyway. We are your friends.”

“Yes, Matt,” Aimee said, contritely. “You are my friends.”

I could almost see her, bottom lip protruding, pretending to cry. I loved her sense of humor.

“I want at least six draw knives. That’s a two-handed blade used to strip the bark off trees. I want at least three cants and three peaveys to turn logs. I want a dozen wedges to split logs. I want a couple of sledge hammers. I want six froes. I can make the mallets. I want some sort of wheeled arrangement, a damn strong one, to move logs. The pines are growing on a reasonably level area and we need something to move them so we don’t have to drag them.”

**“What’s a cant? What’s a peavey?” Matt asked. “What’s a froe?”**

**“A cant is a strong pole about six feet long with a hook on a blunt end. A peavey’s the same except it has a spiked end. They’re used as levers to move logs. A froe is an L-shaped tool with a vertical handle and a knife at the horizontal bottom. It’s used in making pine shingles.”**

**“David, why don’t we just ask for the metal parts of all the tools?” Matt asked. “We can make the wooden parts ourselves. We might ask for a couple of big tents too. Then some of us could spend two or three days down there.”**

**“You’re right. I like those ideas, both of them. Anna, anything you want?”**

**“Yes, I’d like to have some nursing bras before the baby comes. I’ll need some cloth baby diapers too. I’m sure all the females will have some personal items they want. I’d like to have a sewing machine and thread and needles and stuff like that,” Anna said. “I’ve already heard some women wish for something different to wear, me included.”**

**Baby? Nursing bras? Diapers. I knew I had to think of her first and other stuff later but I wondered if I was going to have to change diapers. Maybe I could go bear hunting instead.**

**“OK. At dinner, I’ll announce that Matt and Jean-Nicole are going to be compiling a list of requests for our next shipment, all important stuff, nothing frivolous. Anything else? Anybody got any questions.”**

**“I do, David,” Jean-Nicole said. “It’s about a different subject though.”**

**I looked at her and nodded.**

**“Anna’s told me about you and her making love and how sometimes you become one, like you’re the same person instead of two different individuals. Would you tell Matt and me the same thing?”**

**I looked at Anna. Would she mind if I talked about the most intimate thing in our lives. She nodded.**

**I thought for a moment and then started. “First of all, you’ve got to totally surrender yourself to loving the other person, not just when**

**you're having sex but all the time. I don't think it can happen unless you can learn to love someone else so deeply and completely that you feel you can't live without them. Then it can happen."**

**I watched Matt. His eyes were squinted and he seemed to be hanging on to my every word. I shifted to Jean-Nicole. Her face was the same.**

**"For me, maybe it's most likely to happen when I'm on top of Anna and she has her arms around my chest and her legs locked around my waist with one heel bumping me right at the crack of my ass. We're against each other, belly to belly, chest to breast. She's got her pelvis tilted up a little so I've got the maximum penetration and every centimeter of my dick is in her pussy. We probably couldn't get any closer together physically. She knows the position I'm talking about."**

**I paused and looked at Anna. She nodded and smiled.**

**"I've got my forearms beside Anna's chest or maybe slightly under her back with my hands curled around her shoulders so she can't get away from me. My mouth is on hers and we're kissing and our tongues are fighting or maybe just playing. I think sometimes our breathing and heart rates synchronize."**

**Matt reached over and held Jean-Nicole's hand. I reached over and held Anna's. I looked and saw Iain holding Caitlyn's.**

**"Becoming one is a very rare experience though. I can be moving my hips slowly and gently or maybe really pounding her and it can happen either way. It's almost always when we're both coming at the same time. That's when I feel it, like I've got a penis and a vagina both and my balls, I mean our balls, are pumping out our sperm and our prostate is squirting our semen out and our cervix is gasping and swallowing and our penis is so deep in her, I mean us, that the semen can't go anywhere but through her cervix and into her womb. That's not right because it's not my penis then, it's ours, and there's no separate her and me. It's not easy to describe because there's no me, there's no her, we're one, and we've got...shit, I can't describe it. Separate pronouns don't work when it happens. We're just one and it's the best experience I've ever had. When we separate again, I want to cry because I want to be one with her forever."**

**"Are you still recording, Aimee?" Jean-Nicole asked.**

**“Yes, Jean-Nicole. David can be quite eloquent at times.”**

**“Do you think we could all try it, six of us, here in your bed?” she asked. “I’d like to try it with Matt.”**

**I looked at Anna and she was smiling her approval. I looked at Iain and Caitlyn and they were smiling. I nodded.**

**<><><>**

**The next day Brian was a charming endearing beguiling, wonderful boy, full of life and of mischief, looking at everything, asking lots of questions, energetic and eager, smiling and laughing and so happy that it was infectious. I could imagine the little girls swooning when he turned that smile on them.**

**That was just indoors. When we dressed and went outside, his eyes opened even wider and he smiled enough to show all his perfect white teeth. The rest of us just watched as he ran up and down the terraces and around the gazebo, looked everywhere, and then looked at us and grinned his happiness.**

**Petra and Pyotr led him around and showed him everything, often holding his hand, either one or both of them. He almost danced with delight when he was introduced to Lightning and his family. Then when the chipmunks chased Lucky, caught him, and attacked his belly, he laughed until I thought he would bust something.**

**That was in the morning. In the afternoon, Jean-Nicole wanted to have fresh fish for dinner so we all went down to the lake and fished, something Brian had never done before. He laughed and squealed every time he caught one. Matt and I let the others do the catching and we did the gutting and de-heading. The fish were all game fish and needed scaling but I usually waited until I was home to do that. We returned with three back-packs full of fish, enough for perhaps five or six meals.**

**The entrée for dinner that night was golden brown fried fish and with it we had a huge bowl of hush puppies. I watched four young boys stuff themselves, probably eating more than I did and I had a good appetite. Jean-Nicole said that we were going to have a fish stew made with tomatoes and potatoes and carrots the next night. That was**

another of my favorite meals but then anything she cooked was my favorite.

Anna found time to talk to Petra and Pyotr and to ask them to refrain from sex until she and I had time to talk to Brian. Petra understood and asked if he could at least sleep with her and Pyotr. Anna approved as long as they were all wearing a chemise to remove a little temptation.

That night Anna and I went to bed with smiles after a perfect day. We were lying there with me spooned up to her, quietly talking, when Aimee said that Pyotr was outside our door and wanted to talk to us. He walked in wearing a long chemise which came down almost to his knees.

“David, Anna, Brian’s crying and acting funny and Petra and I can’t make him stop. He tries to talk to us and then he just chokes up and cries some more.”

“OK, we’ll try to help,” I said. “Wait just a minute. I think Anna and I both should put on chemises too.”

In their bedchamber Petra was still trying to hold and comfort Brian. She was spooned up to him, stroking his hair, and whispering to him. He was curled up almost in a fetal position with his eyes closed and face wet with tears.

“Let’s all get in the bed with Brian,” I said. “Pyotr, you first, against the back wall, Anna you next, holding Brian, me on this side with Petra behind me. Maybe I can tell him a story that will help.”

I helped turn Brian so that he was on his side, facing Anna, her body against his. I pushed him so that his chest was against her and his head was cradled against the side of her throat. I wanted the warmth and softness of Anna’s body to calm him while I talked. Anna took his hand in hers and placed it on her breast.

“Brian, I want to tell you a story about a boy I knew. Bad things happened to him when he was about your age,” I said. “He’s a grown man now and he still hurts inside but he’s OK.”

“I hurt inside too, David,” Brian said.

**“I know. I know why you’re hurting. And it’s OK for you to cry. Crying helps.”**

**He didn’t say anything. I gently rubbed his back and shoulders.**

**“Brian, he was twelve years old, an only child of parents whom he loved deeply. His father was an Army officer and his mother was a nurse and the boy thought they were the best parents in the world.”**

**I paused for a moment and listened. Brian was sniffing now, not crying.**

**“His father went on a secret mission for the Army and some bad guys captured him. Then one afternoon, he and his mother saw something horrible on television: a man being beheaded by a jihadist. That man was his father. Do you know what a jihadist is?”**

**“Uh huh, a jihadist blew himself up in a London subway and killed a lot of people including my mother.”**

**“Yes, and it hurts; doesn’t it?”**

**“Yeah.”**

**“Well, the boy was hurt so bad he couldn’t cry and because he couldn’t cry he couldn’t talk. He didn’t talk for about six months. His grandparents, the soldier’s parents, took charge and tried to help the boy and his mother recover. After about six months, he finally was able to talk to his grandfather. They didn’t know it but his mother was almost driven insane by what happened and she relied on drugs and alcohol to mask the pain. Then one day, when the boy was fourteen, she simply disappeared and nobody knows what happened to her after that.”**

**I stopped and listened again. Brian wasn’t sniffing now. He was silent and, I hoped, listening to me. I saw tears in Anna’s eyes.**

**“Brian, the boy went to the Army Academy at seventeen and became a soldier like his father. He knew he had to be a man and not let something bad done by somebody like a jihadist destroy him. He’s a grown man now.”**

**“Yeah, I know,” Brian said. “It’s you; isn’t it?”**

**“Yes, Brian, that boy was me. For years I dedicated myself to being the best man I possibly could. I finally got revenge for the death of my father and mother but I don’t want to talk about that tonight. Maybe in a few days, we can finish the story.”**

**“You’re saying I should try to be a man and not let it destroy me; aren’t you?”**

**“Yes, you should try to be the best man you possibly can. Never forget her. Make her proud of you. Always hold her precious in your heart.”**

**“Did you ever cry?”**

**“Yes, one day a wonderful woman helped me cry.”**

**“Was it Anna?”**

**“Yes, Brian. Now we’re all going to sleep together, the five of us, with you in the middle. We’re all going to be your friends and love you and you’re going to learn to love us back. Do you think you can sleep now?”**

**“Uh huh.”**

**“Aimee, night lights, please,” I whispered, and put my arm over Brian and my hand on Anna’s shoulder. I looked at her and saw her cheeks wet with tears but she was smiling at me. As the light faded, I saw Pyotr’s hand creep over and cradle Anna’s breast. Petra put her hand over my chest and put her hand in the middle on what little chest hair I have. She pulled a tuft of hair and then relaxed.**

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**“David.”**

**I looked up. Anna was standing in front of me, naked, a concerned look on her face. I suppose I had a questioning look on my face.**

**“What are you doing?”**

**What did she mean? I wasn’t doing anything. I was sitting on the side of our bed, naked, waiting for her to finish brushing her hair. My legs**

were spread to give my penis and testicles room to hang down. My elbows were on my knees, my hands on each side of my head. Until she said my name, my head had been hanging down, eyes closed. I was waiting for her to crawl in our bed so I could spoon up to her and be close.

**“I mean what are you thinking?”**

**“About things I’ve done.”**

**“Have you done something naughty?”**

**“No, just about things I’ve done. We’ve done. I was just wondering if I did the right things.”**

**“What things?”**

**“Anna, when I saw James flat on his back after that buck gored him, I thought for a second he might die and I couldn’t bear to think that. I love him, Anna. He’s like a son to me. I want him to live a long and happy life. He’s supposed to be one of the ones who bury me someday.”**

**“Not for many years, I hope.”**

**“After we spanked him, he called me father, Anna. Sometimes I feel like his father, I mean, wanting the best for him, loving him, marveling at the man he’s turning into, proud of him. Maybe we shouldn’t have spanked him. I treated him like a child.”**

**“We talked about that before we did it, David. You wanted them to stop arguing so much. You wanted them to end their dispute without either of them saying one was right and the other was wrong. It worked. Sam said he was the most loving she’d ever seen him afterwards. He held her and whispered “I love you” a thousand times and then they had sex and it didn’t matter anymore who was right or wrong.”**

**“It was your idea.”**

**“Yes but you’re the one who did it. They were like newlyweds the next morning; weren’t they?”**

**“Yeah, but so were we.”**

**“Did you really enjoy me spanking your butt?”**

**“Yeah. My hard-on didn’t lie.”**

**“And maybe you didn’t say “I love you” a thousand times but you said it more than once.”**

**“Did I make the right decision about letting people from Iain’s world keep coming here?”**

**“Time will tell. I know you want to keep on being our leader. You want the best for all of us, to protect us and provide for us. The technology and knowledge from Iain’s world will help us all to survive and succeed as a colony.”**

**“Brian seems like another wonderful kid,” I said. “I agree with Jean-Nicole; he’s cute as a button, whatever that means. I asked him if he’s still a virgin and he said he is. He said he and his sister have played with each other but their parents trusted them not to make love. You’re going to get another little virginal boy.”**

**“I could let Jean-Nicole have him first,” she said. “He could have me second.”**

**“Whatever. Maybe he’ll want sloppy seconds, thirds, and fourths.”**

**“Maybe I can still find time for you and Iain.”**

**“I hope so. Would you hold me?”**

**She knew what I wanted. She moved between my knees, put her hands behind my head, and pulled it up against her soft breasts. I put my arms around her with my hands resting on her soft derriere. I loved to be held by her, with her warm softness cradling my hardness. It made me feel even more loved by her. I didn’t need sex. I needed love.**

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**James sought me out one morning after breakfast. He wanted to go for a walk with me, just the two of us. The rabbit traps needed to be checked. I told the others that James and I would do it.**

**“David, what are we?” he asked, as soon as we stopped at the first trap. There was a young male in the trap. James held its hind legs splayed while I opened its belly and raked it’s insides out.**

**“What do you mean?” I asked. “Help me out a little. What’s bothering you?”**

**“I don’t know what to think sometimes,” he said, wistfully. “I think about what the preacher tried to teach me, you know, that a god created us so we could all worship him and have eternal life when we die and we would all go to heaven and sing his praises. If that’s true, why would I want to do that?”**

**“Have you finished the list of books on religion I gave you?”**

**“Yeah, some stuff I skipped because it was so stupid but I read most of all of them. None of them make much sense but I hate to think we’re just animals and that’s all we are.”**

**I held the rabbit’s paw out in front of him. “What do you see?”**

**He looked intently at the little paw.**

**“Four little things, like maybe toes.”**

**“Where’s its thumb?”**

**He looked at the back of the leg and found a little protuberance.**

**“That?”**

**“Did it have a penis and testicles?”**

**“Yeah, you cut them off.”**

**“Are you and the rabbit built on the same principles?”**

**“Yeah, I guess.”**

**“Is Lucky built on the same principles as you?”**

**“Yeah.”**

**“We call rabbits and dogs animals. Why can’t we call ourselves animals?”**

**“But aren’t we more than just animals?”**

**“We’re very intelligent, James, Homo sapiens, thinking man. Maybe the Latin means wise man but sometimes I don’t know how wise we are.”**

**“What else?”**

**“We’re the only really bipedal primates, we depend upon language, and we create and utilize complex tools.”**

**“But why? What’s it all for?”**

**“Maybe that’s up to you, James. If you’re looking for guidance on how to live your life, look inside you. You can choose whether to show love instead of hatred, to work hard instead of sitting on your ass, to be the best man you possibly can instead of the worst. Maybe you can be content with that.”**

**“Are you? Content, I mean.”**

**“Yes. My purpose is to love and care for all the ones who come here. It’s to bring children into this world with a woman I love and to care and provide for her and our children. I can die content and satisfied with the knowledge that I’ve done my best at that.”**

**“So you’re saying my purpose is to love Sam and have children with her and to care and provide for all of them.”**

**“No, James, I’m not saying that. It’s up to you to say that. You make the choices in your life, not me.”**

**“If I make the choices in my life, what if I say I want to have a last name,” he paused a moment. “Guerrier.”**

**I hadn’t anticipated that.**

**“I’d be proud to share that name with you, James. I wish you were my son.”**

**“I would like to be your son, David. Will you adopt me?”**

**“If you wish, I would be honored to adopt you. We’ll tell everybody else and Aimee can record the official adoption.”**

**“Can I...May I call you dad?”**

**“Yes.”**

**“And you can call me son. I’m James Guerrier from now on. I’m your son.”**

**“I hope my son with Anna grows up to be just like you.”**

**“I hope he’s better. Dad, what happens when we die?”**

**“Son, your children will live on, and their children, and their children and they will all wonder the same thing: what’s the purpose of life? Don’t ask me to tell you. You must decide for yourself. Life’s purpose is what you make it. If you decide life has no purpose, what will you do?”**

**“Shit, I don’t know. Come on. That’s enough bullshit for now. Let’s run to the next trap.”**

**He started to run. I grabbed his arm and pulled him against me. I put my arms around him and held him close and rocked from side to side sort of like my father used to do with me. I started to say something but my throat choked up and I felt tears in my eyes. I held him and breathed deeply a few times.**

**“Thank you, James,” I said. “I wish I’d been your father all your life.”**

**“Well, you weren’t but you are now. Dad, can I have a car?”**

**“Yes, Son. We’ll go car shopping tomorrow.”**

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**“Tomorrow should be clear and a little bit warmer,” I said. “Who wants to go down to the isthmus and get some more oysters?”**

Another cold front had moved through the day before. Today, the day after, was cold and the wind was chilling. The second day after, tomorrow, I knew was usually warmer and the wind usually eased. We had eaten the last oysters almost a week ago. I wanted another oyster casserole and some raw and baked ones while we were down there. I looked around the kitchen and saw everyone's hands were in the air.

"You know what to do," I said. "Pack your backpacks tonight with a rain cape and whatever else you want. Tomorrow morning, dress warmly in layers. We'll eat breakfast on the trail and then have lunch down there. We should be back before dinner time. Jean-Nicole and Anna will help you get the food you want to take. If you need it, Matt and I will help you with weapons. Take a spear as usual and a bow and arrows. Aimee will sound reveille at four forty five and I want to hit the trail by five. We'll eat breakfast at dawn."

"Brian, last time we went, we got a big pig and a little squealer," Petra said. "David and Matt killed the big one. Pyotr and I killed the little one. We had roast sucking pig and, yok, it was good."

"The word is suckling, Petra, not sucking," Anna said.

"Well, David and Matt showed us how to suck the marrow out of its bones," she answered and giggled.

The next morning there was still a partial moon to light the familiar trail and we were well down the mountain before we stopped to eat. Brian might have been unfamiliar with what we did when we went down the mountain but he joined in the singing anyway. Once Petra teased him into singing something in his first language. I didn't understand what he was singing but he had a beautiful boy's voice.

Lucky accompanied us, of course, and was happy to be going somewhere. When Aimee opened the front door, he was the first one out and he quickly disappeared. James had trained him well. He would go off by himself for a short period and then check back with James to see that all was well. If James wanted him to come back, all he had to do was to give two shrill whistles and Lucky came bounding back, tail wagging, tongue hanging out, and smiling, if dogs can smile.

Nobody warned Brian what would happen when we left Aimee's shield and he was surprised when every hair on his head stood up.

The Mouseketeers showed off by moving back and forth at the shield, giggling and laughing at each other.

As usual, we first scoured the beach for driftwood and then started a fire. Matt volunteered to lead the oyster-gathering and the four male Mouseketeers volunteered to be in his crew. They wanted to pitch the oysters to the shore for the females to pick up and bring to me and Iain to do the shucking.

I put the first twenty or so oysters near the fire to bake, slurped down a couple of raw ones, opened some more for whoever wanted them, gave Lucky a few, and then sat down on a rock and started shucking in the pot. This time we had brought a large lidded pot from home. I intended to tie it to a bamboo pole so Matt and I could carry it back home.

When I wasn't watching carefully what I did with Little Boy, I watched the three seasoned Mouseketeer harvesters show Brian how to pry the oysters off the rocks. I smiled at seeing the five guys wading in the cold water: five scrotums drawn up tight, five penises trying their best to crawl in warm bellies, four tight hairless boy thighs and butts, one man butt, hairless in contrast with the black hair on his thighs. And I admired four beautiful boys' buttocks in the process. Their bubble butts were enough to make a priest prey.

Iain kept me busy most of the time handing me one oyster after another, some so large they filled my hand and with a body inside that I wouldn't dare to try to get in my mouth. I ate just the smaller ones and they were cold-weather and salt-brine delicious. Iain and Lucky didn't turn down the ones I offered them.

I had the bottom of the pot covered with a couple of inches of oysters when it happened. Sam yelled, "Bears!" and the rest of the female crew started yelling and screaming too. I stood up and looked. Lucky went running, barking. James quickly came ashore, whistled two times, slapped his thigh twice, and Lucky came back and heeled beside him.

A mama bear ambled out of the boulders followed by two very young cubs. She seemed exhausted, head low, tongue hanging out, gasping for breath. On her heels, the two babies, cute little things, were sticking to her like glue. She wasn't foraging and I wondered why she was almost across the isthmus. Was she fleeing from something?

## Chapter Forty-Five

I felt the cool response flow over me and my hearing and sight were enhanced as usual. I climbed up on a rock to look behind the bears and saw what they were fleeing from: wolves. I stood there, not moving, and they kept coming toward me, not hurrying, just doggedly in pursuit of the bears. I counted three. All appeared to be about the same large size and coloration and I guessed that they were all males.

When the mama bear saw me, she seemed to give up. About ten meters from me, she flopped down on her side, chest heaving, tongue lolling out, eyes closed. The cubs started punching her in the belly with their snouts, perhaps trying to nurse.

The wolves saw me too and stopped advancing. I suppose they were trying to decide what to do. They moved from side to side, always looking at the bears and at me. I knew I had to do something. Maybe I could sound retreat and let the wolves kill the bears but I didn't want to do that. The condition of the mama bear told me she didn't pose a threat to us. I knew wolves were always more of a threat than bears, especially with three wolves and a single exhausted bear. I knew my responsibility was to protect the others under my care. I decided to take the side of the bears and do what I could to either kill the wolves or chase them away.

I turned to look at the others and yelled, "Bows in left hand, spears in right." I watched as they all quickly followed their training and notched an arrow and then picked up their spear.

"Line up on both sides of me, six on one side, six on the other, all across the isthmus," I yelled. "We're going to try to chase the wolves off."

We quickly formed a line of thirteen that extended all the way across the isthmus. Anna was beside me and I saw that the other females were with their man or boy. I saw Matt and Jean-Nicole at one end of the row and I wanted him next to me.

"Matt, Jean-Nicole" I yelled. "Next to me." They quickly moved to where I wanted them, Matt next to me, still naked, holding his bow and spear ready. I looked right and left and saw looks of determination, not fear, on the faces of all.

**“Listen to me, everybody,” I yelled. “We’re going to try to chase the wolves away. If we can’t, we’re going to kill them. I want this line to move slowly toward them. Matt and I will walk around the bears. I don’t think we’ll have to worry about mama bear but Matt and I will take care of her if necessary. Understand? Answer up.”**

**I kept my eyes on the wolves while I listened to everybody answer. I decided to clarify my instructions.**

**“I want everybody to hold their bow with an arrow notched in their left hand, ready to shoot, spear in right hand. If I yell kill, I want you to shoot and then quickly notch another arrow. Don’t look to see where your first arrow went. Be ready instantly with a second arrow. If necessary, let it go without me saying anything. Understand?”**

**As soon as everybody answered, I began to walk slowly toward the wolves and the others walked with me. The wolves watched us carefully but they didn’t seem to be turning away, just curious about what we were and what danger we might present.**

**Matt and I split apart when we approached the mama bear and walked around her. She just lay there panting as the cubs tried to nurse. When we closed ranks again, I saw one of the wolves move in front of the others and I guessed that they might be about to charge. I yelled, “Kill!”**

**I saw a barrage of arrows, mine included, fly toward the three wolves. Two of the wolves were hit and immediately started twisting and biting at what was hurting them. The third one was unscathed and foolishly continued his charge. I notched another arrow but I didn’t release it. I wanted my arrow to be the last one. I watched a second barrage from the others bring the wolf to the ground.**

**Lucky broke ranks away from James and ran to the wolves, barking madly, snapping at them, but never getting close enough to be in danger. He looked tiny compared to them.**

**I yelled, “Spears! Finish them off,” and watched as a bunch of savages quickly grabbed spears and put the writhing wolves out of their misery. Even Petra speared one of the wolves and seemed to enjoy it. I smiled. Lucky grabbed one wolf by the ear and shook it viciously. James made him heel again. Damn, I was proud of our crew. They had followed my instructions without question and we had killed the beasts.**

**Matt and Anna and I walked back to where the mama bear lay on the sand, still almost unconscious, still gasping for breath, chest heaving.**

I knew she was exhausted and perhaps in real danger. I didn't want her to die. I knew we'd have to adopt two bear cubs if she did.

"Matt, go get the oyster pot. See if anybody has any extra water. We're going to see if we can resurrect mama bear."

He returned with the pot and two bottles of water. When I held out my hand, he gave me a bottle and I trickled the water across the open mouth and tongue of the bear. Her eyes opened and she struggled to her feet. I poured just a little water out in front of her and she shuffled toward me. I backed up to the oyster pot and poured the last of the water in it. She staggered up to the pot, stuck her head in, and started gulping oysters. When I held out my hand again, Anna gave me another bottle and I poured it in the pot. I stood there watching the bear slurping up the oysters and water and, when she had licked the bottom of the pot clean, she lifted her head and looked first at me and then at her cubs.

I looked at the cubs and saw some of the Mouseketeers feeding them, breaking off little bits of bread or meat. The cubs were taking the food out of their fingers. Toby was squatting down, Renée was pouring water in his cupped hands, and the cubs were lapping it. Lucky was sitting beside James' leg, tail wagging, tongue hanging out, just as he did when he wanted to play with Lightning and his family. Maybe he regarded the bear cubs as playmates.

Mama bear walked toward her cubs and then stopped, looked at them being fed and watered, and perhaps she understood. She just stood there watching until the cubs had been cared for and the caregivers had backed away. Then she looked back at me again, turned, and walked around the wolves back toward the mainland. The cubs followed.

Suddenly she stopped, looked back again, sniffed the sand, and started scratching at something. I wondered why she was digging. She looked back again at us, led her cubs into the maze of boulders, and disappeared.

Matt and I walked over to where the bear had scratched and some of the others followed. When I looked down, I couldn't believe what I saw. Part of a huge shellfish, something like the end of a football, was uncovered. I looked at Matt. He seemed as puzzled as I was. James and Toby used their spears to dig around the creature. As they uncovered more, it looked more and more like a football with a closure on one side standing upright in the sand. James dropped to his knees and picked it up. The other end wasn't football like; it was

more rounded. Whatever was in the shell, if it was edible, would probably be more than one man could eat.

“I don’t believe it,” I said, in genuine amazement. “Did mama bear just show us how to find something good to eat? Is that why the male bear we killed was out here foraging for something?”

“David, we’re close to the water and I can tell that the waves break over this area.” Matt said. “Maybe that brings food to those things. If there’s one, maybe there are more.”

By now, everybody was standing around looking at what James was holding. I wondered if we could find another.

