

Mistaken Identity

Slowly, ever so slowly, I struggled awake from some disturbance that had interrupted my dreams of my past exploits. I hugged the pillows like my enormous childhood teddy bear lay there beneath me, and I drooled a little. I smacked my lips.

Abruptly, while I had never had that particular experience, I thought I recognized the exotic, dreamy, erotic, *astounding* feeling that could only be a face with beard stubble on my ass cheeks, a man's face with beard stubble, *between* my ass cheeks, and a tongue licking my hole while his hands held my butt cheeks apart. A man, obviously, licking my ass with definite intent. Hot intent. Very hot indeed. Smoking hot.

Startling pieces of data popped into sluggish mind. Fingers on my buttocks, pulling those muscles aside; prickly facial stubble? Licking tongue on my sensitive anus?

Was I still dreaming? My first waking thought was to somehow decide whether I was still dreaming. It was a wet dream. It had to be. That was it. Was it going to get more interesting? It was illogical. It didn't fit into any reasonable situation I had ever faced. That certainly wasn't anything I had experienced. Before tonight.

I slowly took stock of my situation, slowly and carefully, gathered my addled stupefied awakening thoughts to decide this was definitely not just the last lingering fantasy of a hot dream. Was not a bad dream, nor a hot wet dream. Whatever I had been dreaming, this was definitely not it. It felt far too substantial and entirely beyond my imagination, or any actual experience for that matter. I had never dreamt this, that I could recall.

Beard stubble didn't happen in dreams, I thought very logically, now playing dream movie critic. Dreams were generally neater, though I never had them loiter long enough so I could study them properly, and perfect dreams generally didn't have beard stubble. That detail put a certain note of dramatic reality on things, though this was hardly drab.

I decided I was awake.

My thoughts bounced around as to what was happening. Acceptance of what was happening was slow, as my mind just didn't seem to go along with what my body was telling me through all the sensuous stimulation.

There was a man licking my ass.

On the fourth floor.

My mind reeled like a mathematical statistics mental drunkard's walk, and thoughts bounced around like crazy at first. What were the odds of this happening to me? Enumerate things, I told my logical wandering mind, while I tried to find a shred of logic.

Being frightened was certainly not an option.

I was a military officer. I clung to the certain notion that there was a certain dignity associated with being a manly courageous military officer. Courage didn't apply here, not really.

I was on a military base. Military bases were generally well organized and very orderly, I presumed. According to military regulations. That was another calming thought, though this was decidedly out of the ordinary.

A building guard was near the front door three floors below.

A man licking my ass was none of these.

I could shout, but prurient thoughts made me pause as I thought carefully of what could come next?

I didn't want to interrupt what was definitely an enticing, highly erotic scene. I was not alone, that was for damned sure. It seemed rude to interrupt this, something that held a lot of promise of things to come. He was doing something to me that said he'd done this before and that he'd fuck me.

I was gay. That was definite.

I liked what was happening, with a man's face and tongue enjoying my ass and arousing me like never before. I had never felt that, but, now that I had, it was the ultimate act of foreplay. I was not exactly fearful of having a man's mouth on my ass. Startled, certainly, but definitely not frightened.

There was nothing to fear, really, nothing at all. With those thoughts in mind, I slowly worked out what I should do. Did I want to interrupt things? No, no, do nothing abruptly. Let him keep right on doing it.

No man had ever licked my ass, never, nor explored extensively with his tongue. I was not a virgin to sex, but never had I had a man enjoy licking my ass so intimately, so thoroughly. I enjoyed the new and very unique sensation. I held back from gasping, with bated breath to await what crazy thing was about to happen.

If Nature had a course it decided to run tonight, complete with a man's face in my ass, I decided I'd just let crazy Nature carry on. I wasn't thinking lucidly, having suddenly awakened in the middle of the night to such new sensations.

I tried hard to order all these ideas together with a man's face in my ass. It took me so many luscious dreamy moments to contemplate I wasn't in any rush. On the fourth floor.

