

# The Stone

by [abbeynormal](#)©

What the hell was I thinking? This had to be the craziest thing I'd done in a very long time. I could stop; should stop. Yes, I should just turn around and go home and yet I kept on driving. A few minutes later I was questioning my sanity once again. Why had I agreed to this? No, be honest, why had I offered this? Pursued it even. At the time it seemed like a perfectly rational offer, though a little offbeat. Now that the moment was at hand, however, I was having second thoughts. The whole thing had just mushroomed out of proportion to the original idea.

Late night movies from the 1940's where women lovingly watch their men go off to war had provided the impetus. Granted we weren't at war... yet but I knew it would happen eventually. And Tom couldn't really be called my man either. But over the months that we had chatted via the Internet and the phone, he had become such an integral part of my life, that I felt that there was a very small piece of him that did belong to me.

So when he told me that his military reserve unit was being deployed on a temporary training mission, I got a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I'd spent 12 year in the military and could read the signs. Yes, they might be calling this a training mission but I recognized it for what it was... a prelude to the unit being called to active duty. That fact scared me and spurred me into action.

I wanted to do something to help insure that Tom stayed safe while he was gone and that he returned unharmed to his friends, family and job. After a bit of thought I came up with the idea of giving him a talisman, something small and innocuous that he could keep with him. It didn't take long to make one, just a small stone charged with all the power I could personally summon and blessed by the four guardians of the elements. Then came the interesting part.

Believing that our desire to protect the ones we love comes from the heart chakra, I chose to keep the stone next to my heart until we could meet in person and I could give it to him. The only way I could accommodate that was to keep it tucked inside my bra, under my left breast. Since it was a small stone, it wasn't really uncomfortable, unless I wanted to sleep on my stomach but that was easily remedied by simply choosing not to do it.

And this is what led me to the point where I was seriously questioning my sanity. For all the romance and fantasy that surrounded this, the sober truth was that I was about to meet a complete stranger for dinner and... well, there was the problem. I had no idea what would happen after the meal was consumed. I knew he had a hotel room reserved but I wasn't sure just what that meant. Did he expect me to spend the night with him? We'd developed a rather intense online flirtation, occasionally bordering on cybersex. If he did expect me to spend the night, did he think I could/would actually do all the things I'd sort of fantasized out loud about to him? Oh dear, I'd really put my foot in it this time.

We were meeting for dinner at the hotel's restaurant; a rather upscale place known for it's fine cuisine and excellent service. I'd never eaten there before. I tend to go for more casual dining. But Tom had been there once and was very impressed. He said I'd like it and I was willing to give it a try. So not only was I meeting a stranger, I was doing it without my familiar 'armor' of jeans and a T-shirt.

Dressing up is not a completely foreign concept to me but I always felt like I wasn't in my own skin when I did it. However, in honor of the occasion, I put on a knee length black skirt and a semi-sheer off white poets blouse. It was cut in a deep v-neckline that was trimmed with a ruffle. Underneath, I wore an ivory lace bra that actually gave me a hint of cleavage and matching lacey panties. I debated whether or not to put on pantyhose and finally decided that my legs looked good enough bare to go without them and that I could just slip on a pair of strappy sandals and thank providence that I'd had a pedicure earlier in the week.

So there I was, parking my car near the entrance to the restaurant, looking for Tom. I'd seen him via his web cam so I knew what he looked like and he'd also told me what kind of car he'd be driving. Within seconds I spotted him and nearly gasped. I thought I was prepared for this moment. After all, I was no ingenue. I'd been around long enough not to be impressed by just a pretty face. This however, was something I was not prepared for. The images I'd seen via the Internet didn't do him justice. I expected to see a nice looking man but I didn't expect him to be so devastatingly handsome.

Swallowing nervously, I got out of my car and walked towards him. A big grin sliced across his face and suddenly I felt much more at ease. The anxiety that had consumed me earlier simply melted away in the warmth of his smile and I felt my arms reach out to greet him with a hug. I really don't know what came over me as I rarely initiate a hug, especially strangers without their permission. Yet there I stood, locked in the warm embrace of this impossibly attractive man and it felt so good.

After a few seconds we parted, said our hellos, inquired about each other's health and made a variety of small talk as we walked into the restaurant. The hostess seated us immediately and suddenly I began to feel tongue-tied. I had feared this would happen. For all my glib and flirtatious ways online, the truth is that when it comes to one-on-one encounters, I'm really very introverted. Tom, however, was prepared for my shyness and managed to introduce topics of conversation that were easy to comment on until I could regain my equilibrium.

I turned my attention to the menu. Since I hadn't been here before, the selections were completely unfamiliar to me and I knew I would have to rely heavily on his guidance. My experience with French cuisine was pretty much limited to frozen Chicken Cordon Bleu and chocolate mousse and so I told him what kinds of foods I liked and disliked and let him order for me, praying that this would work... and it did.

I couldn't find fault with anything he ordered. Steak Diane, herb and garlic-roasted potatoes and snap peas all delighted my palate. Though I don't normally drink a lot of wine, he chose a bottle from a local vineyard and I had to agree it was excellent. All in all a wonderful dinner with sparkling conversation. We split a dish of bananas foster for dessert, taking turns feeding each other in a fashion normally reserved for two people who are a lot more intimate with each other than we were.

