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Jane - Prologue

Blurb

Jane Billings is a woman that knows that all she wants is to be part of a proud tradition. She knows that it isn't easy to become one of the Special Forces, but she has hurdled that first obstacle. Her last name might have got her through the door, but now she was going to have to prove herself to be somebody that others can rely on to have their back. She soon meets a charismatic Air Force pilot named Mark Kilburn. They know that fraternization is frowned upon and do everything they can to hide what they feel for each other. They have teasing moments that soon turn to something more passionate than just a furtive glance. Their love story takes a dramatic turn when Mark is declared dead during a mission to Lybia. She soon finds herself courted by Colonel Briggs. He's an older man and she feels protected, but she doesn't know if she wants more than that. There's a terrible secret that has led her to this life and it's what's driving her to become part of the team. She has a long road, but she's strong and maybe a little bit stronger than she gave herself credit for.

Chapter one

“You’re not strong enough and this is no place for a lady. I know that you want to ring that bell. This can be over in the snap of a finger and you can go back to the cushy little life that you had before you came here. Tonight, you can be sleeping in silk sheets that wrap around you and keep you cradled like a newborn baby. You could have that wonderful meal and to put your feet up with the television on. All you have to do is give up. I can see in your eyes that you hate me and that you want to ring that bell. You know what you have to do.” Major Tompkins was a hard ass, but his method of teaching was what I needed in my life. This is what I signed up for. I didn’t like losing my dark locks down to the stubble.

I could taste the mud in my mouth, as I crawled through this obstacle course with one another. Thankfully, I’m not the only woman and Sheila with her platinum blond hair was giving me the strength and courage to persevere. I wouldn’t give in and I certainly wouldn’t give Major Tompkins the satisfaction of drumming me out. I don’t know why he had it in for me, but my main purpose was to become a part of this proud tradition.

“I don’t believe that you have what it takes to make it here. You’ve only been here one day and I’ve already seen kinks in your armor. You look like you’re ready to give up and maybe you need to have a nice cry someplace.” I was hoping that he was being hard on me because he wanted me to succeed, but I didn’t think that was the reason. He really didn’t like females being in the military and he was doing everything in his power to let everybody know about it. I’d become the main focus of his tirades. It probably had something to do with my last name. The Billings family had a longstanding career in the military. He thought that I wouldn’t measure up, but I was going to show him that there was more to me than the frail little broken doll that he thought that I was.

“I’m not going anywhere. You can wake me up in the middle of the night and make me do calisthenics, run the obstacle course or whatever else goes on in that sinister little mind of yours, but nothing and no one is going to stop me.” I needed to say that in order to save face and to give him something to think about. I couldn’t just sit back and say nothing, even if it meant that I was going to raise the temperature around his collar.

My green shirt was soaked and the only saving grace was that it was pitch black at this early hour in the morning. One day and I already felt like I was in hell. A few weeks of this and I would probably go mad, but that was if I was anybody else's daughter. I had been training for this on my own for several years. When I was very young, I dedicated my life to becoming part of the Special Forces.

"I can hear the words, but I don't believe them. There is no conviction behind what you're saying to me soldier. Am I looking at GI Jane or cry baby Jane? That is going to be the question that I'm going to answer for you. Either you will make it all the way through boot camp, or you'll find yourself the one that is looking in. You will break and you are not ready for this. This isn't some bake sale." The rain was teeming. I could barely see anything in front of me with the mud covering my face like my own personal mask of shame.

Gritting my teeth, I stopped feeling sorry for myself and began to push myself even further than I thought that I could go. I wanted to see the look on his face. That priceless feeling that I got from seeing him finding out that what he thought of me meant nothing. I wanted him to hold me to another standard. There was no way that he was treating me like the others. He was a brute and a bully, but I was not going to go down that easy.

