

A World of My Choosing

**An Out-of-this-World Story by
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Chapter Fifty-One

I waited a moment for Matt to arrive before helping Aiden to the toilet.

“Aiden, Matt and I are going to take you to the toilet to piss. Can you slide down to the end of the chair and put your arms over our shoulders? I can tell you’ve been beaten but, with two of us, I don’t think we’ll do any more damage. If it hurts too much, just say so. Do you understand?”

“Aiden, let David and Matt watch you pee,” Anna said. “If there’s blood in your urine, I want to know.”

He nodded and I watched his face as he slid to the end of the chair. I could see he was hurting but he seemed OK moving. Matt and I gently helped him to stand, he put his arms over our shoulders, and we let him slowly walk to the toilet. We lined up at three urinals but Aiden seemed to have trouble starting. I pulled the bow knot on my loincloth and let it fall to the floor. Matt did the same and we both started pissing. Aiden looked right, left, chuckled just a little, a good sign, and then started. I watched him pissing and I couldn’t tell that his urine was any darker than mine or Matt’s.

Back in Aimee’s room, Matt and I slowly lowered him into Aimee’s chair again. I started the usual litany of questions and got the usual responses.

“Aiden, Aimee’s our avatar. I’m sure you’re familiar with avatars like her. She has prescribed medications for you and given you something to drink. Take the pills and drink as much as you can.”

Anna was ready with the pills and juice. Aiden took the medications and drank about half a liter of juice. He paused, said, “That’s good,” and drank the rest.

“Aiden, I was an Army nurse, an operating room nurse, before I came here,” Anna said. “I’m going to give you a quick thoracic and abdominal exam to see how much damage the beating did. OK?”

“OK, Anna. I know your history, yours and David’s. We had files on all of you.”

She reclined him in Aimee’s chair again and then poked and prodded and rubbed with her fingers. I watched his face while she examined him and I saw pain registered but nothing severe.

“Aiden, I think you’re going to be fine,” she said. “You’ll be very sore for a while but I don’t think the beating did any permanent damage. You may have bruised internal organs but that’s not a big problem unless there’s internal bleeding. We’ll deal with that if we need to. For the next few days, we need to watch your urine to see if there’s blood in it.”

He nodded and tried to smile. I saw that he could hardly keep his eyes open.

“Aiden, hang in there for a few more minutes,” I said. “Matt’s going to raise the chair to a sitting position again and put a blanket over you. I don’t think you want your children to see your body. If they ask why the blanket, just tell them you were cold. OK?”

He nodded again. Matt gently spread the blanket over him and raised the chair.

“We’ll let them stay just a few minutes and then Matt and I are going to take you to the bed chamber Anna and I use. There are three beds and we’ll put you in a fresh one. We’ll let you sleep as long as you wish. Aimee will monitor you and Anna and I will watch out for you too.”

His eyes closed and his head almost fell forward. He jerked upright.

“Listen, Aiden, don’t give up now. It’s important for your children to see that you’re OK. Take some deep breaths and, when you’re ready, I’ll tell Aimee to let them come in here.

He nodded again, tried to smile, and breathed deeply a few times.

I looked at Aimee and nodded.

A few seconds later, I heard the sound of running feet and two voices, one boy, one girl, both yelling the same thing, “Da, Da, Da.”

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Two days after Aiden’s arrival, I went looking for him. I had asked him not to share his story with everyone. I had seen men who acted the same way and I saw no need for him to tell everyone what he had done. At the same time, I knew firsthand how talking about a problem could lighten the load of carrying it. I stopped by our bedchamber just long enough to grab my tablet. I wanted Aimee to hear and record my conversation with Aiden.

Outside our front door, I found him on a bench leaned back against a rock, just sitting in the sunshine, eyes closed, and arms crossed in front of him. Like the rest of us, he was naked except for a loin-cloth. The bruises on his body were already a mottled yellow and red and brown. I hoped his kids had believed the lie he told them about the car accident.

“Aiden,” I said, and waited for him to look up. He finally did, no welcoming smile, just the look of a man suffering from something.

“Let’s go up on the top terrace,” I said. “We need to talk.”

“No, David, I can’t talk to you,” he said. “I can’t talk to anyone.”

“Maybe, but I’m going to talk to you,” I said, and held out my hand.

He took it. I pulled him up, hugged him for a moment, and smiled at him. We climbed the steps to the little top terrace and sat down. I said “Aimee, please,” and her smiling face appeared on my tablet. I told Aiden that I wanted to record our conversation and that Aimee could never reveal any of it without the permission of both of us. He consented.

“Now, how much of my story do you know?” I asked.

“Some. I know it was you who killed Ayatollah al-Badr.”

“There’s a part you can’t know,” I said. “You can’t know how I felt when I saw my father’s severed head held up by a jihadist when I was

twelve and I couldn't talk for six months. You can't know how I felt when my mother disappeared when I was fourteen and I felt responsible. You can't know why I devoted myself to one goal for years: pashtunwali. In case you don't know, that's an ethical code requiring revenge when a family member is murdered. You can't know how I felt the day after I killed seven jihadists in a dusty street in Islamistan or how I felt when I killed Ayatollah Bad-Ass. You can't know any of that. I want to tell you."

We sat there for perhaps an hour while I told him the honest truth about what had happened in my life and, more importantly, how I felt after the loss of my parents and through all my years of preparing myself. I finally ended my story with my act of revenge: when I killed Grand Ayatollah Muqtada al-Badr after he came out the door of the Imam Al-Hussein Shrine in Mamoon after mid-day prayers.

"Now you're going to tell me your story," I said. "You've got revenge for the death of your wife; haven't you?"

He nodded. "David, we did things...I did things you won't believe. I never dreamed I could do things like that to another human being. You don't want to know."

"Yes, I do. It felt good; didn't it?" He looked at me frowning. "Now start at the beginning. Who helped you? How did you locate the jihadist group, the ones who bombed the subway and killed your wife?"

He hesitated for a moment and then started talking. "I was the bait, David. My London group helped me, six men from our old world. More than that helped but those six came in the house to rescue me. We had more men and women outside."

"Go on."

For the rest of the morning, I sat and listened as he recounted his story and I was hardly aware of the passage of time.

After his wife's death he began to plan for revenge and gradually his group, he called them the London group, all from his old world, joined him in the plans.

They constructed a false identity for him as a reporter from a Scandinavian newspaper. He approached the London media and claimed that he had been sitting on a book of cartoons out of respect for their religion. Because of the subway bombing, he was going to have the cartoons published in his newspaper and was sure they would. His picture was on the evening news and in the papers for days. He expected to be kidnapped or killed but was counting on the jihadists trying to stop the publication first.

He was coming up from the underground, supposedly heading back to work, when they snatched him. They stuffed him in a car in about two seconds, put a black bag over his head, and tied his hands. He couldn't see where they went but it didn't matter. He had swallowed something which looked like a big pill but was actually a Wi-Fi device which communicated by GPS with his group. He knew they would be tracking him. The jihadists drove around for a while and then hustled him in a house somewhere. They stripped him naked, duct-taped him to a chair, and then took the bag off.

He counted 23 of them, 19 men and 4 women, all of them relatively young. They asked him all sorts of questions and beat him mercilessly, one man and woman in particular, and but he refused to answer their questions.

He heard three loud horn blasts outside and knew that was the signal that the others would be coming in soon. Then a few minutes later one of his group walked in looking like a clown from a circus: face and hands painted green, a red bulb on his nose, a transparent face shield which gave him fresh air. He was dressed in green pants and a green top, loose to hide body armor. The front of the green top had been painted in yellow plates something like a turtle. He was armed with only a red and white diagonally-striped spray-can and a rubber bulb-horn. And he was wearing a ballerina's white tutu. He was intended to look ridiculous and harmless so they wouldn't shoot him.

Aiden took a deep breath and held it, knowing what was coming next. The guy in green held the bulb horn down and squawked it and then held the spray can up and sprayed the room with an aerosol. It caused anyone breathing it to drop in their tracks, unconscious for at least ten minutes and, within a few seconds, there were 23 unconscious jihadists in the room.

The other five guys, dressed in black outfits, armed with silenced pistols, with breathing masks over their faces, came in, put one of the masks over Aiden's face, and cut the duct tape binding him. The seven of them quickly bound all the jihadists, hands behind their back, stripped all of them naked below the waist, bound their ankles, and then wrapped strong rubber bands around nineteen tiangas.

Only then did Aiden dress in a black outfit too and strap a silenced pistol around his waist. By the time the jihadists became conscious again, barely able to move, there were six guys dressed in black standing around casually talking to a weirdo in green in a language that was like nothing they had ever heard.

Aiden was handed long pruning shears, worked them a few times, admired them, and stood looking around. Where to start? The bearded guy who beat him the worst seemed like a good place.

He pointed and a team member caught the head of the bearded guy's penis with pliers. Aiden chopped between the head and the rubber band. The guy's screams were cut short when Aiden shot him between the eyes with a silenced gun.

The woman who had beat him screamed but only for a second. The guy with the pliers stuffed the little bloodless dick-head in her mouth and held it closed. When he released it, Aiden shot her too, right between her horrified brown eyes.

Aiden paused for a moment and then continued.

"OK. Who's next?" I asked. "You guys like to behead people; we're going to de-head you."

"Don't be in such a hurry," the guy in green said. "I need to remind them of something before we kill them."

"Wait a minute, Aiden," I said. "I'm confused. Did you start speaking English before you de-headed them? Why?"

"We wanted them to know that we spoke at least one common language. We were going to leave two of the women alive for the press and police when we called them. We wanted the press and police to be confronted with an absolutely unbelievable account."

“Well, what did the guy want to remind them?”

“He reminded them that they were about to become sacred martyrs for their religion and ascend into heaven and could claim their reward of seven-two virgins. They might have a problem though because they would be lacking the heads of their kirs.”

Kir was penis in Farsi. I couldn't help but laugh. I really was enjoying his story.

After that, they set up a production line. They chopped off the heads of 18 more kirs, one guy holding the head with plyers and another chopping. The room reverberated with screams and moans. This time the guy with the plyers deposited the kir heads in a bowl and then handed the bowl to Aiden. The plan was to flush then down the toilet but Aiden had another idea.

The house was a modern one and he thought the sink might have a disposal underneath. There was. He started the water running, the disposal running, but then hesitated. He wanted to be sure the remaining guys knew what he did. He asked his team to bring two women in the kitchen. While they watched, he slowly poured the bowl contents down the drain and smiled when everything was pulverized. The women were horrified and screamed until Aiden pointed the pistol at their heads.

“Did you kill the rest of the jihadists after that?” I asked.

“No, not all, just the guys and one more woman. We took turns using silenced guns on them. My crew insisted they all wanted to kill one or two. Strange, how deathly quiet it was in that room the moment after there was another phhtttt and a head snapped back.”

“Why did you kill the other woman?”

“Because she was looking at me with such virulent hatred in her eyes,” he said. “The other two women just looked horrified at what we did.”

“So you wiped out the jihadist cell and killed, how many, twenty one, nineteen men and two women. Damn, Aiden, you guys beat my record. I've only killed eighteen men and one woman.”

“David, we were fighting terror with terror, only our terror was worse than anything they had ever imagined would be done to them. We knew if we left them alive, they’d still be alive years later and might never pay for what they did. Our team called the press and media thirty minutes after they left and then, one hour later, they called the Bobbies. We wanted the world to know what had happened.”

“OK, go on.”

“That’s about it, David. I sat there in a chair, just smiling, in front of the two women who were still alive but bound to a chair. I knew I was about to be transported and we wanted them to see me vanish. That was the last thing I saw, two horrified unbelieving women watching me disappear.”

“What did all your friends do?” I asked. “After your little party, they were in too much danger to stay in London. Did they leave?”

“Yes, that was the plan, men and women, everybody, both groups in the United Kingdom and Ireland. They had buses waiting to take them through the chunnel and all the way to Switzerland. We have another group there.”

“Well, I’ve got just one thing to say, Aiden,” I said, and held out my hand to him. “Good job. I couldn’t have done it better myself.”

He shook my hand and then just sat looking at me.

“I don’t know what I’m feeling, David,” he said. “It’s like I’m dead inside.”

“Aiden, you know I’m the leader here and that Aimee must always obey me and no one else. The others here obey me too but out of, I hope, respect and love. Can you change that?”

“No,” he shook his head.

“I don’t usually give orders, Aiden,” I said. “But I’m giving your two orders and you will obey me. Understood?”

He nodded, affirmatively. “Yes, David.”

“Good. The first order is that you will never tell anyone else what you’ve just told me. They don’t need to know. You and I know what revenge is like and it’s not easy to carry the burden. It’s easier if someone else helps you carry it. Let me help you carry it. We’ll talk again whenever you’re ready.”

“Yes, David.”

“The second order is that you will become a father again for your children. They need you and nobody else can ever satisfy that need like you can. I want you to do something with your children every day. Talk to them. Take them for a walk in the woods. Play hopscotch with them. Play dodgeball with us. Just stay busy with them as much as possible.”

“I will, David,” he said.

“You know they’re not virgins anymore; don’t you?”

“Yes, but that’s OK. They told me. If they can find a little bit of love, that’s fine with me.”

“Good. Now, we need some fresh fish and tomorrow I would like us to go fishing, just you and me and both sets of twins. Do you think you’ll be up to it?”

He smiled and nodded.

“David, I forgot to tell you something. The group that Iain came from was going to have a big explosion and fire to completely destroy that old mansion before they disappeared. Shall I tell him?”

“Did his parents plan to go with the others to Switzerland?”

“Yes.”

“Then you can tell him. Are they still going to send any more people to join us? Renée said they were going to keep sending people until we had at least twenty.”

“As far as I know, they will keep to that but one of the groups in your country, in the state of Georgia, I think, will now be in charge. Maybe

the others will come directly from my old universe, maybe from your universe. I don't think it's been decided yet."

"They've been sending us supplies and tools and we've sent requests for lots more stuff. Will somebody send that?"

"Yes, there might be a little delay but we communicate with all the other groups and the Georgia group will coordinate the other groups and will make decisions on who has that job."

"Good. Now tell me what you think happened when the press and police found the jihadists."

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The next day, Aiden and I took both sets of twins fishing in the lake. The early morning was a little cool so we left home dressed in Sherwood Forest outfits, backpacks with lunch and a change of clothes, empty backpacks for fishing creels, fishing poles and spears in hands.

As usual, we sang on the way down the mountain, first You Are My Sunshine and then She'll Be Coming 'round the Mountain. Pyotr volunteered me next and I gave them my version of Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder. The chorus to the song says, "Who threw the overalls in Mrs., Murphy's chowder? Nobody spoke so they shouted all the louder." The four Mouseketeers shouted each chorus as loud as they could. Aiden actually grinned and then joined in for the next repeat of the chorus.

At the lake, our bamboo raft was still floating where we had tied it and it looked sea-worthy. I stood thinking for a moment and then stripped naked. Aiden shook his head and stripped too and the four kids grinned and shed their clothes even faster. We all stuffed our clothes and moccasins in our backpacks. The boys climbed down to the raft and the girls passed the fishing poles and spears and backpacks down to them.

Aiden and I stood and watched them while they arranged everything. They were four beautiful children, just beginning their journey to sexual maturity, two blond sprites, one blond boy, one freckled brown boy, all naked but unashamed, chattering away excitedly.

“Why did we get naked, David,” Aiden asked. “It’s still a little cool.”

“It will be warmer out on the lake in the sun,” I said. “Besides, somebody is going to fall in the lake.”

“What?”

“Yeah, I think Pyotr will fall in the lake first. Then I imagine the rest of them will accidentally fall in too. I’m going to shove you. Then I’m going to get overbalanced and fall in too.”

“The water might be cold.”

“Do you think that’s going to stop them? Look at them. Four kids, absolutely perfect and beautiful, happy to be doing something as simple as fishing. This is life as it should be, Aiden. It’s up to you and me to make this a perfect world for them.”

“I know,” he said. “I hope I’m up to it.”

“You can be,” I said. “You just stripped too. The way we are, naked in front of each other and not self-conscious about it, that’s one of the customs I’m trying to start in this new world. Those four kids are about as innocent and beautiful as anything you’ll ever see. Do you understand that I don’t ever want anyone to be ashamed of their body or to think that it’s ugly?”

“Well, I agree with you about the kids anyway,” he said.

The four kids sat down on the bamboo raft and left the poling to Aiden and me. He quickly mastered the use of the pole and we were about in the center of the lake when it happened.

Pyotr stood up and said, “My butt’s tired.”

Of course, the others stood up too. Pyotr looked at me and, I think, raised his eyebrows a little. I gave a quick nod. He took one step, his foot slipped, and he fell overboard. Petra bent over and extended her hand to pull him out. Brian bumped her butt and she went in with a flailing splash. He turned to Brianne and she jumped in. He grinned at me and his father and jumped in too. The four of them quickly swam back to the raft and hung on to the side, waiting to see what the two old men were going to do.

I decided to give Aiden a chance. I bent over and extended a hand to Petra. Aiden put his hand in the center of my back and extended a hand to Brienne. Maybe Aiden pushed down a little too hard; maybe he didn't. I lost my balance, flailed the air for a moment, and went in head first over the kids. As soon as I came up, I turned and looked at Aiden. He grinned, shrugged, and jumped in next to me.

That's when Aiden and I were attacked. Four grinning splashing kids tried to duck us. I courageously fought them off for a few seconds and then let them succeed. As soon as my head was under water, I swam under the raft and surfaced quietly just at the edge on the other side. I heard the kids yelling and screaming when I didn't come back up. Pyotr figured it out. He swam around to the end, peeked at me, and yelled "Here he is!"

I fled. I swam a few meters from the raft, waited until I saw four kids in pursuit, and then started swimming around in a circle. When I got back to where Aiden was treading water and grinning, he joined me in fleeing from the menacing gang. With all the splashing and giggling and yelling, maybe they weren't really menacing. We both swam around the raft in a complete circle before we feigned exhaustion and let them catch us.

The waterfall plunging down into the lake proved to be a good spot for fishing again. I actually managed to catch a couple before I gave up and helped the kids by taking the fish off their hooks and stuffing them in empty backpacks.

The day was warmer by mid-afternoon when we started back, two smiling grown men and four kids, chattering away and giggling at nothing, all still naked except for moccasins. We trudged in at home in time for our evening meal, each carrying one backpack with clothes and another laden with fish. It was just another good day in paradise.

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A few days after our fishing trip, I grabbed Aiden before he could volunteer to wash the breakfast dishes again.

"Aiden, come with me."

"Where are we going?"

“Up the mountain. We’ll probably be gone all morning.”

I led him up the path to a good view of the isthmus and the mainland. The first part of the path led through some of the oldest trees I had found, where the canopy almost completely blocked the sun and there was little underbrush. As we climbed, the path led through darker and darker woods and through narrow openings between lichen-covered boulders. At one point, the path split in two, and, like Robert Frost, I chose the one less taken, the most difficult part where we had to climb.

Finally we broke out of the woods and stony crevices into a rocky outcropping on the mountain where the big trees were unable to find a place for their roots and the sun warmed the huge boulders to baking. I led him to the place I wanted him to see: a promontory where nothing obstructed the view and the isthmus connecting us to the mainland could be seen. The isthmus was completely free of vegetation, a jumble of sand and boulders. The mainland was a rolling blue-green forest of trees which seemed to go on forever.

I opened my backpack and took out two bottles of juice and my tablet. I handed a bottle to Aiden, opened one, had a good drink, propped my tablet against a rock, and then asked Aimee to record our conversation.

Finally I looked at Aiden. “What do you think?”

“It’s beautiful, David, but why did you bring me up here?”

“Aiden, you’ve just come through the dark forest, through crevices between rocks, all with little sunlight. Now you’re standing at a point out in the direct sun, looking at our pathway to a new world, and wondering why you are here.”

“I suppose.”

“Aiden, you still have a purpose in life. You’ve been through a hell I can only imagine but you have years yet to live. You have a challenge: to love your children and guide them and care for them until your death. You must muster the strength to meet that challenge.”

“I don’t know if I can, David.”

“Look, Aiden, I didn’t ask to be brought here. I didn’t ask to be made leader. Still, I’ve accepted my challenge and I will do my best to meet it. You can do the same. You began to accept it when we went fishing.”

“What’s my challenge?”

“Aiden, you and I are the only two here who have something in common: a fight against adherents to a religious belief which is beyond horrible, evil, monstrously wicked, a belief that seeks to rob us of our humanity. Now we’re in an untouched world and we’ve both got the same challenge. All the boys and men who come here will be our sons and brothers. All the girls and women will be our daughters and sisters and wives. Most of the children who are born here will be sons and daughters of two different universes. We’ve got to lead them. We’ve got to instill in them a sense of love and caring and family. That’s what we are, you know, the new family of mankind.”

“I was warned you could be quite eloquent, very persuasive. You are indeed.”

“I need your help, Aiden. Your children need your love. All of us need your caring. I want you to reflect on what I’ve said and then accept your challenge.”

“I will.”

A swiftly-moving shadow crossed over us and I looked up. I saw not one but two of the large raptor birds gliding far above the mountain top, probably playing in the updraft from the mountain. I pointed them out to Aiden and told him how I killed one and how Matt and I stole the pig from another. We stood and watched them for a minute or so and they never flapped.

“Aiden, we have a leadership council comprised of Iain and Caitlyn, Matt and Jean-Nicole, Anna and me. Ultimately, every decision is mine but I need the others to advise me. I want you to sit in on our meetings as a non-voting member for a while. Anna’s in the second trimester of her pregnancy and before the babies come I want to step aside and let somebody else replace me on the council. Will you do it?”

He nodded. "When you're being leader, do you really wear that ratty bearskin in the hallway? A young boy told me you did."

"No, I just assume the mantle of authority. Pyotr?"

He grinned and nodded.

"I'll get even. James and Toby have already served a one-day term as leader. I'm going to appoint Pyotr next and then Brian. It's just one day but they can be serious about it."

"Yes, responsibility can make anyone serious."

"Tomorrow, we're going to work in the garden all day, except for our cooks. That's one way we accept our challenge. One day soon, we're going to the swimming beach. You'll see something you're perhaps never seen before: a group of young boys and girls, men and women, all naked, playing in the water, gymnastics on the beach, yelling and running and screaming, enjoying the sun on their bodies, just having fun like innocent children, life as I think it's meant to be."

"Well, we certainly couldn't do that in London," he said, grinning.

"Aiden, I didn't ask to be sent here but your people chose me to lead this small group of humanity. I've accepted my role as leader and, as long as I'm alive, I will not permit anyone else to assume that role. You and I both have been badly wounded by religious hatred and I'm adamant that we I will not permit such hatred here."

I paused for that to sink in with him. After a moment he nodded and said, "Go on."

"I was once asked if I was an atheist, someone who doesn't believe in a god and who views all religions as myths. I replied that I was beyond atheism, that I was an antitheist, someone who views all religions as inherently evil and the source of most human conflict. In my old world, it took real strength and courage to espouse those views. In this world, I'm going to do my best to keep anyone from bringing religion here. They will have to do it over my dead body."

"David, you're safe with me here," Aiden said. "My world is largely free of religions and the wars they cause and we've had peace for years. You were chosen in part because of your views and I knew

about them before I came here. I'm not going to challenge you on that."

"Good. Now there's something else I want to talk to you about. Have you had sex with a woman since your wife was killed?" I asked. I knew this was a sensitive topic but I thought I might as well bring it out in the open.

"No."

"If you want me to, I'll stop right now," I said. "I just think you should know how we cope with our needs. Can you talk about her?"

He nodded. "Go on," he said. "I'm listening."

"Aiden, I've learned a few things since I came here. Our bodies have a need for sex and our minds have a need for love. When we can find both with a woman like Anna, we're as happy and content as it is humanly possible to be. I don't know anything about your wife and the relationship you had but perhaps it was the same. Was it?"

"Yes, sex with her was always good but it's her love that I miss the most."

"Occasionally Anna and I, with the help of others, have tried to pair up some of our younger males and females, like James and Sam. I think somebody in your old group was trying to do the same. Pyotr and Petra were somehow saved from being sold into sexual slavery. Now you send your own twins here and they are a perfect match for the first twins. Did that influence your decision?"

"Not until after my wife was killed," he said. "I knew about Pyotr and Petra; we all did. I didn't want my twins to have to stay in your old world and I thought they'd be a perfect match for your pair."

"I think they are too," I said. "Brian lost his virginity with Jean-Nicole and Anna. She and I were going to play, that's sexual play, with Matt and Jean-Nicole. Somebody suggested we include Brian. The rest of us watched him with Jean-Nicole first and then Anna."

"Both?"

"Yeah, in about five minutes."

He grinned. “Horny little devil.”

“Yeah, weren’t we all?”

“Brienne lost her virginity with Brian and Pyotr one afternoon out in the woods. All fourteen of us had gone down the mountain to a beautiful spot, supposedly to get naked and soak up some sun. It was also a good place to play at sex. We all watched Brienne with Brian and Pyotr. She was smiling all the time. She’s got a beautiful smile.”

“Yeah, she uses it on me to get what she wants.”

“Are you really OK with them becoming sexually active already?”

“Yes. David. In my old universe, children were permitted to have sex as soon as they wished. We made sure to guide them and protect them from unwanted consequences like pregnancy. We knew some of the ones we sent here were too young to have children. That’s why we provided contraception for you.”

“Well, you’re not too old to still need sex,” I said. “I don’t know what we’re going to do about love but I have an idea that someone will be sent for you. Do you think so?”

“Yes. No decision had been made when I left. I know they were looking at some prospects.”

“Aiden, you’re not too old to have more children either,” I said. “Maybe you could have another child, one created in this new world.”

“I’ve thought about that but I don’t know whether I can do that again.”

“If they want us to merge our DNA from two different universes, they will send someone from my old universe for you. Do you agree?”

“Yes, that’s where they were looking.”

“Well, until she arrives, there’s no need for you to do without sex. Anna and I have talked about getting together to play, that’s sexual play, with Iain and Caitlyn sometimes soon. Maybe we’ll invite Matt and Jean-Nicole too and call it a meeting of the leadership council.

When it's just two couples, I've made love to both women and so has the other guy. With three, who knows? Would you like to join us?"

"I thought your culture pretended to be monogamous."

"We don't, not here. As long as we can prevent unwanted pregnancies, we get together, usually two couples, and we swap partners at least once. Occasionally we have sex play parties, the whole bunch of us, and we warm up with a lot of wild giggly foreplay with everybody else and then we choose a new partner for the night."

"Anna's pregnant, right?"

"Yes, but she still wants sex. Still needs to have it. Still needs love. I try to give it to her. She's welcomed all the guys here with her body. She says she's about to stop doing it with anyone but me and I'm being extra careful with her."

"And you don't mind if she has sex with me? Iain doesn't mind if Caitlyn does? Or Matt and Jean-Nicole?"

"No, I don't mind. Iain and Matt don't mind either. None of us guys would try to tell the ladies what to do. You need to know something about women's role here. Anna and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole are the ones who suggested it. They all want to help you. You need sex and they all want to share their love with you."

"David, I really don't know whether I can," he said. "What if I can't do it?"

"Aiden, Anna will understand. I think Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole will too. They both want to give you a little gift, a reminder of what a woman's love can be like. You should try to accept it graciously. Sam and Renée will probably offer you the same thing later. I've made love and played or had sex with all of them. If they offer someday, perhaps I'll do the same thing with Petra and Brianne."

"Well, let's wait a while for my body to heal a little more," he said. "Just try to understand if I can't perform. I really loved my wife and her death has been almost impossible for me to bear. If I didn't have kids, I probably would have committed suicide."

“I understand. I spent three months without Anna here and I thought about cutting my own throat if she didn’t come to me. Matt and Iain and I want you to try to accept what our wives want to do for you. They all want to give you a little taste of a woman’s love again. I’m betting you’ll perform fine with one of them, maybe two, maybe even three. Who knows?”

“Well, there’s a first time for everything.”

“Aiden, Anna and Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole have given this a lot of thought. It’s not so much about sex. It’s about healing, about becoming a normal loving man again.”

I stood up, retrieved my tablet from the side of a rock, and looked at Aimee’s smiling face.

“Aimee, I wanted you to know what Aiden and I talked about. Please make a record of our conversation and keep it for a couple of months. Let Aiden listen to it again if he wishes.”

She smiled as usual. “Yes, David. Before you leave, would you show me the view from where you are? I think our mountain home is beautiful and I enjoy looking at it.”

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A few nights later, after dinner was over and the kitchen had been cleaned, we gravitated as usual back to our two adjacent tables. I looked around and realized that we were about to reach another milestone: we were going to need three tables soon.

The Mouseketeer table now had eight sitting at it, three on each side on swing-out seats, two on one end on a bench. The oldest teens, James and Sam, Toby and Renée sat opposite each other. The youngest, Brian and Petra and Pyotr and Brianne, sometimes sat on table seats and sometimes on the bench.

The adult table now had seven: Anna and I, Iain and Caitlyn, Matt and Jean-Nicole, and now Aiden. The three couples had drifted into sitting opposite each other and Aiden was adamant that he would sit at one end on a bench. I walked over to the other table and stood there waiting until their giggling and talking stopped.

“We’re having a leadership council meeting tonight and Aiden’s going to sit in. Do any of you have anything you want us to discuss?”

“Yeah, I do,” Toby said. “When can we have another sex play party?”

“OK, we’ll talk about that. Anything else? Once we go to the council meeting, I’d prefer not to have to worry about all of you. Can you be good?”

“Sure,” James said. “Sam says I’m always good.”

“Renée says I’m the best,” Toby crowed.

I shook my head and walked away from the table of eight giggling kids. Except for Aiden, the others at our table were standing, waiting. I walked up behind him and put my hands on his shoulders.

“You’re invited too, Aiden,” I said.

He stood up, Anna took his hand in hers, I grabbed his other hand, and we went down the hallway toward the rear and then to an unused bedroom. Anna and I dropped our loincloths just inside the door. Aiden looked at arrangement in the room, looked at me, at Anna, shook his head, and dropped his. Iain and Caitlyn walked in and dropped theirs. Matt and Jean-Nicole followed.

The room had been prepared the way Anna had said it would be: three mattresses in one corner of the room, pillows against the wall, and lights on dim. I knew my role.

I put my hand on Aiden’s shoulder and guided him to one side with me. I sat down, leaned back against a pillow, lifted my tolos from between my thighs, crossed my ankles, and rested my hands on my stomach. Aiden watched and then sat down beside me the same way. I looked to the other side and saw Iain and Matt just getting in the same positions. Four guys, none with hard-ons but four dicks swollen close to standing up, looking up at three beautiful women, one of whom had a little poochy belly.

The three women stood there until we were settled and then sat down with their legs between ours, leaned back on straight arms, and raised their knees. It was impossible to look anywhere else except at what they were so prominently displaying.

“Is this really a leadership council meeting, David?” Aiden asked.

I looked to the side and saw his eyes moving from one woman to another, well, at least between their legs.

“It’s a meeting of the leadership council first,” I answered. “Later, we might do something else.”

Chapter Fifty-Two

“It’s a meeting of the leadership council first,” I answered. “Later, we might do something else.”

Aiden frowned. “David, I told you I wasn’t sure I was ready to do something else.”

“I know. We’re going to have a council meeting first. For the purposes of this meeting, you are a voting member. After that, you can leave if you want to.”

He nodded.

“The first order of business is Toby’s request for another sex play party. Anna wants to make a motion.”

I nodded to her.

“I move we appoint a committee comprised of the four youngest kids, two sets of twins, and let them plan the format this time. The motion includes a warning that we trust them to come up with a program which is readily acceptable to all of us.”

“I second Anna’s motion,” Matt said.

“Aimee, when is the next window of opportunity for all women to participate?” I asked.

“David, you must understand that I can never predict such an event with absolute certainty. I will make an estimate but it is little more than an educated guess.”

“That’s good enough, Aimee,” I said. “Anna has tried to teach this befuddled male about the mysterious lunacy of women.”

I cringed just before she hit me.

“I didn’t say lunacy,” I protested. Jean-Nicole hit me from the other direction but not too hard. I yelped anyway.

“There will be a window of opportunity eleven days from now,” Aimee said when she stopped giggling. “It is a two-day window in which all females may participate. The next window after that is approximately thirty-three days from now.”

“Any discussion?” I asked with a straight face.

“You would let four thirteen or fourteen-year-old kids decide what to do?” Aiden asked.

“Aiden, to speak about the motion, you must hold your hand up and be recognized before you speak,” I said.

He held his hand up, I nodded to him, and he repeated his question.

“Yes, Aiden,” I said. “We must always trust them to be responsible. If anybody disapproves, they can participate or stay away. Nobody is forced to do anything here. The kids will want everybody to participate. They will come up with something we all want to do.”

I looked around and didn’t see any more hands up.

“Any more discussion?”

Silence.

“All in favor, raise your hand,” I said.

Aiden shook his head but he raised his hand with six others.

“Motion presented, discussed, and approved unanimously,” I said. “In the absence of any other business, this meeting of the leadership council is concluded.”

“Well, I like your way of running things,” Aiden said, smiling.

“Aimee, do you want to play too?” Matt asked. “You didn’t raise your hand.”

“Don’t tease me, Matt,” she said. “I am quite capable of finding a partner and participating. I prefer to watch, however. I learn a great deal about all of you by watching your sexual activities.”

Jean-Nicole slapped him gently behind the head and then giggled.

Aimee asked a question. “David, what is the meaning of the word ‘lunacy’? It does not appear in any dictionary in my library.”

“The moon, Luna, and women both have a lunar cycle, hence lunacy.”

My explanation seemed to satisfy everybody. They either shook their head or smiled.

Jean-Nicole immediately crawled over some other legs, straddled mine, and slid her hands up my thighs until they bumped into my testicles. My penis was swollen but soft and relaxed as it always is in the warmth of our home. She wrapped one soft hand around it, stroked it a few times, leaned over, licked from scrotum to head, sucked on the head for a few seconds, and then straightened up and sat there looking at it as it quickly grew to a real stiffy. I looked around and saw everybody else was also watching it wake up. I stretched my scrotum down to show off Monster’s entire length.

“Show off,” Jean-Nicole muttered. I stuck my tongue out at her. She giggled. I stuck my tongue out again and wiggled it. She smiled and nodded.

“You promise?” she whispered. I nodded vigorously.

“Aiden, I told you I was an operating-room nurse when you first arrived,” Anna said. “Do you remember?”

Aiden took his eyes off my tianga and looked at her. “Yes.”

Anna crawled over to Iain, settled on his legs, gave his tianga a half-dozen strokes, bent over, and gave it a quick licking tongue bath. He

put his hands on her shoulders. She shrugged them off, gave his dick a few slurping sucks, and finally kissed it on the shiny head. Then she straightened up and continued with her story. This time we all watched Iain's tianga rouse its sleepy head.

“Perhaps I had a natural ability for that sort of work,” she said. “The surgeons all trusted me and wanted me on their team. I even performed surgery on occasion, with an exhausted surgeon directing me. What I want to tell you about, though, is what a couple of other nurses and I sometimes did late at night.”

I looked at Aiden's face and saw him raise his eyebrows. I knew what she was going to tell him. Jean-Nicole resumed sucking my dick and I watched what she was doing.

“Aiden, at night, I would make the rounds with another nurse. We checked our patients' meds and wounds and then made them comfortable for the night. Some of them, we masturbated so they would sleep better.”

I glanced at Matt and saw him smiling. I felt sure Caitlyn and Jean-Nicole had heard about what the nurses did to help their patients sleep. “Good sleeping pill,” he whispered.

Caitlyn crawled over to Matt's legs, straddled them, held his almost-hard tianga upright, slowly stroked it a few times, licked from his balls to the head, sucked on the head a few seconds, and then sat upright again. This time, it was Matt's dick that woke up and looked around. I looked at Aiden's face. He was smiling.

Anna ignored what Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn had done. “Some had catheters but most didn't. We'd pretend that giving their good parts a warm sponge bath was just routine care. If they got an erection, we'd close the door and jack them off. Do you know why we did it?”

Aiden shook his head.

“Aiden, some of them were just boys, not even twenty. Maybe they'd lost part of a leg or an arm from an IED and they were depressed wondering what their life was going to be like. We always complimented each one on the size of his penis or how beautiful it was, just anything to help him realize that he was still a man and his sex life wasn't over. We did it for them, Aiden, not for us.”

I glanced down at Aiden's dick. It had been warm and swollen, flopped across one thigh a little, when he sat down beside me. Now it had crawled around to point at his navel and had swelled into a partial erection. He had a damned nice one, about as big as Iain's. I smiled. He was going to respond just as Anna had predicted, at least his tianga was.

Then Jean-Nicole left me all alone and straddled Aiden's legs. She sat there for a moment looking at his face and then said "Well?" He smiled a little and nodded his head just once.

She bent over and her beautiful blonde hair fell like a curtain around her head. I looked at Aiden's face, saw his eyes close, and a slight smile appear on his lips. I knew he liked what she was doing. What man doesn't like to have his dick sucked by a beautiful woman? He just worries too much, I thought. She straightened up for a moment to catch her breath and I saw a wet shining head on a hard-on that any man would be proud to have.

"Aiden, do you want to leave or stay?" Anna asked.

He grinned. Jean-Nicole's hand was wrapped around his tianga. He knew it wanted to stay and he gave in to its persuasion. "I'll stay," he said.

With that, three gals, Anna, Caitlyn, and Jean-Nicole, turned their attention to the other three guys, Matt, Iain, and Aiden, all ready to stay and play. I watched hands stroking up and down, tongues licking from balls to crowns, and mouths sucking on dicks, even though none of the play involved me. I was about to complain that I was losing my hard-on when Caitlyn left Matt and straddled my legs. The three women looked at each other, nodded, and began rotating.

I lay there with my hands clasped on my stomach while three women rotated around on four men, just playing, licking, sucking, stroking. When Jean-Nicole rotated back to me for the second time, I stuck out my tongue and wiggled it again. "Later tonight," I whispered. She smiled and lowered her head. I couldn't see my tianga and tolos anymore; all I could see was the top of her head.

I knew the ladies would watch carefully for signs of any impending eruption and were just going to tease us until four guys were ready to

hide their tiangas in some juicy bouchis. Since I'd stopped letting my beast loose with Anna, I wanted to let it free, perhaps with Jean-Nicole, maybe with Caitlyn. Then I thought of something I wanted to do first.

"Gentlemen, the ladies have been kind enough to awaken four tiangas from slumber tonight," I said. "I think we should return their kindness; don't you?"

"What do you have in mind, David?" Aiden asked.

"Well, first I think we should help them get in a comfortable position, on their backs, one pillow under their heads and another under their hips. Then we should gently raise their knees and spread their legs. After that I think the four of us should use our tongues instead of our tiangas and see if we can warm them up a little."

"Yeah, I like that idea," Matt said. "Let me start with Jean-Nicole and then do Caitlyn and then Anna. As soon as I get through with Jean-Nicole, one of you guys can pick up where I leave off."

"That sounds good to me," Iain said. "What do you think, Aiden?"

"Count me in," he said "I want to be next after Matt."

For the next fifteen or so minutes, that's what we did, four guys rotating around and licking three pussys. If the bouchi bunch could have stopped giggling long enough, perhaps we could have given one or more of them a good orgasm. Maybe the guys had their tongues in the girls' bouchis but their hands were groping and goosing and teasing in other good places so I couldn't blame them for squirming and laughing. After I finished with Anna, and I was last, I thought we might do something else.

"Ladies, Aiden's our guest tonight," I said, looking at three beautiful women in the position for some good fucking, especially with three wet and shining bouchis. "I think we should ask him if he's ready for a little gift from one of you."

All three of the ladies straightened up on elbows. Six pairs of eyes turned to Aiden and we waited.