It was while watching him nibble a bite of torte from the fork that I felt the butterflies in my stomach take flight again. Just looking at him I could tell that he had a really talented mouth and could probably cause the most delicious sensations with it. And then I thought about the stone in my bra, the talisman that would keep him safe and reminded myself of the reason I was here. It wasn't to have hot wild sex. It was to do a favor for a friend.

But when dinner ended, I was reluctant to end our evening together and it was obvious that he was too. After a brief, marginally uncomfortable silence he finally made an offer.

"Look, I've got something like half a dozen movie channels on the TV in my room plus pay-per-view. Would you like to go back and watch something with me?"

I thought about it for a moment. What could it hurt to spend a couple of hours watching a movie? I knew from our sometimes lengthy chats that we had very similar tastes in films so it wasn't unlikely that we'd be able to find something that suited us both.

"Sure, that'd be nice."

He paid the check and led me back to his room. I was surprised to find that he had a suite. In the first place, I was completely unaware that this hotel even had them, and I certainly didn't expect the military to spring for such nice accommodations. But once I got over my shock, I quickly settled in on the sofa and waited for him to join me. He grabbed the remote control and the channel guide and we began to look through the selections before finally settling on a drama that we'd both missed on the big screen despite it getting rave reviews.

About 30 minutes into the movie, I began yawning broadly. It was nowhere near the time I normally go to bed and the movie was far from boring. I assumed it must be the wine that had affected me as I rarely drink the stuff and never in the quantity I'd consumed tonight. Earlier, Tom had put his arm around me and I'd snuggled close to him. Now he subtly guided me so that I was lying down on my side with my head in his lap.

While a part of me appreciated being able to lie down, since that's the way I often watch TV at home, the intimacy of the position was disconcerting. I had difficulty getting past the fact that his cock was just behind my head... even if it was behind his pants and underwear. He left his arm resting across the back of the sofa and made no effort to touch me at all so I relaxed and let the drama on the screen transport me to another time and place.

I became so wrapped up in the story that I didn't notice at first that Tom had started to stroke my hair. It was the lightest of caresses, barely touching me at first and then there was more feeling behind it. Occasionally he would twirl a lock around his index finger and then let it slide off. I smiled and tried to stifle a sigh. I know I had never told him how much I love to have my hair played with and yet he was doing something that I really

loved.

I felt his left hand on my shoulder and didn't think much about it. The back of the sofa was rather high and it was probably uncomfortable for him to put his arm up there. And since he hadn't made any moves on me that would be considered truly inappropriate, I didn't feel like I had anything to worry about. All in all, he'd been very kind and considerate, as if he'd sensed that I was nervous about our meeting.

As the closing credits to the movie closed I felt his hand begin to move. At first I wasn't concerned. And then I realized that he was reaching for my breasts, his hand aiming for the bottom of the deep V neckline of my blouse. Just as his fingertips made contact with my skin, I put my hand over his and gently stopped him.

"Where ya goin', sport?"

"I just thought I'd try to find that little talisman you said you were making me."

I had to make a decision quickly. I knew that if I let him search for the stone, it would be just the first step down that infamous slippery slope. Did I really want to let that happen?

He chose that moment to move his hand upward in a caress that graced the top of my breast, my collarbone and my neck and in that moment I made my decision. I recalled a conversation where he said he wasn't into coercion, just mutually enthusiastic fun. By taking his hand away from where it had been, I knew he was giving me a way out if I wanted it. The gesture touched me deeply and the last of my doubts melted away.

"It's under my left breast, near the center of the bra," I instructed as I moved my hand so that it was at my side and out of his way. Then I rolled slightly so that I was, more or less, on my back and able to look up at him.

That marvelous grin broke out over his face again and I had to respond in kind. I'd never realized it before but his smile was truly infectious, you couldn't help but smile back when you saw it. I kept my eyes fixed on his face as he lightly and tenderly stroked my right breast through the fabric of my shirt and bra, seemingly oblivious to the fact that he wasn't searching where I told him to look.

"Uh, Tom, you do know your left from your right, don't you?"

"Of course, I do."

"Well, my left and right are the same as yours and yet you're fondling my right breast."

He feigned a look of innocence. "So I am."

"Not that I mind, you know, but that's not going to get you what you're looking for."

He leaned forward slightly and looked directly into my face. Mischief sparkled behind those brown eyes and I suspected I knew what was coming.

"Are you sure it isn't? Maybe it is and you don't even know it."

The thought crossed my mind that the only thing it was going to get was me... hot, wet and wanting and that may be exactly what he really was looking for.

"Well then, uh, carry on."

He grinned and continued touching me with feather-light caresses across my breasts. My nipples reacted immediately, turning to tight knots of flesh. Then I felt an electric tingle race down my body and explode in my cunt causing me to get even wetter. A soft sigh that turned into a low moan escaped my lips and I squirmed in delight.

My reaction only caused him to smile even more as he continued his assault on me. I couldn't believe the amount of moisture that was building up between my legs and I knew that if he didn't stop, I was going to have to do something completely uncharacteristic in order to get relief.