I had a feeling that maybe Sheila was being left alone because his entire intention was on me. It gave me a sense of purpose to know that I was giving her this reprieve. It also made me angry and determined to break free of the chain that was metaphorically holding me down. The Billings name got me through the door, but now it was up to me to determine my own fate.

I moved through the course with him standing no more than a few feet away yelling and screaming into my ear. There were actual times that I had been able to concentrate and to drown him out. I told myself over and over again that I was strong and that I was here for a reason. I was strong and I was here because I was destined to stand beside those that put their lives on the line every day. He probably thought that I was crazy. I was smiling and screaming 'Yes Sir' every time that he asked me a question.

The major was tough as nails. I had done my due diligence in researching the man himself. He had seen several tours of duty not to mention earning the respect of his peers by getting three purple hearts. He had several other medals and he had made a career out of this profession. He was never going to be anything else and I don't think that he knew what civilian life was all about.

“I don’t know how you are doing it, but I think that you have earned a little bit of his respect. You give me hope that I can do this myself.” I knew that Sheila came from a military background herself. We had grown up in that environment, although our respective mothers had tried to shelter us from the horrors. Unfortunately, it was an effort in futility and eventually we saw the writing on the wall. Sheila was my height and my size of 130 pounds of toned muscle. We also trained ourselves to have the stamina that could go the distance.

“I’m doing what my grandfather used to do back in the day. He told me stories that would curl your hair and turn that platinum blond hair to purely white. He said that any time that you felt like things were getting too hard, then you just reached down and pulled out that necessary reserve from the pit of your stomach. Everybody has it, but very rarely do people know how to reach for it in the time of great crisis.” I was only 24, but I had always had my eye on taking the world by storm.

For the last three years, I was giving my time to the Red Cross overseas. I was part of the first responders who primarily worked with those that had fallen victim to some kind of natural disaster. The floods in Pakistan, not to mention the catastrophe in Haiti was only a couple of places that I saw devastation. I had seen the way that the human spirit could rise up in the face of overwhelming odds. It was seeing them fight back from nothing that I was holding onto with grim death.

I was at the wall and that rope leading up to the top looked like a Herculean effort.

“I don’t think that you can do it soldier. You can stop any time you want. The door is always open for you to leave. Nobody will miss you.” There were parts of what he said that had a ring of truth. Nobody would miss me or Sheila, but then again anybody that wasn’t strong enough to do this shouldn’t be here in the first place. I turned and gave him an emphatic salute, before taking my two slippery hands and wrapping them around that rope.

I looked over at Sheila and I think that we both knew that we were going to feed off of each other’s energy. I pulled myself up that rope using my legs for leverage. Back home in Montana, I had many mountains that I could climb freestyle. This might have been a little bit difficult with the rope to hold onto, but I wasn’t going to let that deter me from succeeding where others had obviously failed.

Hand over hand with blisters now forming in the palm of my hand, I continued to surprise myself. I got to the top and looked to my side to see that Sheila was struggling.

Her hands were shaking. It didn't look like she was going to be able to hold on for very much longer. I had a decision to make, but to me there was no decision and the only answer was teamwork.

Chapter two

I reached out to Sheila and she stared at me with disbelieving eyes. She probably thought that it would be a weakness to ask for help, but this showed either she was ready to work with someone, or was too damn pigheaded to realize that this was part of the exercise.

“Don’t you dare give her any kind of help, soldier.” Major Tompkins was getting on my last nerve. He had a way of pushing my buttons and eventually I felt like it was going to become necessary to put him in his place. I wasn’t going to do that. Calling attention to myself by raising the red flag was not going to endear me to anybody. “If she can’t do this, then she won’t be able to take the rest of the training.” I had my hand out, but she was shaking her head like she wasn’t going to give into her shortcomings.

“There is no shame in asking for help. These guys might think that it shows weakness, but it doesn’t have to be that way. As women, we need to look out after each other, but as soldiers we are the extension of each other. If one of us falls, the rest will follow.” She didn’t look happy about doing it, but she did at least find the humility to reach out and take my hand. I pulled her up to the top and we could both see that the other men in the group were watching us very closely.