I lay still and quiet and enjoyed, waiting silently for Nature's course to take the next step, to continue. Something hot would surely come from this. I hoped it would. The face in my ass carried a lot of delicious, salacious promise. I hoped he was preparing me.

He was taking his sweet time. He seemed to know exactly what he was doing and didn't rush things. He was evidently supremely confident and experienced at licking a man's ass.

I liked what he was doing. I didn't want to spook him. I tried not to shake, or at least not too much more. The train wasn't making the building sway with subsonic tremors. There were no excuses for quivering, but I sure did quiver, I was so aroused by this, shaking with anticipation of what, whatever, was to come.

His exploring hands stroked lightly over my hairless skin. That was nice, reassuring in some demented way.

I had little body hair, just fine fuzz, being young and very blond. Sudden skin reactions like chills, with goose bumps from his touch. French provided the right word: "frisson". *J'ai ressenti un frisson soudain.*

What! Here? Now? My college French language classes chose this very moment? I tried to corral my scatter-brained thoughts. *Merde!*

He must have felt my skin get goose bumps from his teasing touch. He was not raping me, not exactly, I decided, at least not yet. Did he have that in mind?

My total inaction was clearly tacit consent. What came next? I had some definite thoughts about that, what would come next.

His licking made me want more.

Whatever he did after this would be epic.

I was ticklish as hell, too. I fought to stay still.

His teasing hands made it difficult to keep still, as I fought not to squirm.

The mattress dipped and moved from his weight as he moved, before the too seldom felt yet vividly remembered sensation of lube slick fingers stretching my hole assaulted my anxious mind for several exciting long seconds. Fingers found and pressed on my prostate, pushing a moan from me. He knew I was receptive. Got it in one.

I approved. It took all my determination to remain still as I could. Moaning sort of told him of my interest in his preparations.

He knew I was awake by this time and accepting his advances. Who would be able to ignore lubed fingers pressing on prostate?

He acted like he was expected by the officer who was in this bed, though I had certainly not expected this. That was the lucky officer who had been in this bed previously, recalling what the guard had told me. Tonight's visitor had been with the previous officer occupant.

I had been celibate for some time before tonight, alone by myself. Now here I was with a total stranger, but he was preparing to fuck my ass after lubing and stretching my hole with slow deliberate preparations. Nature was on a fine most direct course tonight. First step was to prepare. Then conquer the objective.

He slid his cock into my butt crack. That feeling could only be his cock pushing against me, as a well-built heavy male body lowered itself onto my back. His big muscles touched my body. His hands were on my shoulders. His cock felt thick, as it pushed between my firm butt cheeks and probed me. He hit the hole. It was a long cock. It was longer. It was *very* long. Thick too.

I held still, as that seemed correct, though I had misgivings about being able to accept what he had made me feel so far as he slowly pushed his cock into me. More into me.

His cock slid into me ever so slowly into my ass through my eager hole after it popped through my rather tight ring with sudden sharp muscular twinges from long inaction. My ass felt invaded, and my hole instinctively clenched hard from immediate reaction to intrusion, as if to be certain it was in me and there to stay.

My thoughts screamed silently in my mind. "*I'm awake, big stud! Come fuck me!*"

I wanted that, the sudden chill of *frisson* be damned. I was violated, but not raped, no fucking way, but quietly happy, astonished. The first sudden twinge of pain from his entry went away. This time, I deliberately clenched my hole harder to acknowledge his entry.

His hands gripped my shoulders.

My arms still hugged the pillows under me. I was filled, completely filled, by a well-hung stud. I clenched my ass muscles again, in thanks. My mind just eagerly pranced off into its own sparkling universe, abandoning all rhyme and reason. On the fourth floor.

"Good boy. Hot tight hole. Work it for Daddy. That's it, boy. You got it all now. All the way in, Boy. That didn't hurt you." That soft voice was deep, husky, with a southern drawl that heated my crotch with arousal. "Feels good. Nice and deep for you."

This was Virginia, and that accent fit perfectly right here. He fit just perfectly in my ass too, though he had stretched things. Nothing in my life prepared me for the size of what he had inside me.