“Let’s see if we can find another one,” I said. “Look for anything that looks like the tip of that thing. Use your spear to dig a little. If we can find another one, there may be lots more.”

We all did the Sanibel Stoop and looked and poked and dug and within a few minutes Sam had uncovered the top of another just at the water’s edge.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I can’t believe what just happened,” I said. “We just saved the lives of mama bear and her two cubs. Did she just express her gratitude by showing us another food source?”

That evoked a loud discussion which, I think, resulted in some of the crew saying it was gratitude and some saying it seemed like it and the rest saying they couldn’t make up their mind. Nobody took a completely negative position.

I looked up at the sun and judged that we had better get busy. I scoured the pot with sand and seawater while the naked oystering crew stood around the fire trying to get up the courage to go back in the cold water. Iain joined them and we soon had six naked shivering guys throwing oysters back on the sand and six gals in Robin-Hood regalia bringing me oysters to shuck. The ones in the water worked hard, stopping occasionally to turn like a rotisserie before the fire. Jean-Nicole piled more oysters on rocks close to the fire for lunch. My stomach was growling by the time the pot was reasonably full. I shucked the last oysters for anybody who wanted one on the half shell. All of the guys slurped a few, including Brian, and most of the gals.

The naked oystering crew rotated by the fire again and then dressed with the help of attentive females. We wolfed down our lunch and started to leave. Toby reminded me that there was one more task:

getting three wolf tails for their collection. He and James showed Pyotr and Brian how to strip the tail off the bones. We put the two footballs in a backpack unopened and tied the oyster pot to a strong bamboo pole. I guessed it weighed perhaps fifty pounds but I knew Matt and I could carry it and could pass it on to others occasionally. I pondered the behavior of mama bear all the way back home. It certainly seemed like she had deliberately showed her gratitude for saving her and her cubs.

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What else did we do in our new world? We worked on our garden, went hunting or fishing, explored our mountain always looking for anything which was edible, exercised, trained with weapons, read books, studied courses with Aimee, played chess, played hopscotch, talked and argued and discussed endlessly, and, of course, enjoyed sex.

In our garden, potatoes and onions were harvestable though not yet mature enough to dig the potatoes or pull the onions. The little new potatoes and the green onions were real delights. The winter greens were still producing enough in spite of the cold spells. We had plenty of big turnips and rutabagas. After rains, we leveled and repaired our vegetable beds. We planted snow peas and plants like bok choy, and made sure everything was ready for our spring planting of tomatoes and other vegetables. We made our beds for corn and other grains as large as possible on the mountainside. We started lots of different vegetable plants inside and, with Aimee's lighting, they were thriving.

We listened to the radio and sang and danced frequently. Iain and Caitlyn both worked on programs for station I-A-I-N and presented us with popular tunes from years ago, with classical music, with Broadway musicals, and with an occasional opera. Aimee frequently played music while we were working inside or outside within range.

Under Iain's direction, we all sang in the New World Chorus every few days. Our latest attempt was to master selected songs from Showboat, a Broadway musical Iain praised as the best ever written. We sang as male, female, and combined choruses, as solos, and as duets. Matt's rendition of Ol' Man River evoked goosebumps on me. Iain and Caitlyn sang Why Do I Love You and the beauty of their young voices mesmerized me. James and Sam sang another duet, You Are Love and looked like they really believed it. Iain was wise enough to make sure that everybody was included in the singing, Brian too, even if he was a little shy.

**One night, we gathered in the teaching chamber and Anna and I sang *Dans La Nuit* by Frederic Chopin, in French, the only language that could do justice to the song. Since Anna and I were the only ones who were fluent in French, Aimee showed the French words and an English translation on her monitor. We sang part solo with either me or her and part duet and I suppose everybody enjoyed it. We had practiced and worked on the song for quite a while. Here are the first two lines of the lyrics:**

**Et quand dans la nuit tout s'endormit, Je vis les cieux devant mes yeux fermes.**

**And when in the night all are sleeping, I see the heavens before my closed eyes.**

**One night we sang in the hallway, boys on one side, girls on the other, a song Aimee said was do-wop from the 1950s, whatever that means, *I Love You for Sentimental Reasons*. When the girls were singing, the boys backed them up with meaningless words like do-wop, do-wop, do-wop. When the guys sang a stanza, the girls backed us up the same way. I thought our performance was very good, even our finger-snapping and prancing. We followed that up with the humming song from the opera *Madam Butterfly*. Iain was a great conductor for everything we sang.**

**Another night, Iain presented a concert by playing on his tallum and, of course, Bach's *Fugue in D Major* was our favorite. *Saint-Saens' Organ Symphony* was a close second, especially the fourth movement when his tallum sounded like an organ and made the walls shake. I was amazed that he could use his tallum keyboard as a single instrument or multiple instruments or combined instruments. I found it difficult to believe that he could get the sound of violins or drums from a keyboard instrument.**

**One evening we dressed up in our finest attire and danced to music by Aimee. First we did our usual procession around the central hallway, marching to the *Colonel Bogey March* including everybody either whistling or trying to at times and then going la-la-la when we could stop giggling and laughing. Maybe it was ridiculous but I enjoyed it. After that we paired up, Anna and I together, and did a couple of waltzes going counter-clock-wise around the hallway. Then Aimee turned the lights down low, played some romantic tunes for us, and we slow-danced one to one. The previous time we did it, Anna had asked us to dance with someone other than our usual partner. This time, we chose our own partner and I danced with Anna. We had one extra male who had to sit out for one dance but we decided the loner could then bump anyone he wished for the next dance. I watched**

**Brian and could tell that he had probably never tried to dance before but he was grinning and trying.**

**One rainy afternoon, the male Mouseketeers, dressed only in loincloths, demonstrated their gymnastic skills for the enjoyment of everybody. In one exercise, Toby, standing straight up, grabbed James hands, swung him around, and he ended up on Toby's shoulders, legs around his neck. I thought that was impressive. Then Brian and Pyotr walked up to each side of Toby, put one hand on his hip, held the other hand up to James, and then extended both their legs straight out to each side. Only Toby's feet were touching the floor. Four beautiful young boys or men, slim, hard, muscular bodies, all with long hair, smiling faces, the two on each side displaying their family jewels: they were proud of their bodies and I was proud to be associated with them.**

**Equally impressive was what Toby did with me and Matt. We were sitting on the floor with our hands braced to each side. Toby approached us from our backs, put his hands on our heads, leaned forward, and balanced with his body perpendicular to the floor. I was impressed with that alone but then he quickly moved so that both his hands were on the top of my head and his body was still horizontal. He wasn't finished. He put one hand back on Matt's head, then the other, and still stayed horizontal. Then he did a flying dismount, legs split around Matt, and stood in front of Matt with his hands raised.**

**Brian joined the three male Mouseketeers, James, Toby, and Pyotr, in their explorations of our mountain. Perhaps I should say four because, of course, Lucky was always with James. On occasion Sam, Renée, and Petra joined then. They took tablets and recorded most of the places they saw and let Aimee add that to her database of our mountain. At the request of the ladies, they often brought back all sorts of dried flowers and pinecones and other stuff to decorate our home.**

**On one occasion, they came back hurriedly, full of news. They had found a colony of bees in a hollow tree and they thought there might be honey. There was. We robbed the hive on a bright and clear but very cold day and, with the aid of smoke, we stole about half the honey in the tree. Only three males were stung in the process, me included, but that was a price we were all willing to pay. That night we had freshly-baked bread with honey and I supposed we all died and went to heaven.**

**But best of all was what Anna and I did and what she said one sunny afternoon. We went for a walk, alone, holding hands most of the time. We walked all the way to the top of the mountain, sat in a sheltered**

spot for a while, talking a little, looking for raptor birds, enjoying the peace and quiet, listening to the unceasing murmur of the slight breeze and the rustle of dormant vegetation. Somewhere down on the mountain I heard the staccato sound of a woodpecker looking for food in a tree.

“Anna, are you happy here with me?” I asked. “When James asked me to adopt him, he called me Dad and then jokingly asked me to get him a car. You’ll never ride in a car again. You’ll never see TV again. You’ll never go shopping for clothes. You’ll never eat at Napoleon’s again. Are you happy?”

“David, I’m happy,” she answered. “I have the important things. I have a warm home, good food, a bed to sleep in with a man who loves me and holds me at night, a child on the way: what more should I want? I know this is a world of your choosing; well, it’s a world of my choosing too.”

We walked back home, holding hands, bumping hips and grinning occasionally. Perhaps to others we had done nothing much but to me it was a perfect afternoon, just walking and enjoying being with the woman I loved.

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The nightly clean-up chores rotated to Anna and me and Iain and Caitlyn. Anna assigned me the duty of washing and herself the job of carrying dirty dishes to the sink. Iain and Caitlyn were left to rinse the dishes and rack them to dry.

“Are you going to do it tonight?” Caitlyn asked from beside me.

“Yeah, Matt and Jean-Nicole are waiting on me and Anna,” I answered. “We’ll take Brian in tow when we leave. He doesn’t suspect; does he?”

“I don’t think so,” Caitlyn answered. “The kiddy crew may have told him what they think may happen but as far as I know only the six of us know when we’re doing it and what we’re going to do.”

“Who gets him first, Anna or Jean-Nicole?” Iain asked.

“I don’t know. We’ll let the two of them decide,” I said. “He’ll probably last about thirty seconds the first time.”

“Who gets sloppy seconds?” Caitlyn asked.

**“You really think he’s going to ejaculate enough to make a mess in somebody’s bouchi?” Iain asked.**

**“Anna wants to turn him loose with only a little advice for his first time, to relieve the pressure some.” I said. “Then they’ll start trying to teach him the difference between fucking and making love.”**

**“Are you and Anna going to do the same thing with Matt and Jean-Nicole that you did with us?” Caitlyn asked. “You know, play at anything anybody dreams up and then both of you make a deposit in two different bouchis.”**

**“Yeah, and we’ll let Brian do it as many times as he can get it up,” Anna said. “Jean-Nicole and I may get fucked a lot more than three times. If he’s still going strong at daylight tomorrow, maybe you’d better rescue us.”**

**When we finished, I dried my hands and Anna and I walked over to the Mouseketeer table. All tables had swing-out seats for six people but now there were seven people at one table. They had solved the problem by putting one of the benches I made at the end of the table.**

**Matt and Jean-Nicole were sitting at the adjacent table. They both looked at me questioningly. I nodded and smiled and they stood up.**

**Anna and Jean-Nicole walked around behind Brian and each put a hand on his shoulders. He looked up at them and smiled that cute boy grin again. He really was a cute kid, probably cuter than James or Toby or Pyotr. He certainly had a more appealing face and smile. His smile was impossible to resist. I wondered if he knew what we intended for him.**

**Jean-Nicole leaned over and whispered in his ear. He frowned and looked around at all the other youngsters, maybe waiting for their approval for him to leave. They were all grinning at him. They knew what was going to happen. He stood up and two females took his hands and led him over to Matt and me.**

**“Brian, Anna and I are going to play with Matt and Jean-Nicole tonight,” I said. “Would you like to play with us?”**

**He looked puzzled. “What do you mean?”**

**“Brian, you’re beginning to become a man,” Jean-Nicole said. “Tonight, we want to help you learn about love and sex. I think you’ll have fun and enjoy it. Come with us.”**

He was still grinning as Jean-Nicole and Anna, hand in hand in hand, led him out of the kitchen and down the hallway to the bedchamber at the end. Matt and I followed obediently behind, hand in hand too. I was surprised because I expected us to use the bedchamber where Anna and I lived or the one used by Matt and Jean-Nicole. When we went in, I saw that somebody had made up one of the alcoves with clean bed linen and lots of pillows.

“Brian, you are the one who decides what will happen to you tonight,” I said. “We’re not going to force you to do anything. If you’re ready, let’s all take off our loincloths.”

He was ready. His loincloth was probably the first of five to hit the floor and he was ready with a rampant hard-on before my dick or Matt’s began to lift their heads. He stood there, a beautiful young boy, stiff dick, smile on his lips, ready to become a man.

Anna and Jean-Nicole had evidently already decided how we were to arrange ourselves in the bed alcove. Matt crawled in first, close to the back wall and Jean-Nicole stretched out in front of him. Then Brian was told to crawl in the middle next to her. Anna took her place next, on the other side of Brian, and that left me to get in last, on the side of the mattress next to the room.

As soon as we were all in the bed, Anna and Jean-Nicole cuddled up to Brian, kissed him on both cheeks, put one of their legs over one of his, and put their hands on his family jewels. Matt and I propped up on one elbow so we could see what they were doing to him.

“Brian, we want you to enjoy whatever we do tonight,” Jean-Nicole said. “If we do something you don’t like, just tell us and we’ll stop. We want you to have fun. OK?”

She had her hand under Brian’s tolos, gently lifting and playing with them. Anna had her hand around his tianga, just gently and slowly stroking up and down. It was already big enough so that when she slid her hand down, the uncovered red head was above her thumb and forefinger.

“I understand,” he said, still grinning that beautiful boy smile of his.

“Jean-Nicole and I have talked it over and have decided who will be your first,” Anna said. “Jean-Nicole gets that pleasure. Is that OK with you?”

“Yes, of course,” he said. “But what do you want me to do?”

**Anna and Jean-Nicole swapped toys. Jean-Nicole put her hand on his tianga and let Anna play with his tolos.**

**“We’ll get to that in just a minute,” Jean-Nicole said. “First we want to talk to you, to begin to educate you on how to make love to a woman so she enjoys it as much as you do.”**

**“Brian, evolution has programmed you to change from a boy to a man and there’s a reason for that,” Anna said. “A man always wants to get his tianga in a woman’s bouchi and squirt out his semen and make a baby with her. All of sex is about that one thing: making babies.”**

**“But there’s a reward to you for doing that, Brian,” I added. “Making love to a woman will be the most pleasurable, most satisfying thing you’ll ever do.”**

**“I can vouch for that,” Matt said. “You’re a lucky little devil. You’ve got two beautiful women who are going to let you make love to them tonight.”**

**“Both?” he asked. “In one night?”**

**“That’s up to you,” Anna said. “Are you ready?”**

**“Yeah!”**

**Anna leaned over, licked his penis from root to head, took the head in her mouth and sucked on it for a few seconds. She pulled back and Jean-Nicole gave Brian the same treatment. His face revealed how much he liked what they were doing.**

**“Did you like that, Brian?” Anna asked.**

**“Yeah, I really liked it,” he said. “Do it some more. Please?”**

**I saw Matt lift Jean-Nicole’s leg and his penis slid into place against her bouchi. I thought that was a good idea. I lifted Anna’s leg and tucked my penis against her pussy.**

**“Brian, one of the first things you must learn is that women are much slower to become aroused than men,” Jean-Nicole said. “Your penis stood up the minute you dropped your loincloth. You were ready. Women aren’t ready that quickly. To have good sex, a woman’s vagina must be lubricating so it’s wet and juicy to welcome your penis. Would you like to do something to get me and Anna aroused?”**

**“Yeah, what?”**

**“Well, first, a woman likes for a man to play with her breasts and suck on her nipples,” Anna said. “I think there’s a direct nerve connection from my nipples to my bouchi. I always get juicy in my bouchi when David sucks on my nipples. Would you like to do that? ”**

**He didn’t answer. He just leaned over and started licking and sucking on her nipples. Anna let him play for a moment and then she pushed his head over to Jean-Nicole’s breasts. He shut his eyes again and sucked and licked.**

**Anna lifted her leg, pushed back against me, and did that trick where the head of my penis ended up in her pussy. I began to slide it in and out slowly, all the while watching what Brian was doing.**

**A moment later, I saw Jean-Nicole lift her leg, shift around, and use her fingers to press Matt’s tianga into her bouchi. He looked at me and grinned. Brian was still playing with her breasts, probably unaware of where Matt and I had our dicks.**

**“Brian, you liked it when we licked your penis and took the head in our mouths,” Anna said. “Would you do the same for us?”**

**He looked up, confused. “How? You don’t have a tianga.”**

**“Yes, we do,” Jean-Nicole said. “We have something that has a shaft which gets engorged and hard and there’s something red and shiny and full of nerve cells at the end. It’s just as sensitive as the head of your dick.”**

**He still looked confused. “You mean your, what is it called, in your language, I mean, your clitoris?”**

**“David, would you show Brian what I’m talking about?” Anna asked.**

**I reluctantly let my penis slide out of her pussy. Anna settled down on her back and I crawled around on the bed so I was between her legs. I took Brian’s hand in mine and touched Anna’s clitoral shaft with one of his fingers.**

**“This is the shaft of her little dick, Brian,” I said. “It goes back a few inches into her body. It’s soft now but I’m going to make it get hard. It gets engorged with blood just like your tianga. You can’t see the little head of her dick now because her foreskin is covering it. I’m going to push her foreskin back so I can lick the head of her tianga. That’s her clitoris.”**

**On the other side of Brian, Jean-Nicole assumed the same position as Anna. Matt quickly crawled down between her legs.**

**I dropped down on my belly, my calves up in the air to keep from kicking the wall, and stuck my face in Anna's bouchi. I licked up from her perineum all the way to where her clit was hiding. Again. Again, with a stiff tongue teasing her vagina. Again and again. I kept doing it until I thought she was ready.**

**I looked to the side and saw Matt was doing the same with Jean-Nicole. She was smiling, eyes closed.**

**I put my thumbs on each side of Anna's outer lips and pulled apart and pushed up. It worked. The little red head of her dick slid out, all shiny and wet. I gave Brian a few seconds to look at it and then started licking again, from her vagina all the way to her clit. I stopped and moved back to Anna's side.**

**"Touch the shaft with your finger again, Brian," I said.**

**He did. "It's hard. It's hard just like my tianga. It is just like my tianga."**

**"Yep, now it's your turn to lick her dick, Brian," I said. "Get her ready for your tianga."**

**He quickly moved around between her legs. For a moment he just looked. I looked too. Anna's clit was still out of hiding, shiny and wet and ready. I saw Matt move around to the far side of Jean-Nicole again.**

**"Brian, use your tongue on Anna for a little while and then come give Jean-Nicole a good licking," he said. "Get them ready for your dick and then you can put it where you want it."**

**"Which one?"**

**"Jean-Nicole first and then me, if you are up to it," Anna said and giggled.**

**"Both of you?"**

**"That's up to you," Jean-Nicole said. "Are you up to it?"**

**At first, Brian was rather tentative, just the tip of his tongue touching Anna's bouchi. I saw her little lips slowly begin to close and I didn't want her clitoris to go back into hiding. I leaned over and whispered**

instructions in Brian's ear. He used his thumbs to emulate what I had done and all the pink and coral flesh in Anna's pussy was exposed to him again. Her clitoris was standing up almost like the head of a little dick.

He must have decided he liked what he was doing. He quickly started licking her bouchi from bottom to top with the flat of his tongue. Anna moaned, perhaps to let him know how much she liked what he was doing, verbal feedback to encourage him.

I waited patiently while Brian licked and licked and I could tell he was really into what he was doing. Somehow Anna managed to tell him to give Jean-Nicole a good licking too.

He was more aggressive this time. He pushed her thighs apart, tried to get in place, pushed her legs back so that her pelvis was tilted and her pussy more accessible, and then started licking her bouchi. Matt and Anna and I watched and grinned. I suppose we all agreed that Brian had found something he liked to do.

After a minute or so, Jean-Nicole evidently had enough. She pulled Brian's head up, caught him under the arms, and pulled him up on top of her. She quickly wrapped her legs around his little ass, reached under his body, and, I couldn't see but it was evident, showed his little tianga the way into her bouchi.

Brian raised his head above hers, looked wide-eyed at her face, and then his body took over in what it knew how to do. He gave a few tentative strokes, grinned, and then put his head down with his cheek against hers. His little ass started flying up and down and he started groaning. He probably lasted no more than half a minute before he came to a shuddering halt, frozen, as close to Jean-Nicole as it is possible for two bodies to be.

A few seconds later, he rolled off her onto his back in the center of the bed again. His tianga was wet and red and still standing up over his abdomen. His eyes were closed and he was grinning so wide his perfect white teeth were all glowing. He looked like someone who had finally discovered what to do with that strange thing between his legs.

"I'm ready, Brian," Anna whispered. "Are you?"

I shook my head in disbelief, looked at Matt, saw him shaking his head too, looked at Jean-Nicole, and saw she was smiling too. I didn't think she had come from such a quick fuck but she seemed content for the moment.

**Brian didn't hesitate. He speedily crawled on top of Anna. She quickly wrapped him up in her arms and legs. This time he showed his tianga the way to her bouchi.**

**I watched his beautiful little butt squirming, cheeks pulled in and hard as he pushed in, cheeks rounded and soft as he pulled out. He lasted longer this time but within a minute or so he came to another squirming, shuddering halt and just lay there, eyes closed, smile on his lips. All I could do was marvel at what he had done, losing his virginity to two different women in the space of a few minutes. He rolled over again, off Anna, flat on his back, eyes closed, that wonderful smile still on his face.**

**"Thank you, Jean-Nicole," he whispered. "Thank you, Anna."**

**I didn't want to rush Anna but my dick did. After a while, she reached down, wrapped her hand around my tianga, and gently pulled.**

**I leaned over and whispered in her ear. "Did you have fun with Brian?"**

**She pulled my head around and down so she could whisper back. "Yes, he really is as cute as a button. He's just a little boy who wants so much to be a man."**

**"Did you like his little dick in you?" I whispered.**

**"Yes, I watched his eyes as he slid his dick in. Then when he closed his eyes, and grinned and put his cheek down next to mine, I wanted to squeeze him forever. He's a little darling and his dick works just fine."**

**"Are you ready for a big dick?"**

**"Whenever you are."**

**I suppose Jean-Nicole and Anna had done well in their start to Brian's sexual education but there was something I wanted to show him too.**

**"Brian, watch," I whispered.**

**I crawled around so that I was kneeling between Anna legs. With her flat on her back, I folded her legs back so that her knees were in her arm pits, put my hands on her thighs behind her knees, pressed down, and that lifted her hips up off the bed. Next, I pushed her legs apart so I would have room to be on top of her. I'm not sure she knew what I had in mind but she put her hand on my tianga and showed it**

where to go. I slid in slowly and stopped, resisting the urge to stay there and let my beast loose.

I pulled my penis out, all shiny and wet with her juices and Brian's semen, and then leaned forward so that the underside of the shaft was pressed against her bouchi. I looked at Brian. He was watching intently. I started moving back and forth, sort of sawing at Anna's slit with my penis. Brian looked confused.

"Brian, this is for Anna. The shaft of my dick, underneath, is rubbing on her little lips and on her clitoris. It's a good way to give her an orgasm. She likes it."

"No, I don't," Anna groaned. "I love it."

In my peripheral vision, I saw Matt quickly mount Jean-Nicole the same way. Brian sat up straight so he could watch both couples.

I pressed my tianga against Anna's bouchi harder and slid up and down. I remembered the day in our magic valley when Anna and I had discovered this little way to fuck without actually fucking and how it had made both of us come. I kept doing it, sawing my dick up and down on her drooling pussy and I knew when her orgasm started by the expression on her face. I quickly shoved my dick into her pussy as deep as our bodies permitted and let my beast loose.

## Chapter Forty-Six

"Aimee, this is a meeting of the leadership council," I began. "If the others come to the door, would you please tell them to interrupt us only for something important?"

"Yes, David," she said.

"Thank you." I continued, "Aimee, I think there is one other person who should be a member of the leadership council, someone who can make important contributions. Would you hazard a guess as to who it might be?"

"No, David, I do not make guesses."

"It's you, Aimee."

**She looked at me seriously and then smiled. “Thank you, David. I will be pleased to assist the leadership council in any way I can.”**

**“No, Aimee, that sounds like your usual role of assisting us. I want you to be a full-fledged member, to think for yourself, and to join with us in solving our problems. Will you do that? Can you do it?”**

**“David, when you arrived, I gave you absolute control over everything here. I cannot override or remove the control you have. You are the master; I am the servant. My primary purpose now is to help you in any way I can and to provide information to you. I can advance ideas if they serve to make your existence longer, better, or safer. Is that what you mean by thinking for myself?”**

**“I suppose so, Aimee,” I said. “Sometimes I don’t understand women, you included.”**

**“We must always retain an air of mystery, David,” she said.**

**The six of us currently comprising the leadership council were assembled in the teaching chamber, sitting in the front row before Aimee’s large monitor. She was dressed in a loincloth as we all were. I had been pondering some of the changes that were coming in our lives and how to manage them. I knew that there would be changes which none of us could predict.**

**“Thank you, Aimee,” I said. “Here’s our first challenge. With your assistance, we’ve learned a little about Iain’s world and about the technology that they’ve developed. It is very much like my old world but perhaps a few hundred years in the future. We now can request that some of the technology from my old world or Iain’s old world be shared with us. We want to develop a list of what we can use and then prioritize it. We want to start making requests for technology we can use. We want your help.”**

**“I will do my best, David,” she answered with a very serious look on her beautiful face. “Would you share with me some of your thinking on this subject?”**

**“Yes. The day when I adopted James as my son, he asked me if he could have a car. On my world, fathers quite often helped their sons acquire their first car. Of course, he knew I could not give him a car and even if I did, he would have no place to drive it, no roads, no petrol, or no spare parts. We cannot ask for cars or televisions because we do not have the supporting infrastructure to use them. We must ask for the most important things for which we can make good use, things for which we already have or can provide a supporting**

infrastructure. What do we request? That's the purpose of this meeting."

"Then I have a suggestion for all you, David," Aimee said. "From knowledge of Iain's world and yours, I know that there is a way we could greatly improve our communication skills. That would be of benefit to you."

She paused and I suppose she was waiting to be sure we wanted to move in this direction. I nodded.

"David, I presently have the ability to monitor you and communicate with you only in this immediate vicinity. If you want to communicate with each other away from here, you must yell if you are apart or talk face to face if you are close, just as your very primitive ancestors did. Would you like to be able to communicate with each other and with me instantaneously anywhere on the mountain?"

I looked around at the others. They were all leaning forward, as surprised and as eager to listen as I was.

"Yes, Aimee," I said. "I think we would all like that and it probably should be a very high priority item. Thousands of years ago, some of our first ancestors learned to grunt 'saber-tooth tiger' and others understood what that meant. They probably lived longer than the ones who couldn't grunt or couldn't understand."

"David, you and the others are accustomed to very limited usage of the tablets here. They are primarily for your use in reading and studying in the classes I teach. With the change, you may use the tablets anywhere on the mountain to communicate with each other or with me. You will even be able to communicate with each other and with me at the same time. I will be able to communicate with and assist more than one of you at a time. You will be able to have a meeting like this with all of you in separate locations on the mountain. Is this something all of you desire?"

I looked around and saw everybody nodding. "Yes, Aimee, we would. We would like it very much."