“I know what I’d like to do,” he said. “Anna, David, you really don’t mind?”

Anna answered for both of us. “OK, Aiden, I’ll jack you off if that’s what you really want.”

He smiled at her teasing reply. “That’s not what I want.”

Anna immediately assumed the position again, knees raised and parted, arms up in welcome. Aiden moved between her legs and leaned over her on straight arms. I wondered why Aiden chose her when he had two younger beautiful women and she was now quite-evidently pregnant.

He explained. “Anna, I simply want you to hold me. That’s all. Do you understand?”

“Yes, I understand,” she said. “I want a stiff tianga in my bouchi. Do you understand?”

He smiled again, a broad, happy-looking smile, the biggest smile I’d seen on his face. I guessed at why he only wanted to be held. Perhaps it was because Anna was pregnant with our twins and he had loved his wife while she was pregnant with their twins about fourteen years ago. Perhaps he was trying to recapture the memory of some of the happiest days of his life.

She reached both hands between their bodies and I watched Aiden’s ass while he did what most guys do, easing his dick in her pussy, pulling back, easing it in a little deeper, pulling back, easing it in still deeper, until his balls acted as a doorstop to his dick.

He settled down on her, gave her a quick smack on the lips and then put his cheek next to hers. She put her arms around his chest with one hand behind his head and wrapped her long legs around his waist with ankles locked and one heel at the top of his ass crack.

I looked to the side and saw Jean-Nicole with Iain, just getting settled under him, one arm around his chest, the other between their bodies, his arms under her, hands around her shoulders. She wrapped her other arm around his chest and her legs around his waist. I knew there was another hard tianga in another juicy bouchi. I couldn’t see

his face but I could see hers. Her eyes were closed and she looked like she was in heaven.

I looked farther and saw Caitlyn with Matt. She was in a mirror position with Jean-Nicole, underneath Matt, arms around his chest, legs around his waist, Matt's butt slowly moving up and down. Her face looked like she was suffering a good stretching. His dick was a little bigger than Iain's in girth and maybe she was having a hard time from having it all stuffed in her pussy.

"Did you like it when she held you like this?" Anna whispered to Aiden.

"Yes," he whispered back. "There was something special about being held by her when she was carrying our twins. I loved her, Anna. Do you mind me thinking about her while I'm with you?"

"Of course not, Aiden," Anna said. "You should always think of her. That tells me a lot about the marriage you two had."

"It was so good, Anna," he whispered. "We had a perfect life until they killed her."

"Never forget her, Aiden," Anna said. "Always hold her sacred in your heart."

"I can't turn loose of my love for her, Anna," he said. "That's why I don't know whether I can find love with another woman."

"Aiden, our hearts are big enough to love more than one person," Anna said. "Maybe you'll find another woman and love her in a different way. Open your heart to that possibility."

My tianga was the only one not in a bouchi but it was satisfied for the moment with my hand stroking it. Jean-Nicole looked at me and what I was stroking, then pointed at herself first and then at me second.

I shook my head no. I was in no hurry. I knew I was going to make love with either her or Caitlyn as well as with my wife, just sweet slow gentle love as we had so many times before. I lay there content for the moment, looking at Aiden on top of Anna, not moving, then at Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn, under Iain and Matt, both guys just quietly easing up and down and grinning.

I heard Aiden sniff a couple of times and I wondered if he was like James, so affected by his emotions that he was on the verge of crying. No one seemed to be in a hurry. Iain and Matt were polishing the knobs on their dicks in two juicy pussies, my hand was making love to my dick, and Aiden and Anna were quietly whispering to each other. Finally, he seemed to have been loved enough for the moment. He rolled off, smiled at her, smiled, at me, and flopped on his back.

Jean-Nicole immediately left Iain with a stiff dick, wiggled her way between me and Aiden, flopped on her back, and held up her arms to me.

“OK, big boy, are you ready to let your beast loose?” she leered at me. “I’m ready to let my tiger out of its cage.”

I was ready. I looked at Anna, smiling at me, squirmed between Jean-Nicole’s legs, looked at her beautiful gray eyes, and held myself up on stiff arms for her to invite me in. She held my monster between her soft hands and showed it where to go. I gradually eased it in until most of it was in her, watching her face smiling up at me. I glanced at Anna and she smiled with dimples and nodded.

Iain moved around my butt and crawled up between Anna’s legs.

“Would you do me like you did Aiden?” he asked.

Jean-Nicole and I watched until he was belly to belly with her and his face was hidden behind her cheek. I glanced to the other side and saw Caitlyn watching what Anna and Iain were doing while Matt was still slowly easing up and down on her. I glanced at Aiden’s face. He was smiling and shaking his head like he couldn’t believe what he was seeing and doing.

I wanted Jean-Nicole, wanted so damned much to let my beast loose, but then one last thought came to me, that I should let Aiden first do what I wanted to do. Perhaps I could do it second. It wouldn’t be the first time I’d had sloppy-seconds. Perhaps I could have sloppy seconds on Jean-Nicole or Caitlyn. Maybe I could have sloppy thirds with the other one of them but I knew who I should make love with for my first time tonight.

I saw Matt and Caitlyn, her with her ankles locked over his butt and her arms around his chest, him with his hands curled around her shoulders to hold her in place for the fucking he intended to give her. I watched until he kissed her with an open mouth, until she opened to him, and until he started moving his hips. Matt groaned and, I couldn't help it, I groaned back.

Damn, it was hard but I pulled out and moved back out of the way.

“Jean-Nicole, please take care of Aiden first. He's our guest.”

She smiled, nodded, and held out her arms to him. I watched as she showed his dick where it was needed, wrapped him up with her long arms and legs, and he started moving his hips up and down. She reached her hand up behind his head, pulled it down, and opened her mouth to him. I watched until he had a good rhythm going and then I looked at my wife.

I crawled over to Anna and Iain, slapped him on the ass, and used my thumb to tell him he was out. He shook his head but he rolled off her. I crawled around behind my wife, spooned up to her, and nestled my hard tianga in the warm spot between her thighs. She raised one leg, used her hand to guide the head to where I wanted it to go, and I slid my dick in about half way.

“Iain, my wife likes to have someone suck on her breasts while she's being loved,” I said. “Would you do us the honor?”

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Over the course of the next month, I learned three important things from Aiden. The first was that he was the maintenance man for all groups from Iain's old world. The second was about how different sexual attitudes are in Aiden's world from ours. The third was that the universe or universes were much more incomprehensible and unbelievable than either Iain or Renée had understood from their meager knowledge.

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Maintenance man? That was how Aiden described his work. He was the individual who maintained the transporters in North Georgia, in Ireland, and in Switzerland. His duties frequently took him to these

three groups to maintain or repair or fine tune each transporter. He was also the man who was called upon to do the same for any simpler equipment from their universe which the groups used. Finally, he was able to easily understand and help with any of my old Earth's equipment which a group used. In short, if it was mechanical, Aiden was the man.

He has shown us how to use some of the tools in the secret room and Matt and I are already using one of them, a laser saw. It is a hand-held relatively-light battery-powered device with a curved arm from which a laser beam is ejected and, about a half meter away, caught in the end of the curved arm. The user must hold the saw in two places and, if one hand is removed, the beam immediately stops. Perhaps it's dangerous to use but no more so than a chain saw. It cuts through trees like a hot knife through butter.

We've cut down a few close-by pine trees, tall and straight, cut the trunks up into half-meter sections, and then transported the sections down the mountain to the big terrace. Matt and I will use froes and mallets to split off shingles. We're both muscular enough to do it easily but James and Toby and Aiden are also want to do it occasionally. We want enough to shingle a roof of the log-cabin we're planning to build down near this side of the isthmus.

Down the mountain, near the isthmus, we've chosen the site for the satellite dwelling and have marked trees in the vicinity. We're going to use hardwood trees for the first two tiers of logs and then use pines for the rest. We'll build four walls first with no doors or windows and then cut out at least a door before finishing with the roof. After that, we'll have to find something to caulk between the logs. That seems to be the way our ancestors did.

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The second thing I learned was more about the sexual culture of Aiden's old world. Iain had said that there was no pervasive religious belief and Aiden reinforced that. He also told me more about their sexual attitudes.

One night after supper, Aiden and I went out to the highest level of the terraces to talk. During the course of our conversation, I told him that Anna and I had slept with his twins and with the other twins, all at the same time. He shrugged it off immediately. Then I told him that they

had not slept with us for sex; they had slept with us for love. The four of them had come to us shortly after supper one night and asked if they could sleep with me and Anna and they told me why. I didn't even ask Anna. I told them they would be most welcome.

That's how we ended up, all six of us in bed, together, naked as the day we were born. At first I was at one end of the bed with Pyotr and Brian and Anna was with Petra and Brianne. We talked, we swapped bed partners, and then we slept together.

At first, the boys were cuddled up to me, flat on my back, their heads on my shoulders, arms around me, my arms around their shoulders, my hand stroking their hair. The girls were in a mirror position with Anna. Our long legs were tangled up in the middle of the bed.

We talked about their lives, about what was happening to their young bodies, about how unsure they were about sex, about what they were supposed to do. All four were book-knowledgeable about sex but short of experience and they were playing together, Pyotr with Brianne and Petra with Brian. Anna and I tried to give them guidance to consider their partner's needs as well as their own and to be slow and gentle for a while before letting the beast loose.

Pyotr confessed that he and Brian had on one occasion played at oral sex, with the girls watching. Then they watched Petra and Brianne with their heads between each other's thighs. They weren't worried about the rightness or wrongness of what they did. They were just having fun, exploring sex and the bodies of both sexes.

Later, we swapped and I cuddled the girls while Anna held the boys. Still later, Pyotr swapped with Brian so that I held him and Petra while Anna held Brian and Brianne. I was sleepy but I tried to be patient and to help in answering their thousand questions. All of this happened without a single hard-on rearing its head.

That happened later during the night. We were sleeping with me in the middle with Petra's little body in front of me, me spooned up to her, with Pyotr behind me, cuddled up to my rear, one hand over my chest. I was awakened with Pyotr's prodigious pecker prodding me in my posterior. He wasn't moving so I wasn't worried about being fucked. I assumed it was just another nocturnal erection, normal in all males, or a piss-hard but not a horny reaction.

I untangled and tried to crawl out of bed without disturbing anybody. I had to piss, not urgently, but enough to make a trip to the toilet worthwhile. I was standing at the urinal when Pyotr assumed the position next to me. Then Brian staggered in and took the other side. When the three of us returned to our bedchamber, the females were gone. We sat on the side of the bed until they returned and then we all cuddled up in two piles again.

Aiden smiled while I was telling him all this. He wasn't shocked. He and his wife had also slept with their kids on occasion, not for sex but, for love. He hadn't done it since his arrival but he would do it if Anna and I would take the other set of twins. I agreed. Then he asked if I had ever had oral sex with another man while Anna watched. I admitted that I had. I told him that I had also watched her have oral sex with another woman. He said that women must be like that because he had done the same thing with another man and then watched his wife with another woman.

Maybe we're from different universes but in some ways we're not so different.

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The third thing was still incomprehensible. Aiden reluctantly tried to explain the cosmology of the universe, as far as he understood it, but even that little knowledge was impossible to comprehend. His scientists did believe that there were alternative universes existing in the same time/space but perhaps a better understanding of their theory was that there were multiple versions of the same universe existing at the same time in the same space.

As far as I could understand, they believed that my previous world, Earth, as we called it, existed in multiple versions as Iain's old world also called Earth - translated from their language - and as the world in which we now existed - which we were already calling Earth.

They had no idea how many versions of Earth existed or why there were differences among the versions of the universe. They posited that all universes were like clocks once set to the same time but which had somehow slowed or accelerated individually with the passage of time. I understood that our scientists believed that our universe came into existence billions of years ago with a Big Bang, at which point,

time and space were also created. I can't pretend to understand that either but I accept it.

They also believed that, on each Earth, evolutionary forces brought life into existence and then made that life develop in a myriad of ways. On some earths, mankind had blossomed into being; on some, it had not. Aiden and I had come into existence on two different Earths where mankind existed and had both been transported to one where mankind had not evolved.

Perhaps that meant that at some time on some versions of earth, there were exact copies, maybe better thought of as originals, of me and Aiden and everyone who existed or had existed. I remembered a term from somewhere: doppelgangers, physical doubles of the same person. I had always assumed that I was unique in my universe and I could not wrap my mind around the concept of another David going his merry way on another universe's version of Earth.

In her knowledge of Iain and Aiden's world, Aimee had a full and meticulous explanation of the theory. I tried to read her translation but it was like trying to understand classical Greek. I tried to comprehend it but my mind was adamant in its explanation of what it saw and could not fathom the theory. It was a posited but perhaps incomplete explanation of what scientists knew to be true even though it violated everyone's ordinary mindset, just as Einstein's Theory of Relativity was incomprehensible to the layman's mind.

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Even more unbelievable is what Iain is coaxing me to do. In my other life, I would never have dreamed of doing it and had no idea it was possible. It is singing opera. He's working with me on "Recondita Armonia," a romanza from Tosca by Puccini. He says it's usually sung by someone with a tenor voice but he wants to see if I can do it in my baritone, just to determine my voice range. Move over, Bocelli, he says. Next I suppose he'll have me playing the violin and saying Move over, Beethoven.

He's also working with all of us with songs from one of his favorite Broadway musicals. West Side Story. He's Tony and Caitlyn is Maria. Everybody is involved, even if it's just singing in the chorus. He's trying to get the Mouseketeers to do a couple of the dance routines, when they can stop giggling long enough.

He's also working with different ones in learning to read music and to play one of the instruments we've received. I think I'm beginning to hear music and not just sour notes from the lounge chamber. I want to learn to play his tallum if I ever get a chance.

And while we're on the subject of song and dance, we had two dance nights. The first one was indoors in the central hallway and everybody was dressed in our nicest clothes. We warmed up with two marches, the Stars and Stripes Forever March and the Radetzky March. We then tried two waltzes, The Blue Danube and Plasir D'Amour.

For the waltzes we had to dance with partners other than our usual. Since we had one extra male, Iain and I each sat out for one waltz. I watched Aiden with Renée and saw some beautiful dancing.

After that Aimee turned the lights down low and we slow danced to songs like Round Midnight, Falling in Love Again, and When I Fall in Love. Again, we had to rotate around and dance with someone different each time, while one guy sat out.

The second dance night was outdoors, naked, around a huge fire in the fire pit, first marching to Semper Fidelis, next dancing to Jog Din Oas, and, after we rested up for a while, dancing to Jog Din Oas again.

I'm not sure we should call it dancing when Aimee plays Jog Din Oas. Perhaps we should call it a cardio-vascular workout because we end each session with bellowing lungs and racing hearts and exhausted bodies. Perhaps it's simply free-form dancing, with each of us doing whatever our bodies want to do. As the repetitions get louder and faster, our bodies respond until our minds shut down and our bodies assume control until finally, with the ending repetition, we're cavorting or prancing so fast that we're just mindless bodies trying to follow the music.

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I'm not sure what to think of something that happened with the two sets of twins. For some reason, Aimee gave them a book called Art and Culture for their tablets. They looked at the pictures and ended up arguing about one particular statue. Aimee gave them an assignment and that's where I became involved.

One night after dinner, Petra and Pyotr and Brian and Brianne corralled me to pose for them. They posed me naked, with my right hand holding a string over my right shoulder and the left hand beside my thigh and holding a small stone, with my head looking to the side and my weight on one foot. I had absolutely no idea what we were doing and why.

Then they used their tablets to take pictures of me standing there, front, sides, rear, looking up, and, standing on a table, looking down, close-ups of head, hands, arms, legs, feet, back, and finally genitals and butt. Anna insisted on brushing my hair before the photo session.

The four of them then went back to their table and began talking, looking at two tablets at the same time. I was curious, of course, but I washed dishes anyway. When we finished, I went to their table and saw what they were doing. They were looking at images of Michelangelo's David and of me and comparing the two.

As I walked up behind Brianne and Pyotr, I heard her say that she liked our David better. Pyotr asked her why and she answered that I was more muscular and had a bigger tianga.

"Well, what are we going to tell Aimee?" Brian asked. "She wants us to tell her what differences we see but we've also got to try to explain why there are differences."

"Our David's better looking too," Petra said. "He's more like a real man, not like some pretty boy statue. His tolos are bigger too and they're like a real man's."

"Shut up, Petra," Pyotr said. "We're supposed to compare and explain the differences in everything, not just dicks and balls."

"Well, there must be some reason why Michelangelo gave his David a little kid's equipment," Brian said. "He's got a man's body so is he a man or a little boy?"

I shook my head and went looking for Anna.

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Most of us spent two days doing gardening chores. In the first month of the year, we had planted three kinds of potatoes: Yukon gold, red,

and russet. We also had sweet potatoes but they are a warm weather crop, were planted in the fourth month, and would be ready in about the eighth month.

Now, in the fifth month, the vines of the cold-weather potatoes had almost died back and the potatoes were ready to be harvested. Matt and I both had teams, Iain, James, and Pyotr for me, Aiden, Toby, and Brian for him.

Matt and I used garden forks to break the soil and gently lift as many of the potatoes as possible. Our teams used their hands to gently scratch through the soil to find the potatoes and carry them to the women at the end of the rows. The girls then gently brushed the dirt off and sorted them into large unblemished, small unblemished, and blemished from the tines of the fork. My grandfather had taught me to lightly clean the potatoes and never to wash them until they were needed. When each kind of potato had been dug, we used a backpack train of fifteen mules to carry them the ten minutes or so up the mountain to home.

The original crop of russet potatoes growing in the mulch pile just off the terrace also matured at the same time. I assigned the Mouseketeers to harvesting that smaller crop whenever they wished.

Matt and I next used garden forks to break the soil around the onions. The Peruvian sweet, Vidalia sweet, and Italian red onions had all matured at the same time as the potatoes. The tops of the giant yellow onions were still mostly green and I wanted to wait to harvest them. With their hold on the earth loosened, our teams then pulled the onions up by the withered tops, a small bundle in each hand, and carried them to the ladies to do a light cleaning and to tie them up in bundles. Again, we used a backpack train to carry them home.

We've constructed bamboo racks to suspend the onions and small bins to hold the potatoes. An unused bedroom is now a storeroom. The racks of onions completely cover two walls. The bins of potatoes, about two feet high, cover about half the floor of the room,

Anna griped at her light duties but I didn't listen. Everybody understood that she could not carry a full load of work in the fifth month of her pregnancy. After lunch, she and Jean-Nicole stayed home to prepare our evening meal. About mid-afternoon, she called via Aimee and requested two sou-chefs, Petra and Brianne.

After the potatoes and onions had been harvested, we picked some of our new crop of vegetables: snow peas, radishes, lettuces, spinach, Chinese cabbage, and even immature carrots. I had no idea what sort of salad Jean-Nicole would concoct but I knew it would be delicious.

Last, we weeded and thinned and looked for worms on the vegetables we had set out in the fourth month. We had incorporated just the lightest of bat fertilizer in the vegetable rows and everything seemed green and healthy.

Lucky wandered the woods close to our garden and occasionally checked to see that James was OK. The cloudless sky was a pale blue, the warm sun was shining on us and our garden, a slight breeze was blowing up the mountain as usual, and everybody seemed happy to be working together. It was just another couple of days in paradise.

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After a particularly-strong spring storm, I asked if anyone wanted to go to the isthmus to see what we could get. I wanted oysters so Jean-Nicole could make us a few delicious oyster casseroles but I knew we frequently found something unexpected, like turtles. Everybody wanted to go. Maybe Aiden didn't yet know what an isthmus expedition was but Brian and Brianne hanging on to his hands and begging him to go convinced him.

As usual we set off before daylight, dressed in light clothing, with spears and at least one other weapon. Perhaps I had too many weapons but I was the primary protector and I wanted to be sure I could do my job. I had the Boys strapped around my waist, the Brute and a quiver of arrows on my back, a sword behind my left shoulder, and a spear in my right hand. We had the big pot making its rounds among different carriers and being used in different imaginative ways. Some of us also carried tablets and one of the tablets was always on so Aimee could experience her first isthmus visit.

A little after daybreak, we had a pit stop, boys to the left, girls to the right, and then ate breakfast on the way. After that, the singing started and didn't stop except for an occasional easy-walking part of the path where we marched in a two-person wide formation. Matt called cadence for us and we marched once, tallest in front, and again, shortest leading the way.

We were only a little way out on the isthmus when we got our first surprise. The south side of the isthmus was littered with what I suppose was seaweed. It wasn't large kelp, the kind which grows off the West Coast. It was smaller, a vivid green, and piled up in clusters. I knew some oriental cultures ate it dried, especially in sushi, but I had no idea what we could do with it.

We meandered and explored both sides of the isthmus until we were about halfway across and found nothing else new. Each time we harvested oysters, I tried to remember the location so we could move to a new area. We made two teams - me with James and Aiden and Brian, Matt with Iain, Toby, and Pyotr - stripped naked, and began. The morning was already warm enough to be comfortable but the water was still a little cold. No matter, I pried the oysters off rocks with a mattock and let them fall. James and Aiden and Brian didn't object even when they had to duck under water to retrieve them and get them to the waiting females.

The time was close to noon when we had our second surprise. We had a huge pile of oysters ready to be shucked and I was thinking of slurping a few raw ones for lunch when it happened. Anna and Jean-Nicole were our guards this time, armed with paint-ball guns. Anna yelled, "Pigs, David! A mamma pig and a bunch of little ones."

The two oystering crews left the water and went to see. A huge sow, probably twice as big as me, and a large number of immature little porkers were wandering along on the south side of the isthmus, heads down, eating seaweed. I guessed the piglets' weight as about thirty pounds, certainly big enough for good eating. I tried to count the little ones and finally decided that there were at least ten. I stood and watched for a minute, trying to decide what to do.

"Anna, Jean-Nicole, see if you can put mamma pig to sleep," I said.

They took turns with their paint-ball guns and quickly had the mamma pig slumbering on her side. A mad melee of little porkers immediately squirmed and fought to find a teat to suck on. We all stood and watched for a moment and I decided what I wanted.

"Toby, James, see if you can find two young males in that melee," I said. "Grab them by the legs and drag them back down the beach a

ways. Petra and Pyotr, Brianne and Brian, you kill them and then cut their throats to let them bleed out.”

As expected, Brianne protested. “I don’t want to kill them and I can’t cut their throats. Why are you so mean?”

She looked at Aiden, her father, her ultimate source of protection, for help. He dropped to one knee and took both her hands in his.

“Bri, David’s not being mean to you,” he said. “He wants you to learn from this. We’re omnivores. We eat meat and vegetables and most anything else because evolution has programmed our bodies to be healthy with that way of eating. You kill the little pig with your spear and let Brian cut its throat. You can do it.”

Toby and James finally sorted out two males and were dragging them down the beach. The four Mouseketeer twins picked up their spears and were about to follow. I thought of one more thing I could do. I pulled Big Boy and Little Boy out of my scabbard.

“Here, Brian, Pyotr,” I said and held out the knives. “Let Brianne and Petra kill the piglets and then you two cut their throats.”

A little after lunch, we returned home carrying two field-dressed young pigs on two bamboo poles, a big pot of shucked oysters on another pole, two backpacks of unshucked oysters on two backs, two backpacks full of seaweed, one backpack full of miscellaneous sea critters in shells for bouillabaisse, and fifteen bellies full of a good lunch including baked and raw oysters. I know everybody ate baked oysters and I think most ate some raw. I’m not sure what we can do with seaweed but maybe Jean-Nicole can find something to do with it.

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On two of their explorations, the eight Mouseketeers saw the goats which Aimee said were on the mountain. The second time, they were able to count the number of goats, nine mature and three little ones. I wanted some sort of shelter close to home to begin to domesticate them, hopefully, for a source of milk and cheese. Aiden and Matt and I found a place on the lowest terrace where we could excavate a shelter in the rock for them.

Aiden knows how to get the excavation robots running again so I've tasked him with that job. He also says he can easily program them to create a sheltered room for the goats in the rocks below our shelter. He says the robots can also be used to create post holes around the perimeter of the terrace. We've already cut enough large bamboo to make a fence and it's drying where we cut it until we need it. Matt is in charge of the fence. The goats can always find water from the many streams on the mountain but they will need a water source when they are fenced in. James and Toby are charged with finding a path to run water somehow to the goat pen.

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As the time for our sex play party neared, I realized that the time for another arrival was also immanent. I had no idea who might be sent but I hoped it might be someone as a partner for Aiden. If a woman arrived before the party, I also had no idea how she would view the party. Aiden seemed accepting of our ways but not without some difficulty. A woman might have even more difficulty.

I pondered the situation but I finally realized that there was little I could do aside from accepting whatever happens. Some things are simply beyond my control.

Chapter Fifty-Three

Aimee's morning weather report was for rain, the kind of slow steady rain which usually lasted for hours. That meant indoor activities and I knew what one of those would be. A few nights earlier, the Mouseketeers had completed painting the first four twister diagrams. I had work for them the next two days. Today, we had nothing specific to do and I guessed what they would want to do. The paint had probably dried and I expected them to play naked twister after breakfast.

I was right. After breakfast and kitchen duties, Anna and I walked out in the hallway and saw Toby testing the paint's dryness. The second he looked up and smiled, the rest of the Mouseketeers stripped naked, if dropping their loincloths can be called stripping.

They formed four two-person teams of players: the mixed twins, Petra with Brian in one and Brianne with Pyotr in another, and then - I was surprised - Sam with Toby and Renée with James. They didn't need a spinner to tell them the colors and whether hands or feet; they had Aimee. She called the male player for each team, told them which foot and which color, and the game was on. Well, it was after I called Lucky and ordered him to sit so he didn't try to play too.

We soon had an audience of seven watching the eight contort and twist and listening to them grunt and groan and giggle. Four young males had stiff tiangas and sweaty bodies and wild hair. Four young females had no obvious signs of arousal except maybe stiff nipples but they were also wet with sweat with their hair all disheveled. As they bent over, between their legs, they all showed flashes of balls or pussies and didn't seem at all shy about it.

James had come to me as an emissary and asked my permission for them to play twister naked. I couldn't refuse since I wanted to play too, naked, when I had a chance, so I approved with one prohibition: no fucking in the hallway. He hugged me, kissed me on the cheek, and ran to tell the others.

Aiden and Anna and I stood there in a row, watching the naked twister contortions of eight beautiful young males and females. Anna's arm was around Aiden's waist and mine and my arm was on her shoulders. I looked at Matt and Jean-Nicole. He had a protruding loincloth. I looked at Iain and Caitlyn and saw another tent pole. My monster was trying to push my loincloth off its head so it could watch. I finally understood why the Mouseketeers thought playing twister naked would be so much fun.

I glanced at Aiden and saw him watching his children. Brian, in his very early teens, was sporting a stiff tianga, and Brianne, the same age, seemed determined to rub her fanny on another. I wondered how he felt to see his kids, naked, unashamed, evidently enjoying their sexual play.

I didn't remember the rules for playing twister, such as when a player had to drop out or the game was over. It didn't matter. The players lasted for a while and then collapsed in a heap of giggling guys and girls. I told them to hit the showers and they ran down the hallway to the bathing chamber.

I wanted to play too but the senior citizens had only three females and one of them was quite evidently pregnant and probably wouldn't be able to play very well. I decided to wait until next time or maybe get Aimee to choose the next two teams of four players randomly. Maybe we could amend the rules somehow so Anna could play too. Maybe she wouldn't want to play and wouldn't mind if I did. Oh, well, next time.

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The next morning, Aimee played reveille just before the sun rose. She asked everybody to wash their faces and assemble on the terrace to greet the sun. She paused a moment and then told them she had a special treat for them.

I knew what the treat was, at least part of it, and I wasn't sure I was ready. Iain said I was. He had been coaching me in secret for a couple of weeks and he said I would wow the crowd. This time he was trying to get me to sing with my whole body, his words, and to use my hands and arms and body to gesture to emphasize the words I was singing.

Naked as usual in warm early-morning weather, we all assembled on the terrace. Anna and I were the first ones out and we faced to the east where the sun was still hiding. We stood there, as usual my arm over her shoulders, hers around my waist, and listened to the raucous orchestra of the birds. I glanced down at her larger breasts and her swollen belly and I wanted so much to sing for her. I glanced back and saw the others looking to the east too. More than one had a tablet so Aimee could see exactly what we saw.

As soon as the sun broke over the horizon, Aimee started playing Morning, by Edvard Grieg. Most of us had heard it before but it was always a wonderful way to greet the day. We stood silently until the music played through and the sun was completely over the horizon and, then, with apprehension as usual, I did my part.

I climbed up to the next level terrace, the smaller one, climbed up to top-level little terrace, and turned to the crowd. I looked down and saw fourteen smiling faces. Perhaps there were fifteen, since there were three tablets either letting Aimee watch or taking pictures. Aimee gave me a moment to do my deep breathing and then played the intro and, right on cue, I raised my arms and started singing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" from the musical "Oklahoma."

Iain had coached me about using my face and arms and whole body to carry the song, to sing with my whole body, as he put it. I had learned the words and the music and I knew I could sing it. The only thing I wasn't comfortable with was trying to use the cowboy dialect that the principal male character had used. Of course, he wasn't naked and I was but that didn't bother me.

Afterward, I received a standing ovation. Well, they were all already standing but from the clapping and whistling, I think they liked my performance. When I climbed down to the big terrace, I got lots of hugs and pats on different parts of my anatomy. I looked at Anna and saw a big smile and a nod. I knew she approved and I was satisfied.

Aiden walked in with Anna and me. "Anna, your husband constantly amazes me. I know he has some unusual talents but I didn't know singing was one of them. He's got a beautiful voice."

"I never knew I could sing until I came here and Iain took me under his tutelage," I said. "Give him the credit. He's got all of us singing and he's going to be after you sooner or later. I'm guessing you're another baritone. He has his bass, Matt, singing "Ol' Man River" from Showboat. Do you know it?"

"No, I've never heard it," he said.

"Well, just wait," Anna said. "You're in for another treat."

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Anna is mean to me. Of course, she's mean to fourteen others too. She says it's time to sweep off the terraces again and she expects everybody to help. There were no grumbling protests, not even good natured gripes, and that was unusual. Perhaps it helped that I promised to lead an expedition to the beach for a picnic the next day.

The night before our sweeping job, we rounded up all the brooms we had made, some of which had survived months of usage. We had used broom-sage clusters tied tightly around bamboo poles and they had proved durable and effective in sweeping up inside. Still, we didn't have enough good ones left for all fifteen to sweep so we made ten more brooms and tightened up the bindings on the others. We also

made four larger brooms using twigs of Iain wood to see if they would be better for outdoors.

The next day after breakfast, we marched out the front door, two abreast, singing the hi ho song, brooms on our shoulders, with Anna and me leading the way. We had two more with us, Lucky but he couldn't sweep, and Aimee on some tablets so she could watch.

Anna sent the youngest Mouseketeers, the two twin sets, to sweep the top and next level terraces. Then she asked the four oldest Mouseketeers to sweep the very lowest terrace. That left the rest of us to sweep the huge terrace just outside our front door.

We were all wearing our usual loincloths when we exited but in just a few minutes, I noticed that Pyotr and Brian had lost theirs. Perhaps they were proud of their play things now that puberty was working its magic. It must have been contagious because, in just a few more minutes, we had fifteen sweepers, all naked as jaybirds, not even moccasins. Anna's belly and breasts were larger now but she was a naked sweeper too and still beautiful to me.

Matt and Aiden and I used a little intelligence in sweeping. I began a row close to the mountain side of the terrace and swept a swath about a meter wide, throwing the debris toward the drop off to the forest floor. Aiden followed behind me and swept another swath, moving my trash and more. Then Matt followed him. And others followed Matt. In an hour or so, we finally swept the piles of trash over the side of the terrace. I stood for a moment and just looked at everybody, naked and beautiful, even sweaty and dirty and hair messed up.

"If my London group could see me now, they wouldn't believe it," Aiden said. "Naked and enjoying it and everybody else seems to like it too."

"I think they do," I said. "I haven't forced anybody to go naked but it's just good sense; isn't it? Nurse Anna says we should all get a light tan and get our Vitamin D in the process."

"I'm sure she's right," he said. "With our living quarters underground, we probably have a need for sunlight. There's something I've been pondering, however. Why do you think the builders choose to put our shelter part way up a mountain? Why didn't they make some sort of building down near the coast?"

“Yeah, I’ve wondered that too,” Matt said. “What was their reason for putting it here?”

“I think there were at least a couple of reasons,” I said. “They wanted a dependable power source for us and it couldn’t be fossil fuels or trees so it had to be solar power. The top of the mountain has a natural saddle which is an excellent place for the solar arrays that generate our electricity. If they built our shelter up there, we’d have too great a distance to walk to get seafood. Build it near the shore and they’d have to send the electricity a lot farther. I think it’s a compromise location.”

“Makes sense,” Matt said.

“I agree,” Aiden said.

“Yeah, and they put it underground because caves have a relatively constant temperature,” I said.

“Well, the weather here certainly isn’t like chilly London town,” Aiden said. “Being naked like this is quite new for me but I like it.”

“It’s one of the customs David encourages,” Matt said.

Aiden looked at me and I knew he wanted me to tell him why. I reached up and caught my nose with thumb and finger.

“Aiden, this is part of the larger me. I breathe through it. Do you have any trouble looking at it?”

“No, I’ve got one too.”

I held one hand in front of his face, fingers spread.

“This hand is part of me too. I grasp things with it. It’s a marvel of engineering; isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

I put one hand on my chest, palm flat.

“And my chest is part of me too and you’ve got one and so does Matt. Inside are two lungs which feed our bodies with oxygen.”

“Where are you going with this?” Aiden asked.

I reached down with my hand and lifted my penis.

“And this tianga is part of me too. It and its cohorts, my tolos, are simply parts of my marvelous machine. Waste water comes out of my tianga. It’s also good at transporting sperm from my tolos into a woman’s vagina in order to carry on life. All these things are just beautifully designed by evolution to serve a purpose. Don’t you agree?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then why should we be ashamed of some parts or think they’re ugly and should be covered up. They’re just part of me and you and Matt and the other guys, just natural and beautiful and part of our marvelous machines. My tianga and tolos is as much me as my nose.”

“I’m just glad we don’t have a tianga in the middle of our face and a nose down below,” Matt said.

“Well, that would make sex very interesting,” Aiden said. “You could always see what you’re getting into.”

Matt and I chuckled.

“Seriously guys, why should our society think it’s indecent if a guy exposes his tianga and tolos and then says he should be punished for it?” I asked. “Why can’t children grow up accepting their naked bodies for what they are: always beautiful as boys and girls and still beautiful as men and women? Can we change the subject?”

I received two affirmative OKs.

“Aiden, how are you coming with the excavation robots?” I asked. “When will we be able to use them to excavate a place for the goats?”

“They’re ready now,” he answered. “We only have to move one down to the lowest terrace and that’s easy. If we start one morning, I think we’ll be finished by late that afternoon.”

“You’ve told me these terraces are all made from excavated material,” I said. “How does that work? How is the detritus turned back into solid rock?”

“There’s a binder which turns it back into solid rock,” he said. “The proportions are about 49 parts rock dust and 1 part binder. It’s mixed in during the process and blown outdoors through the hoses. The mixture will harden when rain falls on it. There’s lots of the binder in the secret room.”

I walked over to the down-mountain side of the terrace and Aiden and Matt followed.

“Could we make a retaining wall out of it?” I asked. “Just off this side of this terrace, where we just swept the leaves, there’s a length, from the little potato patch, extending for about twenty meters, where we could grow more potatoes. If we had a knee-high retaining wall, we could sweep the leaves over the side, fill in with rich forest earth, add some bat guano for fertilizer, and we’d have a good-size plot for potatoes.”

“A little wall would be very easy to make, David,” he said. “We can dig down just a little and then use split-log forms to hold the rock dust until it hardens as retaining walls. We can do that in a day or so and be ready when we excavate the goat room.”

“Well, will you take charge of getting it all done?” I asked. “You can conscript any of the guys you need for manual labor, including me and Matt. Let’s talk some more and make sure we agree on what’s to be done.”

“Do you want me to conscript Iain too?”

“Only if you have to,” I said. “I want him to keep doing what he does so well, teaching us about music and singing and dancing. We’ve got to preserve those. They make life a lot better for all of us. They’re a large part of what holds us all together.”

He nodded and smiled. “David, I’m used to doing things like this, maybe not quite so primitive, but it’s what I like to do, what I’m good at. If there’s a machine, I can work it and repair it. It’s what I need to be doing.”

“Well, Anna’s head of medical services. Jean-Nicole is head chef. I hereby appoint you as Head Mechanic and Engineer for our colony,” I said, smiling. “You can conscript any of us to help you when you need it. Do you accept?”

He grinned back at me with what was certainly a happy smile. “Yes, I accept.

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All of us, fifteen of us now, went to our favorite beach to have a picnic and to play in the water. Perhaps I should say sixteen or seventeen since Lucky and Aimee were with us but Aimee couldn’t go in the water and Lucky didn’t like it.

Before getting wild in the water, the Mouseketeers stripped naked and showed off their gymnastic skills. The four guys stood in a row with the four girls facing them, couples about two meters apart, hands just touching each other’s fingertips. They did a simple routine but one that showed the beauty and flexibility of young male and female bodies.

Holding their hands straight out, they first slowly, very slowly and in unison, lowered themselves down to their knees. They then bent backwards until the top of their heads were resting on the sand almost at their feet with arms stretched back above their heads. As slowly as they did it, and in unison, I knew it was damned hard to do a backward stretch like that. Then they reversed their movement and, again in unison, returned to their original positions. They did it again, boys in unison and then girls. The third time, they varied it again, boys repeatedly leaning back with girls leaning forward and then vice versa. It was simple but difficult and beautiful.

In another routine all eight Mouseketeers again stood in two rows and showed off their gymnastic skills. Four girls bent over in front of four guys, stuck their heads between the guys’ spread legs, and then put their hands back between their own legs. The guys reached over their back and butt, slowly pulled on their hands, and brought the girls up in a complete flip. In the end, the couples were facing, girls’ legs around guys’ waists, and with the guys’ hands cupped under the girls’ derrieres.

That was impressive, especially when done in unison and even more impressive when the eight of them were stark naked. It was still more impressive when they did it two more times in just seconds. Each time the girls had an almost stiff tianga pressed against their bouchis at the end of the routine. That was not only impressive but very arousing.

They called Matt for the next routine. He stood with his feet together and arms akimbo while James and Toby linked their arms with his and moved their feet as close as possible to the side of his. Next, Sam and Renée linked their arms through James' and Toby's and moved their feet as close as possible to the guy's feet. Then Brian and Pyotr joined in, and last, Brianne and Petra.

As the pose expanded, the outliers were all leaning to one side, Brianne and Petra almost horizontal with the sand. I thought that was extraordinary but then Matt and the other guys pulled their bent arms to their chests, held them for a second and then relaxed, pulled them to their chest and relaxed, four times before they quit. Perhaps it was something like a human fan opening and closing. Five guys with bulging biceps and swollen tiangas, four gorgeous girls, nine beautiful youthful bodies and grinning faces: it was damned beautiful and incredible too.

They tried two more routines with four guys and four girls but their performances weren't as remarkable. I think the guys were just using an excuse to grope the girls and the girls were all giggling and squirming. Of course, they did a little groping too.

After gymnastics, we all played in the water for a while. First, all the guys swam out to where Jean-Nicole was treading water, around her, and back to shore. The other girls stood in a double line and cheered the guys as they swam between their gauntlet to shore. Then it was the girls turn and seven women, Anna included, swam out around Matt and back to shore between a gauntlet of guys. We cheered them and patted their wet back or butt when they finished. I gave Anna a quick hug and kiss.

