

THE COMMUNE

by

Eddie Woods

It's my turn to milk the cows today and all this week for that matter, which means I won't be having any morningtime sex for a few days because everyone is still sleeping when I get up and I hate to awaken them so early even for something as enjoyable as fucking. But that's okay. Milking is also a very sensual experience and I know the cows are getting off on it as much as I am and maybe even more and that really makes me happy. In fact, I can't think of anything around here that doesn't make me feel good, both inside and out. It's all a sensual turn-on, and a spiritual one, and sometimes even an intellectual one. Whenever I get to thinking about it, that is, which isn't all that often. There just doesn't seem to be a need for thought, if you know what I mean. It's all so natural, from sitting here on this stool pulling down on these soft warm teats to picking apples or simply lying about together in the big living room at night drinking fresh herb tea and singing or whatever. Still, if I had to choose which activity I like best, I guess it's the sex. And the way we're into it here is especially far-out.

Take yesterday morning, for instance. It was shortly after sunrise when I felt myself waking up and I was lying with my back to the big bay window that overlooks the barnyard from one of the many upstairs bedrooms. I opened my eyes to a pale yellow light reflecting off the far wall, with just a tinge of red draining away from its edges. It must have been warm right through the night, same as most of this summer, seeing as how the slight breeze that wafted across my bare shoulders didn't seem the least bit chill. I was feeling kind of hot actually and I remember pulling the sheet down a little ways, even though it was a thin sheet and I was completely naked, like I always am in bed. I don't think anyone here wears any kind of garment in bed, except sometimes in winter maybe. And I guess I'd know, since I've slept with just about everyone in the commune at one time or another. That's the way we do things, rotate our sleeping partners more or less from week to week. Plus occasionally we have visitors from outside, like if they're invited to stay for a short spell. Some folks call us polyfidelitous, but in fact we're an open group as opposed to a closed one in which community members only relate sexually to people they live with.

Anyway, after opening my eyes I lay there for a while, sort of letting my body decide whether it was fully awake or merely catching a taste of morning air before dozing back off, when I felt John nestling closer to me, slipping his hand around my waist and kissing my back. Whenever we're in bed together we usually sleep spoons, and just as often I hold him from behind. Pretty soon his cock started growing stiff along the ridge of my buttocks, with mine also getting hard even before he began playing with it and tickling my balls. I simply adore having my balls tickled!

Without turning, I reached back with one hand and gently tussled John's long curly locks, and at the same time pushed my backside out so he could spread the cheeks and enter into me, which I knew is what he

wanted. John has a strong but slender penis and it never hurts when he's inside me, even when he first slides in, which he normally does very slowly. Though just to make sure, he fingers a healthy blob of lubricant up and around my anus and then smears more over the head of his cock. This morning he was being exceptionally delicate to begin with, causing my loins to ache with that pleasant physical anxiety that often accompanies rapidly mounting desire. As soon as the tip of his member touched my hole, I thought to hell with delicacy and pressed myself onto him without waiting for him to either slide in or thrust. John instantly sensed the intensity of my lust and on his initial go buried himself in me right up to the hilt. God, what a beautiful way to start the day!

John has tremendous staying power and even after we'd been fucking for five minutes or so I could tell he would still be a long while in coming, which was fine by me. Last night most of us had been drinking red wine and I reckon that played a role, too. I'm a quick comer, red wine or no, mainly on account of my not being circumcised like John is. So just when I felt that I would shoot my load any second if he kept jerking me off whilst continuing to vigorously screw my ass, I eased his hand away from my cock and onto my thigh. And that helped a lot.

John is actually my brother. I mean my blood brother, and a year younger than I am. And when we were born, our parents (who in practice are many people) were still debating the pros and cons of circumcision. Which is why some male infants had it done to them and others not. Since then the unanimous consensus—it's either that or nothing; we don't do voting here—is for boys to keep their foreskins and hence their super-sensitive frenums (the equivalent of the female clitoris). Unless, of course, medical necessity dictates otherwise. Like if someone's foreskin is so tight that it has a veritable stranglehold on a kid's penis, which in time would render a full erection either impossible or excruciatingly painful. Anyway, I have learned something about how to delay my orgasms mentally, as well as by deep breathing, which is more than most 16-year old boys can say.