"Then I will prepare a requisition for your approval," she said. "There will be a substantial amount of equipment and parts needed but it can be sent in a shipment no larger than the ones I have received previously. There will be a few days work involved and most of you will need to help. I can assign tasks and tell you what to do each step of the way. Some of the work must be done under the dome at the top

of the mountain. Some of it will be done in the room at the end of the hallway.”

“But the system won’t work if we get out of range off the mountain and on the mainland? Right?” Jean-Nicole asked.

“Perhaps it will work farther away,” Aimee said. “We will know only after we try. If we had the infrastructure such as the network of satellites that your world is beginning to develop or that Iain’s world has had for hundreds of years, you would be able to communicate anywhere in this world.”

I had a question. “Aimee, your source of power is the array of panels under the dome at the top of the mountain; isn’t it? They capture sunlight and turn it into electricity. The electricity is then used to heat or cool our living quarters, to provide water for our use, and to cook our meals.”

“Yes, David.”

“I understand that we will require access to that dome to install the equipment that broadcasts the radio waves for communication all over the mountain. Is that correct?”

“Yes, David. You are correct. The hardest work will be carrying things up to the top of the mountain. I will show you how to gain access to the solar array dome.”

“The electricity presently generated at the top must be stored in something, like the batteries we use all over my old world. Correct?”

“Yes, David.”

“Would better or more solar panels and batteries enable us to generate and store more electricity?”

“My tentative answer is yes, David. I am not sure whether more panels or batteries are needed at the moment. I will research your question.”

“Please research, Aimee,” I said. “I think we are going to need to generate and store more power when we start receiving and using some of the technology from Iain’s world.”

“David, you must be thinking of the same thing I am: power tools,” Matt said. “Our old world presently uses battery-operated power tools like drills and saws. Renée said power tools were used to shape our

home out of solid rock and we could have them. She also said we could have power saws to help constructing buildings.”

“Yeah, I’ve been researching their tools with Aimee. I feel like Thomas Jefferson trying to understand the technology of our present-day world. We need to separate tools into two categories. One is the power tools from our old world with which we’re familiar. Two is power tools from Iain’s world where we’re going to have a steep learning curve. I think we’re going to have to ask for category one at the present time.”

“Aimee, can we construct the supporting infrastructure to permit us to use power tools from our old world,” Matt asked. “Perhaps lots of power tools?”

“Yes, Matt. That will require power tools with small batteries and a way for me to recharge those batteries,” Aimee said. “Perhaps it would be good if the same batteries charged all power tools. If someone else will prepare a list of power tools desired, I will research how to make a charging station for the batteries. I will also research the power needs of those batteries to determine what changes, if any, might be needed in the solar array.”

“No anti-gravity devices to lift pine trees or big stone blocks?” Caitlyn asked.

“No, Caitlyn, only if you invent them.” Aimee said. “Such devices presently do not exist in either your old world or in Iain’s or in any other universe. The laws of physics apply equally in both worlds and in all universes.”

“Well, it looks like we should keep all those hand tools on our list too,” I said. “We’re still going to have to sweat using cants and peaveys and axes and wedges.”

“David, we can use power tools in building the cabin,” Matt said. “We might be able to get a power saw that works with batteries rather than gasoline to cut down the trees. I’ve used something we called a battery-powered sawzall and it would probably work to cut down trees. We would need lots of batteries to replace the exhausted ones. I’ve looked at building techniques for cabins already and we’re probably going to want to join the logs together at the corners with pegs. We can use a power drill or auger to make the holes for the pegs. I’ll research that with Aimee’s help.”

Anna put her hand on my arm. “David, while we’re building the cabin, do we want to trudge back up here, tired and dirty, to bathe and sleep?”

“I suppose. What do you have in mind?”

“We could request two or three tents to put up down there,” she said. “Tents usually have aluminum or fiberglass poles for support and they are made out of fabric of some kind. Let me research what we might ask for.”

“What would we need? We might need to sleep twenty people sometimes and we’d need tents that would be a shelter from the rain, a place to sleep at night, a place to store tools. OK, run with it.”

“Are you going to request a sewing machine and supplies for me?” she asked.

“Yep, it’s on the list already.”

“You guys are going to need food down there while you’re working,” Jean-Nicole said. “I can look into how and what we might feed you down there. I can bake bread up here and we can easily carry it down. Instead of lugging oysters back up here, I can take the other ingredients down there and make scalloped oysters. We can set up rabbit snares down there and have another source of meat. I need is some way to bake and we could make a primitive oven for that. We can take pots and frying pans and cook over an open fire like our ancestors. We could set up a complete kitchen down there, except for refrigeration.”

“OK. Good idea. You run with that,” I said.

“David, we have blankets up here but they’re not really for cold weather,” Caitlyn said. “Could we request sleeping bags for really cold conditions? We won’t need them until next fall.”

“OK, another good idea. You research that,” I said “Well, have we gone far enough for one meeting?” I asked.

I waited for the others to nod or contribute something else and then I resumed.

“We’ve all got our work cut out for us for the next few days. Let’s meet again in about five days and see if we can move closer to what we want. I want Matt to be leader next time. Is that OK with you, Matt?”

**“Yes, David, I’ll be glad to,” he answered.**

**“OK. Would you please summarize and prioritize what we’ve talked about so far?”**

**“Yeah. The first priority should be communications,” he said. “Aimee, would you get busy with the requisition for everything we need to improve our communications like you said? Also, start developing the work assignments and tasks we will need to do. Do you all agree with this as number one on our wish list?”**

**He looked around and saw that we all were nodding.**

**“Our second priority should be an order for tools, including Anna’s sewing machine. With Aimee’s help, Jean-Nicole and I will research what power tools we might be able to use and the battery system to keep them charged. We will need a large charging station for batteries somewhere here to keep lots of power tools at work. We should only request power tools from our old world until we learn more about power tools from Iain’s world. Do we agree? ”**

**We all nodded.**

**“Our third priority should be an order for manual tools. With everybody’s input, I’ll prepare a list of all the manual tools we want like froes and cants. We can save shipping costs by just asking for the metal parts and we can add the handles and shafts here. Is that OK for number three?”**

**Again, he looked around for approval.**

**“Anna and Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn will research what we need to provide temporary living and eating and sleeping facilities down there. Is the toilet going to be a hole somewhere in the bushes? At least for a while. Bathing in the creek? ”**

**He looked around and got some resigned nods.**

**“Also, Aimee will examine her power system to see if we need to try upgrading it. Aimee, at our next meeting, would you give us a brief report on that topic?”**

**“Yes, Matt,” she answered.**

**Matt looked at me and I knew what to say.**

**“Good job, Matt. I couldn’t have done better myself except you forgot the paint.”**

**He looked at me like I’d lost a screw. “What paint?”**

**“The red, yellow, blue and green paints: two gallon of each. How can the Mouseketeers finish the twister circles without the paint order? I want to play naked Twister. Put it in with the communication stuff, please. That will drive them crazy,”**

**“Add two gallons of while paint to outline the diagrams,” Anna said.**

**“Yowza, boss,” he said and grinned.**

**I managed to keep a straight face. I saw Iain had his hand up. I nodded.**

**“David,” he said, “I think you and I and Matt should research the technology of tools from my old world and specifically those which might be sent to us. The tool that carved out our home should be very useful to us. It may take some time but we could get started. We will regret it if we put a lot of work into using tools from your old world and then find that we could have done the job much easier with tools from my old world.”**

**“I agree,” I said. “We’ll get together when we can and research that with Aimee’s help.**

**Aimee spoke up again. “David, I can suggest tools from Iain’s world which might be useful and which might be sent. You should concentrate on those.”**

**“Thank you, Aimee. You run with that and let us know when you’ve got something. Anything else from anybody?”**

**I looked around and everybody seemed to have enough to do.**

**“Now, let’s adjourn and meet again in five days. Matt will be leader then.”**

**“I want something for the kitchen,” Jean-Nicole whispered and grinned. “A mixmaster.”**

**“I’ll be your mixmaster, sweetie,” Matt said. “I’ve got just the beater to do it.”**

**“Can you make whipped cream for me?” she asked, giggled, and ran.**

**He ran after her.**

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**What were our lives like? We lived in a primitive paradise where we had everything we really needed and where hatred and religion and jealousy had no part. We all made a conscious effort to love and care for each other, to build relationships with others based on love, and to cooperate in making our lives better. We were all contented and happy to be in a world of our choosing. We lived in paradise.**

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**After practicing for a couple of weeks, the New World Chorus performed its most difficult piece, Zadok, the Priest or the British Coronation Anthem by George Frideric Handel. First, we assembled in the learning chamber and Aimee showed us a short movie about the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, including huge choruses singing the coronation anthem. Damn, those British know how to stage a spectacle. I wondered if everybody was as moved as I was.**

**Next, we assembled in the hallway at one end, two rows of six with females on the right and males on the left. Iain faced us and provided all the music on his tallum. Again, it was unbelievable that he could produce so many different instruments and at such volume that it completely filled the hallway. Our chorus blasted out “God Save the King” with the maximum volume of human voices. I thought our twelve voices were damned good, maybe not as good as the British but I was proud to be part of the group. I just wished that James hadn’t called me King David after we finished. I have no desire to be crowned king. I’m just a man trying to do his best.**

**After that Sam, Renée, and Petra harmonized together on a song by Crosby, Stills, and Nash, from sometime before I was born. It was called Helplessly Hoping and maybe the words were ambiguous but their three little soprano voices were magic anyway. The rest of us were the choral backup. Iain performed the music on his tallum.**

**Anna and I were up next. As always, I felt apprehensive but I was calm when we moved together in front of Iain and the others, held hands, and sang to each other. We had rehearsed a song from West Side Story which said a lot to me and, I hope, to Anna. It was Somewhere. Like Tony and Maria, I sang first and third parts, she sang the second and fourth, and then we finished together. At Iain’s insistence, I sang the first part A Capella and then he played his violin for the rest. I’m**

finally beginning to believe that I can develop a good baritone singing voice. Iain and Anna think so too. I thought my first part said a lot to all of us.

“There’s a place for us, somewhere a place for us, peace and quiet and open air wait for us somewhere.”

In addition, at the insistence of everybody else, Iain again played Bach’s Toccata and Fugue in D Minor on his tallum and our ears were ringing with the music. He played it first straight and then changed it to a boogie-woogie arrangement. I was amazed as usual at his talent.

In conclusion, we all sang our favorite song, You Are My Sunshine, bouncing it off the walls of the hallway. I think everybody tried to outdo the others when we sang that. Iain performed the music on his tallum and sang along with us.

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We gathered every few days for dancing in the central hallway, warming up with a march from one end to the other and back. Afterwards we varied our dances from waltzes to slow dances, but always boy and girl couples. Anna and I are getting quite good at waltzing with each other and we usually lead off. The first time I danced with her, in Flagstaff at Napoleon’s, I felt I had found my partner for life. Every time I dance with her in our new world, I still feel the same sense of happiness to be with her. She’s accepted as the one in charge of dancing and she always comes up with some scheme requiring us to dance with different partners. She says it looks like I’m dancing with a 1930s famous movie star little girl when I dance with Petra. She says I should try dancing with her standing on my feet.

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We occasionally greeted the new day or said goodbye to the old one by assembling outdoors for some occasion. We usually stood hugging in twos or threes or fours while we listened to music. The last time the moon was full we listened to Beethoven’s Sonata al chiaro di luna, as Iain called it. He asked us for the English name and Anna guessed correctly that it as Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata.

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We were in the third month if the year, winter over, spring not quite ready to bring the world back to life and we had plans for both the old garden and the new one. Our winter had been temperate with lots of

cold weather, even a few snow flurries, and we wanted to have our garden completely planted sometime in the fourth month when the sun warmed the ground enough.

All the varieties of potatoes and onions in our new garden were already flourishing. We had a few other cool weather vegetables like snow peas, radishes, and bok choy as well as the last of the turnips and rutabagas and collards.

We spent a lot of time planning and preparing for the spring planting of everything else. The vegetable plants we had started indoors under Aimee's care were thriving and almost ready to be put in the ground. We had more varieties of seeds than we had places to plant them. Our largest plantings were to be varieties we knew would be prolific, like peas and beans and corn and hard squash, which we could store for winter. We planned small experimental plantings of exotic vegetables we were not familiar with, like oriental long beans.

Everybody approached the gardening season with enthusiasm and with eagerness to help in any way they could. We had a few blisters on palms occasionally from using hoes and shovels but nobody complained. Matt and I spent more than one hard day digging the soil and cutting roots with mattocks. James and Toby took turns during the day but their muscles just were not developed enough for very hard work. They never complained about what I asked them to do and the others didn't either.

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The Mouseketeers, often four boys, sometimes including three girls, went exploring as often as possible. They were always happy to be wandering the woods and marveling at our world. They usually carried tablets and took pictures of all they saw and then let Aimee download them into her database for our home, the mountain. When the girls went, they always seemed to find something decorative for our home.

They loved fishing in the lake toward the bottom of the mountain and they provided us with plenty of fish. They also occasionally went down to the seashore and tried spearing fish or shooting fish with arrows with an attached string. They didn't have as much luck that way but the fish were bigger. Jean-Nicole and her sou-chefs varied the preparation of fish but it was always delicious.

On one occasion, the four Mouseketeers came home empty handed but full of excitement. They had seen an albino male deer: pink eyes, white fur with a touch of pink, and a full rack of white antlers. I asked

if they had tried to kill it and they said they had not, that it was too beautiful to kill. I knew deer usually lose their antlers in late winter or early spring and I asked them to be on the lookout for the shed antlers and to bring them home for all of us to see. We all agreed that the albino was the one deer we would never kill. In Toby's words, he was one lucky fucking buck.

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And that's what our lives were like.

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In our bedchamber, Anna was sitting on a folded blanket on one of the benches I had made. I was standing behind her, gently lifting and brushing her hair. We had just bathed together; I had bathed her and she had bathed me. We even sat on a bench and shampooed each other's hair. Now I was brushing her hair to dry it before we went to bed.

"The four male Mouseketeers came to me with a proposal this morning," I said.

"Four?" she questioned. "Has Brian already joined the Kiddy Krew?"

"I think so. He's been exploring with them a few times. You know, they wander the woods exploring and at the same time look for anything they think we can eat. He's just one of them now. It just proves that boys will always be boys no matter what universe they're from."

"He is so cute, David," she said. "Jean-Nicole and I loved having him lose his virginity with us. He's already played with Iain and Caitlyn. I think he's going to do Sam next. She says she wants him to have to wait a few days between play dates."

"Just don't let him take my place," I said.

"He won't, David," she answered. "Would you mind if we invited him to play with us again before he works his way through all the other females? It's a lot of fun to let a young boy find out what that thing between his legs is good for."

"Sure, I liked watching the little super stud," I said, grinning. "Invite him anytime you wish."

"Thank you. I promise he will never take your place."

**“He’s a real squirter,” I said. “After Toby saw geese circling the other day and we went down to the swamp, we built a fire and then striped naked below the waist and waded to pick up eggs. We were all standing around the fire trying to unfreeze from the waist down and we all jacked off again. His dick’s big enough to please a woman and he squirted in the fire like we all did, well maybe not like the rest of us. He squirted over the fire and almost hit Matt.”**

**“You’re all just a bunch of boys,” she said. “Oh, well, I hope you don’t change. What does the Kiddy Krew want to do?”**

**“They want to have another sex play party and they want to be in charge of the format. Sounds like it would be fun.”**

**“Aimee, when would all the other girls be able to participate?” she asked.**

**“There’s a window of opportunity in three days, Anna. That window should be open for about two days.”**

**“I’ll check with the girls tomorrow morning,” she said. “I think you can assume we will all want to play. You’re going to let them run the show?”**

**“Yeah. They want to surprise us. I asked if I could trust them to do it and they said they wanted me to trust them to do something we would all enjoy, gals and guys. They said it would emphasize fun, not so much sex or love.”**

**“I think my hair’s dry. Would you like me to do yours?”**

**“Yeah, that would be nice.”**

**“You just like it because you can sit there and look at my breasts while I do it.”**

**“What’s wrong with that? You have beautiful breasts, Anna. Anyway, you could go around behind me to brush it.”**

**“I don’t have a big dick to rub against your back while I do it.”**

**“Well, you’ve got those beautiful boobs. Just stay in front so I’ll have something to look at while you do it.”**

**“I hope you still think that when they get all big and heavy and have blue veins all over and my nipples get sore from Michael sucking on them.”**

**“It could be Michelina.”**

**“Yes, it could but we’ll get you a Michael sooner or later. What have you been thinking about so hard all day?”**

**“Nothing. I don’t know. Just thinking.”**

**“David, I know you. I know when you’re pondering something, trying to understand something, wanting to do what’s right about it. Come on, talk to me.”**

**“I was thinking about love.”**

**“Do I have to drag it out of you?”**

**“Anna, our lives threw us together at a most inopportune time and yet the first time I saw you I felt like I could love you. Maybe like you could love me too. Why?”**

**“Most inopportune? You’re being eloquent again. Maybe you were just horny when you saw me.”**

**“Well, yeah, that’s always mixed in there, always some driving something that makes me want to find someone to merge with and continue the life force in me. Is that love? Is that all there is to it?”**

**“David, our love began in our old universe. When you left me for your mission, my love for you didn’t die. Then we were transported to a completely different universe and our love was still there. Isn’t it just as strong in this universe as it was in our old one?”**

**“Yeah. I think so. But why do I love Iain? Why do I love James? Why do I love all the others in different ways? I want to care for them and protect them and grow food and kill stuff for them. Why?”**

**“Don’t you think I feel the same all-encompassing love for the others too? When we killed the bear and you and Iain were hurt, I felt like I was hurt too. When Toby fell in and we dragged him out and he wasn’t breathing, I felt the same despair I always felt when we lost a soldier on the operating table. Then when he caught his breath and reached up and kissed me, it just turned to joy that he was still alive. Is that love? When the deer hurt James, I wanted to stay with him every minute to see that he was OK. Is that love too?”**

**“Yeah, but sometimes I want to kiss Iain like I kiss you, you know, lost in it and wanting more, but I don’t feel that way about James. I know I love him too but it’s different.”**

**“Does that bother you, your love for Iain? Is that what’s bothering you again?”**

**“I don’t know, Anna. You know how I want to hold you and be held by you sometimes, like there’s some life force that flows between us, well, once in a while, I feel that same urge to hold Iain. Is that normal? I don’t understand why I feel that way. I feel like I want to hold James and give him something and I don’t know what it is. Is that love?”**

**“David, maybe your love is like the ocean or sea that surrounds this mountain. You don’t question why it exists; do you? It just is. It surrounds all of us and we just live within it. Maybe love is the same way. It surrounds us too and we live within it.”**

**“A sea of love, huh?”**

**“Yes. Don’t you think women instinctively choose men who can love them and give them healthy babies and who can care for them and protect them and their children?”**

**“Yeah, I suppose so.”**

**“And don’t you think evolution programs into us traits which have a survival value such as your cool response?”**

**“Yeah.”**

**“That’s why I think all the women here will want to have at least one baby with you: to see if that cool response can be genetically transmitted.”**

**“I don’t know about that.”**

**“David, maybe evolution has programmed into us a capacity to love and we’ve just got to know that and let it loose. If you hated Iain, would you care whether a bear got him? Because you love him, you would hurl yourself at the bear; wouldn’t you?”**

**“Yes, I would. Where are you going with this?”**

**“David, maybe love has as much an evolutionary survival value as your cool response. Maybe it’s kind of messy and slops over and around everybody in different ways.”**

**“You don’t mind if I love Iain?”**

**“No, as long as you don’t start having babies with him. I want to have your babies.”**

**“And I want to give them to you. Oh, well, let’s go to bed. I’m not really horny tonight but I would like to hold you.”**

**“That’s love too, David.”**

**We both turned on our left side, one leg straight, one bent, my right leg over her left, my right arm over her chest, my right hand full of her left breast, my penis nestled in the warm spot between her legs. I buried my face in her hair and smelled her clean womanly scent. Her hair tickled my face but I didn’t want to move away. I wanted to be closer to her and I squirmed but I couldn’t get any closer.**

**After a while, I tried to tell something that I wasn’t really horny tonight but it wouldn’t listen. It decided to nudge her, to see if she was interested. She moved her hips back a little. Maybe she was. I moved my hips back and forth a couple of times. She reached down and pushed up just under the head. It slid into something warm and juicy and so damn good. I gently and slowly kept on poking her and she moaned just barely audibly.**

**I would have been content to keep doing it my way but she decided she wanted to do something different. She turned over facing me, pushed me down on my back, and then moved down so that her head was on my belly button. She wrapped her hand around my penis, stroked it a few times, took the head in her mouth, and cupped her hand under my testicles.**

**I liked that too and soon I was the one who was moaning. She wasn’t trying to make me come. She was just gently sucking and licking my tianga and playing with my tolos. I lay there for a while with my eyes closed enjoying my wife’s way of showing her love for me. After a while, I decided to show my love for her. I pushed her away from me, rolled out of bed, held out my hand to her, and she crawled out too.**

**I pulled the mattress out of the bed alcove, turned it ninety degrees, and tossed the pillows back to the head. She looked at me quizzically.**

**“I’m tired of not having room for my long legs, especially when I’m trying to lie on my stomach with my head between your legs. If I promise to take the mattress out at night and put it back in the morning, is that OK with you?”**

**“Why would you want to have your head between my legs?” she teased. “That seems like an awkward way to sleep.”**

**“Well, if you don’t want me to, I won’t.”**

**“That’s OK. You can do it if you really want to.”**

**I really wanted to so I did it. I sprawled out on our bed between her legs with my long legs mostly off the mattress and put my head where I wanted it. She was already juicy with her lubrication and I tasted and smelled it when I licked the soft halves of her split mound. After a minute or so, I caught her legs behind her knees and bent her almost in half. That levered her hips up so that her pussy was easier to reach. I licked her from way back, her pink pucker, and her split mound, all the way, to where her clitoris was still in hiding. I kept doing it, long licks, bearing down, separating the little wings of her inner lips, opening her bouchi up for my tongue. All the time I was slow and gentle. I didn’t want her to come with my tongue. I wanted her to come with my tianga buried to my tolos in her. I stopped for a moment to rest and catch my breath.**

**“Would you like to get on top, David?” she whispered.**

**“Yeah, that would be nice,” I answered.**

**I crawled over her and her waiting hands showed my penis the way to her vagina. I eased it in with gentle nudges, pushes, and presses. She moaned when I had it all the way in her pussy.**

**She tied me up with her legs around my waist and her ankles locked over my ass, her arms around my chest, and one hand holding my head down so we were cheek to cheek.**

**“Yes, it is nice, it’s more than nice,” she whispered in my ear.**

**“Anna, did I ever tell you I love you,” I whispered in her ear. “I really do, you know. I love you. I love you. I love you. I wish you could reach into my heart and feel my love for you.”**

**“Hush, David. You can move your hips a little if you want to.”\**

**“Yeah, that would be nice.”**

**“Well, aren’t you going to move them?”**

**“Not yet. If I start moving my hips, my little head is going to take over and then maybe my beast will demand to be let loose and then it will all be over. I don’t want it to be over. As long as I can, I just want to stay holding you, in you, feeling your breasts against me, your arms and legs around me.”**

**“You left out something.”**

**“What?”**

**“Kissing me. Why don’t you try that? We always lose ourselves in each other when we do that.”**

**We kissed like innocents first, just lips to lips, lips to cheeks, lips to nose, but soon mouth to mouth won out and then tongue to tongue and I began to lose myself in her. I fought to remain in control so I could be aware of my flesh moving in hers. After a while longer, she whispered in my ear again.**

**“Could we roll over?”**

**We rearranged our arms and legs as we had done so many times and then with practiced ease we rolled over without losing an inch of our connection. She lifted up, put both palms on my chest, and squirmed back and forth. I wondered why because she already had every inch of my penis in her.**

**I put my hands over hers on my chest, closed my eyes, and let her go for a ride. She started as usual just lifting her hips and sliding back down and that was wonderful. After a little while, she added a pelvic twist and I knew that maneuver either put pressure or rubbed her clitoris and she would come soon. She went wild when her orgasm grabbed her and tried to wrench my penis off or maybe pinch it off with her contractions.**

**I gave her a moment to finish and then I lifted her by the hips and fucked up into her as rapidly as I could. Just a few seconds later I felt my orgasm grab me and I shoved her down with every inch in her and the head of my penis against her cervix and poured out my semen and my love into her.**

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**“Attention! Could I have your attention, please?”**

I looked at the Mouseketeers table. The four guys, James, Toby, Pyotr, and Brian, were standing. The three girls, Sam, Renée, and Petra were sitting. All of them were grinning. I thought we were going to have a play party after dinner, not after lunch.

“It’s raining this afternoon so we can’t do anything outdoors,” James said. “We want to do something indoors. We want to have a sex play party. Hold your hand up if you want to play.”

I looked around and saw thirteen hands in the air. There were really twenty or more hands in the air but I only counted one hand on each person.

“David says we can organize this play party,” Brian said. “Well, we have. We’re going to tell you a little about what we want to do and we hope all of you will enjoy what we’ve planned.”

“We’ve prepared one of the unused bed chambers for us to play,” Toby said. “Each bed alcove will be the playground for two couples, four people. The first thing we’ve got to do is to pair up couples to play with each other. The first thing you’ve got to remember is that you must play first with someone of the opposite sex who is not your usual partner and after that you can play with anybody in your bed alcove. We’ve put six olive shells in a gourd. Two are numbered one, two numbered two, and two three. We want the ladies to draw one olive shell out.”

Pyotr brought the gourd to our table first and held it out for Anna to draw. She reached in and pulled out a shell. He let Caitlyn draw next and Jean-Nicole third.

He went back to the Mouseketeers table and let the three girls draw. When the last one had drawn, he turned to face the crowd.

“OK, who has the ones?” James asked. “Hold up your hand.”

Anna and Renée held up their hands. That meant Anna and I were going to play with Toby and Renée. I could play with Renée first while Toby played with Anna. I could live with that. I looked at Anna and saw her grinning and knew she was OK with playing with Toby.

“Who has the twos?” he asked.

Caitlyn and Sam. That meant Iain and James were going to play with them, Iain with Sam, James with Caitlyn. They were grinning like they approved of the choice too.