Matt and I threw most of the other guys and six of the girls up and out of the water, with the goal of turning the throw into a real dive. A few succeeded, some of them did a cannon ball, and a few did a belly flop. Anna didn't participate but nobody expected her to.

Six guys and six girls played a game of what Toby called Battle, where guys got girls on their shoulders and then the pairs tried to pull the girl off. That was fun. Aiden held the tablet for Aimee to watch. Anna stood there in the water with me and seemed happy just to watch the antics of the others.

Finally, I had enough and I left the others playing while Anna and I waded ashore. I picked up my tablet and talked to Aimee.

“Aimee, the beach here is protected; isn’t it?” I asked.

“Yes, David, the cove in front of you is surrounded on all sides by land except for the small opening to the sea,” she replied. “I protect the entire mountain with a circular shield. It extends to the other side of the pass and only small fish may swim through. How did you know?”

“I just assumed it is,” I said. “You know we’ve been coming here for the last year and you’ve never warned us of any danger. I reasoned your shield would be circular, not irregular like the topography of the shore line and therefore it must encompass this cove.”

“That is correct, David.”

“Then how did the large fish bite me on the leg the day when Toby fell in?”

“David, the perimeter of the shield touches the shore in numerous places,” she said. “You must have been at one of those places. Since maintaining the shield requires power, I try to minimize it to conserve that power.”

“I understand. Aimee, I want to rename this beach. Does that cause you a problem?”

“No, David. What is the new name?”

“Paradise Beach. I wasn’t fond of having the beach named after me. It’s a little paradise so that name is more appropriate.”

“It is now Paradise Beach, David,” she said. “I will place a message on the tablets of all the others to notify them.”

“Thank you,” I said. “What time is it?”

“David, if you look at the lower right corner of your tablet, you will see that it is almost noon,” she answered. “I placed a clock there since so many of you are asking me the time.”

“Thanks, Aimee,” I said. “I’m going to turn my tablet off now to help with our picnic lunch. I’ll ask Aiden to keep his on so you can watch us eat. I think our four youngest boys must have a hollow leg from the way they eat. As Toby says, his belly button is always gnawing on his backbone.”

“Thank you, David,” she said. “I enjoy watching all of you playing in the water and sharing your meals.”

I yelled two words, “Lunch time.” That was enough. The others all stopped their fun and ambled ashore. Anna and I, hand in hand, walked to the sheltered spot in the sun where the blankets were laid out. I didn’t know what we were going to have but Jean-Nicole and her sou-chefs always prepared a great picnic meal for us.

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Our sex play party was scheduled for the evening and I wanted to talk to the others before we played. I sat quietly and waited and watched the others after lunch. I knew Aimee was watching too and would introduce me when everyone was finished.

“Could I have your attention, please?” Aimee said from somewhere and it sounded like she was standing at the stoves. She had been teasing us lately by projecting her voice from different direction.

“I’m sure you all remember that tonight is your sex play party,” she said. “David wants to talk to you before the party.”

I stood up and waited for all faces to turn toward me.

“I want to thank all of you for accepting me as your leader,” I began. “Aimee says she must always obey my commands but the rest of you don’t. That’s why I ask for your input on some things before I make a decision. Aiden is new to us and I want to tell him why we have sexual play parties.”

I looked at Aiden.

“Aiden, we want to create a world that’s very different from our old one,” I said. “We want our society to view sex as natural and beautiful. We all want sex after puberty and we all find great pleasure doing it. Seeing others engage in sex is pleasurable too. So we have sex play parties to enjoy both doing and seeing. I believe everybody else agrees with me on this. However, I think we should all carefully consider what we do. If any of you want to change anything, be ready to talk about it in a few weeks. We’ll have a general meeting to recommend parameters for our parties. The Leadership Council will then carefully consider the parameters to make sure they are acceptable to all of us.”

I paused again and looked around. Most or all heads were nodding.

“At these parties, we all agree that no one may be forced to do anything against their wishes. The date of the parties is chosen so that all women may play if they wish. At first, we all usually play and have fun, what is usually called foreplay, and then we pair up with new partners for the rest of the night. Aimee may randomly call a female and she will then choose a male partner. Sometimes she will call a male who will then choose a female partner. Either way the ones chosen cannot refuse. We’ll discuss this at our general meeting too.”

I paused again and looked around. The others were all carefully listening to me. I looked at Aiden.

“Before now, we’ve never had a parent and child at the same party. I don’t know what the Junior Mouseketeers have planned for us tonight but they asked my advice on something. One of our games tonight will randomly match male and female players to play together. If you and Brianne are chosen as a pair, it will be your decision on whether you do something. We should always respect the parents’ authority over their children no matter what we do. Do we all agree on this?”

Aiden and the others all nodded.

“Anna wants to play with us even though she’s about half-way through her pregnancy,” I said. “Please be extra considerate of her and the limitations of what she can do. She still enjoys sex. I can vouch for that but her primary concern now is the twins she’s carrying. So is mine. Just be slow and gentle with her. The rest of you guys will

someday have to worry about your wife too. Let this be a good chance to learn.”

I looked at Anna and she nodded her approval.

“Aimee keeps up with women’s cycles as part of her task of watching all of us and helping us stay healthy. She says there is not absolute regularity for women’s periods and thus she cannot guarantee when there will be a window of opportunity for all to play. As the number of women increases, a window will become more difficult to predict and eventually it will be impossible. Where’s the problem?”

I looked around but nobody raised a hand.

“The problem is that we may have the same situation that we have tonight: more males than females. Suppose we have ten males and only eight females who want to play. Perhaps the last two males will play with each other. Perhaps two women will each play with two men. Perhaps the two guys will just have to sit and cry and tussle with their tiangas or wrestle their weasel or something like that. I want you all to think about this and, when we have the general meeting, be ready to discuss what we will do when this arises at sex play parties.”

I looked around and saw everybody still paying attention to me.

“It seems to me that we all enjoy our sex play parties. Please think carefully about what we’ve done and think about what you would like to do in the future. Be ready to present your ideas at a general meeting.” I said. “Maybe we are establishing a custom for our new world. Let’s do it right.”

I sat down and Anna took my hand and smiled at me.

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Pyotr stepped forward to speak for the Junior Mouseketeers.

“Are you all ready to play?” he asked. “We’ve put together a plan which should be agreeable to everyone. Aimee says she’s seen us do in private everything we’ve included in our plan. We hope it will be fun for all of you.”

I looked around. Aiden, Anna, and I were sitting on the side of the center bed cubicle. Iain and Caitlyn and Matt and Jean-Nicole were sitting in the one to the right. James and Sam and Toby and Renée were to the left. The four youngest, the two sets of twins, were standing near the door. The floor of the room was covered by mattresses. The three groups of sitters all seemed to be nodding.

“We’ve just had our communal bath and everybody is squeaky clean and refreshed. If you’re ready, Petra is going to tell you about the first game,” he said.

I looked around and saw everybody nodding. Petra stepped forward.

“Our first game is a very simple version of ‘Get Naked and Get in a Pile,’” she said. “It’s played in the dark, of course. We’ll all be standing up and making as small a pile as possible, hugging like a bunch of penguins trying to stay warm. If you find yourself on the outside of the pile, you should try to get in the center. We wanted Anna to play too and, since she’s carrying two little babies, everybody must be slow and gentle in moving. That’s it. Any questions?”

I looked around and saw one hand waving in the air, Pyotr’s.

“She forgot something. You can use your hands to grope and goose as much as you wish,” he said. “No body parts are off limits but always remember that this game must be played slowly and gently. It also must be played without speaking. Giggling and groaning are permitted. Are you all ready?”

He looked around and I suppose everybody nodded.

“OK,” he said. “Everybody come to the center of the mattresses and make a standing pile. Aimee, would you please turn out the lights as soon as we all get in position? Remember, be like penguins and try to get to the center of the pile. Speaking is not permitted but goosing and groping are.”

I didn’t expect this game to be much fun but I was wrong. I liked it. I had no idea where the center of the pile was but I used my feet to do a penguin shuffle, groping and goosing as I went. Of course, I was groped and goosed at the same time.

I recognized Matt and Aiden by their size but I groped both anyway, a gentle pat on the ass before I gave their stiff dicks a pull. I couldn't tell Iain and James and Toby apart but I gave them the finger or a dick yank anyway. Brian and Pyotr were the smallest but I wasn't sure whether the smooth little ass I groped was theirs or Brianne's or Petra's. Then I checked up top first and if I found breasts I knew. If I didn't, I reached down and yanked a dick. So many unidentifiable breasts were rubbed on me and so many hands stroked my ass or pulled my penis, I wondered how many penguins were in the pile. The squeals and sighs and giggling and laughing in the room were continuous and contagious.

I found Anna in the pile and pressed against her derriere while my hands caressed her breasts and pregnant belly. When she turned around, we both put our hands on the other's butt and stood there being pushed and goosed and fondled. I somehow sensed that she had her face uplifted toward mine and I lowered my head and kissed her, just a gentle closed-mouth kiss at first. Then somebody tried to squeeze between us and I lost her back to the pile.

I scored once and maybe I wasn't supposed to. I was behind a female, reaching around with both hands to grope her, one hand on a breast, the other between her legs, and I recognized Renée by the unusual shape of her breasts. I decided to take a chance. I bent my legs, held my penis down, and then pressed against her derriere. She cooperated, spread her legs, and, when I released my penis, it sprang up against her pussy. That was about as far as I had hoped to go but she wanted more. She poked her butt back, reached down, pressed up just under the head of my dick, and guided it partway into her juicy bouchi. That was damn good but I didn't make but a few strokes until we were bumped and groped and goosed and my dick lost its hiding place.

I have no idea whether I ever got to the center of the pile but I got hot and sweaty in the process. It was fun but, at the same time, it was damned arousing. By the time it was over, I wanted a good fuck and I hoped for just that in the second game so I wouldn't have to wait to be chosen by one of the ladies for the night.

The lights came on again and the young Mouseketeers took charge again.

“OK, everybody sit down and relax for a minute,” Pyotr said. “We’re going to explain how the second game is played. This game is more complex so please listen carefully. Are you all ready for action?”

I looked around at the others. It was easy to see that all the males were ready for action. Every penis was at full-staff and most of the guys were sitting like I was, with hands slightly behind my body and flat against the mattress, legs spread, balls hanging down, dick pointing up. I glanced at Aiden and saw the same thing. I looked at James and Toby and, of course, saw two tiangas standing tall. I looked at Matt and Iain and again saw two upright dicks. Even the youngest of our crew, the two males standing in front of the door, had nice little hard-ons, well not so little, big enough.

As usual, when it came to the females, who could tell whether they were ready for action or not? Every damned one in the cubicles was sitting demurely with crossed legs. Is that an instinctual part of their mystery, to hide what guys always want to look at? The two little female twins were standing the same way, legs together and turned slightly, not spread like the guys.

In the next few minutes, the Junior Mouseketeers explained how their game was to be played. Aimee was moderator, would assign each guy a number, each girl a letter, and would randomly pair us. I was 3, Anna was A, and I didn’t remember the rest. Since there were 8 males and 7 females, she would occasionally call 2 guy’s numbers. If she called a number first, the male would do some action; if she called a letter first, a female would do the action.

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I think everybody nodded. “What do you mean by action?” I asked.

“Aimee will tell you the action when she selects the couples,” Brian said. “We put together a list of thirty actions. Some will be silly; some will be more fun, like performing oral sex. All of the actions are ones Aimee has seen some of us doing.”

“Aimee will randomly select males and females and actions,” Brianne said. “When she calls your number or letter and the action, walk out on the mattresses. She will use a common slang terms for the action. It will be up to the couple to decide what to do. Aimee will call time after one minute and the couple will return to their original spots. She will then call another couple and they will perform another action for one minute. Got it?”

I looked around and everybody was smiling and nodding.

Brian again. “We’ll play the game as long as everybody wants to continue and then rest and have a pit stop before we get to the third part of our sex play party.”

“Aimee, can you choose one couple and an action, just for demonstration purposes?” Jean-Nicole asked.

“Yes, Petra,” Aimee answered from somewhere over our heads. “8E19. The action is: two teens kissing and getting to second base.”

“Hey, that’s me,” Brian said. “Who’s E?”

Renée walked out on the mattresses. Brian looked at his father, smiled, and met her in the center. They were directly in front of me and Anna and Aiden, just a couple of yards away.

They certainly played the part well, looking like exactly what they were: two teenagers. They wrapped their arms around each other, hands on backs, and melded their bodies together. They were almost the same height and perhaps weight. His terrible tianga was pointing at the ceiling first and then pressed against her belly. Her beautiful breasts with those tempting nipples, cherries on strawberry areolas on milky-white mounds, were flattened on his chest. He moved one hand from her back to her breast and they both moaned. They kissed with open mouths, trying to devour each other’s lips and tongue. Then Aimee called time and they separated.

Like a true gentleman, Brian escorted Renée back to her seat. Before rejoining the other Junior Mouseketeers, he looked at his father and grinned. I looked at Aiden and saw him grinning back. He looked like a man who was proud of his son.

Aiden, 4, was the first to be called, matched with Samantha, B. The action was polishing her pink pearl. He might have been from another universe but that was probably a universal act. They both walked to the center of the mattresses, whispered together for a moment, and she lay down on her back with her knees spread and raised. Aiden quickly assumed the position, flat on his belly, face between her thighs, and started licking her bouchi. I couldn’t see what he was doing but I could see her face and I knew he was polishing her pearl.

Toby and Brienne were called next. Their action was to play mouth music on two organs. They came to the center of the mattresses, just a couple of yards from where Aiden, Anna, and I were sitting. Toby lay down on his back. She smiled at her father, laid down on Toby in the 69 position, and started sucking Willy's head off while he went muff diving. I looked at Aiden, wondering how he felt about what his daughter was doing. He was smiling, leaning forward and bent over to see better.

Anna and Matt were called next and she was told to yank his crank. He smiled at me and I nodded and smiled back.

When Iain and Renée were called, his action was to worship at twin peaks. As delicious as her breasts were, I wanted to take his place.

Then I was called. And Brian was called. And then Caitlyn. The action was for one of us to go licky-de-split while the other was worshiping at twin peaks. The three of us had a huddle to figure that out. We decided to swap at half-time. I buried my face in her bouchi while Brian licked and sucked her little breasts and then we swapped.

And so it went. All of us were called. All of us did our action without hesitation. And we watched the performers as they played right in front of us. Arousing? That's putting it mildly. My dick was aching and drooling clear syrup before the game ended.

I wondered who would be the first one to tire of games and want to enjoy a one on one for the rest of the night. I thought it might be Aiden but I was surprised when Iain asked Aimee to survey whether the others were ready to get serious for the night. Not every hand was raised but enough were for Aimee to announce that game play was over. We all stood there naked, sweating, hair all messed, most of us gasping for breath and horny as bucks in rut, at least the guys evidently were, who knows about women.

“Pit Stop!” Aimee's voice resounded from the door. “Guys go shake the dew off your lilies. Girls, go powder your noses. That's what Pyotr told me to say. I assume you understand. Return here as soon as you finish your pit stop.”

Eight guys stood in front of urinals trying to piss, grunting, groaning, and trying to get their tubes rerouted again. Perhaps Aimee

understood our difficulty. She started flushing the urinals randomly. I think most of the guys got some relief. I pissed in absolute release. Then we ran back to the play room. I don't know why because the girls took forever to return.

“Thank you, guys, for being so patient,” Brianne said. “When women do a pit stop, they have to change their tires too. Are you all ready to play?”

I couldn't imagine what constituted a tire change in a bathroom pit stop for women. I looked at the grinning faces and nodding heads, mine included, and I knew we were all more than ready.

“For our final play period, the ladies will choose a male and the couple will be free to do whatever they want for the rest of the night,” Brianne said. “We have one extra male so some brave female may choose two males. You may stay in here and do it on the mattresses with others or you may go to another bed chamber for privacy. It will be up to you to decide what you want to do.”

I looked around at the group. The twins, Brian and Brianne, stood close to their father, arms around his waist. He had his arms over their shoulders. Father and son both had rampant hard-ons, junior and senior versions. I stood close to Anna, put my arm around her, and gave her a quick kiss. She put her hand on my ass and pinched me.

James and Sam walked over close to me and Anna. He ignored my hard-on and his and gave me a frontal hug for a moment. I put one hand behind his head and stroked his hair as usual. Surprise! Sam hugged Anna about the same way and they whispered back and forth for a moment. When they released us, Sam stood beside Anna, her arm around Anna's waist. As usual, James stood beside me, my arm on his shoulders and his around my waist. I wondered if Sam might choose me for the night. I'd be glad to share my terrifying tianga with her. I'd trust James to share his with Anna.

I knew the women were going to choose their playmates for the rest of the night but I didn't have any idea in what order they would choose. I was ready to be chosen by at least five women, perhaps not by Petra and Brianne. Aimee announced that they would choose in alphabetical order. That put Anna first.

She looked around at all the guys, probably teasing us about trying to make up her mind, and then selected, I would never have guessed it. She chose two guys, two little guys, two boys just starting to become men, two kids barely in their teens, cute as a button brown Brian and beautiful mischievous blond Pyotr. I shook my head, knowing that I'd never understand women and their mysterious ways.

They seemed satisfied with her choice, judging from the smiles on their faces. She walked to the center of the mattresses. The boys met her, stood beside her, and put their arms around her waist. She put her arms on their shoulders and pulled them close.

“Just thought I'd get some protein for the babies,” she whispered, looking at me.

I didn't remember that Samantha was B but she did. She chose Matt. He grinned all over his face and it was evident he was pleased. He met her in the center, gave her a hug, and then stood behind her, holding her, hard-on against butt, while the other choices were made.

Petra selected Iain and I couldn't remember whether he had ever been with her before. He looked pleased too. He gave her a quick kiss and then stood behind her with his arms around her.

Aiden was still waiting to be chosen and Brianne was waiting her turn to choose. I couldn't believe she would choose her father. I didn't want her to choose me. I didn't really want to be the one to have sex with his young daughter, not in front of him. Jean-Nicole and Renée were also waiting their turn and they had three guys to choose from: Toby, Aiden, and me.

Renée made up her mind. She chose Aiden. He smiled, walked over to her, gave her a quick kiss, and then held her waiting until the last two of us were chosen.

I let out a sigh of relief. I felt sure Brianne would choose Toby, not me, and she did. He grinned, gave her a quick kiss, then put his hands on her derriere, and pulled her tummy against his stiff tianga.

I looked at Jean-Nicole and grinned. She, of course, chose me since I was the only one left. I was pleased, damn pleased. I wanted a good fuck, no, needed to let the beast loose, and I thought she would be as welcoming as a woman could be. She looked like she would let her

tiger lose with me. She met me in the center of the mattresses, I gave her a quick kiss, and we stood belly to belly, making a hard dick sandwich.

A couple of minutes later, Jean-Nicole and I were in the position I liked best of all: me on top of her, my penis sunk to the balls in her pussy, my arms beside her chest with my hands underneath and curved around her shoulders, and my knees and toes against the mattress to give me traction for the pounding I intended to give her. She had her knees on each side of my waist, ankles locked together on my back, one heel at the crack of my ass, arms around my chest with one hand behind my head. Our mouths were lip-locked together and we were both tongue-fucking each other.

I pulled back, lifted my head to catch my breath, and looked to my left side. Jean-Nicole looked too.

First, I saw Anna with her two little lovers. Brian was leaning against the wall, long legs spread in a V, Anna was on her hands and knees between them with her mouth on his dick, and Pyotr was behind her poking her with his penis.

Brown Brian's face, cute freckles on his cheeks and nose, was showing absolute delight. As usual, his disheveled brown hair was almost covering his forehead and his mouth was half open, top row of white teeth showing in a big smile.

From my perspective, I couldn't see Anna's face. She had one hand around the shaft of Brian's dick, stroking it, and her mouth was moving up and down on the couple of inches left. I liked for her to do me same way.

Pyotr was looking down at Anna's rear and I knew he was watching his penis as it moved in and out of Anna's pussy. He seemed mesmerized at what he was seeing, again, a grin of delight on his face.

I looked a little farther and saw Renée with Aiden. They were in a mirror position to me and Jean-Nicole, mouths fastened together, his ass slowly moving up and down as he did what men do so well. I wondered if he liked her cherry nipples on strawberry areolas on ice-cream breasts as much as I did. Her pussy wasn't bad either.

Toby and Brianne were also near her father. Toby was on his back with his hands behind his head. Brianne was on top of him playing hiding the dick, her hands on his chest. If Aiden looked at her, I knew he would see Toby's dick going in and out. I wondered how I would feel to watch my little daughter fucking a young boy. Maybe she wanted him to see her. Why else would she have chosen the spot next to him?

Jean-Nicole and I looked to the other side at the same time. Samantha was in the good old missionary position under Matt, heads side by side, her arms and legs wrapped around him, and it looked like her mouth was open on his shoulder maybe marking him. Matt's ass was slowly moving up and down and I knew he was just enjoying what his penis was feeling and he had not yet started fucking into oblivion.

Petra and Iain were in the same position. I could see her face, not his, and she had her eyes closed and a big smile on her lips. Maybe she was enjoying having her pussy stretched by a penis larger than Brian's. Iain's ass was moving up and down slowly too and he seemed in no hurry to get anywhere.

James was flat on his back, grinning up at Caitlyn, both hands on her breasts. Caitlyn was on top slowly moving up and down and I could see where they were joined with his big dick sliding in and out of somewhere. He even had his legs together, ankles crossed, with his balls resting on his thighs. He didn't seem to mind when Caitlyn's ass came down and mashed them.

I looked down at Jean-Nicole and smiled. She looked up at me and smiled. Damn! She had beautiful eyes. I could have looked into them all night.

"I've got a confession to make, David," she whispered.

"OK. What?"

"We knew we were going to be choosing, the women, I mean, and we had it all planned ahead of time. I almost had to fight to get you. I told them you were going to let your beast loose and fuck me through the mattress. Are you?"

"I'll try."

I did try and maybe I succeeded. I hadn't expected what she did to me, a hickey on the right of my neck and fingernail scratches on my back, and I didn't know what she was doing until I shot a big load deep in her pussy. But, damn, fucking her was worth the pain. The second time was almost as good even though she gave me another hickey on the left side.

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A few days later our sex play party, we received another shipment of goods from our old home universe. This time it had been sent by the colony in Georgia and contained something for which that area was famous: gallon-size cans of peanut butter, five of them. It also included boxes of foodstuffs like grains, beans, and milk products.

Anna's request was filled: a sewing machine with thread, nursing bras, reusable diapers with pins, soft baby blankets, and more mysterious stuff.

Jean-Nicolle's request was also fulfilled: a box of assorted spices and another with a kitchen appliance, a mix-master. Matt was probably glad to see it because now he would be free of kneading duties.

Toby got what he wanted: twenty fish or frog or crawdaddy gigs, ten three inches wide with three tines, ten six inches wide with six tines, just the metal tines, not the pole to which he and the other Mouseketeers planned to affix them. They already had the bamboo poles ready for the metal gigs. He and James wanted to make another trip to Crawdaddy Creek to try gigging crawdaddies.

Matt and I got what we wanted: a huge wooden crate of tool parts. I checked quickly and saw the metal part of cants, peaveys, froes, and sledge-hammers, as well as the other tools we had requested. We already had oak poles and handles stacked and drying in the hallway.

The shipment also included some things to help in establishing a foothold down on the coast: four tents, ten large tarps, a dozen sleeping bags, and two sturdy four-wheeled buggies to roll logs to the cabin site.

I knew what we were going to be doing for quite some time and it wasn't playing. Hopefully, before a year passed, we were going to have a building, a log cabin, for overnight stays at the isthmus.

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"David! Anna! Please come to my room!" Aimee called. "Two people have arrived, a woman and a boy, and they are both in need of help!"

I rolled out of bed, ran for the door, and it silently opened for me. I glanced at the clock over the door and saw that it was between four and five in the morning. The urgency in Aimee's voice caused me to become cool and all my senses were enhanced as usual. As I went out the door, I glanced back at Anna and saw that she was following me. She was as naked as I was. She liked to sleep in a chemise because skin to skin contact sometimes caused us to sweat a little. I had removed it earlier that night so I could get my mouth to her breasts.

"Aimee, call Iain and Caitlyn and Matt and Jean-Nicole," I said. "Don't let anyone else in your room."

"Yes, David," Aimee responded. "I will call them."

I knew something unusual had happened. Two people, Petra and Pyotr, had arrived at the same time only once before. Her use of the term "woman" made me think that the female was older than the usual young girls and "boy" sounded like a relatively young male, perhaps a child of the woman.

When I went into Aimee's room, I saw the woman and boy, both in the recliner on their sides facing each other. The woman's arms were protectively around the boy and her hand held his face hidden under her cheek. One of his arms was around her waist. The woman's face was partially hidden in the boy's long hair. They were belly to belly and one of the boy's legs was between the woman's thighs. As always, they were both naked. The boy's back and legs were deeply tanned but his butt was encircled by a narrow white band. I knew he spent a lot of time wearing something like the French Speedo I had once worn.

Then the woman lifted her head, brushed the boy's hair out of her face, looked at me, and smiled. I couldn't believe what I saw. It was Mother, the woman who gave me birth, the woman who Father always called Aimee. I was not dreaming. I knew it was her with absolute

certainty. I had last seen her years ago when she simply disappeared one day.

She was older than I remembered but she was even more beautiful than when I last saw her. Her face was unlined. Her dark hair was long and tousled and I could see random silver strands in it. Her eyes looked clear and healthy, without the dark circles underneath which had marred her beauty just before she disappeared. Her cheeks were slightly pink, probably the result of a slight fever caused by the journey.

I tried to reason how old she was now. I knew she was seventeen, a first-year nursing student in Paris, when she met Father. He was twenty-two, a U. S. Army lieutenant, serving as an interpreter at the American Embassy in Paris. They were married just after her eighteenth birthday and I was born before her nineteenth. I was fourteen and she was thirty-two when she vanished. She had been gone ten years so that meant she was now about forty-two. She was still beautiful and looked healthy, heavier than when I last saw her but then she had been too thin from grief.

“David!” she whispered hoarsely. “You are David; aren’t you? I know you are. They told me you would be waiting for us.”

“Where have you been?” I asked. “And who’s the boy?”

The boy stirred and then turned on his back so that he could see me too. I was shocked beyond all comprehension. I was looking at myself when I was a boy. I looked at his genitals, the best way to judge his age. His erect penis was that of a boy just entering into puberty. It was large for a child and I remembered how mine had grown as the first step in puberty. Around his penis I saw perhaps a dozen dark hairs, evidence that he had just started turning into a man. In his relaxed hairless scrotum, I saw testicles larger than a boy’s and smaller than a man’s.

Mother looked at me with an intensity I still recognized after all these years. The tone of her voice was the same one she used when she didn’t want me to argue with her. “I’ll tell you everything later, David. The boy is Michael, *your brother*. He’s named after his father. He’s ten years old.”

“I’ll be eleven next month,” Michael said. His head was weaving around and his eyes kept closing.

Chapter Fifty-Four

“I’ll be eleven next month,” Michael said. His head was weaving around and his eyes kept closing.

My mind ran wild with the implications of what she said. I knew that I did not have a brother when my father, Michael, was killed by the jihadists. I did not have a brother when Mother disappeared. That meant Michael was born after she disappeared just after I turned fourteen years old, eleven years ago. I remembered what Mother and I had done that summer and I knew he was my son and, I suppose, my brother too. I also knew that she wanted me to accept him as my brother, not my son. I stood there, looking at her beautiful face, loving her still, knowing that she would sort out everything with me in private later. I nodded my assent to what she said and obediently replied, “Yes, Mother.”

I looked at Anna, wondering if she understood the implications of what Mother said. She looked back at me and smiled but her face revealed her confusion. I knew I had to tell her the rest of the story.

“Mother, this is Anna, my wife,” I said.

Mother looked at her intently, then smiled, and closed her eyes for a few seconds.

“Anna?” she whispered. “You’re beautiful, Anna. You’re pregnant and you’re beautiful.”

“Thank you, Mother,” Anna answered. “You’re beautiful too.”

“David, would you like me to help you?” Iain asked, from behind me. I turned and looked. Caitlyn was with him. Matt and Jean-Nicole walked in a second later.

“No, not yet,” I said, “Don’t ask me any questions. First things first. I need to know how they feel.”

I was still trying to grasp the implications of having a son and brother named Michael, named for my father, Michael.

“I can help you with that, David,” Aimee said.

“Aimee is an avatar, Mother. I named her after you,” I said, pointing at her image on the screen. “She is able to monitor your vital signs. Aimee, what can you tell me about Michael?”

“David, his heart rate is very high, at 90 beats per minute,” Aimee said. “His temperature is also elevated at a little over seventy on the David scale. It is border-line dangerous. From the way he is repeatedly swallowing, I suspect that he is nauseous. Please ask him.”

“Michael, do you feel like you are going to throw up?” I asked. “Tell me how you feel. Do you need to pee?”

“Yeah, I feel sick, like I’m about to barf,” he answered, struggling.

“What else?”

“I can’t think straight. Everything is...is swimming around. I ache all over...and I’ve got to pee real bad.”

“Aimee, how are Mother’s vital signs?” Anna asked.

“Her heart rate and temperature are both elevated but not dangerously so, Anna,” Aimee responded. “If you wish, I can prescribe medication for Mother and Michael both. You should ask her how she feels.”

“Mother, how do you feel? Nauseous? Achy? Confused? Do you need to pee?”

“Yes, David, I’m achy and I need to pee real bad,” she answered, mimicking Michael.

“Do you think you can walk by yourself?” I asked.

She slid off the end of the recliner and, holding on, tried to walk. She almost collapsed and I grabbed her and held her.

“Matt, I’m going to carry Mother to the women’s toilet. Will you carry Michael to the men’s? Let Iain help you. Yell for Anna if Michael needs more help.”

“What do you want us to do, David?” Jean-Nicole asked.

“Anna, you come with me. Jean-Nicole, you get the medications for Michael. Caitlyn, you get the meds for Mother. Just as soon as they finish peeing we’ll bring them back here. They need to be medicated.”

The ones standing around in the hallway didn’t need to be told to make way for us. Everyone had evidently become aware of our new arrivals and they were standing around, most paired up as usual. Pyotr and Petra were side by side, holding hands. Brian and Brianne were standing close to their father, Aiden, with his hands protectively on their shoulders, and I got the distinct impression that he wasn’t as surprised and curious about the new arrivals as the others were.

I carried my mother into the women’s side of the toilet to one of the enclosed commodes. Anna held her arm when I put her down and we helped her into the enclosure. Mother didn’t want the door closed while she peed. She sat there looking at me and Anna and smiling at us. When she finished, she looked at Anna’s belly and face.

“Anna, you are pregnant; aren’t you?” she asked. “How far?”

“Yes, Mother, I’m five months pregnant and I’m having twins. David and I are very happy to be having two babies. You’re going to be a grandmother.”

Her face lit up in that radiance I remembered so well. “That’s good,” she whispered, still hoarsely.

Anna pushed the button to activate the warm water and air feature of the toilet. Mother closed her eyes and smiled. After a moment, she held out her arms to us and Anna and I helped her stand up and take a few steps. I saw that she was still too unsteady to walk by herself so I picked her up to carry her back to Aimee’s room. She put her arms around my neck and rested her head on my shoulder.

I stopped and stood still and gave in to the urge to hold her close. I had not had a hug from her for over a decade and perhaps she wanted to give me one. I closed my eyes, put my cheek down against hers, and

stood there for a moment. I felt her arms trying to pull me closer and I pulled her against me, being held by her for the first time in so long, feeling my love for her sweep over me, a love which had lain dormant for years but had never died.

“You’re so strong, David,” she whispered in my ear. “You’ve grown up into a man just like your father, strong and beautiful. And you’re got a beautiful wife. Did you call her Anna?”

“Yes, Mother,” I whispered back. “I’m going to carry you back to Aimee’s room. Matt and Iain will bring Michael back. Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn are waiting for us. They’re going to give you and Michael some medications to help you feel better and something to drink. Then we’ll let you and Michael sleep if you want to.”

Anna put her hand on my other shoulder and I looked at her. She smiled and I smiled back at her.

In the hallway, I saw James and asked him to get me a couple of chemises for our new arrivals. He turned and ran to the clothing storeroom.

As usual, almost all the ones in the hallway were naked and Mother noticed. “Why is everybody naked? I’m naked too but I don’t care,” she whispered groggily.”

Just then, Iain came out of the men’s toilet, followed by Matt carrying Michael.

“I’ll tell you later, Mother,” I said. “For now, all you need to know is that you and Michael are safe and among good people. The way you feel is caused by a long journey and you’ll be back to normal in a few days.”

I went back in Aimee’s room and gently put Mother back in Aimee’s chair. She turned on her side and moved back to make room for Michael. Matt just as gently laid him down next to her. He turned toward her and snuggled up to her again. She put her arm around him again and pulled him close. I knew they needed medications to help them recover, just as most of us had. Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn were waiting with medications and juice.

“Mother, Michael, Aimee has the ability to dispense medications for us,” I said. “I’m sure she has dispensed a mild analgesic to ease your aches, something to lower your temperature, and something for nausea. We all were feeling like you when we came here. The medications will help and you’ll be feeling fine in a few days. Please take the medications and drink lots of juice. It’s cold and delicious.”

“David, I have dispensed Michael’s medications in a small amount of liquid,” Aimee said. “Children sometimes resist medications and the liquid will be easier for him to ingest. I have dispensed Mother’s in pill form. Please help both of them to take the medications and then drink as much as possible.”

“Let me help Michael with his and then I’ll take mine,” Mother said.

Michael resisted the medication until Mother kissed him on the cheek and whispered something in his ear. Anna held the drink to him but he was reclined too far to drink. I pressed the button which raised the head of the chair. He drank the medication when Mother held the cup to his mouth and then held the bottle of juice himself and drank eagerly. When he had enough, he closed his eyes and snuggled closer to her, one hand familiarly on her breast.

Caitlyn helped Mother take her medications and drink some of the cold juice. I waited until she was finished, again thinking of the implications of having a brother or son or both named Michael, the name of my father and the name which Anna and I had intended for our own child if it was a boy.

“Mother, most of us wanted to sleep after we arrived,” I said. “We’ll tell you later where you are and how you came here when you are feeling better. Our bed chamber has three beds, each large enough for two. Anna and Caitlyn are going to make up two beds for you and Michael in the room where Anna and I sleep. We want to watch you until you wake up. Is that OK?”

“Yes, David,” she responded. “That’s OK but just make up one bed. Michael and I have been sleeping together for the past month. They told us we should...” Her words trailed off and her eyes closed.

“Iain, would you and Caitlyn help Michael put on a chemise. Anna and I will help Mother. Where’s James?”

“Why do I need one, David?” she asked. “All of you are naked. I like being naked with everybody.”

“Mother, the temperature in here is set to be comfortable when we are naked. If you let Michael cuddle up to you naked, you may get sweaty, especially with his fever. Anna had a chemise on until I took it off. Where’s James?”

I looked up and saw him standing in the doorway, holding the chemises I had asked him to get.

“David, Aimee won’t let me in. She’s being mean to me,” he said, grinning.

“Let him in, Aimee,” Anna said.

Matt and I carried Michael and Mother to our bedchamber and stood holding them until Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn made up a bed for them. I guessed that Mother would sleep on her left side, just as I liked to do, and that she would then spoon up to Michael. I asked Matt to help Michael into bed first and then Anna and I helped Mother. She turned her back to me, Michael scooted back against her, and she put her arm over him. Anna covered their bare legs with a light blanket. I took one more look at the two of them and then followed the procession out into the empty hallway.

I knew the others of our colony were probably in the kitchen, sitting at tables, waiting for me to tell them about Mother and Michael. I stopped in the hallway and tried to organize my thoughts, to put together an explanation for them which was the truth as best I knew it. I remembered what had happened the summer before Mother disappeared and I knew I had to tell Anna. I didn’t want to tell the others. I didn’t know what to do. I remembered what Father always told me: Always tell the truth and I will be proud of you.

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We ran our usual loop, a distance on the paved highway, one behind the other on the side of the road, then another distance on a dirt road, where we ran side by side, then a short distance through the woods, where we ran where ever we could, and last, a longer distance along an abandoned dirt road, back to the home of my running companion, a guy my age who lived a short distance from our house. I didn't stop

to talk this time. The early morning was humid and oppressive with a threat of rain and I was dripping sweat. I ran back to my grandparent's home and through their yard to the carriage house where my mother and I lived.

I was very quiet as I climbed up the stairs to our living quarters above the carriage bays below. As usual, we had run without shirts, in running shoes and shorts. I had on white compression shorts under black running shorts. The white shorts extended down to mid-thigh and were so tight I could hardly pull them up and over my butt. In them, I always carefully arranged my testicles so they were comfortable and positioned my penis so that it was curved downward over them. I liked the way the compression shorts held my family jewels snug so they didn't flop around when I ran. The black ones were much shorter and looser and split high on each side.

I thought the combination gave me a sexy look and I wanted the few young girls in our neighborhood to see me. I was proud of the new bulge in my shorts.

As usual, I sat down on the top steps and took off my shoes and socks, left them just inside the door, and started for the bathroom so I could shower. Also as usual, I was going to masturbate for the first time today. Maybe I'd already trained my dick to know what I was going to do after my run. I could feel it trying to get hard in my shorts but it couldn't. I was horny as hell, again, as usual, and it seemed that running just made it worse.

I stopped long enough to take off the black outer shorts and then started to tiptoe past my mother's bedroom. With her crazy work schedule, she often slept late and I didn't want to wake her.

I heard a faint noise and I wondered if she was crying again. I knew she tried to hide it from me when she cried. I knew she still missed my father and so did I but I couldn't cry for him like she could. The door to her bedroom was slightly ajar and I peeked in to see if she was awake. To a fourteen-year-old kid who was inundated with a river of testosterone and who thought about sex about twenty-four hours a day, what I saw was unbelievable.

She was lying on her back, wearing her usual white cotton panties and little shorty nightgown. She wasn't sleeping. Her hair was wrapped in a towel and I knew she had been in the shower a short while ago. With

one hand, she had pushed the nightgown up and I could see her milky-white rounded breast with her thumb and finger on the rosy brown nipple. She had her other hand in her panties, curved down between her legs, and it was moving. I could almost see her fingers in her pussy. She was masturbating!

I knew I shouldn't watch her doing something so private but I couldn't move. Since puberty began for me, she wasn't always my mother; quite often, she was a tall beautiful long-haired creature with soft rounded breasts and a sensuous derriere and, between her legs, something secret that she always kept hidden from me. I stood there in just my compression shorts, my heart almost beating out of my chest, and watched her hand moving between her legs.

My penis tried to get hard but, curved down in my shorts, it couldn't. I pulled my shorts away from my stomach, reached down and tugged it up so that it was pointing toward my naval. I gave a sigh of relief and let it swell toward its full size. I was proud of how big it was now that puberty had begun its magic.

Perhaps my sigh was too loud. She raised her head and looked at me. I couldn't move. I looked at her face, then quickly down at her hand, then back at her face. She looked at my face, then down at my shorts, and then back at my face.

I wanted to let her know I understood what she was doing. I had intended to do the same thing and I wasn't ashamed of it. Before he left for the last time, Dad had talked to me again about masturbating and emphasized that it was normal for young boys and that I should never be ashamed of doing it. I usually enjoyed it at least once every day, sometimes two or even three, but I had never thought of women wanting to do the same thing.

Before he left, my father had told me to take care of my mother and I assured him I would. I had done my best to help her around the house but I knew there was little I could do to ease the pain of his death. I had listened to her crying for him too often at night. I knew she was secretly relying on alcohol and pills of some kind to ease the pain. I decided to do something that I had never done before.