"Oh God, Tom do you have any idea what you're doing to me?"

"I sure do," he responded leering at me in a comically obscene fashion. "I told you once that I thought we could have some fun if we ever got together. Well, here we are so let's have some fun."

A half growl, half groan indicated my assent and I reached up to pull him closer to me. He didn't resist but instead leaned in and planted a soft sweet kiss on me, tracing the perimeter of my mouth with his tongue. Then he sensuously sucked my lower lip into his mouth and I thought I was going to just die from the pleasure it brought me.

"Aaaaaaaahhhh," I sighed, closing my eyes and releasing my inhibitions to the delicious feelings he had aroused in me.

My back arched pushing my breasts higher and more firmly into his touch. He responded by pinching and pulling on my nipples and using the fabric of my bra to stimulate me even more. I couldn't stand it anymore and I sat up quickly, almost bumping him in the head. I could see the quizzical look on his face, as it appeared I was leaving his warm yet loose embrace.

When I turned around and sat on his lap, straddling his legs, however, he grinned even more broadly than before. I'm sure that he must have been able to feel the heat emanating from my crotch even through the panties I was wearing. In fact, I could feel the wetness he'd created pooling in them and wondered if he could too.

He kissed me again in that same delicious fashion and pulled me close to him. "Do you remember the night we chatted after you had that bad scene with your boyfriend?" he asked.

"Yes," I responded hesitantly, not sure where he was going with this.

"And do you remember how I told you that if you gave me that gift that I would honor and treasure it."

"Yes."

The light bulb went on over my head and I backed away from him until my feet were on the floor again. For a moment I stood and took a deep breath to remind myself of the gravity of the situation I was about to enter into. Then I knelt at his feet, my hands clasped behind my back and my head forward but eyes downcast.

"Look at me," he commanded.

I complied and looked up at him. The grin was gone but he didn't look angry, only thoughtful and contemplative. I don't know what expression was on my face but I know I was just a bit scared and hoped it didn't show.

"Do you understand what I'm asking of you tonight?"

I swallowed nervously even though I could feel my mouth going dry. "Tom, tonight I offer myself to you as your sexual slave. You may do with me what you like. And in the morning we part company still as friends."

"I'm going to push your limits, Lindsey. You can count on that. But I won't hurt you in anyway that won't ultimately bring you pleasure. Do you believe me?"

Amazingly enough, I did. After all the conversations we'd had both online and on the phone, I felt like I knew him well enough to trust him and to take him at his word. "Yes, sir, I believe you."

"Then stand up and take off your clothes." My face flushed scarlet. I really don't know what I was thinking. After all, it was going to be difficult to have sex without eventually getting naked. Somehow I guess I hoped it was something that could be done with the lights out and his eyes closed. I don't have a great body and I'm not just being modest. Weird hormones (according to the doctor) and my own laziness had combined to leave me with a thick waist and a generously sized butt. Unfortunately, I didn't have the extra large breasts that plus sized women often have to balance the shape. Tom was apparently annoyed at my lack of instantaneous compliance for he swatted me hard on the hip.

"Lindsey, I gave you an order. I expect it to be obeyed."

I knew better than to argue. I had just offered myself to him so I had to do as he wished or else I had to leave. After having seen him on his webcam, I was too curious to see if his cock was as big as I thought it was, or if it was just the angle of the lens. So without delaying any further I stood up and pulled my blouse off over my head, then I slid my skirt down over my hips to the floor and stepped out of it. I was still wearing my sandals, bra and panties when Tom stopped me from undressing any further.

"I believe you have something in here that belongs to me," he said as he grabbed my left breast and squeezed it hard.

"Your stone, sir," I replied as I started to retrieve it.

His hand clamped on my wrist like a vise and I cried out, as much from the shock as from any pain.

"That's my stone and I will be the one to remove it "

Something in his voice hit that spot in my spine that instantly turns me to mush. Usually he had a soft and very seductive voice. I'd never heard him speak so forcefully before and it excited and aroused me.

"As you wish," and I instantly moved to take my hand away.

Tom, however, had other ideas and didn't release my wrist. Instead he turned me and pinned my arm behind my back. He didn't hold it up so high that it hurt but it reinforced who was in charge. Then he pushed me forward and steered me into the bedroom. With a rough shove he pushed me, face first, onto the king-size bed. I managed to catch myself so that I didn't injure anything but I knew better than to move from this position.

His hands grabbed at the back of my bra and for a moment I was afraid he might be about to tear it off me. I felt him unfasten the hooks and then he grabbed my shoulder to pull me over onto my back. He leaned in closely then leered at me in an almost obscene fashion and I began to seriously worry about what I had agreed to. He said he liked to take a dominant role but during all our conversations there was never even a hint that he could be cruel.

His evil grin moved lower and he bit my right breast and then my left; not so hard that it would cause damage but it definitely got my attention. Then I felt him lift the bra with his teeth and when his face appeared in front of mine again, he held the stone with his lips. The image was comical enough that I nearly burst out laughing, but something told me that my sense of whimsy would not be appreciated and I remained silent.

"Is this what you brought to offer me?" he asked after taking it from his mouth.

Somehow I sensed this was a trick question and considered my answer carefully.