I’d heard stories of women in the military and how they had become nothing, but a source of pleasure for the men. They wouldn’t see their loved ones for many weeks and we were basically the only game in town. I had no interest in a late night escapade and Sheila and I were going to have to stand with each other. If we could do that, then the idea of strength in numbers would come into play.

We both landed down onto the ground, out of breath, but uniquely satisfied that we had conquered the wall. We were the only ones doing the obstacle course at this time. The rest were either cheering us on or begging us with their eyes to give in to the humiliation. We ran over to where the guns were lying with the camouflage netting over top of it.

This was where I was going to excel. I fired that gun with the rain obscuring my vision and still managed to hit the target. I shredded that piece of paper from 50 yards away. Sheila was a little off her mark, but not by much. At the very least, she most likely would have wounded anybody in her targeting sights.

After we had finished unloading the entire magazine, we both stood at attention with our hands behind our backs and our chest thrust out. The major didn't say anything. He did circle around us. He wanted to get some kind of reaction to the putrid stench of his garlic breath hitting us in the face like a steam engine. "I want everybody in full gear and ready for a twenty mile hike in next 5 minutes. Move it, maggots." Instead of praising us for what we did, he decided to sweep it underneath the rug like it meant nothing. To me and Sheila, it was an accomplishment and one that we did not take lightly.

Our boots splashed back at a steady pace. We made it back to the barracks. We didn't have the time to clean up. We grabbed our packs and loaded them to bear. The guys were looking at us out of the corner of their eyes. They probably thought that this was some kind of wet T shirt contest. I saw a couple of young punks licking their lips. They were obviously up to no good. When they stomped towards us, I knew exactly what one of them was going to do before he did it.

The one with the name of Anthony written on his shirt tried to take a hold of me. What he got instead was his wrist being turned in such a way that made him fall to his knees with a tear in his eye. "I don't think that I gave you permission to touch me soldier. Keep your hands where I can see them and we may not have a problem." He was trying to put on a brave face, but this move was meant to do the maximum amount of pain.

"Get your hand off of me, bitch." He tried to move, but I made another more deliberate turn of my hand on his wrist. "Fuck you... Fuck you." It wasn't much of a comeback, but it was enough to have his friends try to come to his rescue.

Sheila was the one that stepped in with her hand out "I really don't think that you want to help him. What does it say about him that he can be taken down by a woman? He's twice her size and maybe you should think of yourselves and not the one that you call friend. You would think that he would be able to take care of himself." She was making them see that Anthony was acting like an ass. He had just had his ass handed to me and they didn't want any part of that.

"I don't expect you to like me, but I do expect you to give me the same courtesy, as all the others. Respect is a two way street and one that is earned and not expected. You have one strike and I would really suggest that you don't try for a second." I was taking a risk by standing up for myself, but it was the only way to let him know that these kinds of actions were not going to be tolerated.

“You’ve just made a dangerous enemy.” He was saying those words through clenched teeth. “I’m going to do everything in my power to get you sent home. You don’t belong here. If you aren’t spreading your legs for me, then you are no use to me.” I figured that I would come across this kind of attitude, but it was nice to know that I had Sheila. We both came from a strong background. This fire in our belly made us want to do our gender proud. We were going to make our mark.

The Special Forces was a rare breed. They were ingrained with that survival instinct. They were the last resort where others feared to tread.

I looked him square in the eye “Your attitude needs adjusting. Women can do the same thing that men can. We are not fragile little girls that need a big strong man to hold our hand. We have a mind of our own and it would be good for you to learn that lesson quickly.” I saw two of the other guys nodding their head. This was an indication that Major Tompkins was about to make his presence known.