I reached down to my compression shorts, slowly rolled them down over my hips, tugged them down my legs, used my bare feet to strip them completely off, and then stepped out of them. For the first time

since childhood, I was completely naked before her. When I straightened up, my hard penis was pointing at the ceiling. I pulled down on my wrinkled scrotum to stretch it from the compression of my shorts and through my little patch of dark pubic hair. I leaned back and let my hips roll forward to display my male equipment for her.

She looked at me without speaking. I could see her eyes flitting from my face, down over my sweaty body, to my genitals, then back to my face. My long hair was wet with sweat and I used one hand to smooth it back from my face. She still had her hand in her panties but it wasn't moving now. I reached down to my penis, pointed it at her, and then slowly slid my foreskin back and forth a few times. I wanted her to see it, to see how hard it was, to see the blood-red shiny head as my foreskin covered and uncovered it.

Her breasts were hidden by her nightgown now but it was damp and they were clearly defined. Her dark nipples stood up in little points under the filmy cloth. Her hidden hand began to move again, making a slowly undulating mound under her white panties. Finally she spoke.

"Come here, David," she whispered.

"I was just going to take a shower," I said. "I'm all sweaty."

"And you were going to masturbate. Are you surprised that I masturbate too?" she asked.

I simply nodded, watching her hand slowly moving in her panties just as my hand was slowly moving back and forth on my penis.

"Come here," she whispered again, and gently patted the bed beside her. "Come lay down in the bed with me."

I walked over to the side of the bed but then hesitated to get in bed with her. I took my hand off my penis and let it point upwards again. She looked at it while I hesitated, wondering what she wanted with me and what I could do for her and if she wanted me to do what I wanted to do for her.

"When did my little boy become such a fine man?" she said, whispering again. "You're going to be as big a man as your father."

"I hope so," I said, wondering if she meant that I was going to be as tall as him or that my penis would be as big as his. I knew it was already bigger than that of my friends.

"Just lay down with me, David," she said. "I want to talk to you."

I lay down with her, on my side facing her, put my hand back on my penis, and started slowly stroking it again. She turned on her side facing me with her hand in her panties, moving again. I wondered if she wanted me to masturbate with her. Even the thought of doing that with her made my penis harder.

We lay there for a minute or so, looking in each other's eyes and glancing down at what our hands were doing. I felt the first faint signs of an impending orgasm and I didn't want to come on her bed. I stopped, bent my penis so that it was pointed at her and the secret something she was stroking, and held it with my thumb and one finger.

"Yes, I masturbate too, David," she whispered. "Women have needs just like men."

I nodded and then dared to say what I wanted.

"Would you let me see you do it? You're watching me doing it. It's only fair for me to watch you."

My heart was about to beat its way out of my chest. My mouth felt dry and my breathing was labored and heavy. Her face didn't reveal anything for a moment. Then she smiled at me, sat up and stripped her nightgown off, and I saw her breasts, beautiful perfect breasts. She lay back down, lifted her derriere off the bed, and slowly peeled her panties down her long legs. She pulled one bare leg out and then used her foot to push her panties completely off the other leg, the same way I had shed my compression shorts.

I lifted up on my left elbow, trying to see what had always been hidden from me. I was disappointed; I saw nothing except a small patch of dark pubic hair. I bent my neck, trying to see where she had been rubbing with her fingers. I finally saw the beginning of a cleft but with something strange in it, something that looked like a little ridge. I looked back at her face and I suppose she saw that I was puzzled.

I said "Thank you," and leaned over, intending to kiss her on the cheek as I had done thousands of times before. She either inadvertently or deliberately turned her face toward mine. My lips touched hers and she opened her mouth and said my name, a softly-whispered "David." I felt the breath come out of her and into me and I was seized with a desire to kiss her as I had never kissed her before. I opened my lips to hers and pressed my body against her side. She resisted for a second and then yielded to me. I felt her tongue touch mine and I kissed her with a passion which was new to me.

My erect penis was uncomfortably bent between our bodies so I reached down and rescued it and then pressed it against her side. Still kissing her, I reached up and put my hand on her breast. She sighed deeply, put her hand behind my head, and ran her fingers through my long damp hair. We both had our mouths open and I knew she was yielding to the same passion that gripped me.

I moved down and took the nipple of her other breast in my mouth and nursed at it for the first time in years. My heart began pounding even faster and my breath rasped noisily out of my nose. I shut my eyes and yielded to the desires which had taken me captive. I moved over her and put one knee between her legs. She spread her legs wider and I put the other knee beside the first one. Still kissing her, I lowered myself down on her with my chest against her soft breasts and my hard penis pressed against her stomach.

I was still for a moment and then I moved downward a little and began to stab at her with my penis. I knew that somewhere between her legs there was an opening which had welcomed my father's penis into her. I wanted mine in her too but I didn't know how to get it in her. Each stab was met with unyielding flesh somewhere down there and each painful thrust caused me to grunt. I was wild with desire, not knowing what I was doing, instinctively trying to find the place where I could push my penis into her.

"Stop, David. Lift up," she whispered.

I lifted my hips so that my penis wasn't touching her. She reached down between our bodies, bent it down, positioned the head so that it was in something wet and warm between her legs, and gently tugged on it. I held still, hardly believing that she wanted me to push it into her but wanting so much to do it. She bent herself almost in half,

locked her legs around my waist, and then put both her hands on my butt and pulled. I relaxed and let my penis slide inside her, into her hot wet living flesh and I knew nothing except the exquisite feelings of having my penis sunk to my testicles inside her.

By instinct, I began to move my penis in and out of her vagina. I wasn't thinking anymore. I wasn't trying to decide what I wanted or what she wanted. I was doing what my body knew to do and had to do to release my semen inside her. After only a few thrusts, my orgasm boiled up inside me, and I spurted again and again deep in her vagina. I groaned with the exquisitely-painful pleasure as something inside me pulsed my semen out of me and into the depths of her.

With the first spurt, she went wild and started keening shrilly and bucking her pelvis against mine so hard it was almost painful. As my orgasm faded, hers began and I felt her vagina clenching and relaxing around the head and shaft of my penis. I knew that what we had done was the way sex was between a man and a woman and it was good and right and wonderful.

Slowly my body lost its tenseness and I relaxed on top of her, barely supporting myself on my elbows, with my cheek touching hers and my sweaty chest against her sweaty breasts. I lay there in complete surrender to what I had just done, my penis still rock hard inside her. She had her arms and legs wrapped tightly around me and I knew she didn't want me to move off her. At length, she put her hands against my chest and gently pushed. I lifted up so that my face was above hers, my eyes locked with hers.

A drop of sweat fell from the tip of my nose onto her cheek. I leaned down and licked it away and then licked back to her ear lobe and down her throat to her chest. I pushed up on my elbows, bent my neck and then sucked her nipples into little erections again. After a minute or so, I relaxed on top of her again, my face only inches from hers.

"Aimee," I whispered, using her middle name by which my father always called her. To me, she had always been Mother. I hoped she wasn't offended to hear me say it.

"Are you Michael?" she asked, her face showing confusion, barely whispering.

I didn't know what she meant and I didn't know where the words of my reply came from. They simply flowed out of me.

“Yes, Aimee, I'm Michael. I'm part Michael, your husband, who loves you eternally beyond all time and space and always will. I'm also part you, part Aimee, who loves Michael the same way. And I'm David too, created out of the love Michael and Aimee have for each other. I'm David who wants to love you so that you stop hurting so much. He loves you too.”

I was confused. My answer didn't sound like me. I had never been as eloquent as my father in speaking. The words reflected what I wanted to say but they weren't my words.

She looked deep into my eyes, searching for something. I knew I was both Michael and Aimee. I loved both of them. I was also David, conceived inside her from her egg and Michael's sperm. I wanted so much to love her as Michael had loved her once upon a time about fifteen years ago. I wanted so much to ease her pain from her loss of Michael.

“Make love to me, Michael...David, whoever you are. Make love to me please.”

My penis was still hard after one orgasm. I began moving my hips again, as slowly as possible, luxuriating in feeling her warm wet vagina gripping my penis as it slid eagerly into and out of her. I held my head above hers, smiling slightly at her and looking deep into her eyes and my hips slowly moving my hard penis in her welcoming vagina. If her face reflected what she was feeling, then she was experiencing as much pleasure as I was.

The wonder that I felt was like nothing I had ever experienced before. I had experimented with lots of ways of masturbating but none could compare with feeling her vagina gripping my penis as it moved in her. She wrapped her legs forcefully around my waist with her heels on my butt, encircled me with her arms, and pulled my chest down against her soft breasts. For a moment, I found it hard to move my penis in and out of her but then my body knew to use an undulating movement of my hips that drew my penis almost out of her and then pushed it back in until my testicles came to rest against her soft ass cheeks.

“Aimee, oh, Aimee,” I groaned.

“Yes, Michael, David, whoever you are,” she whispered in my ear. “Make love to me. Fuck me. Please, I need it. It’s been so long.”

I surrendered to doing what my body demanded and pistoned in and out of her wet warm depths, much longer this time, until I came again and poured out my life in her. I didn’t feel her vagina squeezing around my penis this time and I wondered whether she had come or not. I didn’t know what to do. For at least a while, my penis was too sensitive to continue but I wanted her to come a second time also.

I was about to ask her what she wanted me to do when something father had told me came back to me. My father had told me many times that a real man takes the responsibility for his own actions. He said that I should never have unprotected sex with a girl and that I must use a condom if I wished to avoid becoming a father. Just that thought was enough to deflate my penis but I couldn’t bring myself to take it out of her. I raised my head over hers and stared in her smiling eyes.

“Aimee,” I said and then, “Mother, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done this. I shouldn’t have come in you. What if I’ve made you pregnant?”

She pulled my head back down so my cheek was against hers and whispered in my ear.

“Michael,” she said and then, “David, don’t worry about that.”

She told me that after I was born, she and Michael had wanted to have another child as soon as possible. She had nursed me for almost eight months, all the while having unprotected sex with my father. When I was two and she had not conceived again, she had gone to her doctor who ran all sorts of tests and then told her she likely would never have another child. She was heartbroken because she wanted more children. They had not used any contraceptives for the next ten years and she had never gotten pregnant again.

When she was through whispering, I lifted my head above hers again and looked at her eyes, still smiling with love. She put her hands on each side of my head, drew my face down to hers, and kissed me again. I felt her tongue touch my lips and I opened to her and slowly sank deeper into her and kissing her and loving her. I felt my penis

begin to respond and I began to move my hips slightly. She put her hands on my behind and held me still.

“Who are you? Tell me, please.” she asked pleading. “Are you Michael or are you David? I’ve got to know.”

I wanted to tell her that I was just her son, David. I didn’t understand how she could think I was Michael, her husband. I wanted someday to be worthy of my father but I knew that I wasn’t yet. I knew I had to tell her that I was just David.

“He’s going to be a strong man, Aimee, a good man,” I said. “Just love him. Never let your love for him waiver. He will make you proud of him some day.”

That wasn’t what I had intended to say and again I didn’t know where the words came from. I closed my eyes and shook my head in confusion. I struggled to retrieve the words I wanted to say to her.

“Just love me, Aimee. Please love me.”

“I love you, David,” she finally said. “I shouldn’t love you like this but I can’t help myself. We really shouldn’t do this, you know.”

“I know but just one more time, Aimee, please, just one more time.”

I looked in her eyes, hoping that she would see the pleading in mine. Then she shook her head from side to side and smiled and I didn’t know what to do.

“No, David,” she said. “You’ve come twice in just a few minutes. It won’t kill you if I don’t let you do it again. You should enjoy the journey and not rush to the finish line. Someday you’re going to find a woman to love and she’ll teach you the difference between fucking and making love.”

She put her hands against my chest, rolled slightly to one side, and then pushed. I reluctantly withdrew my still-hard penis from her and rolled over beside her on my back.

“Are you ever going to let me do it again, like maybe tonight?” I asked.

“No, David, listen to me. You must learn to go slow and try to please me as well as you. You should make sure a woman enjoys having sex with you. Girls aren’t going to like you if you go bang, bang, whew.”

“You didn’t like what I did?” I asked, confused. “You came the first time; didn’t you?”

“Yes, David. I came but I was close to an orgasm when you walked in. I’m not being critical of you, David. I wouldn’t have expected anything more from someone your age, with your lack of experience.”

“I just want to love you, Aimee. I’ve listened to you cry too many times at night.”

“David, you may call me Aimee when we’re together but don’t ever do it around anyone else. Then you must call me Mother.”

“Yes, Aimee.”

“Now, I want you to go take a shower and don’t use all the hot water. I think I need to shower again too.”

“We could shower together. That will save the hot water.”

“No, David. We’ve done enough for this time. You’ve got to give me time to think.”

“Yes, Aimee.”

I heard her say “for this time” and that was enough to convince me that there would be a next time.

“Aimee, when I hear you crying at night, I want so much to come in your room and get in bed with you and just hold you and love you so you don’t hurt so much. Would you let me do that? I promise I’ll be good.”

“David, you’re not bad. If I let you, you’ll get aroused and get an erection and want to have sex with me again. I was very vulnerable when you came in here while I was so...what’s the word Michael liked to use...horny? Please, don’t push me. Let me think about what we’ve done.”

About a week later, I was again awakened by the sound of crying. I could tell she was trying to muffle it but I knew what the faint sounds were. Her bedroom door was closed and so was mine but the sounds were clear enough. I was sleeping in the nude as usual but I knew I shouldn't go to her naked. I just wanted to do something, to hold her and tell her I loved her, anything to keep her from crying.

My desk and bed made a V in one corner of my small bedroom. I sat up on the bed, turned on the light on my desk, and rummaged through the drawers of the desk until I found what I wanted: a jock strap, some compression shorts, and some pajamas. I'd worn the pajamas once when I was first given them and never since.

I stood up and put on the jock strap first. It was certainly tight enough. I tried a few arrangements of my testicles and penis to see which was the most likely to restrain my penis and I chose the one with it bent down over my testicles. Then I put on the compression shorts. They were certainly tight enough too. I rubbed my hand over the mound between my thighs. I couldn't believe my penis could become erect bent down and with two restraints. Then I put on the pajama bottoms to hide everything underneath and turned to go to her room.

She was standing in the open door to my room watching me. She had on a white nightgown that came half way down her thighs. I wanted to see if she had on the same sort of white cotton panties but if she did they were hidden. Her hair was wild and her face looked like she had been crying. She was still beautiful.

"What are you doing, David?" she whispered. "Why did you put all those things on?"

"I was about to come to your room," I said. "I just wanted to hold you and tell you I love you and maybe you'd stop crying. I put these on so I couldn't get an erection."

She stood and looked at me for a minute or so, unsmiling, her eyes narrowed, her lips clenched. I didn't know what she wanted me to do. Finally she decided.

"Take them off," she said.

I wanted to take them off. I knew she wanted to make love with me again and I quickly obeyed her. I pushed the pajama bottoms down and stepped out of them, then stuck my hands in the side of the compression shorts and peeled them down to my knees. I pulled one leg out and used my foot to push the shorts down so I could step out of them. I stopped, standing there in just the bulging jock strap. I didn't know what she wanted but I knew what I wanted.

"Take off your nightgown," I said.

She showed surprise on her face but she pulled her nightgown over her head and dropped it on the floor. She didn't have on any panties. She was completely naked. I looked at her for a moment and then stripped my jock strap off. I watched her watching me as my penis quickly became erect. I could feel my foreskin creeping back partway as usual as it stood up. I reached down and pulled back until the head was fully exposed. Only then did she look up at my face.

She tossed her hair back out of her face and then ran her hands down over her breasts, her small firm breasts with hard nipples where I had nursed. She dropped her hands down farther to the juncture of her legs, framing her small dark pubic patch only a hand's width across.

She wasn't Mother; she was Woman and I wanted her. I stood transfixed when she walked over to me. She pressed against me and held me, her soft breasts against my chest, her hands on my shoulders, and my hard penis against her stomach. I realized we were almost the same height now and maybe I was a little taller.

"We're going to turn out the light, David," she said. "We're going to make love in your bed, in the dark, not in the bed where Michal made love to me. I shouldn't have done it there with you. Do you want to?"

Did I want to? I wanted to so much it hurt. I barely breathed, "Yes."

"I want you to make love to me like your father did, David. He played me like a violin sometimes. He drove me out of my mind before he ever put his penis in me. Do you want to do that?"

"Yes, Mother, I..."

She cut me short. "I'm not Mother now, David. I'm Aimee. Don't you ever call me Mother again when we're in bed together. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Aimee."

She released me and I turned out the light and my room was instantly as dark as a cave. When I was ten, in a moment of insanity, I had talked her into letting me paint my room a dark midnight blue, almost black, and putting a shade on my one window which blocked out all light.

We were standing beside my bed inches apart but I couldn't see her. I felt her groping for something on my bed and then she stepped back and dropped my pillow at my feet. I had no idea why she had put the pillow there. Then she put her hands on my sides, knelt down on the pillow, and slid her hands down to my hips. I knew about oral sex, had done it a few times with some of my buddies, but I couldn't believe that she would do it to me.

"Put your hands on my shoulders and keep them there," she said. I obeyed her command.

Then she put one hand on my penis, held it down, slid the foreskin back, and took the head in her mouth. I stopped breathing for a moment. Her hand began to move rapidly back and forth on the shaft. Her mouth began sucking on the head. Her tongue began licking on the sensitive spot where my foreskin is tied to the head. I realized that she had to know that what she was doing was going to make me come.

In probably less than a minute, I came in her mouth. She kept her mouth on my penis and swallowed rapidly. When I had shot my last into her mouth she milked my penis down a couple of times and swallowed again.

My knees almost buckled. I couldn't believe what had just happened. Finally she stood up, pressed against me again, and sought out my mouth with hers. I put my hands on her back and pulled her against me. When I felt her tongue touch my lips, I opened to her and she kissed me for a few seconds. Then she put her tongue in my mouth and I tasted my own semen. I knew she had not swallowed all of it and wanted me to taste what I had spurted in her mouth.

“Let’s get in your bed, David,” she whispered. “Now it’s your turn to do me.”

Do her? I had no idea how to do her. What did she mean? Some of the older boys had bragged to us younger ones of performing oral sex on girls. I had a vague idea of how it was done.

“I don’t know how,” I whispered.

“You’re about to learn,” she said.

I sat down on the side of my bed. She pushed me back so I swung my legs up and stretched out on my bed. She crawled over me to my right side and lay down on her left side turned toward me, one leg over mine and one hand on my chest. I turned my head in her direction but I could see nothing.

“I loved to do that to your father, David,” she whispered. “Does that surprise you?”

“I don’t know,” I whispered.

“I loved him, David. I think I loved him as much as it is humanly possible to love someone else. He was so hard and muscular and I loved everything about his body, including his penis. His was bigger than average and I guess yours is going to be big too.”

She moved her hand down and wrapped it around my penis. It was still engorged but not quite hard. She stroked it a few times and I could feel it becoming hard again.

“I hope so. I loved him too, you know. I want to be just like him, I mean in every way, not just my penis.”

“I hope you are, David. He was a good man.”

She moved her hand down, cupped it under my testicles, played with them, and then moved her hand back up to my penis. I finally realized she was waiting for me to say something.

“I know. He was a great father.”

“I liked to suck his penis and then swallow his semen, David. I liked knowing it was going to become part of me. Sometimes I’d hold it in my mouth and kiss him and we both swallowed it. He never refused to kiss me when I had his semen in my mouth. Would you do that?”

She began to stroke my penis, slowly this time, not fast like she did when she had her mouth on the head. It felt wonderful to have her hand doing it.

“I don’t know. I’ve never done it. If I knew you wanted me to, I guess I would.”

“He would lick my pussy for what seemed like hours sometimes. I would have orgasms again and again. I loved for him to do that.”

“Do you want me to do it?”

“Do you want to?”

“Yes.” I had no idea how to do it but I knew I wanted to.

“Good. That’s a wonderful way to show your love for each other, David. I loved to have his penis in my mouth. He loved to have his mouth on my pussy.”

“At the same time?”

“Occasionally, but it’s better when only one person is doing it. Sometimes he would do it first; sometimes I would.”

“I’d like to do it but I don’t know how.”

“I’ll show you.”

She rolled over so that she was on her back and I could tell that she had raised her knees and spread her legs. I knew that the next move was up to me. I scrambled around and started to put my head between her legs but I realized there was something I wanted to do first, something I wanted to say to her.

I blindly sought out her face and her lips and kissed her and then lowered my face down so my cheek was against hers.

“Aimee,” I whispered, “I want you to stop mourning for my father. It’s been almost two years since he was killed. When he was alive, you were always happy, even when he was gone. You and Grandmother and I planted flowers every spring. We even planted a vegetable garden. Now there are no flowers. There are no fresh vegetables. You’re sad all the time and you hardly ever smile. I want you to be the way you were before.”

I lowered my body so my hard penis was against her stomach and pressed down with my hips. I wanted her to feel how hard it was and how much I wanted her.

“Aimee, please start thinking about another man. Father wouldn’t want you to live without love. I don’t want you to. You’ve got to turn him loose. I know there are lots of good men out there in this world. You’ve got to start thinking about them and find one.”

“David, I don’t think there could ever be another man like your father. Maybe you will be. He was my dream man and I knew the moment I saw him I wanted to be his wife. When we first made love, it seemed like I was complete for the first time in my life. I think we became one and it was so good. Sometimes after that, it would happen again. We became one, David. I don’t know I can ever have that with another man.”

I didn’t understand what she was talking about. Maybe I couldn’t become one with her but I wanted to try. I rubbed my erection against her stomach a time or two.

“Aimee, I’ll stop right now. I’ll go in the bathroom and masturbate. You can go back to your bed and do the same thing. Just tell me you’ll start thinking of another man and I’ll never try to make love to you again.”

I moved back and forth a few more times. I could feel her soft pubic hair tickling my testicles. My penis must have been drooling on her stomach. The skin on her stomach was slicker than before.

“David, I’ll start thinking about it,” she whispered. “But I don’t want you to stop. You’ve got to help me. I need...I need a man. You’re a man now. I need you.”

“Just tell me what you want me to do, Aimee,” I said.

“I will, David, but I want to talk to you first. Do you know what it means to let the beast loose?”

“No.”

“That was how Michael described what he did sometimes. I loved it when he was slow and gentle and sweet with me. I loved it when he let his beast loose. When he did that, he fucked me so hard and fast, I think I could have shot off a cannon beside him and he would not have heard it. Once we even broke the bed down and we rolled on the floor and he kept fucking me until he came. I loved to be fucked like that sometimes. You should learn when to let your beast loose. You should think about the girl or woman you’re with and make love to her until she lets you know she wants you to let your beast loose.”

“How will I know?”

“I’m not going to teach you, David. I want you to think about what I’ve said. Make love to a woman, David. Don’t just fuck her. There’s a difference. I want you to be as wonderful a lover as your father but I don’t think it’s my place to teach you.”

“I’ll try to learn, Aimee.”

“I know you will. Now I want you to move down on the bed and put a pillow under my hips. I want you to lick my pussy like Michael did, mon petite mimi, as he called it. Think about how I react and see if you can give me an orgasm.”

I did. I lay down between her spread legs with most of my long legs off the end of my bed. She raised her knees and put just her fingertips on each side of my head. I had enough sense not to rush directly to her pussy. I licked and kissed my way up one soft thigh and then the other, gradually moving closer and closer to the mysterious something between her legs. I licked the juncture of one leg with her body and then the other. Finally I took a deep breath, and with it, inhaled something I’d never smelled before: the scent of an aroused woman. The scent went straight through me to my penis. I was ready to lick her pussy.

I wanted to taste it. I wanted to lick it until she let me know she wanted my penis inside her and then I wanted to let my beast loose

with her and fill her to overflowing with my semen. Instinctively I wanted to do what all men want to do to a woman: I wanted to impregnate her.

Blindly I moved my face closer to her, felt my cheek touch the back of her hand, moved to the other side, felt the other hand, and knew she was guiding my explorations and wanted my tongue licking between her hands.

Without the sense of sight, my other senses were probably enhanced. When I smelled the scent of her arousal, I became more aroused too. When I licked her in long strokes and savored the taste of her arousal, my penis became even more of a steel rod, aching to be inside her and find relief. When I heard her moan, I knew I was doing something right.

Her fingertips gently guided my head and my tongue to where she wanted it and I felt the little protrusion of her clitoris. I'd read about it and how elusive and sensitive it was so I concentrated my efforts there and her moans told me that was what she wanted. Suddenly I felt her body tense and her hands pulled my head tightly against her and I knew she was coming.

I let her rest for a moment and then lowered my head back down. I wanted to make love to her but I wanted to please her even more. I started licking her again and then tried sucking her little clitoris into my mouth. That worked. I gave her a second orgasm before she pulled me on top of her and guided my penis into her little pussycat.

"Be slow," she whispered, and I was. I wanted to let my beast loose but I wanted to please her even more. For a while, I restrained myself and just slid my penis slowly into her and just as slowly pulled it out. That was good, so damned good, but she wanted it differently.

She pushed me off her, scrambled around, kicked me a few times in the process, and finally was still. "Fuck me from behind," she whispered. I felt for her body and realized she was on her hands and knees and that she wanted me behind her. I quickly changed position but then I realized there were two openings in front of me, one I didn't want and one I did. I didn't know how to get my penis in the right one. Maybe she understood I had no experience in finding a woman's pussy in this position in the dark. She reached her hand back between her legs and guided my blind beast into her dark cave.

I shut my eyes and let my mind go away and I was nothing but hard penis sliding in and out of wet hot vagina. Somehow I remembered her instruction to go slow and I did for a while. But there came a moment when I felt the first stirrings of an orgasm and I let my beast out of its dark cave and began to fuck her unmercifully. I held her tightly by her hips and pounded into her. Each time I shoved my penis in I heard a loud slap as our bodies collided and then a grunt from her followed a split-second later. When I began to come, I shoved my penis in to my balls and held her by her hips while I squirted again and again in the depths of her.

After that night, she came in my bedroom every week or so and she was Aimee to me and I was Michael and David to her. Every day, she was Mother to me and she made me do my lessons and my chores. For almost three months, we made love on those occasions for hours and then slept late the next day. Her use of alcohol seemed to lessen and I suppose her use of drugs did too.

Then one morning, she was gone. She left me a note. It contained only one sentence. "I love you, David, but I must leave you."

Chapter Fifty-Five

Anna and I stood there in the hallway, my arm around her shoulders, hers around my waist, until the others walked away. My mind was still in a whirl of disbelief and confusion, trying to make sense of what I had just learned: that Mother was alive and well and that I had fathered a son with her. I knew I had to tell Anna the truth about what had happened that summer when I had just turned fourteen but I wanted her approval before I told anyone else. I also needed to know what had happened to Mother after she left and why she had left me a note with only a single sentence. Perhaps she would help me tell Anna the whole story. Only then could I even think of telling all the others.

"Are you going to tell me?" Anna whispered.

"Yes, I'll tell you everything," I whispered back. "Would you be satisfied for now if I answer your first question? I promise to tell you

everything later. It's a long story and I want Mother to help me tell you."

"Yes, David."

"OK. Michael's my son, mine and Mother's. I'm sure of that but I didn't know he existed until this morning. I suppose he's my brother too. She disappeared when I was fourteen and I didn't know whether she was alive or dead until she arrived here."

"I can be patient, David," she said. "I love you and that's not going to change no matter what."

She smiled at me and then pulled my head down and kissed me on the cheek. I knew that whatever I said would not hurt her love for me and that was enough for now.

"Aimee, would you please monitor Mother and Michael very closely? I asked, knowing she would be listening. "If Michael's fever doesn't respond to the medication quickly, perhaps I should give him a cool shower."

"Yes, David, I have just turned out all light in your bedchamber and used my infrared vision to measure his temperature again. His body is almost a degree cooler than when he arrived. Mother's temperature is almost normal. Please do not worry about them. I will call you if their temperatures do not soon return to normal."

"Thank you, Aimee," I said. "Did you hear what I just told Anna?"

"Yes, David, but do not worry. I can never tell anyone else what you say without your consent."

"Aimee, I thought Mother was dead and I never knew Michael existed until now. This had been quite a shock and I don't know what I should do or say."

"Come, David," Anna said, tugging on my hand. "I want to help Jean-Nicole plan a good lunch for Mother and Michael. I wouldn't want them to think I'm starving you."

We went to the dining room where I knew breakfast was being prepared. I expected some would be gone on morning chores, and,

after we reassembled for the morning meal, I also knew that the others would want me to satisfy their curiosity. I knew I had to be truthful with them but I could not tell them the whole story until Mother approved. Perhaps after breakfast would be a good time to begin the story.

I looked around and saw two female Mouseketeers, Renée and Petra, helping Jean-Nicole with breakfast. I didn't see any male Mouseketeers and I assumed they were running the rabbit trails as usual: James with Brian and Toby with Pyotr or vice versa. Caitlyn and the other female Mouseketeers, Sam and Brianne, were missing too, perhaps doing the morning garden picking.

I saw Matt, Iain, and Aiden, standing around talking and I wanted the usual morning reports. I left Anna helping with breakfast, called the three guys, and we went to a corner table and sat down. I asked them to wait until after we ate to learn about Mother and Michael. Iain had his tablet in hand as usual.

“OK. Morning reports first,” I said.

“We have two teams of guys running the rabbit snares,” Matt said. “I suppose all the rabbits are doing what comes naturally because the kill has been very good every morning lately. Caitlyn's taking two others to do the morning garden run. We're getting so many garden vegetables that we'll need a work party soon to prepare some for freezing. Jean-Nicole wants some fresh fish so I'm leading a quick fishing trip to the lake after we eat. I'll take the male Mouseketeers and any females who want to go. We'll be back in time to have fish for lunch.”

I nodded my approval and he knew to continue with plans for the next few days.

“Jean-Nicole says we're out of oysters and sea critters so we all might go down to the isthmus soon. Maybe we'll be lucky and get a little porker or a turtle as well. I need some guys to explore for new rabbit trails, three trails this time. We have some deer meat but we'll need a deer hunt sometime soon.”

“OK, I said. “I'll make plans for the trip to the isthmus. Matt, you organize three deer hunting parties. You and Aiden and I will lead the hunts with one or two Mouseketeers each. I'll take Michael and start

training him. I think small hunting parties for deer are best; don't you."

He nodded. "Aimee, are you getting all this so you can remind us what we need to do?"

She responded from the adjacent table. She delighted in making her voice come from different places. "Yes, Matt, I will nag all of you to do your duties."

"Thank you."

I looked at Aiden and nodded for him to begin.

"In the next few days, I'll conscript some of the guys to finish work on the retaining wall for the potato beds. I'm ready to move one of the robots down one terrace to excavate the room for goats and I'll need muscle for that. As soon as we move the robot, I'll make the holes for a fence around the perimeter of the terrace and then let the robot start on the room. That will take a day or two."

"OK," I said. "Matt, you organize the hunt for new rabbit trails and the deer hunt. You and Jean-Nicole make sure we have a morning and evening garden picking. Include Mother on that ASAP. She loved gardening when I was a kid. Aiden, you take care of the goat room and fence. Include me on your work teams. We need a garden work team too and I'll take care of that. Weeding and bug watch have to be constant from now on. We don't want tomato worms to get started."

I looked at the two of them and they both nodded.

"Iain, what have you got planned for us?" I asked.

"Well, first, I want to be included on the deer hunt," he said. "I've been practicing with the little crossbow and I'm pretty good with it."

I looked at Matt and nodded my approval. He nodded back.

"Aimee and Caitlyn and I will host a dance party for us one evening soon," Iain continued. "We'll start off with a couple of marches as usual, then dance a few waltzes, and end the evening with some slow dances with lights down low and romantic music playing. Everybody seems to like that format."

“I do,” Matt said. “Jean-Nicole does too.”

“Anna and I do too,” I said.

“After that, we’re planning a dinner on the terrace with a bonfire, followed with some dancing again. Marches, waltzes, finishing up with Jog Din Oas. I’ve been told that gets the blood flowing and there’s usually some good sex afterwards. What do you think, Matt?”

Matt smiled. “Yeah, some damn good sex.”

Iain looked at me.

“Yeah, I think Anna can dance for a little while longer. I don’t know when she’s going to want to stop sex. I wouldn’t want to be caught trying to get my pecker in while the twins are trying to get out.”

“I’ve corralled Aiden too, David,” Iain said. “He’s another baritone and he’ll be part of the chorus for our next evening of music and song. I’m just beginning to put together another night of singing with the New World Chorus. I’ve got something planned for you and Matt, a duo from an opera, and don’t either of you say you won’t do it. I’m also working with the Mouseketeers on something secret. All I’ll say about it is that it will be hilarious.”

“Like Frère Jacques?” I asked.

“Better. I’m also teaching some volunteers how to play musical instruments. When you’re ready, David, I’ll start teaching you the tallum.”

“Thanks, guys,” I said. “After breakfast, I’ll talk to everybody about Michael and Mother but, just remember, I did not even know she was alive until a few minutes ago and I never knew I had a brother. This is quite a shock to me and I’m not sure how to proceed. I’m going to the top terrace this morning and sit like The Thinker for a while.”

“Who’s the thinker?” Matt asked.

“Anna says that what I look like sometimes,” I said. “It’s a big bronze statue by Auguste Rodin. Aimee looked it up for me and I suppose Anna was complimenting me.”

“Iain, I have placed an image of the statue by Rodin on your tablet,” Aimee said. Aiden and Matt looked down at Iain’s tablet and both grunted.

“Yeah, that’s you, alright.” Aiden said.

“Yep, sitting on the commode,” Matt said and grinned.

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I climbed up to the top level terrace, sat down, and looked at the morning sky, an almost cloudless blue bowl, beautiful and peaceful. I thought of the Omar Khayyam quatrain I had learned for Grandfather in another life and tried to remember the lines.

**And that inverted bowl we call the sky,
Whereunder crawling coop’t we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to it for help, for it
Rolls impotently on as thou or I.**

Here I am, I thought, impotently rolling on, under another blue bowl in another universe. I know I cannot lift my hands to the sky for help. I know with certainty that it is all up to me and others like me. I like being the leader for all the others, struggling to know the right and wrong of helping them, perhaps not mucking it up too bad.

I thought about love, the common thread of all our stories. Love and sex and the interaction of love and sex: why do they always cause such problems for us? Why is it always so difficult to know how to help others with their problems?

I thought of Iain and how, in despair and depression, I almost ruined his life. Now he was a close friend and there was an element of almost-sexual love between us. His love for Caitlyn brought her to him and then freed her from her religious prison. They seem as content in their relationship as Anna and me.

James was an abused fatherless child when he arrived and I tried to fill in the void in his life by giving him the love of a father. Now I was proud of him and loved him as a son. He recognized that Sam, beautiful Sam with red hair and freckles, needed love too and he

helped make her one of us. Perhaps tough love and a spanking helped her change too. I'd like to spank her beautiful little derriere again.

Toby was another lost child when he came here but now he was a tall young man with unbelievable gymnastic skills. Perhaps I'm not as much like a father to him but I still give him my love to help him. I can't pretend to understand the love that's developed between him and Renée but I hope it keeps them together. Maybe he ties her down and gives her what she needs too. I'd like to get my mouth on her beautiful breasts again. She's a walking wet dream.

Jean-Nicole, tall, beautiful gray eyes, came to us needing love and desperate to break free of her religious bonds. She found freedom here and lost her virginity with four of us. Now she has Matt, another warrior who knew only sex without love, and they're both learning how much better sex is with love.

Pyotr and Petra, beautiful blond twins rescued at the last second, just becoming sexual beings, also needed love and found it, first with each other, and then with our second set of twins, Brian and Brianne, from another universe. I don't think their pairings are permanent but who knows? Two sets of twins sharing one bedchamber: I would like to be a fly on the wall to watch them.

I have loved all of them, guys and gals, and still do and I hope I have earned their respect and love. Now I have to face another problem and it might hurt or destroy the respect and love the others have for me. I want to continue to lead. I need it. I have accepted it as my mission in this new life and I am trying my best to determine the right and wrong of where I lead them.

I know I should be honest with them but I only know part of Mother and Michael's story. I have to talk to Mother to learn where she has been and what has happened in her life since she disappeared. Together we have to tell the others the whole story but what of Michael? Does he know the truth or does he really believe that I'm his brother? He's just a child and I don't want to hurt him.

What of the sex play parties which have become part of our lives? We all enjoy them. The foreplay is fun, maybe silly fun, but I have enjoyed all the different ways we have played so far. The one-on-one sessions afterwards with different partners certainly help in building bonds of love and friendship and the sex is damn good. How will Mother fit in

to those? It seems she was sent here possibly to be a mate for Aiden and only the two of them can make that happen. When Aiden learns what Mother and I did together, what will be his reaction to her or to me?

What of Michael? He's ten, almost eleven, and, judging from those few pubic hairs, just started puberty. Will Mother want him to begin enjoying his sexuality so early? I'm his father. Should I approve if he wants to begin? I don't suppose it hurts a young boy to use that thing between his legs at a young age. It's already big enough to please a female but he can't do much damage with it. Aimee says eleven-year-old boys masturbate more than any other age. Damn! No, Yok! Always the same question! What's the right thing to do, the right thing for one specific person, not for anyone else?

I know that, whatever happens, I have to be completely honest with all the others but I will not press Mother for her story for a few days. Of course, that puts off the question about Michael. When should I tell him that I am his father? I want him to know. I want to love him like a son, not like a brother.

I stood up and looked around. Nothing had changed. I was still under a beautiful almost-cloudless blue sky. The breeze up the mountain was rustling the trees and the birds were performing their morning opera as usual. It was just another day in paradise with different problems.

I saw Matt and Aiden and the male Mouseketeers coming, each carrying a string of nice-sized fish, large enough for me to fillet. I climbed down from my perch and went inside to help with lunch. That's one thing I excel at: filleting fish with Little Boy.

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"David, Mother and Michael are both awake," Aimee said. "They are talking coherently so perhaps the journey has not been too hard on them."

"Thanks, Aimee," I said. "I'll take Michael to pee and Anna will take Mother. When we're in the toilet, would you please round up the others and tell them to go to the bathing chamber. We're going to bathe two this time."

Mother smiled and consented when we told her and Michael that we always welcomed newcomers with a ritual bath to wash away all the worries and troubles of our old world. Michael complained that he didn't need a bath because he had bathed last night. I called four young Mouseketeer females to him. He smiled and yielded.

We followed our now routine process and all of us used our hands, with or without washcloths, to shampoo their hair and wash their bodies. I stood behind Mother and shampooed her hair while, first Matt and Jean-Nicole and then the other couples scrubbed her from head to foot. I gently kneaded her shoulders while Matt and Iain were rubbing her breasts with soapy washcloths and she hung her head and moaned contentedly.

With four beautiful young females bathing him with their hands, Michael displayed a pristine young penis, stiff as a steel rod, for them to admire. Perhaps it wasn't really necessary for each to use her soapy hands on it. Then four young males used washcloths and gave him a really good scrubbing from head to foot.

We couldn't all fit in the drying circle at once but we made sure all of us got our hands on our newest arrivals to strip off the water. Anna and the other females, except Mother, made sure Michael's penis was dry and he grinned and didn't complain. Hard, it looked like about eleven or twelve centimeters, somewhere close to five inches already. Maybe he couldn't do any damage with it but he might find out what he could do with it except pissing.

Anna and I led Mother and Michael back to Aimee's room so she could get their measurements. I tried to explain Aimee to them but I doubt that they understood who or what she was. She greeted them wearing nothing at all, like the rest of us, smiled warmly, and complimented Michael on the size of his stiffer. She certainly knew how to charm men ... or boys.