"This is what I brought to keep you safe. It has been blessed by the four guardians, the overseers of the elements of fire, water, air and land to keep you safe from harm that would be transmitted in any of those ways. It's also charged with all the positive energy I possess and it is given to you willingly and without reservation as I now give myself to you willingly and without reservation."

He leaned forward and planted a long, deep, wet passionate kiss on my mouth. His lips and tongue were quite skilled and electrified me more than any kiss ever had before and soon I was squirming on the bed.

Tom could tell how aroused I was and when he stepped away from me the grin I had come to know and anticipate had returned to his face. Then I saw a mischievous twinkle in his eyes and wondered what he had in store for me. My curiosity was soon satisfied when he briskly removed my panties and then fell to his knees before he buried his face between my legs.

I cried out with shock and with pleasure as he expertly lapped at my pussy lips and then buried his tongue even deeper inside to flick my clitoris. Within seconds my hips were shoving forward, trying to get more of that delicious stimulation and soon he concentrated all his efforts on those few millimeters of flesh and nerves. Lips, tongue and teeth all joined together in a frenetic ballet and danced over my clit. I felt his hands reach up and spread me open even wider and his thumb pulled back the hood so he could lavish attention on even those spots that were normally hidden.

I could feel an orgasm welling up inside me. The tension grew quickly and I moved my hips even faster. Just when I thought I couldn't stand it any longer, when I was poised on the precipice, I felt him pull away and I let

my disappointment be heard. My outburst was met with a hard slap on my hip.

"Presumptuous slut, aren't you?" he asked.

"Sir?" There were tears in my eyes and my voice was choked.

"You belong to me tonight. That means your orgasms belong to me as well. You'll cum when I decide it's time to and not one second before. I think you need to learn a lesson in obedience."

I could only imagine what was going to happen next and my worst fears were confirmed. Tom sat on the side of the bed and then maneuvered me onto his lap. I was simply mortified. No one had pulled me across their knees for a spanking since I was a child. I tensed and tried to keep my legs straight and together in an effort to prepare myself but that didn't help. The first blow stunned me so much that I jerked and all thoughts of posture and preparation left my head.

Within a few swats I could feel tears welling up in my eyes. I don't know if it was from the pain or from the humiliation but as soon as he heard me take a ragged gasp of air, he quit and then gathered me up tightly in his arms.

"Shhhhhhhh," he whispered trying to calm me. "Was it really that bad?"

He stroked my hair and gently rubbed my back to ease my trembling and as I settled down a bit I realized that it really wasn't so bad. In fact, I was surprised to note that I was actually aroused. My juices had started flowing again and I could feel the blood rushing to my genitals.

"No, sir, it wasn't so bad."

"I thought not. In fact, I'd guess that you actually enjoyed it."

How he knew that was beyond me. Near as I could tell, I was showing no outward signs of arousal. I wasn't so wet that I was dripping onto his lap. While I was breathing a little heavily, that could just as easily be attributed to the spanking I'd just received. But the truth was that it didn't matter how he knew. He was right.

"Yes, sir, I did."

That beautiful grin cut across his face again and warmed me down to my toes.

"I thought you would. Now, let's have some more fun. I want you to go in the other room and sit on the desk."

I viewed the desk suspiciously while walking into the other room, having a good idea of what he had in mind, and wondered if it would take the abuse we were about to inflict on it. As I cautiously climbed up, it seemed sturdy enough, so long as we didn't get too carried away.

"Now spread your legs like a good girl," he instructed and I instantly complied.

I watched in awe as he removed his shirt. His pectoral muscles were well defined and while he didn't have the famous six-pack abs, it was apparent that he worked to keep himself fit. I felt like a real slouch by comparison and desperately wanted to cover myself but couldn't find a way to do it effectively. Then he unfastened his belt and slid off his pants and briefs in one swift move. He'd kicked off his shoes earlier so they were no hindrance to his stripping. He made quick work of his socks as well and soon was standing naked before me.

My eyes feasted on the sight before me. His cock was very hard, the head almost purple with the amount of blood that was flowing there. And it was as large as I had suspected it would be and thick as well, which was something that I hadn't guess from seeing him on the webcam. Looking beyond that I noticed his balls were also large and heavy, pulling down the sack as if a large weight were hanging from it. His thighs were also well muscled and I knew that the two miles a day he'd been running had paid off huge dividends. He might make self-deprecating remarks about being an 'old man' but he looked like a remarkable specimen to me.

My face must have reflected my thoughts as I stared at him for he grinned at me again. "You like what you see, don't you?"

"Very much, " I said with an answering grin.

"Good, then you just lean back a bit, keep those legs spread and I'll show you that it feels even better than it looks."

I did as he instructed and was rewarded with the feeling of his cock rubbing up and down my pussy lips. I was still very wet from the earlier stimulation and now there was virtually no friction, just lots of intense stimulation. My head fell backwards and I moaned loudly as he concentrated his efforts on my clit. The feeling of an impending orgasm welling up within me again, I began shoving my hips even further forward, trying to get more stimulation.

"Ooh, she's a hungry little slut. Hungry for her Master's cock."

"Oh God, yes, please, Sir. Fuck me with your cock. Fill me with it."