John kept pumping away, alternately slowing down to nearly a dead stop and then gradually picking up speed before easing off again and suddenly going for it full blast. And I stayed with him every beat of the way, matching each penetration with a perfectly metered counterpoint. So well orchestrated was our delectable erotic symphony that I sensed I might come even without masturbating. It was like I was a woman, and with every stroke John was titillating my G-spot. My anal G-spot! I shifted my head in the pillow and began rhythmically inhaling and exhaling and concentrating on the flow of breath past the rim of my nostrils. Anapanasati, mindfulness of breathing. Hey, sex is another form of meditation!

My eyes had been shut. Now I opened them wide. Since sometimes new visual images alone can help stem the urge to let go. Yet what I saw made my blood tingle even more, right down to my toenails. It was Janet's dreamy eyes smiling at me from atop her own fluffy pillow. See, many of the beds in our huge rambling house, a house with dozens of rooms, are way bigger than double, and it's not unusual for us to sleep in threes and fours and sometimes even mores. I smiled back, and slid a hand over to touch her breasts, breasts that are extremely well-formed for a girl of thirteen. Janet responded by moving closer, taking my face in her soft palms and kissing me on the lips. As you can easily imagine, this

seriously excited me. I got even more excited when she pushed her belly against my cock, urging it to spurt out sticky drops of love fluid. I was itching to climax, but this splitting of my tactile concentration held it at bay.

Janet is awesomely into oral sex. After some minutes of heavy soul kissing, during which she sucked my tongue as far into her mouth as it would go, she began inching her way by a series of short wet pecks along my chest, pausing only to lick out my navel before drawing my prick steadily past her sharp tiny teeth to where it could graze the top of her throat. She then wiggled her torso around so that her pussy, a blossoming lotus flower lightly feathered with a golden brown tuft, was flush with my hungrily parted lips. I was already lapping away and feeling exhilarated by the taste of those delicious feminine juices gushing from her cuddly crack when she tenderly locked my head between her taut yet fleshy thighs. A sublime experience, having your head imprisoned by a pair of loving legs.

John meanwhile kept right on fucking me. I held relatively still for his quickening plunges while focusing on Janet, digging my fingers into her scalp by way of holding her head still so I could better fuck her mouth. But John wanted a piece of her, too. And whilst screwing me, slid an arm over her leg and pressed a greased finger up her ass. What ensued was divine madness! There was no longer an 'I' or a 'we' or an 'us.' Everything was one, we were one, no matter what was specifically going down. It was all going down. Breathtakingly, kaleidoscopically. In other words, sexual magic.

When I once more became 'me' and sensed that perhaps I'd not come, or had come but could easily come again, Janet had ceased sucking my cock and was whispering in my ear for me to fuck her. She then turned towards my groin and proceeded to ease the walls of her thoroughly moist yet tantalizingly tight vagina down the full length of my burning shaft. I clutched her heaving breasts with both hands, and listened as though from inside my palpitating heart to a chorus of joyous gasps that were in perfect synch with the performance of the boy and girl on either side of me who seemed to be making love with each other through the medium of my cock and bowels. And when we came, loudly, fluidly, and over the same evenly-spaced yet immeasurable span of orgasmic timelessness, I'm certain that none of us knew or cared whence those groans of joy emanated. As with the act in which we'd engaged, they belonged to all of us and no one. Like love itself, they just were.

For a very long while, whether ten minutes or an hour I haven't a clue, there was no movement in the bed, only deep contented breathing. John's cock had grown smaller inside my tightening hole, and at last popped out into the misty sexual atmosphere rising from the bedsheets. My anal portal snapped shut behind its departure. Whilst simultaneously my own fuck tool diminished in size within the flooded interior of Janet's cunt.

John slipped silently from the bed, leaving the bedroom door slightly ajar as he ambled off to the bathroom to wash and probably pee. Did I need to pee? There was no message from my bladder signaling that. Since no sooner was John gone than Janet gently nudged her pussy away from my limp prick and rolled over, so that her chest was flattened atop the bed with her legs dangling spread-eagle over the sides. She then commenced to lick my cock clean of our well-mingled love juices. And while licking she also massaged, two dainty fingers slowly playing the

foreskin backwards and forward, backwards and forward. My cock awoke from its slumber and started to grow, Janet began sucking it (as said, her appetite for sucking was voracious!), and with her free hand described tingling circles around the flaccid pouch containing my testicles, which in short order became exceedingly taut. Now my member was at its maximum length and thickness. I propped the back of my head hard against two pillows and shoved my cock deep into Janet's throat. Now I was really going to come! Just as I was about to, Togo bounded in.