She explained that she needed to get their measurements so she could recognize them and give them access to everything here and she quickly had Michael toeing the line in front of her monitor. When she changed her image to the Vitruvian Man, I thought that was strange. She always used something different for each arrival's measurements and I had not seen the image since the first day I arrived.

She asked him if he knew who drew the picture and he responded.

“Yeah, Leonardo da Vinci drew it.”

“Then would you please repeat after me,” she smilingly asked.

“The Vitruvian Man is a world-renowned drawing created by...”

He repeated her words.

“...Leonardo da Vinci around the year 1487.”

He repeated the last of the sentence.

“The drawing depicts a male figure in two superimposed...”

He repeated the words.

“... positions inscribed in a circle and a square.”

Again, he repeated her words.

Aimee reappeared on her monitor but she was looking at me with a questioning expression on her face. I knew she was intelligent but I couldn’t believe she could have so quickly recognized that I was Michael’s father, as well as his brother. I nodded a few times and she smiled again.

Then she had him assume the positions, legs together and apart, front and rear, and finally complimented him again. “Beau cul, Michael.”

“Thank you, Aimee,” he said, big mischievous grin, “Show me yours.”

She did. He complimented her. “Tu as un beau cul, aussi, Aimee.”

Aimee grinned, dismissed him, and asked Mother to follow his example. One difference: she gave Mother the quote in French and she repeated it.

After that, Anna and I took Mother and Michael to the clothing storeroom to show them the sort of clothes we wore outdoors and then to help them get outfitted for indoors in a loincloth. Michael, now with a droopy, not a stiffy, admired himself in the mirror, even turning to look at his beau cul. Then we went to the kitchen where

Jean-Nicole and the others were starting to prepare lunch. Anna introduced each couple to them and they were welcomed warmly but, thankfully, without questions.

“Michael, there’s somebody missing,” I said. “He wants to greet you too but Aimee is holding him in the room where he sleeps until I tell her to release him. His name is Lucky. Aimee, you may let Lucky out now.”

Immediately I heard claws on the floor as Lucky scrambled down the hallway to the kitchen. He ran in the door, ignored everybody else, and greeted the newcomers with sniffs and a wagging tail. Mother smiled and scratched his head. Michael sat down on the floor and tried to hold off a pooch intent on licking his face.

“He’s my dog, Michael,” James said. “A bear ate his mother and brothers and sisters and we killed the bear. Lucky crawled in a crack in the rocks and escaped. That’s why he’s named Lucky.”

“You ain’t nothing but a hound dog, Lucky,” Michael said, and then looked up at me.

“Can I have a dog too, David,” he asked? “Mom’s been promising me one for years.”

I knew I should say no but I couldn’t. “Michael, on this area where we live, this whole mountain, there are no dogs. They live over on the mainland. If we find a puppy over there, you may have one.”

That seemed to satisfy him. Lucky was satisfied that he knew the newcomers and wandered around the kitchen sniffing for something to eat.

“I always feed him before we eat, Michael,” James said. “He gets table scraps from yesterday’s meals. He’s always hungry. Come with me and we’ll get his lunch and warm it up.”

Michael followed James out of the kitchen. Lucky’s dinner was always kept in the kitchen cooler until time to feed him. They were back in a minute. James warmed the leftovers in a frying pan and sat the doggy bowl down in front of a squirming happy dog.

“He always gulps it down whether it’s cold or warm,” James said. “I think it probably tastes better if it’s warmed.”

We stood and watched for a few seconds while Lucky ate his lunch and then licked the bowl. James held his hand down, Lucky nuzzled it and licked it, and then wandered off in search of something else to eat.

“Michael, he’s trained to do his business outdoors,” James said. “If he goes to the door and whines, that means he wants to go outside and pee or poop. He’s got his favorite spots and he usually goes to one of them.”

Anna sat with Mother while a few of us prepared lunch. I was assigned the fish frying duties so I donned an apron over my loincloth. Michael stuck close to me so I helped him into one as well. I quickly battered the fish fillets and dropped them into the hot oil. A couple of minutes later, I scooped them out and piled them in a colander to drain. Then I put in another batch of fillets and scooped them up. The third time, I asked Michael to drop the fillets in the hot oil and he gingerly did it.

Next I wanted hushpuppies so I pulled out my bamboo hushpuppy slide-stick. Jean-Nicole had the mix ready and I poured about half into the slide. I tilted the slide, the mix drooled down, and I used Big Boy to slice off little portions into the hot grease. Again, Michael was right beside me, watching. In less than a minute, I scooped out the thumb-sized brown hushpuppies, smelling deliciously of olive oil and onions. I refilled the slide, handed Michael Little Boy, and he managed to slice off relatively equal portions. I knew to compliment him, something I heard my father say to me a lifetime ago: “Good job, Michael, couldn’t have done it better myself.”

Three tables were set for us, seventeen of us now, the food was on the bar, and a bunch of hungry folks were waiting. I took Michael to the head of the line with Mother and Anna and we all loaded up our plates.

After lunch, Jean-Nicole insisted that Mother, Michael, Anna, and I should not help with cleanup and that I should show them our new world for the first time. “Go see Lightning,” she ordered. I resisted, contending that everybody had go with us. I wanted everybody to see the reaction of our two newest arrivals when they saw the world

which now was theirs. We left the dirty dishes and went outside to greet our new world.

The two pairs of twins quickly took Michael in tow and eagerly led him around all the terraces and even in the woods nearby. Anna and I more leisurely showed Mother around the four different levels of terraces. We led Mother from the large terrace just outside the door to the next highest terrace and the rest of our group waited on the main level. On the small terrace immediately above the main one, Mother stopped and looked around carefully.

“This is where the picture was taken; isn’t it, the one showing all of you?” she asked. “I studied it for hours, trying to match each one with the names in the file. All of you were so beautiful, smiling for the camera, naked except for loincloths, all the girls showing their young breasts and so unconcerned about it. I was surprised that most of you were so young.”

“Yes, Mother, Iain chose a place where nothing but trees was behind us,” I said. “He insisted that a good picture should have a backdrop which made all of us stand out. We put one of our tablets on the rock over there and Aimee took the picture.”

Mother continued, “You stood out, of course, the tallest one in the picture, standing there in nothing but a loincloth, so slim and beautiful, long hair down almost on your shoulders. Anna was easy to recognize too. Even from the front, I could tell she was pregnant. I wanted so much to see you and your beautiful wife in person.”

We led Mother up one more set of stairs to the little terrace at the top, the one barely large enough for a few people. She stood looking at the trees on that part of the mountain which we could see and at the blue-green water, the sea or ocean, in front of her.

“We’re on the south side of the mountain, Mother,” Anna said. “In front of you, you’re looking south; to your left, that’s east, where the sun rises; to the right, that’s west, where the sun sets.”

Mother stood and looked and I knew what she was wondering: where were all the signs of humanity’s existence in this world. As usual, the sky was a peaceful blue with a few clouds, the trees were a mixture of different shades of green, rock outcroppings were visible in a few places, but there were no contrails, no buildings, no boats, no roads,

and no signs of the existence of human beings. The leaves were dancing in the afternoon updraft surrounding the mountain. The birds were singing their hearts out all around us.

“Where are we, David,” Mother asked? “I can’t believe that a pristine place like this exists anywhere in the world.”

“In your old world, there probably isn’t, Mother,” I said. “You’re not in your old world. You’re in a new world in another universe. We’re the only human beings in this new world.”

She looked at me in disbelief.

“He’s telling the truth, Mother,” Anna said. “You and Michael have been transported to a new world. David explained it to me but I still don’t understand how it is done.”

“Well, is somebody going to explain it to me,” she asked?

“Yes, we’ve developed a presentation for all newcomers,” I said. “Aimee’s recorded it and will play it back whenever you’re ready. You and Michael should watch it on the large screen in the teaching chamber. You can also watch it on a tablet but it’s better on a large screen.”

“James is the moderator and we all have small parts,” Anna said. “Iain and David and I wrote it and James stands there and explains it so well and introduces us. He would have been a famous person like a movie star in our old world. You wouldn’t believe how much he’s changed in the last year.”

“He was an abused boy when he came here,” I said. “Now he’s my adopted son and he’s blossomed into a very intelligent beautiful young man.”

“Well, who’s Aimee? You said you gave her my name. Who is she?”

“James explains that in his presentation, Mother,” I said. “Just wait until you hear it. To us she’s just another person but she’s so much more.”

“Well, let’s round up the rest and go see Lightning,” Anna said. “When Lightning and Thunder chase Lucky and attack him, you’ll laugh hard enough to lose your loincloth.”

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“You can’t sleep in that thing, Anna,” I said, and then hurriedly added. “It’s beautiful but it would get all tangled up in bed.”

We were in our bedchamber at the end of a long and difficult day. I was naked, sitting on the side of our bed, leaned forward like men do, legs spread so my penis and testicles could hang free, elbows on my knees, and hands clasped in front of me. Anna was modeling something she and Jean-Nicole had made on her new sewing machine.

From the light brown or ivory color, I could tell it was made from the same material as chemises. It was sleeveless and it extended from shoulders to ankles, a simple covering that hung free around the waist. Truthfully it was beautiful. It made me think of an ancient Greek or Roman lady.

“It’s not for sleeping, David,” she explained. “It’s for everyday wear. I’m calling it a mama Mumu. My breasts are getting heavier and I’m thinking of wearing a maternity bra already. My belly feels tight now and I don’t like to have anything rubbing me around it. I’ll just be more comfortable in it for the next few months.”

“Will you still go naked with me when we’re in here? I like to look at you, pregnant or not. There’s a glow or something about you and you’re still beautiful to me.”

She pulled her mama Mumu over her head and put it on the bamboo shelves I had made for her. I looked at her and loved what I saw. She certainly had a well-rounded belly now and her breasts were already heavier and fuller. The areolas were a little darker too. There was a neat little patch of pubic hair on her mound but everything around her pussy was bare and I knew she was using the depilatory on it. Maybe that was because I was using my tongue to bring her to orgasm more often. She saw me looking at her and smiled.

“David, do you want to make love to me?” she whispered.

“Uh huh, but...”

“But what?”

“Do you think I could get on top of you, you know, so you can wrap me all up with your arms and legs?”

“You can’t put your weight on me. You can’t let the beast loose.”

“I won’t. I promise. I’ll just get my dick in you and then be still. That’s all. Sort of like you did with Aiden. And Iain.”

“They didn’t have an orgasm, David. You’re not going to be satisfied until you come.”

“Well, maybe after a while you’d let me spoon up behind you and do it that way. I like that. Do you?”

“Yes, David, I like feeling you in me. I love it when I feel you throbbing inside me and squirting out another load.”

“I can’t help it, Anna. It’s just the way I am, the way all men are.”

“I know, David, and I wouldn’t want you to be any other way.”

She crawled in the bed, lay down on her back, raised her knees, spread her legs, and held out her arms in invitation.

I quickly moved over her, holding myself up on straight arms so I didn’t put any weight on her, with the shaft of my dick lightly pressed against her pussy. I knew she’d show it where to go. When she put her hand on it, I pulled back a little so she could seat the head in her vagina. When she did, I pushed gently, slowly, and my penis slid into her just a little. I let it rest for a second, pulled back so only the head was inside her, and pressed forward again, deeper this time. I did it again and looked down from her smiling face to where my penis was entering her. Perhaps a third remained outside.

“OK?”

“Yes, David, I’m OK. Just be slow and easy. Maybe we won’t wake up the twins like last time. I like to feel you in me but when they’re turning somersaults that’s all I feel.”

“It doesn’t hurt?”

“What? Your dick or them flipping?”

“I don’t know. Either, I guess. Both.”

“It’s a little uncomfortable, the twins, I mean.”

“Is it OK if I try to get it all in?”

“Of course. Just be slow and gentle. They’re still sleeping.”

I pulled back, slid in, and repeated, gaining a little each time. She closed her eyes and smiled up at me. When I felt my balls against the smooth cheeks of her derriere, I stopped, held still for a moment, and then lowered my body onto her. She wrapped her long legs around me, knees at my sides, ankles locked near the crack of my ass, and put her arms around me, one hand on my back, the other behind my head.

I was very careful to hold myself suspended over her so that our bodies were together but my weight was not on her, especially not on her tummy. Maybe my back looked like a hump-back beast but I wanted to feel her breasts against me too. When I did, I stopped for a moment again, looking down at her breasts, barely flattened against my chest. Then I lowered my head so my cheek was against hers and my mouth at her ear.

“Ummm, that’s so damn good,” I whispered. “James needs me to hold him sometimes but I need you to hold me too, Anna. I love you so damned much. I really do.”

“Hush, David,” she said. “I love you too and I need you to hold me too.”

Chapter Fifty-Six

I waited two whole days after their arrival to call together the five of us: Mother, Michael, Aiden, Anna, and me. I announced at breakfast

that we would be unavailable until lunch and the others should direct any questions or problems to Iain, Matt, and James, my replacement on the leadership council for the day. He really smiled when I told him to wear the Boys,

Anna was the one who wanted us to gather in the unused alcove in our bed chamber. The twins were sometimes difficult to carry and I knew she wanted to relax with her belly against my side. She had joked more than once that I had to help carry them, even before they were born.

When we intended to stay in our bedchamber, Anna and I usually dropped our loincloths as soon as we entered. I suppose we were as comfortable naked with each other as we were with a loincloth. This time, I kept mine on and so did Anna and the others.

Standing there, holding Anna close, I started. "I want Aimee to make a recording of everything said here this morning," I said. "She must never divulge any of it without my express consent. Do you all approve?"

I heard three specific responses but Michael nodded.

"Michael, I must hear your voice giving permission as well," Aimee said. "I will then obey you unless your requests contradict my instructions from David."

"Yes, Aimee," he said, grinning as usual. "You have my permission to record what I say."

"We need to talk, all of us," I continued. "Anna, I did not know whether Mother was even alive after I was fourteen. I never knew she had a son named Michael. Mother, you and I know parts of our story but I don't know the rest of your story. Aiden, it seems you're going to be an important part of our family and I want you to hear the whole story. Michael, you're an important part of this story too and I want you to hear it as well. You're just starting to become an adult and I'm going to treat you like one. I will do my best to be honest and open with everything I say and I hope you all will to. Are we all in agreement? Voice response please."

I waited until the others had indicated their approval.

Michael immediately raised his hand and I nodded.

“I know part of the story already, David,” he said. “I know you’re my father. I knew it almost as soon as Mother and I arrived.”

I was surprised. “Yes, Michael, I’m your father. I’m also your brother since we both have the same mother.”

He shook his head and grinned. “You and Mother have been naughty. I think I’m going to have to spank both of you.”

I watched Aiden’s face. First he frowned and then, when Michael threatened to spank us, he grinned.

I looked back at Michael. He was standing close to Mother and she had her arm over his shoulders. He seemed to be frowning slightly. It suddenly dawned on me and I knew what he wanted.

I dropped down to one knee and held my arms out to him. He grinned and almost threw himself at me. I wrapped my arms around him, one hand on his back, one on his head, and pulled him into my embrace. He put his arms around my neck, breathed deeply a time or two, and seemed to relax. I didn’t want to let him go. I knew to wait until he released me.

“Welcome to your new world, Son,” I whispered. “I am your father. I promise: I’ll be a father for you as long as I live.”

He began squirming, trying to get closer to me, and started crying. I didn’t know what to do but I knew what worked with James. I pressed his head against mine so we were cheek to cheek and stroked his hair. I felt my eyes become wet with tears, and I couldn’t say whether they were tears of sadness or happiness.

I looked at Mother and saw she was crying too. She turned, buried her face in Aiden’s chest, and really let the boo hoos loose. He put his arms around her but looked at me. I smiled and nodded. I looked at Anna. Her eyes were wet with tears too. She smiled at me, nodded her head too, and I knew I was doing the right thing for Michael and for Mother: accepting and embracing my son. Their behavior put me more at ease. When Michael finally released me, I knew it was time for us to talk.

“Anna and I thought we might all relax in one bed alcove while we talk,” I said. “She’s put pillows all around so let’s crawl in and get comfortable.”

“Michael, you’re in the middle, against the back wall,” Anna said. “David, you’re on Michael’s right. I’m going to cuddle up to your side so you can help me hold these twins. Mother, you get on the other side of Michael. Aiden, you get on the other side of Mother.”

I crawled in, put one arm around Michael’s shoulders and the other around Anna’s. She turned on her side with her pregnant belly resting against me. I looked at Mother and Aiden. She had her hand on his hip, encouraging him to spoon up to her. I began my part of the story.

“Aiden, you may be wondering why I invited you to meet with us,” I said. “I’ve thought long and hard about what I should do and I’ve decided to be absolutely truthful. If I try to hide something and you later learn about it, you will never forgive me. It’s true that Michael is my son, mine and Mother’s. I hope you will understand when I tell you how that happened.”

“David, I know more than you think I do,” he said. “When I asked to come here, the group gave me a huge file on you and told me to study it. I saw the similarity between what happened to your father and my wife. I wondered what happened to your mother too. I had a friend in our Georgia group and he helped me search for her. We did a search in your old country based on things like her name, age, and occupation but there were too many possibilities. I thought she might be using her maiden name and that did it. I was scanning a list of possibilities when I saw Manon Aimee L’Héritier and I felt sure I’d found her.”

“Manon?” Anna asked.

“That’s my first name, Anna,” Mother said.

“And that solves the problem of what I should call her,” Aiden said. “I can’t call her Mother like David does. Aimee won’t work since your avatar has that name.”

“And I was Michael L’Héritier,” Michael said. “Now I’m Michael Gurriere.”

“And for a while, I believed that I was chasing the wrong cat when I learned about you, Michael,” Aiden said. “I saw the discrepancy between when Manon’s husband was killed and when you were born and I knew that you could not be his son. I recognized that David might be your real father but I wanted proof. We had David’s DNA and we secured your DNA and that answered the question.”

“So you’ve known all along?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said.

“Did you know before you sent your children here?”

“Yes,” he said again.

“And it didn’t matter, knowing that you were sent here as a possible husband for Mother.”

“No, David, it didn’t matter,” he said. “I had no way of knowing why you two conceived a son but I had enough of the story to put together a possible scenario. I was right. I know only too well how grief can affect us all. Now tell us your story.”

I took a few deep breaths, trying to decide how to begin.

“Michael, you’re going to hear my part of a long story. It involves love and sex and I’m not going to hide what we did with fancy words. I could say I slept with Mother and that’s true. I could say I made love to her and that’s true too. I could say I fucked her and that’s also true. I’m not going to call my family jewels my penis and testicles. I’m going to call them my dick and balls. I’m not going to refer to what’s between a woman’s legs as her vulva; I’m going to say her pussy. I assume you know all the words. Am I right?”

“Yeah, the kids at school use the bad words.”

“Michael, in this new world, there are no bad words. We’re going to be open and honest about everything, including sex. You can call that thing between your legs a penis, a phallus, a dick, a cock, a pecker, a peter or lots of other words and they’re all OK.”

“Brian calls his dick a tianga,” he said, grinning. “He calls his balls tolos.”

“Those words are OK too. They come from his old world.”

“And Brianne calls her pussy a bouchi,” he said, and grinned wider.

“OK, now on with the story,” I said, grinning at him. “I think this story is about love, about what having it or not having it does to all of us. We can be taken to the heights of heaven by love or down to the despair of hell by lack of it. What happened to Father took me down. What has happened with Anna lifted me up.”

I paused for a minute and looked around. Would they understand? Where to begin?

“One of my earliest memories is of an afternoon picnic at a beach in France, a sheltered cove at the base of steep climb. Both Mother and Father had on tiny bathing suits that barely covered their genitals and Mother was bare-breasted. I was, I think, about six and, like the other children there, completely naked.”

“The three of us were sprawled on a blanket in the shade. Father was resting on his side, supporting his head on his lifted forearm. Mother was sitting upright with folded legs. I was cradled between her legs with my head against her bare breasts. She was reading to me from a French book about the exploits of a young girl, Annalise, and a young boy, Etienne. Her finger followed along with the words she was reading and she paused occasionally for me to read for a moment.”

“You could already read at six?” Michael asked. “French and English?”

“Yes, Michael. Somehow I have a natural ability with language.”

“The teachers thought I was a freak when I started school and I already knew how to read in both languages,” Michael said.

I mussed his hair and then resumed. “We played in the water and then slept for a while on the blanket. When we left, Father carried me up the steep winding path to our little Citroen, me sitting on his forearm with his hand on my naked rear and my head resting on his strong shoulder.”

“What fixed that memory in my mind was the purity of the love I felt for Mother that afternoon as she read to me and then the same pure love I felt for Father when he was carrying me up the hill. I flourished in that strong pure love for years until the Summer I was twelve.”

I hurried through the part about the death of Father and its effect on Mother and me, giving them nothing more than the horrible facts.

“I could not speak for six months afterwards. When Father was leaving for the last time, he saw me crying and took me in the bathroom. He wiped my face with a wet cloth and, I still remember his words, told me not to cry for him. He said he had experienced with Mother the best life had to offer and I shouldn’t cry if something happened to him. For six months afterwards, I couldn’t speak because, every time I tried, I knew I was going to cry. I was twenty-five years old and in sniper training in Arizona when I cried with Anna.”

I paused to calm down and to judge their reaction to my story.

“He’s very eloquent; isn’t he?” Anna whispered. “Was he like that when he was a child?”

“Oh, yes, he was not only a blunderbuss, he was also quite an orator,” Mother whispered back. “I think he could make me believe grass was red. I suppose he got his oratorical skills from his father, among other things.”

“What other things?” Michael asked.

“My Michael’s penis was larger than most men’s,” Mother said. “David’s is too and his is almost a duplicate of his father’s. Yours probably will be too.”

“I hope so,” Michael said. He flipped his loincloth to one side and looked over me at Anna. “What do you think, Anna?”

Anna flipped my loincloth up on my chest and I suppose we all compared. Michael looked like a younger version of me all the way, even down to his penis. As usual, when flat on my back, I had lifted my balls so they weren’t scrunched by my thighs when I crossed my ankles. Now my dick was resting peacefully nestled on my scrotum. Michael had done the same. He had a few wispy hairs on his mound and his dick looked soft and peaceful too. The skin on his hairless

scrotum was still almost pink. I remembered how mine had turned darker by the time I was fourteen or so.

“I think you shouldn’t worry,” she said. “Que sera sera!”

He giggled and wiggled for a moment.

I didn’t hold back when I told them what happened the summer after I had just turned fourteen. I told them how I had listened too many nights to Mother crying and how I wanted to love her to make her stop, not sexual love, just pure love. Then one morning that love had gone from pure to sexual in a moment of instinctive reaction. Once I had experienced that sexual love, I never once thought of stopping.

I described the sexual acts we shared, the first desperate two times in just a few minutes. I didn’t mince words telling about the next time, when we shared oral sex and she gave me a blowjob, a horrible word to describe something so wonderful, and then I drowned in the scent of her arousal while I licked her pussy. Finally, I described the blind fucking we did and how I learned what it meant to let the beast loose.

When I finished that part of my story, I looked down at Michael’s dick. It wasn’t hard but it was swollen and looked full of blood, at that stage just before it begins to become stiff and to stand up and look around. It wasn’t resting on his scrotum anymore; it was sort of lying on its back with its head pointed toward his navel. I couldn’t deny that he was my son. If I remembered correctly his was about as big as mine was when I was eleven and started masturbating. He caught me looking and grinned. I grinned back.

Anna rose up to look toward Aiden. He was behind Mother and I couldn’t see. Mother squirmed around, pushed him down on his back, flipped his loincloth up on his chest, and we all looked. His penis was about like mine and Michael’s, bigger than Michael’s, smaller than mine, and swollen almost to the point of turning into a hard-on. He shrugged but he didn’t resist. Three guys and two women checked out the swollen condition of three penises.

“You’re all alike,” Mother said. “You damn guys are all just alike.”

“I hope so,” Michael said, and giggled.

“I can’t help it,” Aiden said. “When my tianga hears about all the sex you and David had it listens and responds appropriately.”

“Finish your story, David,” Mother said, shaking her head.

I told them about learning who had killed Father and how I had determined to have Pashtunwali, revenge for his death. I described my years at the Academy and how I was a young lieutenant in sniper training when I met Anna and fell in love with her. I told them of my final act in our old world when I killed Grand Ayatollah Muqtada al-Badr, the man who had murdered my father. And last I told them I was seconds from being killed when I was transported to this new world.

I looked around when I finished. I saw four other serious faces, tears in some eyes, but, when I asked, no questions for now. So I asked a question.

“Mother, when you disappeared, you left a one-sentence note: ‘I love you, David, but I must leave you’. That’s all the note to me said. Why? Why didn’t you tell me why you were leaving and where you were going? Why didn’t you tell me you were pregnant? You told me that you and Father had tried for years to have another child and I thought you couldn’t get pregnant.”

“I thought the same thing, David,” Mother said. “When the test told me I was pregnant again, I didn’t know what to think or what to do. I finally decided it was best for me to simply disappear.”

“David, try to put yourself in her place,” Anna said. “What would you have done?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “I’ve kept all this secret for years, wondering if she was still alive or if the drugs and alcohol had won. It was all just a mystery to me and I blamed myself for it.”

“David, you saved my life,” Mother said. “When I learned I was pregnant, I had to stop thinking about myself and what I had lost and start thinking of my child, our child, and about what I had gained, a baby inside me. I knew I could not have an abortion. I could never bring myself to do that. Before, I despaired of ever having another child. I so much wanted another one but without Michael I thought it would never happen. After, I was filled with joy to be pregnant again.

I was determined to stop the drugs and alcohol and I did. You didn't intend to give me a child but you saved my life by doing it. You gave me a gift just like Michael did when he gave me you. A child is the most precious gift a woman can ever have."

"Then why did you leave?" I asked. "I still don't understand."

"I had to leave," she said. "I knew I couldn't stay with you and Grandfather and Grandmother. They were very loving but we would have hurt them so much if they knew I was carrying your child. The people in our community were loving people too but many of them were old fashioned and religious and would have ostracized me."

"But I wouldn't have done anything like that," I protested. "I've always loved you and making you pregnant wouldn't have changed that."

"David, you were a fourteen year-old boy," she said. "You could never have managed all the difficulties we would have faced if I had stayed."

"Well, where did you go?" Anna asked.

"I knew someone in Knoxville, Tennessee, another nurse. She was from France too. I called her and she was the answer to everything. She worked at a pediatric center, part of a large hospital, and she said they were in need of nurses. She helped me get a job there and I've been happy there ever since. She even let me move in with her until I got my own apartment. When I told her I was pregnant, I let her think it was just a fleeting romance but I wanted to have the baby. She was the answer again. She helped me with everything. Michael didn't have just one mother; he had two."

"Do you understand you were sent here to be with Aiden?" I asked. "The jihadists killed his wife in the London subway bombings. He left because he didn't want his twins growing up in our old world."

"I know I was," Mother said. "A middle-aged couple, Dr. and Ms. O'Connor, approached me and said they could help me be reunited with you. They told me you were still alive, were married, and your wife was expecting twins. We met a few times and they never would tell me exactly where you were. They said I'd have to agree to come to you."

“That must have been Iain’s parents, David,” Anna said.

“You’re probably right,” I said.

“They told me Michael and I would fit right in, that there were other young children with you, that my skills as a pediatric nurse would be very helpful, and that there was a man here with two small children, one who had also lost his wife in the terrorist war, and I might find love again with him.”

“Did they tell you where they were from?” Anna asked.

“They said they were originally from Ireland but had recently moved to a small town north of Atlanta to work with a group of people there. He was a scientist of some kind.”

“Did they tell you where you were going?” I asked. “The journey from there to here is unbelievable but all of us accept it as true. How did they convince you?”

“They said I had to trust them, that they were simply trying to do something good in an evil world. I didn’t know what to believe until they showed me the picture of you and Anna and the others. I knew that it was you in that picture. You were standing beside Anna with your arm on her shoulders, hers around your waist, both wearing nothing but loincloths, and it was evident she was pregnant. I knew I had to come here then. I had to see my grandchildren. I wanted to believe them but I had to think of Michael too. Then they let me read a file on you, hundreds of documents telling what you had done and I wanted so much to come to you but I kept thinking of Michael.”

“I wish I could see that file,” I said. “I’ve got about a million questions to ask.”

“And they’re the ones who told you to sleep with Michael?” Anna asked.

“Yes. They told me it was important but they wouldn’t tell me why, just that I had to trust them. We slept together for a week, not naked, like here, before we were sent here. Michael and I have seen each other naked all his life and we sleep together occasionally. He says he likes sleeping with me. He likes to have his hand on my breast when he goes to sleep.”

“They wanted the two of you together at night so they could transport both of you at once,” I said.

“I understand now,” Mother said.

“What finally made up your mind?” I asked.

“Something in the newspapers did it,” she answered. “They started reporting that it was an Army sniper named David Blunderbuss who killed the Grand Ayatollah Muqtada al-Bada and said that you were almost a mythic figure in military circles. I was afraid the media would eventually learn your true identity and then connect you with me. I knew I had to protect Michael from that kind of publicity. If the jihadists learned who he was, he wouldn’t have been safe anywhere in our old world.”

Michael elbowed me. “Dad did you really do that, I mean, kill the Grand Ayatollah Al Badass? That’s what one of my teachers called him.”

“Yes, Son, I did,” I said. “I’ve killed seventeen other men and one woman, all jihadists, and I don’t ever want to live through that hell again.”

“Merde, c’est incroyable,” he said.

“Michael!” Mother said and I remembered how she fussed at me when I cussed.

“Michael’s just starting into puberty,” I said. “What does he know about sex?”

“I’ve given him books and talked to him. He knows as much as a ten-year-old boy can. He’s never done anything sexual with me unless you call cuddling a form of sex. When he sleeps behind me, he likes to put his hand on my breast and I like it too. It’s not sexy, just loving.”

“Hay, David,” Michael said. “I’m here too. Remember? You can ask me.”

“I’m sorry, Son,” I said, remembering what I wanted to call him from now on. “What do you know about sex?”

“Nothing,” he said, and then laughed. “But I want to learn and I’m a fast learner. I think Brianne or Petra could teach me a lot.”

“Have they told you about the sex play parties we have?” I asked. “When we have another, do you think you should play with us?”

“Dad...David...Dad, that’s going to take some getting used to,” he said. “I don’t know about participating ‘cause I don’t know what goes on. The twin ‘teers told me a little about the parties and I don’t know whether I want to do much but I’d like to watch. I want to learn.”

“He’s like you, David,” Mother said. “He’s a voracious reader and he’s interested in everything. He does very well in school. They don’t offer French in his elementary and middle schools so I’ve taught him that. We usually talk in French when we’re alone.”

“Comprenez-vous les Francais quand ils parlent vite?” I asked.

“Oui, mais, merde, je ne comprends pas anglais,” he said and giggled.

“Merde! Moi aussi,” I said and laughed.

Anna, Mother, and Michael looked at me and giggled. Aiden just looked mystified.

“Do you masturbate yet?” I asked. “Do you ejaculate yet?”

“Yeah, I’ve been jacking off for about a year. I like it. It feels good. For the last few months, I’ve been coming, I mean, ejaculating a little. I’ve talked to Mom about it and she says it’s perfectly normal, that all boys do it, and I shouldn’t worry about it.”

I looked at Mother and she understood that I wanted her comments.

“I’ve talked to him about sex for the last few years, David,” she said. “I think he was eight when he asked what a blow-job was and I told him. You wouldn’t believe some of the questions he brings home from school. From now on, you can answer his questions.”

“Michael, a father and a mother should try to teach their children about sex and then guide them when they want to become sexually

active,” I said. “Mother and I will get together with you one day soon and help you decide what you want to do with girls.”

“Dad, I already know what I want to do,” he said. “Maybe I could get an older woman like Renée to teach me. She’s hot.”

I looked at Mother. She shrugged, smiled, and said. “He’s your son.”

“David, Jean-Nicole wants to know if all of you are ready for lunch,” Aimee said, seeming to be standing in the door. “She says it will be ready for you in about ten minutes if you want to potty and wash up.”

“Thank you, Aimee,” I said. “Tell her we’ll be there in ten.”

“Yeah, Aimee, tell her I’m hungry,” Michael said.

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Some might call our lunch simple fare but to me it was another tribute to Jean-Nicole’s gourmet talents. For the salad entrée, we had chunks of vine-ripe tomatoes swimming in their juice with olive oil and vinegar and a little fresh black pepper. With the salad, we had fresh Italian bread, crusty, toasted, and smelling of garlic. For the main dish, we had a fish stew: chunks of boneless white fish with potatoes and carrots, all in a thick tomato-based soup, eaten with more of the warm bread. For side dishes, we had three kinds of squash: patty pan squash simmered with onions in olive oil, and fried yellow, and zucchini. That’s it.

I filled my bowl half full of tomatoes and juices, broke my bread up into chunks, stirred it up with the tomatoes, and ate, savored, and groaned. I looked around at the others and they were all doing the same. Mother was smiling at me and chewing and I knew she was remembering how she had prepared it for me. Michael had his eyes closed and was chewing slowly. I knew what that meant. There were seventeen of us now, all with tomato salad and bread, quietly chewing and delighting in the taste.

After that we ate fish stew and squash and groaned at how good the food was. When you’ve picked the vegetables out of your own garden and caught your own fish, both just that morning, you couldn’t want anything better. I wished for a glass of good wine and made up my mind to make some when grapes were ripe this fall.

In appreciation, I stated to wash dishes but Mother pushed me away. She washed, Anna rinsed, and Caitlyn racked. What was Jean-Nicole doing standing there talking with them? After cooking, she should be sitting down relaxing as usual. I walked over, thinking maybe I should let her know how much I liked my lunch but Anna told me to go away. Girl talk? Whatever?

I decided to go for a walk. Michael decided to go with me. James decided to go too and then Toby and the rest of the Mouseketeers decided to go as well. I got a Nutty Buddy and cut it into small pieces. I saw the others smiling. They knew where we were going.

As I started to leave, Mother yelled at me. “David, be back in about thirty minutes. We’re making plans for this afternoon.”

My heart sank. I didn’t know if I was ready to tell all the others about that summer when I fathered a child named Michael with Mother and never knew about it for all these years. I knew I had to face them but I wanted time to get ready somehow.

Lightning and his family were happy to see us. Both Lightning and Thunder performed for treats and then, surprise, Rain and Snow ran circles around the rock and stood up with cocked heads waiting for their treat. I looked at James.

“Yeah, Toby and I have been training the little ones,” he said.

Lucky sat quietly as long as he could, obeying James’ command to heel, but finally he had to bark. The chase was on. Lightning and Thunder chased after him. He ran around for a short while and then let them catch him. The sight of a dog, maybe four times their size, squirming on his back, mouth open, tongue lolling, ears flopping, while two squirrel creatures attacked his belly was enough to make all of us smile.

My smile disappeared when we started back. I really wanted to have a little time to organize and think about what I had to tell everybody. I breathed deeply a few times, walked in the kitchen, and faced the four lionesses. They were sitting at a table ready to pounce.

“David, we’ve made up our minds,” Anna said. “We want you to sit down and relax. Aimee is going to replay everything we said this morning. That should explain everything and there’s no need for you to go through it again.”

So that’s what I did and what we did. We all sat there and listened as Aimee played back her recording of the morning, every word that was

said, every groan and gasp and giggle. I put my elbows on the table, leaned forward with my head in my hands, closed my eyes, and listened. I kept wondering what the reaction of the others would be. Maybe I could get through this. With the last words, I lifted my head and stood up. Michael walked over in front of me and looked up.

“Hey, Dad, don’t be sad,” he said, grinning. “Be glad. You and Mom made me and I’m glad.”

I pulled him against me, tucked his head under my chin, put one hand on his back, the other behind his head, and stroked his soft hair. When I looked around, all the others were smiling and walking toward either Mother or Michael and me. I didn’t try to count the hugs I got, no comments, just smiles and hugs, but I was satisfied. Michael was still by my side, looking up at me.

“Dad, what’s for dinner? I’m hungry.”

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Comprenez-vous les Francais quand ils parlent vite?”

Do you understand the French when they speak quickly?

“Oui, mais, merde, je ne comprenez pas anglis,” he said and giggled.

“Yes, but, shit, I don’t understand English.”

“Merde! Moi aussi.

“Shit! Me too.”

Chapter Fifty-Seven

I had done nothing strenuous all day but I was still tired. I was sitting on the side of the bed in my thinker pose again while Anna was wandering around our bedchamber. I knew what I needed: to be held and loved by her. Would she understand? That’s when Aimee called my name.

“David, Anna, four people are outside your door. Jean-Nicole says they are here to do stress-relief treatments for the two of you. Caitlyn and Matt and Iain are with her.”

“Thank you, Aimee,” I said, resigned to whatever they wanted to do. “Please let them in.”

I looked at Anna. She was pretending innocence but her smile told me she knew what was going to happen. She stuck out her tongue at me and I smiled and shook my head, submissive to my fate.

The door opened and Jean-Nicole and Matt walked in followed by Caitlyn and Iain. Jean-Nicole had one finger to her lips, asking for silence. Matt was carrying a big lidded pot, evidently hot from the way he was holding it with cloths around the handles. Iain and Caitlyn were smiling and both were holding what looked like washcloths. I shrugged and decided to let them do whatever.

The four of them were naked and two guys were showing off with hard-ons. Of course, Anna and I were naked too. I knew something was up, in addition to two tiangas, and I knew my tianga would want to join the party. I spread my legs wide to give it room to grow.

Matt put the pot down on the floor near me and removed the lid. I saw that it was just hot water. Then he and Iain moved the bench so one end was just in front of me. Caitlyn immediately covered the bench with a folded blanket. Iain led Anna to the bench and pressed down on her shoulders. She sat.

Matt and Iain dipped washcloths in the pot of hot water and then began gently rubbing Anna with the warm cloths. Iain wiped off her face and breasts and big belly. Matt wiped off her back and shoulders and buttocks. Matt tucked his hands under her arms and tugged upwards. She stood and the two guys wiped off her legs. I wondered who was going to pet the pussy cat. Iain patted the inside of Anna’s thighs and she spread her legs. Matt dipped a washcloth in hot water and, from behind, pressed it between her legs. She moaned.

Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn walked over to the bed and sat down beside me. I spread my legs a little wider so somebody could play with something. They ignored my invitation.

Matt moved in front of Anna, encouraged her to sit down again, and, with bare hands, began to massage her shoulders. Iain moved behind her and rubbed her back. Maybe Matt pressed a little too hard. Anna closed her eyes and moaned. He looked at me, grinned, and then shuffled up closer to Anna. He looked down at her, bent his penis down, touched it to Anna's face, and waited. Maybe he was offering her a pacifier. She opened her eyes, looked up at Matt's, face and looked down at what was in front of her. She smiled, bent his penis down, and opened her mouth for her pacifier.

Iain rubbed his tianga on her back, just in one spot, and I saw his foreskin slide down when he pushed up and then cover the head again when he relaxed. He pressed closer to her so his tolos were sliding up and down on her back as well as his tianga, a dry fuck all over her back. He nodded. Maybe Anna liked it but I couldn't see why he would. For a good fuck, a tianga always needs a juicy bouchi.

I saw movement and looked down to the side. Jean-Nicole's first two fingers walked down her thigh to her knee, hopped across to my knee, and then backed up. That was interesting. Then she wrapped her hand around my penis and that was even more interesting. Caitlyn wasn't about to be left out. She went straight for my penis, wrapped her hand around it, or as much as she could on the part Jean-Nicole wasn't holding, and then began to stroke. A second later, they coordinated and had a two-person two-handed slow jack off going. I leaned back on my elbows to give them better access so they could both properly massage my monster.