"Let's see if you're really ready first."

He stepped back away from me and slid one finger into my dripping wet cunt with no resistance. After wiggling that around for a few minutes he added a second and then a third and I felt like I was going to be split in two.

"Ooh, you're tight. I'm not sure I'll be able to fit in you."

"Please, sir," I begged, "please try. I want your cock so badly."

"Well, since you asked so nicely... "

He never finished the sentence and the next sensation I felt was him slowly begin to penetrate me. I took several deep breaths to try to relax and let his long, thick cock slide in easier. To his credit, he took his time and didn't try to just slam it into me, but this millimeter by millimeter approach was incredibly frustrating. I was, however, already sitting on the edge of the desk and didn't dare try to move forward any further.

"Oh please, don't torture me like this. Fuck me, Tom. Fuck me hard."

That was all he needed to hear. With one fierce thrust he was buried deep inside me and I gasped with the sensation. I expected him to begin pound my pussy but instead he slowly withdrew until he was almost completely out and then rammed his cock back inside me. Over and over I withstood this pounding, slowly and methodically he made sure that I felt every inch of him. My eyes closed and I let myself sink down into this sensation. When I opened them again, he was grinning at me and I could tell he had something else in mind but I didn't ask. I knew I'd find out soon enough.

He reached down between us and delicately opened up my pussy lips with his fingers, stretching them as widely as his cock stretched my cunt. I felt him withdraw from me completely and I nearly whimpered in frustration but remembered what happened the last time I complained and firmly held myself in check. His fingers reached deep inside me, where his cock and just left and this time three didn't seem so bad. In fact I was quite comfortable. As he withdrew his hand, he brought out some of my juices and spread them upward over my clit. It was a marvelously sensuous feeling and I nearly purred in delight.

Then he held me open again with his fingers and slammed his cock deep inside me. This time his pace was faster and more even. There were no long slow strokes followed by hard fast ones. Just a nice steady rhythm while he held me wide open. I had relaxed more and was going with the flow when I felt something else. Though his fingers were holding me wide apart, now his thumb pulled the lips upward, exposing me even more. I saw him look down and I blushed as he stared at his handiwork. It was apparent from the look on his face that he was enjoying what he was seeing and even though the sensations were amazing, I was still embarrassed to be so exposed.

I closed my eyes and leaned my head back, trying to erase the image of his lascivious stare and concentrate only on the amazing feelings he was causing to course through me. Just when I had relaxed enough to get into the groove, he changed tactics on me again. While his right thumb still held me open, the left one began rubbing my clit. At first it was a slow and gentle stroke, not much more than a caress. Then his touch grew more firm, pressing in against me and dragging it across that highly sensitized nub.

Before I knew what was happening I was in the throws of a wild orgasm. My body was convulsing like I was having a seizure. The wildest and most unfamiliar noises came from my throat and it all felt so good that I

didn't want it to stop. What was even more amazing was that Tom was matching me thrust for thrust and managed to hold me securely despite the fact that he was in the throws of his own climax.

When our shudders finally stopped, he held me close and kissed my neck softly then nuzzled my ear.

"I think I once promised you three of those if we ever got together," he whispered.

I remembered that conversation instantly. It had been a night when we'd both been heavy into 'flirt mode' and he had told me some of the things he'd like to do with me if we ever met. Multiple orgasms had been mentioned and, in the spirit of honesty, I doubted my ability to achieve such a goal. He, however, had been supremely confident both in his own abilities and in, as he called it, my innate sensuality.

"Yes, you did," I managed to agree, despite the fact that I was still panting.

"One down, two to go."

"Oh my God," I groaned. "I'm completely wiped out and you're thinking of more? Sweets, I'll do whatever you like to get you off again if you want but I'm done for the night."

He stepped back, took my face in his hands and looked straight into my eyes.

"I'm a man of my word. Besides, you said you probably wouldn't even have one. Now you've passed that point and you were on the verge of one earlier. Why do you doubt yourself?"

I didn't want to tell him that the only time I'd ever had a second orgasm was with my vibrator, and that I'd burned the motor out that night.

"It's just never happened before."

"Before the turn of the century, no man had ever achieved powered flight. But in 1903 the Wright brothers did it. And now people fly from continent to continent every day. Just because it hasn't been done, doesn't mean it can't be. And besides, didn't I tell you that I was going to show you where your G-spot was?"

As a matter of fact, he had but that didn't necessarily mean that I was going to have an orgasm.

"Yes," I agreed cautiously.

"Well then, tell ya what. You go lie down on the bed on your tummy and let Doctor Tom take care of the rest."

Still suspicious, I complied. He steadied me as I scooted off the desk and made sure that my legs were going to actually walk me to the other room before he let go of me. Though my legs were still a bit shaky, I managed to walk to the other room without help and watched as he walked into the bathroom. I lay down on the bed and listened to the noises he was making. It sounded like he was searching for something in a bag and I looked up as he came back to the room but didn't see anything out of order. I put my head back down on my folded arms and just waited for him.

I felt the bed give under his weight as he sat down next to me. For a long time he simply rubbed my thighs and calves and watched me as I sank deeper into a relaxed, almost dream-like state. I was nearly asleep when I felt him move and gently take hold of my right ankle.