His drawling words reassured me, kept me from losing my fragile grip on reality.

I didn't know him, nor had I expected him, but he sounded like he found me familiar. We were now intimately acquainted though still anonymous.

I recalled hearing such a deep voice years ago from my sister's hot husband, but without a southern drawl. I had lusted at that time after my brother-in-law. His image had popped up unbidden in my mind from my memories. I quickly pushed that crazy forbidden incest thought away.

The stud in me tonight had the same big chest and deep voice.

I could imagine the size of cock of tonight's stud. I had very little experience with such big size. I didn't have a lot of experience with such a big size, none at all. I was about to get an object lesson.

He didn't thrust hard nor fast, but made slow, sensuous, deliberate love to me. He was totally in command of the two of us. His thrusts were full stroke, but slow enough to give me time to enjoy and to anticipate feeling his pubes touch my ass with each hard thrust. He liked the feeling of slow action, as well as I did, glad that I could take it.

My mind took a holiday. I loved his long slow hard thrusts, long glides back and forth. Each time, there was a short-lived thrill of feeling his cock sink deeper into my ass than anything before while its girth held my hole wide open and prompted me to clench regularly on his cock. Months of inaction had made me again tight and inexperienced.

I enjoyed my first sex in months. With a total stranger with a big cock.

He didn't rush. He had called himself "Daddy". He must be older than I was. That was logical. He was taller as well and much larger hung for damned sure. His drawling voice hit me hard, with shivering arousal, making my skin get goosebumps in the warm night that I felt flow over my arms.

He'd done this before with someone else. What else explained his confident actions? He'd been with the previous officer tenant of my room. He was experienced in visiting the tenant of this very room. He took his time. He was confident of his reception, though I was a new officer occupying the same bed a previous one had lain in.

Tonight was an accident. For me.

He could take his time, a lot more time tonight.

I hoped he would. I was in heaven from his slow gentle thrusting. I was impaled, with ass muscles, leg muscles all flexing with arousal as he turned me on more each second. The slow speed let my mind romp with lust as my arousal grew greater with every long slow thrust.

There was nothing logical about the whole crazy situation. It had just happened.

I was being loved by an anonymous hung guy with a big chest and deep drawling voice in a pitch dark room. My windows were open, with no blinds. There was no light from the new moon. The hallway had a distant *EXIT* light by the stairs. It was totally dark.

I kept my eyes tightly closed anyway and tried some mental sexual images to fit the entire insane situation, as my mind went flying off somewhere having fun in sexual fantasies.

I loved it, savored his slow long thrusts, his torrid and deliberate coupling, how my body felt so sensitive to him.

His hands teased me all over. He felt my muscles flex under his touch as I reacted to his touches.

I answered his tickling fingers with conscious reactions, flexing my muscles for him.

He played my reactions. He must have loved the feeling of using my tight hole, made quite tight by lack of recent use. He seemed to enjoy feeling my body react to his hands, as he played with me, arousing me to higher and higher levels.

I was in some dream state, awake and yet in some wild sexual fantasy. I heard myself making porno film sounds in time to his movements.

He seemed to be in the middle of his own sex fantasy with his slow motion. He was considerate. There was no time to wonder, just experience it. Let all feelings flow over me, make me squirm with need.

Whatever he was feeling and thinking from fucking me, he enjoyed it as well, as he moaned and his hands clenched my shoulders harder. We were both into his slow love making style. We danced together on the bed in a writhing hot pairing.

I wasn't rushed, not one little bit, but flushed with pure heat. I wanted this to go on. What a fabulous, shocking welcome, to the military this was! My first night as a Lieutenant on Base and some big bull of a stud comes in and just takes my young ass. Oh wow. In the old empty barracks, on the fourth floor.

It had been some long time since I had enjoyed sex with anyone. I groaned and made small happy sounds that just popped out. I whimpered when I wanted to shout.

He slowly thrust into me and moved his hips around. His long cock swept around inside my ass. This big stud tonight was slow and deliberate, taking his time to make me feel as good as he evidently felt. He knew the officer was aroused.

