

Final Assignment - Chapter 10

This is a work of fiction, all the usual legal jargon applies. The characters in this story live in a disease free world, the use of condoms is not portrayed. The real world is very different, practice safe sex, wear a condom.

Our weekend seemed to fly by. It was now Sunday and we'd been so busy doing the tourist thing that we literally collapsed in bed each night from pure exhaustion. We were enjoying a quiet breakfast, Bill reading the paper while I cleaned up and put dishes in the dishwasher.

Bill's cell phone rang and for some reason, I had a feeling that this phone call was not going to bring any news I'd be happy to hear. Bill answered his phone and spent about ten minutes carrying on a conversation that consisted of, "ah-has", "ummmms" and "yes sirs." Bill finally hung his phone up and looked over to where I stood.

"Well, got some news for you that you probably aren't going to like." Bill said.

"Uh huh." I replied, trying my best not to sound like the angry "house wife."

"I've been put in for a short fall course. It's the Joint Staff Officer's course." Bill said.

"Uh huh." I replied.

"It's in residence and I'll be gone for six weeks." Bill said.

"Uh huh." I replied.

"There's more." Bill said.

"Uh huh." I continued.

"From there, I'll be going to my Officer Advanced Course. It's another eight weeks in residence." Bill said.

"OK, well, so what now?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" Bill responded.

"Are we taking a break? Do I wait patiently for my husband to come home? What? What happens to us now?" I asked, trying to keep my temper (and my tears) from rising to the surface.

"I didn't think "we" were an "us"." Bill said.

“You didn’t think “we” were an “us”?” I asked. “You didn’t think a damned thing about telling me you love me or the fact that we’ve been seeing only each other for how long now?” I stormed.

“Babe, c’mon now.” Bill said as he started to rise and walk towards me.

“Don’t you fucking “Babe, c’mon now” me! Who the fuck do you think you’re talking to?” I shouted, my Irish temper rising rapidly.

“You sound like a pissed off wife.” Bill said, “You’ve had your career, mine is just beginning.” he continued.

That was the finishing line for me. I decided, rather than say something I’d regret for the rest of my life, I’d keep my mouth shut and stormed to the door, throwing it open, indicating he could find his way out just as quickly as he’d found his way in. Bill looked at me, confused, and walked out and into his apartment. I slammed the door shut behind him and sank to the floor, tears now rolling down my eyes.

“God damn it! God damn him! And God damn you Jon!” I screamed to the thin air. I stood and headed for the shower, my crying done, nothing but numb soon taking over. I mechanically showered, dressed and headed out of the apartment. I stopped at Bill’s door and listened. I could hear movement in his apartment and music playing and knew he was packing.

“Knock on the door you idiot. Knock on the door and apologize.” I said to myself, but my stubborn Irish pride stopped me and I headed for the elevator and out of the building.

I seemed to do my best thinking when I walked, especially when I was trying to reach a solution to a problem I was having. I headed for the Pentagon City Mall and wandered around for a little bit, finding myself on the Metro and, without thinking, getting off at the Foggy Bottom stop. Deciding a walk around Georgetown University might do me some good, I headed up the escalator. I didn’t get far when my knees began to softly tell me they’d had enough.

Intent on swallowing my stupid pride and apologizing for my ridiculous outburst, I headed back to the Metro. I was going to head for home, knock on Bill’s door and apologize profusely, then suck his cock until he shot his sweet cream in my mouth. After all, it would be at least 14 weeks before I’d see him again.

My plan, however, came to a screeching halt when I entered the subway station. It appeared that a sensor had gone bad and was stopping all trains from entering the station. The sensor was giving the track relay systems a faulty indicator that a train was stopped at the station. Nothing was arriving or departing. I headed through the gates and down to the platform to wait with the rest of the people.

Walking to the end of the platform, I found an empty seat and sat down. I could see a lone worker working on the track at the tunnel entrance, his construction hat popping up from time to time as he looked to see what the crowds were doing. Fortunately, the subway station wasn't that full and those that were there, seemed content on waiting.

I stood and walked over to the ledge, close enough that I could watch the man work. He wore the typical bright orange safety clothes and I couldn't help but marvel at his figure. He appeared to have a relatively good body, from what I could see anyway. His clothing was somewhat baggy, so it was a little difficult to see just how well he was built.

He'd look up at me from time to time, his face was handsome with a day's growth of beard. My cock stirred, letting me know that I was going to be celibate for at least 14 weeks.

"Humph!" I grunted.

"Excuse me? Look, I'm just about done." the worker said as he looked up at my blushing face.

"Sorry, I was just thinking out loud. Wasn't directed at you." I replied.

He went back to work and within a few minutes, the lights at the entrance to the tunnel turned green. A cheer echoed throughout the tunnel as he climbed up the stairs and disappeared into an access room. I sighed and waited for the train to arrive.

Another ten minutes of waiting and I was soon being whisked back to my stop and before too much longer was standing outside the door to Bill's apartment and knocking. I waited for a few minutes before I knocked again. I soon realized that I'd missed him and headed across the hall to my own apartment.