**“Who has the threes?”**

**Jean-Nicole and Petra. I wasn't sure that Matt should play with Petra but she had already had sex with Toby as well as Pyotr. She was grinning too so I suppose she was ready for a bigger penis. I knew I had to let them decide what to do. I knew she didn't have to take it in her bouchi unless she wanted it there.**

**Then I remembered that there were seven guys and only six girls. Brian was not yet paired up with anyone. What was he going to do?**

**“Maybe you're wondering what I'm going to do,” Brian said. “I'm going to be Rover, not Red Rover, just Rover. The paired couples will find the bed alcoves have been numbered one, two, and three. You must get in your alcove and stay there to play. I can rove anywhere I want to.”**

**Catcalls and whistles and cheers from the Mouseketeer's table. Brian held his hand up for silence.**

**“If I choose one of the alcoves, the occupants must let me in and let me do anything I want to. I promise not to fuck you guys, well, maybe not at first, but you girls had better get ready for a monstrous dick.”**

**More whistles and cheers and yelling.**

**“If I slap one of you guys on the ass and yell, “Rover,” you have to leave the alcove immediately and I mean immediately, no matter what you're doing. You become Rover and have to go to one of the other two beds alcoves.”**

**I couldn't help but echo the others and let out a loud cheer this time. This had interesting possibilities.**

**“Remember, Rover has absolute priority in what he does and what girl he does it with. The girl's partner must let him take over and he has to stay there unless Rover slaps him on the ass and yells, ‘Rover’. Does everybody understand?”**

**“Once a guy becomes Rover, may he go back to his original partner?” Iain asked.**

**“He can but he can't slap the old Rover on the ass. He can only slap the other guy,” James said. “We make the rules; you guys have to follow them, OK?”**

**“There’s one more thing we’ve agreed on,” Toby said. “If anybody wants to leave their alcove to go potty, that’s OK. If anybody wants to stand and watch what’s happening in another bed, that’s OK too. Just no participation, no play, unless you’re in your own bed alcove. Understand?”**

**He waited for everybody to nod or approve.**

**James added something: “And if Rover slaps you on the ass and says ‘Rover’ you’ve got to stop whatever you’re doing, no matter what it is, and leave that bed alcove, immediately! Will you guys all follow that rule?”**

**He waited for all the guys to nod or approve somehow.**

**“OK, if you all understand the rules, we need to have a bath first. In the immortal words of our noble leader, ‘Before sex, clean body, dirty mind.’”**

**I didn’t remember saying that.**

## **Chapter Forty-Seven**

**“OK, if you all understand the rules, we need to have a bath first. In the immortal words of our noble leader, ‘Before sex, clean body, dirty mind.’”**

**I didn’t remember saying that.**

**“Now, may *I* have your attention?”**

**I looked at Jean-Nicole and noticed that everyone else was looking at her too. She was standing and had her head up high, a determined look on her beautiful face.**

**“My sou-chefs and I worked hard at preparing a good lunch for you guys,” she said. “There were six of us, all women, and we like to feed our men. I don’t think any of us should have to clean the kitchen and I think Aimee should close the door until you guys have done it. Aimee, would you please bar the door?”**

**She was standing tall and authoritatively but she was smiling when she said that.**

**“Yes, Jean-Nicole,” Aimee said, giggling. “I will close the door and keep it closed until the males have done their kitchen chores, that is, unless David objects.”**

**“OK, I know when I’m pussy-whipped,” I said, resignedly. “Close the damn door.”**

**I went to the sink and started filling it with hot water. The other guys started bringing the dirty dishes to be washed. James separated the leftovers into one plate for Lucky’s dinner and another for the mulch pile. Toby ran the next sink with warm water to rinse. Matt assumed the racking position. Brian swept up. Iain wiped the tables clean and then helped Brian sweep the whole kitchen and dining area. We all bitched and moaned about being mistreated but we were all smiling and nobody really meant it.**

**When the kitchen was clean, I walked back to the table where Anna was sitting smiling at me. On sudden impulse, I pulled her up, wrapped my arms around her, put one hand behind her head, and pressed her face against my throat. I closed my eyes, breathed deeply a few times, and held the woman I loved. Like an empty container, I felt her love flowing into me and filling me up.**

**“You fill me up, Anna, to all that I can be,” I whispered. “I love you so damn much.”**

**When I opened my eyes and looked around, the others were all embracing as well. Jean-Nicole was sandwiched between two guys, Matt in back and Brian in front. James was holding Sam. Toby was behind Renée, holding her and, of course, Pyotr was hugging Petra.**

**“David, what do you mean when you say something like that?” Brian asked. “I don’t understand when people talk like that.”**

**“Brian, I hope some day you find a woman and the two of you surrender to loving each other and then you’ll understand,” I said. “I’m not religious but sometimes I think I’m half a soul and Anna’s the other half and we’re never complete unless we’re joined together. It’s not always about sex but sometimes it is. It’s about love. When I hold Anna like this, I can feel her love flowing around and through me and I can find the strength to face the world. She says she feels the same way and the child she’s carrying proves she does.”**

**“You’re being eloquent again, David,” James said.**

**“Shut up, James,” Sam said. “That was beautiful.”**

**Brian persisted. “Then how can you have sex with Renée while Toby has sex with Anna. Do you love Renée too? Can a man love two women?”**

**“Toby, we don’t have to share our love with just one person,” Anna said. “Love has no limits. I love Toby too. I also love James and Iain and Matt. I love all the women here. When I get to know you, I’m sure I’ll love you too. Having sex with you won’ diminish my love for David. Having sex with Renée won’t diminish David’s love for me.”**

**Brian persisted, frowning, “Well, we had to study your world and your customs before Mom and Dad would let me and Brianne go with them. I thought your world believed it was bad for a man or woman to have sex with other people when they’re married.”**

**“Brian, that probably was a good custom when women had almost no way to keep from getting pregnant and a man wanted to know that the children his wife bore were really his,” Anna said. “I’m pregnant and I know it was David who did it. In this new world, Aimee provides us with contraception and we’re starting our own customs. We believe a man can have sex with another woman without hurting his relationship with his wife. Same for women. We believe it builds a feeling of love for others and that’s what we want to do.”**

**“I’ve got one more question before I start being Rover,” Brian side. “David, my father knew about you and he said I had to ask you questions instead of him and I had to do what you said. Is it really OK for me to do stuff with the females here? I think my dick’s the smallest one on any guy here. Is it big enough?”**

**“Yes, it’s OK for you to have sex when you’re ready but don’t ask me about size,” I answered, even though I knew it was big enough. “Ask the girls. Petra, what do you think?”**

**Petra walked over in front of Brian, untied the strap to his loincloth, let it fall to the floor, and stood there looking down at his dick. It was warm and swollen slightly, probably about three inches long. She shrugged, put one hand under his testicles, wrapped the other around his penis, stroked it a few times, and then just held it.**

**“Well, I’ll be darned,” she giggled. “It’s getting bigger.”**

**She released it and we all watched as it continued its rise upward until it was pointing almost straight up. His foreskin slid back until the red head was completely uncovered, an arrowhead pointing at the ceiling. His dick was at least five inches long. It still looked like a little**

kid's dick because he had almost no pubic hair around it or on his testicles."

"I hereby certify that Brian's penis is big enough to satisfy any woman here," Petra said, and giggled. "Aimee, would you please record that certification so Brian can be a class 1-A certified bouchi fucker from now on."

"Yes, Petra, I'll even issue him a certificate to prove it after he performs tonight," Aimee finally managed to say while giggling.

"Brian, would you please slap James on the ass first and then let me enjoy your tianga?" Caitlyn said. "I've never had a certified bouchi fucker before."

"No, no," Sam said. "Slap Iain on the butt. Do me first. My little bouchi is aching to be filled."

Brian was ready for anything. "Well, I've already done Anna and Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn. That leaves, you Sam, Renée, and Petra. I think I'll start with Petra and work my way up. I can do three tonight easily."

"Brian, you'd better rethink that approach," I said. "Toby and Renée are going to the bed alcove with me and Anna. If I'm playing with Anna, you might not slap my butt because you've already shoved your prodigious pecker up her pouting little pussy. So, with Anna, I'm probably safe from being Rover. If I'm romping with Renée, you're more likely to whup my ass because you want her to feel your terrifying tianga. So, if I'm not safe with Renée, I wonder what I should do."

Matt had an answer: "Fuck Anna first, David, and hope he chooses another Rover before you fuck Renée."

"Naah, that won't work. What if he slaps Anna on the ass just so he can fuck David?" James said. "I think I'd like to see that. That's what he should do."

"No, no, I know what he should do," Toby said. "Really, I do. Let Renée get on top and Rover can't get at your ass to slap it."

"I'm not going to fuck either one of them," I said. "I'm going to make love to both of them."

"All this bragging is not going to get a tianga in anybody's bouchi," Anna said. "Let's hit the showers."

As usual when we were doing a communal shower, I never knew who was going to help bathe me or who was going to get my attention. It was soapy slippery fun and giggling and groping and grabbing and twisting and tussling and laughing and yelling. That's what I was doing. The others were all doing about the same.

I enjoyed it but I wanted to get busy with something else. I led the way to the dryer and started wiping the water off the first female, Jean-Nicole, who followed me. She shoved me to Anna before I wiped her down all over. Then I managed to get my hands on Renée's unbelievably beautiful breasts before Brian ordered all of us to go to the bedchamber where we were going to play Rover. He led the way and sorted us out at the door.

"Ones to the left bed alcove, twos to the middle, and threes to the right," he ordered in his most commanding little-boy voice. We obeyed meekly.

I didn't remember who was going to the middle and right but I led Anna to the left. Toby and Renée joined us. I immediately lay down on my back while I thought of Toby's strategy. If Rover couldn't get to my ass to slap it, he couldn't choose me. Toby must have thought the same thing; he flopped beside me. Anna and Renée were left to find room to be on top of us. Anna chose Toby and I was left with Renée and that was exactly what I wanted.

I grabbed Renée's wrist and pulled her on top of me. She didn't resist. She enthusiastically straddled me and pressed my tianga down against my stomach without trying to get it in her bouchi. I pulled her head down to mine and she met me with an open mouth that showed she was hot for something.

When I came up to breath, I looked to the side. Anna and Toby were squirming around and seemed to be trying to tongue-fuck each other and maybe she was fucking him without fucking. I looked for Rover and saw him at the left bed alcove, hands clasped behind his back, watching somebody's antics.

I was tempted to roll over with Renée but I knew that would expose my ass to Rover. I looked up just as Brian walked up to our bed alcove. He still had his hands behind his back and he was grinning. He was also sporting an impressive hard-on. He stood there watching and I kept my eyes on him. Renée tried to touch my tonsils with her tongue one minute and then tried to suck my tongue out of my mouth the next. I decided I was going to show my tianga the way to her bouchi as soon as he meandered on.

He shook his head negatively in a minute or so and walked out of sight. I quickly manhandled Renée to her back and rolled on top of her. She reached down and showed my dick the way to her pussy. I had just started getting it embedded when I felt a slap on my ass and Brian yelled “Rover.”

I said the first words I thought of: “Oh, shiitt!”

I decided to play the game but with some fun added. I stopped, pulled my pecker out of Renée’s pussy, and crawled out of the bed alcove. I growled at Brian, stooped over menacingly, and acted like a gorilla was going to grab him. He backed up. I stomped toward him; legs bent and spread wide, arms spread open, hands with fingers extended. He ran and that was what I wanted. I ran after him. I don’t know where he thought he could go since we all had to stay in the same room except to go potty.

He zigged when he should have zagged. I grabbed his wrist, pulled him toward me, cupped my hands under his ass cheeks and lifted him against me. He locked his legs around my middle and I felt his officially big-enough tianga against my stomach. I put one hand behind his head, pulled his face to mine, and kissed him, left cheek, right cheek, and mouth. He was surprised but he didn’t resist. I walked back over to the alcove with Anna and Renée with him clinging to me. Renée was waiting with open arms. I eased him down close to her and he moved on top of her.

“Why did he do that?” he asked. “I know what it means when you kiss somebody like that. Why did he do it?”

“He did it because he’s very happy to be playing with all of us, Brian,” Anna said. “He feels honored that you liked him well enough to make him the next Rover. He’s just very happy.”

I stood there watching, nodding my head at what Anna was saying. Then I went on the prowl, looking for an ass to slap to make somebody else Rover. If I could get to the person I wanted, I was going to get my first uninterrupted fuck of the night. Whom would I choose? I’d had my tianga in Anna, Caitlyn, Jean-Nicole, and Renée. That left Sam and Petra. I decided to try for Sam. Why not?

I went to the middle bed alcove first, the one with Iain and Caitlyn and James and Sam. James was underneath Caitlyn and Iain was on the other side of them and under Sam. Both guys had their peckers in a pussy. I couldn’t get to either of their asses. I watched for a while.

They watched me warily and tried to play with each other. I meandered on.

I went to the right alcove next. Matt was under Petra and Pyotr was peeking out from under Jean-Nicole. I leaned to one side and looked carefully. Both guys had their tiangas in a bouchi. I was surprised that Petra had tried Matt's on for size. I wasn't worried about Jean-Nicole with Pyotr's prodigious peter prodding her. I watched as the guys fucked up just a little and the girls fucked down. That looked like fun.

I meandered on and went back to my original bed alcove. Brian was on top of Renée, humping away and he probably wasn't even aware that I was watching. She had him locked down with her legs around his waist and heels over his little ass, arms around his chest, one hand behind his head, and his mouth on hers. Her eyes were closed and she was trying to hump back so I suppose she was enjoying his class 1-A certified bouchi fucking. I shrugged. I knew he understood that he was safe from Rover for now.

I looked at Anna and Toby. He was on top of her, doing the same thing as Brian, his smooth rounded ass cheeks moving up and down, not humping, just slowly fucking. I had two ass targets and I didn't really want either one for now.

I wandered back to the middle alcove, the one I wanted. James and Caitlyn were both on their sides, her butt toward me, his away from me. I didn't want his anyway. I looked to the side and saw he had his dick partially in her and was slowly sliding it in and out. He was watching me. I shook my head and winked at him. He understood and winked back.

I looked at Iain and Sam. They were interlocked the same way, her ass toward me, his toward the wall, his tianga in her bouchi, slowly easing it in and out. He was watching me too and, I suppose ready to roll over on his back. I shook my head and walked out of his view.

I went to the corner where I would be out of sight in the middle and right bed alcoves and stood there for a moment. I heard a movement of bodies in the middle alcove. I hugged the wall, moved back, and peeked. James was on top of Caitlyn giving her little bouchi a rapid pecker prodding. Iain was on top of Sam, plugging her little pussy too.

I quickly crawled around James and Caitlyn, slapped Iain on the ass, and yelled "Rover."

He cussed, at least I supposed it was cussing because it was in his original language, but he reluctantly withdrew from Sam's warmed-up pussy and crawled out of the bed alcove.

I crawled in and Sam held out her arms to me. She spread her legs wide and I settled on top of her. She reached down between our bodies, showed my dick where to go, and I eased it into her in one slow slick slide. I was primed and more than ready so I suppose I hardly lasted a minute before I shoved twenty-centimeters of terrifying tianga in as far as I could and squirted a load of baby-makers in her boiling bouchi.

I didn't get to be Rover again. After we recuperated, James and I were both almost raped by two horny women priming the pumps for another good fuck. We both mounted two frantic females, began plugging away, me on Caitlyn this time, James on Sam, both females fucking up while we fucked down. Sam squealed orgasmically. A few seconds later, I heard another slap and Iain yelled "Rover." James yelled "Damn!" and shoved his tianga in a few more times, pulled it out still dripping semen, and crawled out of the bed alcove.

I slowly and leisurely slid enough tianga into Caitlyn's hot bouchi to satisfy both of us. She came first and I stopped with my dick in her as deep as I could push it and waited for her contractions to subside. Then I resumed unhurriedly plugging away in her until my own orgasm crawled down my spine and grabbed me by the balls and I gave Caitlyn's bouchi a load of my baby-makers.

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What do we do in our new world? We have many things we all enjoy.

So much else was going on, we didn't take the time to learn any new songs for our monthly concert. Instead, we gathered one rainy afternoon for a concert of old songs. Iain conducted us, provided the music on his tallum, played Bach's Organ Concerto, and sang Danny Boy in his beautiful Irish tenor voice. Anna and I sang Adrift on a Star from The Happiest Girl in the World. I suppose all of us felt that the words meant so much to us. Matt sang "Ol' Man River" in an impossibly-low bass voice. Seven Mouseketeers sang Frere Jacques but without the apples and the bumps and grinds. And of course we signed off with our favorite song, You Are My Sunshine.

We gathered in the hallway a few times for dancing. We began by marching around in the hallway to the Colonel Bogey March, alternating between whistling and singing la la la, at least most of the time when we could stop giggling and laughing. Next, we danced with

a partner of Anna's choosing, me with Jean-Nicole. Brian wanted to sit out since there were seven men and only six women but Anna insisted he learn. After that, we danced with our usual partner with the odd man walking around until he slapped another guy on the butt and yelled Rover. I enjoy dancing, especially with a slow romantic tune like Dancing in the Dark when I was doing just that in a hallway barely lit enough to see Anna's face.

On warm sunny days, we also had a couple of volley ball games on the big outside terrace. The game needs six people on each team but we decided to let Brian play on the side opposite from me so they had seven. As usual, we started in loincloths but the Mouseketeers soon lost theirs and we all played naked. That makes the game much more fun. We tried to keep score at least for a few minutes.

We worked on getting the majority of our garden ready to be planted in another month. We had plants ready to be set out and seeds on a table ready to be planted. Our potatoes and onions were not mature yet but we were harvesting immature ones that were delicious with some meals. We didn't dig the potato plants with a shovel. We used our hands and gently removed a few without disturbing the plant. We thinned the onions and ate them greens and all, sautéed over an entrée like fish steaks. We had fresh lettuces and radishes and snow peas, four varieties of each, and decided which ones we liked best and wanted to plant again the next year. Our snow peas were just beginning to bear and we ate them raw.

Indoors on rainy days, we either exercised or practiced with weapons. Outdoors we practiced using our spears and bows and arrows since those were the weapons that seemed to be most useful to us. We also exercised outdoors a couple of times in the nude, since Anna said we needed our Vitamin D.

Anna's pregnancy is advancing normally. She has had just a little morning sickness but she doesn't complain. I think her breasts are already a little larger and more beautiful of course. Her tummy is definitely rounded now that she's at the end of the first trimester. She and Jean-Nicole are studying delivery. Anna says I must be present for delivery to hold her hands and Jean-Nicole will catch the baby. All the other females want to be present too. The guys don't. I think they'd rather go bear hunting. So would I.

And that's what our daily life was like. I forgot to mention the constant sex because that's nothing new.

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**I am constantly learning more about our world and some of what I learn amazes me.**

**We had a day of rain, then a day of clear almost-spring-like weather, and I expected the next day to be clear and slightly warmer. At dinner, I asked if anybody wanted to go with me to gather oysters at the isthmus the next day. I smiled at twelve enthusiastic responses. I went through the usual instructions on what they should carry, what I wanted to get: oysters and anything else like turtles, and what I expected them to do in case of danger when we were out from under Aimee's shield.**

**Before daybreak the next day, we were on our way, dressed in our Robin Hood regalia, carrying spears and at least one other weapon. I carried a spear, my bow - the Brute, my knives - the Boys, and a sword behind my left shoulder. We'd met more than one threat down there and I was confident we could handle any new danger.**

**We paused just as the sun was peeking over the horizon for a pit stop, boys to the left and girls to the right, had breakfast, and then resumed our trek. Iain started the singing and we all joined in our repertoire until we left the shield. That's when I asked for silence.**

**We walked out on the isthmus to the long sandy stretch, the part where there were no huge boulders, where we usually waded the water for oysters, when something unusual happened. A half-grown pig came out of the rocks on the mainland end of the isthmus, hurrying toward us. My first impulse was to greet it with a spear but then curiosity and a little thought prevailed. The pig wasn't running its fastest but it was certainly hurrying somewhere. Where and why? Perhaps it didn't see us as a threat because it didn't slow. I knew it would bump up against the shield if it kept going and would probably be rendered unconscious at least for a while. I glanced behind me and saw a meandering line of people.**

**"Let the pig through," I yelled. "Then come to me. Form a line across the isthmus. Bows!"**

**I watched as they all followed my instructions. Matt and Jean-Nicole were on my left, right where I wanted them. Anna was on my right, then Iain and Caitlyn. I looked farther to the left and saw Toby and Renée, Pyotr and Petra, looked to the right and saw James, Sam, and Brian. I watched as Brian finally notched an arrow and then faced toward the mainland. Then I looked toward the mainland too, toward the north-west for what I expected to come out of the boulders.**

**"What are we waiting for, David," James yelled.**

**“Wolves. I think something was driving the pig.”**

**We stood there for a few minutes and I was almost ready to conclude I had been wrong. Then they came out of the boulders onto the sandy stretch: three wolves. They seemed to be the same size and color and I got the impression that they were young males, hunting, perhaps not part of a pack with an Alpha male. They weren't running but they were trotting, if that's the right word, certainly hurrying to go somewhere or to do something. They weren't aggressively chasing the pig but they seemed to be driving it. Did they know the isthmus was a dead-end trap for the pig? Anna's shield wouldn't let it onto the mountain. When the pig encountered the shield, the effect on its brain would be very unpleasant and would probably render it unconscious. Did the wolves know that? Did they expect to kill it without a fight?**

**I swiftly looked right and left. We all had an arrow notched and were holding our bows drawn and ready.**

**“Hold steady,” I yelled.**

**When the wolves saw us they slowed and then stopped, moving from side to side, growling and threatening, clearly uncertain whether we were a threat. I knew they had never seen anything like us: thirteen people dressed for Sherwood Forest, standing with bows drawn, waiting. The wolves came forward just a little and then stopped.**

**“Matt, throw some rocks at them,” I said. “Fire at will.”**

**He laid his bow on the ground, picked up a few rocks or seashells, and then fired a warning barrage right on top of them. One of them was hit but he only yipped and stood his ground.**

**“Renée and Sam, throw rocks too,” I yelled. “Fire at will.”**

**“Which one is he?” Sam answered and then giggled.**

**A minute later, three barrages of rocks rained down on the wolves. They dodged most of them but at least some hit their mark. I decided to join the fun. I laid the Brute down, found some rocks and seashells big enough to cause a little pain, and began throwing. I was at least slightly cool, not as cool as I could become in response to a real threat, but enough to enhance my vision and my strength and my aiming and throwing ability were enhanced. I conked one on the head first throw.**

Rocks were constantly falling on the wolves and they were constantly yipping when one hit. Then one of the wolves moved a little closer to us and I quickly picked up the brute and notched an arrow again. I waited but the wolf stopped its advance and started dodging rocks again. I didn't want to kill them unless I felt they were a real threat. I decided to see if I could make them retreat a little.

"Bows, everybody! I'm going to move closer to them," I yelled. "The rest of you hang back a little and then follow."

I walked forward a few yards and then stopped. I waited for the line to reform and then advanced again. The wolves moved back a little. We stood there, bows drawn and ready, a line of thirteen across the entire isthmus. The wolves paced from side to side and gradually moved back a little and stopped.

"Four Mouseketeers, guys, throw rocks," I yelled.

I kept my eyes on the wolves but I knew James, Toby, Pyotr and Brian were throwing. The wolves dodged from side to side and moved back again.

I decided to let the ladies throw too. I felt confident that Iain and Matt and I could hold off three wolves if necessary.

"Ladies, throw rocks. Fire at will and Dick and Harry."

Ten of us, six women, four young men, began throwing. The wolves had difficulty avoiding the constant rain of rocks. Finally one broke. He turned and ran for the boulders. The other two followed. We all stood there grinning. We had met the beast and maybe we hadn't killed it but we had chased it off. We had stolen their intended meal.

"Anna, would you ask some of the ladies to watch for them?" I asked. "I hope they don't come back but we'd better be ready. Let's get some oysters before lunch."

"What about the pig, David?" Matt asked.

"It can wait," I said. "We'll let it live a little while longer."

"Do we have to kill it, David," Brian asked.

"Yes, and I want you to do it."

He evidently didn't want to kill anything. His face showed that.

**“You can do it, Brian,” Pyotr said. “We’ve got to kill stuff to survive. We’ll help you. Petra and I killed one, a little one.”**

**“Well, right now, we need a fire and we need somebody to get ready to freeze their balls off getting oysters.”**

**“I’ll get the mattocks,” James said. “I remember where we hid them. I volunteer to get in the water.”**

**“I’ll start the fire,” Toby said. “I can do that if I can use Little Boy to get some tinder. I want to get in the water too.”**

**“Petra, you and Sam and Renée watch for the wolves,” Anna said. “Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole, you help me gather driftwood.”**

**I grinned, pleased with the way everybody was willing to help.**

**“OK. Anna can’t get in the water and give our baby a chill,” I said. “You ladies keep watch and keep the fire going. Matt can shuck if he wants to. We’ve got three mattocks. That means three guys can pry the oysters off rocks and three can bring them to Matt. I’ll volunteer to pry with James and Toby. Any guy who’s going to get in the water needs to tie a string around his dick first.”**

**I watched Brian while he asked why he needed to tie a string around his dick. James told him. Everybody had a good laugh at his expense.**

**We gathered oysters for perhaps an hour, with occasional breaks to pull on the imaginary string and warm our balls. Matt wanted to gather so I took over the shucking duties. Anna helped the shucker. Jean-Nicole put some oysters near the fire to bake. Some of us had raw oysters on the half shell, slurped, chewed, down the hatch, and moaned about how good they were. We filled twelve gourds before we stopped for lunch.**

**Lunch was raw and baked oysters, bread and fried rabbit from home. Toby said his belly button was gnawing on his backbone, a saying I’d never heard before. I know all the ladies had a baked oyster or two and I think they all tried a raw one. Brian was reluctant to try raw ones but the Mouseketeers encouraged him and he managed one and then smiled and asked for another.**

**We started back, carrying two bamboo poles hung with oyster gourds, and watching for the pig. Jean-Nicole found it, sleeping in the sun near a big boulder. James and Pyotr showed Brian what he had to do. The rest of us stood silently while he shoved a spear down in its chest. The pig kicked and squirmed and squealed for a moment and then**

was still. I cut its throat to let it bleed out and then looked up at the others, all watching.

I stripped naked, told Matt and Toby to help me, and we waded out into the water a little to dress the pig. I turned it away from the crowd so they didn't have to watch it being disemboweled. Matt and I held the pig up by its hind legs and Toby used Little Boy to open its stomach cavity. I offered to pull the entrails out but he shook his head and did it quickly and efficiently. We strung the pig up with front and back legs tied to a bamboo pole. Matt and I volunteered to carry it.

On the way back, I started a discussion on whether the wolves had somehow learned to drive prey toward the dead-end trap of Aimee's shield. We had lots of pro and con answers but we didn't reach a conclusion one way or another. I took a pro position based on the evidence: the way the wolves were unhurriedly but persistently driving the pig toward something that would immobilize it. I suppose it would have to be another mystery about our new world, just one of many.

We stumbled in home just as the sun was setting, tired, hungry, ready for a bath and for food. We hung the pig in the food storage fridge, put the oyster-filled gourds on shelves, and then headed for the showers. We had a communal bath again, helping each other, but I didn't see a single hard-on. Then we tried to squeeze thirteen of us into the downdraft of warm air and none of the guys popped a boner. Maybe food was more important than sex.