I let go of Anthony’s wrist and then I reached out my hand to see that he was not going to make any effort to meet me halfway. I shrugged my shoulders and then he stood rubbing his wrist and looking around at the others for some kind of support. This time, he wasn’t going to get it. He had shown his true colors.

“Let’s go...this ain’t Sunday school. We have a lot of terrain to cover and when we get back we have a meeting with the Air Force. This team works hand in hand with those that keep us safe in the sky. They may not be boots on the ground, but they do come in handy from time to time.” I could hear the disgust in his voice. He had no love lost for those monkeys in blue suits that stayed safely strapped into their cockpit. He was most likely ordered to make these introductions. I actually had respect for all members of the military. Their duty to their country and to themselves was stronger than just about anything.

We were the representation of the United States in their fight against tyranny domestic and abroad. We were the last line of defense when it came to keeping our streets and freedoms safe.

I had a feeling that it was going to take a lot more than running that obstacle course in the driving rain to get the respect of Major Tompkins.

I did see a man in full uniform standing at the window with his hat in his hand. I knew that it was Colonel Briggs. He had sat me down earlier and told me that there was no way

that he could protect me. He knew of my grandfather and of my father and even their bravery was not going to make me any friends. He said that he was afraid for my safety and that I should seriously reconsider my stance on becoming part of the military.

I remember telling him that he was not my father and that I had every right to conduct my life the way that I wanted to. I didn't need his permission and all that I needed was a chance. He listened to me speak and I think I saw a glint of respect, but there was no way that he was going to say anything of the sort. I saw Colonel Briggs almost as much as I saw my father. They were mostly joined at the hip. Whatever mission my father would go on, it was relatively known that Colonel Briggs was going into the thick of things. He wasn't a Colonel back when I was younger, but he had risen in the ranks to a more authoritative role.

My father was injured in the line of duty. He lost part of his foot due to a mine in the middle of the road in Afghanistan. For a man that had a permanent limp, he was remarkably strong. He didn't show even an ounce of weakness. He told me several times that if it doesn't kill you it makes you stronger. I lived by that motto to this day. I wanted to give him something to be proud of.

For the next hour, we put ourselves through a backbreaking exercise. We were all exhausted by the time that we returned. Even Anthony didn't have the strength to try to touch me again. I could see in his eyes that he really didn't have any desire to go toe to toe with me again.

"Get cleaned up and those Air Force pilots are not going to wait around forever. I want them to see you at your best and not looking like drowned rats." The major turned on his heels and then he walked out without saying anything more. Sheila and I had our own private time to use the bathroom. I would've been just as happy to shower with the boys, but that kind of gender equality was only asking for problems. Parading our naked and glistening bodies in front of them wasn't a very good idea. That was the kind of temptation that had to be avoided. It would be like dangling a raw piece of meat in front of a dog's eyes and not expect him to chomp your arm off.

"I don't know about the rest of you, but those flyboys are nothing compared to us. We may have to work with them, but we don't have to like them." I would say that Anthony had found another bone to pick. Instead of coming after me, he was turning his ire towards the men and women of the Air Force.

I was going to say something. I had my mouth open, but Sheila touching my shoulder told me that we had to pick our battles. I had already alienated him and some of his friends. This was the early stage of training and maybe it would be a better idea to keep my head down. There was no point in making waves, except for when it came to any of them trying to put their hands on me. I think that I made my point clear. Those that tried were in for a rude awakening. I would make sure that a piece of their anatomy would come with me during any type of attack.

We marched right by the window of the man in charge. He was still standing there with his cup of coffee in his hand and his secretary behind him telling him what his itinerary for the day was going to be. I casually glanced in his direction and found that he was winking at me. It made me blush, but then I realized that I had nothing to be embarrassed for.

We arrived and the soldiers of the Air Force were standing there in their prerequisite blue jumpsuits. We made idle chitchat. I was in a little bit of awe by how easily they could fly something like those tomcats. I found myself drawn to one with a pair of snake eyes painted on the front in the old red white and blue. The plane had seen its fair share of battle and the scars on the hull were badges of honor.