My apartment suddenly seemed empty as I walked through the door. Flicking on a light in the living room I saw a note laying on the coffee table. "I'm sorry, I'll call you when I get in and get settled. Love Bill." was all it said.

"Way to go asshole." I said to myself as I sat down, laying back in the overstuffed sofa. "Time for a drink." I said out loud and then decided to take a few more days off. I called the General, made up some excuse and asked if I could take two days leave. He approved it and I hung up, intent on getting drunk and wallowing in my self pity tonight.

I headed for the mall and my favorite place, Ruby Tuesdays. I hardly noticed the sign indicating that Ruby Tuesdays would soon be closing. I headed for the bar and took my seat.

"Jon! Haven't seen you in a while!" Mark, the bartender, said.

"Hey Mark. Been busy." I replied as I grabbed a menu.

“The usual?” Mark asked.

“Nah, tonight I’m in the mood for a Cosmo. And how about the Bacon Cheeseburger.” I said.

“You got it!” Mark replied as he left to mix my drink and place my order.

I gazed around the place, it was packed as usual. I glanced at the gentleman sitting two seats away from me and thought he looked familiar. At the same time he glanced in my direction and, judging by the look on his face, realized he’d seen me somewhere before too.

“Here you go, one Mark’s Cosmo special!” Mark said as he returned and set my drink down.

“So, what do you think about the closing?” Mark asked as I took my first taste.

“Mark, you make a mean Cosmo! What closing?” I asked.

“This place, the whole chain went under.” Mark said.

“What? But this place is ALWAYS packed!” I said.

“Yeah, I know. Fifth biggest profit store in the entire chain. I don’t understand it man, just don’t understand it.” Mark continued.

“Beats me buddy. So, anything lined up?” I asked.

“Yeah, I’ve been working some computer stuff on the side so, I should be OK for awhile.” Mark said.

“Listen, you need anything, call me. I can get you in on a government job.” I said.

“Thanks buddy.” Mark grinned and left to take care of other customers.

A feeling that someone was staring at me soon caught my attention. Glancing over to the person I thought I’d recognized, I made eye contact with him. We looked each other over, nodded as if to say, “Howdy” and then went about our own business.

Mark soon arrived with my food and a fresh Cosmo. I ate in leisure, sipping my drink and enjoying the food. I’d also take a few gulps of water and as I was finishing up my dinner my bladder told it that it was time to head to the men’s room. I got up, went to the men’s room and discovered a fresh Cosmo waiting for me upon my return.

“Mark, you trying to get me drunk?” I shouted.

“Maybe.” Mark laughed as handed a beer to the man next to me.

I finished up my drink and told Mark I was ready to pay up. Mark waived me off, indicating it was on him. I said my thanks and as I started to leave he told me to wait up, he’d walk out with me as he was done for the evening.

We headed back to my place, chatting about various things. Before I knew it, we were back in my apartment and Mark was making us each a Cosmo. He grinned from ear to ear as he brought me my drink and sat down next to me on the couch. Before I knew it, the drinks were gone and we were embracing each other and kissing passionately.

“Fuck Jon, I’ve been wanting to do this since you first walked into the bar.” Mark said between kisses.

“Fuck Mark, I had no idea you kissed, and tasted, this great!” I panted back, forgetting that my heart belonged to Bill.

I reached down and started rubbing Mark’s hard cock through his jeans. I groaned as my hand traced this long shaft and groaned again as my fingers massaged what felt like a massive head attached to his long shaft. Mark grabbed my hand and used my fingers to unbutton his jeans. Once they were unbuttoned, he guided my hand to his underwear covered cock. Letting go of my hand, I reached up and shoved my hand into the waist band of his underwear. My hands were greeted with a thick head, followed by a narrow shaft and what felt like two, triple AAA large balls.

Mark groaned in my mouth as my hand moved up and down his shaft and tried to cup his balls. Mark released me and stood up in front of me. I reached up, pulled his jeans down followed by his underwear. My mouth watered as his cock came into view and I instantly dove on his dick. Working the large head into my mouth, tasting the muskiness that comes from a cock that stuffed in underwear all day.

Mark groaned as he started to inch his cock down my throat, my hands pushing his jeans further down, releasing his mammoth balls. They hung low in their sack and I played with them while I bobbed up and down on his cock.

“I want to fuck you.” Mark said as he reached to pull me up.

He kissed me some more as he reached for my own pants, quickly unzipping my fly and unbuttoning them, pulling them down and around my ankles. His hands reached around and quickly found my hole. He gently pulled my cheeks apart as his fingers traced the outline of my hole and quickly started finding their around inside my ass.

I winced as he wasn’t using any sort of lube. Mark literally ripped my shirt off of me and within minutes had me stripped nude and bent over the couch while he ate my hole. I groaned and bucked as he dipped his tongue in my hole and licked the outer lips of my

mancunt. Mark quickly shoved a finger deep inside my ass and I let out a groan and begged for more.