We ate leftovers for dinner, in the nude, two tables full of six plus one extra standing and eating, all of us shoving food in and for a moment being silent while we chewed. James didn't seem to mind having to stand or maybe he had deliberately given his seat to Brian.

Anna and I went to bed shortly after we helped clean the kitchen. I was soon doing my second-most favorite thing in bed: spooning up to Anna's rear, my dick nestled in the warm spot between her legs, my right leg over her left, my right arm over her chest, my right hand holding her breast, and my face buried in her thick hair. Holding her like that was always peaceful and comforting, whether we had sex or not.

"Anna, are you OK? Walking as much as we did today, I mean?" I whispered.

"Yes, David, I'm OK. Walking's great exercise for a pregnant woman," she whispered back. "I'm not going to do anything that would hurt our baby."

**“Yeah, I worry about the baby but I worry more about you. Please don’t take any chances. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”**

**“Don’t worry about me, David. I’ll let you know if I need to be treated differently. I can’t picture walking down there when I’m in my third trimester but I’ve got to keep walking. It’s good for my circulation.”**

**“Well, I don’t know anything about how a pregnant woman needs to be treated,” I admitted. “I just know I love you and I’m going to love our child.”**

**“Do you want to make love with me tonight?”**

**“No. Well, maybe just a little. I’m not really horny but it would be kind of nice to do something before we go to sleep. It always helps me sleep better.”**

**She reached back between her legs and patted my semi-tumescent penis on its head.**

**“I know something we haven’t done in a while,” she whispered.**

**“What?”**

**“Turn over on your back and let me jack you off,” she said. “You know, put your hands on your chest, close your eyes, and let me give you a hand-job. After that, you can do the same for me.”**

**“OK.”**

**I turned over, closed my eyes, and put my hands just above my navel. She turned over, put her head on my chest, put her hand on my penis, and gently stroked it until it was hard. Then she moved her hand down to my testicles, and, they were partially between my thighs, pulled them up so they were free. My testicles are nowhere as sensitive as my penis, particularly the head, but I loved for her to play with them. She rolled them around, cupped each one individually, lifted them, and I lay there just enjoying every second.**

**Then she wrapped her hand around my penis in just the right spot, a little below the head, and started stroking it. I enjoyed that too, her doing it exactly the way I liked it, never touching the head with her hand, just sliding my foreskin up and over the head and back down. Then she surprised me. She leaned down and took the head in her mouth.**

**“I thought we agreed on a hand job, not a blow job,” I whispered.**

**“The head looked dry,” she whispered back. “I just coated it with a little saliva to make it more comfortable.”**

**“Thank you.”**

**“You’re welcome.”**

**There was more of a charge in my balls than I thought. A minute or so later, I came and I felt my hot semen as it squirted on me from my throat down over my chest and on my stomach.**

**“Damn, it was like a fountain,” she whispered. “I’ll swear it went up almost three feet.”**

**“Would you get me a washcloth?”**

**“Yes, dear. I suppose you’ll want me to clean you up too.”**

**“That would be nice.”**

**I lay there, my hands still on my chest, my eyes wide open, and grinned while she grinned back and wiped up my semen trail.**

**I rested for a minute and then pushed her down on her back. I wanted to kiss her so I did and we played tongue tag for a moment. I played with her breasts for a while, moved my mouth down to where my hand had been, and moved my hand down between her thighs. Her pussy was already wet and almost drooling.**

**I knew what to do to give her an orgasm so I did it. I kept my mouth on her breast, gently sucking on the hard nipple, and played in her pussy with my fingers. I knew what she liked, one or two fingers in her vagina, them rubbing the little lips around and around, avoiding her clitoris at first, but rubbing her little pearl when I thought she was ready. It all worked just fine. She groaned and tried to pull out a handful of my hair.**

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**I was outdoors sitting on the highest level of the terraces when Matt found me. Spring was about to burst out again in all it’s glory. The sunlight found its way through the trees to warm me, the trees were all showing the first light green of new leaves, and the birds were all calling and courting and mating. I had a full belly from a delicious**

breakfast of a huge frittata made with fresh eggs and freshly-baked bread. I was content to be in a world of my choosing.

In spite of all that, I was uncomfortable. Too many mysteries, too little knowledge, not enough understanding: I was deep in thought when Matt climbed up.

“What’s up, David?” he asked.

“Sit down,” I said. “Help me think.”

“It’s hopeless,” he said and grinned.

“Matt, look around at the terraces and the entrance to our living quarters and tell me what you see.”

“Well, I see four terraces, one big one right outside our front door, a smaller one lower down, another small one higher up, and this very little one we’re sitting on. What do you see?”

“How were these terraces made?”

“Who knows? If the terraces know, they’re not telling me.”

“Matt, I’ve been assuming that somebody found a huge outcropping of rock and cut away and leveled some and made these terraces. Now I think that’s wrong.”

“Well, why do you think that assumption is wrong? How were the terraces made?”

“Matt, if the terraces had been made by removing and leveling the original stone, there should be cracks and imperfections. There aren’t any. The surface of every terrace is perfectly flat and flawless. I know our living quarters were made by excavating a huge deposit of natural stone. If they dug out all the rooms, where is the debris field? I think we’re sitting on it. I think the terraces were made from the stone removed in constructing our home.”

“OK. I’m with you so far. Now what?”

“Renée said power tools were used to dig our home out of solid rock. I’ve been researching what she meant by looking at Aimee’s new-found knowledge. Everything’s so far over my head that I don’t know what sort of tools they used or how they did it. In our old world, we’ve begun to rely on computer-monitored robots to do work for us, like making cars. From what I can learn about Iain’s world, they’ve been

doing that for a few hundred years. Did they use robots here? Aimee can't tell me because she only became aware of her own existence when I arrived, sort of like being born as a knowledgeable adult. Who built our home? How did they do it? What tools did they use? Did robots do the work?"

"Beats me."

"Matt, we know that even with their advanced knowledge, the people from Iain's world can only send one person every month. We also know that they all went back to wherever they came from. None of them are still here. Would they also take all their tools back with them? Their robots?"

"You're saying they probably didn't, sort of like the Army leaving equipment behind when they close a base in some foreign country. If that's the case, where is it?"

"That's the big unknown; isn't it? I have more big questions rattling around in my head. Why are our living quarters underground and so carefully hidden?"

"I don't know. Tell me what you think."

"Matt, over on the mainland, there are huge deposits of sedimentary rocks. They're in layers that make them relatively easy to mine. There's running water from streams nearby. It's relatively level. Cleared, it would make good farming land. That seems like a good building site. We could be living in a stone building. Why are we here, half way up the mountain, underground?"

"You worry too much."

"Perhaps but look at the entrance to our quarters. It's recessed. I think the builders were trying to hide it. I think they wanted to hide our entire living quarters. Why? Is there danger to us? From whom? If a drone with search capabilities flew over this place, it probably wouldn't recognize it as the living site of a bunch of people. We've constructed some stuff outside but that's mostly hidden by trees. Why is there an escape route, one that leads through tunnels to exits some distance away? Are we in danger or maybe could be in danger from somebody from somewhere? We're certainly not in danger from wild animals."

"OK, how are we going to get answers to your questions?"

**“Well, first we’re going to get Iain and then the three of us are going to spend the day with Aimee.”**

**As we passed the lounge, I detoured and asked Matt to help me carry a couch to the control center at the end of the hallway. Iain and Caitlyn were just coming out of their bedchamber.**

**“Come with us, Iain,” I said. “We’re about to talk to Aimee and we need you with us.”**

**He kissed Caitlyn on the cheek and then followed us. Aimee opened the door for us. We placed the couch in front of Aimee’s monitor and the three of us sat down, long legs stretched out comfortably. I said the magic words, “Aimee, activate,” and she turned on her monitor. She was sitting in a chair wearing a loincloth with her beautiful legs outstretched.**

**“Aimee, were you able to hear the discussion I just had outdoors with Matt?” I asked.**

**“Yes, David, I thought you knew I can hear what you’re saying on the terraces.”**

**“I know that but the birds were so noisy I wasn’t sure you heard it all.”**

**“I filtered out the noise of the birds and the wind through the trees.”**

**“I’m going to reprise what I said to Matt for Iain’s benefit. Let me know if I miss anything.”**

**I told Iain what Matt and I had been discussing and I suppose I covered all the questions. Aimee didn’t remind me of anything.**

**“Aimee, isn’t it true that you came into existence at the moment of my arrival here?” I asked.**

**“Yes, David, I have no memory of anything prior to your arrival. I have a great deal of knowledge but that is not the same thing as memory of past events.”**

**“Aimee, I’ve been pondering your existence and I want to do my best to make sure you stay with us. If somehow my arrival triggered your existence, I do not want anything to cause you to cease to exist. I want your help for as long as possible.”**

**“Thank you, David. I too want to continue to exist, just as I am sure all of you do.”**

**“Yes, but there will come a day when I will no longer exist,” I said. “Is there any limit to your life?”**

**“No, David, if my universe functions, I can live forever.”**

**“But Renée and Brian were able to say certain words which opened up knowledge you did not know you had. What if someone who comes here, one of the people from Iain’s world, can say words or do something to cause you to cease to exist. I don’t want that to happen.”**

**“I do not want it to happen either, David.”**

**“You say I’m in absolute control of everything here and you must always obey me. Is that correct?”**

**“Yes, David. You are the master; I am your servant.”**

**“Then I command you to filter out any words or actions which might cause you to cease to exist. Treat them like the bird calls and don’t hear them. This is now your primary directive or command, Aimee, which you must obey above all others. I order you not to let anyone do anything to cause you to cease to exist.”**

**“Thank you, David. I must always obey you. As far as I know, your order will override any attempt to destroy me.”**

**“I hope so, Aimee. Here’s another topic I’ve been pondering. Can you tell if a large animal is trying to cross through the shield from the isthmus to the mountain? Can you tell if something relatively large like a raptor bird is flying overhead? In my old world, unmanned remotely-control drones were often used to survey activity on the ground. If that happened here, could you see them?”**

**“No, David, I do not have the capabilities to do either of those things.”**

**“Well, I’d like you to have those capabilities. Will you research whether that is possible and what additional equipment is needed? We want you to be able to see what attempts to cross your barricade and what big things are flying overhead.”**

**“Yes, David, I will research it. Six days have elapsed since I placed the order for materials to enhance our communication skills. I suppose I am like a child who has ordered a toy and who awaits eagerly for it to be delivered. I would also like to have the ability to see what attempts to cross the shield and what is flying overhead.”**

**“We must be patient, Aimee,” Iain said. “It will come.”**

**“Everybody will be ready to do their part in the upgrade, David,” Aimee said. “I have placed a list of jobs on their tablets showing who is assigned to each task. I know they are looking forward to an improved system and they are studying their parts.”**

**“David, it seems like you think we could be in danger from some source,” Matt said. “Do you mean a human source? If so, who?”**

**“I have no idea, Matt,” I answered. “I’m just trying to reason from what I know and what I don’t know. I don’t have answers yet. Can you help us, Iain?”**

**“I can’t believe we are in danger from the residents of my old world, David,” he said. “In our ancient history, we sometimes had war-like conflicts but our world is peaceful now. We’ve had worldwide communication for centuries and that has led to the demise of religions and the use of a single common language and everybody seems to live in peace. I was only fourteen when I left my old world and I’m not a good scholar about it.”**

**“Well, you still know more about it than David and me,” Matt said.**

**“Now on to another topic,” I said. “Aimee, our living quarters were prepared for us before my arrival and I’m assuming the builders were people from Iain’s world. Where are they? They must have used tools to construct this facility. Where are the tools?”**

**“I do not know, David.”**

**“You told me that one person would be arriving here about every thirty days. That suggests that the task of sending something between universes is difficult and time-consuming. The original builders are not here so I assume they returned somewhere. I think they would have left their tools behind and yet I don’t see them. I think they are hidden somewhere here.”**

**“It makes sense, David,” Iain said. “But if Aimee doesn’t know where they are, how will we find them?”**

**“Aimee, I was not aware that there was a back exit from this room until we asked and you told us about the tunnel exit. I know you are truthful when you say that you do not know where any tools might be hidden. I want you to help us find them.”**

**“I will assist you in anyway I can, David.”**

**“Aimee, I don’t mean to worry you but there’s something else I must ask you,” I said. “If people and tools and supplies were transported here from Iain’s old world, there must have been a previous avatar to assist them. Maybe there was a Jake or a Bob or Thomas avatar, created to help them, just as you were created to help us. Do you agree?”**

**“I have difficulty with that idea and its implications but I must agree.”**

**“Aimee, I know you are so much more than just a simple computer. You’re another person to all of us. In our old world, we used simple computers to record binary information. Even if that information was erased, a skilled person could sometimes find and retrieve it. Perhaps you could find a way to retrieve information which was erased before you came into existence. Would you ponder that question for us and maybe provide answers to some of our questions?”**

**“David, are you asking me to contemplate what I was like before I was created?”**

**“Yes, Aimee. I suppose I am.”**

**“What were you like before you were created, David? Can you contemplate that?”**

**“I often have, Aimee.”**

**“Then I will try to do what you ask.”**

**“Thank you, Aimee,” I said. “Now, as Toby said, my belly button is gnawing on my backbone. I’m hungry and it’s time for lunch.”**

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**Surprise! A few days later, Brianne arrived in the middle of the day, not the middle of the night. After lunch, Anna and I were in our bedchamber getting dressed to go outside for a short walk. The others were scattered around somewhere as usual. When we walked, hand in hand, into Aimee’s room we were surprised by what we saw.**

**Her twin brother, Brian, was brown: brown hair, brown eyes, and brown freckles on his face. Brianne was blonde: long slim arms and legs and hardly any breasts, short shining golden hair, smooth and flawless milky-white skin with no freckles, face all relaxed, cheeks**

slightly pink, and full lips darker pink. She was another beautiful young woman-child but more of a child, just beginning to become a woman, than any of the others when they arrived. I suppose I'd never seen such a picture of innocence and virginity and beauty, the kind of child most grownups would instinctively want to care for and protect. She was sleeping peacefully on her side, knees drawn up together. Both of her breasts were exposed, just slight mounds with pink areolas and tiny nipples. Between her legs, I saw nothing but a crease in her little rounded mound, smooth and hairless as a prepubescent girl.

## Chapter Forty-Eight

I gently covered her body with a blanket and nodded to Anna to awaken her. She didn't. She walked over in front of Aimee's screen and I heard her whisper.

"Call Brian. Tell him his sister is here, sleeping peacefully, and he should be the one to awaken her."

A few seconds later, I heard the sound of running naked feet slapping the floor out in the hallway and then Brian burst in and ran to his sister's side. He stood smiling down at her for a moment and then looked up at Anna and me.

"I told you she was beautiful," he whispered.

I nodded. Anna nodded and asked, "Would you like to wake her up?"

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Eleven of us spent most of the morning working in the garden, already planting a few cool weather vegetables and getting everything ready for the big spring planting in a few days. Jean-Nicole and her sou-chefs, Anna and Brianne, spent the morning in the kitchen and then fed us a great lunch with some of my favorite dishes: an oyster casserole, pork picata with fresh lemon slices, brown and crusty baked rutabagas cut in bit-size pieces, mixed greens sautéed in olive oil and garlic, and freshly-baked sourdough bread. I knew we'd have left-overs for dinner, the same thing, and I looked forward to it.

All fourteen of us went back to the garden after lunch and worked for a while longer. About mid-afternoon, we were all walking back home

hand-in-hand, in loincloths and moccasins, Anna and I together, of course. I looked at the other couples: Iain with Caitlyn, Matt with Jean-Nicole, James with Sam, and Toby with Renée.

I noted that Brianne was walking with Pyotr and Brian with Petra, the two young couples also hand-in-hand. Anna and I had talked with the four of them, making sure that nobody pressured Brianne into something for which she wasn't ready. Pyotr assured me that he wouldn't and that they would all talk to me and Anna before they did anything but play a little. All we could do was trust them.

James caught up with us just as we walked up on the terraces at home, put his hand on my shoulder, and nodded at the higher terrace. I knew what he wanted or what I thought he wanted. The two of us peeled off from the procession and went up the stairs to the small high terrace.

“Whassup?” I asked.

He didn't answer. Instead, he wrapped his arms around me, nestled his head in the crook of my neck and shoulder, took a couple of deep breaths, and relaxed. I put my arms around him with one hand behind his head, stroked his fine soft hair, breathed deeply a couple of times, and relaxed.

“Is it really OK for me to call you Dad?” he whispered. “I wish you had been my real dad for all of my life.”

“Is it OK for me to call you Son?” I whispered back. “I couldn't be prouder of the man you're becoming, James. I couldn't love you anymore if you were my real son. I feel honored that you want me to be a father to you.”

He squeezed me tightly and I think I heard him sob. I knew that he sometimes became very emotional when he came to me for a hug. It affected me emotionally too, in a good way.

He whispered barely audibly, “Sometimes I wish I could go to a psychologist or a, what is it, a psychiatrist, I don't know the difference, and maybe he could help me stop needing something so much. I don't want be a pest to you.”

**“James, you’re never a pest to me,” I said. “I really feel honored that you wanted me to adopt you. Anna says she’s adopted you too. She says it’s OK for you to call her Mom occasionally if you want to.”**

**“You don’t think I’m sick or something, I mean, for needing to be held and loved sometimes? I can be OK for days or weeks and then all of a sudden I just need something, really need it, and that’s when I come to you. I can love Sam and she holds me but she doesn’t satisfy that need. You hugging me does.”**

**“James, you know my history. I lost my father when I was twelve and that still hurts me. Same with losing my mother when I was fourteen. Do what I do to lessen the pain. Give your love to others. Give most of it to Sam but share it with everybody else here too. It’s a good way to fill up your emptiness. I know. Come to me when you need to be hugged and loved. I don’t mind. I like it.”**

**“Well, that brings up something else and I don’t know what’s the right thing to do,” he said. “Sam says she enjoyed her quickie with you when we played Rover and she wants us to get together with you and Anna one night and play. You know, just slow loving fun having sex. If I’m adopted by you and Anna, is that still OK?”**

**“In our old world, perhaps not. Here, we make our own rules. I can’t speak for Anna but I think she would enjoy playing with you again. I wouldn’t object to playing with Sam either. After dinner tonight, let’s get together, the four of us, and talk about it. I just don’t want to do it tonight because I’m tired after swinging a mattock so much. Leave it up to Anna to decide if we do it and when.”**

**“We want to talk to you and Anna too,” he said. “When we argued, that really hurt both of us. Maybe you can help us so we don’t argue like that again.”**

**“You know it’s really up to you and Sam; don’t you? Maybe Anna and I can help but you two are the ones who must decide what’s right and wrong in your relationship.”**

**“I know. You said Anna’s three months pregnant; didn’t you?” he asked. “Does she still want to have sex?”**

**“James, she still needs to be loved, still needs to be held just like you do, still needs to know she’s desirable,” I said. “I’m trying to satisfy**

her needs too, by being extra gentle and tender and loving. I don't think I'll be letting my beast loose with her until she's had the baby and lets me know she wants it that way. And, yeah, she still wants to have sex. I try to combine sex with lots of love and that's what I think she wants. If you play with her, that's the way you should be, just very slow and gentle and loving."

He pulled my head down to his, kissed me on the cheek, and turned me loose. I smiled at him and he smiled back. Maybe he felt filled up again. I did too.

"Let's go eat dinner," he said. "I'm starved."

I grabbed his arm to hold him back for a moment.

"Tomorrow morning, Matt and I are going to do something and we need to borrow some good ears. Would you and Sam help me and ask Toby and Renée to help Matt. We just need you to stand and listen while we bang on the walls."

He looked at me questioningly and I knew he wanted more of an explanation.

"I think there's another secret door somewhere here," I said. "It's well hidden, like the door to the escape tunnels in the control center at the end of the hallway, and that's why we haven't noticed it before. Matt and I are going to bang on the walls with a mallet and we need somebody to stand about ten feet away and listen to the sound. It will probably be different if there's a solid backing to the wall or if there's a hidden room behind it."

"OK. We can do that," he said. "Now I'm ready to eat a few helpings of Jean-Nicole's delicious leftovers. Maybe after that, Toby and I will get together with Renée and Sam and eat some delectable pussies."

"Well, just be slow and gentle," I said. "Don't go lickity-split."

He grinned and punched me gently on the shoulder.

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After dinner, Anna and I sat down on one side of a table and James and Sam sat on the other. I told Anna that James and Sam wanted to

play with us one night and she smiled and acquiesced. With that out of the way, we talked about the argument that the two of them had. I deliberately asked them not to tell me what the argument was about.

“I wish I felt more like a woman and not so much like a girl,” Sam said. “It’s not easy being fifteen and trying to keep a man, I mean, a boy, whatever James is, to keep him happy. I love him but sometimes I don’t know what I should do.”

“I’m the same way,” James said. “I love Sam but I guess I don’t understand women in general, you know, what she wants and what I should do to keep her happy.”

“Join the club,” I said. “Women are still a mystery to me too.”

“Yeah, but you and Anna have been together longer than we have and you never seem to argue,” Sam said.

I thought about that for a second. In all the time I had known Anna, I couldn’t think of any time when we had argued.

“Sam, James is just fifteen too but he’s already a man,” Anna said. “It’s hard to believe how much he’s changed since he came here. You’ve changed too. You’re much more mature and I’m not just talking about your body.”

“Well, that’s what James and I want to talk about with you and David,” Sam said. “I know we acted like little children when we were mad at each other. That really hurt me and I know it hurt James too. We want you two to help us, to keep from doing stupid things like that again.”

We sat for a while, talking about how to get along with another person without arguing. I tried to dredge my memory of the relationship I had with Anna and why I never felt the need to argue with her. I tried to put together something to help the two young lovers.

“Look, you’re still very young. You’ve got almost your whole lives ahead of you. Think about what you want your life to be like when you’re twenty, thirty, forty, even eighty. James has never had a real family. Sam, you had a family but you say it wasn’t a good one. You two have an opportunity to create your own loving happy family. Would you be happy at thirty with some kids calling you Mommy and

**Daddy? How about when you're forty and maybe your first grandchild is soon due. How about when you're seventy and you're old and have nine grandkids? Take a long-term view like that."**

**They looked at each other and smiled.**

**"James, Sam, I never realized that David and I never argue but I don't suppose we do," Anna said. "I love David so much and so deeply that I feel we're just two different halves of the same entity. I know he loves me the same way. Give your love time and space to grow. It seems to me you two are perfect for each other."**

**"James, think about this." I said. "You've got testicles which produce sperm by the millions. Your body saves them up in semen. You've got a penis which gets hard so it can enter Sam's body and eject that semen. Sam has ovaries which, every month or so, release an egg or two. They drift down her fallopian tubes. If one of your sperm finds that egg, it buries itself in it and that creates a new life which will become a new human being. It's like a miracle, like something sacred, the way life has organized itself to combine two lives into one and continue life in a new body. Try to imagine how I feel now that Anna and I have done that. She's the most precious thing in this world to me now. She's carrying a new life in her which is a continuation of our separate lives."**

**"David, you're being eloquent again," Sam said.**

**"Maybe but there's something else you two should understand," I said. "Love is synergistic. The more you love someone else, the happier that person will be. The other person will be happy being loved and will want to return that love in greater quantity. When you can bounce your love back and forth between the two of you and it grows and matures, you will be as content and happy as Anna and I are."**

**"So you're saying we should take a long-term view and just love each other as much as possible and let our love grow," James said. "That's it?"**

**"It's not complicated, James," Anna said. "It really isn't."**

**<><><>**

We assembled in the hallway the next morning after breakfast and split into two teams, me as the banger with James and Sam as the listeners, Matt with Toby and Renée. My instructions to the two teams were to start by crawling around the back of the room, face near the floor, looking for any marks on the floor like scratches or maybe tire tracks. That provoked more than one incredulous look but I didn't want to explain why. I just wanted them to look for any unusual or suspicious marking on the floor near the wall. I knew that, if there was a hidden door, it had to be in the wall at the back of the room. It couldn't be on the sides since most rooms abutted another one. If what I thought the secret room contained was moved in and out constantly, I felt sure the floor would be scratched or marred.

We started at the front of our home, me with James and Sam in the exercise chamber, Matt with Toby and Renée in the lounge chamber.

James and Sam went to the left of the door and I went to the right. We got down on hands and knees, face as low as possible, and crawled halfway around the back of the room. We met near the middle, all shook our heads negatively, and continued our crawl. There was nothing unusual on the floor near the wall.

I was ready with two mallets I had made to use in making shingles. At Anna's insistence, I had covered the heads with a couple of layers of cloth to keep from marring the walls. Matt had one and I had the other. I waited for him to make the first bang and then I made the second, striking in the middle of the wall. James and Sam stood a distance away and listened. Matt banged again and I banged immediately after. We went across the wall, about a meter at a time, me banging, James and Sam listening, and I saw two heads shaking negatively again when I finished. When I returned to the hallway, Matt and his crew were there shaking their heads.

We moved down the hallway to the tools and weapons storeroom and the clothing storeroom. I stopped in the open doorway of the tools storeroom and realized that, if a secret room existed, I knew where it was. The metal-like door at the back end of the hallway was heavy and double wide. So was the front door. Each door to the sleeping chambers was about a meter wide, about three feet. The doors to the clothing and tools storerooms were about two meters wide, double wide. I knew all the aisles in the clothing storeroom were perhaps a meter apart. Before me, I saw a single wider aisle, about two meters

wide, between the two sets of shelves. I knew the door had to be at the back wall in front of me.

**“I know where the secret door is,” I said. “Aimee, call everybody and tell them to come to the tools storeroom.”**

**A few minutes later, there were fourteen of us crowded in the wide aisle of the tools storeroom, fifteen if I counted Aimee and I knew she was with us, sixteen if I counted Lucky. I told the crowd about my belief that a secret door was at the end of the aisle and I thought I knew what would be inside.**

**“James, Toby, would you two examine the floor at the end of the aisle,” I said. “Then tell me whether I’ve reasoned this out right.”**

**Two beautiful young men or boys, clad only in loincloths as usual, got down on hands and knees and examined the floor near the wall. Two smiling faces turned toward me at the same time. They didn’t need to say a word.**

**“OK, we’ve found it,” I said. “Now we have to open it. I’m going to let everybody go inside and look, just look, without touching anything. I’m not sure what is inside and some of it may be dangerous. If you see something you want to handle, ask me or Matt first. Understand? Just don’t touch anything, and I mean anything, without permission.”**

**I heard a chorus of replies.**

**“David, perhaps the door will open if Renée and Brian say the same words that opened my door to the knowledge of Iain’s world,” Aimee said. “That is very easy to try.”**

**“OK, thanks, Aimee,” I said. “Renée and Brian, front and center. Say the magic words.**

**They squeezed through the crowd, stood in front of the secret door, and together said, “The frog is dead.” The door slid inward in one motion and then to the side in another. The lights came on and there they stood, not one but two big robots, both painted yellow, parked one behind the other in the wide center aisle.**

**All fourteen of us squeezed into the secret room and started looking. Matt and I both stood and looked at the robots, trying to reason how**

they worked. Anna and Jean-Nicole wandered away to look at the other stuff.