Togo is a fairly enormous Schnauzer who adores the smell of freshly fucked cunt. Without skipping a beat, Janet giggled onto my cock and spread her legs wider the moment she felt Togo's tongue slurping at her crotch. Plus she goaded him on a little, pressing the soles of her feet against the underside of his prick that was already red and swelling with canine lust. Dogs have pretty big glans, which is why it takes them such a long time to separate after they've copulated, and also why you should never ever pull two dogs apart forcefully, as you'll surely hurt them like that. And don't be too certain that it's always a boy dog and a girl dog who are fucking! Homosexuality is rife throughout the animal kingdom.

It might have been Majorie's amused chuckle and admonishing hand-clapping that finally sent Togo scurrying, but it looked to me like he was finished anyway. Togo even eats his food too fast, but there's no way I can talk him into slowing down, the way I sometimes can with people. Though I suppose his digestion works differently from ours, so maybe I shouldn't worry, about him getting an upset stomach or anything.

Majorie is my mother. By which I mean she gave birth to me and John. She isn't sure, but thinks we have the same biological father. Not that it matters, since the trip here is multi-parenting. Making all of us feel like brothers and sisters, regardless of our ages or who begat whom. We are truly a tight-knit family, one that spends most of its time and energy on the farm, a variegated spread of several hundred acres that at present is home to fifty-seven adults and children and five newborn infants. Naturally people are free to come and go, and some do move away for good, to get their own private thing together or start a new commune or whatever. But most folks stay for the long haul. And in staying, tend to stick close to the nest. Only going into town to sell our produce and arts & crafts on the market, and buy hardware and now and then machinery. In the main we are totally self-sufficient.

There's no school, as such. But there is a library with plenty of books. And everyone pitches in to help the small kids grow up with enough basic knowledge to eventually find their own way in life and study and apply themselves to whatever strikes their fancy and they are good at. And if that entails going to university or traveling the world, so be it. The overriding name of the game on the commune is awareness, personal freedom, and self-realization, with compassion for all creatures permeating the entire ethos.

After Majorie had shooed Togo away (although she does like doing sex stuff with both him and Lancelot, the Borzoi), she strolled over to the bed and planted a gentle kiss on Janet's shoulder. Janet was still sucking me off and doing her damndest to get me to come yet again. When she felt Majorie's kiss she looked up, but without her mouth missing a beat on my throbbing cock.

"I think Mark is waiting for you, baby," Majorie said, sitting on the edge of the bed and running her fingers through Janet's long sandy-colored hair.

"Oh gosh, the muesli!" a startled Janet replied. "We've got to make the barrels of muesli this morning."

"That's what you said last night, that we'd be all out in a couple of days."

"Right," said Janet. "Off I go."

She gave my cock a final lick, carefully removed her finger from my asshole, and jumped up. Then while sprinting out the door, called out to Majorie without looking back: "You better look after him, though, or else he'll be pole-vaulting to breakfast!"

Majorie glanced over at me with a knowing smile. Then pulled her waist-length hair back and clipped it behind her with the jade pin she'd brought from India two years ago.

"I agree," she said teasingly, "we mustn't leave you like this. Yes?"

Before I could answer (which my erection already had, however!), Majorie leaned over and took my cock into her mouth. As said, Janet is good. But truth be told, Majorie does fellatio better than anyone here. Nor am I the only one who thinks so. That Majorie is a first-class cocksucker. She had me almost coming, then getting to the verge but not quite, then going going going and finally exploding into her mouth with everything I had. Whoosh! And gulp, as she heartily swallowed each and every hot particle of my sperm. Heaven on earth, thy kingdom come, oh Lord.

"By the way, don't forget...", she said, before going down for breakfast and as I was heading for the bathroom.

"Don't forget what?"

"You're the milk baba this week."

"I know," said I. "But don't you forget to wake me tomorrow. You and I are sleeping alone tonight, over in one of the cottages."

With that she slapped my bum and we both laughed.

Like I said, I really like getting up early and milking the cows. Good thing, too. Because there certainly are a lot of them!

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