“I see that my baby has an admirer.” I was about to turn and take a switch off the condescending attitude from this man’s tone of voice. It sickened me to think that he was undressing me with his eyes.

My blood was boiling and then I turned to see the most magnificent blue piercing eyes that I had seen in my life. It was like he was looking right through me into my very soul. His name was Mark Kilburn and there was no way that I could take my eyes off him.

For the next 3 hours, we talked like we had been acquainted with each other for longer than just one day. It felt like I had found the man of my dreams. He wasn’t callous or chauvinistic. He told me that he had great respect for me. That came from having a woman come to his rescue. She actually dragged him out of a war torn area, until she succumbed to her injuries. By the time that we left there, I knew that I was never going to be able to stay away from him.

Chapter three

His hand on the back of my neck and I could feel his lips pressed against mine. It was too much for me to handle. His tongue was exploring my mouth and igniting a fire down below. I didn't know if I would be able to contain it. My body was betraying my good judgment. I really didn't think that it would be looked favorably upon if we were to do anything that would be untoward.

He moved that hand from the back of my neck and played my spine like a xylophone. He touched on the small of my back and my pelvis pressed up against his. I could feel his excitement and the way that it wanted to escape the prison of his uniform pants. The length of him had to be 8 inches of solid beef. Over the last couple of weeks, I had the opportunity to feel it, but this little love nest was going to turn into a place to worship both of our bodies.

He finally pulled away from me with this teeth playfully pulling at my lip. "When I joined the Air Force, I didn't think that I was going to find love. I'm not even sure what that word means. What I do know is that I love being around you and I feel empty when you're not around. I don't know what it is about you. Maybe it's that haircut." He ran his hand through what was left of my hair. It made me smile to think that he could bring some levity into an otherwise serious conversation.

"I could say the same thing about you, but I'm not exactly built like you." I strayed my eyes towards the object of my desire. It seemed to know that I was here and flexed to give me an idea of what I might be working with. We were behind the barracks underneath some camouflage netting. Amazingly, we had found some alone time and that wasn't easy when our schedules really didn't mesh.

"I think that you just might have a thing for somebody in uniform. I've had my fair share of groupies over the years. I'm not saying that I'm immune, but I never really did find a reason to give them more than a casual glance. I know that this might seem old fashion, but I was always looking for the right one. I thought that I would have to wait, until I got out of the Air Force, but it appears that the man above has other ideas." We made out like lovesick teenagers in the back seat of our fathers Chevy.

My tongue was getting intimately acquainted with his hot and sweet mouth. I unsnapped the button on his pants and I slipped inside to feel that bulge up against my fingertips. I saw the head peeking out from the waistband of his briefs. There was a bit of moisture on the tip. I was using it to spread it all over the head of his magnificent weapon.

“I do like a man in uniform, but there’s only this particular man that has caught my eye. He’s a handsome son of a bitch that has this certain charm that makes it almost impossible not to think of him. I’ve fantasized about what this would be like, but it doesn’t even compare to the reality. You are my naughty little secret and not even my best friend Sheila knows anything about you. I’m hoping that you are, as discrete with your affections. I know how you men are prone to speaking in the boys’ locker room.” I gave him a few tentative strokes and more of that same moisture appeared like a magic trick.

“I’ve never been the kind of guy that kiss and tells. I like my privacy and what happens between consenting adults is nobody’s business.” He sounded like he was telling me what I wanted to hear, but for some reason I actually believed him. I had feared some kind of reprisal from Anthony, but so far he had the good sense to leave me alone. That fear of being taken against my will was always there in the middle of the night. I would sometimes wake up and look around to make sure that there was nobody invading my personal space.