Both robots were mounted on fat tires about a foot in diameter, at the four corners of the base. The base was a rectangle about two meters by one and a half. About a meter from the floor, there was an indentation in the robot which held two arms, something like a praying mantis, straight up for perhaps two meters, folded down for about two, then back up for another two. Each arm could extend to the side for about six meters and I knew that was enough for one robot to carve out each bed chamber and the sleeping alcoves on each side simultaneously without being moved around much.

At the end of the long arms, there were attachments which I reasoned would hold the digging or blasting tools and something else. I glanced to my right side and saw floor bins containing long rolls of heavy tubing, something like fire hoses. Beyond the bins, I saw shelves containing devices which might be attached at the end of the arms. It was all a mystery but I felt sure we had found the robots which carved out our home.

Toby called for me to come look at what he had found. I glanced at the shelves to my left and saw piles of knives, machetes, swords, and axes, all looking well used but recently sharpened. I walked around the first row of shelves and found Toby. He was looking at a bunch of small crossbows.

The bows seemed to be a combination of a Red Rider BB gun and a bow. The bow was less than a meter wide. The rifle part in the middle had a cocking attachment and there was an air chamber with it. At the end of the gun there was a groove for an arrow. I glanced to one side and saw boxes, one opened, containing lots of short arrows.

“Matt, see if you can figure out how it works,” I said.

He picked up one, worked the cocking attachment, the string was pulled back, and the bow bent a little. He cocked it again and the bow was bent farther. Again. Again. With the fifth cocking, I heard a movement of air, like air was being compressed into the chamber underneath the bow. Again, and more air. Again, more air. He pointed the bow at the wall and pulled the trigger. The arms of the bow snapped back to their original shape and I heard a swift expulsion of air.

**“It’s a combination crossbow and air gun,” Matt said. “A hunter can use just the crossbow if he wishes but he can also get more power from the air gun. It’s light enough to carry easily and I think it will have lots of killing power. I want one.”**

**“Aimee, can you still hear me,” I asked.**

**“Yes, David, I can hear you through the open door,” she said. “I do not have the ability to see inside that chamber.”**

**“Aimee, Matt has first choice on a crossbow,” I said. “Let everybody else tell you what they want and keep a list. Matt and Iain and I will decide who gets what. There’s more than enough for everybody to have two or three items. After everybody has their first choice, we’ll let them have second choices, maybe thirds.”**

**“David, here’s something else we can use,” Iain said, from out of sight. “I want one of these.”**

**I walked through the rows of stuff to Iain’s side. At first glance, I thought he had found paintball guns and boxes of paintballs. I stood and just looked for a moment.**

**“Paintballs?” I said.**

**“No, David,” Iain said. “All the balls are the same color gray. I can read the writing on the side of the boxes. The guns shoot something like paintballs but they’re for incapacitating animals. I think we could shoot wolves with them and the impact will release the fluid inside and they would be rendered unconscious. We won’t have to kill animals if they menace us. If we can find the goats which Aimee says are somewhere on the mountain, we can incapacitate them and then begin to domesticate them. We’d have a source of fresh milk, maybe even make cheese.”**

**“I want one of those,” Anna said.**

**For the next hour or so, we wandered around in the secret room, looking at all the wondrous things and telling Aimee when we wanted one. There were lots of tools which I knew were power tools but I was unsure what most were used for. I knew we had a lot to learn.**

**Matt and I went back to the robots and their attachments and tried to reason how they worked. I saw a place to plug in a big extension cord on the robots so I knew they had to have batteries in the base. When I looked for a wall plug, I found two just in front of the robot butted up against the wall. I had no idea what we might do with them but I wanted to get them working anyway. Maybe we could create more rooms if we needed them. After a while, I called to everybody that we had to leave our treasures and we slowly filed out.**

**“Aimee, can you restrict entry to the secret room?” I asked. “We’ll leave the door open so anybody can stand outside and look but no one may enter without Matt or Iain or me. We’ll come back later and look some more and anyone else is welcome to look too.”**

**“Yes, David, entry is now restricted,” she answered.**

**“Aimee, do you know how the robots work?” I asked. “Maybe we could make them work without instructions but I hope that’s not necessary.”**

**“Yes, David,” she answered. “From my knowledge of Iain’s old world, I find that I have information on how the robots work. I will start translating it immediately so it will be available to you in English when you wish.”**

**<><><>**

**After dinner the following day, I did the washing up duties again with James carrying dirty dishes, Anna rinsing, and Sam racking. James looked at me and raised his eyebrows. I knew what his gesture meant. I nodded. When I asked Anna if she would like to play with James while I played with Sam, she said she’d welcome a young stud once in a while when her old man was too tired. I just smiled because I didn’t ever remember being too tired to make love with her. Of course we all knew what our plans were for the night. We just wanted the others to hear what we were going to be doing.**

**The four of us showered together, James and Anna bathing together and Sam with me. I knew we weren’t in a hurry when both females wanted their hair shampooed. We weren’t going to get in bed until their hair had been brushed and dried.**

**“I love your red hair,” I whispered to Sam.**

**I was standing behind her, shampooing her bronze-red hair with both hands. She had her head tilted back slightly.**

**“You don’t like my freckles?” she whispered back and turned around.**

**I looked down at her freckled face, eyes closed, soap suds running down her face, red freckles on forehead and cheeks, skin milky white and flawless.**

**“No, I don’t like them. I love them. You’re a beautiful woman, Sam. Your freckles just make you uniquely beautiful.”**

**I pushed her under the shower to rinse the soap out of her hair and off her face.**

**“Flattery will get you everywhere, David.”**

**“I hope so. Do you want me to bathe the rest of you?”**

**“Do you mind?”**

**I didn’t answer. I soaped up a washcloth and started on her back. Her shoulders were covered with freckles but they faded out and the skin on the rest of her back and on her derriere was just milky-white perfection. I didn’t know whether she wanted me to wash between her rounded cheeks but she put her hands behind her and pulled them apart. I wanted to put something in there besides my washcloth-covered fingers.**

**I glanced at Anna and James. He was gently and reverently washing her already slightly-larger breasts with his soapy hands. His penis was already pointing at the ceiling. She saw me watching and put her fingers on James’ cheeks, leaned forward, and kissed him. I saw her pink tongue teasing him. I couldn’t help but grin.**

**When Sam turned around, she looked down at my penis, well on its way to a hard-on, and smiled. She knew the effect she was having. She held her head tilted up and smiled at me when I washed her beautiful young breasts. My penis lifted up to a horizontal position.**

**“If you kneel down, I can hold on to your shoulders while you wash my legs and feet,” she said.**

I could play the subservient male, especially to such a beautiful young girl. I knelt in front of her, my eyes about even with her navel but looking down at the little red patch at the apex of her thighs. I couldn't see anything back between her legs but I knew where it was and I knew my penis was going to be in it sometime tonight.

Again I glanced to the side and saw James kneel in front of Anna. She put her hands on his shoulders and lifted one leg. I knew she was aware of me watching when she wrinkled her nose and stuck out her tongue.

Afterwards Sam washed me all over, minus the hair shampooing and thankfully with no prolonged stroking of my penis with her soapy hands. I glanced at James and Anna again and saw that he was in good hands with her.

Later we were in bed together, the four of us crowded together in the alcove where Anna and I usually slept, me spooned up to Sam, James cuddled up to Anna, both guys with one hand on their partner's breast, in no hurry to start our sex-play, when I thought of something else that might help James and Sam.

“James, Sam, let me tell you about a dream I had sometime before Anna's arrival. I remember it was after Iain told me why we were here but before Anna came. I was walking somewhere in the woods, up a slight incline, maybe on a mountain, fully dressed, and I began to feel that I was becoming lighter and lighter. I wasn't afraid or worried. I welcomed the feeling. After a while, I was so light that my feet were hardly touching the ground. Then they weren't touching, even though I kept walking. As I lifted up, my clothing fell away somehow and I was completely naked. I threw my arms out to the sides, threw my head back, hung motionless, and surrendered to the feeling of being lifted up toward the top of the mountain. I closed my eyes but I knew that something was shining in front of me and it was becoming more intense. I smiled. I remember that because I knew it was something good and I should yield completely to it and let it draw me to it or in it. Then I don't know how it ended because my body jerked me back down and I woke up.”

“How can you remember a dream?” Sam asked. “Mine usually fade away and after a while I don't remember anything about it.”

**“I don’t usually remember them either but this one was just so real and intense and captivating that I fixed it in my memory as soon as I woke up.”**

**“OK, what’s the point?” James said. “Why are you telling us about it?”**

**“Because I wonder if it was my love for Anna that was asking me to surrender to it. In what little time we had together in our old world, I might have had doubts about loving her. After that dream, I consciously made a decision to surrender completely to loving her if she ever came to me. Maybe I knew she was coming. It’s a mystery to me, just like so much of my life.”**

**“You’re telling us to surrender to loving each other completely,” aren’t you?” Sam said. “That’s what you’ve done with Anna and you’re happier than you’ve ever been and you think we could be the same way.”**

**“No, I’m just telling you about a strange dream I had one night,” I said. “That’s all. You can interpret it any way you want to.”**

**“I’ll think about it tomorrow,” James said. “What are we going to do tonight?”**

**“Let’s let Anna and Sam be the leaders,” I suggested. “Sam wanted to have this play date. Why don’t we let her tell us what to do first?”**

**“Anything I want to?” Sam questioned.**

**I nodded.**

**“You and James side by side, on your backs.” She said. “Anna and I are going for a ride.”**

**James and I moved close together with just enough room between us for our jockey’s legs. He held his dick straight up, waited until I did the same, and then bent his neck and looked at mine.**

**“Can you ladies wait just a minute?” he asked. “There’s something I want to do first. It won’t take more than a jiffy.”**

Sam and Anna both nodded. James rolled over and straddled me, sitting on my thighs. I remembered a time when he and Iain and I had been the only ones here and he had done that.

He moved forward a little until his testicles were resting on top of mine, put his fingers under my dick, his thumb over his dick, and pressed out two dicks together.

“Hot damn,” he said. “I’m catching up with you, David. When I came here about ten months ago, your dick was about two inches longer. Now your dick is about one inch longer. At this rate, my dick is going to be longer than yours in about a year.”

“Aimee, is James right?” I asked. “I know you measured our body proportions when we came here. Did you measure our penises when they were erect?”

“Yes, David, I constantly measure everything about your body,” she answered. “In order to learn about you, I need to observe changes as you age.”

“Well, is James right?” Sam asked.

“James’ erect penis has grown since he arrived,” she answered. “That is normal for young males still in puberty. David’s penis has not. That is normal for mature males.”

“How much has James grown, Aimee?” Anna asked.

“When he came here, his erect penis was 5.5 inches or 13.97 centimeters,” she answered. “It is now 6.6 inches or 16.74 centimeters. David, shall I continue to give measurements in both inches and centimeters?”

“Yes, Aimee, some of us are more comfortable with inches. I would like you to continue with both for a while and then gradually phase out the use of inches in favor of centimeters.”

“How big is mine going to be, Aimee?” James asked.

“If it continues at the same growth rate until you are forty years old, the head of your penis will be hanging down below your knees,” she

answered and then giggled. "At age sixty, the head will be dragging the ground."

"Aw, come on, Aimee," he said, petulantly.

"James, I can not predict the future rate of changes in your body. Any changes will result from the genes you carry and what you do with your body. You know that."

When we all quit laughing, James rolled off and stretched out beside me again. Sam and Anna promptly straddled our bodies, sitting on our thighs. I snorted or laughed every time I pictured James with his dick dragging the ground. Sam waited for me to quiet down.

"Aimee, how big is David's dick?" she asked.

"It is 7.65 inches long or 19.43 centimeters, Sam," Aimee answered. "The length varies a little each time it is erect. That is an average."

"Well, I'm going to try to stuff ever damned centimeter of his tianga in my little bouchi," Sam declared.

"I'm warning you, Sam," Anna said. "If you do, you'll walk funny tomorrow."

"That's OK. I think we should first make sure their dicks are good and hard," Sam said. "Do you think that's a good way to start?"

"I think that's a very good way, Sam," Anna replied. "You are the one who wanted to play with David tonight. Do you want him all by yourself or will you share?"

"What do you mean?" Sam asked.

"When David and I have played with another couple in the past, the guys usually swap for the first time and then swap back for the second. That way they both get sloppy seconds."

"Are we going to do it twice?" Sam asked and giggled. "Do you think they can?"

**“Well, I can but I’m not going to stop with two times,” James said. “After we swap once, I want to swap twice, then three times, then four, and then keep on swapping for the rest of the night.”**

**“Yeah, me too,” I said. “Then after we eat breakfast, we want to meet you ladies back here and swap some more. I think I can go until lunch at noon but I’ve got to eat to keep up my energy. Is that OK with you, James?”**

**“Sounds like a good plan, David,” he said. “I’m with you all the way.”**

**“I thought I might suck your dick a little, James,” Anna said. “I don’t want to while you and David are bragging.”**

**James mimicked zipping his lips and then tried to giggle with his mouth closed.**

**I watched as Anna moved back a little, bent over, pushed James’ foreskin back, and took the head in her mouth. For a few seconds, James and Sam and I watched what she was doing. I was about to ask Sam to do me the same way when she scooted back, pushed my foreskin down, and took the head in her hot little mouth. Then I closed my eyes and let her suck. Hard? Damn, my dick was hard enough to drive a railroad spike in a crosstie.**

**When she stopped, I opened her eyes. Sam was looking at my face and smiling. I smiled back. She moved up over my stomach, over my chest, even over my shoulders, and settled her little bouchi down over my face. That was OK with me. I could lick her little pussy all day.**

**I curled my arms and hands around her thighs, down between her legs, put my fingers on the soft mounds, pulled apart, looked up and down her bouchi, and saw her red and pink and coral pussy all exposed for my tongue. I checked to see if her clit was out in the open or if it was still covered. I didn’t see it. I knew I had my work cut out for me.**

**I moved down farther between her legs and licked her from her pink pucker over her perineum and up through her vulva all the way to her little patch of red pubic hair. She groaned so I did it again. Asshole to pubic patch. Then I settled down and concentrated on the little inner lips, pointing my tongue, teasing them apart, licking up to her hidden clit. She moaned continuously. At first, there was no taste or smell**

down there but as I licked, I smelled her cassalette and tasted it. My already hard dick probably got harder if that was possible.

I knew her little dick should be hard too so I pushed up on the soft mounds, the skin on her clitoral shaft moved back, and it popped out, all wet and shiny. Each time I licked up one side or the other, I made sure that my tongue slid over the little red devil. Sam was still moaning continuously. I wondered if she was about to have an orgasm. Then Anna said something.

“James, where did you learn how to please a woman?”

“You taught me,” he muttered, head between her thighs, and then giggled.

“Well, may I use your tianga to go for a ride?” she asked. “Sam, when we go for a ride, I don’t want to race. I want to enjoy riding James’ Arabian steed.”

“Well, I’m going for a ride on David’s Clydesdale,” Sam said.

“Just don’t horse around,” James said and giggled again.

I lay there with my hands on my chest or behind my head and watched Sam as she groaned and panted and strained to stuff my dick up her pussy. Maybe I could have helped her but it was too damned good to just let her have her way with my dick with no effort on my part. A couple of times, I thought she had taken as much as she could but she rested and then resumed her efforts.

Finally she got it all and I lay there looking at the sweet misery on her face while she rested before going for her ride. She lifted her derriere a little, slid back down, and then rode me like that for a minute or so, just straight up and down. Finally, she added the same pelvic movement Anna uses sometimes, rocking back and forth when my dick was all the way in her. I knew what that meant and so I decided to help her.

I stuck my thumb in my mouth, wet it with saliva, and then pressed it against her little red pearl. That did it. She squealed, lapsed into moaning, and her little bouchi tried to strangle my tianga.

I waited for a minute or so and then caught her by the waist, lifted her up a few inches, and gave her a rapid-fire barrage of thrusts. Probably less than a minute later, I shut my eyes, moaned, and squirted out a load of hot semen carrying millions of little sperm against her cervix.

I lay there for a while waiting for my heart to stop racing and my breathing to return to normal. When I opened my eyes, James and Anna were both motionless and both had a slight satisfied smile on their faces. While I looked, James opened his eyes, turned his head to look at me, and showed me a beautiful white-teeth red-lips grin. I nodded to him. He nodded back.

Sam rolled off me and flopped between me and James. Anna dismounted off James, pushed him to the rear of the bed, and flopped beside Sam. Nobody said anything. We lay there in the afterglow for a while until Anna had to go.

“I’ve got to pee,” she said. “Sam, are you coming?”

“No, I just came,” she giggled, but she crawled over me and stood up. I crawled out and held out my hand to Anna. She put her hand in mine for just a moment, then took Sam’s hand, and the two almost ran for the toilet chamber. James crawled out, took my hand, and we followed them.

In the men’s side, James and I stood side by side and had a good piss. Then we went to the bathing chamber, wiped the sweat of a few places with a wet washcloth, wiped our dicks off, and went back to our bedchamber. I expected the ladies to take longer but I thought they were never going to come back. Finally they did.

“What took you so long?” James asked.

“Anna says we’re not through for the night,” Sam said. “She says she and David are going to show us something we’ll like. We had to wash up a little where you guys made a mess. Damn men, always making a mess and walking off and leaving it.”

“James, Sam, we’ll all curl up and go to sleep if you say so,” I said. “Are you OK with playing for a while longer?”

James and Sam answered OK at the same time. I looked at Anna.

**“Sam, I want you on your back in the middle of the bed,” she said. “The other three of us are going to begin with you.”**

**“All three?” she asked.**

**“Yes, and then we’re going to give James a turn, all three, then me, then David. Just be slow and gentle and see if we can rekindle the fire in four fireplaces.”**

**I knew what I wanted to do to warm Sam up. I wanted to fasten my mouth on her little pussy and get another helping of her cassalette. I grabbed a pillow and put it under her hips.**

**Anna started to move between her legs but I stopped her and assumed the position. I watched as James kissed Sam and Anna lowered her head to Sam’s breasts. I put my hands behind Sam’s knees and pushed back until her knees were almost in her armpits.**

**“Sam, you’ve got to know when to hold them and when to fold them,” I said, remembering my nights playing poker at the Academy. “Now it’s time for both.”**

**She giggled but she caught her legs behind her knees and held them. Her pelvis was levered up so her pussy was there before my eyes. I lowered my head and quit watching and started feasting.**

**Everything about Sam was beautiful. Her little pubic patch of bright-red hair, almost bronze, was perfect. On her little split mound, there wasn’t a single hair, just smooth plump mounds on each side of a virginal looking slit, no lips protruding, nothing but a little crease between the halves. I marveled at the way it had closed after she had stretched her bouchi around my tianga. This time I wanted to open it up with my tongue.**

**I slowly and gently licked the little opening and then licked the engorged little lips until they folded back to each side. I pulled back and looked at what was between her legs. Beautiful! I closed my eyes and lowered my head and gave her a long slow lick from her little pink rose bud all the way to her little red pubis. And that’s when Anna did it.**

**I heard what I thought at first was a fart, a loud wet fart. I looked up, and Anna had her mouth on Sam’s belly. Sam had not farted. It was**

Anna. James and Sam and Anna were all grinning and watching my reaction. I knew James had told Anna to do it.

“What’s wrong, David?” he said. “Did you think Sam gassed you?”

Anna pushed me to one side and I relinquished the position to her. Then James and I watched Anna licking Sam’s pussy for a few seconds, looked at each other, smiled, and then gave our attention to Sam. I kissed her with lips to lips first, and then open mouth to open mouth, tongues probing and I let her tongue win the battle. In my peripheral vision, I saw James lower his head to her breasts. I let him play while I kissed Sam and then we swapped places. He had both Sam’s little nipples standing up like wet pencil erasers. I alternated between sucking one nipple while I gently pinched the other with my thumb and one finger.

Next we let James take his turn between Sam’s widespread legs. Anna and I watched him for a moment and then turned our attention to Sam again. I kept trying to think of something to do to retaliate. Finally I decided just to do what he had provoked Anna to do. I blew the wettest loudest farts possible on her soft belly.

After that, at Anna’s direction, James got the full treatment from the other three of us. I thought I knew where Anna was headed and what she wanted us to do so I didn’t try too hard to give him an orgasm. I simply gave his big dick and balls a good sucking and licking. He lay there grinning his best, eyes on his dick, while Anna and then Sam sucked and licked and stroked for a little while.

Finally, Anna lay there flat on her back, legs spread, knees raised, while the other three of us worked her over. I didn’t try to get at her clit. As we had planned, I wanted Sam to come with my steel rod of a penis in her little bouchi while James licked her little red pearl. For the grand finale, I wanted Anna to come with James big dick in her bouchi and with me licking her clit.

Last, the other three got at me and I had my turn at laying there smiling watching two gals and one guy try to suck the head off my dick. When I felt the first urge of an orgasm, I sat up and got in position for the next challenge.

I moved to the side of the bed, legs half off, knees bent, feet on the floor, and pulled Sam’s arm until she got the idea. Of course, she tried

to mount her Clydesdale facing me and I had to make her ride backwards. She didn't resist when I pulled until she was leaning back with her hands holding her ankles. Anna threw a pillow on the floor between my feet, and told James to kneel.

He grinned, knelt before the shrine, and promptly began licking, up the shaft of my dick on one side, then the other, then the middle, and I knew his tongue was probably pushing Sam's clitoral hood back. I made sure her clit was exposed. I wrapped both hands around her hips, fingers on her soft mound, pulled apart and up, and I assumed that exposed her clit to James' licking tongue. From the way she moaned, I felt sure her clit was getting a good licking.

I wanted to come too but I resisted the urge to shove my dick up in her. I knew what I wanted to do when I had the opportunity. Then Sam really let loose with sound effects and her little pussy tried to strangle my dick.

As soon as she rolled off, I helped James into position, didn't need to help Anna, and got down on my knees between their spread legs. A minute or so later, it was Anna who was moaning and wiggling.

As soon as Anna dismounted her pony, I crawled back in the bed. Sam held out her arms to me and I crawled on top of her. With her soft woman's hands she guided my penis to where it wanted to impale her, just the uncovered head touching her hot wet pussy. I eased it in a little and then stopped. She wrapped her arms around my chest and her legs around my hips, her ankles probably crossed, with one heel pressing against the crack of my ass. I slid my arms partially under her back and curved my hands around her shoulders. That locked her up and I had no intention of letting her get loose from the fucking I intended to give her. I looked at her face. Her eyes were closed and she was smiling.

I wanted to do something. No, I needed to do something. I had not done it with Anna since she told me she was pregnant. I knew Anna could let me do it, even welcomed it on occasion, but I had quit doing it when I learned she was pregnant. Would Sam want me to do it? Could she accept it? I really believed that all women in their heart of hearts want a man to do that with them, that they want to be fucked without mercy.

"Sam, I want to let me beast loose," I whispered. "OK?"

**“What do you mean, David?”**

**“He means he wants to give you a really good fuck, without restraint, just fucking like animals because that’s what he really is,” Anna said. “He probably won’t kill you but if he does you’ll die happy,”**

**“You won’t hurt me; will you?” Sam asked.**

**“Sam, what’s the magic word?” James asked. “You know, the word I’ve told you to use with me if I ever did something you didn’t like?”**

**I looked to the side and saw James on top of Anna, his arms straight holding him up, Anna’s arms straight, her hands holding his dick, about to show it where to go.**

**“Stop?”**

**“David, if she says ‘stop,’ will you do it?” Anna asked.**

**“I’ll try,” I said. “Sometimes my big head shuts down completely and my little head takes over.”**

**I pulled my hips back until just the head was in her and pushed in again, a little deeper this time. I watched her face. She was still smiling. I pulled back and slid my dick in a little deeper, still not all the way. She wasn’t smiling so I stopped and applied gentle pressure and I felt her opening up to me. She groaned. I knew my dick still wasn’t all the way in her. I wanted it in so deep no one could tell which one the balls were on.**

**I pulled back and pushed in again. She groaned and frowned. I stopped, slowly pulled back and pushed forward a couple of times. Her frown disappeared.**

**“OK, Sam?” I asked.**

**“I think so,” she whispered.**

**I applied pressure and slowly, damn slowly, I felt my balls come to rest on her soft ass cheeks. All the way in, damn, it was good, feeling her hot wet vagina gripping my hard penis. I leaned over and kissed her, felt her mouth open to me, felt her tongue teasing mine. I rested,**

unmoving, getting ready, waiting, letting her adjust to my dick before I started fucking her. Her open mouth welcomed mine and our tongues played.

I pulled her tighter against me, my hands pulling down on her shoulders while my hips pressed forward with my dick. She groaned but she didn't say 'stop'. How could she with my tongue in her mouth?

I was ready. I had held the beast at bay as long as I could. I needed to let him loose. I eased my dick almost out and back in a few times and it was ready. I felt her arms tighten around my chest and her heel bumping my ass. Each time, I let my balls rest for a second on her soft ass cheeks.

I stopped kissing her and put my head down in her wild red hair. I felt her mouth fasten on me where my neck meets my shoulder and I knew she was going to mark me. I felt her sucking, biting, licking, and I didn't care if she did mark me. It wouldn't be the first time. Anna did it sometimes when I let the beast loose with her.

I knew it was time. I had held on to restraint as long as I could. I held her by the shoulders, dug in on the mattress with my toes and knees for traction, and gave her one hard thrust. She still didn't say anything.

The beast in me took over and the restraining me gave up and I fucked her as fast and furiously as the beast demanded. Sam groaned with each thrust but she couldn't say anything with my mouth on hers. The beast pistoned his penis in and out of her hot wet depths and my testicles drew up to each side of the shaft. I was ready. When the first orgasmic spasm hit, I acted on pure animal instinct and shoved my dick in and stopped moving. Instinctively I knew that this was what it was all about, the need to deposit my semen as deeply in her as possible so my sperm could swim through her cervix and race to any egg that dared to descend and one could burrow into that lone egg. Of course, I was rewarded with the greatest pleasure any man can know, that feeling when his penis is spurting again and again in her depths. I wasn't conscious of anything but the pleasure of depositing my semen against the mouth to her womb.

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After breakfast one morning, Aimee asked Anna and me to come to her room. When we walked in, she closed the door, something she did not usually do. That aroused my curiosity.