When I looked back at the main attraction, Anna was standing and Iain and Matt were moving the bench around broadside to me. They gently moved Anna so that she was lying on her back on the bench and stuffed a pillow under her head. Matt spread her knees and then raised them, holding them up in a V. I knew what he was going to do to her in that position. He looked at me, grinned, dropped to his knees at the end of the bench, and then started licking Anna's pussy.

Iain moved to the other end of the bench, waited for Matt to start, and then leaned over and tweaked Anna's nipples. Not too hard, dummy, I thought. He leaned over farther so his legs were on each side of her head and started sucking two stiff little brown berries. He lowered his butt a little more, maybe dragging his balls over Anna's face. It certainly wasn't his tianga because that was hugging his belly. She bent it down, raised her head a little, and took the head in her mouth.

He held still and she moved her head up and down. Between her legs, Matt's head was moving up and down. Iain looked at me, grinned, and moved his head up and down. My two masseurs' hands were moving up and down on my monster. What the hell! I moved my head up and down too.

For a few minutes, Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn and I watched Matt and Iain with Anna, just slowly sucking and leisurely licking. My two trouble-makers alternated between playing with my balls and stroking my dick, all slow and easy. I knew nobody was in a hurry to bring anybody to orgasm so I relaxed and enjoyed feeling two hands on my monster and his two buddies while I watched two guys please my wife. I looked down and nodded in time to the two hands going up and down on my dick.

When I looked back up, Matt and Iain had swapped. Iain was now leaning across the end of the bench with his face between Anna's legs. Matt was now at the other end of the bench, leaning over her playing with her breasts. She reached up, bent his dick down, and opened her mouth for the head. Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn were still moving their hands up and down, still slowly and gently, a two-handed coordinated jack-off. I relaxed, lay back on the bed, and closed my eyes. I knew I could use some more of this stress relief.

Damn! My two little masseurs stopped, stood up, and held out their hands to me. I stood. Anna was helped to stand at the same time. Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn led me to the bench and Anna took my place on the bed. Matt and Iain sat down on each side of her to help her watch.

The two ladies did to me the same thing that the gentlemen had done to Anna. First I sat on the bench while Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn wiped me off with warm washcloths and that was relaxing but so damned arousing. Then they helped me to lie down on my back and one beautiful woman, Jean-Nicole, lovingly sucked my dick and played with my balls while the other one, Caitlyn, straddled my head with her pussy just above my face. Damn! I had to lift up a little to lick between her legs. Oh, well, I shut my eyes, raised my head, and licked her juicy little bouchi. My tongue wasn't as tired as the rest of me. I didn't object when they swapped. Supposedly all cats are gray in the dark and maybe all pussies taste the same with eyes closed.

But, damn, they stopped again. I raised my head and looked around. Matt and Iain were sitting on each side of Anna and the three of them were grinning like they had enjoyed the show.

“Anna, David, would you like an intermission before we move on to the last act of our little play,” Caitlyn asked.

I didn’t need an intermission. I needed something else so I asked.

“No, but I would like a little intromission. Would one of you ladies like to sing a duet with me?”

“Ooohhh, did he just ask for what I think he meant?” Jean-Nicole said.

“Yes, and I think Matt and Iain deserve a little intromission too,” Anna said. “I think we should stand up, bend over with our arms and heads down on the mattress, and show them our butts. Maybe they can figure out what to do.”

She looked at me and grinned. I looked back at her, grinned, and nodded enthusiastically. She assumed the position.

“Don’t use the word butt,” I said. “The proper word for a woman’s behind is derriere, you know, sort of like dear rear.”

“OK, I’ll join you, Anna, but I don’t want any of these guys coming in my dear rear,” Jean-Nicole said. “If they do, I’ll rip their balls off and feed them to the cats.”

She looked at three guys holding three hard-ons and assumed the position beside Anna.

“We don’t have cats,” Caitlyn said. “All we have is just little pussies.”

She grinned and assumed the position on the other side of Anna. They showed us three derriere dear rears in a row, all ready to be fucked.

“Well, I’m going to feed somebody’s little pussy a blood sausage,” Matt said. “Iain, are you going to join us.”

“Somebody may rip my balls off but I’ll join you guys,” he said.

“May I join you too?” I asked as I got in position behind Jean-Nicole. I rubbed the head of my dick up and down her slit and saw it get wet from her lubricating juices. I knew she was ready so I notched my dick in the place right under her asshole.

Matt moved behind Caitlyn, notched his dick in her pussy, and waited for Iain to get ready. Iain was left with Anna but he didn’t seem to mind having to fuck my six-month pregnant wife. From the rear, bent over, she didn’t look pregnant anyway.

“You damn guys are all just alike,” Anna said. “Fucking’s all you ever think about. Iain, you had better do it really slow and easy. If you wake up the twins, I’ll rip your dick off and feed it to Lucky.”

I looked at the other two and nodded. We each slowly slid a little bit of dick in a hot wet receptive pussy and retreated, slid it in deeper, and retreated, again and again, until all three of us guys were in so deep there wasn’t any deeper to go. I held Jean-Nicole by the hips and savored the feeling of my tianga hidden in her hot bouchi, nothing better. Then, as slowly as I possibly could, I closed my eyes and began to slide it in and out. I wanted to do it all night.

All too soon, I felt a touch on my shoulder and opened my eyes. It was Matt. “Move over,” he said.

Iain moved over behind Caitlyn, I moved over behind Anna, and Matt assumed the position behind Jean-Nicole. We waited until all three of us had our dicks notched with the head just inside a juicy pussy and then resumed slowly fucking.

“Damn guys,” Anna whispered. “All they ever think about is fucking.”

“Yes dear,” I whispered back. “Always on my mind, it’s always on my mind, slowly sliding my terrifying tianga into the loving asses of three lovely lassies. That’s aalll I ever think about.”

“Oh, shit,” Caitlyn whispered. “He’s eloquent again.”

“Who’s a lassie?” Jean-Nicole asked. “I thought Lassie was a dog.”

“No, dear,” Matt said. “Lassie is Irish for a young girl.”

I shut my eyes and resumed fucking. A moment later, I felt another touch on my shoulder. It was Iain. He had vacated his wife's abode. I didn't need to be told. I moved over behind Caitlyn and Matt moved behind Anna. Iain walked around to Jean-Nicole. We all knocked on the door of the just-vacated premises and then slowly entered and began to wander around. Again, I closed my eyes so I could concentrate on how my tianga felt in a hot juicy bouchi. Then Jean-Nicole brought me out of my fucking-induced reverie.

"That's enough fucking for a while," she said, giggled, stood up, and pulled away from Iain. Anna stood up in front of Matt and he said, "Oh, shit." I said, "Oh, merde," and let Caitlyn pull away from me.

"We almost forgot why we're here," Jean-Nicole said. "We came in here to do stress relief and that's what we're going to do. David, Anna, sit down on the bed, side by side."

I had no idea what she had in mind but I didn't object. Anna and I sat down on the side of the bed. Caitlyn pushed me back, Iain pushed Anna, and we were both lying on our backs, legs bent, feet still on the floor. Iain stuffed pillows under our necks. Jean-Nicole dipped a washcloth in warm water and wiped my dick and balls free of pussy juice. Matt wiped Anna's pussy and she must have liked it from the way she moaned. I still had no idea what they intended to do but I didn't care. Anything was OK with me so I moaned too.

Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn moved in front of me. Matt and Iain moved in front of Anna. They lifted our legs and spread them, bent them so our feet were just on the edge of the mattress, and stood looking down for a moment.

"David, Anna, you two are going to have the pleasure of a little oral sex until you both have an orgasm," Jean-Nicole said. "When you do, the rest of us are going to leave you. We're going to our bedchambers and do something to relieve our own tension. If you need any more stress relief, you two can do it."

Oral sex? I would have preferred to let my beast loose but beggars can't be choosers. But then, damn it, they had to tease a little.

Matt knelt between my legs, wrapped his hand around my dick, took the head in his mouth, and sucked. Shit! A few seconds later, he stood

up, stuck his tongue out at me, and Iain knelt and licked and sucked for a moment.

I looked to the side and, damn, Jean-Nicole had her head between Anna's legs. That wasn't what I expected. She stood up, grinned at me and Anna, and I knew this was just a teaser. I watched as Caitlyn took her place for a few seconds.

When the two couples changed places, Jean-Nicole and Caitlyn in front of me, Matt and Iain in front of Anna, I closed my eyes and dropped my head back down on the pillow.

Two women, four hands, two mouths, all over my dick and balls, sucking, licking, coddling, and stroking: through it all I lay here with my eyes closed and loved what they were doing. I didn't even lift my head and look when I heard Anna moan. I'd heard that kind of moan before. I moaned back.

Should I warn somebody when I'm about to come? I thought about it and decided I wouldn't. I'd just let the lucky one get a mouth or throat full of something to swallow. Would they swallow? I didn't care but I did want somebody to keep sucking until the last little semen oozed out and then for a while longer. That's the way Anna sometimes did me before I knocked her up. I missed having a good blowjob once in a while.

Caitlyn was the one who got it. I opened my eyes when I felt the first spurt fly out into a mouth. She made an aaawwk noise like she had something caught in her throat and pulled away. The second spurt hit on the side of her face. The third one went in Jean-Nicole's mouth and she held her lips around the head of my dick until I had shot my last. Then she pulled away, grinned at me with a closed mouth, and swallowed. Damn, Anna hadn't been able to do that since she got pregnant. I looked at her face and said what I felt: "Thank you."

She opened her mouth wide so I could see it was empty, said "No, thank you," and grinned. Damn, I know I'll never understand women.

I looked at Caitlyn. She opened her mouth wide too and then stuck out her tongue at me. I grinned at her and she grinned back.

I looked to the side. Anna was still flat on her back, moaning contentedly. Iain was beside her sucking and loving her breasts. Matt

still had his head between her thighs but I could tell he was just gently teasing after she had come, the way she liked it.

Anna and I lay there in our bed sinking into the relaxation that comes after a good orgasm. The two couples left us alone in our bed and quietly walked out of our bedchamber. I knew somebody was going to get fucked.

After a minute or so, I rolled out of bed, held out my hand to Anna, and we silently went down the hallway to the toilet. After a good piss, at least on my part, we went back to our bed. Anna, as usual, crawled in first and turned her back to me. I crawled in next and spooned up to her. That wasn't what I wanted.

"Turn over," I whispered.

She turned over facing me and smiled at me. I moved down on the bed so my face was at her breasts. She knew what I wanted. She put one leg over my side, an arm over my back with her hand behind her head, and held me with my face buried in her soft breasts. That was what I needed: to be held by her.

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A few days later, after another wonderful dinner, I volunteered to wash dishes. Mother volunteered herself and Michael to help. James was doing his usual duty. When the others brought their plates to the sink, he separated out the best stuff for Lucky, dumped the rest into a bucket for the mulch pile, and handed the plates to me. I stood there at the sink and washed, Michael rinsed, and Mother racked. We were down to the last dishes when I brought up the subject.

"James, Michael, after we get through, would you two to go for a walk with me? I want to talk to you."

"OK," James responded. "Where do you want to go?"

"To Boulder Point on the west side of the mountain," I said. "I thought Michael might enjoy watching the sun set over his beautiful new world."

"Yeah, that's a good walk and a beautiful place," James said. "I'll ask Toby to take care of Lucky. Maybe then I can pay attention on whatever you want to talk about."

“OK, but I want you both to talk to me too,” I said.

**“Michael, your father has invited you to go with him,” Mother said.
“What do you say?”**

“Oh! Yeah, I want to go. This whole place is beautiful. I was thinking about something Toby told me.”

“What?” I asked.

“Dad, did you really do what he said. A big wolf charged you and leaped at you and you cut his head off in midair with your sword.”

“Yep, I was cool and it was no big deal,” I said. “Do you understand that Aimee maintains a shield over this whole mountain and you’re always safe here? That happened on the isthmus leading to the mainland. We’ll always be in danger on the isthmus or on the mainland.”

“Yeah, Mom and I watched Aimee’s presentation about that and how we got here and where we are and stuff like that,” he said. “It’s hard to believe and I don’t understand it but I know it’s true.”

“Yes, I agree,” I said. “Let’s go put on some moccasins. The path to the point goes over some rough ground and we’ll need something on our feet. We’ll be OK in loincloths. We should be back in about two hours. It may be after dark but the moon is about half full and I know the way.”

“David, I’ve got something new for you and Michael,” James said. “Toby and I have been making some new loincloths and we want you and Michael to have one. Could I go get them so everybody can see them?”

“OK, just don’t be long. I’m ready to go.”

He was back in less than a minute carrying the new loincloths. I was surprised. The one he handed me was the usual two panels with a belt but made entirely of soft brown deerskin, solid panels long enough to hang below my genitals with about six inches of fringes below that, and decorated with white stitching and white circles which looked like slices from olive shells. It was simple, beautiful, and would certainly keep the bugs off my good parts. I dropped my old cloth loincloth, donned the new one, smiled at James and said, “Thank you, son.” He looked approvingly at me for a moment and then changed into a new one as well.

I looked around and saw everybody else watching us. Michael stood admiring my new loincloth until James nudged him. Michael untied his old one and James tied a new one around his waist. He remembered to say, "Thank you, James." He looked up at me and smiled. I nodded and smiled back.

James wasn't through. He had some strips of deerskin in his hand, a few feet long and about an inch wide. He tied one around Michael's bicep on the left arm, another on the right, and then brushed Michael's hair to the sides and tied one around his forehead. The head strip was decorated with three white circles on the forehead. I didn't see any use for the strips except for decoration but I didn't say anything. When he held out three more strips to me, I tied them around his arms and head. Then he handed one to Michael and they each tied one around my biceps. I squatted a little, James brushed my long hair back, and Michael tied a strip around my head.

I stood for a moment looking at my two sons. Michael was a beautiful boy, a child who was taking the first step toward manhood. I suppose all children have beautiful bodies but his was absolute perfection. He looked like a young jungle boy who had just come out of the woods. James was a young man now, still beautiful with his always-smiling face and a young man's slim hard body. I put one hand on James' shoulder, one on Michael's, and nudged them toward the door.

"We'll be back before bed time," I said.

Perhaps thirty minutes later, we climbed the path through huge boulders and broke out on the point. The evening breeze was crawling up the mountain as usual, the temperature was comfortable even almost naked, and the view was captivating. The partially-cloudy sky to the West was already ablaze with the setting sun. To our right, we could see the isthmus that connected the mountain to the green and misty-blue mainland. In front of us, the mainland crept over the horizon and disappeared. To the left, there was only blue-green sea with small whitecaps. As usual, the sea birds were swooping and gliding and flying. It was one of the more beautiful viewing points on our mountain.

I felt Michael's hand creep into mine and I looked down. James was holding his other hand. Both were smiling at me.

"OK, first things first," I started. "Michael, James is my son too. He never had a father or mother to love him before he came here so I gave him the love of a father to help heal his pain. Then later, I formally adopted him as my son in front of Aimee. I want you to

accept him as your brother, your big brother, and to learn to love him. Will you try?"

"Sure. Everybody is nice to me but James has sort of taken extra-good care of me. He knows all about this place and everybody here and he tells me all sorts of stuff, like you and him and Toby killing four wolves. I already like him a lot."

"James, do you think you can be a big brother to Michael?" I asked. "Can you learn to love him like a little brother?"

"Yes, David," he answered. "I know how important you think love and family are. Nothing could make me happier than to have you and Anna as my mother and father and Michael as my brother."

"Michael, this is some serious stuff now. James is my son in every sense of the word. I want you to regard him as your older brother. My love is big enough for both of you and you both will have it as long as I live."

"I will, Dad," Michael said.

"OK. I want you to go to James with your little troubles and listen to him. Bring me your big problems. Now, let's get naked and get a little sun. Before the summer's over, that white strip around your hips is going to disappear."

I dropped my loin cloth, sat down on the huge rock, and leaned back on my hands. Michael sat on my left, James on my right, and both did the same things I did: we lifted our balls so they were not scrunched between our thighs, crossed our ankles, and leaned back. Even our dicks seemed to flop to the same left side."

I wanted to reassure my new son about something. "James, do you think Michael's dick is big enough?"

He leaned over and looked. "It's bigger than mine was at his age," he said. "Michael, he brought that up because when I came here a little over a year ago, I wondered if mine was big enough to please a woman. He told me to be patient and let my genes do their work. It's grown over an inch in the last year and Sam can vouch for it being big enough now."

"Michael, do you understand that the genes you get from your parents will determine most of how your body will develop?" I asked.

“Yeah, I’ve had basic biology in school and Mom is good about talking to me.”

“Aimee says that based on your age and your height now, you’re probably going to be as tall as I am,” I said. “My dick is about as big as my father’s. Yours probably will be too. Just let your genes do their work.”

“OK, Dad.”

“You’ve probably inherited another gene from me, son, one that makes you cool in a crisis. Have the other Mouseketeers told you about what happens to me when there’s danger, how I can react faster and with greater strength than men usually do.”

“Yeah, James told me about the time you shoved your spear in a big pig and flipped over its back and landed on your feet. I’ve heard about how you guys killed wolves and that bear too. I hope I’m like that.”

“I think you are, son. I think it’s a genetically-transmittable trait. I hope all my sons inherit it from me.”

“I just hope I’ve inherited something else from you,” he said, and giggled.

“Has somebody told you how we are about sex here and how we have sex play parties occasionally?”

“Yeah, the twin ‘teers told me. They said you had to approve before I did it, sex, I mean.”

“Aimee has a program teaching young boys and girls about sex,” I said. “I want you to talk to her and then start the program. OK? Start thinking about what else you want to learn, like maybe music or physics. You aren’t through with your education but from now on you are going to chart most of it,”

“Can she teach me about cosmology?” he asked. “I want to know how our old universe and this new one work and how we got here. Iain’s tried to tell me but I don’t understand it. Mom says I’m just like you about reading and learning. She said you were home schooled and always curious and she never had to make you learn stuff. She said she sometimes had to yank your nose out of a book.”

“Cosmology’s a good choice,” I said. “I should take it with you. Maybe I will.”

“Michael, I’ve worked my way through Aimee’s Basic English program and I’m studying creative writing now,” James said. “Someday somebody is going to write a story about all of us and I want to be that somebody.”

Michael brought the subject back to what he wanted to know. “Dad, if I really want to, will you let me have sex with somebody?”

“Boys or girls?”

“Come on, Dad, I mean girls. I don’t want to cause trouble but the girl ‘teers have both said they would do it with me and the guys said that it was OK with them.”

James encouraged him. “I don’t usually speak for the ladies, Michael, but Sam and Renée have both said they’d like to teach you how to use that thing between your legs. The think you’re the cutest thing since Brian.”

“Who taught you, James?” I asked.

“Anna did,” James said. “She welcomed all the guys who came here until David got her pregnant. She and David and Aimee have taught me how to make love with a woman, not just fuck her. That’s what I try to do with Sam, make love, I mean, not just fuck.”

“Anna’s less interested in sex now that she’s got the twins baking in the oven,” I said. “She wants someone else to give the newcomers that sort of welcome. Maybe we’ll let her and the other ladies decide who gets the honor of welcoming you.”

“Is it really like an honor, Dad?” Michael asked.

“I think so,” I said. “Do you think you can perform at one of the sex play parties with everybody else watching? I suppose it’s like a rite of passage, from childhood to adulthood.”

“I’ll think about it.”

“Michael, we’re not as ashamed and secretive about sex as people in our old world. There’s no sin or shame in enjoying something as natural as sex. Here, we all celebrate our sexuality. Ask James and Sam to let you watch them. Ask any of the couples. I think they’ll all let you see what they do.”

“It’s OK with me but you’ve got to ask Sam first,” James said. “I can’t speak for her.”

“Why not?” Michael asked. “You sleep together so you must do something else too.”

“Michael, David and Anna have taught me a lot about how to treat women,” James said. “We’re not their owners. They’re not our property. They’re our partners, our friends, and our lovers. You should ask Sam to let you watch us. Maybe you might even play with us a little.”

“He’s right, Michael,” I said. “You don’t have to just watch. You can play with them too. Just remember, I think it would be like an honor to lose your virginity with everybody cheering you on at our next sex play party.”

“Is it really play?” he asked.

“Yeah, it’s play,” James said. “We do all sorts of fun stuff before we get serious.”

“Son, you can play in all sorts of ways,” I said. “You might even play with one or two of the male twins. Jack off with them. If you want to, do other stuff with them. We don’t condemn sexual curiosity with other guys like they did in our old world.”

“Have you ever done it?” he asked. “I mean, sex with another guy.”

“You tell him, James,” I said.

“For a while, David and Iain and I were the only ones here. We jacked off with each other and sucked each other’s dicks a few times.”

“Did you ever fuck each other?” Michael asked. “There were a couple of guys at school who did that; at least, everybody said they did. They called them queers.”

“Yes and their religion taught them to hate homosexuals,” I said. “And people with different color skins. And people of other religions. We’re trying to encourage love here, Michael, not hatred.”

“Did you ever do it, Dad?” he persisted.

“No, son, I’ve never fucked another guy,” I said, wondering if we were going too far. “No one has ever fucked me but it’s just a matter of personal preference. It’s complicated but it just doesn’t appeal to me.”

“Before I was sent here, I had a preacher for a foster father, Reverend Mooneyhand,” James sort of whispered. “He fucked me and I hated it and I finally killed him for it.”

Michael looked up at me as if he couldn’t believe what he had heard. I just smiled down at him and nodded.

“Damn, I mean Yok,” Michael said. “That’s what Brian says.”

“Yeah, Toby says hot yok sometimes,” James said.

I wanted to move on to something else. “Michael, have you thought about your sleeping arrangements here? Do you want a room of your own?”

“I don’t know. What I’d really like to do is move out of the bedroom with Mom and move in with somebody else,” he said. “I’ve been thinking about Mom and I think I need to move so she and Aiden can get to know each other better. He seems like a nice guy and maybe they can get it on.”

“That’s good thinking, Son,” I said. “All the rest of us can do is to make it easier for them to decide what they want to do. It’s all up to them. If you want to move, that’s fine with me. If you want, you can sleep in the bedchamber with me and Anna for a while. At night, before you go to sleep, it’s a good time to talk. You and I can get to know each other better.”

“Yeah, I’d like that,” he said. “And is it OK if I play with them, girls and maybe guys, just as long as I don’t go all the way?”

“Michael, I’m not going to make you start your sexual life in any particular way,” I said. “You can lose your virginity whenever you wish and with anybody you like. I’m just suggesting you might do it for your first time at one of our play parties as a rite of passage. You might let the ladies choose which one gets the honor of being with you. But you’re always free to make your own decisions.”

“Michael, you should always talk with David about what you do,” James said. “Let your father guide you. That’s wise until you’re a few years older.”

Michael sighed. “I know but I’ve never had a father before.”

I looked briefly at the sunset. The sun was behind the clouds to the west and the whole sky looked like it was ablaze. I stood up and James and Michael stood too. I looked at their penises and then at mine. We

all had nice warm swollen penises and low-hanging testicles after sitting in the sun's warmth. I moved around so that I was standing in front of them.

"Michael, does your dick work OK?" I asked.

"Huh? Yeah, I guess so."

"Show me. Stroke it a few times."

He grinned, held his penis with his thumb and one finger, retracted his foreskin, slid it back, and repeated it a few times.

"What do you think, James?"

"Looks like it works fine to me," James said and I knew he knew what I was doing. "It's a nice size already, probably big enough to make a gal grunt."

"I think so too," I said, and stroked my penis a few times, mimicking Michael's technique. "Well, let's jack off together. I'd like to salute the setting sun by mangling my monster. You guys want to join me?"

Of course, I got two eager responses. I turned so that I was facing the setting sun, with Michael on one side of me and James on the other, poked my pelvis out, wrapped my hand around my penis, and started slowly stroking it. I watched as Michael and James followed my example. We soon had three hard-ons raised in salute and three right hands moving back and forth. I watched my two sons, grinning up at me, while we stroked faster and faster.

We didn't come at the same time. Michael was first and squirted out a little watery semen, white with enough sperm to tell me he was certainly into puberty. James was second, and, damn, he squirted out about as much as I usually do, certainly as much as I did at sixteen like him. Maybe that provoked me because I squirted out about a half dozen white strings a few seconds later.

I milked the last dollop out and flicked my dick up and down to make it fall. James and Michael followed my example again but I don't think Michael had any more to squeeze out. I put my arms on their shoulders and we stood there for a moment longer

"James, Michael, do what I do," I said. "Look at your testicles."

I cupped my hand under my testicles and lifted them up a little.

“Michael, Aimee told me something this morning,” I said. “She said there were three young male Mouseketeers in the shower last night in a tussling match, what I call playing grab-ass, grabbing at each other’s dick and balls. Is that true?”

“Yes, Dad,” Michael said.

“Look, if you guys want to do it, that’s OK but don’t do it in the shower. With the water, that floor is slippery and somebody could fall and get hurt. Maybe we’ll pull some mattresses out of a few bed chambers and make a big wrestling matt in the hall. We’ve already done that for James and Toby. Maybe the rest of us might enjoy watching you younger Mouseketeers wrestle naked. Merde! Maybe we can all have a naked grappling and goosing match.”

“Next rainy day, I’m ready,” James said.

“Does Aimee watch everything that goes on around here and then tell you, Dad?” Michael asked.

“No, son,” I said. “It’s true that Aimee watches everything but she will only tell me about it if she’s afraid somebody might get hurt. That’s why she told me about you guys grab-assing. I’m the one person she must always obey and I’ve told her to give everyone privacy unless they consent to be watched or if they’re doing something dangerous.”

“Michael, Sam and I have told Aimee that she can watch us,” James said. “She needs to learn about us to help us. You should tell her she can watch you all the time when we get back.”

“OK, I guess I don’t mind. I’ll tell her.”

“Now look closely at your balls,” I said. “They’re sometimes called the family jewels. You guys know they should be protected. Don’t try to grab another guy by the balls. Someday you two are going to have to repay me for raising you. You’re going to have to give me a bunch of grandchildren. Take care of your balls. Don’t let them get injured.”

“OK, Dad, but can I wait a year or two before I make you a grandfather?” This was from my youngest son. I gently swatted him behind the head.

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Our lives gradually returned to normal after the arrival of Mother and Michael. Mother and Anna are quite often doing something together, getting ready for the arrival of the babies. She’s got the baby diapers

and blankets neatly arranged on some bamboo shelves I built for her. She wants me to build her a changing table somehow. I promised to do it before the little ones arrive.

Mother and Aiden frequently find reason to sit together at meals and to go for long walks together. They seem to be developing some sort of relationship but, as far as I know, they have not yet become lovers. She told Anna that she saw no reason to marry anyone again unless he agreed that she might have another child and that he would be a father to it. She says she's got a few child-bearing years left and a child would make a good bond between her and a husband. Now I know I'll never understand women.

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Michel has joined in our lives with real pleasure. He is frequently underfoot, asking me questions about my life before coming here, about sex, about all the others, just about any and every thing. He seems to want to help me in what I do, no matter how hard. I genuinely enjoy having him around. Anna seems to have accepted him in every respect. He and James seem to be almost like brothers except they seldom if ever argue. Anna and I frequently talk about him late at night.

We had a deer hunt soon after his arrival. We split into three hunting groups of three guys each and none of the girls objected to being excluded. He and James and I wandered through the woods early one morning and didn't see a damn thing. Neither did Aiden and Brian and Toby.

Iain and Matt and Pyotr hunted together and they did. They wandered upon a small group of deer, one of which was the albino male. Iain proved that he was good with the little crossbow. He skewered a young doe, probably one from last year's crop of offspring. When they brought it back to our place to meet up, Michael stood and looked at it for a moment, shaking his head, and I knew what he wasn't saying, that he wished we didn't have to kill something so beautiful.

When he's not with me, he's usually with the Mouseketeers. They include him in every exploration. He's gone fishing in the lake with them a couple of times and they've brought back more than enough fish for our meals. They went crawdaddy gigging in one of our many branches and Toby taught him how to catch the back-scuttlers

barehanded. After Jean-Nicole boiled the crayfish, he sat on the terrace with all the other guys and we shelled the tails. Then Jean-Nicole made two huge dishes of Crayfish Etouffee and he ate like he couldn't get enough.

After Michael moved out of the bedchamber with Mother, he moved in with Anna and me for a while and he slept in the bed with us, all three of us naked, for one night. I thought he would never run out of questions but he finally slowed down and stopped. That first night, we had made up another bed for him but he seemed reluctant to move to it and I didn't want to push him. Perhaps Anna felt the same way. She turned over on her side, pulled Michael up to her rear, and held his hand in front of her, perhaps on her breast. I spooned up to Michael's rear, put my arm over him with my hand on Anna's shoulder, and that's the way we went to sleep.

The next night, he crawled in bed with us again, we had a shorter question and answer session, and then he crawled out and went to the other bed. I spooned up to Anna, my hand on her breast, and we slowly faded away into to sleep.

A couple of nights later, he asked for my permission to sleep with James and Sam. He said that they had invited him and he wanted to do it, that the three of them would play a little but he would wait for our next play party to stick his pecker in a pussy. I approved his request.

A few nights later, he asked my permission to move in with Toby and Renée, same arrangement, and again I gave him my permission. This time he said he had asked Mother and she had said whatever I let him do was alright with her.

Three nights later, he asked permission to move in with the twin 'teers, as he calls them. I found it hard to believe he hadn't already given in to his body's need and had his peter in a pussy but he said he had not. Perhaps I am a voyeur. I'd love to have seen him with James and Sam or Toby and Renée. I could only hope that the youngsters were not only playing with him but also teaching him. He tells me what he's doing in general but without going into detail. He seems like he's ready to lose his virginity with some lucky girl.

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Matt had an announcement for us one morning. He has proposed to Jean-Nicole and she has accepted. He said he was almost thinking of de-proposing when he found out afterwards that he was in bed with a wildcat. They want to spend a few nights in a tent at Paradise Beach for a honeymoon if we can get somebody else to do the cooking. Mother volunteered to assume the duties, if she could name her own sou-chefs. Jean-Nicole says she wants to have the next baby in about a year, after she's twenty, and she wants to have a husband to be a father for the child. Matt just smiles and gives in to her. The ladies are talking about arranging the wedding.

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Anna asked me one night about something but I didn't want to tell her. When Mother and I told our story to Aiden and Anna and Michael, I mentioned that I had killed nineteen people, eighteen jihadist men and one woman. She wanted to know about the woman.

"Anna, you don't want to know," I replied. "You know I'm not proud of killing but I knew I had to kill her and I did. Let that be enough for you."

"David, I'm not judging you," she said. "I know you were fighting against an evil religion, at least some part of it, one that wanted to kill everybody except their followers. I also know that's one reason you're so content here, because you'll never have to kill another human being. Now, tell me about it. I just want to know."

"Well, OK. It happened one night when I was leading a patrol, four of us, equipped with night-vision gear, silencers on our rifles, wearing camouflage stuff that made us look like a bush, a stealth patrol. I was cool, maybe not as cool as sometimes happens, but I was aware and alert to possible danger. We were on a mountain-side trail when I heard somebody coming toward us, murmuring in Farsi. I assumed it was a night patrol of jihadists. The four of us moved off the trail, squatted, and froze. Our orders were to avoid contact if possible but, of course, to defend ourselves. Are you sure you want to know the rest?"

"Yes, David, I was a soldier too." She said.

"I saw two guys, dressed in black, carrying weapons and I knew they were jihadists. I wanted them to pass us without seeing us but the first

guy must have seen one of the men with me. He froze with his rifle pointed away from me and I knew what I had to do. I jumped up, hit him on the head with the butt of my rifle, swung around, hit the next guy, laid my rifle down, pulled out Big Boy, and cut the first guy's throat. I had just bent over to do the second guy when she walked up. She was dressed in black and carrying a weapon but I recognized that she was a woman. She recoiled, mouth open, and I knew I couldn't let her scream. I grabbed her, put my hand over her mouth, and let Big Boy kiss her throat. Then I cut the throat of the second guy and the four of us skedaddled."

"And you four guys all made it back to your outpost safely?"

"Yes, and, after we reported in, I went to bed and went to sleep."

"It didn't bother you that it was a woman?"

"No, Anna, I just did what I had to do."

"Well, I hope you never have to do anything like that again in our new world. I really do."

"That was another life in another world, Anna."

"I know."

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Our quarters are constantly loud and alive with all of our activities, especially those of the youngsters and their shenanigans. Hopscotch is the most played game since the Mouseketeers seem to feel obligated to go through the Hopscotch floor outline whenever they are going up or down the hallway. I've even seen Mother doing it. Anna can't now. And, yeah, I've done it lots of times but so have all the older ones. It's good exercise.

Dodgeball is played indoors almost every time the weather prevents outdoor activities. Mother and Anna beg off. They stand and giggle at the antics like little girls but everyone else participates. We played with loincloths one time, with loincloths gradually being shed a second time, and naked for a third time. Iain tried rolling the ball across the floor once and Toby fell and busted his butt so we made a rule prohibiting that. Our other rule is that only girls can throw

overhanded; boys must throw underhanded. It's fun for all and I enjoy playing. I also enjoy looking at beautiful naked sweating bodies, especially if they belong to women.

We have not yet played naked Twister, not all of us at the same time, but it's being pushed more and more. I've seen small groups, mostly the Mouseketeers, playing in two-person teams, sometimes with loin-cloths, sometimes naked. We have enough for four teams of four people now or five teams of three people or eight teams of two people. Anna can't play and that leaves nine guys and only seven women. I don't suppose we need equal numbers of males and females on each team but the game would probably be more fun that way. I'd love to play naked Twister with Renée. Who knows what the group will decide? I don't make the rules for this sport.

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We've played volleyball a couple of times on the big terrace just outside the door. More and more, we try to actually follow the rules and really compete to win. We played with all seventeen of us once, even Anna. Nobody tried to spike the ball toward her.

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Aiden and I took the youngest three boys, Pyotr, his son Brian, and my son Michael, fishing one morning. We had hardly moved our bamboo raft away from shore when Michael fell in, purely by accident, supposedly, but his grin gave away that somebody had told him to do it. Pyotr and Brian fell in trying to rescue him, so I fell in too and watched Aiden as he shrugged and fell in too. Aiden and I treaded water while the boys tried to duck us. We let them succeed, of course.

We poled and paddled up the lake to the waterfall and immediately began to catch good-sized fish. Aiden and I had to help the kids get the fish off their hooks for a while but they soon decided they could do it. Did the three kids enjoy fishing? I didn't need to ask. Their grins told me they did. My grin and Aiden's said the same thing.

We had a lunch like before, one fish each cooked on spear points around a fire, plus stuff we brought from home. Afterward we fished a while more and I reluctantly called a halt when I realized we had a big load of fish to carry home. We cleaned the fish on the rocks where we kept our bamboo raft. I cut the heads off with Big Boy and Aiden scaled them with Little Boy. The three boys wanted to help so I let

them use the Boys for a while. Brian soon had enough and he volunteered to wash the cleaned fish off in the lake so Pyotr could put them in backpacks. Michael, at my suggestion, threw the heads back in the lake.

The five of us trudged in home before the evening meal, tired and happy and wanting a bath and a good meal. Aiden and I sat on a bench while three naked kids washed our heads and backs. Then we returned the favor for three Mouseketeers. I hoped Aiden was as happy and content with his new life as I was. His constant smile told me he was.

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We are all frequently working in our garden now. Corn is being picked, as well as vine-ripe tomatoes, beans of different varieties, some as green beans, some as dried, and lots of other vegetables. We planted as much corn as we could and we're eating the little midget ears of one sweet variety while letting the larger yellow corn grow to maturity for winter use. I did what Aimee said our American Indians did and planted some runner beans at the base of corn stalks. All that means we have to continually work at preparing the veggies for eating or preserving. We're making spaghetti sauce and a tomato-base for stews. One afternoon, we had a party for all seventeen of us, shelling beans and peas, and I shelled colored butter beans until I had sore thumbs.

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We continue with weapons training or perhaps I should say, with hunting devices. I encourage males and females to develop proficiency with more than one device. My favorite is still the bow I call The Brute. I practice every few days at quick shooting, not concentrating on aiming, and I've become quite good at it, almost as good as when I aim. Iain and Matt use one of the small crossbows and are quite good at using them too. Mother resisted at first but I told her how Anna had helped kill the bear on the isthmus and she's now trying the bow. Aiden of course is right there with her encouraging her to try. Michael is being trained by me and four Mouseketeer guys and he wants to be a real warrior or hunter.

The five male 'teers frequently practice with bows, crossbows, and spears. They have even tried mock fights with bamboo poles, something like the Japanese supposedly use to fight, except that they

probably don't giggle and laugh at their efforts. I've had to tell them more than once that I don't want to see bruised bodies in the shower again.

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Anna and I were in bed, relaxing together, not quite ready for sleep, when she brought up something I had been pondering. She was on her left side as usual, her head on my shoulder, her belly against my side, and her right leg over both of mine. Her right hand was idly playing with my toys with her fingers cupped under my testicles, gently rolling them around in my relaxed scrotum, and her thumb hooked over my penis, occasionally rubbing up and down on the shaft. My penis was swollen but not stiff and I suppose it was waiting for her to decide what she wanted to do with it.

“David, do you think Michael has inherited the cool response from you? I've been talking to Mother. After you described the way it came over you when you were a soldier and in a dangerous situation, I told her about the time it happened with the bullies when you were a kid. She knew about it and thought it was strange but she had no idea how it affected you. She told me something that happened with Michael just a couple of years ago that makes me think he can be cool too.”

“What?”

“They were on a sidewalk, walking home from little league practice, when somebody's big Rottweiler dog got through a fence and tried to attack them. Michael was carrying his aluminum bat and he just calmly stepped in front of her in a batting position. When the dog charged, he swung the bat like he was swinging for a home run, hit the dog on the side of the head, and killed it. Then he looked up at her and smiled and he wasn't even breathing hard. They left the dog lying there dead and walked on home. Were you that way after you did something like that?”

“Yes. I suppose that's just part of the response. It makes me calm and I can think better and respond faster than usual. There's no fear. There's just a certainty that I can do what's necessary to protect myself or someone I care about. It was that way when I killed the rattlesnake, remember?”

“I remember how you did it so fast I couldn’t believe what I was seeing and then you just checked to see that its head was gone and threw the body away. Maybe Michael is the same way.”

“Why do you so concerned? I hope he does have the trait.”

“But what if our twins are both boys and the trait is a sex-linked trait. What are the odds of that?”

“I don’t know, Anna. A child’s sex is fixed at the moment of conception; isn’t it? Females have two XX sex chromosomes. Males have X and Y chromosomes. If the egg is entered by a sperm carrying the X chromosome, it will be a girl. If it’s entered by a sperm carrying the Y chromosome, it will be a boy. Did I get that right?”

“Yes, but what if both our twins are capable of being cool?”

“If it is sex linked and they are identical twin boys, they will both have the trait. If they are fraternal and they are both male, the will have it. I’ll bet you didn’t know I knew that did you?”

“No.”

“I’ve been wondering too, Anna. Aimee and I have researched it. If it’s sex linked, both of our twins will have it if they’re boys whether they are identical or not. I hope they do; don’t you?”

“I suppose but it will mean that, if the word gets around, the other women will probably want you to give them a baby too.”

“Well, would that be so bad?”

“No, I suppose not but it may make the other guys jealous.”

“I know, and I’m determined not to do that so you are probably the only one I’ll have children with. I can wait and let all my male children spread the cool chromosome.”

“Oh, well, I’ll think about it tomorrow. Goodnight.”

“Yeah, good night

A few minutes later she whispered to me.

“Hey, fellow, do you want to fool around?”

“Yeah, that would be nice.”