“I was hoping that was what you were going to say, Mark” I had my hands full and I think my intention was clear when I started to pull down his zipper. I took him out of the opening and that large piece of heaven was waiting there for me. I was salivating for the chance to taste it. I wanted to give it the kind of pleasure that only my mouth could inflict on him. “I know that we might be risking getting caught in the act, but I don’t care. I’ve needed you from the moment that I met you. Every time that we find a way to be together, we always find some reason to walk away unsatisfied.”

“I have to admit that I’ve had to take some cold showers the last few days. Every time that I leave you, I need to get rid of that pent up frustration.” It seemed like a waste that he was getting rid of it by taking matters into his own hands. “I never wanted to do anything that would make you feel uncomfortable. I’ve been waiting for you to give me the green light.” He leaned forward and kissed that spot on my neck that drove me completely crazy. I moaned despite the fact that somebody could walk by. I got caught up in that feeling and I lost sight of where I really was.

“I think that I’ve been waiting for you to make the move. You’ve been nothing, but a gentleman. There were times when you kissed me like this that I wanted you to act with more of that animal inside. Don’t get me wrong, I’m glad that you didn’t. It showed me that you had respect for me.” His tongue was circling and causing these Goosebumps to appear on my skin. That was the kind of stimulus that made my hand gripping him even tighter than I already was. His hips began to move. He was essentially getting overexcited by using my hand.

That nice tight fit was like a glove, but it was nothing compared to what was waiting for him. He moved away from me and his glazed over eyes told me that he was ready for something more. We climbed into the back seat of that jeep and lay there and looked at each other. We were soon touching each other’s faces. I could feel the warmth coming off of our skin in waves.

Holding my breath, I started to unbutton his shirt. I was about to get my first look at the man underneath. His muscles were well formed. The feel of his body was like I was being transported to another world. His cock was still out and was literally begging for my attention.

“I think I know what I’ve been missing. I was a damn fool to wait this long. This feeling of anticipation is great, but I think there has to be a pay off. I don’t know how much we are going to do, but for right now I would like to please you.” He nodded his head with this smile on his face that he probably wouldn’t be able to wipe off for days.

I traced my fingers down his overdeveloped biceps and it made me sigh with delight at finding a man that was willing to let me explore. I kissed his chest and flicked at his nipples to make him jerk. He gave his audible moan of pleasure. I nipped at those tiny buds and then I trailed that same wetness with the tip of my tongue down to his naval. I circled it and then made my way excruciatingly slow towards the pillar of strength between his legs.

“I really don’t know what to say. I guess the best thing that I can do is to keep my mouth shut. You do what makes you feel good, Jane.” That was a lesson that should be taught to every man. They shouldn’t think that it was their god given right to put their hands on us. They should wait for us and that way they are sure that we’re not just going through the motions.

I didn’t him a chance to say much of anything, as I inhaled the peace of sausage that was hard and unyielding on the flat surface of my tongue. I surprised the both of us by

deepthroating and letting him tickle my tonsils. I stayed there with my eyes welling up, until I pulled back with strings of my spit left behind in my wake. I did this a few more times and it became easier to let him have his way. His body reacted with sharp jabs of his own cock slipping into my throat and then pulling back out in rapid succession. I knew that I was this close to making him explode, but that was not the purpose of this exercise. This was a means to an end, but it was a delicious means to an end.

I was on my knees and he was pulling my shirt over my head. My natural C cup breasts were now in full view and he was taking advantage. He had his hands cupping my breasts and pulling at the nipples in a way that turned me into an oversexed beast that couldn't get enough. I licked him like an ice cream cone. I was letting his creamy essence fuel my need to bring him to the brink. I did that several times and I could tell on his face that he was concerned that I was going to leave him wanting. I smiled with my eyes and I think that he took that as confirmation that I was going to finish what I started.

It was a fine line and one that I had to tread carefully. I popped his knob from my lips. It sounded like a champagne cork going off. It was raging and ready for action. That vein along the back was throbbing and looked like it had a mind of its own. The sweet flavor on my tongue was almost too much for me to relinquish my hold.