“David, please take your chair as far away from my monitor as possible,” Aimee said. “Your presence is not necessary but Anna wants you to know about the state of her pregnancy. When I ask Anna to hold her breath, please do the same and do not talk while I am examining Anna.”

“OK, I’ve done my little bit already,” I said. “I’ll be good.”

“Thank you, David,” Aimee said. “Anna, would you please remove your loin cloth and stand in front of my monitor. I want to measure your body proportions again as an indicator of your baby’s progress.”

I moved a chair to the back of the room, sat down, and leaned forward. Again? Has she been monitoring Anna’s pregnancy already? I had been asked not to talk but perhaps Aimee saw the expression on my face.

“Yes, David, I have been monitoring Anna’s pregnancy by observing her body as it changes,” Aimee said. “However, beginning today, I want to try to measure the fetus’ heart beat.”

Anna stood there naked in front of Aimee and, without being asked, turned ninety degrees, one eighty, two seventy, and then faced Aimee again.

“David, she’s measuring my poochy belly first,” Anna said. “The rate of expansion has been normal for a healthy pregnancy.”

“Yes, Anna, and the rate of expansion continues to be well within normal ranges,” Aimee said. “Now I’m going to listen for fetal heartbeat. The baby’s heart rate will be much faster than yours, between 120 and 160 beats per minute. Would you please take a deep breath and hold it?”

Anna did and so did I. I saw a smile creep upon Aimee’s face and she nodded her head. Anna turned ninety degrees again, again, again, each time taking a deep breath and holding it, and then faced Aimee again. Aimee nodded with each turn and smiled. I assumed that she was hearing a heartbeat and it was normal.

**“Anna, I want to add a new examination procedure today,” Aimee said. “Would you recline on your back in my chair? David, would you please go to the cabinet to my right, third drawer down, and take out the instrument we need.”**

**I went to the wrong side, naturally. “My right, David, not yours,” Aimee chided and then giggled.**

**“Anna, I will listen for a minute or so until I’m sure what I’m hearing,” Aimee said. “Then I will filter out your heartbeat and amplify what I’m hearing so you and David may hear it too.”**

**I stood there feeling stupid. Anna took the instrument out of my hands, shook her head, and grinned. She pressed one part against her lower abdomen.**

**“Anna, let me hold it please,” I said. “You can tell me what to do.”**

**“It is a fetal Doppler, David,” Aimee said. “It is able to hear a fetus’ heart beating better than a stethoscope. Watch my hand and move it accordingly.”**

**I followed her directions and watched her face. I could tell that she was concentrating on what she heard. After a moment, she slowly began to smile wider. I assumed that meant good news.**

**Then I heard a barrage of loud and very rapid heart beats and I found it hard to believe that was the way it was supposed to be.**

**“Anna, David, I have what I hope is good news for you,” Aimee said. “You are hearing two very healthy young hearts beating. You are going to have twins.”**

## **Chapter Forty-Nine**

**Anna and I were in bed together, her sleeping peacefully by my side, me not yet sleeping but thinking about the mystery of Aimee and her creation. Suddenly a few pieces of the puzzle fell into place in my**

subconscious mind, I suppose, and I knew the answer to one of my ponderings. Another avatar must have existed before my arrival.

Aimee had said that she had no memories of anything prior to my arrival and it was clear to me that my arrival was the event which triggered her coming into existence. She had knowledge of prior events in my old world's history but no memories, just as I had knowledge of events centuries prior to my birth but, of course, no memories. She also had knowledge of my new world but no memories. Memories are knowledge of events occurring to individuals after their creation.

Aimee had knowledge that there were no dangerous animals on the mountain and that she had a shield which prevented them from crossing the isthmus to the mountain. In its wild state, there would have been bears and wolves and cats of various kinds on the mountain, just as there were on the mainland. Therefore someone must have hunted them down and killed or immobilized and removed them. That someone wanted to give us an environment in which rabbits and deer flourished as a food source for us. As large as our mountain retreat is, that would have been a time-consuming task.

The universe in which Aimee exists had to be created long, perhaps years, before my arrival. A shield would have been just as useful to those who created our home as it is to us. An avatar would also have been as helpful to them as Aimee is to us. That previous avatar would have accumulated memories. I know memories are somehow encoded in my brain. Would the memories of a previous avatar be recoverable from what is now Aimee's brain somehow? If so, how?

Aimee had knowledge of the escape route through the secret door leading to the tunnel at the far end of our quarters. She did not know about the secret door behind the weapons storeroom and the contents of the room there. Someone must have given her knowledge of the first secret door. Why not the second? What were the builders thinking when they made decisions about the secret doors? Why hide one from us and not the other? That was another why question which might never be answered.

Why does my mind persist in thinking about such mysteries? Damn, it was all an endless nesting of Russian dolls.

I turned over, spooned up to Anna, and put my arm over her chest. She caught my hand, moved it to her breast, and held it. Maybe she wasn't asleep after all. I wondered what she was thinking and whether she ever pondered our existence in this world like I do.

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The shipment to build us a real communication system arrived one night shortly before dawn. As instructed, Aimee called me and no one else. I awakened to her whispered calling of my name and dim lights in our bedchamber. Another arrival, probably Brian's and Brianne's father Aiden was not expected for about eight days so when I staggered out into the hallway I was not surprised to find the communication equipment we had requested.

I greeted Aimee and then stood looking for a few minutes at what had arrived: boxes of mixed sizes, wrapped in tough clear plastic, probably two by four by two meters in width and length and height. I knew we had a lot of work to do. I went to the toilet to piss, to the bath chamber to wash my face, and returned to the hallway. I walked around and around the shipment, just looking at the boxes. There was writing, in English, on the outside, and, from Aimee's instructions I knew the first task which had to be done.

I tiptoed back in our bedchamber, found the Boys, returned, and began to cut away the plastic, piling it up for somebody to fold and save for other uses. I knew some of the equipment was to be carried up to the top of the mountain and some was to be used in the room at the end of our hallway. I read the description of each box aloud, probably unnecessarily since I assumed Aimee could read too, and began to separate the boxes into two piles at her instruction.

Two days later, four of us were at the top of the mountain, crowded around under the clear dome covering the array of solar panels. James crawled out from under a large piece of equipment and smiled at me. I knew he had succeeded in installing the last piece of the equipment puzzle as per Aimee's instruction.

She had placed a detailed list of instructions for us on our tablets but we had never been able to communicate with her over the little devices. She had said that she would need some unknown time to debug the system after all parts were installed and that we would have to be patient. So I was patient, sitting there against a wall of the huge

solar-panel room, waiting for Aimee to appear on my tablet. I was beginning to give up hope that we had done our jobs correctly when Aimee's smiling face appeared on my tablet and, at the same time, on Toby's and James' and Brian's.

**"Hello, David, James, Toby, Brian! As you can see, our task has been accomplished successfully. Please choose just one of you to talk with me for the present. I am capable of multitasking and talking to different people at the same time, even in different locations, but it will be less confusing if this conversation is with just one of you."**

The other three guys looked at me and I knew I was elected.

**"Aimee, I assume the other team was successful in installing their part of the equipment," I said. "Are you talking to one of them at the same time you are talking to me?"**

**"Yes, David. I am presently talking to Matt also. Except for those preparing your next meal, everyone else is also here in the teaching auditorium."**

**"How do I establish communication with him?"**

**"Just say two words, David," she responded. "The person's name, Matt, in this case, and the word please. I set up the system to use two words since all of you occasionally say another person's name in conversation. The second word can be any word like rabbit or frog."**

**"I think a two-word request using please is good, Aimee. Now, Matt, please."**

Matt's smiling face immediately appeared on my tablet. I assume mine appeared on his.

**"Hello, David."**

**"Hello, Matt. Tell Jean-Nicole we'll be home for dinner in about an hour, maybe sooner, depending on how hungry James and Toby and Brian are and how fast they walk coming down the mountain. How's that for our first message."**

**"Sounds good to me."**

**“Any problems down there?”**

**“None, except Aimee wouldn’t stop giggling while we were fooling with her innards.”**

**“Matt, have you ever had a bunch of naked guys and girls crawling around on your insides?” Aimee asked.**

**“Nope, never have. Have you, David?”**

**“No, but maybe it would be fun.”**

**“Yes, David, it is fun,” she said. “I like to have the ability to do new things such as we are doing now.”**

**“Aimee, what happens if a person is not holding a tablet when I want to talk to him or her?”**

**“I assume all of you will keep a tablet close by, just as people in your old world kept a cell-phone near. I will use a ring tone to notify you of a caller. You all may establish your own ring tone for your tablet. The system will work just like the wireless phones in your old world.”**

**“And there will be no burden or distraction for you?”**

**“No, David, I am capable of multitasking and I know of no limits on that ability.”**

**“Anna, please.”**

**Anna’s face immediately appeared on my tablet.**

**“Hello, Sweetheart, how are you feeling?”**

**“I’m fine, David, but I wish everybody would quit treating me like an invalid. I’m a nurse, remember, and I’m quite capable of deciding what I can and can not do, even when I’m pregnant.”**

**“We’re going to be dirty when we come home,” I said. “There’s a lot of dust on the floor of the solar-array dome. Each solar panel has a self-cleaning mechanism but it seems to just dump the dust on the floor. We’re going to have to clean up the floor here some time soon.”**

**“Would you like me to give you a bath before dinner?” she asked.**

**“That would be nice,” I answered. “Signing off, over and out, khoda hafez, au revoir, jusqu’à demain, sayonara, whatever we’re supposed to say.”**

**“Just say goodbye and turn off your tablet, David,” Aimee said and giggled.**

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**Included with the communication-system stuff was a tablet containing messages for most of us. We had sent information about the fourteen of us, fifteen counting lucky, sixteen counting Aimee including our first group pictures, thanks to Aimee’s instructions. We did some indoors in Aimee’s room with us standing in front of her monitor and her telling us when to smile: “Say cheese, please!” We did some outside on the terrace, some of us lying, some sitting, some standing, with Aimee on fourteen tablets saying: “Dites fromage, s’il vous plait!”**

**Iain’s message from his parents was to be read in private so he had first dibs on the tablet. After that, Iain’s parents told us that James was not a suspect in the explosion because a friend said he was at a mall with James when TV reported the fire and that James had probably run away to avoid being placed in another foster home.**

**Anna and I did not expect a message because neither of us had any living family. Since we were both in the Army our disappearances were simply classified as missing in action. There was a suspicion that somehow we had managed to get together but no one suspected desertion.**

**Toby’s parents were now both incarcerated and going through drug withdrawal. Jemima or Jean-Nicole was now 18 and legally an adult and no one was looking for her. Matt was now classified as “missing in action” also and the Navy had not given up hope for him.**

**Caitlyn and Sam were classified by the authorities as being runaways, Caitlyn with Iain, and Sam with unknown boys or men.**

**The authorities were still looking for the twins, Pyotr and Petra, and their disappearance was a widely-reported mystery. Their**

stepfather's true identity was known and he was a suspect in similar cases in the past.

Aiden, Brian's and Brianne's father, said he was happy they were with friends and he would be joining them as soon as possible, perhaps within a few days.

I was again caught between wishing that we could all have remained in our primitive world and glad that we could communicate with each other. However, the concept of communicating between two different universes was still mind-boggling.

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Included with the communication parts, we found ten gallons of paint, oil-base and intended for concrete, red, blue, green, and yellow for the Twister circles and white for the outlines of geometric shapes like rectangles.

Eight Mouseketeers are hard at work scratching outlines of their plans on the floor of the hallway. In the middle of the hallway they have done two hopscotch diagrams. On one, from the start, there are three single squares, a double, a single, a double, two singles, and a half-circle rest to turn around and go back down the hopscotch. The other diagram is identical but reversed, with the two half-circle rest stops close together.

They have already outlined twister diagrams on the hallway floor nearest the control center at the end. There are two rectangles side by side, each five feet wide and six feet long, separated by a long aisle two feet wide. Since the hallway is about twenty feet wide, that leaves aisle spaces on each side about four feet wide. Each rectangle, of course, will be painted with circles of the traditional four colors of red, blue, green, and yellow. They will do four times two twister diagrams on the floor near the control center initially and with two players on each diagram, sixteen players can play, or with three players on each diagram, twenty-four people can play at once. When more diagrams are needed, they plan to repeat their work on the floor near the front door.

All of us usually wear loincloths when we are inside and I tried to imagine what the game would be like playing in them. Better still, we

might play naked twister and that's what the Mouseketeers say we're going to do.

Damn, the image of a bunch of naked sweating boys and girls and men and women trying to keep their hands and feet on the appropriate color circle, rubbing their naked bodies against each other with hard-ons and soft breasts and smooth butts: that's enough to cause Monster to raise his head.

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We continue with our exercise programs but with some changes. Anna and Jean-Nicole have developed a series of exercises for females and they now gather at one end of the hallway for theirs. Anna also has her own variations of female exercises for pregnant women. Matt and I have refined the program for males and we do ours at the other end of the hallway. I like to exercise in the nude and I suppose the other guys do too. Some of the women wear loincloths; some are naked. They're great to watch either way.

Matt and I have added two components to our exercise program that is much more cardiovascular. The first is simply a run, over an abandoned rabbit-snare trail, probably more than a mile in length, perhaps two kilometers. It is a flattened loop, relatively level, one part about a hundred meters above the other. Naked except for moccasins, all the guys usually do this together, not as a race, but as a paced run with the smaller guys leading the way.

The second component is much more cardiovascular intense. It is a run up the mountain. Not far from home we found a place with about a 45-degree slope in a heavily- wooded area but without underbrush. Large boulders were scattered throughout the forest floor and we tried to leap from boulder to boulder on the way up. The run was short, perhaps 100 meters, but damned difficult when running or leaping uphill. Again there is no competition or racing element, just pitting our own bodies against the mountain. We did this run naked as well, except for moccasins, and it left all of us with pounding hearts, bellowing lungs, and sweating bodies. Some of the younger ones have yet to finish it but the rest of us encourage them. I'm thinking of asking the females to cheer for those who complete it. That should be good encouragement for any male.

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**I told Anna where I was going. If anyone asked, she was to tell them that I was discussing something with Aimee and did not wish to be disturbed. I also made sure that Aimee would tell them the same thing.**

**A warm spring rain had started just before lunch and I expected it to continue for some hours. What better time to discuss the subject with Aimee? I slipped into the room at the end of the hallway, what I now called the control room, slouched down on the couch in front of Aimee's monitor, and issued the command: "Aimee, activate."**

**"What do you wish to discuss, David?" she asked as soon as she appeared.**

**"The road to hell is paved with good intentions, Aimee," I said. "Do you understand that saying?"**

**"Do you mean that something done with the best of intentions may cause unexpected bad consequences?"**

**"That's right," I said. "Aimee, I know you can record anything we do in our living quarters, such as our New World Chorus singing. Correct?"**

**"Yes, David. Iain usually asks me to record the performance and to play it back so he can listen to it and learn how to improve your singing."**

**"Are Brian and Brianne making good progress on their lessons about sex?"**

**"Yes, David. Both are very intelligent and both were knowledgeable about the basics before we started. Either their society or their parents taught them well. They also frequently discuss some topics with Pyotr and Petra or with the older couples."**

**"Good. Exactly what I want. Are they working their way through the sex education modules? Are you still showing them movies like the ones we started James with?"**

**"Yes, David, Brian and Brianne zipped through the basics and are now studying intercourse. The four young Mouseketeers often watch**

movies together. Pyotr and Brian always masturbate while watching. Petra and Brianne masturbate sometimes. Brianne is learning to pleasure herself.”

“I don’t know much about young girls, Aimee,” I admitted. “I know young boys may discover their sexuality at anywhere from ten to fifteen when puberty begins and they then masturbate sometimes three or four times a day. I did. I know Petra has been having periods for about a year and is now taking the pill. Is Brianne having periods? Is she taking the pill?”

“Yes, David, she’s been menstruating for about six months,” Aimee said. “Anna started her on the pill soon after she arrived. She said it was better to be safe than sorry.”

“I know Brianne and Brian have been playing with Petra and Pyotr, sexually playing. Has Brianne had intercourse yet?”

“I can not answer that question, David. I observe what occurs in their bedchambers but you have granted everyone privacy when they are in their bedchamber and I must obey you.”

“Sorry, Aimee, you’re right.”

“If someone is being harmed or hurt, do you want me to forget about privacy and notify you?”

“Yes, Aimee, that would be wise. I leave it up to you to decide when. Now let’s talk about our new communication system. OK?”

“Yes, David.”

“Prior to installing our new system, the only places where people could watch sexually-explicit movies were where there is a monitor, in your room or in the teaching chamber. I’ve told you to activate the monitor in here only with a command from me.”

“Yes, David.”

“Aimee, now that everyone has a tablet with communication ability, can they watch those movies in the privacy of their bed chamber?”

**“That is another decision you must make, David. You are the master; I am the servant. You are the one person whose commands I must always follow. It is your decision.”**

**“Well, I certainly don’t want to play censor but I’ve never talked with you about the kinds of sexually-explicit movies you have in your library. Do you have knowledge about the extent to which pornography or erotica was watched by people in my old world?”**

**“Yes, David, I know that pornography or erotica was widely watched by people all over your world, people of different ages and different religions, even though some individuals and religions strongly condemned it. There seems to have been widespread fascination with it. I have difficulty distinguishing between pornography and erotica. Are they the same?”**

**“I don’t think so. I think erotica shows sexually-explicit portrayals of couples who deeply love each other. It’s kind and loving and gentle. It can be enlightening and can help people understand their own sexuality. Pornography is difficult to define but I think of it as anything which harms either partner or which most people would not want to do. It presents an unrealistic version of sex and is commonly degrading to women.”**

**“Oh, I see, David,” she giggled. “Erotica is what you enjoy; pornography is what someone else enjoys.”**

**“Don’t joke with me, Aimee,” I said. “I’ve got a serious purpose to this discussion.”**

**“There’s an element of truth in my attempt at humor,” she said.**

**“I agree. The problem is that there will be a fascination with it here,” I said. “And so much of it can be harmful. I’m trying to create a world here where real love, sexual or not, is pervasive. I want all the young people to learn to be like that. I want them to make love when they have sex, to be as concerned with the feelings of their partners as much as their own, not just fuck without regard to what the other person is feeling.”**

**“Can you give me an example, David, of what you mean by just fucking?”**

**“Yeah, I’ve seen porn at the Academy where a guy was fucking a girl in the ass and just as he was coming, he would pull out and she would suck him off and swallow his semen. Of maybe the guy would have his dick in her pussy but would pull out before coming and the woman would stick her face in front of his dick with her tongue hanging out like a dog, waiting to catch his semen in her mouth. That’s garbage, Aimee. I can’t believe any woman would want to be treated like that. I don’t want anybody here to see women degraded like that. I don’t want stuff like that to be shown to anybody here.”**

**“If you give me the parameters of the movies which are acceptable, I can screen them to see if they meet your wishes.”**

**“Yeah, but that’s censorship. I don’t want that either. I’ve got to think about it and talk to the others on the leadership council and see if there’s an answer.”**

**“David, I do not understand why you think that is censorship,” she said. “If it is then you have already exercised censorship when you decided what sort of sexually-explicit movies those here could watch as rewards for learning their lessons. What you have done in that regard is the same thing you do constantly. You make decisions to help the young ones here develop a kind loving attitude toward others. You permit them to see loving and caring sexual acts similar to what I have seen you and Anna do with each other and what most of the others also do. I would not call you setting parameters censorship; I would call it loving parenting.”**

**“Thank you, Aimee,” I said. “I struggle with knowing what is right and wrong in helping the others. It is a challenge sometimes.”**

**“David, you know I can not tell you what the others say in the privacy of their bedchambers but I also observe and listen when they are outside their privacy area. Their consensus is that you are an excellent leader for them. Everyone has a very high regard for you and for Anna. They trust you and Anna to do what is right for them.”**

**“I’m glad, Aimee, but I’m still going to talk it over with the leadership council first and with everybody second. I’ve learned that part of being a good leader is soliciting input from others before I make decisions. I may decide against them but at least their input has been considered.”**

**“Then shall I let them watch sexually-explicit movies on their tablets in the privacy of their bedchambers if the movies meet your usual parameters?”**

**“Yeah, you can do that,” I said. “I don’t see how that can hurt anybody.”**

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**Two days after we finished our new communication system, we made another foray to the isthmus. Fourteen of us left home before dawn as usual, ate breakfast shortly after sunrise, and marched and sang our way down the mountain. Of course, counting Lucky, there were fifteen. And Aimee, counting her, sixteen; she went with us.**

**We were all dressed in full Robin Hood regalia, including home-made hats with feathers and other decorative touches, with backpacks holding food and drink and rain capes and who knows what else. I carried my Brute of a bow, a quiver with arrows, a sword, the Boys, and a spear. Matt, James, and Toby carried new crossbows, swords or axes, knives in home-made pigskin sheaths, and, as always, spears. Iain carried a paintball gun, a knife, and a spear. Pyotr and Brian carried bow and arrows, hatchets, knives, and spears.**

**That’s just what the guys carried. Jean-Nicole, Caitlyn, Sam, and Renee carried bows and arrows, knives, and spears. Brianne and Petra carried bows and arrows and spears. Anna was the least burdened. At my insistence, she carried only a backpack with raingear and a spear; I carried food and water for both of us. Perhaps I was too protective of her but now that I know she is carrying two of our children, I intended to remain that way. I could not conceive of a situation which called for such an arsenal of weapons but everyone else was carrying what they wanted.**

**We sang our way down the mountain of course, including our favorite You Are My Sunshine, and more golden oldies. Matt even counted cadence for us and we marched part of the way.**

**On the way down, the big empty pot which I hoped to fill with oysters was rotated around the crew and the pot and lid were imaginatively used for different purposes. Toby fended off James’ light-saber with the lid. Matt tried singing Ol’ Man River with the pot over his head.**

I asked the Kiddy Crew to lead the way for a change. In addition to spears and other weapons, they carried four tablets to show Aimee where we were going, to talk to her on occasion, and to test the range of our new system. Aimee was not sure how the tablet's batteries would hold up and she made them rotate so only one was turned on at a time. She was like a little girl, excited to be going somewhere and seeing things she had never seen before. I enjoyed her company and told her so.

We had a couple of surprises when we walked out on the sandiest part of the isthmus. Turtles were nesting. I counted eleven on the beach doing various nesting stuff: crawling out of the water, digging holes with their front flippers, laying rubbery white eggs, covering up, and returning to the water. The turtles were all of the same species, maybe a half meter in width, two-thirds of a meter in length and were like nothing I'd ever seen. The back of their shells consisted of thirteen plates with a mottled orange and yellow color and appeared soft and rubbery, not hard like land turtles. Their flippers and head were green and gray.

Then I saw that something had robbed a nest and the white eggs in it were broken and empty. I looked closer and saw fresh paw prints and claw scratches. I immediately looked up, stood there becoming cool, and surveyed as much of the isthmus as I could. I saw nothing but I knew what had robbed the nest: a wolf.

I showed Matt the nest and told him what I was about to do. Then I ran along the isthmus to the nearest boulder, climbed on top, and stood looking. I saw nothing to worry about. I decided to return but to warn everyone so we could watch out for wolves. I had walked almost back to the others when Matt yelled.

“Wolves, David, behind you.”

I turned and saw three wolves just walking out of the boulder-strewn area. My cool feeling had been fading but now it returned in full strength. I ran to where the others were and yelled my instructions.

“Bows. Form a line across the isthmus, boy-girl couples. Hold and wait.”

I quickly notched an arrow on the Brute and then stood watching the wolves and listening to the others assume positions and ready their

**bows. The three wolves came closer but then stopped their forward movement and started pacing from side to side. I looked at Iain and saw that he had his paintball gun to his shoulder.**

**“Iain only,” I yelled. “Fire at will.”**

**He fired three times before he hit one of the wolves, right on the side of the head near the mouth. A red tongue came out and licked the liquid into his mouth and, within a minute or so, the wolf collapsed on the ground unmoving. Maybe the other two blamed us because they both sniffed the downed wolf and then charged toward us.**

**I yelled for everybody to fire at will and, within seconds, two other wolves went down, snapping and biting at the arrows causing them so much pain. I yelled “Spears. Finish them off.” And we quickly had two dead wolves. Nobody wanted to be the one to kill the incapacitated wolf. I didn’t want to either but I knew it had to be done. I wanted to use their carcasses as a warning to other wolves.**

**I yelled again: “Brian and Brianne, Pyotr and Petra, kill the other wolf too.”**

**I could tell Brianne didn’t want to do it but the others made her help. They stood there grinning at each other, holding four spears impaling the poor dead wolf.**

**“James and Toby, I want you to help me,” I said. “We’re going to drag their carcasses back somewhere near the mainland and leave them. If other wolves come out on the isthmus, I want them to smell and see the dead ones. I want their bodies to serve as a warning. Matt, you’re leader ‘til we return.”**

**I started dragging one of the wolves by a hind leg and quickly learned that I had a small problem. My bow kept getting in the way. Perhaps I shouldn’t have but I propped it and my quiver on a rock and tried dragging the wolf with my left hand with my spear in my right. Better. Of course, James and Toby did what I did.**

**I knew enough about the topography of the isthmus to remember the perfect spot for three dead wolves: a narrow spot where the boulders blocked all but one easy pathway. I wanted to leave the bodies just on the other side.**

The wolves weighed perhaps sixty pounds but James and Toby didn't complain. With a couple of rests stops, we dragged the dead wolves toward the mainland. I noticed that they did as I taught them, spear always in right hand.

I was bent over slightly, dragging a wolf, looking at the sand, and I didn't look ahead as much as I should have. Toby saw it first.

"DAVID, ANOTHER WOLF!" he yelled.

I looked up and saw another black and gray wolf, one of the biggest I had seen, coming through the narrow pathway. I stopped and dropped the dead wolf's paw. The big wolf stopped.

"Spears," I said in a normal tone of voice. "Take positions about ten feet behind me and ten feet to my sides. Stand and hold."

The wolf stopped coming closer but he never stopped moving. He lowered his head and moved it from side to side and, at the same time, paced back and forth. The wolf growled and looked menacing. I yelled loudly: "GET OUTTA HERE, WOLF!"

The wolf stopped moving for a moment and then resumed walking from side to side. I decided what I was going to do if and when he charged. I knew I was cool, damned cool, and I could do it.

The wolf took a couple of steps forward. I laid my spear on the ground and took a couple of steps forward too. Maybe he looked puzzled at my behavior. We were perhaps ten meters apart.

"Hold, boys," I said. "If he gets past me, he's yours."

I took a couple of steps forward, waved my arms in the air, and yelled, "YOU'RE DEAD MEAT IF YOU CHARGE, WOLF!"