I was indeed aroused. My hard cock was under my stomach, and squirming made me fuck the pillow. My foreskin let my cock slide easily in and out, lubricated now by my leaking cock.

He did not see me as a convenient man to fuck. Yes, he fucked my ass, but he gave a lot of pleasure to me doing that, not just pounding away.

I gave him a good impression, if one can do that from my position. That didn't seem difficult for me to do, no really conscious thought about exactly how I did that. I reacted instinctively to his dominance. I humped the pillow.

He was doing this for me, as well as for himself. He was giving, sharing, not taking. He knew his slow moves had a welcome reception.

I made nonsense noises, gasps, grunts and honest whimpers as I was fucked with such slow restrained passion. I flexed all my muscles, all over, showing off for the stud as his fingers and hands encouraged me, playing me to feel me react. I was proud of my muscles. I gave them to him to admire.

"Nice boy. Fine strong young officer. Nice hard build, hard body. Love your strength. Love your muscles. Strong and tight hole. Perfect boy for Daddy. Like fucking you. So good. Awesome." He thrust hard!

I seized him with my hole, very hard. I grabbed on the way in, on the way out, masturbated him with my hole like my hand did that instead. Clench, clench and clench again. I was strong, even there.

I had practiced with some butt plugs to improve control, to exercise that muscle ring. Butt toy and my hand were my only sex outlet during my long tech training, fuck myself with my one dildo while I jerked off to private fantasies.

I had looked forward to an end to the hard technical training classes. I was no limp pansy but a strong man and acted the part. Strong hole as well. I remember discovering how clenching my hole made my prostate feel good, with the girth of the dildo to press on it, so I did more of it. Thank you very much, butt toy.

Tonight, a tall daddy loved me, was in me. Very nice. Very hot. Very deep. I was taken, but cherished as well.

He didn't slam in and bang away but he savored the whole situation, my position and my body, until he finally started to drive with more dominance and strength, hard, harder and faster, really pounding into me now, shaking the bed.

He couldn't keep up his slow moves forever without inevitable climax. He'd make his final dash for the finish soon. His balls slapped my own, a feeling I loved. My baby makers got slapped by his big ones. That was hot. My mental images aroused me even more, his balls slapping mine.

My high school friend Bill had tickled my balls as I fucked his wife to make their baby, when we were in college at the start of the school year. "That's it, Thor, make these work, stud. Put out, guy." Tonight, it was another big stud fucking me and tickling my balls with his. Bill had turned me on then by teasing me, to provide them with what he couldn't give his wife.

Tonight, it was totally different.

A daddy fucked me tonight.

Daddy ramped up his energy and the faster pace was like the final turn for the finish line in a horse race as he cantered. Gallop full speed ahead! He surged ahead.

His urgency grew and pushed my own.

I pushed my ass up to urge him, let him know I wanted this, I really did. I worked it for him. I strained to hold my ass in position for him. My lower back muscles strained to rotate my butt further up and elevate my ass. I wanted to let him know I liked it, offered it all to him. I made the angle of thrust easier, I hoped. Military tactical advantage! Full speed ahead! Take the objective! I grunted loudly with each of his thrusts. I shot into the pillow and squealed.

He stiffened and grunted loudly in my ear. He grabbed my shoulders harder. He spurted out a big load as I clenched my hole real tight.

The feeling of his load pumping into me was like a wrist pulse you sensed with your fingers. It kept pulsing for long seconds until he was done.

He rested, panting along with me, before he pulled out slowly.

I tightened on his retreating cock.

"Good boy. Real good. Hot. I'll be back tomorrow night to enjoy your tight white ass again. Just like before, Boy." He was no novice at this, though it sure as Hell was novel for me. He had definitely fucked someone else before, right here, in this very bed. On the fourth floor.

"Daddy" got up and left without another word.

I didn't look to see who had fucked me. I didn't think there was enough light. Besides, I was living a fantasy still.

Maybe he wanted anonymity.

I liked that too, an event so utterly out of sight, it left me stunned, feeling used as I had never felt before. I savored the feeling of having been taken by a total stranger in a very dark room, a nicely hung stud.