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Aiden and Matt, more than once, have been wandering around the area near our terraces looking for something. I knew they’d tell me when they found whatever. Now that we’ve finished the goat shelter and fence on the lowest terrace and the retaining wall around the potato bed, he wants something else to do. They finally asked me to sit and talk one night after dinner to explore some things with them.

Aiden is thinking about setting up a sawmill somewhere close by. He says he can program the robots to use the laser saws instead of the usual rotary saws and we can make building materials. The hardest part will be getting the trees to the sawmill but, if we bring the lengths of logs downhill, that will greatly reduce the effort. He thinks he can make a slide from big bamboo poles so the logs will slide downhill to the mill. He says he can also construct a winch which will drag the logs downhill or even uphill.

He and Matt were excited about the possibility so I listened carefully. He said we could cut logs in about three-meter length, bring them downhill, and cut either large square beams or planks of varying widths. We could then make things like tables and chairs and benches and other furniture.

Eventually he wants to construct a large building just off one of our terraces using mortice and tenon techniques to join beams together and then secure them in place with pegs and splines. We could shingle the building with wooden shingles, enclose it with planks, and have a multipurpose building to use. The robots must be protected from rain and they could stay in the building. The lumber should be dried before construction and we could store it temporarily in the hallway and later in the building. We can even have windows covered with plank shutters or with the plastic sheeting from supplies sent to us.

With Aimee’s help, I searched her knowledge base for mortise and tenon construction techniques and I’m convinced that we can do it. The three of us are studying the subject so we’ll be ready.

He says the robots can be programed to do much more than simple beams and planks. As an example, he says they could carve a wooden canoe out of a huge tree trunk. With the addition of outrigger bamboo arms, we might be able to paddle to places around the shoreline or even to the mainland.

He says we can use the tents down near the isthmus for a while and then eventually build a log cabin there. We can carry the laser saws down there to cut down the trees much easier than with axes. We can split shingles from pine up here or down there. We can carry rafters for the roof and planks for the floor and shutters down there. With the two buggies which were sent to us, it would be easy to carry them downhill. We now have six older guys and three younger ones and we could probably finish the cabin in just a few months, maybe in colder weather.

They didn't have any trouble in convincing me. Now there are three of us looking for a building site. So far, the best possibility seems to be a site just off the main terrace. It's downhill a little but we could make a bridge from the terrace to the building. Aiden and Matt and I are thinking about what we should build and we think the best plan would be a three story building about forty-five feet square with storage in the lowest level, the robots in the second level, accessed by the bridge, and perhaps living quarters in the top level.

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They've already done it! What? They've corrupted my son with their demented sense of humor. And, damn, they did a wonderful job. I don't think I've laughed so hard in years.

It started with a short concert one night after dinner. Iain wanted us to sing some Broadway musical songs first and then he promised us a hilarious ending performance from all the Mouseketeers.

We had ten benches in two rows in the central hallway and we were performers sometimes and audience the rest of the time. I had no idea what anyone was going to do, except of course, the song I refreshed under Iain's coaching.

Iain wanted to present us with something beautiful before we performed. That was unusual. He said it was a beautiful aria from an opera called *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, also known as *The Pearl Fishers*,

by Georges Bizet, and sung by two of the most famous tenors of the last few years.

He asked Aimee to play the recording and we all listened. The aria was indeed beautiful, even to my ears, but I didn't understand what it had to do with us. He told us. He said that at our next recital, we were going to sing it ourselves with one tenor voice, one baritone, and one bass, just as an experiment to see what we could do. Damn! I knew who he had in mind and I thought there was no way we could do it. I can never sing like that.

Then James, Sam, Toby, and Renée, led off our performances with "Summer Nights" from Grease, with exaggerated finger snapping and prancing. What they lacked in musical talent, they made up for with enthusiasm. I did "Maria" from West Side Story and made a mess of it. Who wouldn't when the girl of Tony's dreams is standing there and making faces at him with her pregnant belly poked out? Iain, with Caitlyn smiling at him, followed with "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." Matt was next with "Old Man River" and he sent chills down my spine again. Iain's training him to use that bass voice of his and he's already damn good.

Then all the Mouseketeers left the central hallway and went into a bed chamber. A few minutes later, the young girls, Sam, Petra, Brianne, and Renée walked out very sedately, wearing chemises and tights. They lined up in front of the eight remaining members of the audience, and Iain announced their song: "The Gypsy Girl's Song" from the opera "The Bohemian Girl" by Michael Balfe. I marveled as usual at the four beautiful young girls and then they very sweetly performed the first part of the song.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marbled halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,
That I was the hope and the pride.

They paused, split in two, and moved to the sides. Then five male Mouseketeers, not four, but five, including Michael, shuffled out. They were wearing chemises too but for some reason they held a blanket covering all of them from waist to feet. They lined up in front of the audience, solemn-faced, and I assume pretending innocence like the girls. Then they sang something quite evidently not from the opera but using the same beautiful music. As they sang, they slowly lowered the blanket and it was evident that some demented geniuses had made up their own version.

I dreamt that I had humongous balls,

**A dick impossible to hide,
I screwed all who trembled within these walls,
And I lived to ninety and I died.**

They were all wearing tights, and I do mean tights, and they had something almost a foot long down one leg that looked like a penis and two huge balls of some kind where their smaller testicles were. Michael was in the center and his faux penis extended all the way down to his knee. With the words “I died,” they all collapsed in a dead heap and lay there until the cheering and clapping stopped.

As punishment we made them repeat their performance, girls and guys both, and they were even sweeter first and more demented last.

Oh, well, I was proud that Michael had joined the Mouseketeers and had the same crazy sense of humor as the rest.

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After almost a month, Aiden and Mother have now slept in the same bedchamber. They haven’t mentioned the arrangement but Anna and I both recognized the tell-tale signs on their faces one morning. Both were smiling like Cheshire cats and acting like honeymooners and there was no mistaking two people who were forging a new partnership.

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I knew they wanted something as soon as they approached me. Matt and I were outdoors, just sitting on a bench in the shade and talking, when the five youngest Mouseketeers marched out and came straight to me.

“OK. What do you troublemakers want?” I asked.

Surprise! Michael was spokesman. “We want to go to Paradise Beach, Dad. We want to go swimming and have a picnic. Please!”

I smiled at the please. “Let me talk to the others. We’ll go as soon as we can arrange it.”

They didn’t have to deafen me with their cheering but they almost did. Then five of them buttered me up a little more with hugs and kisses.

I thought about their request after they went back indoors. I wanted to go to the beach too. I wanted to see everybody in the water, naked

and playing, not sexy or erotic, just beautiful young people, so much alive and enjoying it. Then I thought of Anna, my wife, six-months pregnant, and I didn't know whether she should go. She was at the end of the second trimester of pregnancy, already much heavier, and occasionally having a little trouble walking and moving. I knew I had to have a woman's opinion.

I went first to the room at the end of the hallway so I could have a private conversation with Aimee. She could only tell me what I already knew: that Anna was healthy and having no pregnancy problems and that moving and exercise were good for her unless they were overdone. She could not give me an opinion on whether walking down and back up the mountain would be too much for Anna.

So I went too Mother and asked her. She had never been to the beach so she couldn't judge Anna's difficulty in walking down or coming back up the mountain. She asked if there was some way we could carry Anna back up if she had difficulty. I thought that was an engineering problem so I went to Aiden.

He came up with the solution: a sling with cloth bottom and back in which Anna could sit, suspended from a bamboo pole by cords, with two guys carrying her. We could put the sling in a backpack, cut a strong bamboo pole at the bamboo grove, and, if necessary, Anna could be carried back up the mountain by a pair of strong backs. Who had the strength? I thought for a moment: me, Matt, Aiden, the strongest, Iain, James, and Toby, possibly, Brian, Pyotr, and Michael, no way. I expressed my reservations to him. He counter-proposed: four guys carrying, three bamboo poles, one front and one back, sling suspended from center connecting pole. I could picture that and I thought we could manage it. He said he'd have the sling done by the next day.

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So we went down the trail to Paradise Beach in pairs, except for Michael. Perhaps he and Lucky were a pair because he was constantly exploring off to the side with Lucky, running, yelling at us about what he saw, full of life and fun. We were all dressed or undressed in just a loincloth and moccasins except for Anna. She was wearing a shorter version of her mama Mumu that came down to mid-thigh and wearing a nursing bra underneath. She was still beautiful to me.

All of us were carrying a spear for walking assistance and, except for Anna, were also carrying a backpack or two. Mother and Aiden and I were always there to help Anna over the rough places where a little climbing was necessary. We took a rest stop at the bamboo grove

while Aiden and I cut bamboo poles for Anna's sling and then we walked the rest of the way. I made sure that Mother and Michael were first when we went through the tree tunnel. They were struck by the beauty of Paradise Beach, as all of us were when we first saw it.

In seconds after arrival, we were all naked and in the water playing. I left it up to Aiden and Matt to throw all volunteers and stayed close to my wife. Mother was like a young girl in the water and Michael was like a young fish. I never knew where his wet head would pop up next.

Anna insisted on swimming a little and Aiden and I were right there by her side. She grumbled as she was returning to the beach, pretending to be fed up with someone always helping her but I knew she didn't mean it. She was just being Anna.

We had lunch on blankets in the shade at the edge of the beach and then lay in the sun for a while with backpacks as pillows. I watched Michael's beautiful butt begin to turn pink and I made him get out of the sun and wear a loincloth before his buns blistered. All the other Mouseketeers showed him their favorite games to play in and out of the water and he was always eager to play.

Finally, I reluctantly called a halt to activities in the sun and ordered a rest period before we climbed back up the mountain to home. Anna walked back to the bamboo grove without difficulty and then, after I begged, let us carry her in the sling. Aiden and Matt and I, with James and Toby and Iain rotating, carried her for a while, she walked without difficulty for a while, and then we carried her on home.

She wanted to lie down so I went with her to our bedroom to hold her. She sadly said that she wouldn't go to the beach again until after the twins arrived. I said I'd stay home with her but she protested. She said that Mother or Jean-Nicole or Caitlyn would be quite enough to watch over her and she wanted me leave her and do my usual things. I wanted to watch over her but I knew I wasn't really needed. I'd done my little part months ago, her words.

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The next time, all nine, count them, nine, five young guys and four young girls, came to me with a request. They wanted to have a sex play party and they wanted to arrange it. Again, Michael was spokesperson and I knew it was because it was difficult for me to say no to my son.

“OK, we will have another sex play party as soon as possible and you guys can arrange it. You must present to me a brief proposal of the

games we'll play and I will have veto power. If I judge that everyone will enjoy what you propose, we'll play as you plan."

I thought for a moment. "Aimee, how long have Mother and Michael been with us?"

"They have been here for twenty-seven days, David," she answered.

I knew that each of the others had arrived within thirty to forty days after each other. We might have a new arrival in three days. What problems would that present? Who knows? I thought it would be wise to wait for each new arrival to become acclimated to our way of living before they participated in a wild sex play party.

"Aimee, when is the next window of opportunity for us to have another sex play party?" I asked.

"There is a brief opportunity in two days, lasting for perhaps two days, David," she said. "Remember that as the number of females increases, it will be more and more difficult to find an opportunity for all to participate."

I saw Michael frowning and I assumed he had not thought about the fact that women were usually out of action a few days every month. He probably didn't know that, as part of caring for each of us, Aimee kept a record of each female's menstrual cycle.

"Aimee, would you please explain to Michael what we mean by a window of opportunity?" I asked. "You guys present me with your plan by tonight and, if I approve, we'll have a party two days from now."

Chapter Fifty-Eight

"Dad, why do you wash dishes?" Michael asked. "You're the leader. Why don't you let the women do it?"

After enjoying another good meal and laughter and conversation with seventeen men and women and boys and girls and one begging pooch, I decided to take another turn at kitchen clean up. I volunteered three guys to help me, James, as usual cleaning plates and saving scraps for Lucky and the mulch pile, me washing dishes and pots and pans in hot soapy water, Michael rinsing in clear warm water in the adjacent sink, and Toby racking in the bamboo drainer over the third sink.

“That’s what I’m doing, Son,” I said. “I’m leading right now.”

James stopped his job for a moment. “Michael, that’s the way he is. He leads by doing, not by telling others to do something.”

“That’s right, Michael,” Toby said. “No matter what we work at, he’s always there doing the hardest work. This afternoon, when we moved all that topsoil to the new potato patch, he carried loads like everybody else, probably bigger. That’s leading too. That’s why I don’t mind doing my part.”

“But I thought men were supposed to do some things and women were supposed to do others,” Michael persisted.

“We are,” I said. “Men are supposed to grab a spear and throw themselves at huge sabre-tooth tigers. Women are supposed to grab the babies and run in the cave. That’s what evolution has built into us.”

“Sometimes, I don’t know what I’m supposed to do,” Michael said.

“Give me an example,” I said.

“Well, I like sex already,” he said. “Maybe I like it too much. It seems like I can masturbate maybe three times a day and still want to do it again. Mom says I’ve started early but it’s perfectly normal. Do I do it too much?”

“You’re still playing with everybody?” I asked. “Have you had your pecker in a pussy yet?”

He giggled and answered. “No, Dad, so far I haven’t done that. You know I promised to do it for my first time at the next party. I like doing stuff with everybody and they’re all trying to teach me how to do it right. I’m having lots of fun.”

“What do you think, James, Toby?” I asked. “Does he jack off too much?”

“I think my top score so far is eight times in one day,” Toby boasted.

“You lie. I don’t keep score,” James said. “I just do it one right after the other.”

“But you’ve both got somebody to have sex with,” Michael persisted. “Are you still supposed to jack off?”

An idea popped into my head. “Aimee, are you listening to all this?”

“Yes, David,” she responded from over my head. “I always listen to all of you.”

“Would you please make an announcement that four guys are going for a run in a few minutes,” I asked. “The other guys are welcome to join us. No women. Just guys. They do girl talk. We’re going to do guy talk. Tell them not to bring any tablets.”

Shortly after that, James and Michael led a run of nine guys a short distance down the mountain to the clearing under monstrous pine tree. We ran single file, in nothing but moccasins and loincloths, no spears since the way was easy. James set the pace at an easy loping run and I ran behind Michael to see how he managed the run. He did fine.

Actually, there were nine guys and one pooch. When we stopped, Lucky took that as his discharge and disappeared into the woods. He usually reappeared when James gave a shrill whistle and, if he was still busy, he wandered home when he was ready.

The grove was largely devoid of undergrowth and the thick covering of pine needles made it a comfortable place for sitting or lying around. This time I wanted us all to stand. I dropped my loincloth and waited until the rest of the crew had done the same. Then I scratched a non-existent itch on the side of my scrotum, tugged my balls down a little, pulled my foreskin back, pushed it forward, and shook my limp dick a few times. I watched their faces while I was doing it and saw eight variations of what I had done.”

“OK, I want everybody to form a circle,” I started. “Michael wanted to know if he was jacking off too much. I thought all of us might be able to help him. Tonight, let’s keep the topic on one thing: masturbating or jacking off, OK?”

As I expected, James and Michael stood on each side of me. Brian stood beside Aiden, his father. The rest of the circle was filled in with Iain, Toby, Matt, and Pyotr. I said, “Choking my cobra,” and pointed

at James. He understood and said, “Walloping my weasel,” and pointed at Iain next to him. He said, “Belaboring the one-eyed Bishop.” We waited until naming the deed went around the circle to Michael. He struggled for a moment and then came up with one. “Jerkin’ my gherkin,” he said and then giggled. I added another one. “Letting my llama loose. That’s one of my favorites. It gets mad and spits on you.”

“Yeah, the damn thing spits right in your face,” Toby said.

“OK. Now let’s go around the circle again,” I continued. “When you masturbated, how old were you when you first ejaculated? I was eleven.”

I heard eight responses: two tens, from Michael and Toby, some eleven and twelves, and one thirteen, from Matt. “Well, I had just turned thirteen,” he said, almost apologetically.

“OK. Now, here’s a question for all of you,” I said. “How many sperm are in each ejaculation of a normal adult male?”

No one knew so I told them. “When I went to my room for my moccasins, I asked Aimee that question. She said a grown man ejaculates between 2 and 5 milliliters of semen, on average, about a teaspoon, and in each milliliter there are normally about 100 million sperm. Think about that: he may ejaculate half a billion sperm each time he has an orgasm.”

I waited for that unbelievable number to sink in and, while I was waiting, I held my dick with my thumb and two fingers and slowly stroked it. In the warmth of the evening, it was already swollen and I knew it would stand up easily. Everybody followed my example again, even the two fingers and a thumb grip. I saw more than one guy grinning at me.

“Now, here’s another question for you,” I said. “After they leave your body, how long do sperm live?”

“Well, we jacked off in a fire once and those poor little things lived about two seconds,” James said. “I heard them screaming as they went in the flames. Eeeeeeeeeee.”

“Let’s assume the man ejaculates in a woman’s vagina,” I said when the laughter stopped. “Some of those little swimmers will go upstream through her cervix and into her womb. That’s where they wait for a poor unsuspecting egg to come down her fallopian tubes. Any idea how long they can wait before they die?”

I got no response except a bunch of guys shaking their heads.

“About five days. Think about that. Now, how many get to fertilize that egg?”

I got a bunch of correct answers to that. “One.”

“That’s right. Michael, why do you think you jack off too much?” I asked. “Life’s wasteful! Half a billion sperm just so one can do its job! All the sperm your testicles produce in a lifetime will be wasted except for a few. You can masturbate as long as your tianga can get hard.”

I wrapped my hand around my penis and slowly stroked it. Nobody said a word but they followed my example again. I didn’t stop this time until I had a hard-on. I looked around and saw eight others. Brian was looking at his father’s tianga and grinning. Aiden was looking at Brian’s and smiling back. And, of course, my two sons were looking at my penis and grinning at me.

“It’s only too much if you rub your dick raw,” Toby said, and stroked his. “Do like me. I use a little olive oil sometimes. It’s good for the skin and just makes your dick taste better if you can get somebody to suck it.”

“Yeah, put some garlic in the olive oil and you can smell it on her breath for days,” James said. “If she breathes in your face, you’ll get a hard-on.” He pushed his hips forward and stroked a few times.

“I like to do that too,” Matt said, and stroked his dick. “A light coating of olive oil makes it feel better anytime.”

Iain had his say. “When Caitlyn jacks me off, she uses lotion.”

“Dad’s told me never to use soap,” Brian said, looking up at his father and stroking his tianga. “He says soap is an ex-something and it’ll make my dick raw.”

“Exfoliator,” Aiden said. It looked like he and his father had synchronized their stroking.

Michael had another question. “But all you guys have got somebody to have sex with. Are you still supposed to masturbate?”

“Brian, answer him,” Aiden said.

“Michael, women masturbate too,” he said. “Men probably do it more often than women because the semen buildup in them makes them so horny. It’s just another way of enjoying what your body is capable of doing. If you always had to have sex with a woman to get relief, nobody would ever get anything done. No lie, that’s what Dad told me when I asked that same question. I think he was kidding me.”

Aiden stood there shaking, trying to suppress his laughter.

This was going the way I wanted it to go, with fathers and sons and all the guys being honest about something we all did all the time. We all were watching the others as we all started a slow jack off.

“Here’s another important point,” I said. “It’s not just a matter of quantity of sperm. It’s also a matter of motility. A sperm uses energy when it swims and when it struggles to stick its head in the egg. Maybe the youngest sperm have more energy and swim better than the old ones so they get to the egg first.”

“I don’t understand your point, Dad,” Michael said, grinning up at me.

“Maybe the youngest sperm has a better chance of being the one that penetrates the egg,” I said. “Maybe that just improves the chances your mate will have a normal healthy baby.”

“Hot yok, I never thought of it that way,” Toby said. “You’re saying jacking off improves our chances of getting a girl pregnant.”

“I’m not saying anything,” I said. “I’m just leaving it up to you to think about it.”

“Shit, I have to struggle sometimes just to get my terrifying tianga in Brianne’s bouchi,” Pyotr said, looking at Aiden. Aiden just shook his head.

“Yeah, I know how it is,” Brian said. “Petra’s pussy is too tight for my tianga. It’s hard to get it in there.”

“It has to be hard,” James said.

“It has to be hard to be good,” Toby said.

“Yeah, you can’t stick a wet noodle up a wildcat’s ass,” Matt said.

“Well, anyway, I want to wait a few years before I get a girl pregnant,” Michael said.

“Me too,” Toby said.

“Me three,” Pyotr said.

“Me four,” Brian said.

“Well, it’s hard but I’m trying almost every night,” Aiden said.

“Maybe we can all reach a conclusion now,” I said. “Anybody want to offer one?”

“I will,” Aiden said. “Brian already knows it. I’ve told him for the last few years that he can’t jack off too much. As long as his tianga can get stiff, he can enjoy doing it. It’s his toy; he can play with it all he wants.”

“I agree,” I said. “We don’t have to do it every time our peckers poke up but we can’t do it too much. So just relax and enjoy it. I do.”

“Let’s do it then,” Michael said.

I looked around the circle. I didn’t see any tiangas looking at the ground anymore. I saw eight others looking at the moon. I was ready and so were they. “All in favor, raise your right hand.”

“Can I raise my left hand,” Toby asked. “My dick’s already grabbed hold of my right hand.”

When the laughter died down, I decided to go the next step. “Well, tell it to turn loose. I’ve got something else in mind. Do you guys know what a circle jerk is?”

“I can imagine,” Aiden said. “That’s not what we called it when I was a boy.”

Some of the others were frowning a little and I assumed they didn’t know.

“A bunch of boys stand in a circle and jack off,” I said. “Sometimes, they do it with their own dick. Sometimes they do it with the dick of the guy to their right.”

“I think we should do a little of both,” Matt said.

I lead. I reached over to my right and wrapped my hand around James’ dick. I looked to the left and saw Michael looking up at me with a question on his face. I nodded. He reached over and took my dick in his hand and slowly stroked it. I watched his hand moving back and forth for a moment and then looked at him. He was looking up at me and smiling. I nodded and smiled down at him.

I looked a little farther and saw Matt stroking Michael’s dick. He was looking at me. I nodded and smiled at him too. I looked at Aiden and Brian and saw Brian stroking his father’s dick while Iain did his.

“OK. Now everybody reverse and use your left hand,” I said.

I put my left hand around Michael’s dick and watched until I saw Michael put his hand around Matt’s. At the same time, James put his hand around mine. I looked around and saw nine guys giving a left-handed jack-off to the guy to their left. All nine of us were grinning and giggling like naughty little boys.

“OK. Now it’s time for everybody to mangle their own monster,” I said.

“Flog their frog,” Toby said.

“Beat their meat,” James said.

Again, we went around the circle, each one coming up with some variation for doing the deed. Then that's what we did, all nine of us, fathers and sons and all the others. Maybe I could tell somebody else something to help them learn but there's nothing like doing it to really teach them the lesson. I particularly wanted, as a father, to teach Michael, just as my father had taught me and the same way I had taught James. I knew that our old Earth's culture too often taught a mixed message to the young about masturbation, if anything at all was taught. I wanted our new world to be completely honest about something we all did and enjoyed.

Each time one of us squirted, somebody led the cheer and the rest of us joined in. I don't think it mattered who was first and who was last. All that mattered was that we all did it and enjoyed in in front of the others. I hoped it might even become a custom for fathers to teach their sons by doing it together.

"Before we go home, I want to get serious with all of you," I said. "I think you know what I did in my old world and what happened to me. I was sick of hatred and killing and when I was sent here I resolved to make this world different. I wanted to emphasize love and family and caring and that's what I try to do every day."

"You do, David," Iain said.

"Thanks. I want us to be one big loving family, no matter where we came from and no matter what happened to us before we came here. I want to be a father to James and Michael and the twins Anna is carrying. Fathers and mothers should teach their children to love, not to hate. That's what I'm trying to do here today. I'm trying to teach Michael a little about sex, particularly about masturbation. I think it's perfectly normal for all of us, youngest to oldest, to jack off. In fact, it seems to me to be a harmless pleasurable thing to do. Michael wanted to know if he did it too much. My answer is no. As long as his monster raises its head, he should enjoy beating it."

"I agree, David," Aiden said. "That's what I've tried to teach Brian."

"One more thing," I said. "I asked that nobody bring a tablet this evening. I didn't want Aimee to record what's been said and done. I want this to be a guy thing: that we sometimes jack off together, fathers and sons, and we never hide it from each other and we're

never ashamed of it. I've tried to start a few customs here. Maybe this can become one."

James gave a couple of shrill whistles and a minute later Lucky came bounding back to us. Michael led the procession of nine guys back home with Lucky running with us and yapping when he felt like it. This time, there was something different. We were all running naked except for moccasins and carrying our loincloths in our hands.

When we tramped in at home, chests heaving, pulse pounding, sweaty after the run uphill all the way, we went straight to the showers and had a communal bath. Guys helping guys, fathers helping sons and vice versa, laughing, talking, and nobody ill at ease with what we were doing: that was the way I wanted us to live our lives.

Afterward we donned loincloths and went looking for the females. We found them in the kitchen, packing food and drink for a picnic at the grove of big pine trees. All the guys pitched in and volunteered to carry everything and shortly we were all out the front door.

Again, we went down the mountain the short distance to the grove, most of us wearing nothing but moccasins and loincloths. Anna was wearing a shorter version of her mama Mumu, with a nursing bra underneath. We carried no spears or weapons, just food, drink, blankets, and pillows. We sang, of course, songs we'd learned from a country music concert of the New World Chorus: You Are My Sunshine, as the leadoff, followed by I Will Always Love You, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, and He Stopped Loving Her Today. We laughed and giggled at everybody's attempt at a country accent.

The temperature was warm and comfortable in the shade of the huge pines, the humidity was low, the breeze was moving up the mountain from the usual updraft effect, and the birds were serenading us with a full orchestra. Life was good.

Now, after another delicious meal, we were standing or lying or sitting around in small groups. The youngest were the first ones to shed their moccasins and loincloths and the rest of us eventually did the same.

Mother convinced Anna to get naked like everyone else and ordered me to help her to lay down on her back with her knees raised. Then she knelt beside Anna, opened a canister of ointment, and started

rubbing Anna's belly. After a minute or so she stopped rubbing and started smiling. She saw my questioning look.

"The twins are moving around, David," she said. "One of them has the hiccups. Do you want to feel?"

Did I? Of course I did. I knelt beside Anna, felt her belly and could easily see her belly being moved around by my children and feel the regular ticks when one of them hiccupped. I couldn't help but smile too. I looked up and saw we were surrounded by a crew of naked Mouseketeers, the five youngest.

"You can feel too," Anna said, "Just one at a time. Don't press down. Be gentle and just feel."

As usual, the oldest of the crew pushed the youngest, Michael, forward to be first. He knelt, gently touched her curved belly, felt one of the twins hiccup and looked at Anna.

"One of them does have hiccups," he said. "Are they supposed to do that when they're still in you?"

Mother answered. "It's very common for fetuses to have hiccups in the third trimester, Michael. It reassures us that things are progressing normally and the babies are getting ready for life outside of Anna."

I watched as the youngsters felt my wife's stomach moving around from my two children's antics and the jerks when one of them hiccupped. They were all the same: serious when they first touched her and then smiling when they felt one of the twin's hiccup. All the others gathered around and we all watched as five youngsters smiled and giggled, feeling the new life in my wife.

"Brienne, Petra, would you like to rub my tummy with Mama's Belly Butter?" Anna asked. "That's David's name for the ointment. It helps when the skin on my belly feels tight and uncomfortable."

The two knelt, one on each side of Anna and, with Mother's instructions, gently rubbed my wife's rounded belly. I knew she was in her seventh month, only two more to go, and I wondered how she could possibly carry two of our children inside her until then.

I looked around at the rest of our crew, all watching Petra and Brianne gently rubbing Anna's belly. We were all naked and all of us seemed relaxed and unconcerned about being that way. Everybody was smiling as Brianne and Petra buttered Anna's big belly.

Aiden moved in front of Mother, pulled her against him, and whispered in her ear. She didn't protest when they were chest to chest and belly to belly against each other. Instead she nodded and whispered back. He looked at me with a big grin on his face.

"What was that all about?" I asked.

"You tell them," Mother said.

"I just asked Manon to marry me again," Aiden said. "The first time I asked her, she said she would live with me but she wouldn't marry me unless I was open to the possibility of having another child. This time, I told her I'd do my best to get her pregnant too."

I thought the squeals and giggles and laughter and hugging would never stop.

When Anna's belly had been well buttered and calm had been restored, I looked around at the various groups. Michael was squatted beside the two sets of twins and didn't seem to care what he was displaying between his legs. The others were lying or sitting and seemingly quite comfortable with being naked.

The four older Mouseketeers were another group. James was flat on his back and Sam had her head on his belly. He was combing his fingers through her long red hair. Toby and Renée were sitting Indian-fashion next to them.

Matt and Jean-Nicole were sitting near Iain and Caitlyn. Iain was propped against a tree, legs spread and Caitlyn had her head on one of them. He too was playing with her long blond hair. Matt was flat on his back and Jean-Nicole's head was on his stomach. He was stroking her light-brown hair too. Do all women like for their man to play with their hair? I knew Anna did.

There was nothing remarkable about any of us, no concern about being naked, no sexual arousal, at least none I could see on the guys,

who knows about women. We were all comfortable with each other and with our nakedness.

I thought of our old world where a man could be arrested for indecent exposure if he displayed his penis and testicles in public. In our new world, we had all become at ease with our nakedness. Perhaps it was due to our living quarters that we were comfortable without clothes, loin-cloths at meals but otherwise naked most of the time. Our bathing facility, one big room, was unisex and nobody cared if males and females were in there at the same time. It was common to see a guy or girl shampooing somebody else's hair or scrubbing their back and it wasn't always mixed couples who did it. Toilet facilities were for separate sexes but I'd seen both sexes pissing outdoors, women squatting, men standing, and unconcerned about it.

A world of my choosing? Nakedness at home and, weather permitting, on picnics and other excursions? Playing on the terraces in the nude? Working in the garden with nothing on except moccasins? Perhaps it had been our circumstances, perhaps my leadership, but I was pleased with our attitude toward the human body. To me, the others were beautiful, men and women, boys and girls. Mother and Aiden were the only ones whose bodies showed any signs of aging but I thought both of them were just as beautiful as the younger ones. None of us seemed to regard our nakedness as sexually arousing, perhaps because we enjoyed enough sex to keep us quiescent most of the time. Even Michael's perpetual popup seemed to dangle at relaxed occasions like this. I knew all we could do was start customs and encourage attitudes and there might be changes in the future. Still, I was content, satisfied with our way of life.

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We had leftovers that night, cleaning up one dish after another, a little bit of this and that, lots of good bread, and everybody seemed happy and satisfied with our meal.

Then the Mouseketeers announced that we were going to dance around a bonfire on the big terrace. I looked at Anna and she smiled and nodded and I knew she was OK with dancing even though she couldn't dance like the others.

Just as the sun was setting, we gathered around a blazing fire on the terrace and Aimee played dance music for us. We started with a Sousa

march as usual, Fairest of the Fair, eight couples with Michael leading with his imaginary baton in his right hand. Anna was OK with that.

Next, we slow danced to some romantic songs, When I Fall in Love and You Go to My Head. Anna nestled her head against my throat and I thought of a night in Flagstaff when we had first danced together. We even waltzed together once and then sat out the second one.

Finally the Mouseketeers called for Jog Din Oas and Anna and I just stood and watched the others. No one danced with anyone else and, as usual, the dancers became more wild and frantic with the succeeding repetitions of the music. The youngsters quickly lost their loincloths and danced in beautiful nakedness. When they called for the music to be repeated, Mother and Aiden dropped out too and stood with me and Anna. Matt was awkward but Jean-Nicole was beautiful. Iain and Caitlyn danced together and were enchanting. But the seven Mouseketeers were mesmerizing in their naked contortions and Michael danced his little wild heart out.

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Two days later, I was outside sitting on the highest terrace just watching the white clouds scudding by. Breakfast was over, the kitchen had been cleaned, and we had all wandered away to play or do whatever. I needed to think and talk to Aimee so I took my tablet and climbed to the Thinker seat in the rocks.

For a while, I sat there silently, reminiscing about my early childhood and how I had slowly grown into a sexual being. I thought back to my own very earliest experiences which eventually led me to understand the purpose of that thing between my legs.

I knew Father and I had often bathed together when I was a little boy. I couldn't remember clearly when he had bathed me but he told me that he often did and that I sometimes got an erection when he washed my Willy. I did remember the frequent times we bathed together when I bathed myself and Father bathed himself and we began to swap back scrubs. That became like a ritual with us, one I thoroughly enjoyed.

I don't remember exactly when he first had an erection, a huge thing, with me in the shower but my little penis became hard too, stiff as a steel spring, perhaps just following his example. I remember that he

just smiled at me and I knew it was OK for mine to be like his. I can't remember how old I was but I do remember that he told me what it was for: that it got hard so it could penetrate a woman's vagina and make a baby. That was a revelation and I tried to imagine what that was like and why anybody wanted to make babies.

After that I was more curious about the differences between men and women. I saw Father naked frequently and he didn't flaunt his erections but neither did he hide them. I saw Mother naked less frequently but often enough to understand what those beautiful breasts were for: to feed babies. I tried to see where between her legs was the place Father could put his penis in her but that remained a mystery for a few more years, until I learned one Summer day when I was fourteen.

I also can't remember when I discovered the pleasure of playing with my penis. It was always there, just at arm's length, and I lay in bed lots of nights and played with it. With the passage of time, it became more and more common for me to play with it and for it to become erect and for me to find pleasure in fondling it.

I do remember clearly that I began to have orgasms well before I sprouted any pubic hair, dry orgasms because there was nothing ejaculated. I'd learned from other boys that when they played with theirs something white started coming out. They called it cum or maybe come.

I also remember that I began to sprout pubic hair about eleven and I had a small growth of fine black hair in a year or two. Somewhere about the same time, certainly by age twelve, I finally ejaculated when I masturbated or, as we called it, I came when I jacked off.

I remembered that I was masturbating frequently before I was twelve, that Father knew I did it, and Mother probably did too. Shortly after my thirteenth birthday, she asked me to take a damp washcloth with me to bed at night. I was embarrassed as hell but she just smiled at me and said that it was something all boys did.

I suppose all of this pondering was a lead up to the central question: Michael and the sex play parties. I knew that we were going to have another party and I wondered whether I had made the right decision when I consented to let Michael play. He certainly seemed interested and his penis and testicles showed that he was just entering puberty. I

also wondered if he was going to be like me in my growth pattern. I asked Aimee a question.

“Aimee, how tall is the average eleven-year old boy and how much does he weigh?”

“David, the average eleven year old male weighs 78 pounds and is fifty six inches tall. Michael weighs 87 pounds, almost the average weight of a twelve year old, and is 62 inches tall, the average height of a thirteen-year old. He will be a big man when he matures, perhaps taller than you.”

“Thank you, Aimee. You know why I am asking; don’t you?”

“Yes, David, I know you well enough now to anticipate your next question.”

“OK, what’s my next question, just the answer, please?”

“The average erect penis size for eleven and twelve-year-old boys is less than three inches. Michael’s erect penis is over four inches which is the average for fourteen year old boys. Michael will be a big man in more than one way.”

“Well, is that normal?” I asked. “The first time I saw him with a hard-on, I couldn’t believe it. Mine’s always been bigger than normal but not like his.”

“David, penis length and sexual maturity vary greatly in males. Michael’s penis is almost three standard deviations larger than the mean for boy’s his age but it is within the range of what is called normal. I see no evidence that his early sexual maturity should be a cause for concern.”

“Aimee, I know you do not think in the same sense as I do. Is it correct to say that you reason using the scientific method, as it is called in my old world?”

“Yes, David. First I observe certain phenomena, second I formulate a hypothesis to explain the phenomena, third, I use the hypotheses to predict the behavior of future observations, and last I perform experimental tests to confirm the hypothesis.”

“I’m concerned about Michael, Aimee. Do you understand what I mean when I say that, in a moment of crisis, I become cool?”

“Yes, David, from listening to you and others, it seems to be a greatly-enhanced reaction called the flight or fight response. In it all your senses and your strength are greatly enhanced. Is that correct?”

“Yes, Aimee, that’s correct. I’ve learned that Michael has displayed the same reaction in a couple of crisis situations. Perhaps he inherited a gene from me which gives him that cool response. Anna and I have even pondered whether it might be a sex-linked gene and all my male descendants might have it. Do you follow me so far?”

“Yes, David, I understand.”

“Some of the women have teased me that they might want a child from me, to make sure they have one more likely to survive in our new world. I’ve thought about that and I’ve tentatively decided against it for two reasons. First, I really love Anna and I want children with her but only her. Second, if I give another woman a child, it might cause ill will or jealousy by her mate. I try to avoid that because I don’t want to have jealousy or hatred in our new world. We are much more likely to survive without those bad emotions.”

“David, one of my primary duties is enhancing the likelihood of survival of all of you. How can I help you?”

“I don’t know, Aimee,” I said. “I only want you to be aware of my concerns and perhaps warm me if you believe I’m not acting in the best interests of our colony, all of us.”

“I will, David. I like observing all of you and watching your behavior. I think humans are fascinating creatures; don’t you?”

“Yes, Aimee, and difficult to understand sometimes, to know the difference between right and wrong, especially for someone else.”

“David, from listening to all the others, I can tell you that they know you always try to find the right solution to challenges. They respect you and accept you as a good leader.”

“Well, we’ve got another sex play party tonight and I’ve given Michael permission to participate. I just hope I’ve made the right decision with him.”

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That same night, after we had all feasted on another of Jean-Nicole’s great dinners, after we had all helped clean the kitchen, we were all sitting around the dining area talking, joking, being silly, teasing, laughing. I saw Michael look at me and I knew what he wanted. I nodded. He walked away from the tables and called for our attention.

“Thank you,” he began, when we had all turned looking at him. “You all know the Mouseketeers have planned another sex play party for tonight. Before we have our baths, Dad wants to talk to all of us for a few minutes. Maybe you’re eager to play but I hope everybody will listen to him.”

I stood up and looked around. Michael sat down at the table with the Mouseketeers again.

“Thank you, Michael,” I started. “I won’t take much of your time. I want to talk about something that’s bothered me more than once. I try to be a good leader for you but sometimes I don’t know what’s right or wrong. I have a degree in Civil Engineering but that’s not much help in dealing with people, especially children. I think we all agree that a six-year-old child should not be permitted to join our sex play parties but at what age should they be welcomed?”

“Two?” Toby asked. I shook my head no.

“When the earlier arrivals came here, they were all well into puberty or beyond it. I didn’t worry about them enjoying sex. I thought they were mature enough to decide for themselves what they wanted to do.”

I looked at Pyotr and Petra to ensure they were listening. They were.

“Then Pyotr and Petra came and I saw two children still in the early stage of puberty. I tried to put myself into the position of a father but I still didn’t know what to do. We wanted to have another sex play party and I didn’t know whether they should play or not. They assured me they wanted to play too. We let them, in fact, we showed them how we

played, and they joined in. At thirteen or fourteen, whatever, they seem happy with being sexual beings like the rest of us. I can't see that we have caused them any harm."

"When Brian came, and then Brianne, both just thirteen again, I questioned whether they should be welcomed into sex as well but there was something else to consider. Their father was going to arrive next. I firmly believe that it should be up to a father and mother to guide their children into becoming sexual. We finally decided that they should be accepted at sex play if they wished. When Aiden arrived, he didn't question what we had done. Now both sets of twins play and I still don't see any harm."

"Now, my son Michael has arrived and I've got the same problem but he's even younger. He was just ten when he arrived and he says he's eleven now. I see two signs of sexual development in him. He has a few pubic hairs and he's already masturbating and ejaculating. Aimee says his development is a little early but well within the normal range. She says boys masturbate more at ages eleven and twelve than any other."