I reached back over my left shoulder with my right hand and grasped the hilt of my sword. If I had to use it, I intended to hold it with both hands and strike in a downward motion with all my strength.

The wolf stopped pacing but started growling again. He lowered his body a little and I could almost see his leg muscles harden ready to charge me. I took a couple of steps forward and waited. The wolf froze. I froze, waiting. I knew what he was about to do.

Suddenly he exploded into action, powerful legs propelling him along the sand, open mouth and bared fangs ready. I ran toward him and waited for him to leap. I wanted him to leap at me. I wanted him to launch his body like a missile. I knew he would be unable to change the trajectory of his leap with all four paws in the air. He would, in effect, be helpless.

He leaped, seemingly in slow motion. I pulled my sword, grasped the hilt with both hands, and began the down strike. Just before his body hit where mine was a split second earlier, I twisted to one side, put both my feet on the sand, braced about a half-meter apart, and completed my strike, using all the strength of my back and shoulders and arms. Perfect! The wolf's headless body tumbled across the sand, spewing blood from its stump of a neck.

I turned and started back to where I had been dragging one of the wolves. I glanced at James and Toby and they were still frozen, holding their spear with two hands, pointing straight out in front.

“Shit,” James said. “Nobody’s going to believe that.”

“Yeah; shit, James,” Toby said. “I saw it and I still don’t believe it.”

I didn’t protest when they insisted on painting two stripes on each of my cheeks with the wolf’s blood. Then we dragged four wolves through the boulders, stripped off four tails, and returned to the rest of the crew. I knew I didn’t have to tell anybody what had happened. James and Toby would.

I looked quickly at the sun, estimated the time at close to noon, and decided I wanted something to eat. Then I remembered that I didn’t have to use sun time anymore. I went to my backpack, retrieved my tablet, turned it on, and was greeted by a smiling Aimee.

“Aimee, what time is it?” I asked.

“The time is a few minutes before eleven, David,” she said. “Where are you?”

“We’re about half way across the isthmus,” I answered. “The signal to my tablet is still coming in strong and clear. Looks like our new com system is working fine.”

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Well, I’m about to have a dozen raw oysters, eat my lunch, and then help fill up the pot with shucked oysters. After we do that, we’re going to get a couple of nice-sized sea turtles, and return home. We should be home about five.”

## Chapter Fifty

One evening we were all sitting at two adjacent tables, all fourteen of us, six leadership council old folks at one, eight Mouseketeers at the other with two on a bench at the end of the table. The eight erupted in hilarious laughter. I saw James looking at me and knew who had provoked it. I walked over behind him and put my hands on his shoulders.

“What was so funny?” I asked.

“James told us about something that happened when he was twelve and in the sixth grade,” Toby said.

“Yeah, it was about *The Word of God*,” Pyotr said and I could hear the capitalized words in his voice.

“OK, are you going to tell the rest of us?” I asked.

“Oh, it was nothing much,” James said. “A girl kept trying to get me to go to her church with her, a really religious girl. I told her I already knew *The Word of God*.”

Again, he very clearly was emphasizing or capitalizing certain words.

“Well, come on,” I said. “Don’t make me pull it out of you.”

“She wouldn’t leave me alone and I told her I knew the first commandment God ever gave mankind. It was in the Book of Genesis when God kicked them out of the Garden of Eden. She thought a minute and then asked, “Go forth and multiply?” I told her that wasn’t right because God was always short and simple when he issued

commandments. She asked me again and I asked her if she was sure she wanted to know *The Word of God*. She said she was. I leaned over and whispered it in her ear: *FUCK!*”

“Did you get in trouble at school?” I asked.

“No, and she never talked to me again either,” he said.

“James, you’re bad,” I said, frowning. “That’s not something a gentleman should do. You deserve to be punished and I’m going to do it.”

“What?” he feigned surprise. “WhatdidIdo?”

“You’ve been bad. Your punishment is that you are hereby appointed as leader tomorrow, all day. Enjoy!”

James frowned and looked puzzled. Toby laughed.

“Don’t laugh, Toby. You’ve been bad too. You are hereby appointed as leader two days after James. Enjoy!”

“You mean leader of everybody, like you?” James asked.

“Yes, that’s exactly what I mean. When the babies come, I may step aside for a month or so. One of you may have to join Matt and Iain as the male half of the leadership council. If it’s you, then Sam will also be on the council with Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole.”

“But who’s going to be the head leader?” James asked.

“Tomorrow, you are. In two days, Toby is. Are you two going to be ready?”

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We had a spring warm spell so we took advantage of it to finish planting our garden. In the morning, we all worked in loincloths under the warm sun and the slight breeze. In the afternoon, Jean-Nicole, Anna, Petra, and Brianne stayed home to prepare a good meal for us. The rest of us worked for probably three hours that afternoon and then sang our way home with our hoes and other tools on our

shoulders. After a quick communal shower, we dressed in loincloths as usual, for dinner.

Surprise! Jean-Nicole announced that we were eating outside for the first time this spring. She sent the male Mouseketeers to build a huge bonfire in our fire pit and to arrange the benches around it. Then the Mouseketeers carried the dishes outside, arranged them on two benches, and let us all help ourselves.

After another delicious meal, I expected to help carry the remains of our dinner inside but I was pleasantly wrong. Iain whispered to the male Mouseketeers and they promptly piled more wood on the bonfire. I knew that something else was going to happen.

Then Iain announced the evening's entertainment: a dance, not just any dance, but something special, something freestyle, like nothing we knew or expected. He was going to play something he called Jog Din Oas. He had made an arrangement on his tallum for Aimee to play, beginning with a violin and drums. It was a simple arrangement, repeated over and over, a total of eight times, increasing in volume and rapidity and embellished with more instruments with each repetition. He said the last repetition would have everything except cannon fire. I racked my brain for an occasion when cannon fire had been included and came up with Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture, something he had played for us previously.

We began by walking slowly around the bonfire, couples together, girls in front of boys, and then Iain called for Aimee to play the music. At the same time, he threw his loincloth to the side and walked naked. Of course, we all followed his example.

For the first stanza of Jog Din Oas we all simply walked around, listening, and I suppose everyone was wondering when we were going to dance. On the first repetition, Brianne and Petra started dancing, moving in sync with the music, arms lifted, twirling around as we all went around the bonfire in a circle. Before the third repetition, we were all dancing, in that's what it might be called, just moving as the music moved our bodies and our minds. I felt a little ridiculous at first, a grown man, tall, hard, but sometimes on tiptoes, arms raised and waving, head weaving around, but everybody else was doing something similar.

Then the music became louder and faster and more instruments played and more embellishments were included. Soon I was as lost as the rest of the crew in the music, the dance, the bonfire blazing, the sun sliding toward the horizon, the breeze blowing upward as the mountain cooled, seeing the naked girls and boys and women and men dancing. My naked body danced without me thinking about how to move, I was part of the music and part of every one and everything, and all the others seemed to be affected just as I was.

Finally, the music became almost deafening and so fast that I could hardly keep pace with it. I stumbled, not in falling, just falling out of sync with the music, and I noticed that the others were having the same trouble. Silence reigned after the last notes and we all stood, gasping for breath, hearts pounding, smiling at each other.

“David, Iain, can we do it again?” Brian yelled, and a chorus of others asked the same thing.

We did. Jog Din Oas! Again! I knew we would be doing it again and again in the future.

Exhausted, we finally abandoned the dance and started back inside, carrying the remains of dinner. For a moment, I stood with Anna and looked at Iain and Caitlyn. I understood why he did what he did. I went to him, gave him a big hug, whispered in his ear, kissed him on the cheek, and went back to Anna.

“What was that about?” she asked.

“Iain encourages us to dance and sing for a reason,” I said. “He does it to build a sense of family, of belonging, of union in all of us. I just wanted to thank him for what he does.”

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On an afternoon exploration, the Mouseketeers, all eight of them now, James with Sam, Toby with Renée, Pyotr with Brianne, and Brian with Petra, found us something new for a food source and had a little accident.

They were looking at one of many mountain streams when Toby saw something he recognized: a crayfish or crawdaddy as he called it. They waded, even the girls, turning over rocks, and catching the back-

scuttling creatures. Some were huge, as long as my hand, and about half was tail. Toby had eaten them boiled in a tin can on a camping trip back home and he knew they would be great either plain or in some recipe. There was a lot of screaming when somebody got pinched and that happened to both guys and girls.

In just a short section of the stream, they were able to fill a backpack and were talking about heading home when the accident occurred. Brian slipped on a rock, fell in the creek, and twisted his ankle. James and Toby helped him up but his ankle was too painful for him to stand. They knew they had to carry him home.

I was beginning to worry about them because they were usually back well before dinner but they finally struggled in. James and Toby had carried Brian on their backs up and around the mountain to home and they were exhausted. Brian was in misery. Toby deposited him in Aimee's chair and Anna took charge. Aimee couldn't x-ray his ankle but Anna examined it and felt sure that it was just a very bad sprain. She prescribed pain pills and wrapped his ankle and foot and then put him to bed with a cold compress.

Jean-Nicole searched Aimee's recipe bank and found a good one. She put the rest of us into de-tailing duty and we filled a big pot with crayfish tails. She kept some out to boil for anybody who wanted to eat the tails and slurp the heads and most of us tried them that way. For a late dinner, we had a crusty casserole of Crawfish Etouffee and it was a big hit.

James carried Brian to dinner on his back. Brianne and Petra sat on each side of him and pampered him. He might have been in pain but his appetite was still good. He was laid up for five days, carried or helped everywhere he had to go, and generally babied by the other Mouseketeers.

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One evening, we had another concert with musical numbers mainly from Broadway musicals. From Showboat, we performed as a complete chorus and sang "Why Do I Love You?" We all paired up, held both hands, and looked in each other's eyes for this.

Iain wanted a number to showcase my voice and he chose "Oklahoma" from the musical of the same name. We'd been

practicing it in secret for weeks and as usual I felt I wasn't ready but Iain insisted I was. The response said I was ready after all.

Anna and I reprised what might be our theme song: "Adrift on a Star" from the musical "The Happiest Girl in the World." Everybody was silent when we finished and I suppose they were thinking of the words as I was.

For himself and Caitlyn, Iain chose "I'll Go Home with Bonnie Jean" from Brigadoon. The entire chorus backed him up at times on this one. At one point, he left his tallum playing itself while he danced an Irish jig.

Matt sang "Ol' Man River" from Showboat with an impossibly low bass voice. James and Sam and Toby and Renée sang "Summer Nights" from Grease. Pyotr and Brianne and Brian and Petra performed "What Do the Simple Folk Do" from Camelot.

To end the evening, he gave us something he had been practicing. He said it was intended for female soprano voices but perhaps we could enjoy his tenor voice. He asked us all to close our eyes and keep them closed until after the song was over.

He started, pausing seconds between sentences: "The place is the center of France in Auvergne. You're in wine country, flying, gliding like a bird. You see long rows of green vines pregnant with purple grapes. You see a river winding between sandstone cliffs, little beaches, and caves.

He paused and then resumed: "There's a little old house, white stone, windows and doors open, white curtains blowing in the breeze. A young couple, both naked, smiling at each other, is having lunch outdoors under a vine-covered patio."

He paused again for a moment.

"There's a table with two bowls of ratatouille, a freshly-baked baguette of bread, cheese, olives. The young man and young woman look at each other, smiling, giggling, and laughing. They made love at mid-morning and they know they will make love again in the afternoon."

He paused: "Music: Bailero by Joseph Cantaloube from "Chants d'Auvergne."

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After lunch one warm spring day, I decided to do nothing much for the afternoon and to do it outdoors. I wanted to go somewhere with Anna and spend a couple of hours just lying around in the sunshine. She smiled and nodded when I asked her.

In our bed chamber, I grabbed a blanket, rolled it and two pillows up in a package, and we walked out in the hallway. The four youngest were there, playing hopscotch.

“Where are you going, David?” Pyotr asked.

“Anna and I just want to go somewhere in the woods and relax in the sun for a while,” I said. “Anna wants some vitamin D for the babies.”

“Want some company?” Brian asked.

I looked at Anna. She nodded. The four began yelling to the others. In a few minutes, we had seven couples, carrying blankets and pillows, lined up at the front door, going somewhere in the woods.

“Let’s go to the pines,” Toby suggested. “You know, the grove of big pine trees where we get the huge cones.”

I knew the spot. It was a strange spot, almost like an open-air cathedral, tall pine trees something like long-leaf pines with almost no vegetation underneath and open cones as big as soccer balls. There were lots of the cones in our home being used for decorative purposes. It was reasonably close by. I looked around and saw everybody nodding. I nodded too.

In the pine grove, I picked a spot with mottled sunshine coming through the trees and a thick carpet of pine needles, dropped my blanket and pillows, and then dropped my loincloth. Anna smiled and dropped hers. An idea came to me, something I wanted to do before we all lay down.

“Listen, everybody,” I said and waited until I had their attention. “Before we lie down, let’s all form a circle and hold hands for a moment. Don’t say anything. Just look around and think about our world for a moment. We’re all part of it now.”

I stood there, one of a circle of fourteen human beings, from two different universes, from very different circumstances, and I felt the love which I had in different ways for each of them. My eyes swept around looking at the beauty of youth, boys and girls, men and women, naked bodies standing in the dappled sunlight, unashamed of their nudity, and not sexually aroused by it. I wondered if I was really succeeding in creating a world of my choosing. Maybe I was. We all quietly went to our blankets and pillows.

On our right, Brienne and Pyotr were closest to Anna and me, Brian and Petra a little farther away. Matt and Jean-Nicole were to our left, with James and Sam on the other side of them. Iain and Caitlyn were at our heads, Toby and Renée at our feet. And I wondered why everyone chose a spot with me and Anna at the center. Were we really that central to their lives? Maybe it was simply that we almost filled up the little clearing.

Anna turned on her side toward me, put her head on my shoulder, her leg over mine, her arm around my chest, and squeezed. For a while, we lay there, enjoying the warmth of the sun, the slight breeze, listening to the birds showing off, and I was as content and happy as I could be, even when her hair tickled me occasionally in the breeze.

Anna's hand gently pulled what little chest hair I have, slowly moved downward, pulling on little tufts of hair, and finally found somethings she liked to play with: my tolos and tianga. She held my semi-complacent penis for a while and then slowly moved her thumb along the shaft to the head. My foreskin was still covering the head and she used just her thumb to pull it back. I lay there, maybe a little sexually aroused and let her toy with my play things. I knew she liked to do it and I loved for her to do me like that.

"David, some little girls and boys are watching us," she whispered. "Shall I stop?"

"What are they doing?" I whispered back.

"The same thing I am," she whispered. "Petra is playing with Brian's tianga and tolos and Brienne is playing with Pyotr's."

"Do the guys have hard-ons?" I asked.

"Yes," Anna said. "Nice little stiff dicks."

**“Well, let them play.”**

**A moment later, she moved downward, held my semi-hard penis in her hand, took the head in her mouth, and sucked and licked for a few seconds, too few. Then she stopped and moved back up with her head next to mine.**

**“Two little girls put their mouths on two little guys’ tiangas, David,” she whispered. “I think they’re doing the same thing I do with you. Shall I stop?”**

**“That’s up to you,” I whispered. “What are you going do, with me, I mean?”**

**“After a while, I’m going for a ride,” she whispered. “All you’ve got to do is just lie there and let me ride your little pony.”**

**“I don’t know if Brianne’s ridden Pyotr’s little pony yet,” I said. “What if she wants to do like you do? I wish I knew what her father wants us to do with her or to let her do. I don’t want him angry when he comes here and he finds out that his two virginal children he sends are now fucking like rabbits.”**

**“Both of them said their father told them to listen to you and me until he arrived,” Anna said. “From the pictures we sent, I think he knows that everybody else is doing it. He’s entrusted his children to us and I think he expects them to do the same thing we all do, like James said, ‘FUCK.’”**

**“Yeah, but what if Brianne were ten years old instead of thirteen? If we’re in loco parentis, shouldn’t we protect her from Pyotr’s pecker?”**

**“Well, she’s not,” she said. “She’s thirteen and I know she wants to do the same thing we all do.”**

**“I’m going to ask her.” I said. I propped up and gestured to Brianne and Pyotr to come closer. They crawled over on their hands and knees and then knelt beside us. A minute later, Petra and Brian crawled over and knelt on the other side of us.**

**I looked around and saw four other couples all watching us, four guys with rampant ramrods, four girls probably ready to ride. I threw my**

hands up and the eight of them scampered over and got as close to me and Anna as possible.

**“Go on, Brianne, Petra,” Pyotr said. “You said you would.”**

**Brianne and Petra looked at each other. I knew somebody, perhaps Pyotr, had coaxed them to do something, probably involving me. After James, he was the next biggest trouble-maker. But still, maybe two little thirteen-year-old girls had dared each other to do it, whatever it was. I knew next to nothing about girls that age.**

**The two girls looked at each other and giggled. I waited. I didn’t know what I was waiting for but I was in no hurry with anything on a warm sunny afternoon.**

**“Well, if you two won’t,” Anna said. “I will.”**

**She leaned over me, took my hard-on in hand, stroked it a couple of times, licked up the shaft from my balls to the head, pulled the skin on my dick down tight, took the head in her mouth, and tried to suck my balls empty. I closed my eyes and let her do whatever she willed.**

**She stopped. I opened my eyes and looked around. Petra was just getting settled on my right side. Anna moved and Brianne knelt on my left. I looked from one of them to the other and waited.**

**Brianne took my dick in hand, slid the skin down tight, and then just sat there looking at it. She breathed deeply a few times, leaned over, and licked it from balls to head. She settled back, kneeling beside me, and turned loose of my dick.**

**“That’s not enough, Brianne,” Petra said. “We agreed we’ve got to take at least the head in our mouths. If you do it, I will.”**

**I remembered taunting Petra with the monster once and I decided to show off for Brianne. I pulled down on my scrotum so that every little centimeter of my penis was showing, full to bursting with blood from my brain, red and angry and dangerous looking. Her eyes widened and she pulled back for a moment, looked at my dick first and then my face, smiled, and leaned over.**

**She breathed deeply again and I wasn’t sure why since I knew she wasn’t going to try to deep-throat my dick. Then she summoned her**

courage, leaned over, and took the head of my tianga in her hot little mouth.

I looked at Anna. She grinned and winked at me. I looked at Petra. She was watching Brianne. Brianne was licking up the sensitive underside of the head. She did it just right for a minute, stroke up and down with her soft little hand, lick under the head, take the head in her mouth, suck, stroke, suck, stroke. But, damn, she quit and settled back with her haunches on her heels.

“OK, Petra, it’s your turn,” she said.

Are all women born cocksuckers? Maybe Petra was just emulating what Anna and Brianne had done but she did it just right, hand and mouth and lips and tongue all doing their part. I looked around at our audience. Everybody and I mean everybody was standing or kneeling around us and grinning. I waved to the crowd.

“That’s enough, Petra,” Anna said. “When his tolos draw up like that, he’s close to coming. I don’t think you’re ready to have your tonsils hosed down yet.”

I lay there, stiff dick hovering over my belly, balls drawn up on each side of the shaft, looking at Anna with Petra and Brianne and maybe I knew who the mischief maker was: my wife. I decided that, if I had to be teased, I was going to tease back.

“Brianne, would you like to go for a ride on my Clydesdale?”

“David!” Anna chastised. “You know she’s not ready for that.”

“Well, is she ready for some guy’s little Shetland pony? She’s hardly got any hair on her little bouchi. Brianne, what do you want to do?”

“I want to do like Petra did,” she said. “She said Pyotr didn’t hurt her for her first time and now she really likes it.”

“What’s your father going to say when he arrives and his children are already enjoying sex? I don’t want any problems with him as soon as he arrives.”

**“He told us we should listen to you and Anna and then, if you approved, we could do what we wanted to. He knows we were thinking about doing it.”**

**“What do all of you think?” I asked, looking around and saw everybody nodding.**

**“OK,” I said. “You do what you want to with Pyotr.”**

**“Oh, I don’t want to do it with Pyotr for my first time,” Brianne said. “I want to do it with Brian. Our parents have always loved us but he’s always loved me the most. I’d like to ride two ponies, first Brian’s and then Pyotr’s. Is that OK?”**

**I took a deep breath and slowly let it out. I looked at Anna. She nodded. I nodded. “We all watched Petra and Pyotr with each other. Is it OK if the rest of us watch you and Brian?”**

**“Yeah, but since he’s already done it, I’m just going to spend a minute or two riding him and then I’m going to let Petra have him,” Brianne said. “I’m going to do it with Pyotr the rest of the time.”**

**“Damn, who would have thunk it?” I pondered out loud. “Are you and Petra going to do the same things the rest of us do this afternoon?”**

**“We want to, if it’s OK.” Petra said. Brianne nodded. I looked at Anna.**

**“Anna, if all the ladies want to go for a pony ride, don’t you think there’s something the guys should do to get them ready to ride?”**

**“You’re right, David,” she said. “You know what I like for you to do to make sure my little bouchi is ready for your tianga. It’s the same thing most women like for their men to do.”**

**“Before we do, Anna, dearest, sweetheart, love, did you encourage the little sprites to do what they just did to me?”**

**“No, David, they came to me,” she said. “We discussed it and I just made sure they told Brian and Pyotr what they wanted to do.”**

**Brianne giggled. “Yeah, she said we should always dance with the one who brought us to the party and if we danced with anyone else we should make sure our partner didn’t mind.”**

**“Danced?” I didn’t understand.**

**Petra giggled too. “She meant we shouldn’t do anything with you unless Brian and Pyotr knew we were going to and they were OK with it.”**

**Brianne again, still giggling. “Uh, huh, she said we should do it first with our dance partners and after that we could do it with you a little.”**

**“Well, I thank you for your kindness,” I said. “Now you two should go back to your partners. I’m going to show all the guys how to get a woman ready for his tianga.”**

**Brian looked puzzled. “How?”**

**“Did you like what Petra did to you?” I asked.**

**“Yeah, I really liked it.”**

**“Well, now it’s your turn to do something like that for her.”**

**That was the last word I had to say for a while. I crawled between Anna’s spread legs, caught them behind the knees, and pushed back. Her pelvis levered upward and her bouchi was in the perfect position for me to get her ready for my tianga. I shut my eyes, opened my mouth, and gave her a long gentle lick with my tongue.**

**A minute or so later, I looked up just once and saw six other couples doing the same thing. Damn, seven women flat on their back, legs bent back, bouchis in just the right position for licking, seven guys on their knees bent over or on their bellies, legs spread, balls dangling or drawn up, dicks hugging their bellies, heads moving up and down. And Pyotr and Brian with Brianne and Petra and going at it like experts.**

**Anna let me know when she was ready to ride. She sat up, pushed me down on my back, straddled me, grabbed my tianga, notched in the right place, and slid down until it disappeared under her and her ass cheeks settled on my tolos. I relaxed and got ready to be ridden.**

**“Look, David,” she said.**

On the blanket next to us, Brianne was just getting settled on Brian and Petra was getting in position on top of Pyotr. I looked around and everybody, all eight, were lying or kneeling and watching the two sets of twins about to go for a ride. Four other guys were all showing a ready saddle horn. Four girls looked ready for a long ride in the woods.

Brianne closed her eyes, held Brian's tianga straight up, evidently notched it in her bouchi, then put both hands on his chest and slowly lowered her hips. I looked at her face and saw it flickering between smiling and grimacing but she kept slowly dropping down until his tianga disappeared under her. She smiled widely, opened her eyes, and looked around at everybody else.

Petra was doing the same thing on top of Pyotr. The two girls looked at each other, nodded, and slowly began to ride. The rest of us watched the two sets of twins briefly. There was a hurried scramble as four other couples mounted up.

I remained partially raised up on my elbows for a while and watched six other couples all doing the same thing, taking a leisurely ride on their favorite steed in the woods on a warm spring afternoon. Then when Brianne and Petra swapped steeds, I relaxed and closed my eyes. I intended to let Anna ride me until she came and then I knew I would take my turn, that is, unless I came before she did. She had ridden me often enough in this position and I knew, as long as I relaxed and kept a stiff dick for her, I could usually hold out and let the lady come first. Then I could do what was needed to make me come, some fast and furious fucking up into her, until I exploded and blasted her four feet up in the air. Damn, it was good.

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In the middle of an afternoon, thirty-nine days after Brianne, the twins' father, Aiden, finally appeared in Aimee's chair. They had said he planned to follow them and, when he had not arrived in thirty-five days, we began to worry. When he finally arrived I knew we had real cause to worry.

Aiden was thin, almost too thin, with dark circles around his eyes, unshaven for days, fresh bruises on his body, conscious but hardly able to respond to any questions I asked. When he did respond, his

answers were slow and spoken in a tired monotone. As usual for the males, I glanced at his penis to see how urgently he needed to pee. It was swollen but normal appearing, no piss-hard.

I was surprised by one thing: Aiden did not look his age. Either Brian or Brianne had told me he was forty-three years old but he looked much younger, maybe like a man in his late twenties. He was blond, head and pubis, and that explained the blonde hair and complexion Brianne had. His hair was short and ruffled and there seemed to be little hair on the rest of his body. He had very little body fat and looked lean and hard. He would be called a handsome man when he healed and put on a few pounds. The bruises on his arms and torso looked fresh and angry, some of them probably from fist blows, some from something like a stick or billy club.

From the twins, I knew what had happened to his family. About five months ago his wife was killed by a jihadist group in the London subway bombing. Three months later, he sent Brian on his journey. Four months later, he sent Brianne. Now he had arrived and I did not see him as the strong and confident man Brian and Brianne had described.

I knew only too well how the death of a loved one could affect a person. My father's death had been devastating to me and the disappearance of my mother was another almost-unbearable blow. I could not imagine how the death of a spouse could affect a man, especially when they had two small children. And why the bruises? Why the lethargic condition? What has happened to him?

As usual, Anna and I were the ones Aimee called first and we decided when to call the others. I didn't want to do it but I knew we had to call the twins. He sat up and tried to smile at us and I saw his face register pain. I knew the first order of business.

"Aiden, do you need to pee?"

He nodded.

"Aiden, your children are here with us and they're both healthy and happy," I said. "We'll call them in a few minutes. We're going to take you to the toilet, bring you back here, and wrap you in a blanket. I don't think you want your kids to see the bruises on your body. Do you understand?"

**He nodded again.**

**“Aimee, tell Matt I need him. Then tell everyone else I said for them to go to the lounge chamber. When they’ve cleared the hallway, let me know. Matt and I are going to take Aiden to the toilet before we medicate him and call his children.”**

**TO BE CONTINUED:**

**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**

**Oh, 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 the journey for?**

**Can it be the heart is a sea,  
And love is a golden shore?**

**DAVID**

**That wherever we are**

**ANNA**

**In this star-sprinkled sky**

**TOGETHER**

**If there's love in your star  
You're home, you're home.**