"Spread your legs, Lindsey," he said quietly, "and scoot up further on the bed."

Gathering my strength, I complied with his request, repositioning myself and when I raised up to do it, he quickly spread a towel under me. When I felt the weight on the mattress shift, I knew that he had also moved and was now between my legs. He continued to stroke my thighs but now concentrated his efforts on the upper and inner portion of the leg, occasionally brushing his hand up against my outer lips. There was nothing inherently sexual about his touch but it was deeply sensual. I gave a soft moan of appreciation and began to relax again.

He must have taken that as a sign since right after that he quit rubbing my legs all together and shifted his focus to my pussy. For what felt like a long time, he simply rubbed and 'massaged', starting with the outer lips and then moving to the inner ones. I moaned a little louder this time for I had never felt anything quite like

this. He stopped for a moment and when he started again, I felt something cool and wet on his fingers and knew he'd used some sort of lubricant. Frankly I felt that after what we'd just been through, I was wet enough but I was too relaxed to argue with him. He, however, noticed that I tensed a bit when I felt the gel against my tender parts.

"Relax Lindsey, this is just going to make it easier for us."

Easy for him to say. He'd done this before. I, however, had no idea of what was about to happen. So far he'd been right about one thing. Everything thing he'd done had ultimately brought me pleasure so I took a deep breath and put my trust back in him.

I felt one finger being inserted into my cunt and then another one. The lubricant, combined with my own juices made sure there was absolutely no friction, just as easy effortless glide. For a moment, he didn't move but simply allowed me to get used to the feeling of his fingers inside me. I wriggled a bit and let my legs open wider.

"Okay," I breathed; feeling mentally prepared for whatever was about to occur.

"Good girl. You're going to like this, really," he said as he slowly moved his fingers around.

Even though I couldn't see his face, I could tell by his movements that he was in deep concentration, paying attention to every fold of skin that he touched. And then I felt something different. It was intensely pleasurable but in a way that was completely foreign to me.

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he confirmed. "I knew you'd like that. Now just relax and let me do the work here."

I didn't realize until that moment that I had not only tensed in reaction to this new stimulus, but I was also moving my pelvis in a way I thought would increase the pleasure. It took three deep breaths and a few more calming words from Tom before I was completely relaxed again but now I was prepared for the sensations that were about to be released in me. Or so I thought.

As he continued to manipulate that small area inside me I could feel a pressure building. It wasn't the usual pre-orgasmic tension that I normally felt but something far more intimate and embarrassing. I didn't want to say anything but I knew I had to.

"Please stop, Tom. I've got to go to the bathroom."

He just chuckled and continued to rub. This time reaching deeper and dragging his fingers across that spot as he pulled them out.

"Really, I'm gonna pee on the bed if you don't stop."

"No, you're not."

"Tom, I'm begging you," I pleaded, desperation obvious in my voice.

"Relax, Lindsey. Just relax and let go."

We'd talked extensively about our sexual preferences and dislikes both online and over the phone over the past several months. Never once had he indicated that he was into golden showers. In fact when I'd mentioned that it wasn't something I wanted any part of, he affirmed that decision. Somewhere in the back of my mind that point began to hammer home as he continued his expert manipulation of my cunt and I finally let my inhibitions go, knowing that I could trust him.

What happened next was almost indescribable. I felt my body tense like I was going to cum but instead of the usual sensation that stays in my pussy, this was like a great warmth that spread through my veins and then returned to my cunt. I wasn't having the usual body spasm that accompany an orgasm but the feeling was every bit as intense and lasted for what seemed like hours.

And when it ended I was completely spent. I could feel my hair, damp with perspiration sticking to the back of

my neck and the cool air of the room made me want to shiver but I simply couldn't summon the energy. I heard Tom say something to me but my brain couldn't form an answer, in fact, I was barely able to understand what he was saying for all the white noise that was in my head. Then I felt him slip two fingers under my outstretched hand.

"Lindsey, if you're okay, squeeze my fingers."

'Okay'? That little word was nowhere near adequate to describe the way I was feeling. I was so far beyond okay that I didn't think there were words for what I was. When he repeated himself, this time a little slower and closer to my ear, I realized he was trying to make sure I was conscious and not in need of any kind of medical attention.

Weakly, I grabbed his fingers in an attempt to comply with his directions, hoping that would reassure him. I heard him say 'good girl' and gently rub my back and my ass as I drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up, I was completely disoriented. I was on my back, in a strange bed and there was someone in it with me. Since this is not my usual way of coming to consciousness, I was startled and somewhat frightened. Then I realized that I was being groped. Yes, it was a gentle groping but it didn't negate the fact that there was a hand in my cunt. I nearly froze with terror but opened my eyes slowly and remembered where I was and whom I was with.

"So you finally woke up?"

"Jeez, Tom, you scared me half to death."

"I was wondering how long you'd stay down for the count."

"How long have I been asleep?"

"Several hours."

"And you?" I asked not sure how to finish the sentence.

"Oh, I stayed up for a little while and then sacked out on the couch. When I woke up about 15 minutes ago I saw you in here all stretched out and you looked so good, I couldn't resist," he responded and I could see him grinning at me in the dim light of the room.