I didn't feel much like moving just then. I contemplated the lingering feelings and astonishment. I let the emotions flow over me, around me. I needed some recovery time from hot sex. I was wired now. I shook from reaction.

My mind went sort of wonky for a minute or two, returning to was passed for reality that night, just trying to retain the feelings of being fucked long and slow by an older stud. It was my first night on Base, first night in these quarters. I had just been loved by an older daddy with a big cock and who liked to go slow and enjoy.

I couldn't think for long moments what I should do next. I just lay there in the afterglow, recovering my senses, what shards I had left of them.

It was a little strange that he referred to my white ass. I wondered why he thought a white ass was important.

Sweat dribbled down my sensitive ass crack, over my tender hole, down my sides. My feeling of not wanting to move passed after I reluctantly decided I'd be really gross and sticky when I did move, if I let things dry. I could feel the damp pillow under me.

I was sweaty and quite wet, so I trotted naked across the corridor to the open latrine and its open showers. I left the lights off but for the distant *EXIT* signs. It was adventurous, walking around naked in the dark. Mysterious, like what had just happened.

My cock was erect once more and bounced around as I walked into the showers. I was aroused and hard, so I enjoyed the time in the not cold shower as the water pipes banged to

announce actual hot water was coming eventually, and I stroked one off. I had the whole large gang shower to myself.

I relived the whole scene in my mind as I made my solo hand session last as long as I could before I couldn't hold back any more and shouted as I sprayed into the big empty dark room echoing with splashing water.

I finished my warm shower in the dark, stood before the fans to dry off completely, enjoying the goosebumps from the enthalpy cooling me, and walked back to my unlighted room.

I flipped over the damp pillows and exchanged some for dry ones. I took the pillowcase off the one I spritzed on and set it aside. I spread some dry bath towels over them to lie on, planning to let everything air out tomorrow.

I thought for a moment about anyone coming to keep my quarters clean and what to do, then remembered I had seen a sign posted by the door explaining just that. That would wait until tomorrow.

I lay a dry towel under my crotch just in case I got a repeat performance tonight, or if a wet dream followed after this. A wet dream was sure likely after tonight's encounter.

My very first night aboard my first military base and an older guy sort of just totally by accident casually rapes my young white ass. White ass. Not exactly rape, not at all, as I had not objected at all but welcomed his offer. It was the stuff of wet dreams and jack off fantasies.

This didn't happen all that much in the military, though I had no real knowledge one way or another, but I had my deep suspicions of just what was normal. This wasn't it. But who was I to question it tonight? On the fourth floor, no less.

Who was I to question kinky Mother Nature? The men in my family had named me Thor for the god of thunder of Norse legend. Grandmother knitted busily and reminded the men in our family that, Loki was Thor's brother. The men had bestowed me with a name from legend, Thor. I wondered if Loki, that jokester from the same legend, had struck this astounding night. That made just as much sense as anything else this crazy night.

I couldn't quite work my logical mind to logically grasp what had just happened, other than there definitely had been some sort of an arrangement with the previous lucky gay officer occupant, who had been assigned here a week ago, last Friday night. He had had a white ass also, from what my drawling tall daddy had told me.

I had reaped the reward of being in the right place, sort of raped. Not really. I was fucked by happy coincidence. I decided that I really shouldn't call it rape, as I was quite willing. I had been very willing, in fact downright eager. Now, I was ready to resume my sleep, maybe with some hot dreams.

My last waking thought was that he had definitely done this before, but with the young white officer who had been in this room before me, the one who had left the bourbon I liked. I decided I'd just savor the accidental encounter to the hilt. Especially to the hilt of my "daddy's" long thick hard cock and his balls slapping my balls. I slept well for the rest of the night.

I sighed a lot. Tonight had put an entirely new face on my strange housing situation. I had moped before and belittled my billeting assignment. Nature had put a new face on my situation, a man's face in my ass, for one.

He said he'd be back again.

I looked forward to that. Living in this old building had its surprises.