I stemmed the flow from moving up the shaft by putting my two fingers at the base and squeezing. I stayed there in that position for over 5 minutes, until I finally let go to see that that sensation had now subsided. He became like a wild man, pushing me down with his hands on top of my shoulders. He looked at me like a man possessed and then he attacked me with his hands tearing at the buttons on my pants. I lifted my ass to give him free rein. He managed to get my pants down around my ankles. I slipped out and was flying free.

“You make me crazy and I think that you do that on purpose. You want me to be, so far gone that I'm not gonna be able to stop. You're going to get exactly what you want. Just be careful about what you ask for and you may just get it.” I gave him this smirk and then he buried his head in my neck. I closed my eyes to the pleasure. He trailed in the same trajectory that I had just performed on him.

He soon had his head in between my legs with one of my feet over the side. He licked the sticky dew off of my lips and then he inserted his tongue, as deep as possible. My inner muscles grabbed on to him. At first, it looked like he was a little surprised by how eager my little hole was. He soon got a rhythm going. I had one hand on the back of his head

and the other over my mouth to stifle any kind of noise that might escape. I was biting into my palm. My head was moving from side to side and then it was like I was seeing all those colors of the spectrum at the same time.

I heaved up into the air against his face, but there was no way that he was going to take away the seal of his lips. I had lost my composure and in the middle of that climax, he buried himself in one long and continuous stroke. He was balls deep and I was looking into his eyes. I knew that he was the one and that I would do everything that I could to protect him from harm.

I wrapped my legs around his waist with my pants at my feet. He pulled back out, until just the head remained and then he pushed back in with his balls pressed up against me. He was doing it in slow and deliberate strokes.

“I knew that it was going to be good, Jane, but I had no idea that it was going to be this good. You take my breath away and I think that it’s, so much better that we love each other than just some casual thing. My cock feels at home inside you and I know that I’m going to yearn for you anytime that you’re not near me.” The sound of our thighs slapping together was music to my ears. This was a melody that was meant for those partners that knew each other.

My heels smacked against his backside and it was like I was touching on sculpted stone. He was a well put together man. I looked down to see that his cock was there one second and gone the next. I traced the two lines of his torso. I found a very sensitive erogenous zone that he probably didn’t even know we had.

“I want to always be in your arms, Mark. I want to feel you skin to skin and know that you’re never going to leave me. I think that we are made for each other. It appears that my pussy is a little greedy for what you have been storing up inside those balls. I can see in your eyes that you need this and believe me the sentiment is returned a hundred times over. Fuck me...give me all of you and don’t hold back... YESSSSS.” My orgasm was stronger than the first and my body was now pulling his seed out of him.

I could hear the jeep’s springs squeaking. In the back of my mind, I was a little worried that this would attract some unwanted attention. He got this look on his face and then he buried his head in my cleavage. He gave one final lunge forward and then let go with streams of his love juice. I felt every injection. It was like I was given a jolt from the fountain of youth.

I'd found my officer and a gentleman. The feel of him shrinking inside me was a good indication that this had come to an end. We only had an hour together, but according to my watch we had surpassed that by almost another hour. We both needed to get back to our respective bases. Leaving each other was not easy and then he lowered a bombshell that came out of left field.

"I didn't know if anything was going to happen and I certainly didn't want to put any pressure on you. I'm leaving tonight to coordinate a mission in Lybia. I don't know how long I will be gone, but I'm glad that we have cemented our bond. I have a reason to come back safely." I turned towards my feminine side and I cried on his shoulder, until he was the one that wiped away my tears with his thumb. "I will come back. That's a promise that I'm intending to keep." He walked away. For some reason, I thought that I would never see him again.

Maybe I was afraid before, but I wasn't afraid anymore. I never knew what love was, but now I knew that love was the only thing that mattered.

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