I had to return the grin as I put my arms above my head and stretched further. As I snuggled down into the bed, I felt him continue to gently finger fuck me and moaned at the lovely sensations this was causing. My pussy was obviously wet, as he was able to slide three fingers in and out unimpeded.

"I could be wrong," he said, "but I think you're ready for more."

I surprised myself by agreeing with him. So far the night had far surpassed even my wildest dreams. When I thought about all the things he had said he wanted to do to me, I realized there was one thing left that we hadn't tried and I wondered if he was thinking the same thing I was.

"What about you, though?" I asked. "I know guys need longer to recover."

He used his free hand and gently grabbed my left wrist, then moved the hand from my pillow to his crotch. I grinned even more when I realized that he had an amazingly hard erection.

"Oh, I think you've recovered just fine."

"I want you to go back to the other room and stand facing the desk. Don't turn around or look back. I'll join you in a minute."

"Yes sir."

As soon as he took his fingers out of me, I stretched again before rolling off the bed. Feeling remarkably refreshed I nearly skipped into the other room and stood facing the desk, never taking my eyes off the wall behind it. I realized that I now completely trusted this man, despite all good reasons against it. He had proven

to me that he was not some weirdo or serial killer. If he'd wanted to cause me harm, he'd had a hundred chances to do so by now. I had conquered my fears and was nearly humming with pleasure.

"Bend over, slut!"

The sound of his voice, rough and commanding, shook me from my musings but I complied instantly and nearly lay out on the desk while keeping my feet on the floor.

"You're a kinky little slut and I've been far too lenient with you."

My heart began to pound as I listened to his words. Had I deluded myself? Were his true colors about to show?

"Admit it," he demanded, giving me a hard slap on my ass. "You're a dirty little cunt and you deserve to be treated like one."

I didn't know what to say and kept silent.

"Admit it!" Another slap landed on my ass, right on the place where the last one had already reddened and sensitized the skin.

"Yes sir," I gasped.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir, I'm a kinky slut and deserve to be treated like one."

"Well, since you insist... "

Roughly he shoved four fingers into my pussy and I gasped hard. While earlier he'd had three fingers in me and it had been pleasant, this was stretching me beyond belief despite the fact that I was still very wet. I nearly cried out but bit my lip, somehow knowing that any protest would be punished.

"Yeah, you little cunt. You like that. You like being treated like a slut. Well, you're my slut now and I don't want you to ever forget that," he said as he continued to rape my poor cunt with his hand.

As if he instinctively knew I'd reached my limit, he stopped and leaned forward. I started to look back at him but was instantly corrected.

"Eyes forward!"

A part of my brain found humor in the fact that while he was in the Air Reserves as an ophthalmologist, he sounded more like a drill Sargent at that moment. I listened intently and could tell he was picking something up off the desk but had no idea what it was until I felt his hand on my pussy lips again. This time the sensation was different and I realized he'd put on a latex exam glove.

He used his fingertips to spread lubricant on me once again, which I thought was an unnecessary gesture until I realized that he wasn't just applying it to my pussy. He was bringing it back farther and farther until his fingers were at my anus. My ass cheeks began to clench up at the mere thought of him penetrating me there. Though we'd talked about it and I admitted that I was sensitive there, I never thought he'd follow through.

Again I was spanked roughly and told to relax. Easy for him to say. He wasn't stretched out over a desk with someone poking him in the butt. I took a couple of deep breaths and released the tension from my ass, knowing full well that if he decided to go all the way with this that it would be far easier on me if I didn't resist.

Then I felt him ease his cock into my cunt and I let out a sigh of relief. He was fucking me slowly and smoothly and I began to settle into the rhythm he established. While he'd regained his erection, this time I could tell there was no urgency to cum as there had been before. He was simply taking his time and enjoying the sensations as much as I was.

Just as I was getting used to this, he startled me again. I felt the lube dripping down from my tailbone and over my puckered rosebud. I closed my eyes and commanded myself to remain relaxed. I'd had fair warning that my limits would be stretched and this was just another way he was going to do it. So far he hadn't done anything that I hadn't ultimately enjoyed and I had to trust that he would take equal care with this as well.

"Breathe, Lindsey," I heard him say softly, as his fingertips circled their target. "Take a deep breath in then let it out slowly."

I did as he instructed and as I was exhaling, I felt a finger slide in. It didn't go far but I knew it was there. He told me to breathe again and on this exhale the gloved finger went in farther, the combination of latex and lube making it a smooth journey. And while he slowly fucked my pussy with his cock, he also slid his finger in and out of my ass.

It was a divine feeling; one that I could never have guess would be so pleasurable. His long, hard cock would slide out as his finger slid in and then he reversed the process. I was moaning in ecstasy, savoring the sensations and trying to make sure it was imprinted on my brain so I could recall it whenever I wanted to.

"Take another deep breath," he instructed me and when I exhaled again, he timed his stroking so that his finger was going in. But this time it was two fingers instead of one and my head was nearly spinning with the pleasure.

"Oh God, Tom, this is amazing," I said once I finally pulled myself together enough to verbalize.

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"Okay, then take another one."

"Three?!?"