"He assures me he wants to play with us and I'm going to let him. He's been learning with some of his peer Mouseketeers and I hope they've taught him well. Now, he says he's ready to have the ultimate lesson tonight. He's going to make love with one of you females and we're going to watch, sort of like a coming-of-age initiation into our family."

Michael raised his hand and I nodded to him.

"No, Dad, not one. Two or three or maybe four or even five. If I'm still doing it at daybreak tomorrow, will you stop me?"

When the laughter died down, Mother looked at me and whispered, "He's your son."

I looked at Aiden and Mother, sitting side by side, holding hands like young lovers. Silently I wished them happiness in their new love.

"Aiden says that in his old world, children are permitted to begin expressing their sexuality whenever they wish. Their parents guide them and try to make sure no harm comes to them. He says it's not a perfect system but I say it's a hell of a lot better than my old world's

system. I hope we can adopt their ways for children, not my old world's ways."

"Before Aiden came, I wondered why we were provided with contraception. He says in his old world they do that routinely so young girls can enjoy sex as well as young boys. He thinks that we were provided birth-control pills because the ones who sent us wanted to send young girls and boys who were not ready to become parents. That's the case in over half the ones they've sent here."

I saw Michael hold up one finger and I knew he was telling me my time was up.

"Please give me your input on any concerns you have, especially about sex play parties. Aimee says you can talk to her and she will turn your words into an anonymous written message to me. So please feel free to help me in my role in leading you. Michael?"

He walked back in front of the crowd and this time there was something conspicuously different: under his loin-cloth, he had a prominent erection. He stood still with his hips thrust forward slightly, looked at the ceiling and looked around at the crowd. I knew he was giving us all a moment to appreciate what he was displaying. He was only eleven years old, a few days after his birthday, and already turning into a man.

"Thanks, Dad," he said. "Good speech. Now, we've asked for your input on what we do at our party tonight and we've chosen what we hope will be fun. The 'teers have asked me to be their spokesman for tonight and I'll try.

He paused and looked at Mother.

"Mom says she isn't sure I should participate but I want to," he said. "She said Dad could decide and he said I could so I'm going to play too. He says it's like an honor to have sex for the first time with all of you around but I've got to ask one of the ladies to do it with me. I've been sort of warming up with some of you and I think I'm ready to do it, I mean, have sex, for the first time. "

He paused again and looked at me.

“I thought about which one of the ladies might help me but, yok, that’s the hardest thing I’ve ever done. Then I remembered something Mom told me, that having sex was all about making babies, and that helped me narrow the choice down to two.”

He paused and looked around at everybody.

“Eight women and girls said they’d like to be my first and I knew I had to reduce the competition. I probably can’t do *that* many. I eliminated Anna because Dad’s already got her baking a couple of biscuits in her oven. Then I eliminated Mom because Aiden’s trying to do the same for her.

That left six. I eliminated Petra and Brianne because they’re not ready to bake baby biscuits. Down to four, Jean-Nicole, Caitlyn, Sam, and Renée.

I would really like to have Jean-Nicole’s long legs wrapped around my butt while I shove my tianga in her bouchi...but she’s going to marry Matt and I didn’t what to spoil it for him. Iain and Caitlyn are already married but they want to wait a couple of years before they have a little squealer.

That left me with two choices. Sam and Renée! And, yok, that’s where I was stuck. I came up with a solution and you’ll have to wait until we play to find out what it is.”

He trailed off and giggled. There was even more giggling and laughing and some obscene comments and suggestions from the crowd.

Mother looked at me and smiled. “He’s your son.”

“OK, it’s time for our pre-party bath. Have a pit stop first if you need to and then assemble in the bathing chamber. Remember, it’s a communal bath so please help each other. When we’re all warm and dry, proceed to the bed chamber on the right at the end of the hallway. It’s been prepared for partying. But now before we go, would all the Mouseketeers come up here with me?”

The two sets of twins arranged themselves on each side of him, Brian with Petra and Pyotr with Brianne. The older Mouseketeer couples were the bookends, James and Sam on one end and Toby and Renee on the other. Something had happened under the loincloths of all the

guys, maybe a tent-pole had been erected. Anyway, something was protruding. The nine looked around smiling, giggling, wiggling for a moment and I wondered what was going on. Then the crew, at the same time, reached down and released their loincloths.

Surprise! They were all hairless as pre-pubertal children. Michael had only a few straggling black hairs around the base of his penis but now even they were gone. The other guys were just as bereft of pubic hair above and around their penises and even on their testicles. The girls were just as innocently hairless with their fat little pubic mounds shining and their little virginal clefts showing. I knew they were not really innocents but they certainly seemed that way.

They let all the old farts have a good look for a moment, then Michael yelled, "To the baths," and they all ran out the door, little breasts bouncing, stiff dicks flying, bare butts flashing.

Chapter Fifty-Nine

In the play party bedchamber, Michael again assumed the duty of master of ceremonies. He waited near the door until most of us, male and female pairs, had sat down on one of the three bed alcoves.

Anna and I were sitting on the side of one with Mother and Aiden. Matt and Jean-Nicole were paired on another with Iain and Caitlyn. On still another, the older Musketeers, James and Sam were sitting with Toby and Renée. The two sets of twins were standing near the door on each side of Michael, paired Brianne with Pyotr and Brian with Petra.

The old farts, as Toby called us, had at least a small patch of pubic hair showing. Anna's dark curls were trimmed short because that was the way I liked them and I had recently trimmed her mound for her. She says she can't even see it now. And, of course, my pubic patch was short because Anna had made me stand between her spread knees while she trimmed it. She giggled when my penis stood up and got in the way. Still, she didn't have to say that she was glad there was still life in the old boy yet.

Iain and Caitlyn also had well-manicured pubic areas, Aiden and Mother were a little more prominent, but Matt's dark jungle won the

prize. Jean-Nicole's looked untrimmed too. Maybe they had all decided what they liked on their partners.

But the nine Mouseketeers were as smooth and hairless as ten-year olds, five with stiff penises and four with little virginal clefts. I suppose I could have fussed about them wasting a precious resource, our depilatory cream, but the result was worth it. Why do hairless dicks and pussies look so cute and erotic? Maybe there's a little bit of a pedophile in me.

"Thank you for coming," Michael started, and was rudely interrupted by Toby.

"I haven't come yet but I'm going to," he said and giggled.

Renée promptly slapped him behind his head and of course Toby protested, "WhaDidIDo?" Michael waited for the laughter to stop and then continued.

"I was going to say that it's time to come again but now I won't," Michael said. "I'll just explain the first game we're going to play. It's a variation of something you've done before, called let's all strip naked and get in a pile."

He paused and waited until the naughty comments stopped and he had everybody's attention.

"We will play in this bed chamber in the dark. The floor is covered with mattresses and that's where all play will take place. Everybody will be free to make up their own mind which of three groups they want to join."

He gave us a rather long-winded explanation of their game but it was really very simple. The three groups were backers who lay flat on their back and did nothing, crawlers who crawled around searching for an unattended backer and sitters who sat and could join the game at any time as a backer or a crawler. The crawlers roamed around on hands and knees and then kissed, licked, or sucked a backer's private parts.

Brian helped Michael to make sure all we all understood.

“You mean, if I’m a crawler, and I find a backer, I may have to lick a bouchi or a tianga, or maybe kiss it, or I guess suck a tianga and lick a bouchi.”

Michael grinned and nodded. “Yeah, it’s just goooood ol’ oral sex.”

“Tell them about the bell, Michael,” Petra said.

“OK, can’t forget that,” he said. “At random intervals, Aimee is going to ring a bell. The backers and the crawlers must immediately swap places.”

“And Toby is going to fart like the little drummer boy, a ratta-tat-tat,” James said.

When the laughter finally stopped, Michael held up one finger and then pointed at Anna.

“One more thing,” he said. “Anna wants to play so everybody must be very careful and gentle. OK?”

He waited until everybody had nodded or said something in the affirmative.

“OK, it’s time to decide what you’re going to be when we start. Sitters can stay where you are. Backers and crawlers please stand up. Aimee’s going to choose some backers at random. As soon as they are in position, she will turn out the lights and the crawlers can go looking for something to do. I mean someone. After the lights are turned out, I’ll make up my mind which I want to be.”

The alcove sitters immediately stood, all of us, including Anna. I wasn’t surprised that all seventeen of us wanted to play.

Aimee did her bit. “The male backers will initially be David, James, Pyotr, and Aiden. The female backers will be Caitlyn, Renée, Brianne, and Mother. The rest of you will be crawlers.”

Michael gave us his final instruction. “Would all backers please walk out on the mattresses in a moving circle? Aimee will gradually lower the lights and, when the room is completely dark, you will lie down on your backs.”

Four grinning guys with hard-ons started walking in a circle with four giggling gals. When the lights were completely out, I laid down on my back, spread my legs, and raised my knees.

While we played, I was either a backer or a sitter and I suppose everyone else was too. I crawled up between lots of spread legs and did my best at licking a bouchi or sucking a tianga, trying to make someone squeal or groan in pleasure. I knew hairless bouchis or tiangas belonged to Mouseketeers and the others had at least some pubic hair and sometimes I could tell which one it was. Anna, with her rounded belly, was the easiest to identify. Regardless, I gave them my best effort trying to lick or suck a clit or a dick.

Of course, every time I was a backer, someone was kissing or licking or sucking my tianga. I knew some were female and some male but I usually couldn't tell which. Once I felt almost ready to give a crawler a mouth full of something but the damn bell rang too soon. In fact, Aimee rang the bell all too often but I suppose that just made the game more fun.

The temperature had been comfortable when we started but with all the back flopping and crawling around the room soon grew warm. Laughing and giggling and squealing and lots of choice cuss words were constant. "Ooohh, fuck that's good," seemed to be the most used.

Then the lights came back on and the alcove sitters returned to their seats while the twin 'teers simply sat down around Michael. I looked around at the crowd and saw the same thing on everybody: wild tangled hair, sweaty bodies, stiff dicks on the guys, and who knows about the women. Michael stood in the center of the room, displaying a terrifying tianga at least four inches long and swollen low-hanging tolos.

"Does anybody need a pit stop?" he asked. There were some obscene responses but nobody said yes.

"Brian, Pyotr, James, Toby, would you go get us something to drink," he said. "You'll find some bottles of juice in the kitchen cooler."

They were back in seconds and passed out a bottle to each couple. I let Anna go first and she wet her whistle and passed it to me. We sat there together, sipping the drink, and slowly cooled off.

Michael became MC again. “Now for the part I’ve been looking forward to. Perhaps you’ve been wondering whether I was going to choose Sam or Renée for my initiation,” he said. “Well, I still can’t make up my mind so I’m not going to choose.”

He looked at James and Toby, nodded, and they stood up and walked over to him. Both were holding a strip of dark green cloth in their hands. The three of them were different but in one way they were the same: three rampant penises stiff and hugging their stomachs. James’ penis was the largest and Michael’s the smallest but all three looked ready to please a lady.

James and Toby tied both strips around his head, completely covering his eyes, and then Sam and Renée stood and joined the guys on the mattresses. They had pulled their hair back and tied cloth strips around their heads. Sweat bands, maybe, but why now?

Michael held out his hand and Sam took it, placed it for just a second on her breast, and then stepped back. James and Toby put their hands on Michael’s shoulders and turned him around a couple of times. Again, Michael held out his hand and, this time, Renée took it, placed it on her breast for just a few seconds, and then stepped back. Was he familiar enough with Sam’s and Renée’s breasts to be able to identify them? I felt sure I could. Sam’s little breasts were just smooth and rounded like most women’s. Renée’s were about the same small size but with a pronounced distension under the areola.

Renée stepped forward again, swiftly kissed Michel on the mouth, tongue probing between lips, and retreated. The boys turned him around and around. Sam kissed him next and I saw her tongue teasing him too. The boys turned Michael again and then both put a hand on his shoulders and pressed down. Michael knelt, sat, and rolled to his back. James and Toby stuffed a pillow under his neck, spread his legs, placed his hands on his belly, and stepped away.

Sam knelt between Michael’s spread legs, held his penis straight up, and lowered her head. I understood why her hair was tied back, so it didn’t obstruct our view of her sucking his dick. She was slow and gentle with him, just licking from his balls up the shaft, sucking on the head, stroking a few times with her hand, and then repeating.

Renée straddled Michael’s head, put her knees on each side, and slowly lowered her fanny so that my view was obstructed. I knew what

was happening anyway. She was settling her pussy on Michael's face like a hen settling down on her nest of eggs. I saw the top of Michael's head moving up and down and I wanted to swap places with my son.

James and Toby stood there for a minute or so, just watching Sam and Renée with Michael. I saw James nod at Toby and they both put their hands on Sam's and Renée's shoulders, and gave them a thumbs up.

The two girls switched places, Renée sucking Michael's dick, Sam getting her pussy licked. I knew they had carefully orchestrated all of their play and it was certainly as erotic as anything I'd ever seen. I glanced at Anna and saw that she was sitting on the edge of the cubicle, smiling, legs spread, one hand between them, and absorbed in the show. I looked at Mother and she was smiling too. She and Aiden both had their legs spread, her hands on his upright penis, his with fingers buried between her legs. I looked at the others and saw the guys sitting like I was, legs spread, balls hanging down, dick standing up. More than one guy had a hand on his dick stroking it. Some were letting a girl's hand do the job. A few of the girls were sitting with legs closed but most had them open and either their own hand or a guy's was playing between.

After a minute or so, James and Toby stopped Sam and Renée and the girls stood again. This time, the boys took Michael's hands in theirs and helped him to stand. They stood there for a moment, the five of them, Michael in the middle of the others, and then the guys and girls started turning Michael around again and again. They stopped and immediately the four started walking in a circle around Michael. He let them parade for a few turns and then held out his hand to stop one.

He didn't get what he wanted. He got Toby. He felt for breasts, didn't find any, felt down below, found a dick, and shook his head. The four giggled or laughed, started walking again and Michael reached out to one. This time, he found Sam. He nodded and I understood that he had found his first female.

James led Sam to the center of the mattresses and helped her lie down on her back. She smiled up at him, spread her legs, and lifted her knees. He kissed his fingers, patted her pussy, and stepped away. Toby led Michael to where Sam was waiting, whispered in his ear, and stepped back. Michael gingerly felt downward, found Sam's knee, and then knelt between her legs.

He lowered his body very carefully until it was on top of Sam's with no effort to find her pussy with his dick. Instead he felt for Sam's face with his hand, found it, and lowered his head so they were cheek to cheek. I heard some indistinguishable whispering and then he sought out her mouth with his and kissed her, just a lips to lips kiss at first and then an open-mouth kiss.

He lifted his hips and Sam put her hand between their bodies. I couldn't see but I knew what she was doing, positioning the head of Michael's penis so it was ready to penetrate her. He slowly lowered his hips and I knew he was experiencing that wonderful moment when he learns firsthand what it feels like to pierce a woman's pussy with his penis. In the absolute silence, I heard a quick intake of breath and a slow exhalation, sort of like saying wow.

So I sat there and watched the beautiful couple as my son had sex with a girl, his cheek next to hers or his mouth on hers, his little ass cheeks pinching in as he thrust, becoming rounded when he withdrew. Sam had him all wrapped up with her arms around his chest and her ankles hooked over the crack of his little ass. All I could do was shake my head in wonder at their combined beauty.

I had debated with myself for a while whether or not to let him enjoy his sexuality at such a young age, as soon as puberty started. In my old world, I knew enjoyment of sex was typically discouraged until some maturity was reached and all too often little guidance in sex was given. In our new world, I wanted sex to be something we joyfully celebrated but how soon? I wanted all of us to be honest about watching and doing something that was so central to our very existence.

Was Michael old enough to enter the adult world of sex? I knew he wanted to, that he had a few dark curls around his penis, at least for a while, and that he had squirted at least some semen perhaps with sperm in it. His testicles were certainly beginning to pump out the testosterone to make him into a man. I knew he had played at sex with various couples since his arrival and wanted to experience the ultimate act. So after long thought, I had decided to let him play sexual games with us. I suppose I was establishing a precedent for all the children yet to come, something more like Iain's old world rather than mine.

As I watched, his slow thrusts gradually became faster and faster and more forceful. In the silence, I heard the faint slaps of body against body and an occasional moan from at least one of them. It was evident that he was about to come. After a few more strokes, he shoved his terrifying tianga into Sam's bouchi and then froze, ass cheeks caved in with his tension, and I knew he was, for the first time, feeling the wonder of emptying himself in a woman.

Neither moved for a while and I don't suppose any of their audience did either. The sight of the young couple locked in such a primal embrace was mesmerizing. Finally, Michael lifted up, gave Sam a simple kiss, and rolled off her.

I was surprised. He still had an erection. At least it seemed erect, lying flat against his belly, glistening wetly in the light. He breathed deeply a few times, raised his head and looked round and smiled. Perhaps he was proud of what he had done.

Renée knelt beside him, lay down next to him, and kissed him on the cheek. More whispering. Sam rolled over on her side and kissed him on the other cheek and whispered. For a while, they simply cuddled him, touching his face and chest but not below the waist. I saw his penis lift once and I knew that was a sign of a stiffening penis. Mine always just flopped when it was soft and it had to be really hard for it to lift its head. More whispering and giggling.

Then Renée's hand ventured below his naval and found something ready for use again. The elapsed time since his first orgasm might have been three or four minutes but I knew what I had been capable of when I first started. Occasionally I had stroked my hard-on to orgasm twice without stopping.

I expected Renée to assume the position for Michael to mount her but that wasn't what she did. She rolled on top of him, spread her legs on side of his hips, reached down, held his penis up, settled down on it, and went for a ride. At first Michael laid there, hands behind his head, and watched the action. Then Renée stopped moving, poised with just the head of his penis in her, and Michael started fucking up into her. From our angle, I could see his penis flashing in and out of Renée and I knew Mother could too. Perhaps Michael had planned it that way. Maybe they'd planned it but, damn, it was unbelievably erotic to watch them fuck. When Michael groaned and pushed her down on his

penis, Renée squealed and wiggled her little ass. Could she have felt him squirting inside her?

When she rolled off, the three lay there in a row until Michael raised his head and motioned to James and Toby. Seconds later, Sam and Renée were impaled again by James and Toby. They got sloppy seconds but they didn't seem to mind. Michael lay there between the two fucking couples for a while, looking at first one and then the other. Then he stood up, looked down at two humping asses and smiled. A second later, surprise, he walked over to me and Anna, took our hands, and led us out on the mattresses.

I couldn't get on top of Anna so far along in her pregnancy but I knew what she liked and what I could do. I spooned up to her, tucked my penis between her thighs, and gently stroked back and forth. I knew she would press just under the head when she was ready to tuck it into her vagina.

Another surprise. Michael went to Mother and Aiden and led them out on the mattresses near Anna and me. Anna and I were still for a moment, watching them assume the old-fashioned missionary position with her arms and legs around him and his hard-on hidden somewhere. She looked in our direction and grinned. I threw her a kiss.

Matt and Jean-Nicole were standing, waiting for Michael to lead them out to join the fun. Michael waited until they were settled, Jean-Nicole on top of Matt, and then led Iain and Caitlyn out to play too. Caitlyn also wanted to be on top. She held Iain's dick straight up and groaned loudly as she slid down on it.

The two sets of twins didn't wait for Michael to invite them. They joined the rest of us on the mattresses, both with the girls on their backs and the boys on top of them. I didn't know how Aiden felt about fucking Mother while his son and daughter were busy with Petra and Pyotr. Just a few feet away. He seemed too busy with Mother to be concerned about them.

When eight couples were arrayed around a standing young boy, Michael looked around at everyone and nodded at each couple. He looked at me, smiled, and nodded. I nodded back and gave him a thumbs up.

Anna finally tucked the head of my penis in her hot juicy pussy and I closed my eyes and began gently thrusting into her.

Still another surprise. A couple of minutes or so later, I felt a hand on my shoulder and looked up. Matt and Jean-Nicole were standing next to Anna and me. They both jerked their thumbs to tell me to get up but I protested until Anna told me she and Jean-Nicole had already decided that I should be able to let my beast loose tonight. I gave Anna a good-bye thrust or two and swapped.

Jean-Nicole welcomed me on her back, I mounted her, she showed my dick where to go and wrapped me up in her arms and legs, and I started awakening the beast in me. For the next few minutes, I don't know what anyone else did but I let the beast loose and ravaged a groaning Jean-Nicole.

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The morning after our sex play party, I climbed up to the small terrace, my thinking spot, to reflect on what we had done. When play was finally over, we had slowly ambled to the showers, everybody in their usual mixed-sex pairs, and joined in another happy communal shower.

Mother had helped Anna while Aiden and I swapped back scrubs and the others all seemed to enjoy the loving atmosphere in the shower. Afterwards I was content be in bed with Anna and to cuddle up to her while she cuddled up to a pillow against her swollen belly. I kept my hand on her tummy for a while but the twins didn't want to do their gymnastics for a change.

Now, breakfast over, I sneaked off to my favorite spot to think and reflect and plan. Actually, I probably didn't sneak because everybody knew what I did when I climbed up to the thinking seat.

I thought about what we had done the night before at our sex play party, wondering again if we had done the right thing or perhaps I should have led the group in some different direction. Everyone had certainly seemed to enjoy the night's entertainment and seemed more than usual loving and content to go to bed in their usual pairs and bedchambers.

I tried to remember what Iain had once said in presenting ideas about love and sex and how the continuum varied at different ages. I had my tablet with me but I hesitated to ask Aimee to repeat it for me. Maybe later. Our love and sex lives were certainly not like they would have been in our old world.

Homosexuality had long been taboo in our old world and punishable by death in some cases. Still it existed even though it was usually hidden. Now it was becoming more accepted. But I suppose there was no such thing in our world. I had not heard the words gay or lesbian or queer or anything like that for months.

I knew that James and Sam lived in the same bedchamber with Toby and Renée. I also knew that sometimes they swapped partners, occasionally in same sex pairs. I had no real idea what they did then, whether James fucked Toby or vice versa or if they just had oral sex. They knew anal sex didn't appeal to me, whether with a woman or especially a man, but they also knew I didn't judge what they did.

The two sets of twins also slept in the same bedchamber but I wasn't as sure that they swapped the same way. Pyotr said he still had sex with Petra on occasion while Brian and Brianne did the same. He had also hinted that sometimes he paired with Brian while the girls played together. What they did wasn't my business. What did it hurt? Maybe it simply strengthened the loving bonds between others of the same sex.

Then when we got naked and got in a pile and everybody was fair game for oral sex, I hadn't hesitated in playing whether I found a male or a female backer. There were nine guys and I may have had my mouth on nine different penises, including Michael's. Of course, he might have had his mouth on the same nine penises, including mine. And, of course, I may have had my mouth on eight pussies, including Mother's but it wasn't the first time. She might have had her mouth on any of nine penises, including mine and Michael's. Regardless of who did what with whom, I felt it was all just another variation of sex play, pleasurable to the recipient, fun for both males and females, and harmless to everyone.

Was it good for us to be so relaxed about sex and love with each other? Were we causing any problems or did our play draw us closer together in love? I might be their leader but I wasn't the one who had led them into the sex play parties. I felt they had led themselves, that

it was just another form of play, maybe a little like hopscotch or volley ball or naked twister.

My conclusion? I didn't want to change the things we did. I could see no harm in them. In fact, I saw something good in the way they drew us all together in loving companionship. Maybe this was what I really wanted in a world of my choosing.

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A couple of days later, rain was falling outside and we were all in the lounge chamber, clustered in two bunches, the old farts' group and the young Mouseketeers group. The old farts were sitting in couches and love-seats, the males slouched down with long legs spread and straight, the females sitting rather sedately with their legs closed and crossed at the ankles.

The nine Mouseketeers were sprawled on the floor or on the furniture, right-side up, up-side down, sitting or lying, wiggling and squirming, and of course giggling and laughing at their own antics.

They quieted down for a short while, serious faces, occasionally looking at my group, especially at me. I expected them to have something to question me about. They sent Michael as an emissary.

"Dad, we want to be able to practice archery in the hallway when the weather's bad like this. I know you said we couldn't do it anymore because we were damaging the walls but it would make a good archery range, shooting toward the end of the hallway. Isn't there some way we can do it?"

I looked at Aiden, our mechanic or engineer, and raised my eyebrows. He smiled and said, "There is. Ask Aimee."

I asked her.

"David, may I chide you for a moment. You must learn to think for yourself occasionally. You should know how it can be done."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"David, you know I maintain a shield over the entire mountain to protect all of you from wild animals; do you not?"

“Yes, Aimee.”

“And you know I provide another shield over your garden areas to protect one source of your food and over the terraces to protect you from insects.”

‘Yes, ma’am.’

“When you wanted me to keep Samantha from coming in the kitchen, you asked me to block the door to her without closing it.”

“Yes, she said it was like walking into a sponge.”

“Now, think, David. You should be able to reason from what you know to what you wish me to do to enable you to practice archery in the hallway.”

I know what she was getting at but I pretended stupidity one more time. “Oh, come on, Aimee, tell me.”

“Very well, David. At the end of the hallway next to the utility chamber, when you wish to practice, I will provide a shield across the entire hallway. I will also provide a target for you to aim, for example, a round ball about one foot in diameter. The ball will be still or moving, as you wish. If you shoot into the shield, it will stop the forward momentum of the arrows and drop them harmlessly to the floor. If you hit the ball, I will ring a bell or some other sound. Do you approve?”

“Yeah, Aimee, that sounds great.”

“Honestly, David, you should be able to do simple things like this by yourself.”

That threw me. “You mean I can do what you are going to do for us?”

“I have been thinking about that, David,” she said. “I am learning a great deal about all of you and I have concluded that you use only some small part of your intellect and your capabilities. Do you wish me to ponder this question further, to see if you can learn to do some simple things like this for yourself?”

“Please do, Aimee,” I said.

“Come on, ‘teers,” Michael squealed. “Let’s go practice archery.”

For the rest of that rainy day, that was about all they did. I watched when the five Mouseketeer males were competing. Aimee made a basketball circle swing back and forth in the shield while the guys took turns rapid-firing arrows at it. They were practicing with simple bows and cross-bows and the new air-powered bows we had found in the hidden room and their success was impressive.

Using the simple bows, Michael’s scores were more than impressive. With the ball target swinging back and forth, he hit it four out of five times. The best effort of the other four male Mouseketeers was two times out of five. Again, I could not help but wonder about Michael’s abilities. He certainly seemed to have inherited the cool response from me and perhaps the strong immune system. What else was he capable of doing?

One way to find out was to take them hunting. Using simple bows, we organized into three hunting parties: James and Michael with me, Brian and Toby with Aiden, and Pyotr and Iain with Matt.

Michael brought down a young buck but it lay there trying to get up. I ran to the deer, grabbed its small horns, wrapped my legs around his chest, and held it down. I had let James wear the boys so I yelled for him to cut its throat. He didn’t. He handed Little Boy to Michael and pointed to the deer. Michael didn’t hesitate. When he straightened up from his gory task and looked at James and me, his grin was from ear to ear. James painted blood stripes on his cheeks.

Brian also was successful. He killed a young doe, Aiden cut its throat to let it bleed out, and Toby painted the stripes on Brian’s cheeks. Again, Brian was proud of what he had done and bragged at his success.

Pyotr wasn’t successful but we were all proud of him anyway. The small herd of deer bounded away down the mountain and left a young fawn that was almost mystical in its beauty. It was the usual spotted brown on its back but it was white on its head and undercarriage and legs. Its nose was pink and its eyes were blue. The fawn stood there unafraid, looked at the hunting party for a moment, and then slowly awkwardly walked downhill toward where the others had fled. Pyotr

said he just couldn't help it, that he couldn't kill something so beautiful.

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One morning, I again climbed the stairs to the highest of the terraces so I could sit and contemplate, mostly wondering about Michael. I had just seen him with the two sets of twins playing hopscotch, naked as usual, and had stood and watched in wonder at the youthful perfection of their bodies. Pyotr was a beautiful fair-skinned blond boy, hair now as long as his sister's. She was just as fair, already developing a woman's shape. Brian and Brianne were brunettes but just as beautiful, just beginning the journey from childhood to adulthood.

But Michael, to me, seemed even more beautiful than the others. At just barely eleven, he was already beginning the long journey to maturity. Perhaps all parents think their child is more beautiful than those of others and I certainly did. I liked to watch all of the youngsters in play but especially Michael. I believed in no religion but his beauty and perfection seemed like a miracle and I wondered how I could have ever helped to create someone so wonderful.

He seems to have inherited my ability to be cool in a crisis. I questioned him about the incident when Mother was walking him home from school after baseball practice, particularly about the way he felt when the dog charged him and Mother and he swung for a home run and killed the dog. He assured me he wasn't afraid, that he was calm, he knew what he had to do to protect Mother, he knew he could do it, and so he did it. He said she seemed horrified so he took her hand, smiled at her, and led her on home.

He described another incident which involved a school bully. The bully told Michael to give him his weekly lunch money or he would hurt him. Michael refused. The bully grabbed him, twisted his arm behind his back, and again told him to give him the money. Michael twisted loose, grabbed the bully's arm, twisted it behind his back, and, at the same time, knocked him down. He jumped on the bully's back, twisted his arm higher, and told the bully to eat dirt. The bully screamed in pain but Michael made him eat dirt before he would let him go.

He said he seemed to have more strength than he'd ever realized, almost like he could have torn the bully's arm off. He told the bully that if he ever tried that again, he would really hurt him. The bully had his arm in a sling for a couple of weeks afterwards. The incident was seen by other kids and the word quickly spread around the school. When the bully tried anything afterwards, all the other kids just asked him if he wanted to eat dirt again.

When I asked Mother if he had been blessed with an immune system like mine, with no childhood illnesses, she thought for a moment and said he had never had even a common cold. She knew that I had never been sick for the first fourteen years of my life but she had assumed that it was simply something that occasionally happened. Now, thinking of Michael, she agreed that he seemed to be as resistant to common illnesses as I was and she wondered, as I did, if there could be some genetic and inheritable basis for the immunity.

I thought about what Mother had told me about Michael for a couple of days afterward, wondering about our shared ability. I had no knowledge that Father had the ability so maybe I was the first with it. Perhaps it was a genetic mutation, a greatly-enhanced flight or fight reaction, or maybe simply a curious combined effect from the mix of Mother's and Father's genes. Either way, it seemed possible that the ability to be cool in crisis was a genetically-transmissible trait and that all my children might have it or maybe, if it was a sex-linked trait, only my sons might have it. Perhaps the ones who sent me here knew about my ability and chose me, in part, because of it. When we begin to move off the mountain and onto the mainland, I hoped it would be enough to help me kill a big cat if we ever encountered one.

I wondered what would be Michael's role in this new world of ours. As the first arrival, I had been accepted by Aimee as the leader of the others and each new arrival seemed to accept me as well. Would Michael, in his maturity, be able to command the love and respect of the others and then become the leader? Should I now start shaping him to become a leader some day?

Females may instinctively want their children to be fathered by a male who has traits which will help the child to live. However, I was reluctant to give anyone except Anna a child since I did not want to incur the jealousy and hatred of a male if I fathered a child with his mate. Except for that, I would have been happy to give all the females a little input.

Someday, Michael will find a mate, perhaps one from Iain's world, and then carry on our common genetic traits. Perhaps my other children, the unborn twins, would as well. I see no need to be in a hurry to spread our traits. It will happen in future generations and perhaps everyone in our world will one day share those traits.

I stood up and looked around for my tablet but it wasn't on the rock where I usually put it. I tried to remember where I'd left it and, in my confusion, I thought, "*Aimee, where's my tablet?*" For a split second, a shimmering image of Aimee appeared before me and her voice said, "*You left it in the kitchen, David.*" I said, "*Thank you, Aimee,*" and then I realized that my lips had not moved and I had heard her voice only in my mind, not with my ears. I looked around but there was no one else on the top terrace with me.

I climbed back down the stairs to the lower terraces. I could not believe what had just happened but somehow I knew where I'd find my tablet. I shook my head, trying to clear away the impossibility of what had occurred and then thought of Michael again.

I knew one thing and I was determined to do it. I was going to do my best to teach Michael to be a good leader in hopes that one day he would succeed me.

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Finally, thirty-nine days after the arrival of Mother and Michael, Aimee reported that a young man had just arrived in her chair. I had become more concerned with each day past thirty so her report relieved that worry. She said his vital signs were close to normal so there was no need to be concerned for him.

I was in our bedchamber, putting the finishing touches on a big changing table for Anna, big enough for two babies at once. With Matt's and Aiden's help, we had used the laser saws to make planks for the table, something like one by sixes, and we had assembled them into a heavy and sturdy waist-high table with two shelves underneath.

On my way to Aimee's room, I saw no one else but I heard laughter in the kitchen and I knew the others were helping with lunch preparations or sitting and talking. I decided to greet the arrival by myself and then surprise the others by taking him to lunch. Then I

remembered that we ate meals wearing loincloths and I detoured through the clothing storeroom and picked up one for him and one for me.

As usual, the arrival was in Aimee's chair. She was watching from her monitor and she smile at me and waved. He was on his back, one long leg bent and raised, the other stretched slightly beyond the end of the lounge chair, one arm over his eyes, the other on his chest. Since Aimee and I had adopted my height as exactly two meters, I guessed his as about the same. He was slimmer than me, not skinny, just very tall and very slim. I knew my growth pattern had been to grow upwards to full height first and then to fill out afterwards. Perhaps his would be the same.

His arm bent back over his eyes told me that he was probably conscious and was covering his eyes from the bright lights in Aimee's room. His hair was long and tousled and light brown like James' hair. On his face below his arm, I saw slightly pink cheeks, smooth clear skin, and no sign of facial hair. I guessed his age at perhaps twenty.

On his body, I saw very fair skin with no white band around his hips and very little body hair. He had the beautiful body of a young man in his prime, broad and slightly muscular shoulders, well-developed pectorals, a faint-six pack in his muscular abdomen, narrow waist and hips, and long, long legs. I had felt that all the other arrivals were beautiful but he was exceptionally perfect and beautiful, not male-model pretty but young masculine beautiful.

His erect penis was suspended over his lower abdomen and over a neat patch of pubic hair. His testicles were resting together on his thighs. I assumed his erection was a piss-hard, like most males when they arrived.

I gently put my hand on his chest and whispered, "Welcome to your new world." He moved his forearm from his face, opened his eyes, looked inquisitively at me, and croaked, "David?"

"Yes, I'm David Gurriere," I said. "Who are you?"

"I'm Jon Stewart," he said. "I need to pee."

"The toilet is close by," I said. "Let's see if you can walk with your arm over my shoulders. If not, I can carry you."

He moved to the end of the lounge chair, took my offered hand, and stood up. I put his arm over my shoulders, my arm around his waist, and we shuffled to the toilet. He used his right hand to aim his penis, I used my left, and we both pissed. I thought he was never going to stop.

“How do you feel?” I asked on the way back to Aimee’s room. “We can offer you medications to help you feel better if you need.”

“Tired and achy,” he replied. “The journey wasn’t too bad this time.”

Aimee appeared on her screen and Jon smiled at her.

“Hello, Jon,” she said.

“Hello, Aimee,” he said. “Are you taking good care of everybody here?”

“Yes, Jon, I have learned a great deal about them and I enjoy helping them in any way I can.”

“That’s good, Aimee,” he said. “Please recognize their limitations and do your best for them.”

“I will, Jon. The journey has left most of the others slightly dehydrated and achy. If David will retrieve them, I have a bottle of cold drink for you and a mild analgesic. The drink is something like orange juice and is an energy drink. Please drink as much as you can.”

I retrieved the juice and pills and gave them to Jon. He swallowed the pills, gulped most of the juice, said “That’s good stuff,” and drank the rest. Then he breathed deeply a few times and looked at me with a serious expression on his face.

“David, I have information which must be given to you alone. After you hear it, you must then decide what to tell the others. It is extremely important information. It concerns your old world and the future of this colony.”

“Aimee, please close the door and secure it. If someone comes looking for me, tell them you and I are talking and you will tell me lunch is ready.”

“Where are the others?” he asked.

“In the kitchen, I think. It’s almost lunch time. We have a marvelous chef here and the young boys are always ready to eat.”

“I would like to give you a condensed version of my message and perhaps we can talk together later,” he said. “Would you hold most of your questions until then?”

I nodded.

“David, the conclusion has been reached that everyone in your old world who came from my original world is in danger. Somehow a world-wide rumor has arisen of aliens from another world who are hidden among the population and who want to take over the world. Everyone seems to be searching for aliens and there have been assaults and murders of innocent people. We have decided that as many as possible should return to my old world, that those who remain must blend in with your earth’s population, and that all centers with transporters except one must be destroyed or hidden. If effect, all our groups must be dismantled. There will perhaps be no further communication and assistance from your old world to this one. There will be assistance from my original world to this one but it will take some unknown time to establish.”

“But they sent you and you’re from Iain’s and Aiden’s old world? Are you the last?”

“No, David, I’m from the same world as they. Two others will be sent within a day or two, a young woman of nineteen and a young girl of eleven. We had three transporters in your old world: in your old country, in Ireland, and in Switzerland. The three of us are all being sent from different locations. The two girls are both from my old world. They came to your world with their parents as a family but their parents are now dead, killed in an avalanche while skiing in Austria. The older girl and I are mates. The younger girl is intended to be a mate for Michael.

“Will they be the last from my old world?”

“I don’t know, David,” he said. “I am told there are now twelve of you from your old world and there will be eight from my old world when the sisters arrive. They hoped to send more from both my old world

and yours but that will now depend on what happens in your old world. In the alien frenzy and unrest, nothing is certain.

“Aiden and his London group killed the group of jihadists who were responsible for the underground bombing,” I said. “Could that have caused the witch hunt?”

“We don’t think so, David,” he said. “Our disinformation service planted the story that that a group of British citizens did that as an act of revenge. Even the fantastic story about the disappearing turtle-man has been dismissed as lies by the two Jihadist women who survived. The witch hunt seems to have started in the Southeast of your old country with a religious leader who pushed it on his television program.”

“Yeah, they were always good at pushing shit like that. Pardon my French.”

“I do not understand, David,” he said. “I do not know French but those words were all English words.”

“Call it shit, garbage, crazy stuff: all those words would be fine.”

“We have decided that the ones from my old world should not assemble in groups, especially not at any of the places where transporters are located. You cannot imagine the insane frenzy which the evil alien rumor has caused. After all who wish to return have done so, the transporters will all be destroyed except for one.”

“Will there be any more shipments of supplies? I suppose we can manage with our own food but we can’t grow medicines.”

“Yes, David, in a few days, the first of many shipments of medicines and foodstuffs and supplies will arrive,” he said. “It is not known how many will come from your old world. You should assemble lists of what you want and send it immediately. After some period of time, shipments from my old world will begin so you will not be abandoned.

“That’s good,” I said. “We can survive without them but they certainly make life easier.”

“Do you understand that the effect of all this will be to shut down all contact with humanity from your old Earth.”

“Yes, but there’s nothing I can do about it.”

“David, Michael says lunch is ready,” Aimee said.

“Thank you, Aimee,” I responded. “Tell him I will be right there.”

I explained to Jon that Aimee wanted his measurements in order to give him access to everything in our home. He went through the Vitruvian Man positions, grinning at Aimee’s usual naughty comments.

When Aimee was finished with him, I handed him a loincloth. He looked at it, at me, and raised his eyebrows. I tied my loincloth around my hips and watched him do the same.

“We dress for meals,” I said. “Are you ready?”

“No, but it must be done,” he said.

TO BE CONTINUED