I whined when I felt his fingers leave my ass and, turning to look over my shoulder, watched as he removed the rest of his clothes.

“You like my cock? Wanna feel me fuck you?” Mark asked as he held his cock, a strand of silver pre-cum dripping from the piss slit and hanging as it slowly made its way down to the floor.

“Uh huh. Yeah, fuck me Mark, oh GOD fuck me with that cock of yours!” I shouted as I bent over the couch and grabbed my own rock hard and dripping cock.

“Yeah, wanna fuck that tight ass of yours. Wanna fuck it good, but first, I need to get you ready.” Mark panted as he went back to playing with my ass.

I felt a finger enter me followed by another. He slowly fucked my hole with two fingers while his free hand tugged and pulled on my balls. As he removed his fingers from my hole, he spat on it, sending shivers down my spine. Before long I felt him stretching my hole again and realized he'd added four fingers now. I groaned as they slowly made their way inside me, my cock continuing to ooze cum.

“Fuck me Mark, come in, get that cock inside my ass.” I panted.

“Not yet, buddy boy, not yet. Got some more treats in store for you.” Mark said, his voice husky with sex.

“Mmm!” I cried out as he penetrated me again, this time with five fingers. My hole continued to stretch as he gently worked all five fingers of his hand inside me. I was amazed I could even stretch this much. Surely he'd put his entire hand in my ass, that's what it felt like anyway.

“Fuck Mark, how far are you inside me? Feels like I got your fucking hand all the way inside my ass!” I panted to him.

“Jon, oh fuck this is so fucking hot and you are not going to believe this. I got my whole hand, up to my wrist, inside you!” Mark said.

“FUCK!” I cried out as my cock began to shoot with the thought that Mark had just inserted his whole hand up my ass. I came in spasms, my cum shooting out of the end of my cock and painting the leather on the couch white. Apparently my ass clenching around Marks wrist was more than he could take as well and he started shooting, his cum landing on my balls, coating them.

I could feel the hot jets of his cum as he covered my balls and it only served to fuel my orgasm and make me cum even harder. Mark slowly eased his hand out of my ass and

started sliding his erupting cock inside. I could now feel his cum shooting inside me, in spite of how loose my ass seemed to feel.

I cried out again as another wave of orgasmic pleasure hit me. My cock flexed and jerked but no cum shot out. I couldn't believe how alive my ass seemed to feel as I clenched my muscles around Mark's still hard cock.

"Fuck me Mark! Fuck me hard!" I shouted as I began to slide back and forward on his cock, my cum covered hand stroking my still rock hard cock.

"Oh fuck Jon, fuck! I can't believe how tight you feel and how you just let me fist you!" Mark cried out as he slammed his cock inside me.

"Make me cum again Mark, come on, make me fucking cum again!" I cried. I rolled us over, Mark landing on the couch, me assuming the reverse cowboy position as I slammed my hips down on his cock, my hand flying over my own cock.

"Fuck me bitch! C'mon! Fuck me hard with your cock!" I shouted as I bounced up and down on his cock.

"Yeah, fuck yeah Jon. Bounce on that fucking hard cock, c'mon boy. Make me cum! Make me fucking shoot my hot load up your sweet hole again!" Mark cried out as he fell back against the couch.

I changed positions again, this time spinning around on Mark's lap so that I was now facing him and my legs were tucked underneath me. I continued to fuck myself on his cock as I pounded my own cock, the cum on my hands turning to a foam.

"Shit, gonna cum! Gonna fucking shoot in your ass!" Mark cried out as he grabbed my hips and started forcing me up and down on his cock faster and faster. My own hand flew along my own cock and within a matter of moments I was gritting my teeth as I came, my cum coating Mark's smooth chest.

"FUCK!" Mark cried out as he slammed me down one last time on his cock and I felt it vibrate and twitch in my ass as he shot his second load inside me. Mark then picked me up and, still impaled on his cock, walked me towards the bathroom where we entered the shower.

Mark slammed me up against the shower wall as he continued to fuck my ass. He slammed into me one last time and I soon felt a flood of warmth inside my ass. Mark was cumming inside me again and as he shot another load inside my ass, I started firing my own load, my cum shooting out and landing on his chin and bottom lip.

Once we were done cumming, we showered, carefully washing each other, Mark taking extra care to wash the remnants of his cum from my ass. Mark slid his cock into me again and I groaned as I felt his cock harden again.

“Shit Mark, I don’t know if I can handle much more.” I said, squeezing my ass muscles around his cock.

“Oh I’m done, I just like feeling your tight ass gripping around my cock.” Mark said as he washed my back.

We stepped out of the shower and dried off, Mark stepping over to the toilet and emptying his bladder. I watched as the piss flowed from his engorged cock and wondered what it would feel like splashing over my body. I couldn’t believe I’d just had that thought, never in my wildest dreams had I ever pondered water sports. Perhaps Mark would be the one to satisfy what seemed like a new curiosity.

Thanks for the patience and thanks for all of the feed back. I appreciate hearing from all of you so please, keep letting me know what you think! As always, more to cum!