He could hear the panic in my voice, even though I tried to keep it under control.

"You can do this, Lindsey, if you let yourself. If it's too much, however, I want you to say 'kermit'. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

Again I took a deep breath and tried not to tense up. I had seen enough of his hands that evening to know that his fingers were long but not particularly slender. The fact that he had two inside me and I wasn't screaming in pain was a wonder but would I be able to take three?

Slowly, so slowly I felt my asshole being stretched wide. There was a pressure but no pain at first. And then I felt it. I tried to ignore it but there was no mistaking that feeling.

"Kermit."

He pulled out just a bit and I sighed in relief but he didn't pull out all the way.

"That was good. You took that a lot further than I thought you'd be able to."

"Thanks?" I wasn't sure if that was a compliment or not.

"Now just relax and let me pleasure you."

He leaned over me and kissed my neck, nibbled on my earlobes and planted loud wet smooches on my shoulders. I giggled at the sensations and worked my way back to matching his rhythm. He never removed his fingers but kept them where they were and wiggled them as his cock slid in and out of my pussy.

I felt him reach around in front of me and I sighed as he parted my pussy lips and felt around for my clit. Unfortunately our body position just wasn't going to allow for him to do what he wanted and so, without asking permission, I moved my hands between my legs.

"Mmmmmmmmm, good girl."

Expertly I stroked my clit while he continued fucking my pussy and my ass. I could feel the tension mounting. That delicious tingle was getting stronger and I knew I wasn't going to last much longer. I began to push back harder at him, forcing his hard cock deeper and deeper into my pussy.

He knew what I was doing and I'm sure he could feel my pussy twitch as my orgasm built. He sped up his thrusts and began moaning in my ear, which made me suspect that he was close to cumming soon. Finally I couldn't take it any longer and I pinched my clit hard, bringing the sensations to a rapid conclusion.

My orgasm over took me quickly and released myself to it. Again my body shook with the convulsions that it brought and I nearly howled in pleasure. Only my desire to not disturb the people in the room next door kept me from crying out at decibel levels normally reserved for police sirens. I was only vaguely aware that Tom was cumming too as he rammed his cock deep into my pussy and then tried to shove in further. His cries of passion filled my ears with a joyful sound.

Minutes later we were completely spent and nearly crawled back to the bedroom. Neither of us said a word as we got under the covers, but he draped an arm across me and gave me a weak hug. I squeezed the arm and tried to say something but couldn't coordinate the effort before falling into an exhausted sleep.

When I woke up again, I wasn't disoriented as I had been before. I smiled at the memory of what had happened over the past several hours and then took stock of my condition. My pussy and ass were slightly irritated but not really sore. My legs were a bit stiff, probably from leaning over the desk for so long. But but my heart was joyful and that overrode any physical discomfort.

Then Tom walked out of the bathroom dressed in his fatigues and I remembered just why I had come here and my heart fell into my stomach. I looked for his grin to bolster me but it wasn't there.

"I'm not very good at goodbye," he admitted.

"Me either."

He sat on the edge of the bed and stared at the wall behind me.

"How soon do you need to leave?" I asked.

He checked his watch and then looked at the wall again. "About 45 minutes."

"Have you had breakfast yet?" I asked, having no idea how long he'd been up.

"No, I thought I'd get something at the airport."

I nodded my head, even though I had no idea what I was agreeing with.

"I need a shower. It won't take long. Would you please stay until I get finished?"

"Sure."

That had to be the fastest shower I'd ever taken. I raced through it not wanting to waste any of the last few precious moments I had with this incredible man and thanked my hairdresser for cutting my hair in what was truly a 'wash & go' style. I felt a little weird putting on the clothes I'd worn the night before, especially since he was now in uniform but didn't really have a choice. Fortunately, I did have a compact and lipstick in my purse so I didn't have to go out completely bare faced.

Silently I watched him gather his things and then followed him out of the room. I waited by the door to the hotel as he checked out and then let him take the lead to his car. Once he had his suitcase in the trunk I took a deep breath and steeled myself what I knew I still had to do.

"Where is your talisman?" I asked.

"In my pocket."

"Take it out please and hold it in your hands."

I waited until he did as I asked, then wrapped both my hands around his and clasped them to my heart. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath to center myself before looking directly into his eyes and continuing.

"There is one power, the power of complete safety. And you are a perfect manifestation of that power. Therefore complete safety is yours, here and now. For the good of all. And according to free will. So must it be."

I released his hands and then gathered him into a strong embrace. "Brightest blessings, sir. Return to your friends, your family and your work in the same condition you left."

He hugged me tightly too and it was hard to let go but I did and walked to my truck and got inside. I buckled my seat belt and started the engine, put it into reverse and looked behind me to make sure the way was clear. Once I backed out and put the transmission into drive, I looked forward and saw him still standing there. He waved goodbye and I gave him a smart salute as I drove off.

It was hard to leave him. I knew, however, that I'd done everything in my power to keep him safe and I took comfort in that fact. A piece of me was going along; no matter where the Air Force sent him and that was fine by me.

THE END

*This fic is dedicated to Lt. Col. Tom T. and all the men and women of our armed forces who are serving their country both at home and overseas.*